Sylvia Frances Chan
- poems -

Publication Date:
2019

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Sylvia Frances Chan(22 November)

Sylvia Frances Chan is a Dutch Poetess. She writes poems in 7 languages. She is able to talk in these languages. Which? Dutch, Indonesian, English, French, German, Malay and Jakarta Dialect.

Sylvia Frances Chan, born in Jakarta, Indonesia studied the English Language-and-Literature at the Ureca University, now the Trisakti University, Jakarta

Her BIO:
Married to a Urologist (a medical specialist), they have 3 sons. She is a lecturer for students, who face their exams, evangelist on Web sites and through iPhone, never in churches. She lives in Leyden, Haarlem and she has moved to the lovely town D. and she resides there ever since. (updated 27 March 2019 - Wednesday at 18.42 hrs. P.M. West European Time).

Her LANGUAGES:
Dutch is her mother tongue, Indonesian is her second language. English is her third language in the row. French and German language as her fourth and fifth language, Malay and Jakarta Dialect as the last two.

She writes essays - poems, short novels, paints, draws, plays chess, car-racing (Dallas, Zandvoort), BIG balloons (San Diego), walkings, tennis Annual Competitions Mondial, skiing (Serfaus), classical music, pop, R&B, reading. Many painting exhibitions in and over the country.

15 years old, her first group paintings-exhibitions. She was the youngest exposant in the Balai Budaya - Jakarta, Indonesia. She won several first prizes at the age of 11 and 12 years. In Chess-competitions, but there were no prizes for girls available. The Org. thought that girls would never win, but she won and accepted that first prize, though, for a boy, she thought she was the winner, the champion amongst boys and girls. The Org. Committee announced that they had not a prize for a girl.

Now this: she won the first prize in an amateur golf tournament, but this time she got a most beautiful and expensive prize. Different than with a tennis tournament, the golf tournament for amateurs was always for both sexes together. So she won the cup and the male player became the runner-up. That was the Yamanouchi Tournament for Amateurs.
She won a BMW racing for amateurs in Dallas, Texas (USA).

In tennis-competitions, she won many first prizes in the ladies single and ladies double. Her tennis team was constantly in the Top Ranking. Many champion cups filled her cupboard at home. She won the mixed too with her eldest son. Her spouse said that IF she did not go studying, she had won several Grand Slam tournaments like Wimbledon, Australian Open or Roland Garros.

About her creating poems. When she is creating, she does that with a humming tune and that's why there is always a smooth flow in almost all her poems, you can hum in that poem too.

ADDITION: in the first person:
According to my beloved Mum at times when I was really behaving obstructive, she said then: Pipi, do you know that the day you were born, you did not come out, it was truly the most difficult birth, but I felt you inside kicking all the time, but you could not go out at that moment and I had only the baker-woman to help me. It was rainy nights, not cold, but chilly to the bones, finally, I birthed you, I was alone with thr baker. I was really exhausted. (I have understood all my life that giving birth to a baby in these circumstances are saddest). My Mum showed her strength: "Your dad was away for an uncertain time because he had been working at MGM office, but at that time, there was no suitable job to find;

Finally, he got that super mighty job at Stanvac's branch office (Jakarta) of the Head Office in the USA, we were very happy that he got that excellent job as the Manager of Stanvac in Jakarta Gambir, at the Medan Merdeka Selatan 18. Now it has got an Indonesian name, Pertamina.

My Mum continued about my Birth: "But no one of the in-laws came to visit you at your Birth while for your Bro, who was born in the year of the Golden Dragon, full Moon and that was in May, warm not too hot and cozy weather, Dad's parents came and look victoriously happy: First Grandson: a Boy! Feast! Celebrations!

Because of the great love betwixt mother and daughter, I always accepted this story from her, she could go on and on, but oddly enough, that belongs to my life as her daughter.

War trauma caused my beloved Mum still kept repeating the War experience what I have never known, she became a weak person with phobies. My dear Daddy always understood her and so are we as her children, my genius bro and
I. We all love her during her lifetime. Before that war-trauma, she was a strong and healthy lady, independent and married very happy with my dearest Daddy.

After having that Post-War Trauma, it felt as if she was clinging to me. In these times she was very dependent to me. I helped her with greatest love, I learned to understand her, after all she is my beloved Mum. My genius bro is the only son and I am the only daughter. No more siblings. My spouse has 7 siblings.

My Mum oft became very sad as I was not behaving correctly. As a post-war traumatist, she could become saddest very quick.

You must not be as rebellious as the kids from bad parents”. I asked her: “How do YOU know Mummy, that they are bad parents? So they might think too that you are bad...”. She became very sad then and I stopped talking like that to her. P.S. My feet remind her of the Ghurkas, she said many times to me, to be able to fight in the open air because they were very strong. I have never known HOW Ghurkas look like, I have never tried to open that Google-page to know, I had no need to do that if she said so, I believed her. The Ghurkas came to Indonesia to help the Indonesians as soldiers, but they were tall, huge and very strong. My Mum said they came from India. That was long before my birth. Because of this war, she got sick mentally.

This ADDITION on AD. Wednesday 27th of March 2019 @ 19.31 hrs P.M. West-European Time. +9 C Degrees, cozy weather, cool air, Spring's breeze. The BMW has still winter tires.
1. Summer chauvinist,
autumnal aspirations
moments warmest

2. Present celebrations
No supremacy
Only admirations

3. No constant lies
oft healthy life

4. Love exists
If our heart insists.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Wednesday the 17th of January 2018
@ 7.16 hrs A.M. West-European Time.
Photo is from PixaBay.

Sylvia Frances Chan
75 Ans J-5 Juin 2019....

En raison du mauvais temps, le général Eisenhower a recommandé 25 ans d'expérience dans ce domaine. Ce jour a été retardé d'un jour. Le jour J était donc le 6 juin.
1944 (parce qu'ils sont partis dans la soirée du 5 juin et ont débarqué en Normandie le 6 juin)

Aujourd'hui, nous commémorons, WE? VOUS TOUS, le jour J, parce que, en réalité, je ne sais rien à ce sujet, mon mari aime regarder les émissions de télévision en direct, il adore regarder des films de guerre comme tous les hommes du monde entier et cette célébration commémorative du jour J de 75 ans dans Portsmouth où la reine Elizabeth II, son fils le prince Charles et le premier ministre Theresa May et le président Trump sont présents. Trump est en visite d'Etat en Angleterre et cette émission de télévision en direct montre les téléspectateurs présents à la maison. Si j'ai raison, le monde entier nous regarde.

Je n'ai pas vécu la guerre. En tant que jeune femme, ma mère a vécu cette Deuxième Guerre mondiale et a vécu et vécu très intensément le fait qu'elle s'en est très mal sortie après la guerre.

Je connais cette guerre à nul autre pareil, les histoires répétées de ma mère à propos de la guerre et depuis que j'ai 5 ans, je comprends ses paroles sur la guerre. Triste, la mélancolie de ma mère ne s'est jamais améliorée.

Elle m'a dit qu'avant ma naissance, c'était une femme pleine d'entrain, très heureuse de son travail d'assistante dentaire et très précise.

Après ma naissance, elle est devenue une épave et, en tant que jeune enfant, je suis très difficile pour elle car j'enlève rapidement tous les objets que je croise et que j'utilise comme jouets.

Mon seul frère est à 100% le contraire:
calme, réfléchie et trop de connaissances pour son groupe d'âge.
Il est ma baby-sitter à vie.

Je suis en train de raconter la célébration du D-DAY sur 75 ANS sur le site Poem Hunter Poem, puis je me suis égaré dans l'histoire de la guerre de ma bien-aimée chère, dans laquelle elle n'a jamais connu de D-DAY, elle a toujours vécu des journées tristes
Je suis reconnaissant à Dieu d'avoir aussi une belle vie grâce à mon père.
PORTSMOUTH - Angleterre 75 ANS DU JOUR. Tous très impressionnant. 
Ceci est un bref reportage pour le monde entier de la retransmission en direct de 
Portsmouth, le port où le président Eisenhower a ordonné la libération de 
l'Europe occupée.

© Sylvia Frances Chan - Poétesse néerlandaise
D-DAY 2019 - mercredi 5 juin

Sylvia Frances Chan
75 Jaar Viering Van D-Day....

Door slecht weer heeft Generaal Eisenhower op advies van de 25 jaar ervaringshebbende weerman, DEZE DAG met 1 DAG vertraagd, dus D-DAY is op 6 JUNI 1944 (omdat zij in de avond van 5 juni vertrokken waren en in Normandié op de 6e juni landden)

Vandaag herdenken we, WE? JULLIE ALLEN, D-Day, want, eigenlijk weet ik er niets van af, mijn echtgenoot vindt het leuk om te kijken naar de LIVE tv uitzending, hij houdt nu eenmaal van oorlogsfilms kijken, zoals alle andere mannen over de hele wereld en deze 75 jaar herdenkingsviering van D-Day in Portsmouth waar Koningin Elizabeth II, haar zoon Prins Charles en de PM Theresa May en president Trump aanwezig zijn. Trump is op staatsbezoek in Engeland en deze LIVE tv uitzending laat de kijkers thuis zien wie er allemaal aanwezig zijn. Als ik het goed heb, kijkt de hele wereld mee.

Ik heb de oorlog niet meegemaakt, mijn moeder heeft als jonge vrouw deze Tweede Wereld Oorlog meegemaakt en heel intens geleefd en beleefd, dat zij na de oorlog erg geschonden er uit is gekomen.
Ik ken deze oorlog als geen ander, door mijn moeders herhaalde verhalen over de oorlog en sinds mijn 5e jaar begrijp ik haar woorden over de oorlog, een triest gedoe, mijn moeder´s melancholie is tenimmer op vooruitgegaan.
Ze heeft me verteld dat zij vóór mijn geboorte een levenslustige vrouw is geweest, heel veel plezier in haar werk als tandarts-assistente en met alles héél precies is.

Na mijn geboorte is ze een wrak geworden, en ik ben als peuter-kleuter heel erg lastig voor haar omdat ik pijlsnel alle voorwerpen weggrist die ik tegenkom en als speelgoed gebruikte.

Mijn enige broer is 100% het tegenovergestelde: rustig, nadenkend en teveel kennis voor zijn leeftijdsgroep.
Hij is mijn oppas voor het leven.

Ik ben bezig de 75 JAAR viering van D-DAY te vertellen op Poem Hunter Poem Site, en dan ben ik afgedwaald naar mijn eigen geliefde Moeder´s oorlogsgeschiedenis, waarin zij tenimmer een D-DAY heeft gekend, zij heeft alsmaar Trieste Dagen gehad,
ik ben God dankbaar dat zij verder een goed leven heeft gehad, dankzij mijn vader.
PORTSMOUTH- Engeland 75 JAAR D-DAY gevierd. Heel indrukwekkend allemaal. Dit is voor de hele wereld een kort verslag van de LIVE uitzending vanuit Portsmouth, de haven waar President Eisenhower de opdracht heeft gegeven om bezet Europa te bevrijden.

©Sylvia Frances Chan - Dutch Poetess
D-DAY 2019 - Wednesday the 5th of June

Sylvia Frances Chan


Ich habe den Krieg nicht erlebt, als junge Frau hat meine Mutter diesen Zweiten Weltkrieg erlebt und es sehr intensiv gelebt und erlebt, dass sie nach dem Krieg sehr schlecht daraus hervorgegangen ist.
Ich kenne diesen Krieg wie keine andere, die wiederholten Geschichten meiner Mutter über den Krieg, und seit ich 5 Jahre alt war, verstehe ich ihre Worte über den Krieg, eine traurige Sache, die Melancholie meiner Mutter hat sich nie gebessert.
Sie erzählte mir, dass sie vor meiner Geburt eine temperamentvolle Frau war, sehr zufrieden mit ihrer Arbeit als Zahnarzthelferin und mit allem, was sehr präzise war.


Mein einziger Bruder ist zu 100% das Gegenteil: ruhig, nachdenklich und zu viel Wissen für seine Altersgruppe.
Er ist mein Babysitter fürs Leben.

Ich bin dabei, das 75-jährige Jubiläum von D-DAY auf Poem Hunter Poem Site zu erzählen, und dann bin ich zu der Kriegsgeschichte meiner geliebten Mutter gewandert, in der sie noch nie einen D-DAY gekannt hat, sie hatte schon immer traurige Tage.
Ich bin Gott dankbar, dass sie auch dank meinem Vater ein gutes Leben hatte.
PORTSMOUTH - England 75 JAHRE TAG. Alles sehr beeindruckend.
Dies ist ein kurzer Bericht für die gesamte Welt der LIVE-Übertragung aus
Portsmouth, dem Hafen, in dem Präsident Eisenhower die Befreiung des
besetzten Europas angeordnet hat.

© Sylvia Frances Chan - Niederländische Dichterin
D-DAY 2019 - Mittwoch, den 5. Juni

Sylvia Frances Chan
75 Tahun D-Day Pd Tgl.5 Juni 2019....

75 TAHUN D-DAY pd. tgl.5 JUNI 2019....

Karena cuaca buruk, Jenderal Eisenhower menyarankan berdasarkan 25 tahun pengalaman dengan cuaca penjaga cuaca di Portsmouth supaya, hari ini ditunda dengan 1 hari, jadi D-DAY menjadi tgl.6 Juni 1944 (karena mereka pergi pada malam 5 Juni dan mendarat di Normandia pada 6 Juni pagi subuh)


Trump sedang dalam kunjungan kenegaraan ke- Inggris dan siaran TV LANGSUNG ini menayangkan pemirsa di rumah yang hadir. Jika saya benar, seluruh dunia sedang menonton pada saat ini.

Saya belum mengalami perang, sebagai seorang wanita muda ibu saya mengalami Perang Dunia Kedua ini. Beliau hidup dan mengalami dengan sangat intens sehingga beliau keluar dari masa perang dengan keadaan rohani yg sangat buruk.

Saya tahu perang ini tidak seperti yang lain, ibu saya tuturkan berulang kali tentang perang dan sejak saya berusia 5 tahun saya mengerti kata-katanya tentang perang, hal yang menyedihkan, kemurungan ibuku tidak pernah membaik.

Dia mengatakan kepada saya bahwa sebelum saya lahir dia adalah seorang wanita yang bersemangat, sangat senang dengan pekerjaannya sebagai asisten gigi dan dengan segala sesuatu kuat dan sangat teliti.

Setelah kelahiran saya, beliau sangat sibuk dgn saya, dan sebagai balita saya sangat sulit bagi beliau,karena saya dengan cepat mengambil semua benda yang saya lihat dan menggunakan segera sebagai mainan.

Kakakku laki2 satu-satunya adalah 100% kebalikannya: tenang, bijaksana dan terlalu banyak pengetahuan untuk taraf usianya.

Dia menjadi pengasuhku seumur hidup.

Saya sedang menceritakan perayaan D-DAY 75 TAHUN di Situs Puisi Poem Hunter,
dan kemudian saya mengembara kesejarah perang Ibuku tercinta sendiri, di mana dia tidak pernah kenal HARI PEMBEBASAN atau HARI KEMENANGAN, beliau selalu memiliki hari-hari KESEDIHAN.
Saya bersyukur kepada Allah, bahwa beliau juga mendapat kehidupan yang baik dan bahagia, karunia Allah melalui Ayahandaku tercinta.

PORTSMOUTH- Inggris 75 TAHUN D-DAY.
Semuanya sangat mengesankan.
Ini adalah laporan singkat untuk seluruh dunia siaran LANGSUNG dari Portsmouth, pelabuhan tempat Presiden Eisenhower memerintahkan pembebasan Eropa yang dijajah Jerman.

© Sylvia Frances Chan - Penyair Belanda
D-DAY 2019 - Rabu tgl.5 Juni

Sylvia Frances Chan
Disebabkan cuaca buruk, General Eisenhower menasihati 25 tahun pengalaman dengan cuaca, hari ini ditangguhkan oleh 1 hari, jadi D-DAY pada 6 Jun 1944 (kerana mereka telah meninggalkan pada petang 5 Jun dan mendarat di Normandy pada 6 Jun)


Saya tidak pernah mengalami perang itu, sebagai seorang wanita muda, ibu saya mengalami Perang Dunia Kedua dan hidup dan mengalami dengan sangat kuat bahawa dia keluar daripadanya dengan sangat teruk selepas perang. Saya tahu perang ini tidak seperti yang lain, kisah ibu saya berulang mengenai perang dan sejak saya berumur 5 tahun saya memahami kata-katanya tentang perang, perkara yang menyedihkan, kemurungan ibu saya tidak pernah bertambah baik.
Dia memberitahu saya bahawa sebelum saya dilahirkan, dia seorang wanita yang bersemangat, sangat gembira dengan pekerjaannya sebagai pembantu pergigian dan dengan segala yang sangat tepat.

Selepas kelahiran saya, dia menjadi kecelakaan, dan sebagai seorang kanak-kanak, saya amat sukar untuknya kerana saya cepat merampas segala objek yang saya jumpai dan digunakan sebagai mainan.

Satu-satunya adik saya adalah 100% yang bertentangan: tenang, bijaksana dan terlalu banyak pengetahuan untuk kumpulan umurnya. Dia adalah pengasuh saya untuk hidup.

Saya sedang dalam proses menceritakan sambutan D-DAY 75 TAHUN di Situs Puisi Hunter Poem, dan kemudian saya pergi ke sejarah perang ibu Ibu saya yang tersayang, di mana dia tidak pernah mengenali Hari Kebebasan, dia selalu mempunyai Hari-hari Sedih,
Saya bersyukur kepada Tuhan bahawa dia juga mempunyai kehidupan yang baik dan bahagia, juga terima kasih kepada ayah saya.
PORTSMOUTH - England 75 TAHUN D-DAY. Semua sangat menarik.
Ini adalah laporan ringkas untuk seluruh dunia siaran LIVE dari Portsmouth, pelabuhan di mana Presiden Eisenhower telah mengarahkan pembebasan Eropah yang diduduki.

© Sylvia Frances Chan - Dutch Poetess
D-DAY 2019 - Rabu 5 Jun

Sylvia Frances Chan
75 Years D-Day On 5 June 2019....

75 Years D-Day on 5 June 2019....
Due to bad weather General Eisenhower commanded (based upon the advice of the 25-years experienced weatherman in Portsmouth)on 4 June THIS DAY must be delayed by 1 DAY, so D-DAY became 6 June 1944, since they departed in the evening of the 5th June and arrived early in the morning at the 6th of June 1944.

Today we commemorate, WE? YOU ALL, D-Day, because, actually, I don't know anything about it, my husband likes to watch the LIVE TV broadcast, he just loves watching war movies, like all other men around the world and this 75 year memorial celebration of D-Day in Portsmouth where also Queen Elizabeth II, her son Prince Charles and the PM Theresa May and President Trump are present.

Trump is on a state visit to England and this LIVE TV broadcast shows viewers at home who are in attendance.

If I'm right, the whole world is watching.
I have not experienced the war. As a young woman my mother experienced this Second World War and lived and experienced it very intensely that she came out of it very badly after the war. Bodily very healthy, but mentally a broken to pieces windowpane.

I know this war like no other, through my mother's stories about the war, since my 5th year I understand her words about the war as no other.
If there is spare time, my Mom starts to tell her WW II experience. Very sad for her to experience the war.

My mother's melancholy has never improved, she told me that she was a spirited woman before my birth, she has very much pleasure in her work as a dental assistant and she is very precise with everything and in everything.

After my birth she became a wreck, and as a toddler I am very difficult for her because I quickly snatch away all the objects that I come across and used as toys.

My only brother is 100% the opposite: calm, thoughtful and too much knowledge for his age group. He is my babysitter for life.
I am now busy telling the 75 YEARS celebration of D-DAY on Poem Hunter Poem Site, and then I have strayed to my own beloved Mother. I am grateful to God that she also had a good life thanks to my father.

PORTSMOUTH - England - 75 YEARS D-DAY. All very impressive.

This is a short report for the entire world of the LIVE broadcast from Portsmouth, the port where President Eisenhower commanded the liberation of occupied Europe.

© Sylvia Frances Chan - Dutch Poetess
D-DAY 2019 - Wednesday
the 5th of June

Sylvia Frances Chan
A Birthday Tribute....

A VERY HAPPY BIRTHDAY for dearest SSK AD. 24 September 2013
TODAY transported to here, AD Sunday the 26th August 2018
Prime published on PF, now republished on PH.
Thank you all for reading, with love SFC

My momentum to congratulate you
does not come with the minute

a wonderful idea to surprise you later
with a song, a delicious homemade cake
and some sweet words upon

but I really think I should break
with all the traditional known-ness
and I just give you a sweetest kiss and
a BIGGEST hug of everhappiness

Today I simply come to you
not in dreams but in person
occurred that long miles walk too
you would not believe me, I reckon
just know, the most important today is YOU!

a moment of reflection, to congratulate you
my heart is just pounding
of this momentum, and much more
and we call encore encore
that God grants you tous les possibles
eternally for your soul's easiness

in fact I have one last wish left
I have chosen as last suprise, tell me what's wise
this serene picture of autumnal allure
this is the path I wish to walk with thee
and I say it with much glee
A VERY HAPPY BIRTHDAY my dearest Snee
this is for you my maximum momentum
and with this Sunday Spiritual

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Sylvia Frances Chan
A Broken Morn, My Broken Heart....

springtime morn now every day
but I forgot what I wanna say
is it the eat with you or?
you call me off, you don't cause your son's fever
I noticed your son's fever is ever since
you apologized once again
meet me on Friday then
sorry Friday my son shall come
we cannot eat with four
that shall ask for more
I just wanna eat with our two
incredible me, the dutch then say &quot;hoe? &quot;
just call me again when your son's recovery
now the morn is no springtime anymore
broken together with my heart....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

Sylvia Frances Chan
A Children's Poem....

Tjabee, the music is on
children, let's go now
to Grandma's house
it's always fluffy there
never a play of cat and mouse

do you remember?
Grandma still has a Fiat "weg-luis" car
Oh well, come on, hurry up, it's not that far
we are going to pick up Grandma and up to the top
with the Fiat 500 car, it's not that far
and the snow is fresh
and we'll play splish-splash

children watch Grandma's course
we are not controlling her, of course
let her go
that's the best thing about her existence I know

Tjabee, the music is on
children, let's go now
on to the top

it's always up there plop-plop
the snow is becoming watery over there
you have to wear under your shoes a pair of rubber soles
or just snow boots sans smallest holes
with the Booty Bowl soles

Photograph of Tignes le Lac: by Sylvia Frances Chan-Jan 2019.

Poet's Note: Fiat 500 is the smallest car type of the FIAT industry in Italy, in the Netherlands it's called a "weg-luis".(a street lice)
Booty Bowl is a trending name in the Dutch boots industry.

Tignes le Lac, South France
A Children's Song....

Tjabee, de muziek staat aan
kinderen, laten we nu gaan
naar Oma's huis
het is daar altijd pluis
nooit een spel van kat en muis

weet je het nog?
Oma heeft nog een weg-luis

OK kom, schiet toch op
wij gaan Oma ophalen en op naar de top
de afstand is niet ver
en de sneeuw is vers

kinderen let op Oma's gang
we houden haar niet in bedwang
laat haar gang maar gaan
da's leukste van haar bestaan

Tjabee, de muziek is aan
kinderen, laten we toch gaan
op naar de top

het is daar altijd plop-plop
de sneeuw wordt ginds blubber
je moet dragen onder je schoenen
een paar rubberen onder-zool
of gewoon sneeuwlaarzen
met de Booty Bowl....

Tignes le Lac, South France
Saturday 19 - 27 January 2019-

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Sylvia Frances Chan
A Day In My Life....

As usual, I was walking
along the pavements of the dusty road
the air was odd, choked my throat
I hear from far a man's whistling

I stopped, was eager to see his face
he seemed one of the Nürburgring race
I might be invisible to him
since he kept walking on to the brim

Then all of a sudden his face turned to me
I started screaming, my heart was filled with glee
his dark eyes set on mine
oh darling that felt deep fine

As you perhaps don't know, my dear
I love races as men love beer
at Le Manche, Zandvoort or Dallas
you'd better not deal with these fellas
when I'll race in Monaco or Blandford
I always talk then pray to the Lord
for these races are very dangerous
rapid cars and men together, not really a randomness

Better you should drive with me
to the far south Mediterranea
just like walking along the dusty road
this time lavendel fields and our phones in the ...

For dear Lily Hadi: Congrats on this Day 28 November 2017, and many more to come, be happy and ENJOY this DAY as much as you can. God's Blessings in Abundance. Mine (last Wednesday 22 November 2017 was very sunny, the only bright light Day after so long dreary days full of heaviest rains and disturbing hails.

© Sylvia Frances Chan

Wednesday-evening, Wimbledon tennis
Open Andy Murray is playing, 2nd round
19.19 hrs p.m. W.E.T. = 18.19 hrs London Time
AD. 26th June 2013 - cloudy 17C degrees, cool.

Sylvia Frances Chan
A Deep Shock!

Oh, God!
I'm in terrible shock
no Whatsapp three days long
what had gone here wrong
Skype is just a quick type
of another error-terror
you can see it in the mirror
and PLEAZZE do not tweet me on Twitter

Just for now this Concise
I do hope this has made me wiser

As a loyal Evangelist
as an inspired Poetess
as a diligent World Traveler
as a fervent Paintress
as a hilarious Cartoonist
as a dashing Designer
as an introvert Impressionist
as an objective Opportunist

as the smartest kid-Rebel

as an amateur Racer
as an error typer on Acer
as a fanatic Chessplayer

but above all
as the most loving poetic Mum
oft inspired by
her three cute sons tall,

well, dear fellow-members
of the late Poetfreak Community
please, do not regard this as insanity
but as a true poetess, I abide solemnly
and pray to God to change my attitude
all in solitude as an etude
i ask Thee for forgiveness
please, dear Lord, pour down upon me
again upon my whole soul with humbleness,
love and compassion,
Thou art the God on this spot
Who has greatest love for us all
i thank Thee, i praise Thee
with a Devotion that stands tall....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected
This Whatsapp occurrence happened in July-August 2017 recently,
as this poem was created. Submitted to on Today,
AD. Monday 9 October 2017 @ 7.24 hrs. West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
A Fortnight....

Ghana, the beautiful land of aura and flora
a two weeks notice
in a country full of bliss
away just for fourteen days
gone to many sea ways of the slaves'days

having come home
my poetry home
no more a poetry dome
I have become again
a stranger in own domaine....

saddest my heart be
no more dutch trophy
no signs no traces of paces of she
a fortnight to Ghana
the beautiful peaceful land of flora
in the corner of the golf of guinea
she is now back, hurray!

at her lovely Poem hunter home
where the automats have become bureaucrats
no more ladies, no more lads
even her poetic soul has been sold
not by the youth, but by the very old

she went for the mission
no trace of true tribal transition
her saddest period of just a two weeks notice
the only signs are no poetical smooth wines
only God's Bliss is all there is
her two weeks notice
Ghana's fortnight's pleasing days
anyway here now today, no even personal traces, loyal faces
they all had been fatamorgana
having returned from beautiful and loveliest Ghana
where the people are naturelle and true
having returned, only odds and unknown
gotta brandnew experience
she is the Dutch Poetess, today unthroned
still learning a brandnew topic
coming back from the beautiful tropic
her place and pace dethroned....
loyalty is not made, not a crazy facade
but innate born trade
the worst of all there is
the poetical community no more exists
only God's Bliss and all there is....
this solitude is her present etude
in this long and sad prelude
Ghana days have just begun
she knows there is much more fun

her personal poetical paces, all the loyal faces
all disappeared in one greatest gear
madames et messieurs, it looks like you all have greatest fear
to be dethroned like she is now
a biggest wow
to all sweet new names
they are not yet in frames
at least Ghana's Elmina is not to be blamed
even the rustling leaves
at Golden Parker Hill Residence
the sweet smell of love through the bright eyes of Elmina
laid bare the sweet roses n black shells
on all her traces and places
in friendly peaceful Ghana
where the people are kind and true
not one fatamorgana!
in these two weeks notice, a fortnight's bliss
from the land of the lovely aura and fauna
the beautiful flora and natural sauna
no more traces of poets faces known to she
gone are her sweet days
the lullaby's ever existant
the poemhunter cosiest place
She? Her? This is no error
who is she? No more loyal faces
no more her paces and traces in all her places
she feels dethroned
one brandnew experience to be learned
in this poemhunter tradingplace
she handles with ease and peace
her mind is full of Golden Parker Hill leaves
traveled with her from Elmina´s peace
she is counting God´s Blessings
the only honest rustlings....

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: Sundown OTW to Ahanta West Beach, Ghana, Africa.

© Sylvia Frances Chan, Dutch Poetess
Copyright Protected

Just Back from A Fortnight Ghana Days 1-15 June
AD. Dutch FatherDay 17 June 2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
A Monday Quote....

to feel that great tense
suspense
and
stress
is not really easeful
for both sides

A Monday Quote
AD. Monday the 27th of August 2018
@ 15.51 hrs. PM. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
A Photograph Is A....

A photograph is a poem sans words....

Beauty and Art are inside.
watch it for a couple of minutes,
then the impressionistic town will awake
starts to live and you'll
be witness of the serene beauty....

this is a short brevity
to show the beauty of a photograph
is a poem without words....

Wishing you all my dear PH friends
a Blessed and Happy Weekend
created and sent with much love and care

Sylvia Frances Chan
The weekend of the 13th April 2019-
@ 18.05 hrs. P.M. West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
A Poet Comes Along

Where are you Anagrams
must lose my Kilograms
though slim and slender
wish you were here, know your gender

Though slim and smart
Ana will never part
from her grams as here shown
and I wish to behold my very own....

©Sylvia Frances Chan
copyright Sun Sep 4,2011
On a beautiful SummerDay
Published September 06,2011.

Sylvia Frances Chan
A Poet’s Heart

Last night so cold my dear,
I'd been waitin' you came not to my ear
where were you, my love
gone I was shocked, prayed to God above
deepest shocked, my ratio blocked,
my aspirations almost locked
an attack on my mental part
so sad realizing you have from the very start
always a very weak heart

my heart begins to speak and redeems
all the lies for the good truth, it seems
you've understood the conditions
also every awful regulation

Last night I had it so cold my dear,
I'd been waitin' but you did not appear

Sylvia Frances Chan
A Precious Anniversary Poem....

I wanna write a poem for TODAY
not an urge nor because of other "musts"
just wanna say it is The Anniversary of The Day
from long gone years of love in a most passionate way

i must confess now with heaviest pains-process
that Day was definitely our mutual YES
our hearts, minds and soul, I was his Princess
still innocent and filled with the greatest zest

a diligent type, "shy" but a hardworking man
an unimaginable male blend
so it be our marriage tree
grandest of equal alls, oft filled with earnest glee

for many years it could stand tall
the correct and perfect mutual choice
but also made my eyes oft moist
the jealousy kept peeping under his skin
he inherited an odd type of familiar sin
't was there all the time under his skin
entered with the smallest blowing wind

to be honest this was never our mutual promise
let's say our mutual choice was a perfect bliss
as kids born with an empty aura
he never accepts any pose of the smartest Femina
well that goes like that several decennia

my fierce belief in the Lord
kept me constantly going up aboard
it was his religion i have jumped into deeply
still, i acknowledge this fervently
due to my beloved Mum,
i as an evangelist-to-be
this humble me has gathered the Biblical wisdom

this is my witness and i must confess
this is not only my utmost zest
these are true solemn mutual events of our best
through all the years of loveliest progress
indeed in a unique way, i am still his princess
in abundance God's Bless....

solemnly created

Photography "Buah Anggur Taman Indonesia di-NL"
by Sylvia Frances Chan
Quotes of Ludwig van Beethoven to his beloved

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

the 19th December 2017
@ 15.37 hrs P.M. West-European Time
grey clouds but no slippery nor frozen spots on roads or randoms

Sylvia Frances Chan
Birth is most valuable of all things on earth
Life has the same value as Birth
Love is worthiest, the most of these three

it makes life feels the beating of the heart
life makes us aware that we live sweet, stupid or smart
it makes us aware we can keep it or lose any part

life can cause living pleasantly or with much stress
much more or much less

either we go climbing to the top of the mountains
or skiing down-hills
we can reach the fresh water fountains
and having left no bills

life can cause living pleasantly or with much stress
much, much more or much, much less

either we talk with Trump and have the world as the enemy
or like Barack Obama, he has God on his spot
and Jesus as the Son of God
the same as we talk, pray and praise God a very lot

if we are that smart
we´ll choose the beating of our heart
that means full and healthy life as our choice
full and healthy life is oft based on love
which means our choice is perhaps God
since He gave mankind life by giving us His Love

and we as mankind and as an individual wish
full and healthy life caused by listening to the beating of our heart
Love makes that all possible

Love makes life feels the beating of our heart
life makes us aware that we live sweet, stupid or smart
it makes us aware we can keep it constantly or lose the whole part
this choice depends only upon our inner heart
let love nestle in there forever, let us be that smart

Birth is most valuable of all things on earth
Life has the same value as birth
Love is worthiest, the most of these three

if we can appreciate this Love that´s His and accept this
we may live an eternal life
without any strife, that´s God´s Promise
alone in solitude or as husband and wife....

Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Tuesday the 28th of August 2018
@ 21.39 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
A Quotation Or A Lengthy Poem....

Birth is worth of all things on earth
Life is more worthy, worthier than Birth
Love is worthiest, the most of these three

it makes life feels the beating of the heart
life makes us aware that we live sweet, stupid or smart
it makes us aware we can keep it or lose any part

life can cause living pleasantly or with much stress
much more or much less

either we go climbing to the top of the mountains
or skiing down-hills
we can reach the fresh water fountains
and having left no bills

life can cause living pleasantly or with much stress
much, much more or much, much less

either we talk with Trump and have the world as the enemy
or like Barack Obama, he has God on his spot
and we wish also Jesus graciously
the same as we talk, pray and praise God a very lot

if we are that smart
we’ll choose the beating of our heart
that means full and healthy life as our choice
full and healthy life is oft based on love
which means our choice is perhaps God
since He gave mankind life by giving us His Love

and we as mankind and as an individual wish
full and healthy life caused by the beating of our heart
Love makes that all possible

Love makes life feels the beating of our heart
life makes us aware that we live sweet, stupid or smart
it makes us aware we can keep it constantly or lose the whole part
this choice depends only upon our inner heart
let love nestle in there forever, let us be that smart

Birth is worth of all things on earth
Life is more worthy, worthier than Birth
Love is worthiest, the most of these two, that worth

if we can appreciate this Love that´s His and accept this
we may live an eternal life
without any strife, that´s God´s Promise
alone in solitude or as husband and wife....

Emeralds Green, , also as an Ebook.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Friday 22nd December 2017
@ 8.54 hrs A.M.

Sylvia Frances Chan
A Request

Darling, with the beautiful mind,  
create for me some magical words of any kind  
I'm low at heart today  
despite the sun is shining lovingly all the way

verses modern or ancient dated  
about love and passion they never inflated  
write them, baby, just for me.  
as most magical as it can be

brush a canvas, choose a colour  
blow them into ardour splendour  
make my heart go high again  
then I make some speed with the refrain

then finish it, baby, like you oft do  
the poetry or painting you can show off too  
don't pitch a note too high, my love  
for an off-key, you do go persistently

Clear your throat and gargle honey  
thен sing a pretty tune for me  
pop in a bit lemon drop, baby  
then smoothly you may croon.

My heart's abuzz with throbbin' romance,  
but then it goes off key, of course,  
your love notes go all awry sorry  
and you, my love, sound hoarse.

So sing me a love song baby,  
try not to go off key  
I'll waltz into your eager arms, maybe

Copyright Protected

AD. Monday 17 Oct 2017-  
@ 7.07 West-European Time
A Sad Awakening....

....the cat
her footsteps
unnoticed

woman's feet tapping
cascading waters
the coffee machine

still wearing translucent nightgown
cool still cold in the house
warming
the hearth is off

the piano sounds
gently passionately
from the wooden cabinet

the dewyfeelings
still misty
smoggy
added
to emerging dawn
and the rising sun
fine golden rays
even in the heart
it is still dark

adding to the coffee
nonviolent sugar
even quieter milk

a blank canvas
non waiting

a blank canvas sans couleurs
blobs of paint sans penseurs
art pour l'art

the sense of earthly pain
the cat had gone
ette rnally
yet remained
in my heart
in my being

the words continue
fight with each other
fortunately no people
involved....

cool breeze, early sunshine
hear the birds chirping
the break of day

oh the sonnet in the cabinet
a golden thread reflection
revivals all along my dreamy body.

rhythmic
the coffee droplets still
the last vision going out
of an enclosure

open book
are you for me
now closed
this book has no refrains
never come back again
learned from own experience
day by day
got smarter
please, don´t torture

charmingly let you out
through the backdoor

oh, the cat
her footsteps
unnoticed

from my window
another vision goes out
in vain
the sun takes its place again
substitute
last glimpse
transparent nightgown
in solitude
through streamland
cascading waters

now become warmer
see the dawn
embracing embodiment
of the self

the cat
she deceased
a morn
of mournings

In Sad Remembrance
Panter never returned, she had gone to The Eternal Hunting Fields
AD. Friday the 4th of October 2013
earliest dawn

Sylvia Frances Chan
A Situation To Never Forget....

A SITUATION TO NEVER FORGET....
Never forget
be patient with anger
create love right on the spot
be patient with elder people
give them attention
oftentimes create small celebrations
that gives them a light sensation
cherish them and their situation
it will bring them enjoyment
even for a moment
perhaps they will be no more at the morrow
they will be freed from their heaviest sorrow
they regard that as the lightest
because they cannot know the difference
their bit indifference
cherish them with generosity
of our heart.

©Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch Poetess, Evangelist
The Netherlands, 2 Oct 2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
A Solemn Birthday Wish To My King

Willem-Alexander, Claus, George, Ferdinand,
King der Nederlanden, Prins van Oranje-Nassau,
Jonkheer van Amsberg

His Royal Highness

King Willem-Alexander of the Netherlands,

With this we wish you and your family solemnly
A very Happy 51st Birthday,
God's Rich Blessings and
good health, lots of love and cosiness!

your loyal residents

Sylvia Frances Chan and family
Poetess

PF.27th April 2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
A Special Birthday Tribute To Dr. Pintu Mahakul

Created for your BirthDAY, this newest essay poem
a spontaneous free verse, A Special Tribute for you
a created conversation, a devotional narration, between
the One Who is constantly with me, God
and the one who has his fascinating happy BirthDAY
and that is you, Dr. Pintu Mahakul and myself
as the one who wishes you a Very Happy BirthDAY
with Blessings in Abundance all your way
and Many More Happy Returns of The Day
and that you may behold the constant love in life as
you begot the day you were born from your loved parents
and of course many, many additions more
during the walking on your life's precious path

Tomorrow a new year for you has broken
since your age is added with one more precious year
I do hope you'll cherish that with much glee and patience

Since I have to travel quite a distance
I can only bring a bouquet of flowers
true Dutch and white fresh, tulips from Keukenhof
this photo is taken there in Keukenhof
and I have chosen the color white
that stands for holy and pure
I regard our poetic friendship like that sure

It is a great Garden, that "hof" refers to the word Garden
full of the most beautiful flowers
and of the unique kinds, like these white tulips
true Dutch and world famous
Keukenhof is only open during two short months March-May
when the flowers are still very fresh but already open
till the days these flowers will wither in a natural way

to take care of so many expensive flowers
to show only in such a short period of time
that means a very expensive highest budget
Keukenhof still exists and is much loved by the tourists mondially
though the entrance cards are very expensive
the tourists keep visiting Keukenhof though
and enjoy their time at the fullest

You will have your greatest glee,
realizing the talents you've got from the Lord,
through prayers and talking a lot with Him
you'll meet God because He is constantly closest

He will listen to your talkings, but for each occurrence
He will respond at His own Time
you'll never know when
believe that and it will occur
according to His Decision and at His Time

never forget to count your Blessings
never forget the smallest Bliss and all there is

I thank you from the core of my being
to may present this essay poem, this free verse
especially arranged and created for your BirthDay
I will mention here your full name again anyway

the honoured Dr. Pintu Mahakul, if I may say
this is my greatest glee to present you this speech
of Abundant Blessings and God's love
for your Special Day,
If I may again say: Hurray!
May you and your family have a Very Happy BirthDAY,

Photograph by Google. White Lillies "De Zon" (the sun)

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch Poetess, Evangelist, World Traveler

On This Special Day, on Thursday the 19th of April 2018.
@ 16.06 hrs.P.M. West-European Time.
A Story-Poem About Jesus, Tina, And The Phoenix....

After having read, i was shocked,
overwhelmed by the content
and text a friend showed me
it's all about Tina Turner,
The famous world's singer ever,
the sexiest gal, showing off
her everything that smells glamour,
except for her deepest sadness

she was the cutest clown i have ever seen
she showed laughter, much laughter,
while giving performance
and as all clowns, they cry in silence
some great sadness hid in her loud laughter

i am not talkative, kept my observations within me
and bought the most expensive key
to keep famous Tina inside me
each time i read news about her,
wished to move my fingers
to write a 1000-note to her

i never did, she was my living idol
i decided to write an ardent poem about her
with the Phoenix as my subject,
Rembrandt's most famous drawing ever
the well-known Dutch painter
he sketched it on parchment
this pen-drawing we still can see
in the Rijksmuseum
the Phoenix, a mythical bird
after death, it could arise again

as you all may know the one i love most
and adore all times is Jesus Christ,
and Tina Turner too
i still adore Jesus, that never changed
and so it is with Tina
Tina's greatest secret was revealed
but i still did not know,
naive? Dunno.

Jesus, Tina, and the Phoenix
these three have one thing in common
they died and are arisen again

Jesus is the Son of God, the Lord of heaven and earth
He died on the cross and is risen again

Tina was married at a very young age
to a singer too, named Ike
they were the happiest couple
they had fame and very much success

their married life behind closed doors
was no success at all
Ike had a very nasty habit
the greatest jealousy made him beat Tina after every Tophit
though she was super strong in body and soul
but heaviest beaten almost every day
each time she arose again and in the end, she ran away
she kept herself whole in body and soul

Tina's greatest secret was revealed
but i still did not know,
naive? Dunno.

What I wanna tell you?
Tina's secret was revealed
i am perhaps still naive
about her secret now I know

her ex-spouse drank every day his alcohols away
their married life was no more
but his constant presence she could not ignore
so she traveled to the loveliest land far away

What i wanna say is this
despite her tragic life, she had enormous bliss
she still gained success and still had all there is
the Phoenix's most important feature, after it died, it arose again
Tina too, after she was a milliard time beaten to death
she survived her wounds and she arose again
and last but the Greatest, my beloved Lord Jesus i most adore
what can I say more?
He was hanged on the cross and died
after three days in the tomb He has risen

What i wanna tell you now is this
it's not insulting to put Jesus in a row
with the Phoenix and beautiful Tina
since I know what i am writing about

that Jesus is the Only Unique One
non-comparable, but I wanna show you all
the difference between these three
before publishing this

about that subject being dead and arisen again
with one biggest difference, Jesus has risen again
then ascended to heaven and is still living

the Phoenix in its mythical tale does not exist truly
Tina personally and as a singer is still alive
But Jesus has been dead truly dead then is risen!

Please, do understand, as most as you are able
This biggest difference
That mythical bird is not real, only alive in tales
Tina is real but as human as you and i
and Jesus the Only Son of God truly died on the cross
but had done that since mankind all over the world was lost
God sent His Only Begotten Son
So that mankind would have the connection again with Him
since Adam and Eve were expelled by Him from the Garden of Eden
God was truly sad that mankind could not be trusted
He became so furious that He chased the couple from His beloved Garden

His curse remained eternally:
women shall have pain through and through
when giving birth to her baby
mankind will be ashamed to be naked when walking
mankind must work hard for their living
and all the blessed things from the Garden of Eden
mankind have to earn them by themselves.

God loves us so much that He wishes us back again
through the cross, we can get back all that we have lost

i must confess
that to publish this story poem-manifest

i have talked to the Lord and asked His Permission
i know Him too well from the Holy Bible

i know her as the most famous singer ever

i know the Phoenix as a mythical bird
from Rembrandt's pen-drawings

I repeat once and for all
all three have died and rose again
Jesus died and is risen, ascended to heaven
and lives now in His Residence up above....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Friday 12 Oct 2018 -
@ 11.49 hrs. A.M. West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
A Three Word Poem....

A Three Word Poem, Word is in singular form, no plural. rhyming and not rhyming. MyNote: Dagmar and Syl are non-existent persons. This is sheer poetry for fun in....maybe....in the sun

Syl goes out
to what place?
to the moon
so very soon

to that parasite
moon gets light
from sun tonight

now I ignite
in greatest laughter
Syl gets smarter
every second of
her ardent life

you may know
she is good
and perfect to
be a wife

she is passion
and she cares
and she dares

she is love
she is life
she is sweet
she is candy
not to eat

pure good wife
she is handy
in both hands

she loves man
she loves male
she loves ocean
and the gales

dislike Theresa May
big beautiful mouth
come in hay
come what may
I shall say
her mouth is
empty, come quick

this poem sucks
has only luck
pictured poem perfect
written correct grammar
greetings from Dagmar

he comes in
this is sinful
he commits crime
the love crime
no victims now

male commits crime
and very sublime

Syl is love
Syl is life
he adds love
she becomes wife
his ardent strife
rewarded with life

Syl loves beauty
he has duty
in their life

Syl is life
Syl is love
they both pray
to God above....

Congrats to Corrie on her BirthDay Today
Tuesday the 26th of March 2019-My sis-in-la

Sylvia Frances Chan
A Tiny Mustard Seed….

A tiny mustard seed....

prolific poem,
profound write,
with every line I prudently bite
scorching, flaming and heated
i had upon it
i had it
i had that it
really tough bit
my cascading flow
a solitarily trip
solitary in silence,
humble me
humbly me
wish
perpetually with the Lord
and with His Beloved Son
accompanied by the Holy Spirit
this Three Unity
my greatest wish
i acknowledge solemnly
i need them all three
all three in unity
all three in beauty
i praise them
i pray to them
though each time
my sinful thoughts
not all sins gone
praying
each day done
big prayer
long prayer
also small prayer
depends on the day
cloudless
heavy clouds
monsoon rainfall
still one thing forgotten, Lord
one biggest thing
to be in your boat aboard
surrounded by your greatest love
breathing in your firmest love
i have not that capacity
i still must create
that capacity
therefore
I need you every day
deep breathing in
deep breathing out
wothout a shout
Him worshipping
through my daily praying
trying to pray
each day
without sin
since you said
long time gone
not yet spoken out
but a tiny mustard seed
fertile in thoughts
is already a sin
so do not let them
coming constantly in....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Tuesday 18 June 2019-
@6.43 hrs am Dutch Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
A Token Of Sympathy

MyNOTE:
This poem consists of four tercets and two quatrains. Please, enjoy reading.
Thank you and with love, Sylvia FC

For someone i very sympathesize with
indeed differences like night and day,
is the best remedy for a happy marriage their way

i have come to a crystal clear summing up:
At the touch of love, we become a poet,
no matter the order of love

IF there be love, my zest
a newest poem is created in an eye wink
while winking my eye to the poetess.

An impressive result of your genuine love
first to the Lord above
then to your dearest ones and my zest

to read such mesmerizing poetry-link
a jewel from the tip of thy golden quill
and the deepest bottom of ink,
there's endless precious beauty still

with this careful created poetry
i offer thee a memorable reminiscence
hoping it's to your glee
and a welcome acceptance....

Photography by SFC titled: "Invitation to A Cup Of Royal Albert Tea"

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected
AD. Tuesday the 1st of May 2018
@ 11.33 hrs. A.M. West-European Time
average weather for Spring this morn
much moist and filtering sun.

Sylvia Frances Chan
A Tribute To Love

At first hand, it was not for her, but I’ve written this poem today and 2 Sept is the today=her birthday. Pure accidentally these words have come to my mind on THIS DAY, and that is pure accidentally HER BIRTHDAY, since we live miles from each other. She had so many problems about her love life, but sure, love is not an ego-walker....

Love needs no words
no consonant or dissonant
no vocal, but reciprocal
not just for now, but for eternal

love needs no deeds
but the few seeds
be planted in your heart, in many ways
not just for now, but for always

I sing this song for you, my love
I walk this path for you, my love
this unwritten is only for you,
here and at your time up above

love needs no words
order or disorder
no morning dew no birds
no signs or limits no border

love needs no words
no consonant or dissonant
no vocal, but reciprocal
not for alone, but mutual....

Friday 2 Sept 2011- @16.56 hrs

for my sis-in-law on her BirthDay
she was the scapegoat in her family
but the smartest in mind, not yet a
genius like my only bro, but she’s
very smart and is a postgraduate too
and she's been oft nice to me.
Thank you, dear Sis!
Updated 2 May 2017.

Sylvia Frances Chan
A Very Happy Birthday, Dr. Pintu Mahakul

Pintu, I know you wear now the title of Dr.  
In this friendly relationship, that is a little blurred  
Never forget your valuable birthday, yesterday the 19th of April  
The title you received on the 10 March from your professors and  
Upon the name of your university too

May I say that you are socially  
Above the average, significantly climbed,  
High on the social ladder, your  
Attentive respect must also be high, as loving  
Kid of the Heavenly Father  
Upon your life, I know only your  
Life is interwoven with God Almighty.

MyNOTES  
This poem form is called ACROSTIC and is created from the initials of your name Pintu Mahakul  
This poem I wrote in my native language, that is DUTCH (please read this on the ) and translated into Hindi and English.

I sincerely hope that the translation in Hindi is with the least mistakes.

My genius Bro wishes to convey his wishes too,  
so I add his name here:

Dr. BioMed. Richard Tjan Ph.D  
(in three subjects: Biology, Medicines and Ophthalmology)

Sylvia Frances Chan, Dutch Poetess, a post graduate in the English Language- and Literature, Evangelist, World Traveler.

Sylvia Frances Chan
A Very Happy Birthday, Dr. Pintu Mahakul(3)

THE TRANSLATION: into HINDI

ek bahut hee janmadin mubaarak ho, do pintoo mahaakul (2)
pintoo, mujhe pata hai ki ab aap do.
is dostaana rishte mein, yah thoda dhundhala hai
kal 1 9 aprail ko apana moolyavaan janmadin kabhee na bhoolen
aapake prophesaron se 10 maarch ko praapt sheershak aur
aapake vishvavidyaalay ke naam par bhee
kya main kah sakata hoon ki aap saamaajik roop se hain
ausat se oopar, kaaphee chadhaee,
saamaajik seedhee par aapaka, aapaka
pyar ke roop mein chaukas sammaan bhee uchch hona chaahie
svargeey pita ke bachche
aapake jeevan par, main keval tumhaara jaanata hoon
jeevan sarvashaktimaan eeshvar ke saath juda hua hai.

A VERY HAPPY BIRTHDAY, Dr. PINTU MAHAKUL

from Dr. Richard Tjan Ph.D (In Indonesia the Ph.D is placed behind)
and Sylvia Tjan, postgraduated in the English Language-and Lit. andas an Evangelist.

© Sylvia Frances Chan, Dutch Poetess, Evangelist, World Traveler.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Aangenaam Groen....

Aangenaam groen....

Oh ik vergeet bijna dit te vertellen
een leuk verhaal of niet
dat moet u zelf maar zeggen

ik kies de groene bomenlaan
mijn lievelingskleur sinds kindertijd

maar och, waarom loopt die man zo raar
hij tuurt de hele tijd naar mij
dat ellendig schepsel laat me niet met rust
ik doe net als ik hem niet zie,
ik ben gerust
waar ik rijd, rijdt hij ook
langs groene weiden
zie ik in de verte een heuvel
van steen en kalk
de rest is kaal, een ezel die balkt
de groene bomen zijn verdwenen
maak plaats voor de man en zijn grijze lieveling
wat moet ik met deze man, met dit ding?

ik wil graag alleen zijn met de lucht, wind en de bomen
maar de man zo grijs als straatstof
maant me om te liggen

er zit niets anders op
hij kan me vermoorden
ik heb zo'n angst die erge angst

de rotser worden alsmaar meer
geen zee of strand te zien
het groen van de weiden
is allang verdwenen
de lucht is asgrijs en benauwend grauw
het tjirpen is verdwenen
plots kreeg ik slaap
zovele paarden nog nimmer gezien
raar, ze geven helemaal geen kik
ik heb reuze schik
ik mis de zon het water en het strand
zwarte raven vliegen rond
ze maken het allemaal te bont
de raven en de zwarte meeuwen
de kievit zie ik niet
de man ligt onbehoorlijk naast mij
ik heb echt verdriet

hij is voor mij een onverwacht
de hele tijd een ding
ik heb mijn uren verslapen
nee geen nare dromen gehad
slechts irritante nachtmerries
ik reed weer de groene bomen lanen op
en door lanen zwart als de middernacht
middernacht?!
het is nu al laat in de middag....

© Sylvia Frances Chan

Sylvia Frances Chan
About Jesus And Tina Turner....

After having read, i was shocked,
overwhelmed by the content and text a friend showed me
it's all about Tina Turner, The famous world's number One singer,
the sexiest, gal showing off her everything that smells glamor,
except for her deepest sadness

she was the cutest clown i have ever seen.
she showed laughter, much laughter,
as all clowns, they cry in silence
some great sadness was hidden in excellence
in her loud excellent laughter.

i am not talkative, kept my observations inside me.
i bought the most expensive golden key in town
to keep poor Tina in me
each time i read news about her,
wished to move my hands and fingers to write 1000 notes to her
i did not, never, she was my living idol,
i am gonna write an exuberant poem about her,
like i have created many poems about
the Phoenix, which Rembrandt, the famous painter in that Dutch Golden Age,
sketched on parchment paper, now you can still see and watch
dead and risen again

this morning i saw my neighbor
is complaining, today will be the toughest day
because this must be winter and it has never been as coldest
as real winter all this wintry season,
his snowflake flowers are dying.

i advised him to take the next flight to find
Indian summer so that his snowflakes would stay fresh and alive,
he could still sell all the snow-fakes.

IF it is winter, i will stay where i am, coldest or not,
chilly-piccalilli or not, i stay on this lovely spot
i admire all ways nature had given us treats, still, blesses me

the one i most adore and love all time is Jesus. Thanks to my Mum.
saddest of all is, she died three years after her advice.
i am still in love with Jesus, never changed ever since.
He's mine, my first love and i am happiest.

Tina's greatest secret is revealed, but i still did not know. Naive? Dunno.
she symbolizes for me the Rembrandt Phoenix piece,
nearly killed and beaten so many times, she still arose constantly.
she stamped with her feet on performance ground,
such a great celebration to see and watch her sing and dance.
not her beauty nor her lovely teeth, but her never bending enthusiasm and never
beaten power.
she was my inspiration.

Now it is about time to make this worldwide known,
kept too long inside me.
Jesus and Tina were born in poverty
i was born that same way, mentally
beaten, pained, suffered a very lot
taunted and derided
huge unbearable moments, in solitude
all invisible scars, died myriad times
each time arose again.

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan &quot;The Cross&quot;-Navarra,
the Netherlands

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

Dateless-Timeless Poetry

Sylvia Frances Chan
About Love....

Conjure the stars
create for them a galaxy
another solar system perhaps.

Look out for the black holes
conjure the sun be with the moon tonight
sparkling many lights so bright.

A never ending sight of loveliness
get the bless and the happiness
undivine wellness
unless,

there is no alternative
than the long lost letter
which broke your heart and made mine better,
we haven't known,

love is but invisible
all things you keep inside is possible
but still invisible

love is gullible
love is fallible
love is plausible
upon all paths which we are constantly walking
our hearts is oft singing
most people think we are in love
but the love we are losing
is inside our being
not visible at all
therefore we have to stand tall
the world knows when we are in love
we are singing, shouting and praising
being grateful and praying to God above

please pray, loved or not loved....
About Maturity(1) ....

Maturity does not mean
I have the age to know all
but it means
till this age I know all....

SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN
A.D.31 May 2019
The Netherlands time 12.02 hrs P.M.

Sylvia Frances Chan
About Maturity(2) ....

Maturity, what's that again?
please sing the Song, not the refrain
now and not tomorrow
eventhough the words you have to borrow....

©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN
A.D.31 May 2019
The Netherlands time 12.02 hrs P.M.

Sylvia Frances Chan
About Maturity(3) ....

Maturity, how was the Song again?
you have sung that, please do that again
I wanna hear and enjoy
this is true serious, not about a game or toy....

©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN
A.D.31 May 2019
The Netherlands time 12.02 hrs P.M.

Sylvia Frances Chan
About Maturity(4) ....

Being true mature
perhaps if I know too much, am not sure
in the coming decennia, I may fall
because of knowing too much about All....

©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN
A.D.31 May 2019
The Netherland-time 12.02 hrs P.M.

Sylvia Frances Chan
About The Blissful Things....

This morn I looked at the sky and heavens
wondering there are no limits
our life, love and future
in one blessed package and all there is to Thee
to have a blissful future, simple and wise.

Oh, dear Lord, please lead us constantly
through all sins, sinister and dark trace
to arrive at your worldly wide famous wonderful place
on one happy and blissful day.

Constantly contacting and giving praise
and thanking Thee with my humming.

Bringing at Thine feet
my constant plead....

Please, dear Lord, look at this and read
in Thy time and at Thine supremacy all our need
to Thee our most grateful compliment
while serving Thee humbly with my lament! !

Thoughts of my beloved and I
At this wonderful place on earth....
we hope to be worthy of Thy immense Love

Still with Pipi walking on this emotive Path to the Day
that Jesus ascended to Heaven, exactly 1985 years ago, at 33 years young....

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: Dark Brown painted wooden cross
Made in Indonesia, sold by Arke Evangelical Shop.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Thursday the 12th April 2018
@ 7.35 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Acceptance....

Have acceptance
for each appearance
and the tolerance
for all beings
in their functions
they cherish

there is no Superman, no more
or an old fashioned trademark of times of yore

Have perseverance
love and patience
in everything you do
when accepting all beings
at different levels and structures
in different cultures

God nurtures with the greatest devotion
and greatest love His lost creatures
with the greatest patience and human emotions

According to God
there is only one kind of creation
with the same equality,
the same love-reverberation in all nations

God's acceptance
is constantly full of love
sans knowing
He rules from Above....

©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN

Anno Domini the 12th Feb 2019 -
@ 14.39 hrs. P.M. West-European Time
Across Mongolia....

The noise barriers staring at you
exactly as you fly over Mongolia
on the way to Down Under-
the Great Wall is staring at you
but if flying a bit higher,
at crystal clear weather,
cloudless sky, from such a very height
this age-old imperial Wall looks
as a delectable hot delicacy, most delicious bite
like in my childhood,
my most favourite pasteitjes bite....

pasteitjes are small snacks, daily sold in Indonesia,
in the café or along the streets and presented hot
instantly from the frying pan.

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Monday the 29th October 2018 -
@ 16.43 hrs.P.M. West-European Time
We have Winter time now, one hour less sleep,
it seems but in fact the same length of hours as
we go to bed with the summertime-zone.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Jane Austen's sense and sensibility
Mr. Kumarmani's ardent attitude for all his divine poetry
Mrs. Juan-Austin's tender touching approach
Bernard seems a sobriety but inside he is sheer sensitive
Robert Murray Smith's emotive economical poetry
Dillip's quick runnings through his pretty poetic poems are quite pensive
Jez is a true creating credential
Elena is a disappearing dearest one
but her smiles and love here have not gone
and OMG where is the youngest poetess
her lovely smiling photograph reminds me of an oriental princess
she is pretty and pretentious
she does never fear, she is never anxious
many men regard her as beauteous

I started with a classic, I must end alike
residing in the Netherlands, a small country behind a huge dike
though only mills and short distances
this loved land is famous about its absurdic appearances
absurdic in the most prevailing poetic
like gay marriages, gender problems, male/female or not
one latest ceremony I won't easily forget, oh dear God

just returned from Ghana, having seen and listened to its slaves' history
the fervent guide told me Ghana is proud of its past and memory
once back to my country, it is celebrating grandest slaves past
ardently by the beautiful black community at last
about this grand celebration and my trip to Ghana is coincidentally
the same subject about Slavery from the past
I could choose the Wild Life of Ghana, also my preference
but instead, that slavery's past became my choice's benevolence
which classic poet or poetess to end my poem with, reality's fiasco
it will remain an enormous burden in my mind to leave this line blanco
no more any attentive alliterations nor beauteous brevity
so sorry, I apologize for ending this verse without the classic but with this lengthy.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
@18.00 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Addictive Alien Alliteration

Sheer soestry in six selected seconds
After having read his sweet sensational selection
the self has come to mind,
these lines to create for thine

with that Swedish Skoll for the LOL
and the Dutch Cheers for the Heineken Beers

this is no poetry procrastination
this is addictive aliens alliteration
this is super sublime sheer selection
of bringing forth a bingeing
for sheer verses from the heart
your sweetest sensitive souls part

Sheer soestry in six selected seconds
After having read his sweet sensational selection
the self has come to mind,
these lines to create for thine

with that Swedish Skoll for the LOL
and the Dutch Cheers for the Heineken Beers

this is no poetry procrastination
this is addictive aliens alliteration
this is super sublime sheer selection
of bringing forth a bingeing
for sheer verses from the heart
your sweetest sensitive souls part

sheer soestry in six selected seconds
sheer sensitive sadistic senses salience sastric salliteration
the selective sweet sensitive senses of Sylvia....

Thursday Morn at 0.46 hrs AM - posted on
sweetest frozen air AD. The 19th January 2017
============================================
Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan
Card and Design for the poem: idem.
AD. Wednesday 3rd January 2018-
Strongest winds and heavy storms yesternight
and the coldest air ever! Very painful for the eyes.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Additions For 2019....

Reading about problems and solutions
are always easy
but to solve them in reality
is not as easy as we think.

For us, it's not easy to perform all these things
but we can start with the easy subjects
and so we can reach the most difficult parts
and we try to solve them together

if we are in a weak mental state
for the people who believe in God
pray to Him to get the best way to handle
and never forget to count our blessings
for the non-believers, just think about these
and await the solutions, never act in a hurry

a few lines as additions
for the 2019 Resolutions....

©Sylvia Frances Chan
Second Christmas Day
Anno Domini 26 December 2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
Adieu est un petit de mourir
pas vraiment mourir, mais juste comme un peu de mourir
tu meurs ou tu continues à vivre
mais ne mourez pas si dramatiquement de "un peu"

des gens aiment le drame
l'anglais de Shakespeare
mais le français du parfum et de la haute couture
et aussi de leur culture du vin

c'est normal pour le déjeuner et le dîner
un verre de vin, ils oublient
puis après le crépuscule

faire de belles histoires
encore et encore
surtout quand grand-mère est également présente
alors tu te sens à nouveau en forme

parce que grand-mère comme le plus ancien
vouloir s'asseoir avec
alors nous sommes doux toute la soirée
avec une tarte aux pommes et des bonbons

grand-mère est une personne si sociable
tout le monde obtient ce qu'il veut ici
oui oui, le parfum d'amour français et la haute couture
et leur culture du vin et
leur grand-mère sont présents
c'est tellement gentil

c'est mon premier poème en français
juste un petit poème
Je fais la lumière ici.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Monday Second Easter
Sylvia Frances Chan
Afscheid Is Een Beetje Doodgaan....

Afscheid is een beetje doodgaan
niet echt sterven, maar net als een beetje doodgaan
je sterft of je blijft leven
maar sterf niet zo dramatisch van "een beetje"

Mensen houden van drama
de Engelsen van hun Shakespeare
maar de Fransen van parfum en haute couture
en ook van hun wijncultuur

het is normaal bij de lunch en het avondeten
één glaasje wijn, vergeten ze tenimmer
om daarna na de schemer
gezellige vertellingen te doen
over en weer
vooral als grandma ook erbij zit
dan voel je je weer zo fit

want als grandma als de oudste
er bij wilt zitten
dan zijn wij de hele avond zoet
met wat appelgebak en wat snoep

grandma is zo'n gezellig mens
een ieder krijgt hier wat hij wenst
ja ja, de fransen houden van parfum en haute couture
en van hun wijncultuur en
hun grootmoeder's aanwezig zijn
dat is zo gezellig fijn

dit is mijn eerste gedicht in het frans
gewoon een klein gedicht
breng ik hier aan het licht.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Easter Monday the 2nd of April 2018
@ 23.50 hrs. P.M. West-Europese Tijd.
Sylvia Frances Chan
Again....About Love....

The many lights stars in the night
Inaugering constantly a path midway
create for them a milky way
another solar system perhaps

Remember the surrounding gaps
eclipsing sun be with the moon tonight
sparkling many lights on the blue pink canvas
a never ending sigh of happiness

Get the bless
in divine wellness
unless

There is no better
than the long lost letter
which broke your heart and mine
we haven't known
love is but an invisible thin line
and so vulnerable is man so kind

I love you and you are still mine
while walking beyond all coloring thin lines....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Tuesday the 31st if July 2018
@ 9.46 hrs. AM West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
All Credit To Jesus....

I woke up this morning and I have an urge to go on PH to submit these words, as simplest as possible, so that we all want to read because we understand. Thank you.
Presented with loving care ©Sylvia Frances Chan

Jesus did not sin.
Jesus as a human being was perfect and did not sin on earth.
He is available
He is impeccable
He is flawless.

Jesus was also the same as man.
Jesus' origin was not like of all men
He was born from heaven.
He has a new beginning.
By listening to God's voice,
He was able to live a perfect life.
Jesus stopped in the temptation of temptation.
For He was and is the Son of man and the Son of God.
That is why Jesus deserves all credit.

©Sylvia Frances Chan,
Evangelist

Sylvia Frances Chan
All My Ten Poems, Please....

They are now 280 pieces in a row
all on Poem Hunter you know
I reckon you do know what is meant here
creating the newest verse again my dear
but I'll try from now on
in brevity, that will be the norm

as I am continuing now
I constantly admire all your poetry flow
the most beautiful unseen insides mentally
included all your pleasant valuable words
as for me personally, no things are absurd

they are now 280 poems in a row
all on Poem Hunter Site, you know
personally my tenth since 2 plus 8 plus zero
makes all ten, no?

anyhow, just created my first "brevity"
of course, brevity, if you compare with all the lengthy
verses, free or not,
smallest rhymed or royally, oh, I almost forgot
toujours in centrum with the most Divine Almighty God....

Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch Poetess

AD. The 10th of July 2018
@ 10.10 hrs AM West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Am I...

Just for YOU
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~ with love, Sylv

I am the embodiment of your life
the shoulders of your deep sadness
the wrapped arms of your burden
the warmth of your coldness
the breath of your sighs

the atmosphere
when you are near
to be living again
then

I'll sing my song for you
just for you with that refrain
in the midst of night
will you not be so sad again

the rivers are overflowing
it's still monsoon-time, darling
where will we go with all these liquid
no scruples, I'll fix it

I'll read you a poetry sublime
about the poet who writes about food
who never be hungry again
never have a grind
man unkind
to break or crush the notes

please do never forget
I am the bottom of your bed
the handle of your doors
the candle of your fires
I am the embodiment
of your desires....
Card especially designed for YOU.
© SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN~~
~~~~~~~~°~~~~°~~ ~~~~~°~~~~~~°~~~
Republished AD. Sunday 20th April 2014~~
~Wish you all Happy Easterdays~
~~at 8.08 hrs a.m.-PF
NOTE AD. Saturday 30 Sept 2017-HP
AD. Friday the 9th February 2018-PH
@ 17.49 hrs.P.M. West-European Time.
An old poem of me, a classic one from 1999 - PC
director Mr. Howard Ely and on Multiply. Com my own Website
with my own Poems and Designs.

Sylvia Frances Chan
An Artist's Soul

An artist has as usual
a too big soul
never a too big ego
the soul is very sensitive
different than the average artist
since this is about POETRY
then the soul of this Artist is soft and tender
for both gender
all the same
no, this is no game
why do you ask me each time the same?
the name of the game or the name of the play
I am just telling about the Artist's SOUL, if I may....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Saturday 15th March 2014
17.11 hrs p.m.
Beautiful very Sunny weather, but in the evenings
the chills of the wintry hills are coming back
it isn't Spring yet!

Sylvia Frances Chan
An Essay Poem About Love

I have heard this from a good friend
and I regard that story as precious and very important
so I have mine like this in an Essay Poem:

A young man had a girlfriend,
he was getting tired of her,
because she sent him messages every hour,
that said "I miss you" or "I love you".

One night before bedtime, he received a message,
but rather than read it, he went to sleep.
In the morning he was awakened by a call.
It was his girlfriend's mother crying,
saying that his girlfriend was killed last night.

He was in a state of shock, went to read the message:
"My sweetheart, come quickly, I think someone is following me!"

And Now Every Day He Comes
And Brings One Extra Flower
To The Spot Where She Was Murdered.

Moral of the story:
Never reject those who love, care, and try to reach out to you,
because one day you'll realize you lost the moon while counting the stars!

If ever you are touched by this story,
please give it a short comment.
Thank you so much, dear Poem Hunter Poet friends,
sincerely Sylvia.

Sylvia Frances Chan
An Ode To Woman....(1)

Woman is constantly entirely different from men
she is not muscled, has of course muscles
she is mentally much stronger than a man
she dares to combine her love and her dreams

The togetherness of love and dream,
woman is a beautiful mind,
she loves all what beauty is
the world of wait, see and action,

man is a masculine
woman is a feminine

Being a woman is being most careful,
a wonderful ocean of creations,
the meeting point of earth, galaxy and paradise,
the woman is a living happiness,

the woman is a living soul,
she is the embodiment of love in life,
she is full of love, glee and adorns,
she IS woman and she is patient

she loves nurturing and cherished her life
she is mentally the perfect wife....

©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN
Thursday the 14th of March 2019
@ 8.40 hrs. A.M. West-European T

Sylvia Frances Chan
An Ode To Woman....(2)

Woman is art, music and hummings
more art than the art itself,
living epic with adult end rhymes,
the crossbeam in some moments,
woman is a living port,
where ships shine in their hidden darkness.

The woman is full moon nights
constantly glistening in the cloudy sky,
calm and assertive with a strong state of mind
loving and heavenly care

Woman is cool, calm and serene
her serenity is deep and true,
her calmness is power, extreme and real,
it is like the flowing rivers of Venus
through the most beautiful emerald green
the bloom of pink roses
in the crimson horizon

Woman is like the bustling waterfall and the peaceful, placid lake
she is nature's calm companion
she likes to observe and stay awake
constantly observing in her absence
though heavy burden and darkest times
often a smile on her face and her unforgettable rhymes

She is tortured in the dark Middle Ages,
victim of the unbalanced immature complex of man,
woman is in most cases mentally stronger than a man,
responsive and mind proportioned,
man has a lot more muscles
and is stronger in the body

but the woman is the nurturing, loving
and caring spirit
lifelong loyal companion of the man
she has humor and is full of wit....
©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN
Tuesday the 26th of March 2019
@ 13.10 hrs. P.M. West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
An Open Message....

An Open Message
For poet poet himself

All about my true invitation
and your brave adaptation

Dear poet poet, sir
I´ll treat you here
delicious ginger-ale cocktail, no beer
but never shake, just stir

Here I cite your precious words,
your addition with some rendition
to my poem submission
An Essay Poem about Love, not ´bout birds
you said
that sounded truly sad
amongst other,
please don´t bother

poet poet, he said these important words to me, to us all:

YOU DID WELL TO INVITE ME
BUT I SEE YOU HAVE NOT ACKNOWLEDGED ANY ONE
SAD SEE YOU MAY BE COUNTING STARS
18 HERE AT LEAST
SO BE happy poetess ye be
tank everyone will now ye

his Comment (here above) you can read this in my poem
AN ESSAY POEM ABOUT LOVE - by Sylvia Frances Chan-

Mom´s child oft wild,
which stars do you mean?

on the Southern hemisphere
or on the Northern stratosphere?
or just around your misty atmosphere

you know, there are too many stars
especially, now during these cold wars

SO BE content poet poet ye be
thank everyone will now me....

I reckon the best interpreted
by the poet poet himself, that´s it!

please, do enjoy, these words are from my wall
you have had fun,
I´ll stand my tall
sure this is no pun

Dear God, if Thou permit me
like Hiskia, i present Thee
this is all about poet poet, he be....

P.S. I had been thinking a few days to submit this or not
and I put this to the Lord´s feet like Hiskia ever did,
so this OPEN MESSAGE is now here posted,
the best wishes from

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Sylvia Frances Chan
And Then She Was Gone (Part 5)

This story started at Gita's (Part I) , then comes Sandra's (Part II) and Leonard makes number 3 (Part III) and Debs (Part IV) now comes Part V where I took part of it, hehe...Who follows?

And Then She Was Gone (Part V)
Holy moly dopy...was it a ghost, not she....?
Where was that awesome beautiful lady?
with the breathtaking beautiful breasts
I must find her, if not I shall neither pause nor rest

Holy moly clever girl
you are again on travel like the windy whirl
you think to be the boss of me?
you think I cannot find you, maid... it's so easy

though the moon almost disappears
you think that I'll shed some tears? !
Oh no not at all my Lady,
though every tree becomes shady

the moon leaves me, I am not afraid
looking for an ordinary maid
when I saw you for the first time
you were so very beautiful, that was prime

the deepest night it isn't morning yet
because of the heavy rain I am soaking wet
though dark I saw you at the tombstone
there was no one else, you were just alone

the low hanging trees, so many bats and poisonous snakes
I have my flashlight, but a pity the pools have turned into lakes
you are in that cute little hut, you murmured
how strange I saw you were walking backward

are you a human-being or a ghost?
remember, how strange it sounds, I am still your host!
vanity, calamity, insanity you are gone
why have you a long skirt, but your legs are none...?
And....?

Friends say
in their own way
I will rise in transcendence
In what kind of importance?

frankly admitted, I don´t know what it means
not that easy as cooking rice and beans
hypothetically said
is this definite yet?

so you can not see me anymore
kiss me before it's too late, we adieu con amor
tell me your lies non-stoppingly,
hereafter, either you or me, cannot see

do it, before you regret, just up-to-date
this looks like a vision of late
do it before you regret, it is indeed so sad
thinking of what they say, makes me truly mad
I can never meet you anymore, come what may
speak, then I can hear you now, we depart con amor
let love be as it was, is and will never be any more
as it used to be despite your infidelity
the future is yours....I see....
but IF I may say now,
due to your departure, my mood becomes so low

Time lies in God´s Hands
so about that friends said I will rise in transcendence
it is their thoughts, perhaps their plans
believe me, dear friends, please understand
that time lies in His Hands....

con Amor means: with love

Photograph by Sylvia Frances Chan: "Alkitab" means The Bible in Indonesian.
AD. Tuesday the 3rd of DEC 2013-
@ 13.13 hrs P.M. West-European Time-
Coincidentally written on my bro-in-law’s BirthDay: Happy BirthDAY, Koen!
Come what may....

AD. Saturday the 17th of February 2018-
@ 8.08 hrs. A.M. West-European Time.4 C. degrees below zero. Severely cold. In reality, it feels like 10 C. degrees. Happy BirthDay, dear Esmeralda!
Coincidentally published on her birthday.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Een lange wandeling door dit denkbare bos
van sterkste regels voor passies
en verbuigingen van overtredingen van literaire superlatieven
ik ben dol op je artistieke poëtische toevoegingen.

Waar deze opwekking eindigt,
hoewel koudste sferen
en wazige luchten,
er is altijd een huis omarmd met liefde,
zorg en zekerheid
Gods zegen in overvloed.

Deze geweldige traktatie
van abnormaliteit en menselijkheid

op het platteland
ik struikelde eindeloos
op dronkaards de meest schaamteloze herhaling
hopeloos en toekomstloos deze onmenselijkheid.

Dus help me, Here
bevrijd me van de liefdeloze zorg van deze dronkaard
in onze maatschappelijke welvaart
wie is je kleren aan het dragen
schreeuw je liefde
terwijl je je mooiste omgeving schaadt
mompelen schaamteloos van Uw Drie-éénheid
voor dronkaards waanzin
bedelen eindeloos bergen gevulde hoeveelheden drankjes
in de naam van Uw Drie-éénheid

vergeef me, Heer
als ik het schaamteloze stompzinnigheid noem
van slechts één abnormaal dronken kwaadaardig werktuig
help me, Heer, bevrijd me hier tenminste van
ik ben in de buik van het beest!

©Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Maandag 1 oktober 2018
@ 15.21 uur PM West-Europese tijd.

Sylvia Frances Chan
A long walk through this imaginable forest
of strong firmest regulations of passions
and inflections of inflictions of literary superlatives
I adore your artistic poetic additionals.

Wherever this revival ends,
though coldest atmospheres
and blurred skies,
there is always a home embraced with love,
care and assurance
God's Blessings in Abundance.

This tremendous treat
of abnormality and humanity

in rural retreat
I stumbled endlessly
on drunkards most shameless repeat
hopeless and futureless this inhumanity.

So help me, Lord
release me of this drunkard's loveless care
in our societal welfare
who wears your clothes
shouting your love
while harming your most wonderful vicinity
mumbling shameless of Thy Trinity
covering drunkard's insanity
begging endlessly mountain filled amounts of drinks
in name of Thy Trinity

forgive me, Lord
if I name it shameless stupidity
of just one abnormal drunken evil implement
so help me Lord, release me of this at least
I am in the belly of the beast!

©Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Monday the 1st of October 2018
@ 15.21 hrs. PM West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Aquarel In Bordeaux....

That handsome man I painted last night,
had disappeared from my canvas,
was it this morning or last night,
I don't know anymore, if I'm right, alas!

I don't know either exactly when,
since I slept so tight, my friend.
The fact is, he is no more on my canvas, it seems
he has eloped with my best friend
or were they just my dreams?

I looked at my palet that night,
all colors are still complete, untouched
deep sea blue, ochre yellow, Titian red, and zinc white
only Bordeaux red was used, that much.

my handsome Bordeaux red man hasn't returned yet
a blank canvas is all I have now, I'm really truly sad.

Notes: aquarel = watercolor painting
bordeaux = the same red color as in the picture
This painting on special watercolour paper done by Sylvia F.C.
Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Saturday 12th Sept 2015, not especially for his birthday, but the 12th Sept
is the BirthDay of my eldest son René. Congrats, René! Many Happy Returns of
This DAY, we love you!
@ 4.38 hrs.a.m. -19 C degrees

TODAY Published on :
Tuesday AD.28 November 2017 @19.31 hrs p.m. .
Co-incidentally published on one of my friend´s Birthday Lily.
Happy BirthDay to you, Lily!
Sylvia Frances Chan
ARCADE,
The Winning Song of Duncan Laurence

Duncan Laurence 25 years old, not only won the Eurovision Song Contest, the Dutchman also shoots the lead in the charts. In the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg, Malta, Germany, Spain and Sweden, he dominates the iTunes hit list. And also on Spotify he gets gold in Belgium, the Netherlands, Iceland, Sweden and Estonia.

In total, Duncan is in the Spotify top 10 in eleven countries with &quot;Arcade&quot;.
In the worldwide charts of iTunes, he is 19 times in the top 10.

The Italian entry, which came in second on Saturday in Tel Aviv, is also doing well. In Israel, Lithuania and Greece, Mahmood is in the lead with &quot;Soldi&quot; &quot;Scream&quot; by the Russian Sergej Lazarev, who finished third, is everywhere outside the top 20.
The Swiss and Norwegian entries, who finished fourth and fifth, are only at the top in their own country. They do better with this than our Eliot.
Even in Belgium, his song &quot;Wake Up&quot; is not appreciated.
It is in 44th and 45th place on Spotify and iTunes

Duncan is in the Spotify top 10 in eleven countries with &quot;Arcade&quot;....

derived from ELIOT on newspaper news
Duncan's picture from Google

Sylvia Frances Chan
Art

Art is a true gift
unconsciously a God-giv'n
mental wealth that health....

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD.25th April 2013

A Haiku
A Senryu
What must I say?
It IS ART anyway....

Sylvia Frances Chan
Art....

Life is art, like eating
you do it every day
eating is visible
art oftentimes not
Love is art, like breathing
you do it every day
both are invisible
at the touch of your hands
at the touch of your heart
they will be visible
they'll get eyes, feelings, and imaginations
soon you have a grip on life as well on love
Love is like Life is Art
you cannot buy them
they are the treasures of your heart....

© Sylvia Frances Chan

Roma, Italia on a Cruise in the Mediterranean Sea
between Ference and Napoli, at our ease amidst the greece.
Created at a previous time and published just Today Tuesday the 7th Nov 2017
@ 17.40 hrs PM.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Believe me my dearest boy....
when you came to earth
you looked just like the cutest toy
my second darling son´s birth
lovely, beautiful and such intelligent eyes
for your age, you are utmost wise

when you were seven in age
you asked our neighbour
and that was certainly no mirage
where do the sponges come from?

she was a very kindest woman, but honest
and said: Arthur, I know about the most things
but about sponges, I have never known

Arthur is always polite and said to her
Mrs. Smakman, they come from the Greek Islands
these sponges are plants growing
on the bottom of the sea as long as the earth exists
you can catch them too and sure they are still selling them
up there in Greece in the Mediterranean sea

I remember that I have bought for all three sons
a children's Encyclopedia
Arthur is fond of reading all things this series
especially concerning the spinning earth
and its frequency

I do hope wherever you are today
have a very happy Birthday
God's greatest blessings too
and many happy returns of the day

sent with love and cares
for my second son who always dares
to open his mouth to defend his large family
A Very Happy BirthDay, second son of me....

from your dearest mum
A.D. The 13th of February 2019-
@ 5.12 hrs. A.M. Netherlands Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
As Long As There Is Light....

Mothers are proud, her first child comes soon
the mirror of her inner being abound
the tender child is loved all around
being as first mothers have nothing to fear
a mother heart is the closest to her child dear

it perpetually hears her beating heart
first nine months from the inside wall
then with pain, grief and a bleeding heart
the baby is pulled out
or it floats self to the outside world

a mother's heart sees
and knows everything about her child
her young mother's heart does not show it
but knows that she loves, that's it
together with her firstling
in her mind, the child is still her toddler

caring and feeding every day
taking to be bathed and lulling asleep,
even after midnight
makes the strong love bond that arises
even if the child has become an adult
and leaves the parental home
he will be still that baby infant for her

the child is the mirror of her inner being
she seems aloof, but that is the mind
being for the first time a mother
she does not show her heartfelt love
how she often struggles with her inner grief

having become a mother,
you do not become just like that,
it's a gradual growth in an emotive way
she grows with the baby child every second
in her heart, she cuddles him endlessly
outwardly she remains at distant,
there is nothing wrong with that
being the mother of a firstborn child she really loves
she does not show that,
first mothers are oftentimes warmest at heart
introvert implements
she is endlessly grateful and truly content
to have this birth
upon this forsaken earth
with all its delights and wonderous appetites
as long as there is Light....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Friday 28 Sept 2018 -
@ 16.43 hrs P.M. . Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Other Biblical References to the Ascension
While a multitude of Bible references confirm
that this event took place, it's difficult
to piece together the exact details and
chronology of Jesus' ascension.

(There is some question about whether the verses above were later additions to
the book of Mark, see the useful discussion of this question in the NIV Quest
Study Bible.) You can also read about Jesus' ascension in these passages:

Luke 24: 50-61
Acts 1: 9-11

In addition to these accounts,
you can find references to Christ's ascension
throughout the New Testament.
Some of these references occur before the event—

for example, Jesus' mention of his future ascension in John 20: 17.

Many of the epistles make reference to the ascension after the fact—for example,
Ephesians 1: 19-20 and 1 Timothy 3: 16.

You can find a complete list of ascension references in the Dictionary of Bible
Themes.
CELEBRATING ASCENSION DAY Thursday the 10th of May 2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
The ascension of Jesus produced joy
because the disciples realized
what amazing benefits would come to them
when Jesus returned to the Father....

When Jesus ascended, all the promises
regarding the Spirit's ministry to the disciples
were about to be fulfilled.
The disciples accepted His ascension,
for they had accepted Jesus' word
about the promised One to come.

Their doubts and fears were gone.
They were convinced of who He was.
They knew that He died to forgive them of their sins.
They knew He was alive from the dead.

In His resurrection,
they had hope in victory over death.
They trusted Him.

For these reasons, Jesus' departure gave the disciples joy.

The benefits of the ascension are many:
When Jesus ascended and sat down at the Father's right hand,
the Father verified the accomplishment of the life, death, and resurrection of
Jesus
and confirmed that the final payment for sin had been made.
(Heb.10: 11-14) .

When Jesus ascended,
the intercessory work of Jesus
on behalf of His people began.

In this ministry, we are assured
that we will always have access
to the Father forever
(1 John 2: 1) .
When Jesus ascended,
His eternal reign over all enemies began.

As Peter wrote,
”Now that He has gone into heaven, He is at God's right hand with angels, authorities, and powers subject to Him” (1 Pet.3: 22).

Finally, when Jesus ascended,
the church was empowered to accomplish its mission.

In Ephesians 1: 22-23, writing about Jesus' resurrection and ascension, Paul said, ”[God the Father] put everything under His feet and appointed Him as head over everything for the church, which is His body, the fullness of the One who fills all things in every way.”

Jesus Christ is the King of the universe, and Satan can do nothing about it.

What Satan can do is tempt us to forget about Jesus as King. He uses a thousand tricks to do it, but he is after one thing—

to eclipse our present awareness of who Jesus is and where He is.

In the Book of Acts, Stephen, right before being stoned, looked up into heaven and saw Jesus standing at the right hand of the Father.

The New Testament points us to this picture so that we will have a settled confidence that Jesus our Savior is the King over all things. Joy, hope, and mission are three consistent responses of the disciples to Christ's resurrection and ascension.

In light of these two great events, we see the disciples transformed
and mobilized to follow Jesus on His mission.

Joy, hope, and mission
are three consistent responses of the disciples to Christ's resurrection and ascension.

We go forward with hope and joy
because the King of the universe promises
that He will never leave or forsake us.

If we want to experience greater transformation
and the joy of following Jesus on mission,
we should build our confidence
on the finished and sufficient work of Jesus Christ.

The resurrection and ascension testify
to the completion and perfection of His work....

Excerpted from: The Gospel Project for Adults - God's Story Part 2
About the author: Keith Whitfield lives in Wake Forest, North Carolina, with his wife and two children. He teaches Christian Theology at Southeastern Seminary. Before joining the faculty at Southeastern, he spent two years teaching and training church planters in Nashville, Tennessee, and five years as a pastor in southeast Virginia.
About The CELEBRATION OF ASCENSION DAY of 2018, The Sequel

Sylvia Frances Chan
Aspiration....

Inspired by Mrs. Juan-Austin's precious and great poem
Knowledge 4, I just read: this is my second poem based upon this inspiration,
the first poem is titled: Inspiration....

Knowledge must not make us superior to others,
it must make us just like all ordinary persons,
sobriety and humbleness take it all,
having gained the highest knowledge,
it must be like this what I know about my only bro

he is a genius, my only brother,
but kind, caring, modest, simple as all caring others,

like him, stay with both feet on the ground,
and he deals the knowledge with others in the surrounds

and he helps others constantly with caring love and patience,
there was one amiss, he was an atheist,
but before our beloved Mum dies
he is ever since a loyal follower of Jesus Christ....

P.S. My bro is too modest and according to him,
I must keep concerning him by myself,
but I regard he as special and wish to import
what i know about him in this poem. Thank you.

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D.- Tuesday the 16th of October 2018 -
@ 9.16 hrs.A.M. West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
At Home Abound....

Close by Dichteren's neighborhood
wandering lonely as in some famous verses
watching the deep blue sea
some seagulls approaching me

leaving the memories behind
I have tried to find
froth coming from the abyss
my Lord, is this all there is?

memories fade away, no present nor the past
yesterday was today's love no more
this life's journey sweetness has gone yore
tried picking the past the loveliest as it was

reaching the brim of yesterday's heart
grasping the love once my part
it looked as if night had fallen
all darkest, darker than in Sankt Gallen

all I met was only the twister
no brother around even no sister
there came the blister around
delivered my memories and you abound

remember love, some times ago on Dichteren's ground?
the kindest people, pure love inside, no blister around.
No Sankt Gallen, baby, just peaceful Doetinchem
gracious praiseful people all around
give way for God's Love and Bliss
from deepest within, gratefully yours and all there is
God's Bliss is, is at home abound
Doetinchem is our at home abound

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: "Dutch Apple Cake for at home"

© Sylvia Frances Chan
At Night

Oftentimes we think there are no problems anymore, when we rest asleep, but all of a sudden things can make us feel upside down, despite the silence of the peaceful night...

At Night
Night falls at night peace
everyone is on an ear
in silence we pray, my love, do not fear
i feel most at my ease

night falls at night pleasure
mostly we rest and think of our treasure
we also know that this part of the night
an intruder can come and we are in a sudden fight

oftentimes we are deaf we do as sleepers
in our own area mostly as dreamers
what treasure, we do not posess
what dreams, mine have become less

night falls at night peace
everyone is asleep
in silence i pray, my love, please
a stranger in our house, whisper in my ear, don't weep

© copyright Wed Sep 7 20.10 hrs- 2011 -
All Rights Reserved

Sylvia Frances Chan
At The Physiotherapist

In the waiting room, I heard this strange soft conversation, no, I was not at the psychotherapist.

come, my sweetheart, I invite you
come in my messy house
have not been cleaned up
I have been away for a long time
come back now with a bunch of luggage
I will clear the whole house
cleaning, cleaning everything up,

the big spring turn
that must come two months later

I want it now
to practice already
in my skepticism of moving
your skepticism of thinking

true love does not perish
it has only become so unnatural
this love does not release my empty brain
this brain is longing to be filled again
with tender words, tender embraces
a gentle treatment

as a physiotherapist handles
with his client
first, the bones cracked, then oiled
then he lets the bones lose on each other
they click immediately

then you do not hear anything anymore
as this hassle goes smoothly

that is how I wish my true love again
on the harness
true love does not rust
never fails
Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: "Two empty chairs in Leek (Gr)"

Do you think this was a normal conversation?
I have my doubts....
I just wanted to let you know how strange conversation that was.
I have heard more strange conversations, but this was the strangest!

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Sunday the 18th February 2018- Still the Olympics at PyeongChang, South-Korea.
@ 5.00 hrs A.M. West-European Time
At this hour, still MINUS 3 below Zero, bit grey clouds.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Auf Dich Wartend....

Ich weiß, dass du mich liebst
Ich liebe dich auch
Wir sehen uns bald
Sei mutig
im Land der Barbaren
Sie werden immer noch dein Herz und deine Seele sammeln
Sie lassen Ihren Körper liegen
denn das ist total leer
Deine Seele ist am meisten gefüllt
und gesperrt
mit einem Siegel des Nichts
kostet nur ein Riks
Komm Schätzchen, wir sehen uns bald
geh wie ein pfau
weil Sie bereits ausgewählt wurden
sehr früh seit den Sonnenuntergängen
Ich bin noch nicht geboren
trotzdem
Wir sprechen dieselbe Sprache
nirgends ein Hindernis
OK Schatz, ich wechsle jetzt
und ich warte auf dich....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Martin Luther was born ToDAY.
AD. Wednesday 31 October 2018-
@ 10.10 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Auf Die Betten Genagelt (6)....

aufdringlich
unfruchtbar kalt
hier und darüber hinaus
jährlicher Streik
von Monaten Länge
sehr aufdringlich
Selbst die Jugend kann es nicht halten
die Aufzeichnungen von Angriffen
demisch
Pandemie
Diese Krankheit ist meistens und am auffälligsten
der unschuldigste Angriff
jährliche Überprüfung
die Lunge herrschte vor
die meisten sind genagelt
to den Betten....

Für alle Menschen auf der ganzen Welt hoffen wir auf eine gute Gesundheit, damit wir das Leben weiterhin genießen können.
The Red Port mit etwas Zitrone trinken, nicht schütteln, sondern umrühren, ist immer gut gegen diesen Angriff der Epidemie. Prosit!

©Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Thursday then 8th of November 2018-
@ 2.05 hrs. A.M. West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Awakening

... the cat
her name?
Panter,
black fur
her footsteps
unnoticed, unheard
I can hear her

A woman's feet tapping
next to the coffee machine
still a translucent nightgown
cool, but still cold in the house
warming
the piano sounds
gently passionately
from the wooden chariot-cabinet

... the morning feeling
added
to emerging dawn
glistening rays
of the rising sun
fine golden stripes too
even in the heart still dark
adding to the coffee
one big orchestra
non-violent sugar
even quieter milk

a blank canvas
non-waiting
a blank canvas sans couleurs
blobs of paint sans penseurs
art pour l'art

the sense of earthly pain
in my heart and in my being
the words continue
fight with each other
fortunately no people involved....

cool breeze, early sunshine
hear the birds chirping
the break of day
oh the sonnet in the cabinet-chariot
a golden thread reflection
revivals all along my dreamy body.

...rhythmic coffee droplets still
the last vision going out
the big orchestra too
of an enclosure

an open book
are thee for me

from my window
another vision goes out
in vain
the sun takes its place again
substitute
last glimpse
transparent nightgown
alone through dreamland

now become warmer
see the dawn
embraced embodiment....
of the self....

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: "The Green Grass of Dawn"

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

Saturday the 17th February 2018-
@ 10.29 hrs.A.M. West-European Time
Happy BirthDay Esmeralda, Long Live to You in the Gloria!
Are we gonna play the "Stoelendans" again, as we used to a long
time gone?

Sylvia Frances Chan
Back From Ghana....

The finalizing in Tropical disease
ah, she did the whole specializing with much ease
and with greatest care and love
she had one cutest baby to watch

Lam and her dearest spouse
have returned together with cute son
and quiet mouse to Dutch ground
surrounded with gaiety and happiness all around

From Dutch grounds to Ghana, Africa
is not only a 7 hours flight
but also a one month Defender's ride
surely they have won their stride
as Vinh, mum and dad now proudly reside
with her Special Tropical Disease fact
as she had done that, with that ease!

Welcome back to our well-known ground, beloved children
from the Tropical heat to the Netherlands' beat
as long as there is love so pure
the most difficult problems can be solved
love is the strongest foundation amongst you both
this goes through life as an inner oath....

Sylvia Frances Chan
Based Upon East-Indian Company Chronicles....

She wrote out carefully
and with a steady hand
that denunciation of Chinese-Dutch Citizenship,

which has become a historical document,
and is preserved in the chronicles of the Indonesian Government
section East-Indian Company, Dutch Colonial Period
her first Ancestor Tam Bah Sya fell in love
with a dutch woman
this man full of love and a big heart
was sentenced to death
he was hanged
just like in the time of Rembrandt
but that was in the Dutch Golden Age
and this was in the latest of the 19th age
How do I know?
My genius bro gave a book to me
he told me to read that
our first fore-father who fled from the Chinese civilian war
came to reside in Batavia
dear young man Tam Bah Sya
the earliest history about him was noted
by Dr. Mona Lohanda
in her book about the Chinese descent in Indonesia
especially the ones in Batavia
that he got the death sentence
because he had fallen in love with a Dutch woman
if she did not respond, then perhaps nothing occurred
but this was truly blurred
they love each other passionately,
and he was in love with her so madly
but only he must die
and that woman not
so that time the Dutch Colonial Government had no God, I reckon
the nuns were nowhere to find, no pastors either
every citizen with a colored descent must die
if they don't obey the East-Indian Colonial Law
they will be hung or they will get the guillotine
but the citizens from Dutch origin
even that, they would be welcome as unseen
even that, they would be welcome as unseen
they needed not to pay a sum of money
either be sentenced to prison
no, all they got was just the words

By the grace of God: "Now you are not seen nor heard
please go away before things here go astray, t'is absurd

having read and thought about
thanks to my genius bro
I with a glimpse of laughter and much woe
was shocked from head to toe

emotively observed
such poorest circumstances
emotional matters
a license to kill

and my first ancestor
was so obedient
let himself be killed

no nuns, priest or pastor
ever guided him during his last hours

WOW! East-Indian powers
owned and ruled by white men
truly such a clan
these Dutch Colonial hours

IF Mona Lohanda would not make her thesis
to have post graduation papers
then my bro would not have read that
thanks to her book, created on the internet

as her topic, she had taken a long time hidden subject
but still fresh as Indonesian-Chinese dewdrops
although night hath gone
the remains are still as fresh as dew....

The picture is of Jesus Christ and His Disciples.
AD. Friday the 19th January 2018,  
accidentally created on the Birthday of Princess Margriet,  
the Aunt of the present King Willem-Alexander of the Netherlands  
@ 21.22 hrs. P.M. West-European Time  

Sylvia Frances Chan
Be My Day!

there's night, midnight, morn, noon'n eve'ning,
but ONE bright and beautiful day,
there's none
if you ARE not, you cannot BE,
how you've done your best,
pretending to be someone else
it's pretty easy, but you cannot stand
to be My DAY, just look at ME, HOW I AM! !
and you'll be my most beautiful DAY ever
it's not difficult, just reveal the secret
HOW to be the most beautiful DAY ever since,
just observe ME!

Sylvia Frances Chan
I have knocked on all life’s doors
they stayed closed, no any sign of coming wars
life felt safe and happiness was everywhere
but how can I learn from life’s experience

The proverb says experience is the best teacher
what if I have never had one outside my door
how can I learn from life and will know more?
just waiting till it comes knocking at my door?

My grandma told me when it comes, it’s too late
you must be prepared and not separate
come to them right ahead, break open their doors
splash in their puddles, till you get wet through and through

My grandma was right, I followed her advice
I got that experience, my best teacher
always ask her first then follow her wise words at once
never separate yourself, go outdoors, be prepared for the worst

The teacher has crawled into your inside
you have swallowed, observed and fought against all odds
then you are prepared, be amused and
the best in life is yet to come!

© Sylvia Frances Chan


================================
Published on
as the title here.
TodayTUESDAY the 7th Nov 2017
@ 15.29

Sylvia Frances Chan
Be The Self....

You must be yourself
a virtue from a quarter to Florin
I tell you, this hurts a lot
too much poison goes into this venom

but it is not a cat piss (100% from the Dutch idiom)
but the only way there is
and do not miss it
to survive
if you are still young

as you grow
the world around you fascinates
just determine your "being"
what you throw away and may retrieve

eventually, you bale like a plug (100% from the Dutch idiom)
if you think you have become yourself,
but you make the wrong choices
one after the other
at least once in your life
to review your insight
the wasteland can no longer be overseen
then there are no celebrations anymore
for your highest ten score
in this miserable choir

no chance to rectify it

constantly keep honoring your parents
you have been raised
with the grandest, the fairest and the purest love
unconditionally

I say this, not because you are involved in it
I know it all too well
from the iron metal that glows on a hot cooking plate
that all these worries,
pondering and contemplating,
is not interesting for you
nor fascinate you once
or do I still have to grow now
to maturity in wisdom, and writing
or am I or you a bit insane...?

do not feel uneasy
if it is painful,
that was not done consciously,

I reassure you now with this
in full sobriety and calmness

think, be wise and especially
in whatever condition and situation
thank the Lord Almighty,
and be Yourself!

© Sylvia Frances Chan

inspired by my only bro
in our peaceful Jakarta home
Friday the 14th of Sept 2018.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Be Yourself!

If I have ten apples, and you have one
If I have a big mansion and you have none
If I have a genius brother and you a dumbo
If I have a loving mother and you have not
If I have a bright future and you haven't
If I have a sweet smile and you don't
Please don't be angry with me,
do not be jealous of me,
just look in the mirror and come to know
that person you are looking at,
try your best, know her and be satisfied
your garden has the same color ever
Be Yourself! Talk to God and thank HIM for that....

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: "Play Chess with Fabergé;"

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

Sylvia Frances Chan
Beauteous Brevity....

A tiniest breathing of coldest breeze makes fun
and the scorching heat of the tropical sun

a child of God´s creation always rejoices
whatever response the Lord brings in His Voice.

AD. Tuesday the 7th of August 2018
@ 14.18 hrs. PM. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Old age is beautiful,
old age is full of wisdom
the wisest person in my life
are my grandparents
I never regard them as old and worn
and to them never a scorn

in Asian countries
grandparents are most valuable yuppies
their children keep them at their own home
to watch and check their kids
when they are not at home
so it is constantly coziest for us
we are spoilt by them through and through

I thank God in Heaven that
I have not experienced them
that they are sent to a retirement home
like most old people in my surrounds here

their grown-up children only visit them
once a month
their lies is a treason
they tell their parents constantly lies
they have to work, to cook
and to clean the house

What does it mean
every week a day a visit
compared to a loveless life
for the rest of their lives in solitude?

These old people have raised their kids with much love
is this their thankfulness?

Sylvia Frances Chan
Beauty

Beauty can be found everywhere in nature
to find it, eyes must be mature
hungry stomachs must be nurtured
the spinning wheel a new venture

what was the reason
that you spoke of beauty?
where were you wandering
that you spoke of beauty?

beauty can be found everywhere in nature
it is not a distant tale
it is not even for sale
as you know everything in nature
it is for whom will find it
oft free and constantly free

but must be found first
and set it free

beauty is like a prisoner
it must be rescued and fed

always hungry for food, it needed
love and a caring soul
to be showered
to be flowered
to be kept alive
between all things in life

yes, beauty shall be your strife
in your ardent life
like between man and wife
a choice for life

beauty is like your heartbeat
must hear the constant sound
of love and care all around
if not it would fade away
it will die all suddenly
beauty is like a prisoner
the beauty you can see
it lives in love all around
like the heartbeat will die
a sudden death
if love does not possess it

you will find and can see the beauty
finally alive in nature all around
nurtured by love in human sound
like the heartbeat
dies a sudden death
if not accompanied by
the precious presence of love

for beauty only survives
with love solely
connives....
but sans knives

yes, beauty shall be your strife
in your ardent life
like between husband and wife
the sweetest choice for life....

©Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Black Friday 24 November 2017
@ 3.42 hrs a.m.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Beauty After The Long Rainy Days....

Beauty lies everywhere surrounding us.

Days of dreary weather
the Netherlands has its fame
in this truly wetty game
but it's not a shame

these are blessings from the Lord
wet grows all plants green anew
sunny, rains, or stormy weather
this is something olds I knew

the Lord has taught us
blessings are in all formats
it's not a click-button-system
just like we oft sing the anthem

have you ever discovered
after heavy rainy weeks
mud and everywhere the leaves are scattered
so soon the tiny sprout lets smell its odor

when you gonna walking today
let me phrase it, let me say
pay attention to the beauty
of the tiniest smallest sprouts

discover such a tiny sprout
kneel carefully and breathe in its soft odor
please, never say or shout: What for?!
would you do me a favour?

discover that, smell and shout
oh Lord, thank you for all Thy rewards
the greatest and also the smallest Blessings
i am perpetually grateful for all Thy nurturings
Amen....
©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN
Anno Domini The Lord's Day
The 17th March 2019 - 11.10 hrs. A.M. Dutch Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Beauty....

The moody morning sky,
covering my palette again
white,
green,
yellow,
zinc
white
and red
the ev'ning planet, spinning on,
the wintry rains in vain
my lover's blue came in,
ev'ryone drops dead.

While gazing at the movements,
perplexed and cool
white turns black,
ruby red a brownish mess,
the fool
where is he,
where is he, my metaphoric lover,
a-centric he moves on
with the blackest cover.

The dark green trees
are gazing at me
why are there deep-blue clouds,
treading forth, why?
I lose trees out of sight,
gone is the lovely emerald light
now almost night,
all blackest diamonds sleep tight.

Awfully sleepy,
my mind is heady,
my passion blurred,
when I gave up,
I see beauty,
how absurd!

My most magical moon
right on the spot,
is the most beautiful fluorescent
biggest dot
on the home firmament
beauty on its spot
hypnotizing
heaven-high
below the residence of God....

© Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Tuesday the 11th of December 2018
@ 7.56 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Believe It Or Not

Since long time
my life was happy
with an
overdose
of love

since
long time
I was happy
with a
well balanced dose
of love

since
long
time
I
am happy
with the daily dose
of love
of happiness
and of suffering

ture love
we cannot deny
we know it
love and suffering
go hand in hand
recognized
as true love

Believe it or not
mine true love
and God....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch Poetess
AD. Saturday the 21st of July 2018
@ 17.32 hrs. P.M. West-European Time
Tropical heat 30 C-degrees

Sylvia Frances Chan
Beloved

Beloved
you evoked in me
sobriety
and dignity

but supremacy
let that be yours

the everthing that is called manpower
let that be ours
eventhough that only lasts one shower
for that can bloom
as a blessed and sincere groom
like in Solomon´s days
unlike the thunder and the blister
they had never been brother and sister

the love that we have
is like the hearth´s flame
i present to you accompanied by God´s Holy Name
He can take away our sins
for men had sin before he sinned
after Eden´s fall
my choice was you, you endured all
now you have only to understand
this indirect reprimand

please, never ask me why
my mind is open, my heart is shy

just believe His words, beloved
as you have read about Him
as i have told you time and again
but i have faith it´s not in vain
The Bible is the most famous book on earth
it excists long before our birth

enticingly
you evoked in me
not only sobriety and dignity
but the great maternity
patience got its reward
you remind me of Him
when suffering
and your patience to the brim....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Thursday the 26th of April 2018
@ 5.10 hrs A.M. West-European Time
soft tender weather~~all metaphored~~
mixture of Light Cadmium Grey and Cerulean Blue

Sylvia Frances Chan
Ben Ik....

Alleen voor jou

Met liefde, Sylv
(vertaling van "Am I....")

Ik ben de belichaming van je leven
de schouders van je diepe verdriet
de ingepakte armen van je last
de warmte van je kilte
de ademhaling van je zuchten
de atmosfeer
wanneer je in de buurt bent
om weer te leven
dan
zal ik mijn liedje voor je zingen
alleen voor jou met dat refrein
midden in de nacht
zul je niet meer zo verdrietig zijn

de rivieren stromen over
het is nog steeds moesson-tijd, schat
waar gaan we heen met al die vloeistof
gen geen schroom, ik zal het repareren

ik zal je een subliem gedicht voorlezen
over de dichter die over eten schrijft
die nooit meer honger zal hebben
nooit gemalen
man onaardig
om de noten te breken of te verpletteren

vergeet het alsjeblieft nooit
ik ben de bodem van je bed
de handvat van uw deuren
de kaars van je vuren
ik ben de belichaming
van je diepste wensen....
Kaart speciaal ontworpen voor JOU.
© SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN ~~

A D. Zondag 20 april 1999 ~~

~ Wens jullie allemaal Happy Easterdays ~
~~ om 8.08 uur a.m.

NOTE AD. zaterdag 30 september 2017-en
Friday the 9th February 2018-
@ 17.49 hrs.P.M. West-European Time
Een Klassieker van Anno 1999....

Sylvia Frances Chan
**Betoverend Mooi!**

Betoverend  
welsprekend  
elegant  
is haar poëzie  
over de maan die zij zo innoverend sprak.

Gebaseerd op haar vurige poëzie,  
keek ik stilletjes naar de lucht  
fluorescerend en zo glinsterende wit  
ze gluurde de hele nacht terug  
en liet een brede glimlach achter  
haar bekijken is echt de moeite waard....

Terwijl ze magisch realisme toverde  
dat is impressionisme met onze scherpe ogen  
blij dat ik dat prachtige verhaal heb gelezen  
over deze fluorescerende fascinerende grootste bal  
en jullie weten het al:  
God schiep de mensheid, het heelal en deze bal.

Vertaald (vrij)van het Engels gedicht: &quot;Just ENCHANTING&quot; door  
Sylvia Frances Chan in haar moedertaal (het ABN)  
Foto van Flickr

© Sylvia Frances Chan  
Copyright Protected

AD. Wednesday, the 28th February 2018-  
@ 17.56 hrs. P.M. West-European Time  
Be Noted: for the Netherlands MINUS 6 (below zero)  
Accompanied with the brightest sunrays and sans frost or ice  
Upon the BMW´s window-glasses, is a phenomenal weather.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Het is rap stil in dit duiventil
tenimmer verstoord ben ik in dit oord
vanaf de Achterhoek tot Grijsoord
ik kan ze alle horen praten woord voor woord

jullie denken toch dat ik dat niet versta?
wat zijn jullie zulke zoete pirlala's
ik zeg het slechts nog één keer daarna nooit meer
welk dialect je ook praat
ik versta ze alle, en ik ben nooit te laat

als het Achterhoekse festijn begint
komen ze bijna alle met het deutekum's kwartiertje
ik zat er al, 'k was gekomen met de Holland train
want dan ben je altied op tied, zo cozy dat pleziertje
voel me opferbest gedurende het hele festijn
wees correct en vriendelijk, een lach wordt vaak bemind

dus bezint eer ge begint,
en wij houden allemaal nog steeds van piet en sint....

Foto door Sylvia Frances Chan: &quot;De Achterhoek&quot;-Gelderland, Nederland

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Zaterdag, 6 januari 2018 ter 6.06 ure VM
Met het weer, het gaat vandaag, we gaan naar warmere
temperaturen toe, overdag tot 11 graden en 's nachts minus 'één
Het is midden winter

Sylvia Frances Chan
Perang 2 adalah tentang presiden korup di seluruh dunia

Perang 3 adalah tentang retrospeksi kehidupan manusia

Perang 4 adalah tentang presiden jujur pertama yang tidak korup, tetapi sebenarnya membangun Indonesia, Sayang sekali, ia harus memperbaiki dan membangun kembali sebanyak mungkin hal di negara ini.

Berapa presiden yang dimiliki negara tercinta ini yg pernah jadi pemimpin serta tidak korrup?

Ir. Jokowi menggunakan keahliannya sebagai insinyur dan hal-hal lain yang telah ia pelajari. Irian Barat telah memiliki jalan2 raya dan jalan yang sangat baik bagi penduduk untuk jalan-jalan di wilayah mereka.

Ketahuilah bahwa Irian Barat adalah pulau yang sangat besar. Anda tidak bisa membayangkan seberapa besar Indonesia, besar sekali. Sungguh, saya selalu ingin menyadari kenyataan dan realitas i adalah yang terbaik.


Saya memposting foto dengan sepupu saya
di sebelah Ir. Jokowi.
Dia tidak bertanya kepadanya,
tetapi i, karena keponakanku
sangat malu.
Tentu saja gerakan ini adalah
bagian dari kampanyenya untuk
pemilihan presiden dalam
beberapa minggu terakhir.

Selama seorang presiden jujur,
hal-hal tidak dilarang yang
bermanfaat bagi negara.

Apa yang telah saya dengar dan ketahui
adalah bahwa dia telah terpilih lagi
sebagai presiden Indonesia untuk 4 tahun lagi

Oh, ya, ia juga memiliki flat
dan rumah yang dibangun untuk
yang termiskin dari yang miskin,
yang sampai saat itu tidak memiliki
rumah dan hidup di jalanan.

Dan saya yakin beliau akan melakukan
hal-hal luar biasa lainnya, antara lain,
dia ingin memindahkan ibukota ke pulau Kalimantan.

Saya berharap dia bertambah sukses
dalam 4 tahun mendatang.
Semoga orang Indonesia tetap menikmati
Indonesia mereka seperti sekarang.
Tuhan memberkati
Presiden Ir. Jokowi dan rakyatnya....

©Sylvia Frances Chan
Anno Domini Friday the 7th of June 2019.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Bij De Fysiotherapeut....

Kom mijn schat, ik nodig je uit
kom in mijn rommelig huisje
sinds lange tijd niet meer opgeruimd
ik ben een hele tijd weg geweest
nu teruggekomen met een bende bagage

ik zal het hele huis ontruimen
schoonmaken, alles opruimen, de grote voorjaarsbeurt
dat nog twee maanden later moet komen
maar ik wil het nu
om alvast te oefenen
in mijn stroefheid van bewegen
en jouw stroefheid van denken
echte liefde vergaat niet

het is slechts zo onnatuurlijk geworden
deze liefde laat mijn lege brein niet los
dit brein snakt om weer gevuld te worden
met tedere woorden, tedere omhelzingen
een zachte behandeling, geen verwijzingen
zoals een fysiotherapeut omgaat
met zijn klient

eerst de botten gekraakt, dan geolied
en dan laat hij de botten los op elkaar
ze klikken gelijk
en daarna hoor je niets meer
zoals dit gedoe soepel gaat
zo wens ik mijn echte liefde weer
op het gareel te brengen
echte liefde roest niet
vergaat ook nooit
hoop ik, maar dat zeggen ze steeds

want ik kan niet weten wat ik niet meer weet
maar ik kan wel achterkomen
als wij het nog
een laatste keer proberen
schaamtelooos
verdorven in al zijn vruchtenvolle liefde
zo is het leven
je gaat ervoor
ondanks alles
de echte liefde!

© Sylvia Frances Chan

Ode aan de echte liefde
Dinsdag AD.28 November 2017 ter 21.12 ure N.M.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Bijgelooft Bestaat Niet.

Dit christelijke land heeft veel bijgelooof
in hun dagelijkse ritme
zoals vrijdag de dertiende van het kalenderjaar
veel mooie kerken meest vurige gebeden tot God
ik hoor ze, ik glimlachte alleen
toen getuigde ik van Gods wonderen tot op het been
tijdens onze wekelijkse vergaderingen
vurige woorden uit mijn mond
Gods wonderbaarlijke veranderingen
een prachtige babyzoon werd geboren dat jaar
hij is zo ongelooflijk cool en mooi,
ik gevoel me zeer gezegend, echt waar
op die zonnige mooie dag van vrijdag de dertiende
is het evidente bewijs: mijn babyzoon geboren, die God mij gunde

later kwam Panter thuis om bij ons te wonen
meer dan vijftien jaar lief en leed gedeeld
ze is heel lief en slim, onze lieve zwarte kat
als het donker is achter ons huis, kun je haar niet vinden

en nu over een ander oud bijgelooft: lopen onder een trap
die ongeluk kan brengen als je eronder loopt
natuurlijk als je niet oplet, schop je tegen de trap
dan val je natuurlijk als een idioot
maar pas op, kom nergens tegenaan,
je kunt er gewoon onder lopen
de trappen blijven gewoon staan
en je kunt verder gaan
er gebeurt jou geen ongeluk
en nu nooit meer klagen over bijgelooft

ze bestaan gewoon niet
mijn tweede babyzoon werd geboren
op vrijdag de dertiende, groeit voorspoedig,
bijna net zo welvarend als de Martinitoren
en in termen van Panter onze zwarte kat
heeft met ons altijd leuke en aangename momenten gehad
en haar vacht, zulk een pracht!

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
ik dank God elke dag voor alle zegeningen
die blijven komen, de gezegende veranderingen
mijn moeder en mijn enige broer in het verre land,
zoveel genoten van Gods grote wonderen

geen bijgelooif in onze database
geen afbeeldingen van babel en gerelateerd aan
God heeft me laten zien hoe het moet en kan
we eren Hem, prijzen Hem en bovendien
we aanbidden Hem met heel ons hart
ons geloof is alleen maar mee gegroeid
en met Gods kracht als steun zijn we nimmer vermoeid.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Biji Sesawi Kecil....

biji sesawi kecil....

puisi subur,
menulis secara mendalam,
dengan hati-hati aku menggigit setiap baris
terbakar, menyala dan panas
aku memilikinya
aku memilikinya
aku memilikinya itu
bagian yang sangat sulit
aliran mengalir saya
perjalanan yang sepi
kesepian dalam kesunyian,
merendahkan aku

merendahkanku

keinginan
terus-menerus dengan Tuhan
dan dengan Putranya yang terkasih
dibimbing oleh Roh Kudus
Tiga Persatuan ini
harapanku terbesar
daku mengakui dengan sungguh-sungguh
daku membutuhkan mereka bertiga
ketiganya bersatu
ketiganya dalam keindahan
aku memuji mereka
aku menawarkan ayam
kenapa setiap waktu
pikiranku berdosa
tidak semua dosa hilang

untuk berdoa
dilakukan setiap hari
doa yang indah
doa panjang
juga doa kecil
tergantung hari
hari tanpa awan
hari jelas
awan besar
cerah hujan monsun

masih lupa satu hal, Tuhan
hal yang besar
untuk berada di atas kapal Anda
dikelilingi oleh cinta terbesarMu
bernapas dalam cinta terbaikMu
daku tak memiliki kapasitas itu
daku masih harus belajar membuat
kapasitas itu

oleh karena itu
kubutuhkan Dikau setiap hari
ambil napas sedalam-dalamnya
keluarkan napas sebisa-bisanya
tanpa teriakan

Pujilah Dikau
melalui doaku sehari-hari
berusaha berdoa
setiap hari
tanpa dosa
karena Dikau berkata
waktu dulu sekali

belum terucapkan
tetapi jika telah
berbuah dalam pikiran
sudah menjadi dosa
biarkan sekecil biji sesawi

maka jangan biarkan mereka
masuk terus-menerus kedalam lubuk kita....

Selasa, 18 Juni 2019
@ jam 6.43 pagi waktu Belanda
Billy Graham’s Crusades In Memoriam

BILLY GRAHAM’s Crusades
Born on the 7th of November 1918
Died today at the age of 99 years in all peaceful surrounds
In his home at Montreat, North Carolina

His Life was
flourishing and decay
every minute in every way
just like nature around him
there are flourishings to the brim
and decay ones, yes also for him

he accepted his life as it comes and goes
more happy moments than all his woes

before going further
this verse is not in chronologic order

this is his life
Ruth was his caring and loving wife
as God’s servant he has his own strife
and also his own Billy Graham rule
since any woman can make him a lover’s fool
he ardently wants to bring God’s news to mankind during his life
his five children, constantly at home with his wife
his parents helped him all their life
telling people about God from the Holy Scriptures
this was his love, he wrote his own textures
for all the people he preached to
for all the countries he visited
for his belief in the only God
he followed his heart
he was constantly in the right spot
it started when he became sixteen
not mature yet still a teen

the greatest message in his preachings is
HOPE for the individual,
HOPE for society
and HOPE for the world
and all there is
In 2005 his last interview with the BBC
his life on earth has reached its end
afterward, he will spend
his eternal life together with God above
he must only not forget
to change his home address
it would be Heaven´s Road, for the Press

Billy Graham is the first Christian
who preached behind the Iron Curtain
also in communist China
he was an ardent visitor of the White House
spoke to Truman till Barack Obama
not only those two men, also their spouse

from Harry Truman on
each new president
who was elected
he was acquainted with
Obama was the last selected

Trump was never on his list
perhaps a strange bliss

He has paid the sum of money
to get Martin Luther King out of jail
before or after this
it was again God+s Bliss
they held a Joint Preaching
with Martin Luther, of course, they were singing

since his retirement in 2005
he spoke about going to God

he said this himself in that BBC-interview
his words here are instantly born and new
Billy Graham:
"Someday you will read or hear
that Billy Graham is dead

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Don´t you believe a word of it
I shall be alive than I am now
I will just have changed my address
I will have gone into the presence of God&quot;

his beloved spouse Ruth went first in 2007
the Lord needs him just today
on the 21st of February Wednesday

his latest and last important advice:
&quote;It is not how others see us
but how God sees us&amp;quot;

Over 58 years, Billy Graham preached at 417 crusades
In 185 countries and territories worldwide
That is enormous on this global side
reached 84 million people from face to face
a total of 215 million by satellite feeds, oh what a pace!
His second daughter Anne
Who followed his footsteps
in announcing about God, the heaviest job
because she is also wife and mother of three children
her married life with Dr. Loz was much hindrance
despite these disasters, she has found God
she wrote about that in her books.

I can write more about Billy Graham
But then that would be like mayhem
I love God as I like very much Rev. Graham
I´d like to keep this Tribute nearest Bethlehem

This is a long Tribute, a great IN MEMORIAM
for our beloved Rev. Billy Graham
I just know that he had Parkinson since 1992
OMG that was entire suffering for him
Each job and obligation to God he constantly finished to the brim
Neatly, correctly and perfect results, a constant Praise the Lord
to all people all over the world and to all passengers aboard

I also am a humble servant of God
I wished to witness the burial of Billy on his spot
This is only my wish and when God permits
His last words in that 2005-BBC interview
I still remember Billy’s words as they were new
Someday you will read or hear
that Billy Graham is dead
Don’t you believe a word of it
I shall be alive than I am now
I will just have changed my address
I will have gone into the presence of God;
so he said to the BBC about himself and how.

Dear friends, it’s gonna be late
Let me say it now and very straight
this is New Life after our old life that’s obsolete
he is love, happiness, and pure God’s mate
to preach worldwide live, all over this Globe
about God’s Love, our Faith, and our Hope.

So odd, it feels as if he would come back
since he said to the BBC
that he will just have changed his address-lack
he will have gone into the presence of God; you see....

Photography by Google-USA

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. The 21st February 2018-
@ 21.21 hrs P.M. West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Billy Graham’s Kruistochten

BILLY GRAHAM's kruistochten
geboren op 7 november 1918
stierf vandaag op de leeftijd van 99 jaar in alle vredige omgeving
in zijn huis in Montreat, North Carolina

zijn leven was
bloei en verval
elke minuut op elke manier
net als de natuur om hem heen
er zijn bloemen, dat is bloei
een deze bloemen verwelken, dus verval,
ja ook voor hem

hij accepteerde zijn leven zoals het komt en gaat
op zijn 16e jaar wist hij dat hij
geroepen was door God
te verkondigen te adviseren ‘s mensens’ lot
zeker weten er zijn
meer gelukkige momenten dan ellende
God gaat voor alles ondanks de bende

voordat ik verder gaat
dit gedicht aan ons allemaal gericht
is niet in chronologische volgorde

William Franklin Graham Jr.
dit is zijn leven en zijn liefde
Ruth was zijn zorgzame en liefhebbende vrouw
als God’s dienaar heeft hij zijn eigen strijd
en ook zijn eigen Billy Graham-regel:
tenimmer alleen zijn met een andere vrouw
omdat elke vrouw hem tot een minnaar kan maken
hij wil vurig God’s nieuws aan de mensheid brengen
zijn vijf kinderen, onder goede zorg van zijn vrouw
zijn ouders hebben hem hun hele leven lang geholpen

hij beschouwt als zijn voornaamste taak
mensen vertellen over de God uit de Bijbel
dit was zijn liefde en zijn leven
zo had hij het van God gekregen en beschreven
op zijn 16e wist hij al
hij schreef zijn eigen teksten met liefde, zweet en tranen
voor alle mensen die hij predikte
voor alle landen die hij bezocht
voor zijn geloof in de enige God
hij volgde zijn hart
hij was constant op de juiste plek

de grootste boodschap in zijn prediken is
HOOP voor de individu,
HOOP voor de samenleving
en HOOP voor de wereld
en alles wat er is

In 2005 zijn laatste interview met de BBC
zijn leven op aarde is ten einde
daarna zal hij spelen
zijn eeuwige leven samen met God hierboven
hij moet alleen niet vergeten
om zijn thuisadres te wijzigen
het zou Heaven's Road zijn, voor de pers

Billy Graham is de eerste christen
die predikte achter het IJzeren Gordijn
ook in Hongkong die toen net deel werd
van communistisch China
hij was een fervent bezoeker van het Witte Huis
sprak met Truman tot en met Barack Obama
niet alleen die twee mannen, ook hun echtgenoten

vanaf Harry Truman
elke nieuwe president
die gekozen werd
bezocht hij met de grootste pret
toe wijding, liefde en plezier
in politieke zaken was hij niet thuis
dat is niet God´s opdracht, dat is niet pluis
Obama was de laatste president
Die hij bezocht had, in Het Witte Huis
Of dat Obama bij hem kwam, was mij niet zo bekend
Trump stond nooit op zijn lijst
Wellicht vond hij Trump niet zo wijs

Hij heeft een groot som geld betaald
om Martin Luther King uit de gevangenis te krijgen

zij hielden een gezamenlijke prediking
met Martin Luther zongen ze samen in God’s eer

sinds zijn pensionering in 2005
sprak hij over naar God gaan

hij zei dit zelf in dat 2005-BBC-interview
zijn woorden hier zijn onmiddellijk geboren, gloednieuw
Billy Graham vertelde de BBC
"Op een dag zul je lezen of horen
dat Billy Graham dood is
Geloof je er geen woord van
ik zal meer levend zijn dan ik nu al ben
ik heb zojuist mijn adres veranderd
ik zal gaan naar de tegenwoordigheid van God &quot;

zijn geliefde vrouw ging hem voor in 2007
de Heer heeft hem net vandaag nodig
op woensdag 21 februari 2018

zijn laatste en laatste belangrijke advies:
"Het is niet hoe anderen ons zien
maar hoe God ons ziet &quot; is zijn devies

Ruim 58 jaar lang predikte Billy Graham bij 417 kruistochten
In 185 landen en gebieden wereldwijd
onophoudblijk
dat is enorm op deze wereldwijde afstand
84 miljoen mensen van aangezicht tot aangezicht gesproken en bereikt
een totaal van 215 miljoen door satellieten, oh wat enorm!
Zijn tweede dochter Anne
Die zijn voetstappen volgde
Het prediken over God in de Bijbel
Het hebben over God, een zwaarste taak
Het zwaarste was dat zij door haar eigen kerk niet geaccepteerd werd
omdat zij een vrouw was
dat heb ik van Amerika niet verwacht
ondanks alles zette zij door
ze was ook echtgenote en moeder van drie kinderen
haar huwelijksleven met dr. Loz was met vele hinderen
ondanks deze rampen heeft ze God toch gevonden
ze schreef daarover in haar boeken
de titel is voor mij het meest ontroerendst
"Geef mij maar Jesus"
zimpel
zij was wel met vlag en wimpel
geslaagd om God ’s dienares te zijn
dacht ik dat zij de eerste vrouw was die openlijk predikte
voor miljoen mensen in hun tegenwoordigheid

ik kan meer over Billy Graham schrijven
maar dan zou dat net een woorden- chaos zijn
ik houd van God zoals de Eerwaarde Billy Graham
ik zou graag mijn gedicht bij Bethlehem willen houden
Betlehem is voor mij een heilige stad
omdat onze Verlosser daar geboren werd

ik zeg niet wat stinkt het hier
want ik vind dit een geweldige IN MEMORIAM
voor onze geliefde Eerwaarde Billy Graham

ook weet ik weet dat hij sinds 1992 Parkinson had
och-och ook dat nog en hij werd alsmaar ouder
dat was heel naar voor hem erg pijnlijk

elke taak en verplichting voor God maakte hij altijd netjes af
liefdevol, correct en perfecte resultaten, een constante Prijs den Heer
aan alle mensen over de hele wereld en aan alle passagiers aan boord

ik ben ook een nederige dienaar van God
ik wens de begrafenis van Billy op zijn plek te zien
dit is alleen mijn wens en wanneer God het toestaat
zeker weten dat ik ernaar toe ga

zijn laatste woorden in dat 2005-BBC-interview
ik herinner me Billy's woorden nog steeds als gisteren
"Op een dag zul je lezen of horen
dat Billy Graham dood is

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Geloof je er geen woord van
ik zal meer levend zijn dan ik nu al ben
ik heb zojuist mijn adres veranderd
ik zal in de tegenwoordigheid van God zijn gegaan &quot;dat zei hij tegen de BBC over zijn eigen dood

Beste vrienden, het wordt laat
ik zeg het nu heel duidelijk
dit is het Nieuwe Leven na ons oude leven dat verouderd is
dit is liefde, geluk en puur God´s dienaar
om overal in deze wereld te mogen prediken
over liefde, geloof en hoop
zo vreemd, het voelt alsofEerwaarde Billy terug zou komen
sinds hij tegen de BBC zei in 2005
&quot;Dat hij gewoon zijn nieuw adres zal doorgeven
hij zal naar het aangezicht van God gaan &quot;

Fotografie door Google-USA

Beste Lani in de VS, van Harte Gefeliciteerd met je verjaardag.
Veel Zegen, liefde en hoop, ook voor en met Avi samen
Van ons allen in Nederland. Je tante Syl. Gisteren heb ik voor jou speciaal
Een Gedicht gemaakt. God´s Grote Zegen, Lani!

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Auteursrechtelijk beschermd

Vrij vertaald uit het Engels
AD. Vrijdag 23 februari 2018-
@ 7.42 uur A.M. West-Europese tijd.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Bit Green....

There is always the black sheep
in the fields
and in our hearts
on the peep

I create
my own heart-wrenching worlds
why should a man ever wonder border me
responded,
offended

not his
or hers
irritated

sweet smell
instantly fades away

sweeter say
in dismay

sweetest love
beyond all love
closest to divinity
just you and me
artistic view upon thee

once beautiful
forever beauty, magical

I'm a poet
loves to create,
from playground till real estate
these words do resonate

my own world
my own words
and all my words
used afterwards
there is always that black sheep
in our fields
on the peep

there is always that bit green thought
in our hearts
on the wrought

a softening
for the shattered soul
I thank Thee God
my body whole....

Photography and Design by Sylvia Frances Chan
"Navarra", Doetinchem, the Netherlands.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

Sylvia Frances Chan
Blessings(1) ....

misty shadows creeping upwards
layered and saved to become a large stock
to finally be the blessings of the earth....

©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN
A.D.31 May 2019
The Netherlands time 12.02 hrs P.M.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Blessings? ....

days and weeks of monsoon blessings
on the sinful earth
to eventually become a deadly lake....

©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN
A.D.31 May 2019
The Netherlands time 12.02 hrs P.M.

Sylvia Frances Chan
mijn blikvanger in de stralen
wie weet hoevele manieren
ze hebben gelopen, gereisd
door de zwaarste bossen en stortbuien
om eindelijk naar je enorme poort te kunnen komen
moeten ze wachten, buiten blijven, is dat hun lot?

ik vraag het je beleefd
dit is alleen tussen jou en zij
die blikvanger is helemaal van mij,
de ogen hebben de jouwe gevolgd
maar de zaak is nog steeds tussen jou en haar persoon
ik ben gewoon
de derde persoon
in enkelvoud die je nooit zult zien

je voeten moeten vermoeid zijn geworden, toch?
en het beton heet en dus droog....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Saturday the 27th of October 2018 -
@ 11.59 hrs. A.M. West-European Time
Herfst met mooie zonnestralen, daarom dit gedicht.

Sylvia Frances Chan
'Bout Me

We know each other
as a passerby
then you came to look for me
as a passerby
then you began to ask about me
as a part of your busy doing
then came that big moment
for you and me
i became part of your thoughts
unconsciously.....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Saturday 12 November 2011 - 14.14 hrs

Sylvia Frances Chan
Brand New Love....

What if someone lies to you?  
What if that is really true?  

What if that's your best friend now?  
How must I feel then, yes how?  

Why cannot we taste the fruits?  
The fruits of true friendship?  

Why cannot we taste good results?  
The good results of true companionship?  

Why must it always have a shipwreck?  
A shipwreck because of wrong navigation.  

Why all of a sudden sailing to unknown destinations?  
Is that because of your sudden sensations?  

These are all my questions, dear.  
These are all so very new for me,  
as they suddenly appear  
We know that honesty is the best policy.  

We possess an inner wealth  
and therein much prosperous health  

God hath given us much talent,  
our prophecy is prominent  
So my dear, please never lie  
This is the First Week of Advent  

My dear, why must it happen  
Someone unknown to you has let it un-wrappin'  

Why so many lines were no trophy?  
My dear, our brand new love  
has turned now a jalopy!
©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Sunday the First Advent Week
The 2nd of Dec 2018-
@ 11.35 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Brush Me Some Magical Colours....

Baby, with the beautiful mind,  
create me some magical words of any kind. 
I'm so low at heart today,  
despite the sun is shining full all the way.

Verses modern or ancient inspired,  
about love and passion they never expired.  
Write them, baby, just for me,  
as most magical as it could be.

Brush a canvas, choose a colour,  
blow them into ardor-splendour,  
make my heart go high again,  
then I can make some speed with the refrain.

Finish it, baby, like you oft do,  
the poetry or painting you can show off too.  
Many rainy days and weeks have passed,  
now the sun is shining full, we can bask  
at the seashore with our love and passion,  
they have never withered flowers nor only fashion.

You have always trust me and the reverse,  
our love so pure and the passion bursts.  
I'm so low at heart today, so low at soul,  
you're the one who can make me whole.  
Baby, with the beautiful mind,  
create me some magical words of any kind.

Sincerely with love, the paintress

© Sylvia Frances Chan  
Copyright Protected

y, the 15th December 2017  
@ 9.11 hrs A.M. West-European Time.
Sylvia Frances Chan
Buiten Ayers Rock....

Voorwoord:
Na het lezen van Inside Ayers Rock van Les Murray als Modern Poem Of The Day op Poem Hunter verwoord ik het van de buitenkant op mijn manier in BUITEN AYERS ROCK. k'Ben er paar keren geweest, ook in de steden zoals Sydney, Perth, in de Rain Forest en de koraal gebieden.

Het Verhaal:
Australië
eén van de eerste dingen
dat komt naar mijn geest's oppervlak is Uluru of Ayers Rock.

Dit is die grote rode steen
die plotseling vanuit het niets uit de woestijn opduikt.

Uluru is 's werelds grootste monoliet.
Het steekt 348 meter boven de grond uit,
een wetenschapper vertelde me dat tweederde van hen ondergronds is.

De omtrek is ongeveer 9 kilometer.
WAUW! Wat een steen, zo prachtig enorm en alleen helemaal alleen de rode steen

Daarom komen er elk jaar zo'n 400.000 mensen naar "het hart van Australië".
jij kunt het ook, als je de tijd hebt,
Mis dit bezoek niet.

Het aparte geval is Uluru
dat de kleur lijkt te veranderen als de zon onder gaat.
De gloed wordt roder,
met het roodste punt net voordat de zon ondergaat.

Het omgekeerde gebeurt wanneer de zon opkomt.
Als je er toch bent, het is zeker de moeite waard vroeg opstaan en om de zonsopgang te zien.

Hoewel het niet echt zo is dat je daar rustig kunt zitten als een eenzame cowboy (of cowgirl) genieten van de zonsopgang.

Met jou zijn er honderden andere toeristen met camera's die met bussen tegelijk kwamen.

Als je de naam Australië hoort is zeker een van de eerste dingen die opkomen: Uluru, of Ayers Rock.

Dat is die grote rode steen die plotseling vanuit het niets uit de woestijn opduikt.

Afgezien van het kijken van een afstand, kun je de Rots ook van dichterbij zien.

Veel mensen willen zien "het hart van Australië". ik verzeker je, maak tijd, mis het niet, Uluru stelt nooit teleur.

ik prijs mezelf als één van de weinige gelukkigen die de Ayers Rock mag beklimmen 863 meter hoog op mijn hoge hakken sinds ik geen sportschoenen bij me heb

Alice Spring heeft me verwelkomd zo ook Kings Canyons de mensen die me begroeten zijn beleefd op een natuurlijke manier ze worden opgevoed door witte opvoeders een lange tijd geleden zijn deze jong volwassenen

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
ontvoerd door de Australische regering
en groeide naar volwassenheid in vervreemde huizen
ver van hun geliefde ouders
nadat ze van de universiteit zijn geslaagd
zij zijn degenen die in deze toeristentak worden gezet,
met trots aan de buitenwereld te vertellen

het onderwerp Didgeridoo
heeft nog steeds mijn aandacht
verteld in een verhaal met decor vol pracht

de hotels, gastvrijheid en het eten
het management, de receptionisten zijn goed
hun spraak buitengewoon uitstekend

petje af voor hun acté de presence
Australie heeft de beste Top specialisten
naar voren geschoven om Australië te promoten in dit gewoel,
Australië, ik krijg weer de kriebels van
het ultieme Australië gevoel!
PHOTOGRAPH: from the Magnet, I have got after having climbed AYERS ROCK.
These days not everyone may climb it.

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Nederland A.D. Maandag 17 december 2018
@ 8.50 uur V.M. Nederlandse Tijd

Sylvia Frances Chan
Bumblebee Honey

Your voice is like music to the ears
your whisper is like the soften breeze
you may wander daily anywhere, but never lose the way
I'll remain still healthy even though I sleep outside in the hay

I don’t get caught a cold easily
since you oft feed me with bumblebee honey
I am now amidst the thousand years cold period
I never get ill even though I'm growing old

as years passed by within many milliard miles
pay attention to nature around ye
the borders turn gold and becoming very old
ye and I won't get sick since we consume
your own bumblebee source honey

ye support me as much as ye can
I have glee such as our beloved mums
both have pleasure on heaven's spot
ye playeth and studieth whilst I talketh to God

then I will cross the seas again in search of new cod
and bread to nurture the mind and soul
based upon ora et labora (fr. Latin: pray and labor)our beings whole
ye art mine and I am thine with God’s support

think ye sayeth whilst I prayeth
con Amor (sh: with love)forever more
thou art in mine and I’me thine
in our own surrounds, I feel fine

ye art God’s child so mild
ye stayeth calm on rivers wild
I pray every day in many ways
Oh Lord, keep mine heart pure on the highways

your voice is like music to the ears
your whisper is like the tender breezes
imagine why I never freeze
you refreshed the day before it seizes

you feed me with strawberry love sweet
bee honey and bumblebee's honey
do not forsake the many blessings
you empower me with your huge showers
bumblebee honey of me....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

Rewritten and republished on PRINSJESDAG 2018,
The Hague, NL.-Tuesday 18 September 2018 - 12.15 hrs. P.M.

BE NOTED PLEASE, Thank you immensely to PoemHunter and Team, this poem is
chosen as MEMBER POEM OF THE DAY on Wednesday 19 September 2018.
THANK YOU SO MUCH.

Sylvia Frances Chan
CARE....

Care for each other and others
Take care for our duties and plights
A handling in to give and to take
But if the other is sick and cannot care
We do that
In poverty or in welfare
It is about mental care
And manual care too
Never about money
We help the other with our bare hands
With our hands that breathe
Our hands can heal
Because they are a living tool
Care caressingly.

Pipi
©Sylvia Frances Chan
dutch poetess, who resides in Jakarta-Indonesia
and in Amsterdam-The Netherlands
AD. Tuesday 2 October 2018
@ 9.06 hrs AM West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
How sweet the splashing waters murmur
in the remote green imposing estate
oft my loved grandma invites me
she loves her only rascal
Grandma often does funny
time and time again I laughed out loudly
often her words are sugary
but be not mistaken,
the content is short but fierceful

Grandma's place is my paradise on earth
its breathing gives me easeful worth
i saw my first life's light here, my birth
her love and caring nurturing
despite everything,
i remain her only dearest grandkid
whatever i say as a child,
Grandma considers it all too serious and mild

from she i learned to pray and sing
life is full of surprises and wonderous blessings
the only ones that i must love and thank constantly
are the Almighty God and my loving parents
Dearest Grandma, i have learned from you traveling
to unknown countries far and wide
to panoramic places and beautiful warm beaches
where many sportive baritons made my heart and soul do burn....

Pipi from her Notes to
© Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch Poetess

AD. Friday the 13th of July 2018
@ 15.44 hrs. PM. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Cherish Them, Be A Bit Patient....

Never forget
be patient with anger

create love right on the spot
be patient with elder people
give them attention

oftentimes create small celebrations
that gives them a light sensation
cherish them and their situation

it will bring them enjoyment
even for a moment

perhaps they will be no more at the morrow

they will be freed from their heaviest sorrow
they regard that as the lightest
because they cannot know the difference

t heir bit indifference
cherish them with generosity
of our heart....

Sylvia Frances Chan
Christmas Reminiscences....

Christmas

I must admit
our life long we are blessed
as One Top Hit

The greatest Circle
as a Miracle
we must build
time and again
never in vain

Our bottomless try
never ask why
it is our plight
to do this very tight
start with our neighbors
and form the greatest Circle
show this Miracle
based upon the greatest Circle
of human actions
and unconditional love
constantly begging and demanding
the help of our Lord, God above....

Indeed, this greatest Circle
is a Miracle
of Love and affection
we could gain that only
with God´s help and our action....

Aquarelle by Sylvia Frances Chan "The Village Didam, Netherlands"
Reminiscences After Christmas
AD. Wednesday 27th December 2017-@13.25 hrs P.M.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Cited From The Holy Bible.

Psalm 66: 4

All the earth worships Thee
they sing praises to Thee
they sing praises to Thy Name

MyNOTES:
Photograph by Sylvia Frances Chan on top of the Grand Canyon, USA.
Climbing the stairs, having come to the top, then you can read this text from Psalm 66: 4.

A fascinating view from the top of the Grand Canyon,
and such a dashing feel, after having reached
this top of the Grand Canyon,

WOW! An uplifting feel, through this picture I wanna celebrate together with you all these emotive feelings!
I haven't expected this text, and now you know how that feel must be!

Heavenly Blessed! Through publishing this message on Poem Hunter,
I wanna say that I am counting my Blessings here just intending to visit this Wonder of nature and
I found God's Blessings in Abundance here in the USA so far away from home yet constantly close to the Lord
I do hope that you all can feel this Blessings God's

this publishing is devoted to God and to All the inhabitants of the Earth in all continents and countries through all tragedies and tears

God comforts us in wealth and love
He will take away all our fears and sees at us just straight from Heaven above....
Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan on top of the Grand Canyon, near the Colorado river in the USA.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch Poetess, Evangelist, World Traveler

AD. Sunday the 8th of July 2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
Cloué Aux Lits (4) …

intrusif
froid stérile
ici et au-delà
grève annuelle
de longueur de mois
très intrusif
même les jeunes ne peuvent pas le garder
les records d'attaques
endémique
pandémie
la grippe est prédominante
le plus sublime et le plus frappant
l'attaque la plus innocente
revue annuelle
les poumons ont prévalu
la plupart sont cloués
aux lits....

Nous espérons tous en bonne santé dans le monde entier
et ainsi nous pouvons avoir de bons résultats de notre travail chaque jour.
Prenez un petit verre de porto rouge avec du citron, en remuant ne bouge pas,
applaudissements!

©Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Thursday then 8th of November 2018-
@5.49 hrs.A.M. Wets-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Coincidence

coincidence of the dissident
incident meets accident
indecent pertinence, no incident
incident meets dissident
finally enduring punishment
in most barren circumstance

pertinence.....

Pipi

Sylvia Frances Chan
Congratulations, My Way....

Dr. D.T., my dear brother-in-law,
you are still your wife's sweetheart

After all these years I can explain it now
why you still haven't got
your well-earned gray hair, wow!

I keep this poem concise
you’re one year older, more wise
on behalf of my loved family, I want to congratulate you on this special Day, if I may

many many years of happiness, health and love together with your beloved family
oecumenic or not
at least you still go to church
congratulations too for this
this is the token of great bliss
you still pray to God above,
together with your beloved wife,
you sing, love and praise Him

ora et labora, stood on my parents' home,
now I know, it’s Latin and means:
pray and work!

AFTER-NOTE:
Hope these Congrats will reach you in time, yonder
somewhere in Down Under....

Sylvia Frances Chan
Connection Update....

Whatsapping you today
what I wanna say IF I may?
Some sobriety, but valuable words are OTW.

What are you doing now,
has your WA gone again astray?
This mind is upset all the time
since no clue retrieved yet sublime

no news from you,
Imagine this mind constantly thinks of you
and all colors have passed the rainbow lawn
added with the crowded reminiscent yawn

it’s now slowly turning blue,
because of this great silence, nay?
knowing that you eat warm meals every day.

IF I truly may say,
this is my loving care for you in a way
despite all things, I still don't know anything,
I wish you happiness and good health thoroughly anyway....

Photography by SSK: "Daily Dish".

©Sylvia Frances Chan
A.D. Wednesday 10 Oct 2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
Consumption

Life consumes me
not like it used to
a great damask is spread
life-table and a bed
no chairs to tease you all
my special dinner served in peace every fall
so i can eat with ease royally

why damask for my table, me?
and not the satin, it be?
to dine with peace and ease at all
to have pleasure each fall
anyway what the table-cloth concerns
damask, satin, cotton or whatever it learns
i'll let me treat better than ever
like life itself is consuming me

royal or not, i do not care
anyway, life consumes me, it sounds rare

and now i'm a piece of life self
ready to consume myself
it gives me satisfaction
as life did consume me with fatal attraction
i mirror back in my menu
Life consumed me sans tenue

my consumption ablaze
my taste buried
my hunger flurried
but i never worried

just like it does now
i am grateful for every flow
what i may consume of life
or life consumes me
thankful for any strife
and gratitude in glee
to only Thee....
Card designed by Sylvia Frances Chan

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Friday 28th February 2014
Sunny day, full of sunrays
10 C degrees

Sylvia Frances Chan
Conversation....

This morn I have been listening to a short conversation and like this it goes,

Wonder Jasmine to Rare Jewel:
I do hope you are doing well
I haven´t read your latest verses
hope your health is not that worst
hope that you are fine and okay
please, come outside, the sun is on his way
I have earl grey tea with delicious cookies,
some fresh fruit and honey-sweeties.

I do hope you are doing well,
so is Wonder Jasmine conversing with Rare Jewel....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

Anno Domini
Sunday the 6th of January 2019-

Sylvia Frances Chan
Country Cottages

Quaint country cottages
as fewest I have observed
in ages
pendant perchant
on the real real estate
around shades that like to chant
with the bards within
this is not the appropriate start
for a bards group like this

while watching those quaint cottages
wandering through devouring dusk till earliest dawn
having lost the sight of the delightful panorama
my mind is still occupied with a dilemma
the picturesque view has now gone
i dunno who has done?

On a summerday in July
AD. Wednesday, the 18th of July 2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
Darling, with the beautiful mind,  
create me some magical words of any kind  
I'm low at heart today  
despite the sun is shining full all the way

verses modern or ancient dated  
about love and passion they never inflated  
write them, baby, just for me.  
as most magical as it could be

brush a canvas, choose a color  
blow them into ardor splendor  
make my heart go high again  
then I can make some speed with the refrain

then finish it, baby, like you oft do  
the poetry or painting you can show off too  
don't pitch a tune too high, my love  
for off-key you go then....

Clear your throat and gargle honey soon  
then sing a pretty tune for me  
pop in bit lemon drop, baby  
then smoothly you might croon.

My hearts a buzz with throbbing romance,  
but then it goes off course,  
your love notes go all through awry sorry  
and you my love sound hoarse.

So sing me a love song baby,  
try not to go off key  
I'll waltz into your eager arms  
I can still imagine your cutest charms....

©Sylvia Frances Chan  
Copyright Protected
AD. SUNDAY the First Advent Week 2 Dec 2018-
@ -European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Creating Beauty....

i am so very sorry
that i'm nagging so
and there is no collision, I reckon
in this connection
yeah, there is a clear unison
and my heart needs no resuscitation,

this exhilarating sensation
shall return someday
not estranged
nor extirpated

i'm just on one of my exuberant explorings
easy talking to my Father in heaven

giving praises to Him
worshipping Him
thanking Him for every blessing
greatest or smallest
tiniest or tallest

all in one meditation
during this sensitive sensation
in my mental midday session

as every day's worshipping
a summing up of all my sins
and daily emotive utterings
all solitarily
i feel obliged to
nearly as i have the urge
to utter all these silent words
to give them a sound
as loudest as possible
all within my breath-body

oh, Father in heaven
i thank Thee
for all this possibility
creating beauty
no lament
but the greatest Amen....

© Sylvia Frances Chan, poetess
resides in Jakarta (Indonesia) and
in Amsterdam (Nederland).

A.D. Thursday the 6th of Sept 2018
@ 7.07 hrs A.M. West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Crossing The Rhine, Gratefully Thine....

That sweet softening name
is still lingering in my mind
each time I am doing something else
it still evokes
it never provokes
it still is there

I cannot go anywhere
that lovely name is there
that is never haunting
nor exhausting
it is never deteriorating
it is an ever-loving tune
not only in June
this over-tune in the dune

my mind is never overtuned

never a ghost ride
in all my soul-mind-wides
but a soften touching tune
that that name provides

I am asking the Lord
who is this cute name on ship aboard?
I surely know this is not dangerous
my ever caring heart knows it is generous

confusing
this self-musing
since I am aboard on Poem Hunting

please help me, Lord
who is with Thee and me on Thy ship aboard?
i tell Thee once again
it is softened and tender
i am touched
by no means directed
but it touched
mine heart
despite the rough flow of the Rhine
perpetually gratefully Thine
for solving this emotive part....

©SylviaFrances Chan

Dutch Poetess and Evangelist
AD. Wednesday 3 Oct 2018-
@ 13.59 hrs. PM West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Cute, Clean, Clear And Cool Country....

A droplet in the ocean
a drip in a greater fraction

that is this land where I reside
the weirdest actions it provides

like a gay marriage is possible
throughout this cute country
and not to forget the famous cool euthanasy
that goes hand in hand with our praise
for God's great Glory
and our own sincerity

we have a Party for the Animals too
we have in Amsterdam still the famous Artist zoo
a zoo just for animals, not for true artists

if a cow can escape while being brought to the slaughter house
there is always a rich farmer who shall buy this smart cow
since she has courage
she does not deserve the slaughtering know-how,
she dared to escape, a COW! The farmer who bought her
gave her green grass in his meadow
and free life till she died as all the others

but at such a moment we miss the Party for the Animals
since it comes only to defend the animals
when the killing is too rude
instantly with a huge electric machine
instead of manually is not good
not from saving them from their death

A droplet in the ocean
the cutest land near the North Sea
the cutest drop in this great fraction

in this Cute, Clean, Clear and Cool Country
the happiest inhabitant happens to be...... me
thank you my Lord for Thy greatest Glory!
in this loved irresistible country

Pipi and Sylvia are still walking on the emotive Path
to the Day that Jesus ascended to His Father in Heaven
1985 years ago at 33 years young....remembering on the 10th of May

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch Poetess

AD. Monday the 16th of April 2018
@ 12.35 hrs.P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Dankbaarheid Verandert Alles....

Inderdaad, dankbaarheid verandert alles
je krijgt dat gevoel
in je lichaam is dat gewoel
liefde vermengt zich met koestering
en groot verwondering

haat is nergens te vinden
geborgenheid laat zich met alles binden
een geweldige pantser omkleedt het geheel
dankbaarheid is ons kostbaar juweel

ja, ja, dankbaarheid verandert alles
elke dag weer zegeningen
wie dit beseft, heeft haar dag vol vieringen
vieringen in het hart, zonder versieringen
dankbaarheid toon je intense inwendig
elke dag weer naar God gericht ons gebed zo grondig
een plechtig dankbare getuigenis is steevast geweldig

liefde vermengt zich met passie
genegenheid is de vriend van adoratie
liefdevolle passie met bewondering
steevast trouwe verwondering in koestering

liefde is de basis van dankbaarheid
bewust van God´s grote liefde
en Zijn rijke zegeningen
en Zijn grote genegenheid, onze loprijzingen

dankbaar kunnen zijn is een groot geschenk
van de liefde die in ons woont
dankbaarheid verandert alles
je hele ziel leg je bloot aan God gericht
liefde voor Hem vastgerotst, tenimmer zwicht
dankbaar zijn verandert alles
het doet iets met je overtuiging, je geloof is gericht
naar het stille uur, je vergevingsgezindheid groeit
steeds met prachtige tinten, en bloeit
voortdurend met elke vervelende aanvaring
het is niet gemakkelijk, dat is één vast ding

ik kan je verzekeren, een leven met God
is erg mooi, maar het heeft ook zijn plot
en neemt verplichtingen met zich mee
als je van God houdt, is het niet veel
en niets is teveel, ze worden juweel,
maar als je Hem niet lief hebt
dan lijken ze er talloze, ontelbare, inderdaad erg veel

ik schrijf deze woorden, die in mijn binnenste zijn
ze kloppen voortdurend op mijn hart´s deur
omdat ze er op wachten, gebruikt te worden, om er te zijn
anders is het niet meer leuk en wordt het waarachtig sleur

speciaal voorbepaalde momenten
dezee morgen heb ik ze eruit gegoooid die krenten
in mijn binnenste liggen ze nog door elkaar
ze zijn dan nog heuse krenten, ze worden door God
verfijnd, gerangschikt en goed gekeurd
ik doe daarna mijn hart´s deur open op mijn beurt
en kan je op Poem Hunter lezen
wat er alzo in mijn hart is gerezen

dankbaarheid verandert alles....
inderdaad, dankbaarheid verandert alles
je krijgt dat gevoel
in je lichaam is dat gewoel
liefde vermengt zich met koestering
en groot verwondering
naar God´s Liefde gericht
dit is een melding en advies
als je al zover bent, jij tenimmer zwicht....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Pentecoste Sunday 9 Juni 2019
@7.31 hrs. A.M. Dutch Time
Dankbaarheid....

Wij zijn God dankbaar voor het leven dat we hebben
We zijn God dankbaar voor de liefde die hij voor ons heeft
We zijn God dankbaar voor alle zegeningen die we hebben
En we tellen nog steeds zijn zegeningen elke dag,
opnieuw....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Sunday the 9th of June 2019-
@ 6.58 AM Dutch Time
First Pentecost

Sylvia Frances Chan
Dans Votre Attente....

Je sais que tu m'aimes
Je t'aime aussi
À bientôt
Être courageux
au pays des barbares
ils vont toujours recueillir votre coeur et votre âme
tu laisses ton corps couché
parce que c'est totalement vide
ton âme est la plus remplie
et verrouillé
avec un sceau de rien
ne coûte qu'un riks
viens chéri, je te vois bientôt
marcher comme un paon
parce que tu as déjà été choisi
très tôt depuis les couchers de soleil
Je ne suis pas encore né
néanmoins
nous parlons la même langue
nulle part un obstacle
OK chérie, je passe maintenant
et je t'attends....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Martin Luther was born ToDAY.
AD. Wednesday 31 October 2018-
@ 10.10 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
David Canticum Domini....

Hodie mihi personalis electio Solis

David canticum Domini....

XVI psalmo King James Version (Clementine_Vulgate)
XVI simplicis David custodi me Deus quoniam speravi in te.

II o anima mea, Domini tu dicis: Dominus meus es tu, bonum mihi non est sine te;

III Sed et in sanctorum, qui sunt in terris, et quod optimum est, in quo est inventa in me iniquitas.

IV Quae autem maior multiplicentur post alterum properandum, quod Deus libamina eorum de sanguine memor ero: neque adsumam nomina eorum in labiis meis.

V sit Dominus pars hereditatis meae et calicis mei tu possessor sortis meae.

VI Et ego clamavi quoniam exaudisti me Deus inclina aurem; et haec mihi sit A resistentibus dexteræ tuæ.

VII Ego autem benedicite Dominum, qui tribuit mihi intellectum; salvos facis sperantes in me in nocte tempora.

VIII constitutus sum Dominum in conspectu meo semper quia a dextris meis est mihi ne commovear:

IX Propter hoc laetatum est cor meum et exultavit gloria mea et caro mea requiéscet in spe.

X quoniam non derelinques animam meam in inferno, nec dabis sanctum tuum videre corruptionem.

XI tu ostendes mihi semitam vitae plenitudinem laetitiarum ante in conspectu tuo; conspectui tuo satiabor cum apparuerit gloria in sæcula sæculorum.

David, Humilem servi Dei.
Solis November 18, MMXVIII.

Sylvia Frances Chan
I have the urge to publish this. Thank you so much for reading and understanding this Beautiful and Wise Song from David's Psalm 37: 27-31

Turn from evil and do good
then you will dwell in the land forever.
For the Lord loves the just
and will not forsake his faithful ones.

Wrongdoers will be completely destroyed
the offspring of the wicked will perish.
The righteous will inherit the land
and dwell in it forever.

The mouths of the righteous utter wisdom,
and their tongues speak what is just.
The law of their God is in their hearts
their feet do not slip.

by David, humble servant of God.
Poem Number 444 -

Sylvia Frances Chan
Psalm 16:
Preserve me, O God: for in Thee do I put my trust.

O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord: my goodness extendeth not to Thee;

But to the saints that are in the earth, and to the excellent, in whom is all my delight.

Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god: their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take up their names into my lips.

The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless the Lord, Who hath given me counsel: my reins also instruct me in the night seasons.

I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope.

For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

King James Version (KJV)
Public Domain

SUNDAY the 18th of November 2018 -
@ 10.28 hrs A.M. West-European Time
Personal Choice for this Sunday Psalm 16.
Sylvia Frances Chan
Days Of Yesteryear....

From a distance I was looking at the horizon
of you I heard not a thing, of the Everglades, a yes!

like someone who was splashing in the water
and was looking forward anxiously

and quay anchorage in green waters
so you were not blind; - just under the veils

for you, God saved the earth
just to let you stay alive,

and Zeus turned out to be one spitting tent,
only for you, and Zephyr showed himself especially for you

on the shore of darkness, he waited for you
ripples in the cloudy water could be seen
which began slowly on to grow

and quay anchorage was nowhere to find,
just crocodile tears were everywhere

a budding love had arisen at midnight
and the awful view disappeared, as you expected

the dark night took its place
and presented the loveliest morning glow

God has chosen you and you are not lost
even the mockingbird made a deep bow for you

you only don't know, my love
you are God's child so mild....

MyNOTE:
The Everglades, great waters in Florida, the USA, especially the home for crocodiles, but odd enough I noticed that men have built their houses nearby the croc's homes.
Sylvia Frances Chan
De Ark van Noah....

De angstaanjagende bliksemschichten van gisteravond...

Nee, dit is geen nachtmerrie
Ik durf
om je deze vroege lente morgen te vertellen
nee nee, mijn hart is niet koud geworden
misschien oud worden
nee, ik schaam me niet om dit te melden
de beknoptheid van vanmorgen, voortdurend Gods gelukzaligheid
en alles wat er is
mijn geliefden over de hele wereld
al mijn haar gaat meteen gekruld
na het zien van al deze scènes
alle meest complete scènes grootste en kleine
Ik heb het gisteravond in twee uur gezien
eerst de zwaarste buien
als je er middenin staat
je zal plat worden geschopt
die zwaarste buien zijn de snelste in de helderste bliksem
nee nee, dat zijn niet langer de moeilijkste regens
maar echte bliksemsnel volgden snel door de luidste donderslagen
het begon met de zwaarste buien binnen twee uur
het resulteerde in de meest angstaanjagende geluiden
donkerste donderslagen omgeven
engste geluiden vrij dichtbij
lokaal gebonden
alle hard galmende donderslagen
ik kan het me de ark van Noah voorstellen...

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Nederlandse dichteres
evangelist
Kaartontwerper
Wereldreiziger

Zaterdag 8 juni 2019
Nederlandse tijd 13.00 uur. P.M.

Sylvia Frances Chan
De Echtgenoot....

..........................DUTCH........................
Hij is op 10 Sept jarig en heden is het pas 6 Mei, maar ik wil hem toch feliciteren en bedanken voor al die mooie liefdevolle jaren samen....en nog verder mooiere jaren, gisteren 5 mei Bevrijdingsdag heel feestelijk en uitbundig gevierd, nu een dag erna, dit gedicht is speciaal voor/over hem geschreven, hoe eenvoudig of hoe kort het ook lijkt, gewoon uit spontaniteit, je echtgenote Sylvie-

..........................SPONTAAN GEDICHT........................

De Echtgenoot,
Zovele jaren brachten ze lief en leed bij elkaar
door bloeiend en zonnig zwart weer
tijdens de oogst liepen ze onder zovele bloeiende parfums door
vele oorlogen hebben ze gezien en meegemaakt
toch is er zoveel rust over hun duinen gekomen
hij is het rusteloze type, en zij voelt zich voortdurend op haar gemak in haar eigen vrede

hoewel er storm en hagelbuien komen naar de bergtop, opper-de-pop
ze hebben allebei vaak hun duimen omhoog
beiden elk een lid van de partij van de overwinnaars
op deze dag wenst ze hem de gelukkigste dag vol zegeningen toe,
een zeer gelukkige verjaardag
samen op de knièen onderdanig voor de Heer

Moge de Here de Almachtige u zegenen in overvloed!
5 Mei gevierd in volle glorie, ny een dag erna
en nog vele vele jaren! ....

jouw echtgenote
A.D. Maandag 6 mei 2019
Nederland

...........You can read the translation into English...........T.Q.

Sylvia Frances Chan
De Heer Zorgt Voor Mij....

Hemelse liefde
overstijgt alle verderfelijke

dechteliefde in ons
overstijgt alle mensen

bovennatuurlijke liefde in ons leven
overstijgt allerlei soorten liefde

dieliefde, zei je, je hebt voor mij
hopelijk verblijft de God nog steeds in jou
dieliefde, zei je, je hebt voor mij
diemijnzwerengeeneest
en zalftmijngebrokehart

maar jouw woorden
een wonderbaarlijke balseming
voor mijn verbrijzelde ziel....

Pipi
© Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Maandag de 23ste April 2018
@ 13.22 hrs. P.M. West-Europese Tijd
wandeland op het pad naar de dag van Hemelsvaarts op donderdag 10 mei

Sylvia Frances Chan
De Liefste Oma Op Aarde...

Hoe liefljik klinkt de zacht spetterende waterval
in het afgelegen groenste van het imposante landgoed
zo nu en dan nodigt Oma me uit
zij is dol op haar schavuit
Oma doet vaak grappig
telkens weer gier ik het uit
vaak zijn haar woorden zoetsappig
maar vergis je niet, de inhoud is kort maar krachtig

zij is mijn liefste Oma op aarde
haar aanwezigheid geeft mij enorme waarde
haar liefde en verzorgende koestering
ondanks alles blijf ik haar enige bezieling
wat ik als kind ook zeg
Oma beschouwt het allemaal serieus en heel echt

als kind heb ik van haar leren bidden en zingen
het leven zit vol verrassingen en zegeningen
de enige die ik steeds moet liefhebben en bedanken
zijn de Almachtige God en mijn liefhebbende ouders
lieve Oma van U heb ik leren reizen naar verre landen
naar lustige oorden en mooie warme stranden
waar menige sportieve baritons mijn hart en ziel doen branden....

Pipi uit haar Notities voor:
© Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Friday the 13th of July 2018
@ 15.44 hrs. PM. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
De Maatschappij....

Zo zachtjes aan, gaan de lichten uit
de kaarsen worden uitgeblazen
de straatverlichting gaat uniform automatisch uit
het wordt centraal geregeld
net als De Maatschappij van Beheer
een soort verzekering
zoals voor elk ding
rinkel er in je binnenste een tinge-ling
dan ben je echt een eenling
die deze dingen ziet en beheerst
anderen zien dat tenimmer
vreemsoortig geregel
van bovenuit
niet door God
maar door de regering....

Sylvia Frances Chan
De Onschatbare Plek Op Aarde....

De onschatbare plek op aarde, is van echte nederlandse waarde.......bedankt voor het lezen en uw begrip.............Sylvia FC

het mooie weer nu kunnen aanschouwen, zonder wee
waar je ook bent, het zal je nooit berouwen, het valt stellig mee
zelfs geen één pijnlijke teen, één groot nee

zoals vandaag, ik weet niet waar de aarde naartoe gaat
vannacht waren het allemaal zwaarste stormen, met de vele onweersbuien

naar de ochtend verandert het weer
met plotselinge actie
de zon met zijn gulle lach verschijnt opeens
hij geeft aangename veilige bescherming
ik ben dik tevreden, maar het scheelt maar een fractie
want het nederlandse weer brengt steeds verandering
nu gevoel ik me het gelukkigst,

want vandaag is het één héél groot feest
wervelende,
geen één hangt het beest uit

aanschouw het mooie weer
wauw, het is echt één groot feest!
Ik voel de aangename warmte in mij,
het tederst aanrakend onder fe oppervlakte
de Nederlandse veeleisende zomer komt eraan

wanneer de schemering zachtjes kronkelt
heb ik het gevoel dat ik van deze sensatie geniet
de prachtige betoverende dag heeft het gehaald
alle spanning en rillingen hebben niet gefaald!

Deze onschatbare plek op aarde is als een opstanding voor mij
waar liefde zich ontvouwt en passie zuiver is, een ieder teder en vrij...

© Sylvia Frances Chan
De onschatbare plek op aarde
Donderdag, 13 juni 2019
Nederlandse Gouden Ochtend @ 9.15 uur-

Sylvia Frances Chan
De Overwinnaar/The Victor

Om de winnaar te zijn
je moet de juiste interesse hebben
om kampioen te zijn
ontspan je en wat rusten
respecteer de organisatie
en al het team dat levert
wanneer ze u de felicitaties geven
je eigen talent door Gods genade
niemand kan je plaats nemen
zet je meest schattige gezicht op
dit is jouw moment met zo'n lief gezicht
dank u, beste lieve Heer, bedankt voor uw genade
ik moet toegeven dat U de ware winnaar bent
en ik ben alleen de eeuwige zondaar
verootmoedig me altijd voor Gij
ik weet Uw Liefde voor mij is buitengewoon
mijn liefde voor U steeds voortdurend....
==========================================
To be the winner
you must have zest
to be the champion
relax and take a bit rest
respect the Organisation
and all the team that provides
when they give you the Congratulations
your own talent by God's grace
no one can take your place
put up your most pretty face
this is your moment with such a lovely face
thank you, dear Lord, thank you for Your Grace
i must admit YOU are the true Winner
and I am just the eternal sinner
always humble me for Thee
I know Thy Love for me is grandest
And my love for Thee constantly purest....

By Sylvia Frances Chan
Poetess, Evangelist and World Traveler.
De Stille Tonen Van Mumbai Bay....

Gisteravond begonnen tot de ochtenddauw,
enkel voor jou

Ik noem dit gedicht:
De stille tonen van Mumbai's Baai

PROLOOG:
Toen ik naar de diepe donkere hemel keek,
zag ik je duidelijk aan de hemel hoog
de bekende geesten waren bij jou
ze zijn met je meegegaan, ik weet waarom

HET GEDICHT:
Het is vanavond nog geen volle maan, Chérie
nog steeds de kleinste curve, begrijp je?
diepzee blauw en smaragden groen
je bent er geweest, je weet het wel van toen
maar die echte spirits zijn bij jou
ze zijn met je meegegaan, ik weet het nou
dat is allemaal echt waar, de Drie-eenheid
een kwestie tussen jou en mij

hoewel kilometers ver weg
echoën in de baai van Mumbai

wat moet ik je nu vertellen?
het gaat absoluut om liefde, WAUW!
en passie, zorg en emotionele dingen
je zei me dat ik op mijn hoede moest zijn voor al die ringelingen

gelukkig heb je me begeleid, liefste
je kent de megacity als de beste
een wandeling langs de beroemde boulevard
van ver van elkaar gelegen delen, Bollywood is zijn naam
jouw treft geen enkele blaam
de grote enorme delen van afgeronde rotsblokken rond het water, in het rithme van de stille tonen

ik herinner me nog de aanwezigheid van de Queen's Gouden ketting zoals we die schattige flitsen zagen tijdens haar afwezigheid het is niet nodig om alle grootste woorden uit te spreken onze geest was voortdurend bijgewerkt, ze zullen ons bestaan niet gecompliceerder maken

ik wierp keer op keer nog een blik het is nog geen volle maan deze nacht, mijn lief en dan? bijna halfrond, een grotere curve, begrijp je?

EPILOOG:
Schilderen op mijn linnen doek smaragdgroen met diepzee blauw ah, chérie, je bent hier geweest dat merk ik snel, ik houd van jou zie de voetstappen in okergeel dat's zo'n klein, fijn juweel alleen ik kan zien dat je zo dichtbij bent....

jouw Sylv

© Sylvia Frances Chan

Zaterdagavond op de Zondag-Morgen
A.D.14 oktober 2018 -
@ 02.22 uur A.M. West-Europese tijd

Sylvia Frances Chan
De Stilte....

Zoveel Stiltes, Maar Er Is
Slechts Eén Echte Stilte....

De stilte van de nacht
de stilte van de dag

de stilte van alledag
de stilte van elke nacht

er is maar één regel correct:
de stilte van de nacht

ook al muggen zingen en dansen in dit donker

de stilte heerst
ook al vechten mannen 's nachts
het lijkt erop dat onze oren falen

ook al worden 's nachts oude mensen beroofd
Niemand lijkt dit te weten of heeft dit gezien

ook al spelen zoveel krekels op hun harp
en onze oren oorverdovend maken
Niemand heeft deze wezens horen spelen op hun harp

ook al schreeuwt mijn geliefde in zijn nachtmerries
niemand durft
om dat aan hem te vertellen

toen hij wakker werd en vroeg de meid:
"Was ik gisteravond zo luid?"
jij antwoordde gehoorzaam:
"Nee, meest geëerde heer, geen geluid, zelfs niet uw zucht...."

A.D. Zondag 2 juni 2019 - 9.01 V.M.

Sylvia Frances Chan
De Verknalde Siuw-Ap....

Woord vooraf:
Net gelezen over Mr. Brie´svers over Jez Brul´s opmerking over hem. Dat hij wellicht ook katten eet....? Dat maakte me aan het denken en sproot er spontaan dit gedicht uit. Ik schreef het eerst in het engels, daarna heb ik pas vertaald.
De naam SIUW-AP dat geroosterde eend betekent, heb ik al sinds mijn kindertijd in menige menu kaarten kunnen lezen, tuurlijk als mijn ouders "chinees" willen eten in echte Cantonese restaurants....

Het gedicht:
Een beste, goede horror gevulde bondigheid theoretisch gemakkelijk gezegd maar in werkelijkheid een grootste probleem associëren met de genoemde woorden echt absurd die ik ooit heb gehoord op een kwalitatieve gedichtensite.

alle eer aan u, Mr. Brie
ik denk dat u gelijk hebt

´k ben niet veganistisch, noch is dit een thriller
ik ben ook geen moordenaar van een dierlijke torso

ik kijk alleen naar de pekinensis zwemmers, verleidelijke en boeiende zijn ze, ´k ben niet slimmer dan deze water dwazen dacht ik, totdat de automatische klok in mijn maag

het begin te verknallen mijn opgejaagde,goed verzorgde "siuw-ap"; (geroosterde peking eend) ....

Photo door Sylvia Frances Chan van een houten eend die zij van Yunita als cadeau had gekregen
© Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Thursday the 9th August 2018
@ 21.25 hrs. PM. West-European Time
Toevelig geschreven op mijn schoonzuster´s verjaardag,
waarop ik spontaan zeg:
Hartelijk Gefeliciteerd, Teresa, en nog een heel gezellige DAG
met jouw familie.
Ze is chemisch ingenieur en woont in Perth, Down Under. God´s Rijke
Zegeningen voor haar!

Sylvia Frances Chan
De Zoeker Van Visies

Wat betekent dit.
om mannen te zien lopen
gewikkeld in de kleur van de dood,
om van hun tong te horen
verschillende moeilijke lettergrepen?
zijn zij de geesten
van onze hoop
van de bleke geesten van onze toekomst?
wie zal de rode weg geloven
zal niet voor altijd vervolgen?
wie zal geloven
een stam ijs kan leven
en misschien niet?

Sylvia Frances Chan
Dear God

Dear God,
to feel that great tense
suspense
and
stress
was not really easeful
for both sides
for i and Johannes

As an idiote he comes and goes
he left on Poetfreak Site too many woes
so are his fellow insanes here too
(i have about the late Poetfreak Site)
especially that insaniatic man made of Poetfreak a big zoo
he entertained us with his craziness and funny red nose
that's all our fellow poets daily dose
no poetry and no free verse even no easy prose

and about the so called "cop" who is constantly on the peep
while his old mobile sounds constantly bleep-bleep-bleep

At earliest times, God heard my prayers,
i knew that and He chased him away,
but his lunatic mind has many many layers

like Hiskia ever did, he put all the things grown above his head
to Thy feet, these all, Hiskia's and mine, so true sad,
i have forgiven him long time gone and for this lament
giving you praise, thank you graciously dear God, amen....

Sylvia Frances Chan,
Dutch Poetess

AD. SUNDAY, the LORD's DAY
The 22nd of April 2018.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Dearest....

The latest news was you have fixed your WA enchantingly, thereafter I must tell ye, I got such deepest glee!

what I wanna say today IF I may some simple, but valuable rhymes OTW to you what are you doing now, is your WA again gonna astray?

my mind is upset all the time I hadn´t got yet the clue fresh news from you, imagine am only thinking of you

imagine all colors have passed the crowded review it´s now slowly turning blue, because of this great silence, this greatest importance, such is my updated stance

knowing that I eat warm meals every day beloved, your loving-caring cherishing from the very start based upon your great heart

the greatest problem to know, no news from ye, IF I truly may say despite all things, I wish you love and good thorough health.

love you....!

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: &quot;Don´t forget the warm meal! &quot; when having dinner with the eldest brother-in-law on the 28th of April 2012. He died in November that same year.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Sunday the 11th February 2018-
Very cold but very sunny weather, like in the Olympic Games in South-Korea now? @ 11.22 hrs.A.M. West-European Time.
Deed....

Lord Divine
that is God
My God and of all other
same believers

but when your friend
never forgets
to lit a candle for you
everytime she goes
anytime she goes
despite her woes
she light that candle

I have such a friend
She lits candles every Sunday
especially for me, and handle
me as a very special friend

I feel so blessed very much
yes as such loving things occurred
it is never never absurd
a friend who is litting candles for me
each time she goes to church
she regards me as special
and lits a candle especially for me

through this poem
I wanna tell her that I am touched
very much
since she knows me
she is writing about beautiful quotes
most of them are notes
from the Holy Bible

IF I may say
God's Love is shining upon she
she regards me as a special friend
I don't know since when
My Lord Divine
I thank Thee for she
she is shining all sobriety
of her inner smartness
and of course in her poetry

I am telling her constantly about Thee
Thy life, love and miracles
Not as an automatic-me,
but as a true being-me

Thy Love for mankind is so greatest
even Thy smallest words is grandest
this kindest friend is smartest
she understands all the quotes she read
from morn till nightimes on her bed
I just know that,
to me she has not said....

AD. Sunday on the 1st of July 2018
@ 10.45 hrs AM. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Der Unschätzbare Ort Auf Erden....

Der unschätzbare Ort auf Erden ist ein guter niederländischer Wert

Seht das bezaubernde Wetter jetzt, ohne Weh
Wo immer Sie sind, Sie werden es nie bereuen, ja, Sie!
wow, der schöne sommerregen,
ohne biss tiefe schmerzen

Wie heute weiß ich nicht, wohin die Erde geht
Sogar mein Magen beginnt am liebsten zu singen

letzte Nacht hatte es die schwersten Stürme gegeben,
mit den unheimlichen nächtlichen Gewittern

aber heute morgen plötzlich,
mit auffälliger Aktion
die sonne taucht plötzlich auf
er bietet wunderbaren Schutz
Ich bin furchtbar zufrieden, ohne Zweifel
Ich fühle mich am glücklichsten, jetzt werde ich wirklich schreien!

Nur heute ist es ein sehr großes Fest,
wirbelnd,
niemand hängt das Biest rum

siehe, dieses schöne Wetter!
Wow, es ist eine echte Party!
Ich fühle die angenehme Wärme in mir, die süßeste Berührung unter meiner Haut
die holländischen weichen Sommer kommen herein
wenn die Dämmerung sanft wirbelt
Ich habe das Gefühl, diesen Nervenkitzel wirklich zu genießen
der schöne hypnotisierende Tag hat es geschafft
alle wirbel und wirbel sind noch dran!

Dieser wunderschöne Ort auf Erden ist für mich wie eine Auferstehung.
diese Quelle,
wo sich Liebe entfaltet und Leidenschaft pur ist,
Na sicher...
© Sylvia Frances Chan

Der unschätzbare Ort auf Erden
Freitag, 14. Juni 2019
Niederländischer Goldener Morgen um 9.15 Uhr

Sylvia Frances Chan
Dialoog: Gewoon Zo....

Weet je wat raar is?
wij wonen allemaal in Nederland
darom worden we hier geplaatst,
men denke aan de afdeling
speciaal voor dichters uit Nederland

worden we nederlandse dichters genoemd
wij krijgen dat predikaat gratis
zonder een schrijntje moeite te moeten doen
of hebben we dat toch verdiend?
daar PoemHunter weet dat wij ergens in andere bladen
onze gedachte reeds hebben neergepemd
in die intellectuele magazines en journals
na dagen-en-nachten ons rot hebben gewerkt
slapeloos (of isset toch &quot;slapenloos&quot;?)en oververmoeid
ach, laat dat alles maar

weet je wat ik raar vind?
hier op deze afdeling, allemaal dichters uit den Nederlanden
zo met: &quot;Welcome to PoemHunter from Netherlands&quot;
heel erg vriendelijk, vind ik dat
de allerhoogste baas een lieve schat
maar hier zie ik slechts on-nederlandse familie-namen
slechts weinigen die de nederlandse taal beheersen
nou ja, dat mag dan zo wel zijn
nog een borrel van Florijn
dat's echt hollands, deze jenever-borrel

maar ja, waar ligt dat &quot;Welcome&quot; dan aan?
ik denk omdat ze in Nederland wonen, gewoon zo
hun paspoorten of identiteitskaarten: tenimmer getoond
noch bekeken of ernaar gekeken, gewoon zo

weet je dat ik dit alles, ondanks mijn uitlatingen hier,
nog zo raar vind, gewoon zo.

ja, zit mij niet te apegapen
we wilden toch converseren?
ach, als je je voor niets meer kan interesseren
en het laat je gewoon koud,
och, wat ben ik teleurgesteld in je, jij wordt zo oud!

weet je dat ik dit alles nu niets meer raar vind?
echt waar!
waarom?
gewoon zo....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Dutch poetess

A.D. Maandag (alwéér Maandag? ! !)de 12e November 2018
Mijn vroegere studie-genote Linda B. uit Jakarta, nu in Hoorn residerend, en mijn
nichtje Mona (Jakarta)is vandaag jarig.
Van Harte Gelukgewenst Linda en Mona! Nog vele jaren....

Sylvia Frances Chan
Diepgaande Wroeging

Diep doelen in mijn Nederlandse rationele
vanmorgen levendige, groene, onstuimige en vitale
de morgen gezegend met licht, zon en goddelijke woorden
de verlichte hemel met veel wereldse gekleurde vogels
komen samen bij het Victoria Meer rivieren
op dit punt van gematigde nuchtere nederlandse wateren,

waar vliegen deze vogels naartoe
in het magische Kenia naar de warmste valleien
genesteld tussen het reusachtig emerald gras
en de rode takken van de spookachtige bomen
laat hun jonkjes vallen en vliegen noordwaarts terug
weer naar donker Afrika, in afwachting van hun route,

het leven is een caroussel
de tijden die u gaat slingeren met het geluid
zo spannend, zo boeiend, belichaamd
de laatste haltes op het einde zijn, zoals in het zingen
Als je stem het begeeft, je bent radeloos
niet bewust, maar teveel gebruikt als je dacht....

Profound Compunction transposed into Dutch by Sylvia Frances Chan

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

ay 7th November 2017
@ 9.56 hrs. AM. Cool, cold morn,
plus 2 Celcius Degrees,
the sun is shining bright, full of brightness....
WOW....! What a happy Day!

As posted on PF:
Tuesday 24 November 2015 ~ @ 9.18 hrs.a.m.
Cool day, pretty warm -6 C Degrees
Diligo Deum....

oh oh...
mea culpa
non tu
hodie
et minimis
venerabiles
sic quidem securus es in me

Amo ad otium vitae
et delicias evocavit
ego frui Deo

diligo
voluptatem

Diligo Deum....

Today Martin Luther was born
©Sylvia Frances Chan

Wednesday the 31st October 2018 -
@ 10.10 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Vanmorgen werd ik wakker, mijn liefste
te vroeg, ik heb niet geprovoceerd, dat is duidelijk
de achterdeur opening
het realiseren van de koudste frisse luchtademhaling
een rechtlijnig licht in roze-oranje teint
ogenblikkelijk voelt mijn schilderes 'volle aandacht'
echte lichtgekleurde lijnen in het lichtste blauw
geen dagelijks of gewoon beeld

het radio-nieuws kondigt aan
de Indian Summer zou stuiteren
wauw, schat, dat betekent veel, veel zonnestralen
niet alleen op de grootste roadshow naar Amsterdam,
maar op alle kleinere en kleinste snelwegen
ik hou enorm van dit soort weer
niet te koud maar ook niet te heet
mensen worden vriendelijker voor elkaar
ze hebben meer geduld, liefde en tijd voor ouderen

je moet dit pittoreske tafereel zien, mijn liefste
zulke indrukwekkende prachtige kleuren hierboven
ik ben het meest verdrietig dat je het niet zou kunnen observeren
het smaragdgroene is aan de beurt
bedekt met roze-oranje en kastanjebruin
wat mij betreft
ik nam mijn kwastje, kleuren, canvas en toen
ik ben weer in de hemel en opslag verliefd, mijn vriendje Poen....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
poetess and paintress

Zaterdag Zaterdag 13 oktober 2018 -
@ 14.44 uur P.M. West-Europese tijd

Sylvia Frances Chan
Disgrace For The Human Race....

A Poem about true love.

Poor Julius, you once uttered
I came, I saw, I conquered

but when in Ghana
a mighty beautiful land of aura, fauna, and flora
who for heaven's sake bothered?

Did I pay a visit to the castles of Elmina?
Was it you or thy Cleopatra?
You were meeting her in ancient Alexandria
exclusively different than I in modern Elmina

but after having seen the notorious spot
having seen the place covered with dry moss
I need to say I came, I saw and I lost

claustrophobic unkind and utmost disgrace
for the human race....

(in silence, my love for Elmina is true)
Anno Domini: Living amongst the preparations
of wealthy Christmas-celebrations
I am aware of the biggest tragedy
in human's history
on earth's stage presented to me....

Sylvia Frances Chan
Do You Stay....?

Friends say
about my going away
you will stay here free
since your true love for poetry
I rise in transcendence
frankly, I do not know what it means
hypothetically said
is it definite yet?
so you can not see me anymore
kiss me before it's too late
tell me your lies
before you regret
because when I rise in what they say
I can never meet you anymore,
nor can I speak to you,
and never more create
love poetry

Only love for Thee
perpetually
I admit I cannot leave
my love for poetry

One minute after the French submission
a loyal friend told me
poetically free
please, do not go away,
serve this poetical tongue
this language will serve you for long
please do understand
this is the only language that survives
all poets' lives
just believe me
for the sake of poetry....

Anno Domini
Thursday the 31st of January 2019-
@ 21.22 hrs. West-European Time.
Sylvia Frances Chan
Dorothy, May You Rest With Ease, Please

I am still perplexed
perplexed and surprised the most

that Dorothy went away
something in that spirit
following the path to our Father in full sway
I miss her the most now

is she already tired of her life here?
or does she want more entertainment

with the angels in their home firmament
with more fun and pleasurement

we will miss her
I will miss her immensely

I am more and more mistaken
that I will ever see her again

why so fast now?
I have to process it first, somehow
in this presentation here and now....

The picture is from the Announcement of her death
by Romeo Della Valle on Facebook.
in memory of the poetess
Dorothy C.A. Holmes
who died on 21st March 2018

in her home at Tappahannock,
Virginia-USA.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Dose....

As idiots come and go
so are the clowns here too
they entertain us with their funny red nose
that's all our daily dose
no poetry and no prose

and about the cop who is constantly on the peep
while his old mobile sounds constantly bleep-bleep....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Thursday the 15th of November 2018
@ 5.55 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Double Tetractys (2)

All
Students
Are curious
To know to learn
About The One and Only True Jesus
The Only Son Of God Who died for us
On Golgotha
Jesus has
Risen
Then

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Monday the 26th of November 2018
@ 20.47 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Double Tetractys:

I
Am one
Who loves God
And spread His Love
To let people know Who God really is
He is the God of perpetual love
Beyond all loves
Most trusted
Beyond
All

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Monday the 26th of November 2018
@ 20.47 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Dream (2) ....

Honey, just arrived in Leiden
every night full of dreams
about the land, I just left
melancholic in thoughts, it seems
my beautiful country of birth

I see the father as of old
sit in the living room
with something familiar in his hands
family ties are still pretty cared

he recently saw René
only five months old then
he comes back to it, pleasant and familiar
it's fun and I have talked for ten again

as a habit he says I must go again
walking is close-by
I'll send your greetings
to our dear Father and His loyal angels

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Tuesday the 15th of January 2019
@ 18.29 hrs. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Dream Or Nightmare….?

For the only KAT.

A terrible dream and you woke up in tears, 
ow, you hate such dreams, 
does that mean that you have had heaviest days, 
mentally or you have a constant burden on your mind 
and now it has come out in the nasty dream, a terrible dream 
is that almost the same as a light nightmare?

Yes, I know, yours is a dream, but one that feels so real that you woke up in tears!

For me is that a nightmare, dear Kat. 
I know interpretations are different individuals, 
but a dream is never so terrible that you wake up in tears, for me is that a straight nightmare.

We have no light nightmares, I know. 
Just my honesty is whispering to me and nothing more.

Indeed a very impressive poem.

Thank you for your loving care and deep concern, dear Kat. 
I appreciate that the most and I have respected your company 
all the time, all the while, till that insane outsider jumping in our serious conversation, that horrible stranger (no poet and also no gentleman, a backstreet resided loner perhaps)

deriving from his many bad fake ID's, he was the only plagiarist who kept blaming other brilliant poets as plagiarists, 
and the more, he is now old and he keeps chasing young newcomers with many talents so that they become afraid and go from the cozy poem site.

Dear KAT, my closest friends told me that he is also on FB and the more best poem sites. What can we see instantly? His brutal behavior and wrong idioms in his "speech".

I will not spend too much time on this spill-over, sorry for my phrase and rather a monotonous tone, but he is ashamed that he comes from London and does not
speak Oxford English, I reckon end after all he is not a poet, he only makes a big mess of the best intentions words intend to have. Thank you once again for that time being a caring company for me. Amazingly done, my poet friend! God's Rich Blessings in Abundance for you and your beloved ones. As ever sincerest, Sylvia.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

Wednesday the 17th of January 2018.
@ 7.39 hrs. A.M. West-European Time
Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: "Full MOON night, izzit Dream time?"

Sylvia Frances Chan
I awake in the earliest of morn
I have dreamt and
have seen people old and worn
I start praying to God
dear Lord, why is this so odd?
al things I have seen are old and torn
why must this be every earliest morn?
I know that I have not to worry
as long as I can talk to Thee
I know too well what that dream means
besides this wealthy life,
there is also the greatest poverty....

AD. Friday the 11th of January 2019
@ 18.31 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Dreamland....

a poem as a result: thinking of my painting 'Dreamland'...

'....A poem is a painting coloured by words
a painting is a poem written in colours...'
© Sylvia Frances Chan

Dreamland
Beautiful view mist at distance
I sat staring with a glance
this pink world wide open
is this real, can I hope...n...

so sweet breathtaking colours
soft blue and pink makes purple
oh gosh...I want to walk fastest
but I am in slow-motion like a turtle
that sweet caress where comes it from
that one sweetest kiss at my night's prom
I feel it, I see it's heaven
I see my neighbour in black...n...

Paradise purple, pink and blue
I sat staring I think it's you
acropolic scene yet misty dew
in this mystery land, my sweet, I see only you

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: "Dreamland" painted by Sylvia FC

Bright weather in September
a very happy sunny day among the hay
Sat 3 Sept 2011-18.30 hrs

© Sylvia Frances Chan
copyright - All Rights Reserved
Drie Jaar Te Laat....

zoals mijn kwast die aan de westkust ligt
mijn ongekleurde canvas
definieert mijn afwezigheid
voor door lang langere, langste eenzame nachten
de stille uren eens gedistilleerd
begin opnieuw te bubbelen

mij in de geringste zucht van
bewustzijn

definitie, geloof en gevoel
verborgen in één doos

als een minnaar
geconfronteerd met een ander verraad van
je andere uitgestelde dood.

© Sylvia Frances Chan

Woensdag 26 september 2018 -
@ 17.00 uur. P.M. .
Zonnige dag, hoera! -19 C graden

Sylvia Frances Chan
Droom(2) ....

Schat, net in Leiden aangekomen
elke nacht vol met dromen
over het net verlaten land
weemoedig in gedachten
mijn prachtig geboorteland

ik zie vader als vanouds
in de woonkamer zitten
met in zijn handen iets vertrouwds
familie-banden zitten klitten

het laatst heeft hij René gezien
nog maar vijf maanden oud
hij komt er weer bij zitten, aangenaam en vertrouwd
het is gezellig en ik heb weer praatjes voor tien

als gewoonte zegt hij ik mot weer gân
lopen is niet zo ver vandân
'k zal jouw groeten overbrengen
aan onze lieve Vader en Zijn engelen....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Tuesday the 15th of January 2019-
@ 14.54 hrs. P.M. West-European Time-

Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch Summer

Pretty summer wind against my skin
the summer heat cannot beat me
so many shady trees with the lovely breeze
the mockingbird does not mock me
he chants for me like the nightingale
most beautiful but why
his cage is in the auction for sale
never compare a mockingbird with a nightingale
i don't either compare an orca with a whale

pretty summer wind against my skin
summer heat has long time taken place
i enjoy this dutch hot summer on my face
with its cool breeze within

if we are attentive enough
nature has oft its balance
in fact easy to discover though
it's all so transparant
and of much importance....

AD. Wednesday, the 18th of July 2018
@ 13.33 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Earthquake Last Night....

Have you heard about the earthquake on Lombok island last night?

a true fact was it and no fake about eighty persons died

many tourists and citizens adults and children too

in one minute so many victims no more laughter, too much woe

Lombok lies in south east Asia the beautiful island next to Bali

the small Sunda Islands of Indonesia a greatest shock to see for me

that exploding fireball so cruel these last times on Java Isle too

there have been so many fireballs upon this beautiful green archipelago

as I was asking the self why so many eruptions, why so many woes?

dear Lord, lead me not into temptation these earthquakes cause me much frustrations

it´s a sin to tell a lie but i humbly report the accidents

and the ones who have become victims and the victims who died

please Lord, take care of them these people who are far from Bethlehem
Easily Said, Not Easily Done....

Words are
Important,
Powerful and Precious,
they come through
our mouth
after having been examined
in our Mind.

They can make
Governments fall.
We can lose
our Precious Life,
our Passioned Love
We can lose
the Light
and we must walk
in Darkness constantly,

so Be Wise
and use your Words Correctly,
Keep Walking In The Light
all Days and also Tonight
for you but also for me
Sylvie, Pipi or whatever it be....

Inspired by unknown people talking
Jakarta (South East Asia, Indonesia)
Saturday 15 Sept 2018

© Sylvia Frances Chan-
Copyright Protected.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Echte Schoonheid....

Dankbaarheid gewikkeld
in schoonheid
dankbaarheid
dekoesterde
dankbaarheid zelf

gegeven aan
mensen
met vrede
rust
zacht
aandoenlijk
gemak

het grootste stuk
van hun eigen ware zelf
geven om
koesteren
verzorgen
nooit opgaan in vervoering
maar met liefde
genegenheid
nederigheid
soberheid
kalmte en
beraadslaging

deze acties op
deze verlaten aarde
het eindresultaat
voelt het als thuiskomen....

Dankbaarheid gewikkeld
in schoonheid
op gekleurde
aarde
bedekt
feilloos
met
nederigheid
liefde en
passie
Let op:
geen verlangen, maar
loepzuivere
passie
over het geheel
Hoewel
verlaten

diep van binnen
gloeit het licht
het vuur,
niet het knipperlicht
niet de zonde

de laatste emoties binnenin
de grootste van binnen
gewikkeld in
dankbaarheid

schoonheid van binnenuit
voelt het als thuiskomen
met de milde zonnestralen op je rug
strijken er langs,
het genieten komt steeds weer terug
de lekkere tedere zonnestrelen
op ons gezicht,
on het rulle zand met onze rug
het volle genieten komt steeds weer terug....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Monday the 26th March 2018-
@ 14.28 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Een Donker Gedicht....

Oh, ik vergeet bijna dit te vertellen
een leuk verhaal of niet
dat moet u zelf maar zeggen
ik kies de groene bomen-tuinenlaan
mijn lievelingskleur sinds kindertijd

maar och, waarom loopt die man zo raar
hij tuurt de hele tijd naar mij
dat ellendig schepsel laat me niet met rust
ik doe net alsof ik hem niet zie, bewust
waar ik rijd, rijdt hij ook
langs groene tuinen bieslook
zie ik in de verte een heuvel
van steen en kalk, da's toeval
de rest is kaal
de groene tuinen zijn verdwenen
maken plaats voor de man en zijn grijze lieveling
wat moet ik met deze man?
ik wil graag alleen zijn met de lucht, wind en de bomen
maar de man zo grijs als de grauwe lucht
maant me om te liggen, da's toch ontucht? !
zal ik het doen of niet?
er zit niets anders op
hij kan me vermoorden, goh wat een strop
ik heb zo'n angst, zo'n erge angst
de rotsen worden alsmear meer
geen zee of strand te ontdekken
het groen van de tuinen verrekken
al het groene is verdwenen
de lucht is asgrijs en benauwend flauw
het tjirpen van de vroege vogels is verdwenen
en de man toont nog geen berouw
plots kreeg ik slaap, en zware benen
zovele paarden nog te nimmer gezien
raar, ze geven helemaal geen kik
zelfs ik heb reuze schik
ik mis de zon het water en het strand
zwarte raven vliegen rond
ze maken het allemaal te bont
de raven en de zwarte meeuwen
de kievit zie ik niet
de man ligt onbehoorlijk naast mij
hij is voor mij een ongewenste vreemdeling
de hele tijd een lastig ding
ik heb mijn uren verslapen
nee, geen dromen gehad
slechts nachtmerries

ik reed weer weg
na deze afschuwelijke pech
door lanen zwart als de middernacht
zware regens en vogels liggen dood op de grond
afschuwelijk schouwspel maar geen dier verwond
mijn verhaal is uit en voordat ik sluit
deel ik mede: mijn gedicht is klaar
alles is behalve waar
want ik vind het zelf zo raar

en zeer naar
van die nachtmerries?
maak er maar daghengsten van
heb je niet zoveel herries
och heden, maak toch een serieus gedicht
luister niet naar het verhaal van dat wicht
maar lees deze inhoudsvolle zinnen
begin eerst met....
Beminnen....

Pipi

Sylvia Frances Chan
Een Klein Gebaar Voor Mijn Allerliefste Vader

Elk jaar tegen dezelfde tijd
ben je jarig en heb ik geen spijt
dat steeds te vertellen
in al mijn gedichten en verhalen
als jij nu leest wat ik aan gedichten publiceer
zal ik tevens kunnen weten en ik dicteer
je allerdiepste gedachten
in al zijn prachten
oo, wat hebben wij weer tezamen pret
dan komt Mammie, kindje jij moet nu naar bed
ik weet dat je elke keer dit zal lezen
het prachtig gedicht voor jou, uit eigen taal gerezen
nee, lieve Pappie, ik heb niets te vrezen
want ik heb jou nog steeds in mijn diepste wezen....

je liefhebbende dochter
die elke keer een frisse roos brengt
met vers water doordrenkt
aan je zijde, en met heel veel liefde schenkt....
P.F. De 21ste Maart 2018 ter 15e ure des namiddags
Gisteren was de Noordelijke Equinox
en vandaag de Eerste Dag van de Lente
altijd Jouw Verjaardag, zulk een Pracht!

ANNO DOMINI 21 MARCH 2018.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Een Klein Mosterdzaadje....

klein mosterdzaadje....

vruchtbaar gedicht,
diepgaand geschrijf,
bij elke regel verbijt ik me,
brandend, vlammend en vurig
ik had het
ik had het
ik heb dat

echt moeilijk stuk

mijn watervalstroom
een eenzame reis
eenzaam in stilte,
bescheiden mij
nederige mij
wens te zijn
voortdurend met de Heer
en met zijn geliefde Zoon
begeleid door de Heilige Geest

dezelf Drie Eenheid
mijn grootste wens
ik erken plechtig
ik heb ze alle drie nodig
alle drie in éénheid
alle drie in schoonheid

ik prijs ze
ik bid tot hen
hoewel elke keer
mijn zondige gedachten
niet alle zijn weg

bidden
elke dag weer
groot gebed
lang gebed
ook klein gebed
hangt van de dag af
onbewolkt
zware wolken
moesson regenval

nog steeds één ding vergeten, Here
een groot ding
om in je boot aan boord te kunnen zijn
omringd door je grootste liefde
je beste liefde inademen
ik heb die capaciteit niet
ik moet nog steeds creëren
die capaciteit

daarom
ik heb je elke dag nodig

diep inademen
diep uitademen
zonder een schreeuw

Hem aanbidden
door mijn dagelijks gebed
proberen te bidden
elke dag
zonder zonde

sinds je hebt gezegd
héél lang geleden

al is het nog niet geuit
maar zelfs zo klein als een mosterdzaadje
reeds ontstaan in gedachten
is al een zonde

dus laat ze niet
constant binnen komen in je hart....

©Sylvia Frances Chan
Tuesday 18 June 2019-
@6.43 hrs am Dutch Time
Sylvia Frances Chan
Eén Met De Natuur....

Eén Met De Natuur

De illustere achtergronden hier
verbergen diepe, zeer diepe wonden in hun atmosfeer

de bewoners zeggen botweg
over de mysterieuze geslachtsgemeenschap die ze vonden

het ecosysteem mag niet worden vertrapt
pas op voor de man die het aan zijn laars lapt!

Lotusbloemen groeien gretig over de mangrove
ze beschermen het land tegen opkomende overvallen
de wereld kent ze als de dodelijk tsunamies

op andere plaatsen spelen makaken in volle vrolijkheid
in zeewater, een voortdurend spel tussen land en dier
met veel vreugde en met heel veel plezier
en natuurlijk ook hun schat in het vizier

dit typische zuiden is het spirituele binnenlandparadijs
waar de monniken leven verenigd met de natuur
tot heel oud, heel wijs en zo puur
gewoon simpel, duidelijk en tenimmer in vermomming....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch Poetess

AD. Thursday the 16th of August 2018
@ 22.27 hrs. PM. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Een Verzoek

Lieveling, met de mooie geest,
Schrijf me wat magische woorden, die jou boeit het meest,
Ik ben vandaag zo triest en melancholiek
Ondanks de zon fel schijnt, verdrietig maar niet ziek.

Verzen modern of oud gedateerd
Over liefde en passie hebben we tenimmer verleerd
Schrijf ze, schat, alleen voor mij,
Als meest magische, zoals jij alleen en wij.

Klodder op canvas, kies een kleur
Blaas ze in vurige pracht plus de geur
Laat mijn hart weer sneller bonken
Kan ik wat meer zuurstof gebruiken, en niet verdranken

Vervolgens, schat, zoals je vaak doet
De poëzie of het schilderij tonen zoals het moet
Zing geen noot te hoog, mijn schat
Want off-toets ga je dan, dus lager die lat.

Maak je keel en longen schoon
Zing dan een mooie melodie gewoon
Drink rustig wat honing met citroendrop
Kan je als nog vlot en luid zingen volop.

Mijn hart net als een doos met prille romance,
Dat gaat natuurlijk vast wel deze kans,
Jouw liefdes-schrijftels kloppen allemaal
Maar jij, mijn liefde klinkt hees, als ´n hoofd zo kaal.

Dus zing me een liefdeslied, mijn kind,
Probeer me niet te ontlopen
Ik zal met je dansen zo begeerlijk en bemind
Onze liefdes wederzijds die tenimmer verlopen....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected
Elegant Poetry For My Dearest One....

Thou mayst remind the wondrous hours we spent, greyish clouds, darkest sky, monsoons heaven sent, upon listening to thy fascinating voice, abundantly blessed by the Lord, happiest, known to ye baby, am lost in our bond and words.

Seasons have been parading, fresh flowers will be shown, baby, winter fadeth, spring is coming soon, love will be thine, mine and ours

The old owl and the black night doth go away, if thou art not here, sure my heart hath long gone astray.

Close friends have been visiting, now they had gone to ashes, in me thou seest the glistening snowflake, in spring she splashes, mine words live in God, the only love to follow, thine inside hath mine, now the harvest Lord´s art never a sorrow.

Thou receiveth Divine and mine, which makes thine more strong To love and cherish that well which maketh our bond and love stay long.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

Poem 490 -
The Quote on the Picture by L.v. Beethoven
The Picture is designed by Sylvia Frances Chan
Grapes photo taken by Sylvia Frances Chan

Sylvia Frances Chan
My heart was sad and melancholic
I know I may not frolic
so I started wandering upon the world
from morn till eventide
from dawn till early night

days and weeks went by
glee-love-happiness weren't close
I oft receive great blessings as daily dose
but today why is my love not close by?

hours passed, days and even a week
dunno what to do nor speak
most delicious treats
cookies great and small
jewels diamonds and gold
and wealthy clothes I got from the old

what I wished more?
wishing all con amor
yes, con amor is with love
I started to pray intensely to God above

I know the Lord always responds
meanwhile I was still wandering
since I didn't pay attention
I stumbled upon a great piece POETRY
that has not wounded nor hurt me
instead, it has enriched my mind immediately
as happiest as it can be as me

my mind enriched, my spirit blissed
love has returned in my life, I start singing
that great piece of poetry I stumbled upon
is in fact a most beautiful brevity
I've read by Mrs. Juan-Austin,
our beautiful loved Rose Marie....
Poet's Notes:
vocabulary: con amor = with love

©Sylvia Frances Chan
A.D. Saturday the 13th of April 2019-
@ 9.17 hrs West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
March equinox and September equinox:
names referring to the months of the year they occur,
with no ambiguity as to which hemisphere is the context.

They are still not universal, however,
as not all cultures use a solar-based calendar
where the equinoxes occur every year in the same month
(as they do not in the Islamic calendar and Hebrew calendar,
for example).

Although the terms have become very common
in the 21st century, they were sometimes used
at least as long ago as the mid-20th century.

Northward equinox and southward equinox:
names referring to the apparent direction
of motion of the Sun.

The northward equinox occurs in March
when the sun crosses the equator
from south to north.

The southward equinox occurs in September
when the sun crosses the equator
from north to south.

These terms can be used unambiguously
for other planets.
They are rarely seen,
although were first proposed
over 100 years ago.

First Point of Aries
and first point of Libra:
names referring to the astrological signs
the sun is entering.

Due to the precession of the equinoxes,
however, the constellations where the equinoxes
are currently located are

Pisces and Virgo, respectively.

AD. The 20 March 2018 at 16.15 hours P.M.
West-European Time

AD. The Northward Equinox
the 20 March 2018 at 16.15 hrs P.M.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Esperando Por Ti....

Se que me amas
Yo tambien te amo
Nos vemos pronto
Se valiente
en la tierra de los bárbaros
todavía recogerán tu corazón y alma
dejas tu cuerpo acostado
porque eso esta totalmente vacio
tu alma es la mas llena
y bloqueado
con un sello de nada
solo cuesta un riks
ven cariño, te veo pronto
camina como un pavo real
porque ya has sido elegido
muy temprano desde las puestas de sol
No nací todavía
sin embargo
hablamos el mismo idioma
en ninguna parte un obstáculo
Ok cariño ya me voy a cambiar
y te estoy esperando

GRACIAS

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Martin Luther was born ToDAY.
AD. Wednesday 31 October 2018-
@ 10.10 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Essay Poem, A Short Telling....

A young man had a girlfriend.  
He was getting tired of her because  
she sent him messages every hour that said  
"I miss you" or "I love you".

One night before going to bed,  
he let it again on the table,  
and went instantly to sleep.

In the morning he was awakened by a call.  
It was girlfriend's mother crying saying  
that his girlfriend was killed last night.

He was in a state of shock,  
went to read the message:  
"My sweetheart, come quickly, I think someone is following me!"

Now every day he comes  
and brings One Extra Flower  
to the Spot where she was murdered.

Moral of the story:  
ever rejects those who love, care, and try to reach out to you, because one day  
you'll realize  
you lost the moon while counting the stars!

If ever you are touched by this story....Please, do give a smallest comment,  
thank you so much, sent with love,

Sylvia Frances Chan, Dutch Poetess,  
Evangelist, World Traveler

day the 21st of April 2018
@ 18.10 hrs.P.M. West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Euforie....

Euforie, zo dankbaar dat ik mag deelnemen
in je eeuwig spannende kunst

mag ik je vragen naar het geheim
geen eufemisme van mijn kant of mijn inzicht's-zwijm

ik vraag het je eerlijk
wat betekent deze euforie voor jou?

in het verleden en het was net gisteren
je zwom in de melodie van melancholie

ben je vast daten smiley's en lol's?
ik hoop oprecht dat in dit spel

er is geen ruimte voor alcohol-schaamte
als je me kunt verzekeren, heb ik nu al LOL
het hele jaar door onophoudelijk geen alcohol....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Thursday 11 Oct 2018 -
@ 11.58 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Euphoria....

Euphoria, so thankful that I may take part
in thy perpetual exciting art

may I ask thee about the secret
no euphemism from mine side or from mine pet

I am asking thee frankly
what does this euphoria mean to thee?

in the past and it was just yesterday
thou art swimming in melancholy's melody

art thou steady dating smiley's and lol's?
I do hope sincerest that in this game
there is no space for alcohol-shame

if thee can assure me, I have now LOL
all year long perpetually no alcohol....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Thursday 11 Oct 2018 -
@ 11.52 hrs.A.M. West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Exercise....

Pristine white
I glide
snow pure white
pristine white
also at night
you are right
to hold me tight
then I'll glide just light
it's everyone's right
to have the possibility
to glide at night
all pristine white
in the line of the light
all in solitude at night
pristine white
I like very much your white
in pristinity
pristine light
please, come to me
keep me in your company
in pristinity
obligated
never updated
constantly sublimated
set free your company
for the sake of poetry
this is the world's duty
enjoy the light
on pristine white
the global enjoyment
Montana's Resident
part of the world
I present you this
God's Bliss
in togetherness
thank you, Lord
with all there is....
Tignes le Lac, France-Swiss

Saturday the 19th of January 2019
@ 6.17 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Expiration....

Inspired by Mrs. Juan-Austin's precious and great poem Knowledge 4, I just read: this is the third poem after "Inspiration", and "Aspiration". Thank you.

My inside is telling me: no one is stupid, each one has the wish to know more, but we must be patient to transpose each person has not the same daily dose of capacity not the same rapidness but he/she/it is willing to know more, oft and perpetually even the animals, they are constantly willing to know more, next to what they have already gained, all persons on this whole planet, and all there is never be a living terrorist most tragic, if gaining knowledge restrains,

i am sure all our human loving caring, our inspirations, and our aspirations, will never be in vain, has no expiration, says my brother concerning the transport of knowledge to each other....

All three Poems (Inspiration, Aspiration, and Expiration) are created with caring love,

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D.- Tuesday the 16th of October 2018 - @ 9.16 hrs.A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Expressing Myself In Poetry....

Transcendence. A word to pay attention to.
To find that transcendence in you, 
that feeling within, 
that's the genius behind poetry.

Transport. A word to pay attention to.
To find that transport in you, that vehicle within, 
that's the transport self to find the genius in poetry.

Transparency. A word to pay attention to.
To find that transparency in you, 
that light within, that's the genius in poetry.

=================================================================
I have written these lines first in DUTCH 
(my mother tongue)then in English:

Transcendence.
Een woord om aandacht te besteden aan.
Om dat transcendentie in u te vinden, dat gevoel
van binnen, dat is het genie achter poëzie.

Transporteren.
Een woord om aandacht te besteden aan.
Om dat transport in je, dat voertuig binnenin,
that is het vervoer zelf om het genie in de poëzie
te vinden.

Transparantie.
Een woord om aandacht te besteden aan.
Om dat transparantie in u, dat licht binnenin
te vinden, dat is het genie in poëzie.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Thursday 13th March 2014
17.17 hrs p.m.
Very Sunny temperatures, like in Summer
but no Spring yet, still cold freezing Nights

Sylvia Frances Chan
Eye-Catcher In The Rays....

my eye-catcher in the rays....
who knows how many ways
they have been walking, traveling
through heaviest forests and downpouring
to come finally to your enormous gate
must they wait and stay outside then, is that their fate?

i just ask you politely
this is only between you and she
that eye-catcher is all mine,
the eyes have been following through thine
but the matter is still between you and she
i am just the third person singular you'll never meet

your feet must have become tiresome, that's it
and the concrete must have gone arid....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Saturday the 27th of October 2018 -
@ 11.58 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Far Away

I have written this poem in my own website in 2007

Far Away
Dearest One I tell you this
It is so far away from Home
yet so nearby my heart
I feel the rain on your head
the cooled water in your heart
I see your gentle smile
just for a while
then you turn to be sad again
will I see you smile again?
as lovely as I've ever seen?
Time has come to us
I can tell you this, it's a bliss
so far away from Home
yet nearby my heart
I know the taste of the cooled water then
especially at midnight time
to know you, to smile at me, is no crime...

© copyright Sat Aug 13 - 2011 - All Rights Reserved

Sylvia Frances Chan
FIRST POEM

Heavy clouds in the air
are drifting by languidly
suffocated and in despair
with killing and calamity eyes
is this intriguing and wise?

Idiosyncracies
too many tragedies
and whirling symphonies
the clouds are silently passing by
high up in the sky

the colors on my canvas
no dust nor ash

but light blue and deep sea blue colors
crimson red and deep purple
amalgamating as rapid as a turtle

these words entwined
yonder in the abyss
aqua is becoming froth
downwards along the water lilies

I’m wandering all my life
on grails of sand, and muddy trails of land
soaked wet, oft dirty in the final
but no buds nor wild rose flowers
many hours in the horrendous showers
I saw she running from my inside
leaving I alone with only shady words
such absurds....
I still have to note those words....

Pipi

AD.20 Sept 2016 Tuesday
published today by
sylvia francis chan
ad. saturday the 30th of june 2018
@ 8.30 hrs am west european time
29 celcius degrees, summer

sylvia francis chan
Food With Poison....

My Testimony:

It is said that
All food we eat become poison.

Total awareness makes all we eat poison free
total awareness is immunity against all poisons
some get this immunity from the dark ages
some get this by meditating daily

but the only truest possibility
to get total immunity
against all poisons in what we eat is
our belief in the only Truth.

The only Truth is God
if we believe in God totally
we pray daily and confess our sins daily
and constantly being honest to Him
and we treat our neighbors
as we treat ourselves
and we hold high the 10 commandments
and we know the prayer our Father
and we follow exactly the rules

then we are assured
we will never get ill
we won't have any disease
we eat poisoned food by chance
we won't get sick at all
our body and inside has the immunity
got from God as a Blessing in our daily life

since we are God's Blessed children
miracles still exist
this what we just read
is one of the miracles we will meet....
Wishing you all Happy Fourth Advent Week

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Saturday the 22nd of December 2018
@ 7.52 hrs. A.M. West-European Time
The shortest day of the year.

Sylvia Frances Chan
For All The Things We Live For....

No matter how we bent, rent or lend
this IZZIT!
this is life we meant
it all there is
Love, struggles, gains and lost
what disappoints us more, the most?
for all the things we lived for
what disappoints us more?
we called more but meant "the most";
These are all the loves, the struggles, the pains and the sufferings
called life
your life
mine life
our life
I only pray to God
that we are worth it
tasting that love, enjoying and have pleasure while we are still alive
all the strife
in our life
you, me and we
all praise only for Thee
after Thou, for my baby....

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: "For All The Things We Live For"

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

Happy BirthDAY, Baby! A.D. the 13th February 2018-
All sharpest cold, bright sunny weather, keep skating in PyongChang
@ 11.58 hrs. A.M. West-European-Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
For Dear Poem Hunter And Team....

Poem of Greatest Gratitude
For dear PoemHunter and Team

I know so well this cutest poem site
the One I hunted for long with my friendliest bite

I never realize was that
You Sirs of PoemHunter
are constantly behind this poetic door

the world´s best poets are creating here,
when they have a problem
you instantly help them and much more

Last year around this time
I was submitting on PoemHunter´s Site,
commented few poems but could not go on
The URL said I was in the wrong direction
Once again I tried and the site responded again:
I am truly in the wrong section

Imagine, I was creating, had the loveliest poem in my head
tremendously I became off-spired I went abed

I couldn´t sleep, couldn´t dream even couldn´t scream
no nightmares, not even the tiniest dream

off the bed, I sent Poem Hunter an email
in my mind, that message was walking like a snail

I wanted to go abed again, was very curious
opened the mailbox again very rigorous
I could not believe my eyes, got an email back
sent by on the same track

WOW! Long life hurray, PoemHunter is so loyal
he treated me like a member of the Fam-Royal
I can submit again, continue commenting
so very happy then start humming-singing

all members over the world witness and read
PoemHunter’s tremendous treat
bestowed upon me, a simple-humble poetess
thank you so much, Poem Hunter, for your greatness

my fervent shout around the globe
the readers noticed that I do hope
my greatest gratitude to PoemHunter
this famous Poem Site I encounter

while my hands folded,
my eyes closed gratefully
thanking God above....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

day 1st December 2018
@ 7.33 hrs AM. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
For Hope In Soul....

Almighty God,

we put our Hope in Thee
Thou giveth us Hope, shelter and a future
we who hope in Thee will renew our strength
we will soar on wings like eagles
we will run and not grow weary
we will walk and not be faint

Thou will watch over our coming and going
both now and forevermore

May Thou the God of Hope
and of all things
fill us with all love and peace
as we trust in Thee
so that we may overflow with Hope
by the Power of The Holy Spirit

these words we bring to Thee

in Jesus' Name, Amen.

©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN
Anno Domini Sunday the 3rd of Feb 2019-
@ 19.43 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
For Love In Heart....

For Love In Heart (POEM Number 540)

Dear Almighty God,

We thank Thee for Thy endless love,
that stirs and soothes us from above

love that gathers us into all joy
love that makes us all employ

love that delivers us from all brokenness
love that fills our heart with sweetness

Love that hears the soundless language,
love that imagines and dreams in all age
love that can conquer all, even hunger
Thy love makes us stronger

Thou knoweth we are not like that at all
Thy love that willingly surrenders everything
love that can heal what is hurting
love that mends the broken hearts

Thy immense love strengthens us
Thy love makes us know forgiveness
we get that tender touching gentleness
in Thy name, love, spirit, and tenderness

we receive all wonders and bliss
Thy love enables us to believe Thou exists!

in Jesus' name, Amen.

©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN

Anno Domini Sunday the 24th of February 2019-
@ 6.56 hrs. A.M. West-European Time
For My Beloved, My Most Mathematical Man....

You have visual talents
in cutting art in curing human bodies

mine art is Poetry,
one biggest busy mental activities

a rational attitude
is oft in solitude

a magnitude
with a prelude

at least with regard to time and again
profound poetic quatrain

it is a gift from God, a productive errand
blessed emotional joy, constant current

being led by The Man from Bethlehem
furious chaos under Pontius Pilate's reign,
represented Roman rule in ancient Jerusalem's core
a true sad mismanagement and much more in each
babble, you could hardly hear Solomon's heartbeats....

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan, her own Aquarel in her collection, titled:
"The Cutest Curing Man";

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Tuesday the 15th of May 2018-
@ 11.49 A.M. West European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
For My Sympathetic

For my sympathetic
Thank YOU so much for your help
and attention,
you are so kind n cute like a whelp
don't mention

my greetings I send you always with peace
so happy am i with this i feel at my ease
you I adore, my sympathetic
do not be afraid I stay beneath the ethic

Oh no, it's burning in my belly
what do you think it is a butterfly, me?
no, my dear, it's under the attic
the attic of my belly, it's real hectic

Sylvia Frances Chan
Good Morning, Good Noon, Good Afternoon and Good Evening,

For Peace of Mind

Almighty God,
we bless Thee for our lives
we give praise to Thee
for Thy abundant mercy
and Thy grace we receive
We thank Thee for Thy loyalty
though we are not that loyal to Thee

Lord Jesus,
we ask Thee to give us all
peace in our mind, body, soul, and spirit

we want Thee to heal
we want Thee to remove everything
that causes stress, grief, and sorrow in our lives

please guide our path through life
and make our enemies be at peace with us
let Thy peace reign in our family,
at our place of work, business-trades
and everything we lay our hands upon.

Let Thy angels of peace go ahead of us when we go out
Let Thy angels stay by our side when we return.

In Jesus' name, Amen.

©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN
Anno Domini Sunday the 17th of February 2019-
@ 12.59 hrs.P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
For The Art Of Poetry....

I shall compose a Song for thee
a loveliest Song of my Heart
each day I will do the best part
to feel the least suppressed me

about the birds, bees and the butterflies
about knowledge, honesty, but never about lies
about hope, happiness, love and peace
then each night we'll go asleep with ease

never run, never hate and never compete
no competitions with your beloved one
just telling truths of the day, none obsolete
you will feel sweet emotions as the day has gone

Why cannot we just respect and appreciate each other
why must you constantly be best than the better?
God sees upon you and instantly He sends thunder
this blister fires at you as the long lost letter

Let's create in this greatest poetry home
where we all live beneath one dome
no one is the best or the winner
we all are respected, loved, and admired,
in this stage of art, no one should be the sinner....

©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN
A.D. Friday the 5th of April 2019-
12.34 hrs. P.M. West-Euripean Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
For The Love Of Rose Marie....

Inextinguishable maybe
is my love for poetry
the best reason to deny
true love for pure love, why?

As love profilates in ordinary life
real love for poet's strife
as poetry constantly knocks at the addictive door
of the addictive mind and asks for more

art its own addictive motion
on the basic ground starting emotion
instantly to the second floor
constantly begging for more
right above the first
so is my great thirst
for poesie

not to mute, unstoppable
not ashamed to confess
my life as a princess
with that special addictive jest
of my endless addictive possibilities
at present not in the time of the thronies

the royal space
for none to trace
never a disgrace
this addiction to poetry
is the biggest reason
not because of treason
to change my latest vision
now as known to all of you

since I knew after I have read
from someone I love, loveliest personage, I bet
such beautiful supporting words
so honest, pure, polite and yet a realist
conjured magic in my eyes,
golden refined tunes in my ears
and those words
never absurd
conjured
all in me that lives and hears

swift sensible senses in
intruded deepest under the skin
have found its lingered way to my heart
the most sensitive part
of my sober sensitive sensation
after the most rapid evaluation
due to those beautiful sincerest words
a one person's words,
never absurd

I will stay here because you love my poetry too
your perfect comments and supportive compliments I knew
your constant sensible sensitive support
constant aboard
with me
true addictive love for poetry
I tell you dear, I stay for thee
inextinguishable maybe, Mrs. Rose Marie
my love for thee and poetry
it's the true conviction
it's bigger than my poetry addiction....

day the 2nd of February 2019 -
@ 14.05 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Forenoon....

Early forenoon impressions,
full of tender tensions

as far as the eye could see
walking working days suffice for me

remember of days of yore
i still am the wandering myope
and more

grassy emeralds green meadows
visible impressionistic it shows
near the beauteous huge stones,
craggy corny rocks,
her darling first grandson
in the arm, she rocks,
pure fun

born on the fourth of July
her premier grandchild
a cutest blessed child so mild
brought by the Lord,
i know that
i was with Him aboard

The early forenoon impressing,
full of richest blessing
i lullaby and sing
for the greatest blessed being
thank You, my Lord,
King of heaven....

©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN
A.D. the 22nd of Feb 2019-
@ 11.35 hrs, A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Forever Young....

Your voice is like music to my ears
your whisper is like the soften breeze
you may wander daily anywhere, but never freeze
I remain still healthy even though you'll sneeze

I don’t get caught a cold easily
since you oft support me with bumble-bee honey
I am now amidst thousandfold cold
I never get sick even though ’m growing old

as years passed by many milliard miles
pay attention to nature around thee
the surrounds turn old very old whilst
thou and I not, due to consuming
thy body bumble-bee honey

thou support me as much as thou canst
I have glee such as our beloved mums
both have pleasure on their heaven’s spot
thou playeth and study whilst I converse to God

then I will travel again in search of new manna
and bread to feed our mind and soul
based upon ora et labora our beings’ whole
thou art mine and I am thine, I wanna

remember thou sayth whilst we playeth
con amore forever more
thou in mine and I ’m in thine
in our own surrounds, I feel fine

thou art God’s child so mild
thou stays calm on rivers wild
I pray every day in myriad ways
Oh Lord, keep mine heart pure

your voice is like music to my ears
your whisper is like the tender breeze
imagine why I never freeze
you refreshened the day before it seized

you feed me with strawberry and love’s sweet
honeybee in a bumble-bee Dome
but despite so many miles from Rome
you circled me with the loveliest flowers
baby, sweet pea of mine,
your quality never lowers during high time....

Card sent by Dr. Subhendu Karr

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

Early  12th of December 2017
@ 5.25 hrs A.M. West-European Time-
Code Red not unfrozen yet

Sylvia Frances Chan
Forgive....

FORGIVE....
We live on this forsaken earth
Since our beautiful birth
We had been forgiven
Since our parents were driven
From two souls to one
We are birthed
And we must be able to forgive
Others had forgiven us already
So we must do our utmost best
to forgive
not only by a promise
but by our words orally
we come to the person
and we ask forgiveness
say, shake hands and give a kiss
that are the actions how to forgive
this is always a greatest bliss
there is.

Pipi
©Sylvia Frances Chan
dutch poetess, who resides in Jakarta-Indonesia
and in Amsterdam-The Netherlands
AD. Tuesday 2 October 2018
@ 9.06 hrs AM West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Fragments of my mind
Are accompanying you
I have never had this kind
Horrifying me

Fragments of my words
Are accompanying you
I have never had this kind
Chilling me

Fragments of my love
Are accompanying you
Why are you so quiet now
No sign, no sound,
No passion, no love-bound

Fragments of my poems
Are accompanying you
At last, you wrote poetry
Or was it just flattering me?

Fragments of my love
Are accompanying you
Why are you so quiet now
No sign, no sound,
No passion, no love-bound

Fragments of my poems
Are accompanying you
At last, you wrote poetry
Or were you just flattering me?
Remember! You loved me!

Sylvia Frances Chan
Gedicht

Zware wolken in de lucht
drijven door lome
en verstikte wanhoop
met doden en calamiteiten ogen

wordt deze op intriguerende wijze
eigenaardigheden
te veel tragedies
en opzwepende symfonieën

de wolken drijven geruisloos voorbij
hoog in de lucht

de kleuren op het canvas
geen stof noch as
maar lichtblauw en diepze blauwe kleuren
karmozijnrode rood en diep paars
en verwilderde geuren

samenvoegend zo snel als een schildpad met 7 mijllaars
deze woorden verstrengeld
ginds in de afgrond bengelt
puur aqua en vieze schuim
draalt omlaag langs de wateren

ik dwaal mijn hele leven al
op gralen van zand, op modderige paden van het land
doorweekt natte, vieze op het laatst
maar geen knoppen of wilde roos geplaatst

vele uren in de verschrikkelijke buien
ik zag haar: ze loopt zo van mijn binnenkant naar buiten
waardoor ik alleen bleef met schadelijke woorden
dergelijke abnormale is slechts voor gestoord
ik moet die woorden nog noteren
ik kom nog weinig meer in deze oorden....

Pipi
Sylvia Frances Chan
Oh, dit is echt een groot genoegen
Om de gedichten van Sylvia Frances Chan te lezen,
De Nederlandse dichteres van genialiteit en menselijkheid,
De wereldreiziger van tijd en waardigheid,
De gecertificeerde evangeliast van tederheid,
Ze heeft miljarden harten gehad,
Over de hele wereld heeft ze gereisd,
Haar gedicht over Wildlife of Nepal is motiverend,
Toch herinnert ze zich haar pappa die hulde brengt,
Elk gedicht is geschreven is diep uitgedrukt,
Haar diepe vertrouwen in God verblindt in woorden,
We zijn verbaasd, we staan versteld van het lezen van haar gedichten.

Er is welwillendheid, er is schoonheid,
Er is de plicht en er is doorzettingsvermogen,
Kracht van de waarheid wordt sterk weerspiegeld,
Godsvrucht en goedheid verblindend gelijktijdig,
Gras bloeit als bloem en vlinder zingt,
In haar elk woord vinden we onbegrensde vreugde,
Zij is een van de machtige dichteressen,
De levende legende Sylvia zingt de glorie van God,
Edelstenen van poëtische gaven zijn begaafd voor de mensheid,
Sylvia Frances Chan waardeert elke collega-dichter,
Ze is moedig, ze is aanhankelijk en vredig.
We lezen graag haar gedichten zo veel als we kunnen,
We moeten zo snel mogelijk poëtische pagina's bezoeken,
God is bevallig voor iedereen en God is bevallig voor haar.

Ze schrijft zowel in het Nederlands als in het Engels en vertelt:
Ze vertelt ons de waarheid over de natuur en God,
De wereld van vandaag keert zich in vreugde naar haar toe,
Ze is een aanhankelijke moeder van poëtische woorden.

Oh, beste mede-dichters over de hele wereld,
Oh, mijn lieve vrienden hier en daar in de wereld,
Je moet haar gedichten bezoeken die we aanbevelen,
Oh, lieve bezoekers en vreemdelingen, luister snel,
Binnenkort bezoek je de gedichten van Sylvia Frances Chan,
Beste lezers, je vindt essentie die je nodig hebt.
Gedichten lezen van zo'n grote dichteres van tederheid,
Dit is een groot plezier voor mij en voor jou,
In overvloed brengt God gelukzaligheid aan haar en iedereen.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Geen taal noch teken....

Geen taal noch teken
dagen zelfs weken
hij heeft me niet gebeld
hij was nooit gewelddadig
maar hij heeft nooit de reden verteld
het gaat niet om liefde of geld....

Maar waarom geen telefoontje?
en moet ik weken in m´n eentje wachten?
waar gaat het dan over?

Als ik blijf vragen, vind je me minder slim....

Wat kom ik nu te weten, lief hart,
dat je niet alleen slechthorend bent
maar ook Oost-Indisch-doof....

Sylvia Frances Chan heeft de druiven gefotografeerd in de tuin van
Taman Indonesia in Kallenkote, Steenwijk toen ze de KTM groep met zangeres
Rosida bijwoonde. Een enorme verademing aldaar.

AD. Saturday the 11th of August 2018
@ 13.01 hrs. PM West European Time
Redelijk weer, maar donkere wolken, geen regen
zoals gisteren toen Ferdie, Lam en Vinh net landden vanuit Ghana
via Marokko met de Royal Air Maroc AT 850, Boeing 737-800
Gisteren vertrok geen enkele vliegtuig vanuit Schiphol, noodweer uitgeroepen,
maar de vluchten die komen, mogen wel landen, Ferdie en zijn gezinnetje waren
ook met enkele uren uit Ghana vertraagd aangekomen. Maar door God´s Wonder
zijn ze er na enkele uren op airport. Dat weet ik.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Gelukkige Vrouwendag

Vrouwendag
vandaag is het niet vrijdag DE dertiende
maar gewoon donderdag 8 maart
nog geen april
maart roert nog haar staart
en april doet wat ie altijd wil

Vrouwendag, wat een zwakke naam
het heeft ons ook nog geen faam
bezorgd,
we dachten dat het ons
wereldse bekendheid zou brengen
niet opgemerkt in al die jaren
tenminste ik niet
de kogel ging door de kerk
en wij zitten met de blaren
ik doe nog steeds goed mijn werk

ik hou van goed rechtzitten,
maar niet in de auto
alleen als ik moet poseren voor een pasfoto
nou lieve dames over de hele wereld
zit recht of alleen rechts of links voor de foto
met gewoon oprechte ziel
niet alleen voor je pasfoto!

ik wens u een gezellige Vrouwendag
de regens hoewel kleinste druppels
maakt vandaag een ellendige Vrouwendag
dagenlang, wekenlang felle zon net als in Saint Tropez
wij zijn nu nog in de wintertijd, haksjekidee!

de felle zon is vandaag verdwenen
OK, ik wens jullie allemaal mooie tutten-samen thee drinken
verteet de appeltaart van grootmoeder niet
en de klassieke gemberkoekjes niet vergeten
mee te nemen

mijn eerste gedicht over Vrouwendag
ja, ze hebben de lesbische en de homo geaccepteerd
maar hun huwelijken nooit verteerd
de transgender moet op afstand blijven
je zou er niet over durven kijken
hun probleem zou kunnen worden besproken
niet nu, maar in de volgende generatie, wat een gedoe!
De transgender zijn dan allang opoe!

Toch wens ik jullie en mijzelf, haha,
Een Gelukkige VrouwenDAG!

AD. Donderdag 8 maart 2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
Genius

To be genial is no denial
the brains must be super trains
you are born with it
a real super duper, no post-it
need not be mature nor ripe
who is this, yours....my type

to be a genius is not disastrous
it is God's given Heaven's Plus
normal with some little extras
you create the world without hyenas
a language of your own
a song with a special undertone

for my Big Bro
his zodiac is Twins -
Summer in Sept 2011

© Sat Aug 27 - 2011 -
All Rights Reserved

Sylvia Frances Chan
Gewoon Een Ochtendgedicht....

Als een vroege vogel zweef ik vaak
na een dag of een nachtje tsjilpen, praten en zingen
in uiterste vrolijkheid, geluk, verdriet of liefde
in mijn bewegingen prijs ik U hierboven

dezelfs in de poëzie ontmoette ik toevallig enkele dichters
het lezen van hun mooiste gedichten zonder hun uiterlijk,
een paar vreemde dingen die ik nooit kan bevatten
hoewel hun woorden ik volledig begrijp

als een dichter verloren is gegaan of is verdwenen
ik weet zeker dat de dichter nog steeds in de buurt is
hij ontkende een interne liefdesrelatie
en wil dat ik voor hem kies

mijn recente reis naar Ghana, zonder nieuws, geen internet aldaar
maar een echte beleving, het is heus en waar,
nu ben ik terug op PH grond,
tot verdriet ben ik zomaar vergeten en weggedaan
verdwenen van de grond van de gedichtenjager
net als in een verouderde draaimolen
we moeten vasthouden aan de poëzie kunst in overvloed
het moet!

een dergelijke subtiele gebeurtenis kennen
dezelfs in de poëzie ontmoette ik toevallig enkele dichters
wees gewoon trouw aan de kunst van het woord
op de vlucht voor de liefde is zo absurd
gretig hoop ik dat ik je hart geen pijn zal doen
van een oudere tot een junior, hoor mijn woorden....

Pipi leest dit voor uit het Gedichtenboek van
Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Dinsdag 26 juni 2019 - 8.58 uur. VM
Gewoon Eenvoudig....

Eén twee drie vier
hoedje van hoedje van
papier
nu dat ik vandaag vier
mijne verjaardag met plezier
en ik gier
het uit van de pret
Leiden in Ontzet
tenimmer in het verzet
steeds en altijd opgelet
ik gier het weer uit met veul plezier
en ik vier, ik vier met all sier
mijne verjaardag met veul plezier....

Fijne Verjaardag op 22 November

Sylvia Frances Chan
Gewoon, Uitingen Van De Geest....

POEM 660

Gewoon, uitingen van de geest....

beter in een gymzaal dan
in een lyceum

beter ontspannen
dan tegenkomen

grootste belang
voor het ego
niet voor de egoïst
noch de loyalist
of de royalist

niet voor de politiek
alleen voor nederige ik

in afwachting van Gods verschijning
nederige mij
met verdraagzaamheid
en tolerantie
inclusief doorzichtigheid
allemaal glashelder
naar het verschijnen van God

beter in een gymzaal
dan in een lyceum....

Dinsdag Dinsdag 18 juni 2019-
@ 11.18 uur a.m. Nederlandse tijd

Sylvia Frances Chan
Ghana´s Fortnight

Just a 6,5 hours flight
from Amsterdam to Accra
my loveliest Ghana´s Fortnight
the Land of beautiful Fauna
Lovely Flora
and sweetest Aura
and tropical Sauna
in secluded Elmina
amongst the crazying crowd
of rotten fishes smell of ancient success
behind the dark and huge fortress
dwells a darkest trace of slaves´blackest tragedy
of Ghana´s famous ancient history
the world´s hidden slaves trading commerce
ancient times of saddest tides urge
of Guinea´s Golf of Sea
having heard and imagined
these darkest trading places
in this Elmina´s Citadel
not a place to reside, just to dwell
in this darkest Elmina´s ancient citadel....

My Fortnight´s Song of Present Ghana

Sylvia Frances Chan
Ghana's Citadel....

Gewoon een vlucht van 6,5 uur
van Amsterdam naar Accra
mijn mooiste Ghana's twee weken
het Land van de mooie Fauna
aangename flora
en liefste Aura
en tropische sauna
in afgelegen Elmina
tussen de gekte van menigte
van rotte vissengeur van oud succes
achter het donkere en enorme fort
dwaalt een donkerste spoor van de zwartste tragedie van slaven
uit de beroemde oude geschiedenis van Ghana
de verborgen slaven van de wereld die worden verhandeld
oude tijden van treurigste getijden dringen aan
erger dan dieren worden gedood
ze kregen maar één keer per dag voedsel
slapen moesten ze in al hun poep en braaksal
zo weinig ruimte voor zovele lieden
de wet van de survival of the fittest
gen geen legenden, maar echte verhalen
van de Golf van Guinee
we hebben de verhalen aangehoord en ingebeeld
op deze donkerste handelsplaatsen
in de donkere Citadels van Elmina
gen geen plek gewoon om er te wonen
in deze oude donkerste citadel Elmina....

Sylvia Frances Chan
God Again? I’m Never Bored, 'coz God Is Love....

In the consciousness of his own human weakness, the apostle Paul writes to his beloved brothers and sisters in the faith in Corinth:

“For I had not decided to know anything among you, but Jesus Christ and them crucified.” [1Corinthia 2: 2]

We want this to be the content of our proclamation through the articles: Jesus Christ. And all this to the honor and glorification of our great God.

We want to make the utmost priority for the very personal faith life of everyone. Next comes the influence on marriage and family, community and society.

May the Lord give that the articles will help many in the faith.

The greatest success in life we get when we get the advice that we give to others take to heart yourself

Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch Poetess
Evangelist
World Traveler

AD Friday the 6th of April 2018 @ 16.10 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
God Is Love, He Loves Us All....

In the consciousness of his own human weakness, the apostle Paul writes to his beloved brothers and sisters in the faith in Corinth:

"For I had not decided to know anything among you, but Jesus Christ and them crucified." [1Corinthia 2: 2]

We want this to be the content of our proclamation through the articles: Jesus Christ. And all this to the honor and glorification of our great God.

We want to make the utmost priority for the very personal faith life of everyone. Next comes the influence on marriage and family, community and society.

May the Lord give that the articles will help many in the faith.

Wrath is a condition

where the tongue works faster
than the mind....

© Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Friday the 6th of April 2018
@ 16.20 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
God Loves Us Tremendously

The Lord gives us love and life
no husband wishes the death of his wife
it is a constant strife worldwide
the natural death or committing suicide

you wish to live longer, you dare to do this task
just pray, listen and ask for a healthy long life
the Lord gives you all you have asked
think of His tremendous love for you and your strife

only for you, yes, so true, only for you
He would do that, only for you!

If you know Him better
you come to know that
God loves you so much
that He gave you as such
His only begotten Son to be crossed
yes on Golgotha, after Pontius Pilatus had tossed
amongst the crowd Jesus Christ or Barabas
Pilatus gonna wash his hands in innocence
as the Holy Scriptures would say
Pilatus was no more in presence
Pilatus was a true coward, afraid to decide
after washing his hands he took the devil's ride.

The Lord gives us love, on His demand takes life
no wife wishes the death of her husband's life
amongst the youth, it's a constant choice worldwide
to go on living or committing suicide
this is no thankful behavior
toward the God, our Holy Saviour.

Never forget He is the Only One
who loves you so much
hurry, spread the table, put on the candles
Easter is coming near, my dear.
Photography from my Laptop.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
traveling to the 1st of April 2018, Sunday.

AD. Tuesday the 20th of March 2018- 
@ 9.50  West-European Time
The nights are very cold (plus 4 C degrees, it feels like MINUS 10) 
Due to the chilly winds, I reckon, and it's snowing a bit
The mornings are very very sunny, it looks already Easter
This is published on  today

Sylvia Frances Chan
God Will Ultimately Make All Things Right....

Are we allowed to say yes to these words?
God will ultimately make all things right....
Of course, we may, because God loves us so tremendously much
that He gave us as such
a long life full of ripe fruit and magnificent love
forgiving each other and loving each other peacefully closest to Him above
worshipping the Lord to the utmost brim
then we can truly feel the life as God has meant to be
to live peacefully closest to Him and be loved constantly
God will ultimately make all things right
never ask, just take that and believe His Words
nothing will be absurd
the highest praise and love we heard....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Friday the 19th of January 2018
Yesterday we have had the biggest storm ever,
this is exceptional news, many truck drivers died on the highways because they
ignored the government's warnings for the RED Code.
This is the worst storm ever because many roofs of the houses are flung away by
the mighty storm.
Pedestrians are pushed away from their bikes, their bikes are scattered on the
streets.
My terrace-chairs were pushed into a corner towards the hedge, very strong
hedge, I still remember the most expensive price I paid for this green hedge, but
now I realized: it is this worth!

Sylvia Frances Chan
God´s Omnipotence Has No Equivalence....

This wonderful nature, so vast,
most valuable, not ever truly valued in the past.

Time and again I want to tell you this,
I´ll dedicate poetry sublimest to it
expressing in beautiful language, classy and sophisticated.

Yet every time I catch myself at that,
I marvel too much about texts and poesie, not nature itself.

I wish to say something more importantly,
so I scrapped the beautiful, the classy and the sophisticated
the real issue is, just want to express myself, give nature its earned tribute,

the melancholic content of my heart have I thrown into the bottom of the ocean
this earthly habit goes back to human being itself, and its sort

need not be back to the superbly magnificent galaxy
stay earthbound, sing, pray, praise and worship God
as He is the One Who created nature and galaxy as they have become

respect for all kind of species, the only ones who deserve this attention,
on top of all these, we only see God cares for His Creation with utmost Love

we realize humbly God is Omnipotent and He has no equivalent
we stay earthbound, sing, pray, praise and worship Him above
like a true father He is happy to see his children who are not lost and come home....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
A.D. Friday the 31st of August 2018
@ 5.46 hrs A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
God’s Own Country....

POEM 590-

All of a sudden I remember
on junior high our teacher introduced us
a mighty country as God’s Own Country

was that our teacher of junior high
so pro America and yet so shy?

he explained that this country
has all earth’s rich sources in his belly

then I became attached to America
though my own country Indonesia
was even wealthier
but we did not dare to shout that
from the tops of our buildings

we had that inner wealth
to know our richness
but we glued our mouths’ gaps
we had them all
we hadn’t shout them loudest
through all ages we had been the proudest

this morn I remember again all of a sudden
when I was preparing coffee for my spouse
what our teacher told us about America’s house
God’s Own Country, highest and the mightiest

Wow, greatest, richest and most of all
what our teacher said about this greatest fame
God’s Own Country the wealthiest in this world,
others unable to tame

my teenager’s time have passed long time
now the bells in the churches do not chime
now who is to blame?
for this undeserving fame?

so many times been to the USA
even my first grandson came out one week too early
from his Mum´s belly
so he came on earth at USA´s BirthDay
but we reside in the Dutch Own country

the USA God´s Own Country
but never shared his wealth with the poorest fellow inhabitant
now God says to this greatest land
ungrateful are you!
the richest become richer
the poorest sink into their gaps
you will become happy again perhaps
but for the moment you have to suffer first
so many would die because of thirst

Indeed, they will die because of man´s greatest thirst
Of God´s Love and devotional words

so many predecessors have said that
ungratefulness makes this land surely dead

too many bullets in their daily dishes
please, share your wealth according to God´s Wishes
with the have-nots in this land
so your patriotic heart is at the fullest again
of dear God´s Own Beloved Land
try the hardest as you can
as once said by your Obama man
God´s Trumpets will chime
Through all ages and in His time....

Free Verse, from The Press
©Sylvia Frances Chan
does what she can,
this poem just from the poetry-oven

Happy Tuesday (21 Mei 2019) silent weather,
but lovingly cool
this is a day she likes very much,
a Day as Such,
all honour to God
early rise, makes she remain constantly wise....

Sylvia Frances Chan
God’s Wonder....

Poem number 500

Lani my niece
upsets me
her coming
never unfriendly

but the reason
such a saddest situation
it’s no graduation
nor a celebration
but one to whom I must say my condolences
my deepest grief

her beloved mum died
last night

now she is here at the airport
on transit
God knows I cannot fly to Jakarta
to attend the cremation
her flight has a transit
God works like that, that’s it

I understand this is God’s Wonder
and I understand
God’s Wonder to me
this is my testimony

my dear niece arrives here at the airport now
God’s Wonder, the so many, wow!

Lani must fly to Jakarta
for her beloved Mum’s cremation
she has a transit here
fifteen hours being with me
her nephew is here too
at least I can say my condolences to her
I can hug her, embrace her for our peace
that means a very lot to me
and to she.
residing in the U.S.A.
her beloved Mum in Indonesia so far away

I cannot come to the cremation as I said
God knows that and
He gives us the Transit ahead
My niece and I are on the way
I must still arrive with her today
at my residence

and my tears
are overflowing

deepest sadness
but also greatest glee
I can meet she (her)
my beloved niece from the USA
she has a transit for fifteen hours

God makes us meet each other
there are no others
who bother
about our meeting each other

through my niece
I can show her my deepest grief

I know this Transit for 15 hours
is His Miracle
the so many for me
and this is my testimony....

Monday the 1st of January 2019
@ 7.34 hrs A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Het is vandaag Paaszondag 2018
de eerste of tweede Pasen
wat doet dat er toe?

Ik heb vandaag de droevigste stemming
mijn gedachten vulden de hele dag
met alleen Pasen-lijden

Nee, helemaal geen feeststemming
dan zie ik al die verschijningen
waar en wie zijn ze?

wanneer en waar? 1985 jaar geleden
op Golgotha natuurlijk
wie? Zijn hele familie, vooral zijn moeder
ze huilde de hele tijd

terwijl ze toekeek
hoe Hij ondraaglijk leed
zoveel pijn en geslagen door de Romeinse soldaten

hoeveel kan een man de diepste pijn verduren?
alle 3,5 liter bloed op de grond
het lichaam van de mens bevat slechts zoveel bloed

daarna kwam er alleen vloeistof uit
Zijn lichaam, altijd vocht sijpelde naar buiten
het was nog niet voldoende

de soldaten sloegen hem harder en harder
tot het vlees van het lichaam losliet
kruisiging was de standaard doodstraf in die tijd

de zwaarste slagen van de Romeinse soldaten
daarna werden beide handen genageld
ook op beide benen, zodat ze bij elkaar bleven

hoeveel kan een persoon de meest ernstige pijn verduren?
hoe voelde Mary zich?
ze was er de hele tijd geweest

voor de enige geboren Zoon van God
haar oudste zoon van het gezin
maar de enige zonder haar echtgenoot

op dat moment leed hij de ergste pijn
zoals voor ieder mens
dit zwaarste pijnlijke lijden van Hem

we noemen dit zwaarste lijden Goede Vrijdag
werkelijk? ! Dat meen je niet,
het zou Bad Friday moeten zijn

en na 3 dagen was Hij opgestaan
maar hij had niet meer dezelfde verschijning
Maria Magdalena kwam naar het graf

het was leeg, hij was er niet meer
de grote steen ervoor
was ook terzijde geschoven

plotseling stond daar iemand
Maria Magdalena zag Hem en zij dacht
dat het de tuinman was

plotseling noemde hij haar haar naam
en zij herkende Hem onmiddellijk en
ze viel op haar knieën en zei
Rabbi Rabbane

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Easter Sunday 1st April 2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
Goeden Morgen Beste Poem Hunter Lezers....

Goeden Morgen Beste Poem Hunter Lezers over de hele wereld,

Ik was commentaar aan het geven op Poem Hunter en ineens kwamen deze teksten voorbij
onmiddellijk wist mijn hart dat God me wil hebben om deze teksten met jullie te lezen

Ik citeer de teksten die ik op mijn laptop heb zien voorbijschieten. Aan jullie allen wanneer jullie deze teksten willen lezen....

Heel veel dank voor het nemen van de tijd om te lezen en de woorden in gedachten te laten opgaan. Gods Zegen voor jullie allen

jullie nederige,
Sylvia Frances Chan

Romeinen 12: 14
Zegen degenen die je vervolgen; zegen en vervloek niet.

2 Kor 2: 15
Want wij zijn voor God de aangename geur van Christus onder hen die gered worden en zij die verloren gaan.

10.11 vm.
Vrijdag 14 Juni 2019beste

Sylvia Frances Chan
Goeden Morgen Op Deze 1 Juni 2019....

GOEDEN MORGEN OP DEZE 1 JUNI 2019 ter 7.35 er ure des morgens ned. tijd

Geen Gedicht of Vers, gewoon een boodschap, een gewone boodschap aan
speciale mensen over de hele wereld, dit alles vanuit mijn studiekamer in
Nederland en op dit weekeinde, zaterdag 1 juni 2019 om 7.35 in de ochtend,
nederlandse tijd ook dezelfde als west-europese tijd

Goeden Morgen aan alle Dichters, Lezers of gewone mensen die zo maar Poem
Hunter binnen stappen om de gedichten te kunnen lezen OF om zomaar iets te
willen lezen, omdat zij van lezen houden, gewoon van LEZEN houden en anderen
weer die iets van mooie gedichten willen lezen.

Jazeker, op Poem Hunter kan je mooie gedichten lezen en heel gevoelige teksten
door alle Dichters, beroemd of nog niet, al overleden of nog in leven over de hele
aarde, ja ja, je beseft soms niet dat deze gedichten, ook mijn boodschap
vandaag
nu zaterdag de 1e juni....wát? !
Alweer JUNI? Dus bijna zomer,
nog 20 dagen en dan hebben wij ZOMER,
op vacantie naar de USA. Hoeraa!

Ik had het er over dat deze gedichten over de hele wereld worden gelezen, en
dat alles dank zij Poem Hunter Com Poem Site die ons deze kansen geeft.

Ik wil even met jullie allen tezamen stil staan bij DIT FEIT, dat wij deze kans
hebben gekregen en wij het nog steeds benutten, want zoals Dichters het
betaamt: wij hebben steeds weer reden om &quot;iets&quot; te willen schrijven.

Zo voor vandaag heb ik hier
een korte Proza Gedicht,
het kan ook de kortste Proza Gedicht zijn,
nee absoluut géén Essay, en ook geen kort verhaal, wel een korte soort, OK,
hier als je blieft.................

WAT? !

Alwéér over liefde? Echt waar?
DE Liefde of gewoon: liefde?
Tot de volgende keer maar weer, OK, omdat ik moet nadenken over dit serieuze onderwerp Liefde.

Tot dan,

Veel liefs van
©Sylvia Frances Chan

Sylvia Frances Chan
Good Friday Sonnet....

- - - - - - - - - - - - - GOOD FRIDAY- - - - - - - - - - - - -

We thank the Lord for our Daily Bread
we are grateful to Him for the tears we shed

we owe it to Him for the sins we create
just obey His Words and check your update,
you need not to excel to get along
be loyal to your daily prayers
He is the Perfect Example to live for

God loves us and He asks no more
just know and obey His Ten Commandments
these are the true problems, a heavy task
realize our mistakes and ask forgiveness
it concerns our daily life
is that such a greatest strife

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - SONNET- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Anno Domini Friday the 19th April 2019
Good Friday 2019.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Good Friday, His Sufferings....

Today is Easter Sunday 2018
the first or second Easter
what does that matter?

I am in saddest mood today
my thoughts filled all day long
with only Easter sufferings

no, no party mood at all
then I see all those appearances
where and who are they?

when and where? 1985 years ago
at Golgotha of course
who? His whole family, especially his mother
she wept all the time

while she watched
how He was suffering unbearably
so much pain and beaten by the Roman soldiers

how much can a man endure the deepest pain?
all 3.5 liters of blood on the ground
the body of man only contains so much blood

after that only fluid came out
His body, always moisture seeped out
it was not suffice still

the soldiers beat him harder and harder
until the flesh of the body came loose
crucifixion was the standard death penalty in that time

the hardest beatings of the Roman soldiers
after that, both hands were nailed
also on both his legs, so that they stayed together

how much can a person endure the most severe pain?
how did Mary feel?
she had been there all the hours
for the only born Son of God
her eldest son of the family
but the only one from heaven

at that moment he suffered the worst pains
like for every human being
this heaviest painful suffering of Him

we now call these heaviest sufferings GOOD Friday
really? ! You don't mean that,
it ought to be BAD Friday

and after 3 days He was risen
but He did not have the same appearance anymore
Mary Magdalene came to the tomb

it was empty, he was no longer there
the big stone in front of it
had also been pushed aside

suddenly there was someone standing there
Mary Magdalene saw Him and she thought
that He was the gardener

all of a sudden He called her her name
and she recognized Him immediately and
she fell on her knees and said
Rabbi Rabbane....(that means: Master, my Master)

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Evangelist
AD. Easter Sunday the 1st of April 2018-

Sylvia Frances Chan
Good Morning Beautiful World!

Thursday the 14th of March 2019,
GOOD MORNING BEAUTIFUL WORLD!

Do not worry, God keeps you in His Eyesight.

He watches over you and I
Never ask why, He IS there and here, everywhere
God, Jesus, and The Holy Spirit
God is the same as His Son,
God the Son, God The Father and God The Holy Spirit
Altogether They are Three Divinity
The Three Divinity from The Holy Scriptures

After Jesus has arisen from the dead
because He was crossed on Golgotha, Jerusalem
after having endured the heaviest pains and sufferings, Jesus succumbed.
His Mother had witnessed these heaviest torturings till He succumbed.
A Son who died earlier than His Mother. How saddest!
This was really the darkest way a Mother may experience.
This was truly the moment of greatest melancholy and pain a Mother could have

and..........THEN.....Jesus has arisen from the dead.......this is really Almighty.
Even Mohammed died and did not arise from the dead.
Buddha and Confucius either.

During His Life, Jesus has awoken Lazarus from his death.

Lazarus' two sisters were so sad that their brother fell ill
They were very worried and called Jesus
Lazarus died, the family was mourning
Jesus had not come.
The first day passed and they buried Lazarus
Still Jesus had not come. The second and the third day passed.
Jesus still did not show up

since 3 days had passed and Jesus had not come yet!
Finally, Jesus came on the FOURTH day after Lazarus' death
and Jesus called: Lazarus, come up from your grave;

All inhabitants, included Lazarus two sisters, witnessed this miracle:
Lazarus came from his grave, alive again!
So we have the proverb:
Not in man's time but in God's Time.

Man proposes God disposes.

At the time Jesus has arisen and ascended to Heaven,
at least 500 inhabitants of Jerusalem and many people
from abroad witnessed His ascending, included His disciples.

Before Jesus ascended to Heaven
He said to His disciples
I will leave you the Holy Spirit
and you will be guided and protected by The Holy Spirit.

This means in real life
we as human beings pray to God and Jesus THROUGH the Holy Spirit,
until Jesus returned to the Earth, just as He promised to His Disciples
before ascending to Heaven
Jesus was 33 years young when He ascended to His Father in Heaven.
He was 12 years old and He spoke already in the Synagogue of Jerusalem
about His Father in Heaven and not about Josef his father on earth.
created with much care and love,

A Prose Poem
©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN
Thursday the 14th of March 2019

Sylvia Frances Chan
Good Morning Dear Poem Hunter Readers....

Good Morning Dear Poem Hunter Readers all over the World,

I was giving comments on PH and all of a sudden
these Texts came flowing by
instantly my heart knew that God wants me
to read these Texts with thee all
I'll cite the texts I have seen flowing by on my laptop

Up to thee all when you wanna read these....

Thank you so much for taking time to read
and let the words be absorbed in mind

God's Blessings for thee all

humbly,
Sylvia Frances Chan

THE TEXTS ARE:
Romans 12: 14
Bless those who persecute you; bless and do not curse.

2 Cor 2: 15
For we are to God the pleasing aroma of Christ
among those who are being saved and those who are perishing.

Friday the 14th of June 2019
10.11 a.m. Dutch Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Indeed heart wrenching,
our TV stations show the greatest dispair almost everyday
and this happened just a few miles from our country.

What is the worst?

That the truckdrivers who received their money
to bring them to England,
let them frozen in the trucks,
except other truckdrivers
who are honest and helped indeed all the time,

but our eyes only see the dead refugees
who sunk in the ocean and stranded ashore
in Turkey, Hungary,
they died in the trucks,
and the driver left the truck closed,
because all 75 people died within,
too hot in Summer
and no opening, no fresh air could come inside.

The most tragic is
a boy under ten and his baby sister
died with their mother when they had just left
at the Turkish shore.

This was told by the father and
husband who survived.
The corrupt men gave the boats,
but all knew that the boats would sink
amidst the ocean and the corrupt men fled
before the boats sunk,
the refugees trusted these men,
but they were killed in this way.
No kids got life jackets.
All passengers were drowned just like that.
That one husband also belongs to the corrupt men
he was one of the cheaters too,
his wife did not know, she trusted him,
but he did not go with his wife and kids
he stayed alive and they were drowned

Our Tv stations show these scenes of the refugees constantly.
Humanity is no where to find.

I am still very sad,
that's why I cannot write yet a poem,
a good poem about these refugees
but I'm happy you have done that, dear Sara.
(Sara is a poetess from the late Poetfreak)

My grand compliment for this truth
and honest poem, dear Sara.
Germany [due to Mrs. Merkel] opens its door
for almost 1 million refugees now,
since Germany is a big and wealthy country.

This happens only AFTER the death of those kids
with their mother, only the father is still alive.
He had paid to come to Europe and he wished to go to Canada.
What he got was bad leaking boats without life jackets.
Just a few hours after they left for Europe, they were drowned,
together with them hundreds of refugees in that too small boat.

And the father told this in front of the TV sender,
but now he won't go to his nieces in Canada.
They had come to Europe (Turkey)to be at their sisters’ funeral.
So sorry, I have written this with too much emotive feel,
but scrapping words would only lead to frustrations.

And near the Chunnel, near Callais - Dover,
many refugees paid huge amount of money,
only to face their death in frozen trucks
cheated by some truckdrivers,
great luck not all truckdrivers are like that.

I have still the Vietnamese refugees in my mind
and the Chinese, each country in their own periods.
And now this. Oh, what a greatest disaster!
Mrs. Merkel of Germany keeps her promise, and the French president FRANCOIS HOLLANDE has cheated all Europe, in front of the TV he promised together with Mrs. Merkel, that they will help the refugees. AND NOW? Francois Hollande is just like those cheaters and impostors during World War II, he is not to be trusted anymore, even still a president.

Mrs. Merkel lets almost 1 million refugees enter her country to give aid, they are now 850.000 and soon they will be one million. Is it only to women to keep promises made? I am devastated.

Thank you, dear Sara, you made me able to write my long response. YOU wrote a terrific magnificent poem about the recent tragedies. Today.

A response by Sylvia Frances Chan on the late Poetfreak’s poem &quot;Refugees&quot; published by Sara.

MyNOTES afterwards:
About that husband who survived the sinking boat: he killed his wife and kids letting them go with the same boat as he told us in front of the TV, in reality, he did not step in the boat which he managed, since he knew that the boat was not safe, and would sink as soon as they´d reach the high waters of the ocean and no one wore a life-jacket.

He got paid because he accepted that job. His wife did not know about this job he had at that moment. The family in Canada was all hers, not his.

May their souls R.I.P. oh Lord Almighty. Amen
Published on today
Tuesday, the 14th of August 2018.
@ 12.32 West/European Time -
a very sunny day 22 Celsius degrees,
not as scorching as the previous weeks (36 degrees Celsius).

Sylvia Frances Chan
Good Morning On This June 1, 2019....

GOOD MORNING ON THIS JUNE 1, 2019 at 7: 35 am in the morning Dutch Time The same as West-European Time.

Please, take a bit time to read this Ordinary News for SPECIAL PEOPLE AROUND THE WORLD.

This is no Poem or Verse, just a Message, an Ordinary message to Special people around the world, all from my study room in the Netherlands and on this weekend, Saturday 1 June 2019 at 7.35 in the morning.

Good Morning to all Poets, Readers or Ordinary people who just step into Poem Hunter to read the poems OR just to want to read something, because they love reading, just love READING and others who want to read something BEAUTIFUL. The Poems on Poem Hunter Poem Site ARE ALL BEAUTIFUL, I reckon.

Yes, on Poem Hunter you can read beautiful poems and very sensitive texts by all Poets, famous or not, already deceased or still alive all over the earth, yes you sometimes do not realize that these poems, also my message today will be READ by all people around the world, this GLOBE, please rhink about this for a moment.
THANK YOU.
Saturday, June 1st.... what? !
Already JUNE again? So almost summer,
Still 20 days left before we have Summer.

I mentioned that these poems are read all over the world, and all thanks to Poem Hunter Com Poem Site that gives us these opportunities.
I want to reflect on THIS FACT together with all of you, that we have been given this opportunity and that we continue to take advantage of it, because as poets befit it: we always have reason to want to WRITE something.

So for today I have here
a short Prose Poem,
it can also be the shortest Prose Poem, no absolutely no Essay, and no short story either, but a brevity, OK, here if you please......................

What? Again about love? Really? The Love or just love? Until next time again, OK, because I have to think first about this serious subject Love. Until then, I remain

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
With love

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Sylvia Frances Chan
Goodbye My Love

Goodbye my love, I so adore,
with my heart and soul and more....

Days and hours are getting closer
these gardens would soon be sans flowers
falling leaves of exuberant colours
fill´d the path of our sweet goodbye
morn, noon and evening mist, all try
to dry my cheek and saddest face,

never to mourn, I shall keep the pace
in French they say Partir c'est mourir un peu
my heart disagree though we must say adieu
if to leave is to die a tad
why must I be left alone and become this mad?

my being stays here, but my soul travels with thee, I bet
thy love so passionate I won´t ever forget,
and please, do not forget me
for without thee, life is not the same,
but If that happens, who is to blame....?

Your Bibi

Grey clouds, intrinsic cold weather
Friday A.D. the 13th Nov 2015
PARIS: Forget the bombing at Midnight 12 to 13th Nov 2015.
God protected us, sure! He led us the way.
AD. Wednesday 25 July 2018 -

Sylvia Frances Chan
Gratitude Changes Everything....

Indeed, gratitude changes everything
you get that feeling
in your body that is a mess
love mixed with cherishes
and great wondering

hatred is nowhere to find
security can be tied to everything, man unkind
a great armor covers the whole
gratitude is our precious jewel, in our greatest hole

yes, yes, gratitude changes everything
blessings every day
he/she who realizes this has her day full of celebrations
celebrations in the heart, without decorations
gratitude show your intense inside
every day again directed to God our prayer delight
a solemn, grateful testimony is invariably wonderful, right?

love mixed with passion
affection is the friend of adoration
loving passion with admiration
invariably loyal wonder in cherishing
happiest are the hearts that are praising
God´s Love, His Blessings and His Wonders

Love and insight are the basis of gratitude
aware of God's great love, share this
do never in solitude
this Bliss and all there is

share His great love, His great affections,
always thank Him in celebrations
never in a crowd, just introvert adorations

being able to be thankful is a great gift
of the love that lives in us
gratitude changes everything
you expose your whole soul to God
love rotted for Him, never yields
being grateful changes everything
it does something to your conviction, your faith is focused
towards the silent hour, your forgiveness grows
always with beautiful hues, and flourishes
constantly with every annoying collision
it is not easy, that is one thing sure

i can assure you a life with God
is very beautiful, but it also has its plot
and carries obligations with it
if you love God, it's not asked too much

and nothing is too much, if we love Him
the words inside us become a jewel,

but if you do not love Him
then they look like countless, countless,
too many, yes too many and too long words

i write these words that are within me
they constantly knock on my heart's door
since they are waiting to be used to be
outside my heart’s door
otherwise it’s no longer fun
and really becomes annoying and more

especially for certain moments
this morning I threw them out of those currants
originally they are still mixed up inside me
they are still real currants,
but God refines, arranges and approves
i then open my heart's door in turn
and you can read them on Poem Hunter’s Site
God’s Message always survives and will be read
in your surrounds and of course world wide
i am always proud
about
everything that’s God about
gratitude changes everything....
indeed, gratitude changes everything
you get that feeling
in your body that was at first a mess
love mixed with cherishes
and great wondering
directed to God's Love
this is a report and advice
when you are ready, you never give in,
you have become wise...

© Sylvia Frances Chan

A. D. Pentecoste Sunday, June 9, 2019
@ 8.16 hrs. A.M. Dutch Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Gratitude....

We are grateful to God for the life we have
We are grateful to God for the love he has for us
We are grateful to God for all the blessings we have
And we still count his side blessings every day, again....

Wishing you all Happy Pentecost Days!

Pentecost Sunday 9 June 2019
Pentecost Monday 10 June 2019

TODAY: Saturday the 8th of June 2019

Sylvia Frances Chan
Grow Old With You?

Grow old with you?
Come on, sit down on my knees
I'll tell you about the butterflies and the bees
Now I am still young forever
Grow old with you? That never!

Don't pick off my very youth
seek among the olds your truth
Come on old man, sit next to me, don't go to the south
sit next to me, not on my knees, I'll kiss you on the mouth

Don't tell that you're my lover
Don't tell that I am your friend
Don't tell that you're a glover
because what we are doing is a trend

Grow old with you? That never!
Don't pick off my very youth ever
love is: easy comes and easy flows
it often comes, a minute stay and always goes

Come on old man, sit next to me, don't go to the south
sit next to me, not on my knees, I'll kiss you on the mouth
I easy come and I easy go
you often came, you stayed and you won't go
then my heart was sad with sorrow
please come, only for today, but not till tomorrow

©Sylvia Frances Chan

NOTE:
CHOSEN AS THE Member POEM OF THE DAY on AD 20 SEPT 2017 IN POEM
THANK YOU SO MUCH, DEAR POEM HUNTER TEAM!
WOW! Chosen again as The Member Poem Of The Day on AD 20 Sept 2018 in
Thank YOU so much, Dear Poem Hunter Team! Immense Thanks, Sylvia FC
Happiest Birthday, Dearest Koko....

P.S. Koko means the same as elder brother. Thank you.

Tomorrow you will be
one year older
you are my only brother, I have no other
your life is oft peaceful
no any thunder upon your path
at least there's no lath
where upon you can stumble

the main point is,
I send you God's Bliss
and my love and all there is
so tomorrow I am not at your place
I do hope you'll embrace
these most beautiful thoughts and wishes of me

I'll also pray and sing for you a Song
from my heart to your heart
I know you're in God's company for so long
that's the most important part

Happy BirthDay, dearest Brother
you're my only Koko I have no other

till next time at your place
I am sending you my warmest embrace

sent with love and greatest care
I am most grateful to you for being there....

with greatest love
from your younger sister Sylvie in the NL

Your BirthDAY is on the 25th of May,
That's tomorrow
TODAY Friday the 24th of May 2019
Sylvia Frances Chan
Happy Birthday Her Royal Highness Princess R.A. Kartini

Today is the BirthDay of the Indonesian Princess
she made the world of Indonesian girls and women truly a zest
i cannot create than this polite free verse solemnly
for our dear Indonesian Princess Ibu R.A. Kartini

she was most intelligent and diligent both
Kartini knew what it meant to have learned a very lot
her letters to Rosa Abendanon became world famous
Raden Ajeng was she before she had to marry
Kartini was born into an aristocratic Javanese family
when Java was part of the Dutch Colony
of the Dutch East Indies, I know so well Ibu Kartini

not only Java, but the whole Indonesian Archipelago
was under Dutch Colony, poor Princess Kartini we all know
before marriage she still lived under parents'guidance
her parents chose her future husband
after marriage she became under spouse's maintenance
too sad she did not want to marry at first
but did it since her father's ailing became worst

in fact she wanted to learn more and study in Jakarta
her parents hastened the wedding, she must stay at Jepara
due to her father's generosity
she made the young girls accustomed with embroidery
his big mansion became her first school in education
it was her glee to teach them, but still no satisfaction
God loved her and heard her prayings,
she became the percursor of women's emancipation

The education she ventured, she got many blessings
she gained a very fact despite prematures death after birthing
to my eyes truly the greatest tragedy
she died four days after she bore her son, poor dear Kartini
know that she is the first woman gained so much and more
self study at home, since going to school hereafter was prohibited
a true Javanese affair a droplet in the Java Sea became an ocean
a true Javanese affair a droplet in the Java Sea
crawled to the Indian Ocean and became world's testimony

The greatest blessings the world ever got
is the well known Women's Day on each spot
that started with that droplet in Rembang near the Java Sea
perhaps not everyone knows, but that began with Kartini

Her smart letters were published in prime in the Netherlands
Kartini knew that by corresponding to her Dutch best friends
the outside international world was within her reach
God gave her that deep insight
we can read her famous letters in Leyden and worldwide
every intellectual woman knows what she has meant
for the Dutch East Indies Compagny, a royal rebel blend
and for the Independent Indonesian Government
a National Heroine, the most perfumed blend
President Ir. Soekarno declared her as the National Heroine
and as the precursor of the women's emancipation
her BirthDay as The Kartini Day
as The National Indonesian Holiday, one free day hurray!
as one born in Jakarta, the capital of Republik Indonesia
i humbly am gladdest to have known her as my past historia
her royal home activities in post Jepara
made Indonesian girls and women as they all can &quot;baca&quot; (reading)

this is my humble Tribute to Her Royal Highness Princess Kartini
on her BirthDay from the Indonesian born Sylvie
perhaps and by chance
my Tribute will be read by her many inheritants....

Jakarta, Saturday the 21st of April 2018
@ 20.08 hrs. P.M. Waktu Indonesia Barat.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Happy Birthday, Dear Jesus

Christmas will be coming soon
is this a new belief so late in a new boon
coming soon, coming soon
Christ, Christmas or that boon?

I humbly know
that from long ago
Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem
in the land of a boy called Menachem

from the Virgin Mary only
sans Joseph sans a man
my spouse said do you believe that
arisen from the dead,
and ascended to heaven
you told me you never believed
in that accident nine-eleven
and now with Jesus the case you are a boon
for all the people who surround you so soon
the people love you too immensely
a drama or real tragedy

my spouse continued in his morning nag
once I was like you too,
I believed in Jesus Christ
but now I am mature and adult
no one can insult
my being anymore, but let it be for thee

Christmas festivity
The BirthDay of Jesus Christ
ageless, holy, what is wise
be happy on this Day
pray, eat and dance, what may

be happiest constantly
this is the Holy Son of Virgin Mary
who gave birth in Bethlehem
the smallest town near Jerusalem
Wishing to you all
a Happy Christmas....

photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: "Sundown at Dichteren, Gelderland, the Netherlands".

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD.15th December 2017
Cool weather, cosy temperature
for a European winter

Sylvia Frances Chan
Happy Birthday, Dear Koen!

Koen, we call you by this name
Otherwise, it would be too long
Ever said, you are a close family member
No words about your residence
Too well I know you, must I admit
Jour dialogues are oft so attractive
Oft you are the friendliest host
Reasons enough many friends you have
Oh so many things I wanna tell you

Since day and night, we had no fights
On so many subjects you are a true handyman
End of all, I have oft trumpets sound for you
Delicate menus you presented me with
How many I am mentioning here
All is succinct compared to your being nobles
Reasons enough, but you are surely a bliss
Maddening crowds are not in your soul
Oh, I do hope I do not sound like a fool

Many Happy Returns of The Day

¢ Sylvia Frances Chan
created on Koen´s BirthDAY,
yesterday SUNDAY, the 3rd December 2017
published as prime on
TODAY Monday the 4th Dec 2017 @ 17.24 hrs PM- .

Sylvia Frances Chan
Happy Birthday, Dear Seema K.

Every year is never one tear anymore
that old devil has gone to other sites
to have his poorest and sour harvest bites
he can never bully you anymore
when you left the site, who's turn was it then?
I do not remember when
but he was chasing me, instead
since I did not break our friendship as he said
what the hell does he think he is
he is sowing enmyship, that's why God gives him no bliss
since you fled to the flourishing life you now lead
he, the hysterical man had no grip on me, his insane head
was broken, not his heart, as a token of his being terribly mad
you have your utmost glee eversince, dear Seema
I have mine too, I never left, not one minute
I am not afraid, not one minute, dear Seema, that's it!

Happy BirthDay together with Indonesia, and Many Happy Returns
Of The Day: the 17th August 2018

P.S. I do not know whether the mad man, your bullier, is still alive or not, if you
wish to know, please ask the Lord. Perhaps for this poor person got a silent
burial, that's all I know, that's all.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Happy Dutch Fathersday!

Madames et Messieurs
wishing you all a Happy Dutch FathersDay
on this Greatest Blessing Sunday
the Lord´s Great Love in All His Ways
no more sweeter words
singing, cheering of the chatting birds
just remember God´s Words
Only Love, Love and Love
to all fathers in the world
from God Above....

AD Dutch FathersDay Sunday 17 June 2018
Dutch Poetess, Evangelist, World Traveler

Sylvia Frances Chan
Happy Valentine’s Day

This Card I sent to you:
To the PoemHunter Team,
and all the Poets on PoemHunter
here, and in India and around the Globe

IF I may, I will tell it my way
HAPPIEST VALENTINE TODAY!
enjoy life as it comes and go your way

with a sensible heart
and an emotional soul
i remained through all the years
wealthy-healthy-prosperous whole
spiritually viewed into my inside

i am not proclaiming earthly wealth
on the contrary, my ancestors found a lap of ground
by Gods guidance, they kneeled down
and thanked Him gratefully, ever since they settled down,
with rice, they changed their noodles

through this line, many dynasties behind
i still thank Him with praise and in mind
for each smallest thing about health in body and mind
i must admit I felt blessed that God is so kind
full of love and forgiving
this I cannot utter decently, only by humming
the most beautiful song self-chosen as Solomon did
and give praises, by singing is for me too much grit
since I can not sing, only humming softly

This is the way I wish to say to the dear PoemHunter Team
and to my dear Poet friends around this Globe
HAPPY VALENTINE´s DAY,
And all PoemHunter readers around the Globe
come what may never forget Love gives Hope!
Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: "This simple Heart I bought in Rome-Napoli during the Norwegian Epic Cruise;"

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

Happy Valentine, baby! AD. the 14th of February 2018-
Sharpest cold, brightest sunny weather, keep skating in PyeongChang
The Olympic Games in South Korea 2018.
@ 12.28 hrs. P.M. West-European-Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Happy Women’s Day!

Today is not Friday the thirteenth
but Thursday the 8th of March
not yet April
but March will stir his tail still

Women's Day, what a weak name
we thought it brings us fame
not noticed in years
the bullet went through the church, so many tears

I like to sit right, but not in the car
if I have to pose for a passport photo
well ladies around the world
sit straight or only right or left for the photo
with just sincere soul

wishing you a cozy Women’s Day
the rains though smallest drops
make today a miserable Women's Day

the bright sun has disappeared
OK wishing you all nice ginger cookies
and drinking tea together
do not forget grandmother's apple pie
don’t bother
brother!

my premier poem about Women’s Day
yes they accept the lesbian and the gay
the transgender must stay at bay
their problem could be discussed
in the next generation, what a fuss!

AD. Thursday 8 March 2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
Have You Ever In Your Life Summoned The Morning....?

I wanna discuss the case of Job a tiny bit, thank you.
Job 38: 12-27
Have you ever in your life summoned the morning....?

God further pours out his questions.
Has Job ever called forth the daylight?

The light that works like a large garment
that is picked up by God at the corners.
The crooks who do their work at night
are shaken off the earth.

In the light, the earth becomes like clay.
All things are clearly printed
and dark figures are powerless.

What does Job know about the limits of the world?
Does he know the depth of the oceans?

Has he seen the gates of death?
Does he know anything about the width of the earth?

And where does the light live somewhere,
where the darkness?

"Job has to know that, after all, he is already so old?" God says ironically.

The higher elements are also discussed.
Where are hail and snow stored?
From where does the lightning divide?
Where from is the east wind blowing over the earth?

Yes, what does a person actually imagine?
©Sylvia Frances Chan
Poetess, Evangelist.

A.D. Friday the 26th of October 2018 -
@ 8.16 hrs A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Hello Friend....

Happened to see a poet site
happened to see this worldwide
in fact, that's all I need
yet it does not give much speed
to me, to go on or to stop
am afraid it would be a flop
my alter ego does not react
why must my thoughts always be a fact?
now that I have got a friend or two
first I'll begin with How do you do?
then how many poems have you gathered
are they all filled with your lives battered
no mam, I have rather a happy childhood
no not that kind, mam, knock on wood
tell me, what is it then, how and what age?
wait mam, I'll be honest
was like a bird in a golden cage....

This Poem belongs to a Collection of Poems:
"Inside the Heart"....from 2013.
Design by Sylvia Frances Chan

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Saturday the 16th of March 2013

Sylvia Frances Chan
Hello Me....

Walking again
in evening dusk
it is a must

walking through immense wonders
poetry sites, poetry homes, and all the poetry wonders
need to walk this evening bright
see the afterglow in the ditch alright

greet Hello Poetry and Hello Friend
walking through this immense land
who will I meet, who shall I greet?
where what and when I'll tweet

in all poetry homes, I have been
not really many sites I have seen
sad sound, mad sound, all insane
hellooooo, oh no, not that again!

walking through this endless land
looking for the right poetry man
afraid I must give up this time
no, not again poetry sublime

the evening dusk lasts nights long
what was that song, what had gone wrong
must I do this walk or not...?
irgendwo I have a friend, but forgot

in this endless meadowland
just see a tit-bit of the gland
where is that ditch from far a stitch
with enough water and which
this is the source of health

finding it, oh what a wealth!
the afterglow is still the same
where is that source, is this a game?
oh, there at quite a distance
I can see with no resistance

oh so sorry, that man has run away
so, no poetry man this way
but where is the source now
clear crystal water with that glow

oh look, the source...wow!
surely I'll find that bestimmt now
approaching the ditch that clear water
I hope it shall not alter
anymore into red water

bow myself into the deepness
and see the beauty of thy clearness
wow, clear crystal source
I see someone, please don't force

oh...hello....no one.....is it?
oh hello....feel so stupid
there is someone, it is Sylvie
now you know it, it's Hello me...

This poem belongs to a Collection of Poems:
"Inside The Heart"...
Photography of the Painting by Sylvia Frances Chan
The Painting: "Sunrays' Brightness";

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Saturday the 13th of April 2013
@22.31 hrs p.m.-

Sylvia Frances Chan
Hello Poetry

Hello Friend
or just Hello me...
Is there anyone at home?
Or am I alone with my own shadow?
No one in here
eerie atmosphere
I am at ease dear
no worries, no fear
for the first time
yes it is prime
alone in the Lion's hole
take care I remain whole

This poem belongs to a Collection of Poems from:
"Inside the Heart" from 2013

© Sylvia Frances Chan
wednesday 13-03-13
@3.13 hrs a.m.-

Sylvia Frances Chan
Hello....

THE MESSAGE:
Hello my dear
nice meeting you
am Nancy andrew
how are you doing
please i will like to
have a chat with you
true my email (nancyandrew12@)
if you dont mild

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

MY RESPONSE:
Hello dear Nancy.
before I will see gold and glitter again
I wanna say to you the refrain
I am not in the state
I am devastated
Before you came here,
Please read your message above
So many smallest mistakes
Andrew is with a capital letter, no?
And it is not"true"quot; true&quot; my email,
It is THROUGH my e-mail.
Last but not least:
if you don´t mind, your last line above

I wanna ask YOU, dear Nancy,
Why so many people from Senegal or Nigeria
Are writing to me: to Sylvia?
I wonder and feel flattered
But I am afraid I´ll be battered

So please, I do not wish to write an e-mail at all
Please be not angry, you will stand tall

You are not the first one
The rest have long gone
We are writing poetry
At least I try to create sheer poetry
You have no poems, I’ve seen NONE
The rest with the same arguments
They have long GONE....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Sylvia Frances Chan
Her Name Is

Her name is
My sweetheart told me to call her
I have never ever
done this today I picked up the phone
to call her on my very own

my heart started bumping on and on
my lips were trembling, my balance gone
at the other side of the world came
her voice soft and lovely...wished knew her name...

© Sylvia Frances Chan
copyright Wed 21 Sep 2011 - 1.20 hrs
All Rights Reserved

Sylvia Frances Chan
Herinneringen Aan Het Heden....

Terwijl ik over de rivier loop
Terwijl ik in de buurt van de zee loop
Terwijl ik door de tuinen loop
Terwijl ik hier naar me toe loop

Welk uitzicht in de buurt van de verrukking van de zijrivier?
Wat een genot van de zee, ma douce amie?
Welke schoonheid in miljoenen rozen zonder bloemblaadjes
Wat een sensatie in een milliarden kus zonder streling

Toen ik van de rivier liep
Toen ik van de zee liep
Toen ik uit de tuinen liep
Terwijl ik hier recht naar binnen loop

Mijn hart springt op!
Net als Hemel's Paradijs
Dit is niet het uitzicht van een Wijze Vrouw
Zoveel Zoete Zorg, het is een wonderbaarlijk Zegen

Toen ik het vervelende uitzicht van de rivier uit het oog verloor
Toen ik het zere zicht van de zee verloor
Toen ik de vreselijke vreugde van de tuin verloor
Toen ik dichterbij kwam

Zoveel briljante gezichten
Rozen zijn zo mooi... doornloos
Slechts één enkele geest vol liefkozing
Weten dat je een hemelse zegen bent,
Meer maar nooit minder

Toen ik de rivier afliep
Terwijl ik in de buurt van de zee liep
Terwijl ik door de tuinen liep
Zoals ik ben nu hier in mijn diepste zelf

Ik heb mijn innerlijke Soul Mate gevonden
Ik heb mijn Dieper mij gevonden
Ik heb alle vertrouwen gevonden die ik kan delen
Het is echt, het moet zo zijn, het is 'n hemels welzijn

Sylvia Frances Chan
Het Reuzenrad Deel 1

De Seizoenen van de Dag:
HET REUZENRAD
Deel Nacht

De Nacht
middernacht
zo koud als
een bevroren hart
zonder een grijntje maanlicht
van start
wiens bevroren hart
de middernacht
zo donker als wat
tasten in het duister
niet erg smart
dit versje neergezet
een pak van m'n hart

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Zaterdag 25 augustus 2018
@ 6.18 uur VM West-Eur. Tijd

Sylvia Frances Chan
Het Reuzenrad Deel 2

De Seizoenen van de Dag:
HET REUZENRAD

Deel Ochtend

De ochtendgloren
zo gezond als bruinvolkoren
zo kwiekt als een hoentje
verkwikkend als de eerste dauw
op je snoetje

Oh jeetje
de kleur, niet de geur
zo rustig groen als smaragd
ben ik veracht?
nee, liefje, ge zit heel hoog veracht
gestegen op de ladder van vanacht

Mijn ochtendgloren
ik heb je uitverkoren
als de lieveling van de gans nacht
ik aanbid je, ik tenimmer veracht
Je
mijn ochtendkuur op dit prille uur
tenimmer een ochtend hameur
tenimmer gekend
wellicht, bij de meesten is dat zo

Ik heb bekend
mijn ganse leven steeds verwend
tja, als je liefde geeft
krijgt je ze met bakken terug
ik bedoel hier:
geld groeit niet op mijn rug
ik heb het over slechts de liefde
het mentale deel
alle besteedde liefde
krijg je zeker terug
Hoe ik dit alles weet?
en niets vergeet?
voordat de dag door mij wordt besteed
leg ik in alle eerbied en plicht
met de juiste gekozen woorden
de handen saam gevouwen
aan God gericht
mijn zonden opgebiecht
mijn dankgebed voor alle zegeningen
die ik van God heb verkregen
de Enige die mij ten volle
en zuiver liefheeft
God IS Liefde
als je niet meer verder kan
en je zwicht
leg dan alle juk en zonden
aan Zijn Voeten neer
voor Zijn Aangezicht

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Zaterdag 25 augustus 2018
@ 6.18 uur VM West-Eur. Tijd

Sylvia Frances Chan
Het Reuzenrad Deel 3

De Seizoenen van de Dag:

HET REUZENRAD

Middag - Namiddag

De Middag - Namiddag
Na de verkikkende
en heldere ochtend
komt de warme lauwe middag
en daarna
je bent alweer halverwege
de aanstaande nacht
maar breng rustig en lustig de middag
en de namiddag
ff door met het oog op morgen
je weet dat elke dag brengt wel wat zorgen
tenslotte ben ik maar een mens
tuurlijk met wat temperament
de lunch soms ook de brunch
twee boterhammen volkoren
soms één pannenkoek erbij
wat boter er op en kersen gele
na de oude boerenkaas er op
maar wat een strop
als de kaas op is
dan maar choco crème
of Ardennerpeperpaté
hoeree!

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Zaterdag 25 augustus 2018
@ 6.18 uur VM West-Eur. Tijd

Sylvia Frances Chan
De Seizoenen van de Dag:
HET REUZENRAD
Schemering

De Schemering
Ach, ach alweer de komende schemering
het blijft toch wel een vervelend ding
dat je de lichten aan moet steken
sommigen gewoon op het knopje drukken
het avond eten staat al klaar
want om kwart over zes is ie klaar
nee, niet dat burgerlijke zes uur
wij dineren steevast vanaf half zeven
of zeven uur
nee nooit toetjes allemaal zo zoetjes
choco ijsje van Cornetto
tja, het is allemaal maar zo-zo
in de namiddag hebben we vaak high-tea gehad
dat is weer gewoontjes geworden
terwijl we voordurend zitten op ons gat
na de Cornetto, nee, niet zo-zo
maar holadiejee-hoo
eerst bij achtten naar het TV Journaal
dat gaat niet steeds over het land van Maas en Waal
nu gaat dat over kinderlokkers
door dezelfde kinderfokkers
soms met hun eigen kinders
vaker met andermans kinderen
och-och wat een afwijkingen allemaal
lieve God, waar moet dit heen?
met dezelfde geslacht te trouwen
het zal niemand nimmermeer berouwen
dan willen ze er ook nog een kind erbij
nee, lieve God, het hoeft allemaal niet, voor mij

laat me liever Oma zijn
voor mijn liefste Vinh
mijn eerste kleinkind
dat op vier Juli is geboren
van jaar twee-nul-zeventien
nen, niet in de USA
maar in Nederland, hoerree!

hij ging met zijn ouders mee
naar het verre Ghana land heel ver overzee
zijn moeder had daar een taak
en mijn zoon, zijn vader paste op hem heel vaak
na zeven maanden is Vinh nu weer terug
jongstleden 4 juli net een jaar
dat heeft hij met zijn ouders
in Berekum gevierd zowaar
daar is ook The Holy Family Hospital
een goede voortzetting van het drietal
vanuit Nederland met de Defender
alles voor Vinh kan in de auto, ook zijn blender
maar halverwege Marokko in Casablanca
werd de subtropishe zon te heet voor hem
zijn pa zette hem met moeder op het vliegtuig
tot Guinee-Bissau
en samen gingen ze met de Landrover-Defender
van Conakry weer verder
naar het land ernaast dat Ghana heet
maar wat een afstand als je dat zo meet
van Nederland tot Ghana land
en zo tropisch heet

ik was in de Schemering gebleven bij de Cornetto
nu dwaal ik weer af, tja je vind het maar zo-zo,
een beetje maf
dan sta je paf
gelukkig niet echt maf
en ook niet terug bij AF
na dit event ga ik maffen
nee, dat zijn geen straffen
gewoon naar bed gaan om te slapen
als ik al zovele keren moet gaan gapen
en de deuren hoor ik trillen door de wind
ach, het wordt weer zo laat, mijn lieve kind
ja heus, het gaat me echt vaak voor de wind....
Honesty

Honesty....
Oh Lord, you don't know
something happened here
not for the good, I'm sure
why don't you say anything?
no words, no sighs, no kisses
oh Lord, there is something misses

People, always thinking of their truth
people, always whispering it for sure
people, always persuading with their loath
their truth is The Big Lie to lure

Oh Lord, you don't know yet
I oftentimes seem to forget
to ask you, why do all these happen?
make me shy worthwhile to be rappen
they tell me it's the truth and nothing but the truth, never lies
my Lord, YOU knew it well, their truth is their own lies...

Photography by ©Furbey: "Casablanca near the Ocean"

Sylvia Frances Chan© copyright Sun Aug 21 - 2011 - All Rights Reserved

Sylvia Frances Chan
HOPE....
Gives sufferings in life disappear and tender lovings in life coming
Makes our poor and sick life be healthy again
Makes our broken heart get new impulse again
Makes our life have a future again
a healthy future
gives our life happy healthy sane wheels again
to have the ability to roll on again
to a better fine and happy future
to be able to have perpetually light
no more darkness again
gives us the choice to live in the lighted parts of life
the ability to give thanks praise and prayers
to the one, we are most grateful to.

Pipi
©Sylvia Frances Chan
dutch poetess, evangelist who resides in Jakarta-Indonesia
and in Amsterdam-The Netherlands
AD. Tuesday 2 October 2018
@ 9.06 hrs AM West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Houd Van Deze Liefde.... Eindeloos....

Als ik in de tongen van mensen of engelen spreek, maar geen liefde heb,
Ik ben slechts een klinkende gong of een rinkelende cimbaal.

Als ik de gave van profetie heb en alle mysteries en alle kennis kan doorgronden,
en
als ik een geloof heb dat bergen kan verzetten,
maar heb geen liefde, ik ben niets.

Als ik alles wat ik bezit aan de armen geef en mijn lichaam aan ontberingen
overdraag die ik mag opscheppen, maar geen liefde heb, win ik niets.

Liefde is geduldig liefde is aardig.
Het is niet jaloers, het is niet trots, het is niet trots.
Het schendt anderen niet, het is niet zelfzuchtig,
het is niet gemakkelijk boos,
het houdt geen fouten bij.

Liefde verheugt zich niet in het kwaad, maar verheugt zich over de waarheid.
Het beschermt altijd, vertrouwt altijd,
altijd hoopt, altijd volhardt.

Liefde faalt nooit.
Maar waar er profetieën zijn, zullen zij ophouden;
waar tongen zijn, zullen ze worden stilgelegd;
waar kennis is, zal het voorbijgaan.

Want wij weten ten dele en wij profeteren ten dele,
maar wanneer de volledigheid komt, verdwijnt wat gedeeltelijk.

Toen ik een kind was, sprak ik als een kind,
Ik dacht als een kind, redeneerde ik als een kind.
Toen ik een man werd, heb ik de kindertijd achter me gelaten.

Want nu zien we alleen een weerspiegeling als in een spiegel;
dan zullen we van aangezicht tot aangezicht zien.

Nu weet ik ten dele; dan zal ik volledig weten,
zelfs als ik volledig bekend ben.
En nu blijven deze drie: 
Geloof hoop en liefde. 
maar de grootste hiervan is LIEFDE....

Fotografie door Sylvia Frances Chan- "Voor het Vaticaan, ROME" 
Zoals verteld op SUNDAY in MEDIUM Journal 
@ 21.22 uur West-Europese tijd -AD.29 oktober 2017 
Van 1 Korinthis 1-13. Lieke Tuender is 2 jaar geworden. 
©Sylvia Frances Chan

Sylvia Frances Chan
Hunger And Saturation....

Closest to hunger now
far from deprived saturation
honestly true absurd
after I have observed

the many many miraculous and magical occurrences
they are oft sensational appearances
but also very sensuous
especially concerning
the true colors on my palette

as I have seen them while looking at the paintings
tremendous layers of colors as in heaven
and the hues have not changed
my life long are my palette and my paintings

exactly alike my pen-ink-paper for me

the heartbeat of my existence
but I am sinning again right now
if i do not mention God above these and us all

my instant call
not through the iPhone to my beloved

instead my humble praying
to the Lord Almighty

this is my tremendous creed
from my Holy Bible read

a variety of the most valuable confessions
as I only dare to tell to the Only God ´bout my obsessions
to the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob
to the God of my belief....

beloved, listen
be not deaf....
Sylvia Frances Chan

© Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Saturday the fourth of August 2018
@ 18.44 hrs PM West-European Time
Black Saturday in France.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Hurry-Hurry-Hurry

Hurry-hurry-hurry...
Hurry is the word I hate
hasten I dislike
everyone is always running, is this our fate
no one walks like a decent pike,

what a mess what a sorrow!
Why can't they do more peaceful
do it calm, do today not tomorrow
please be patient, to you all I'll be thankful

They say: Time is money
is it: No time so no money?
Or: I have no money, so am I in a hurry?
or: plenty of money, I take my time, honey

Hurry-hurry-hurry I hate
money-money-money is my fate
then slowly-slowly-slowly
under a huge pile of money

Hurry is the word I hate
hasten I dislike
now you need not walk and hurry it's late
please for God's sake, take a decent bike

© Sylvia Frances Chan
copyright Mon Sep 19 - 2011 at 23.18 hrs -
All Rights Reserve

Published September 19,2011

Sylvia Frances Chan
I Am Still....

If the Lord has never been in my life
dare I to face still that greatest strife?
will I be still the bottom of your bed
upon which you had the heaviest suffering being sad

can I still uphold the shoulders of your deep sadness?
am I still be so strong to be
the embodiment of your life
the wrapped arms of your burden
the warmth of your coldness
the breath of your sighs

am I really be able to be
the atmosphere
when you are near
to be living again
then

will I have still the voice and power
to sing my song for you
just for you with that refrain
in the midst of night again?

will I still be able to sing
so that you'll not be so sad again?

the situations were hopeless, baby
the monsoon was on its peak
the rivers were overflowing, maybe
you did not know, but
hunger was everywhere

now I'll tell you the truth, my love
and nothing but the truth
indeed the Lord was and still IS in my life
during my entire life in all my strife

baby, I'll read you that poetry sublime
about the poet who writes about food
he'd never be hungry again
he'd never have to grind
to break or crush the nuts

yes, the Lord is still in my life
I've got the richest blessings during my strife
so I can assure you, baby
that
I am still the bottom of your bed
the handle of your doors
the candle of your fires
I am still.............

the embodiment of your desires....

be blessed, my dear
the Lord is still with me and thee
miracles still are, they haven't gone
just pray, and praise Him as The Only One....

Card especially designed for YOU.

© SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN-

AD. Friday the 15th February 2019-
@ 16.32 hrs. P.M. West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
I Feel You In My Heart

I feel YOU in MY HEART

What's going on now?
What's going on here?
What's going on in my mind?
What's going on in my heart?
What is going on inside?
What is going on deep in my heart

Deep inside myself
Though been adult, lots of experiences
This small click deep inside
Unknown to me, no address, no e-mail
I pray the Lord how come?
I ask Him how get rid of it?

I beg Him to listen to me
He always replies
He always listens
He always talks about Love
He always walks beside me
He always takes me by His Hand

But sometimes I cannot see Him
That's the point
Sometimes I cannot hear Him
That's the point
Sometimes I cannot feel Him
That's the point
But I still love Him,
because when I need Him,
He is always next to me
to lead me to a better Land
to a better Place
To a Better Future
In a place called Paradise
Where?
Just at the spot where I am
God is I am
Our Lord is I am
Inside me, around me
He resides in my heart
Deep inside me
I am thankful for that
Thankful for His precious Gift
The Gift of Memory and many others
The gift of inside peace.........

Written on Monday 25th June 2007=
by ©Sylvia Frances Chan©copyright Sat Aug 20- 2011 - All Rights Reserved -
NOTE: One of the 14 poems found back again, more poems were lost, because of
Mr. Ely Howard, the editor of the famous Poetry. Com sold the Poem site to Lulu.
Com, sent back by Mrs. Judy Lynn, chief
editor of Who's Who in Poetry International. She published an anthology and she
asked me to write a brand new poem to be published in Who's Who in Poetry
International 2012 Nov as an Anthology.

Sylvia Frances Chan
De zon tovert gouden stralen in mijn venster
dezelfde warmte voelt aangenaam
die warmte gaat rechtstreeks door mijn raam
het voelt och so aangenaam

ik vraag me af, wat is je naam?
tuurlijk de zon, OK, geen blaam
ik vroeg slechts naar je naam
als je het niet wilt zeggen, OK, geen blaam.

Denk even in hoevele stralen
moet hij vergaren
om mij door deze aangename te laten koesteren
verwend voor zero cent, te baden in dit licht.

Ik ben nog jong, k´heb nog geen jicht
maar deze stralen met zoveel licht
is extra luxe voor mijn gewricht
elke dag verschijnt de zon
ik heb er nooit naar gekeken, ik kon
tenimmer woord van dank vinden
tenimmer heb ik gewaardeerd,
ook zomer´s niet onder de linden
ik kon alleen maar last in vinden
in dat opdringerige licht.

plots herinner ik me, destijds in de auto
´k was net terug voor een foto
via Schiphol ging dat en mien man gelijk opgehaald
was door de zon bijna verdwaald
ik zat intens te genieten van de warme stralen
slechts te genieten maar niet gewaardeerd

en nu voel ik me door zijn komst volledig vereerd
dagenlang druilerig weer,
wekenlang nooit verschenen
alles dampig, koud en verkleumd,
het is november aan mijn benen 

en november zegt alles over kilste dagen
ik moet bekennen, ik heb wel gebeden
dat het zonnig wordt op mijn verjaardag
onmogelijk zegt de heer des huizes
hij is niet God, here Jezus of Mozes

ik stond vroeg op, de stofzuiger ten top
spoedig voelde ik de stralen door de kieren
´k wilde niet geloven, heuse zonnegloren
ik gevoelde mij zo uitverkoren
ik kon mijn eigen hartslag horen
ik naastig eerst ontbijten met volkoren

ik getuig nu van God ´s Wonder
dat er zoveel zonnelicht is op mijn verjaardag
het leek niet mogelijk na al die ijzig natte dagen
maar God heeft mijn gebed toch verhoord
in Zijn tijd en wanneer Hij dat correct vindt
ik gevoel mij zo door God bemind
alle tijden alle dagen
zijn Zijne Zegeningen steeds gekomen in mijn wagen
voller en voller beladen, maar kan altijd nog
Zijn Zegenen erbie
en deze wagen gaat bij lange na nog niet vervagen

zulke lange drulerige dagen
precies één dag volle zon
op mijn verjaardag zoveel het maar kon
de volgende morgen weer moeson regens hier
ik had er van genoten met groot plezier
dank U Heer voor dit vertier

precies op mijn verjaardag, ´k ben zo blij als weer ´n kind
volwassen gegroeid maar steeds bemind
dank U God voor dit wonder
U zij dank en glorie, U alleen die ik bewonder

ik herhaal wederom U gaf mij de zon op mijn verjaardag
grootste dankbaarheid van mijn kant naar U gericht
het was een grootse verjaardag met zoveel licht
Dank U God, mijn gebed verhoord, U bent Het Licht....

vandaag is het al één dag verder, zelfs twee dagen
de zware regens zullen nog niet vervagen
maar toch dank ik elke dag de Heer
voor alle soorten weer....

© SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN

Copyright Protected
AD.24 November 2017-
Black Friday @11.11 hrs a.m.
West-European Timezone

Sylvia Frances Chan
Iets Mis....

Er ging iets mis met mij
waardoor ik de wereld heb verloren
God heeft mij uitverkoren via mijn lieve moeder
om Zijn boodschap in de wereld te bekoren

Er ging iets mis in mij
waardoor ik de liefde heb verloren
zovele nachten in het koude bed te woelen
zoveel gepeins, maar te nimmer geveinsd

ik ben nog steeds fanatiek in schaken
ik kan niet naaien, breien of haken
maar de liefde die ik had gevonden
was niet meer zoals die geweest was

Kijk eens naar de nachtegaal
die zingt op elke tijd zijn lied
de haan kraait ook al op het verkeerde uur
de godganse dag, maar niet meer puur natuur
dat beest weet drommels goed,
dat Jezus al verrezen is!

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch Poetess
21st of August 2018-Tuesday

Sylvia Frances Chan
If I Talk About The Holy Scriptures....

In the consciousness of his own human weakness, the apostle Paul writes to his beloved brothers and sisters in the faith in Corinth:

“For I had not decided to know anything among you, but Jesus Christ and them crucified.” [1Corinthia 2: 2]

We want this to be the content of our proclamation through the articles:

JESUS CHRIST
And all this to the honour and glorification of our great GOD.

We want to make the utmost priority for the very personal faith life of everyone.

Next comes the influence on marriage and family, community and society.

May the Lord give that the articles will help many in the faith.

Faith
does not mean

it hath a feeling, a certain opinion or good arguments.

Faith means:
Take God at His word!
Amen.

While walking the path to the Day He would ascend to Heaven.... Ascension Day commemorates Jesus's ascension to heaven as we can read in the Bible, and is celebrated 40 days after Easter. It is always on a Thursday.
Next 10th of May, Thursday is Ascension Day.

© Sylvia Frances Chan

Dutch Poetess
Evangelist
World Traveler
AD. Friday the 6th of April 2018
@ 15.52 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
If Senses Are Allowed To Speak Aloud....

IF senses are allowed to speak aloud....
deeply inside she, is sweetly rhyming:

every poem brings guts galore
when you´ll seriously explore
but get little credit
when you live on a deposit

that´s why please compose
never ever take a pose
composited only of petals of a rose
and of course, you´ll get your dose
please, don´t oppose

never try to whisper
yonder may break the thunder
just speak slowly and clear
I am sure you´ll have nothing to fear

compose, compare and create
this verse would not be obsolete
sure, this is modern and up-to-date
was this my last advice of the rate?

are you sure not suffering from Alzheimer?
what´s that, something like the Dutch Eigenheimer?
please, don´t be stupid or so
that piece of dutch is smarter than you,
it is original, a true Dutch potato

ev´ry poem brings whole and glory
when you seriously tell your story
and gets grand applause
when you live kind without much rouse

these two last lines above do not rhyme well
your truthful poetess has only these to tell
she´s going to sell all her poems neatly tied
all her words together in one cell-phone so right
I almost forgot to tell you
the UK already published two
beautiful green glossy poem-books
they are loveliest colored, have emerald-looks

that was before the Brexit came
at present all the UK sales are lame
but sure the reign of Theresa M. makes no fame
now these cute poem-books are like loveliest paintings without a frame

Did you say, Teresa? Teresa what? ! Teresa May? ?
on the contrary, hon, I did say Theresa May
what you asked me was that famous London whore
this one is the Prime Minister from genuine English shore
oh my dear, come to hither, come what may.

Glossy photography by Sylvia Frances Chan:
"Poem-book Emeralds Green"- Xlibris-UK-.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Monday, the 26th of February 2018-
@ 11.46 hrs.A.M. West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Ik Ben Jouw Baby, Mamma

Ik ben je baby, Mama

ik ben je baby, Mama
ik ben niet naar mijn eigen moeder gekomen
Gods engelen vlogen naar je baarmoeder
van de machtige hemel
en plaatsten mij in jouw heilige schoot

ik ben niet naar mijn eigen moeder gekomen,
God wilde het zo.

ik was zo blij in mijn nieuwe grot van liefde,
in je heilige baarmoeder
en sliep daar vredig
de Engelen keken toe
ze baden
om me in alle tijden veilig te houden
totdat ik op de aarde geboren zal worden

ze oefenden hemelse geboorte-liederen
om te spelen op hun gouden harpen op mijn verjaardag

toen ik in je baarmoeder sliep
kwamen de Engelen naar mij toe
je wist het niet, mijn lieve moeder

ik was blij om geboren te worden
als je geliefde kind

ik wilde glimlachen
ik wilde zingen
ik wilde spelen
ik wilde je moedermelk opzuigen
tot je tevreden was.

ik wilde de glimlach op je gezicht zien
wanneer ik al je melk van je liefhebbende borsten
opgezogen heb

dat waren mijn dromen in je baarmoeder, Ma.
Maar op een wrede dag
heb je besloten me te vermoorden

De duivels in de Hades
hebben gehoord over uw beslissing
ze brachten de luidste trommel
gespeeld in de duivelse ritmes
alle duivels kwamen samen
kwamen en dansten in cirkels
springen en zingen
ze dansten in lijnen
ze dansten in cirkels
ze dansten op de tenen
ze dansten op hun hoofden
ze zongen de wildste nummers
en de duivelsdrummers speelden
de hele hel was blij
dat je hebt besloten me te vermoorden.

Weet je hoeveel ik huilde?
weet je hoeveel engelen huilden?
weet je hoe de hele hemel huilde
op mijn sterfdag in jouw heilige baarmoeder?

Een moment voordat ik wreed vermoord werd
zag ik de Almachtige God hulpeloos huilen.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Ik Heb God Lief....

oh oh...
mijn schuld
doe je niet
vandaag
en het minst
lieve
Het is makkelijk voor mij

ik hou van de rust en de waardigheid van het leven,
en genot
ik geniet van God

dat
genoegen

Ik heb God lief....

Martin Luther was born today
AD.31 October 2018-
@ 10.10 hrs. A.M. West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Ik Wens Je Een Heel Gelukkige Verjaardag, Mijn Lieve Iréne....

Ik wens je een heel gelukkige verjaardag, mijn lieve Iréne
vandaag op zondag, de grootste zegeningen speciaal voor jou
van mijn hart naar de jouwe in Frankrijk
dezelfde wensen toegevoegd met parfum en geur
vandaag, weet dat ik aan je denk

Ik heb Gods verbazingwekkende zegeningen in je leven gezien
je wens om drie zonen te hebben, dat was geen probleem, dat weet je
omdat God constant aanwezig is in jouw leven

Ik voel me gezegend dat je me je voorbeeld hebt gemaakt
maar weet dat ik niet zo ruim ben,
klein niet zo groot als je hebt gedacht
om je voorbeeld te zijn

het gelukkigst ben ik toen ik zag dat je van mijn verzen hield
dezelfde woorden zijn vandaag voor jou als mijn wensen
geniet van deze dag en weet het
dat God altijd het dichtst bij je is

Weet dat deze wensen vandaag voor jou zijn bedoeld
mijn liefste Iréne, geniet vandaag nog van je geboortedag op Gods dag....

je toegevenegen
tante Sylvie
Nederland

© Sylvia Frances Chan

Zondag 16 juni 2019-
om 9.10 uur ben ik onze tijd

Sylvia Frances Chan
Immortality

A most tender verse, beautifully worded,
if human has survived the mortal rituals

and would possibly go over quietly to infinity,
then a human shall enjoy immortality

and would await that future
with greatest love, patience and nurture.

Then celebrations would be there, my Lord Eminence,
awaiting at Thy divine residence....

Sylvia Frances Chan
I had a poem this morn 
not on my blanco sheet 
all of a sudden my heart was torn 
that poem has gone using its feet 

now my mind deteriorates 
the problems culminate 
where was he, my poem-to-be? 
had he chosen another shelter, maybe? 

that blanco paper of me, sans golden lining 
he could not stand being imprisoned by me 
i the poetess sans muse, sans visible steady timing 
he wished to be used instantly 

I had a poem this morn 
i feel so wretched and forlorn 
my poem had chosen the pedestrian way 
to make me clear, he wants to be used fully ev'ry day.... 

©Sylvia Frances Chan 

A.D. Friday the 9th of November 2018 
@ 12.22 hrs. P.M. West-European Time 

Sylvia Frances Chan
Important Soliloquy....

Important soliloquy
It said

Meri Chotisi....

I knew what that meant,
you learned me
these two words
remember?

A Beautiful Compliment From You

I read this most enthralling write
several times,
really a heavenly treat to read
your well chosen words.

That poetry?
as ifI could follow the choice of your words
how you chose them
they felt so close
so familiar.

As if I were there with you
in your lovely skyblue laptop
your lovely words so well known to me
you had been constantly on the top
of our unforgettable
intellectual poem site
I was constantly with you
remember?

the magical sphere you conjured

the big difference was

I was just a guest in your poeticalhome
you were the one who created,
I loved watching your words came to a form
and in the end you closed the poet 'scyclus gate

our minds did resonate

loved so much having watched
how your profound poems came to exist
that was God's Bliss
I did not wish to miss

I would never forget the two words you taught me:
Meri Chotisi....
I knew what that meant
I knew you still remember,
thank you so much
from your meri chotisi
Sylvie

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Thursday the 15th of November 2018
@ 5.55 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
In A Nutshell....

FOR MY ONLY TRUE LOVE- - - - - IN A NUTSHELL- - - - - - - 

The beginning

Eventide’s shadows
fall upon his face
calm but distraught
our resemblances are doing well
on this side of paradise
the tropical sun often shines brightly
unwise

Our love

his dark, serious eyes
talk the law of the wise
amidst the screaming crowd
in our previous super mega city
the background of a new election
the start of new corruption
in decibles that chant and shout
my whole existence out

Clear clouds

watching him
in tropical paradise to the brim
while scorching my skin
for the deepest emotions
I will carry it in my heart
my true love's part
my fair share
in our mutual love affair

Mutual
is our passion too
for art and anthropology
of our wet super mega city full of woe
and pushes our soft senses;
plays with chivalry
they say our moist super mega city will drown
certainly, but not of its own

Drama

our intense walks
on roads so empty
eventide so cool
caress the love bond so beautiful
so powerful and full glee
that travels constantly
with us in time
hasty, hasty, hello
within our time
two likes and dislikes
one hopeless love
two strong shadows
are loyally following us

Let

these days drip now
slow, like you now-a-days
our pure love is like a vehicle
that undergoes the test of time
the forbidden praise
of our iron base

God

in joyful state of ecstasy
in passionate gathering of love
together we will always be
the loved couple worships God above
Fly

in my life as he did
at great eventid
life is never the same
without his sparkling sparkling eyes
my eternal undying flame....

NOTE:
eventid = eventide = early evening

Created with great admiration and loving care
for my only true love after God above,
Sylvie

- - - - - - - - LOVING YOU PERPETUALLY- - - - - - - -

Sylvia Frances Chan
In Love Again....

I don´t know since when
I have fallen in love again
you may ask the mockingbird or the Wren
if you´ll ask me, I really don´t know since when

You can ask the moon and her stars
at nighttime, during the day they make wars
even after dawn you may ask the sun and its rays
oh, you know yourself there´re myriad of ways

I regard to time and place as not important
I know too well you are human, not a mutant
this falling in love again, occurred by no accident
that´s why I truly know the importance

I have sent you loveliest words ever
you can nowhere find to refer
you may have noticed who I prefer
to choose as my beloved one I´ll never sever....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

poetess, evangelist, world traveler
and many many more....
day 9th December 2017
@ 3.48  West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
In My Father ' S House....

JOHN 14: 2

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. KING JAMES BIBLE

A very short Text, but one of the most important from The Bible.

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch poetess, Evangelist, World Traveler

AD. Monday the 30 April 2018
@ 5.08 hrs. A.M. West-European Time
hails, rains drizzly but very "stormy" and such hard sounds of hails on the roof.

Sylvia Frances Chan
In The Nearness Of You, Blessings!

Today is Sunday, God's Day, let's now have about bless, Blessing and Blessings....sending to you all, much love and Bliss and all there is....with love, Sylvia Frances Chan.

There is no sorrow that accompanies the blessing of the Lord

Our blessings allow us to bless others

Blessings do not subtract, they multiply

A child of God is a blessed child

The greatest blessings are spiritual blessings

Blessings can come, not in drips, but in downpours

To have Christ is to have every spiritual blessing heaven can give

The blessings of the Lord be upon you all!

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch Poetess

SUNDAY, the 15th of April 2018-
@ 15.56 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
In The Orient....

Lesser sorrow will be tomorrow, my love
never be melancholic
after months of rains
our minds be drained
after weeks of snow
we start to stand in the row
to be the first for the morrow's sun

classically know, darling
the morrow, the morrow
lesser sorrow than the previous day
never look back, it's past time
tomorrow tomorrow
will surely be lesser sorrow
just forget yesterday, that'll never last, anyway
believe me, tomorrow will surely be lesser sorrow

yesterdays we have consumed and suppered
on the day when we suffered

you see, baby, believe me, sweetheart
tomorrow will be lesser sorrow, think smart.

Photography: A small part of the Megacity Jakarta.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Saturday, 15 Sept 2018
Jakarta (South East Asia, The Orient, Indonesia)

Sylvia Frances Chan
Inspiration....

Inspired by Mrs. Juan-Austin's precious and great poem Knowledge 4, I just read:

Knowledge does not make us superior to others,
it must not make us proud,
on the contrary,
knowledge is in all societal layers,
the poor and the rich,
the healthy persons and the disabled,

it must not make us like Adam and Eve
who are ashamed of themselves
after having gained knowledge,
since they want to know more than The Almighty....

©Sylvia Frances Chan  
A.D.- Tuesday the 16th of October 2018 -  
@ 9.16 hrs.A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Inspired By The Lord....

Inspired by The Lord
(Psalm 133: 3)

How pleasant to live in harmony

It feels like the soft breeze upon your brittle cheeks
and the ointment on the head,
caressing down upon the gown,
as the Lord hath shown
over the part of her slender arms
as love just blowing discerning in
and she takes that lovingly
as her blessings fill each looming day

and the gaiety in the hay
oh, cometh what may, cometh what may
each divine day

It is like the dew of Hermon falling on the mountains of Zion
God bestowed upon us ever on and on

Oh, there is love any minute of the day
Cometh what may, cometh what may,

for there the Lord hath shown
the blessing of life forevermore....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Thursday the 23rd of Aug 2018 -
@14.41 hrs. PM-

ADDITION: This Poem is chosen as Member Poem Of The Day on
Wednesday the 29th of August 2018. Immense thanks to PoemHunter and Team,
really the greatest occurrence for my person, thank you, Sirs,
sincerest Sylvia Frances Chan, Dutch Poetess.

Sylvia Frances Chan
This morning I awoke, my dear
too early, I haven't provoked, that's clear
the backdoor opening
realizing the coldest fresh air breathing
a straight light in pink-orange complexion
instantly my paintress' sense full attention
true light colored linings in lightest blue
not a daily nor ordinary view

the radio-news is announcing
Indian summer would come bouncing
wow, my dear, that means many many sun rays
not only on the greatest roadshow to Amsterdam,
but in all smallest and tiniest highways
I love immensely this kind of weather
not too cold but not too hot either
people become friendlier to each other
they have more patience, love and time for elder

you must watch this picturesque scene, my love
such impressive marvelous colors above
I am saddest that you would not be able to watch
the emerald green gets its turn
covered with pink-orange and Auburn
as far as I am concerned,
I took my tassel, colors, canvas and then
I am in heaven and in love again, my friend....

©Sylvia Frances Chan
poetess and paintress

A.D. Saturday 13th Oct 2018 -
@ 14.44 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
International Women's Day....

WOMEN's DAY TODAY
Friday the 8th of March 2019

What day izzit today? Olala, WOMEN's DAY.......? ! !
I cannot say nor shout Hurray!

Since there are still things going on in the world,
that cannot bear the daylight.

Indeed there ARE still myriad subjects, I have to say here.

Our King does not know about these things going on in real life.
he reigns behind his royal desk and listens to his advisors

this Monarch and everywhere in the world is not absolute anymore,
that means that our Royal house is just functioning as a symbol

the true rulers are the ones who have seats in the government.
they can decide too whether we still need a monarchy or not.

This is the truth about our monarchy.
I must admit that I may feel lucky to reside here.
I believe that that is God's wish.
Women are treated here better than in my land of birth.

There are FIVE countries in the world where WOMEN are treated the worst
by their government and their husbands, yes the men next to them, daily and in
their life.

You can google and see the result
in which countries rapings and abusements still happen.

Please, be not shocked:
these women are still raped,
beaten and treated bruskly.
These are done by their own husbands, believe it or not:
by their OWN SPOUSE.
These women have no future at all.
In most cases, they die of too much STRESS of the daily abuses.
The abuses by their husbands have caused much and much stress
all the times these abused women can only smile, cry and years later die a
premature death....

No, this time I cannot create a poem about WOMEN's DAY since their standard of
living and their QUALITY of life have not changed yet.

the world emancipates,
the position of women fluctuates.

IF I MAY SAY: Men must undergo emancipation based upon heavy sanction
without any fluctuation

this ought to be done as daily doses....

Thank you for reading and commenting.

©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN
Friday 8 March 2019

Sylvia Frances Chan
Introducing The Dutch Market....

This poem consists of:
Four quatrains, a sestet, a septet and an octet,
internal rhymings and end rhymings. Introducing the Dutch market of the last
two decade.....thank you, Sylvia Frances Chan.

As I was wandering through the marketplace this morn
so many mangoes fresh from Ecuador forlorn
a few minutes longer, they'll grow stronger
then so delicate the sweet smell of caramel,

then my eyes were caught by a small street....
Chilling! Mocca ice cream and more...a real treat
the man offered to me, I refused,
fear that I 'll walk on devil's street, abused
he forced me too, I disappeared no excuse
is it reality, or am I dreaming, it's no use....

I was still walking through the immense crowd
my favourite saleswoman, a Vietnamese
was standing there with her delicately
the heavenly smell ages not known
I waited for my lumpias till she baked them brown
When coming home, so surreal
no appetite anymore in my stomache, that-appeal!

Every Tuesday 'n Saturday there's market here
you can buy every snack and drink, no liquor, no beer
a peaceful cosy crowd, you can walk through languidly
no drunken drivers, beggars or pick-pocketee

they're selling all kinds
a hallogeen, a classic one or any led-lamp-shines
also french fries, fried fish and Indonesian spicy rice
new acquaintances, seen only once, never twice

where the market stands, is the municipal's ground
once you'll visit this place, your heart is bound
to all the smells and odors of all kinds of taste
also delicious dark chocolates, they are no waste
the taste is black precious and delicate
sweet-bitter pieces, they're intricate
I and my alter ego soon
the market is open from eight till four at noon

now you know how the market is here
time flies, hours disappear like seconds, dear
I forgot to mention the famous Dutch cheese
when you make a photo, always say this last word, please

Pipi

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Tuesday 5 March 2013 as published on Poetfreak
@ 4.35 hrs. .

Sylvia Frances Chan
It Is Not All Gold That Glitters....

All the glitter reflecting in the sun
is not all gold
all the love recreating under your skin
is not that very old
all the kids you have raised up
are not your very own
all the apples in your garden
are not all in paradise grown
as you can watch, they are all reflecting honesty
nobility, egality, equality, quality and keep the standards high?

But why are they not all gold
and not that very old
why not our very own
why are all the apples in my garden
are not all in paradise grown
then are they really reflecting honesty
and so on and do they keep truly the standards high?

Why are all the actions needed
if they all are just fake?
a long waiting comprehended
at the nearest lake

it is not all gold that glitters
not all love that have been exposed is the only truth
not all birds of one feather that twitter
that keeping standards high, it is not only you who had booth....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Saturday the 17th November 2018
@ 10.03 A.M. West-European Time

MyNOTE: Theresa May shall loose, her Brexit is the UK's
greatest failure, she is too stupid to have insight-SYLVIA-TJAN©
Jesus And Menachem

In the land of a boy called Menachem
Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem

No one knew He was a Jew
God, Mary, and the angels were the only few
who knew about Jesus and the coming Birth
on Israel ground of this forsaken Earth

there came wise men from the East
they were looking from afar
just by following the Star
they arrived at the crib of Jesus near the beasts
bringing gold, myrrh, and incense
I know at this time they had no driving-license

Oh how Holy and Gracious is the Baby Jesus
These wise men praised and worshipped
Baby Jesus in the land of a boy called Menachem
In the small town of Bethlehem

Gloria Praise The Lord in the Highest
Hallelujah, Jesus is our newborn King
We pray, praise, dance, and sing
On this Birthday of our most Beloved King

Awaiting His Birthday next 25th December 2017
Posted a few friendly verses about our King Jesus
Especially for all the inhabitants of this planet....

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: Beautiful View During Advent
© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Tuesday the 12th of the 12th of 2017
@ 17.45 hrs.P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Jesus' Appearance On Easter Sunday

Just wanna tell you
that He is risen
with HE is meant Jesus Christ from Nazareth
born in Bethlehem by the Virgin Mary
The only son without her spouse
having intercourse with her

How He was tortured and pained on the cross on Golgotha
Really, He was more dead than alive
His Greatest Suffering a human being ever had
the heaviest punishment
the Death Penalty
HE must be hanged on the cross

I wanna share this most important text
from The Holy Scriptures:

A Fragment from The Holy Scriptures:
He is Risen!

Seeing and Believing
Now Thomas, called the Twin, one of the twelve,
was not with them when Jesus came.
The other disciples therefore said to him,
"We have seen the Lord."
So he said to them,
"Unless I see in His hands the print of the nails,
and put my finger into the print of the nails,
and put my hand into His side, I will not believe."

And after eight days His disciples were again inside,
and Thomas with them.
Jesus came, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst,
and said, "Peace to you!"

Then He said to Thomas,
"Reach your finger here, and look at My hands;
and reach your hand here, and put it into My side.
Do not be unbelieving, but believing."
And Thomas answered and said to Him,
"My Lord and my God!"
Jesus said to him, "Thomas, because you have seen Me,
you have believed. Blessed are those who have not seen
and yet have believed."

from John 20: 24-29 New King James Version (NKJV)

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Easter Monday the 2nd of April 2018
@ 23.49 hrs. P.M West-European Time

as foretold in The Holy Scriptures
HE was born by the Virgin Mary

Sylvia Frances Chan
Jesus' Ascension, What Does It Mean For Us Today?

Is Jesus' ascension significant for our faith and understanding of God? Or is it just a short epilogue to his earthly ministry?

Christians believe that the ascension does hold value and meaning for us today.

Here are two articles that unpack the importance of the ascension, and Jesus' post-resurrection ministry:
Please read, thank you so much.
Sunday night, I was teaching from The Gospel Project in our Life Group. I found this section on why Jesus' ascension matters to be really helpful.

For Luke, the ascension was a significant moment in the disciples' personal transformation and the advance of the gospel through the church.

He emphasized the importance of the ascension by ending his Gospel with this event and beginning his second volume, Acts, with it.

The ascension had a profound impact on the disciples. Up to the moment that Jesus ascended to heaven, the disciples seemed to be puzzled, trying to figure it all out.

But after the ascension, they worshiped Him. They traveled back to Jerusalem with great joy. They maintained a regular presence in the temple—worshiping God.

At first, the disciples' reaction to Jesus' ascension may catch us off guard. Jesus had just "left them." And yet they were happy—filled with joy.

Why this reaction?
After all, when Jesus told them at the end of John 13 that He would soon leave them, they were deeply disturbed.

Thus, He encouraged them by teaching them about the ministry of the Holy Spirit (John 14-17).

He kept them from the brink of utter despair by saying, "You are not losing Me, but I am going to be with you in a different way through My Spirit."

CELEBRATING JESUS' ASCENSION AD.33 - Exactly 1985 years ago.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Jesus Christ....

Jesus Christ....
Poem Number 480

This is The Truth, not a fairy tale:

Jesus is the Only Son of God
Birthed by Mary, a virgin
in Bethlehem in a shabby stable

He is also God, The Father
He is also God, The Son
and He is also The Holy Ghost
to stay with us on earth

three days after His Death
He has risen

after forty days
He ascends to Heaven

Jesus is crucified on Golgotha
when He is 33 years old
in the year of A.D.33

our worldly calendar starts with His Birth
that is 2018 years ago

if you say you believe in the Only God
all these at least you must know....

Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Monday the 10th of December 2018
@ 15.15 hrs. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
On the first day of the week,
very early in the morning,
the women took the spices they had prepared and went to the tomb.

They found the stone rolled away from the tomb,
but when they entered,
they did not find the body of the Lord Jesus.

While they were wondering about this, suddenly two men in clothes that gleamed like lightning stood beside them.

In their fright the women bowed down with their faces to the ground,
but the men said to them,

"Why do you look for the living among the dead?"

He is not here; he has risen!
Remember how he told you, while he was still with you in Galilee:

"The Son of Man must be delivered over to the hands of sinners, be crucified and on the third day be raised again."

Then they remembered his words.

When they came back from the tomb, they told all these things to the Eleven and to all the others.

It was Mary Magdalene, Joanna, Mary the mother of James, and the others with them who told this to the apostles.

But they did not believe the women, because their words seemed to them like nonsense.

Peter, however, got up and ran to the tomb. Bending over, he saw the strips of linen lying by themselves, and he went away, wondering to himself what had happened.
This poem according to Luke 24 has said The TRUTH as is in The Bible: JESUS HAS RISEN....

- - - - - - - PEACE ON EARTH- - - -LUKE 24- - - - - - -

Sylvia Frances Chan

EASTER SUNDAY the 21 APRIL 2019-

Sylvia Frances Chan
Jezelf Zijn....

Je moet jezelf zijn
een deugd van kwart naar florijn
ik zeg je, dit doet onzettend pijn
teveel gif gaat in dit venijn

maar het is, geen kattepis
wel de enige manier die er is
en niet mis
om te overleven
als je nog pril bent

naarmate je groeit
de wereld om je heen boeit
jouw "zijn" bepaalt
wat je weggooit en binnenhaalt

uiteindelijk baal je als een stekker
als je toch, ondanks jezelf "zijn";
de verkeerde keuzes maakt
in refrein
te nimmer één keer staakt
om jouw inzicht te herzien
de woestenij is niet meer te overzien
dan is er geen gewoon griffel noch gouden meer
voor je allerhoogste tien
in het aller ellende meer

geen ene kans het te rectificeren

wel steeds je ouders blijven eren
daar je met de grootste, eerlijkste en
in een veilig haven
met de onvoorwaardelijke liefde
bent grootgebracht
en opgegroeid

ik zeg dit, niet omdat jij je er mee bemoeit
ik weet het maar al te goed
van de ijzer die op een hete plaat gloeit

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
dat al deze beslommeringen,
peinzingen en overdenkingen,
jouw of jullie niet ene keer boeit of boeien
of moet ik nu soms nog groeien
naar volwassenheid in rijpheid, wijsheid en geschrifte
ben ik of u soms geschifte....?

wees u niet ongerust
als het pijnlijk is,
was dat niet bewust,
ik stel je en jullie hiermede gerust
in mijn volle nuchterheid en rust

wees jezelf!

© Sylvia Frances Chan

day the 13th of Sept 2018
Jakarta (Indonesia, South East Asia) -
The Netherlands (West-Europe)

Sylvia Frances Chan
These last hours, cherished and celebrated
life had not oft been elevated
at least it was structured
forever signatured, not evaporated,

yet the hours they passed so slow
their accelerated pace seems now anew
every dark and bright hour that shone
with the winds thy name borne,

what are the winds carrying along, I wonder?
thy famous hidden beauty or thy intuitive words we ponder
let's beg the breezes to hasten more the time
perhaps the hours will quicken sublime,

the condensation still awaits till we part
for soul sister, though I may not say; we are never apart
warmth shines through your gestures wholly
we can embrace this temporal parting boldly,

soul sister dear, a condensation
the quickened pace seems still anew
in our highest sublimation
this sad occurrence stays fresh as dew
our heart and soul entwined as one bliss
we are never apart, our passion and love and all there is,

there is joy and warmth that remains
these paths will breathe with dew anew
there is no end of a love so kind
across the miles even, the distance will bind....

by © SSK and © Sylvia Frances Chan

AD Tuesday, the 17th November 2015
@ 22.58 hrs. p.m. Hard storms
Published on the late Poetfreak as a Joint Creation.
Now republished on PoemHunter, Wednesday 22 Aug 2018-
Jouw Liefde....

Je liefde, zo enorm immens groot
je vertelt me constant door je muur,
dit zijn jouw liefhebbende woorden, ik ken ze allemaal:

ik hou van je, hou van je, hou van je, oh zo veel
afstanden vertellen me niets, als zodanig

hou van je, zoals de zon is voor de maan
of je dichtbij of ver weg bent
je bent in mijn hart voor altijd blijf je

onze liefde is niet zoals de uitgaande kaars
is niet zoals de baars die naar lucht snakt
je moet weten, ik herhaal het, ik geef er altijd om

onze liefde is als de opgaande zon
stevig, solide en met veel plezier

ik slaap elke avond zo dicht bij je
dichtbij je kloppend hart elke nacht

geen scheidende afstanden, mijn kostbare hart
mijn woorden zijn duidelijk, nooit verward, geen deeltje

ik hou van je, hou van je oh lieverd, liefje
voor altijd mijn liefste, een heel leven, universums groot

ik hou van je nu en na de dood
ik heb er geen woorden voor, zo enorm immens groot
ik hou van je met de grootste zorg en met mijn alles
mijn liefdesgedichten voor jou, alles aan mijn muur

ik hou van je met deze woorden
altijd liefste, altijd zacht, ze doen nooit pijn

ik hou zo veel van je, zo enorm groot
mijn immenselijke liefde voor jou, dit is geen truc
ik hou van je, altijd teder altijd diep
mijn liefste buitenbeentje....
Jouw Stem Klinkt Als Muziek In Mijn Oren....

Jouw stem klinkt als muziek in mijn oren
jouw gefluister is als het zachte briesje
je mag dagelijks overal ronddwalen, maar nooit bevriezen
ik blijf nog steeds gezond, ook al ga je niezen

ik raak niet snel verkouden
omdat je me vaak voedt met honing van de bijen
ik ben nu te midden van duizendvoudig koud
ik word nooit ziek, ook al word ik zo oud

zoals de jaren in vele milliard mijlen overgaan
let op de natuur om je heen
de randen worden oud en goud
jij en ik niet worden niet oud door het consumeren
van je eigen hommelkonijntje

je steunt me net zoveel als je kunt
ik heb plezier zoals onze geliefde moeders
beiden plezier hebben op de plek in de hemel
je speelt en studeert terwijl ik tot God bid

dan reis ik weer op zoek naar nieuwe kabeljauw
en brood om onze geest en ziel te voeden
gebaseerd op ora et labora onze wezens 'heel
jij bent de mijne en ik de jouwe

vergeet niet dat je zegt terwijl we spelen
con amore voor altijd meer
jij in de mijne en ik in de jouwe
in onze omgeving voel ik me prima

je bent Gods kind zo mild
je blijft kalm op wilde rivieren
ik bid elke dag op talloze manieren
o Heer, houd mijn hart zuiver

jouw stem is als muziek in mijn oren
je gefluister is als de tedere bries
beeld je in waarom ik nooit bevries
je verfrist de dag voordat het in vervuilt
je voedt me met aardbei liefdeszoet
honingbij en hommelkonijntje
maar ondanks zoveel
je machtigt me met je royale buien
lieve baby hommel van mij

Ora et Labora=Bid en Werk
Con Amore=met liefde

Photography door Sylvia Frances Chan: &quot;High Noon Tea-Time&quot;
© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Friday 29th December 2017
@18.17 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Just A Few Notes....

Just A Few Notes....NOT A POEM!

I love all Words that live and give us a reason to ponder. My mind is oftentimes occupied with a Battle of Words, that's why since my childhood I love to write, to trust my Words to paper, my All Time friend. The result can be poems, short stories or just NOTES, but also a few drawings, it be pendrawings or pencildrawings (5B pencils), or aquarels, oil paintings (Rembrandt-brand) charcoal crayons and many many more. 5B pencils mean: very soft pencils especially to draw on paper, pencils especially for the professionals, but I am pure amateur.

After all, I love to read....very much....
Other less important Notes are
Like am Intuitive, but also Rebellious, Emotional, Eccentric, Understanding, Loving. Caring and Much much more.

Sunday 16 June 2019

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Sylvia Frances Chan
Just A Morning Poem

Like an early bird I am oft soaring
in day or nightsky chirping chatting and singing
in utmost glee, happiness, sadness or love
in my movements I praise thee above

this forsaken galaxy is oft at war
one thing I´ll never understand I told my Lord
even in poetry I met some poets by chance
reading their loveliest poems sans their appearance
some odd things I can never comprehend
though their words I fully understand

if one poet is lost or has gone away
I surely know that the poet is still at bay
he denied an internal love affair
my recent travel to Ghana, sans news a flair
vanished from the poems-hunter´s ground
just like in an obsolete merry-go-round
we must stick to the poetry art abound

knowing such subtle event
these odd things my mind can never comprehend
just be faithful to the art of the word
fleeing for love is so absurd
eagerly I hope your heart won´t be hurt
from a senior to a junior, hear my words....

Pipi

AD. Tuesday 26th June 2018 -
@ 8.58

Sylvia Frances Chan
Poems mean a lot to me
indeed a very lot you see
the society I live in
is reflected in all the lines
love is very important almost a sin
and the always one glasses of wines

the best medicine for our health
they say is also wealth
but I regard love is the most important
remember I am human not a mutant

love is the best for our life
it is obvious that we must strive
love is like the present wind
that blows constantly so tender in
through my thirsty body and mind
I reside in this country oh so kind
a country full of peace, plenty of place and love to hide
that's why I have my domicile here and reside

My beloved likes reading and traveling
we have seen parts of the world a very lot
I have other kinds of interests, like painting
writing essays, listening to music, and praying to God
building websites, designing cards and yes
conducting PC Help desks, accounting, telebanking, and playing chess
in London and Serfaus, going to musicals and skiing,
along the Mediterranean sea, enjoying life, making love while driving

how do I do that, d'you really want to know, dear?
while whatsapping, walking, running, and the music to the ear
really very simple, your love in you, your whole soul in there,
just like our parents using tupperware

but ah, I like most to describe the love in poems I write
then posting them for your most beloved after that heavy night
since love is so important in our life
you must not take it for granted but must strive
we can't miss it in our life its function
like: though sometimes on our highway a junction
it's like the great water of the mighty ocean
it has grip on you, you feel the strength, but it's your addiction
the strong water's ripples too, its mildness
you demand the best, the most but never less
and remember for ever that in the country I live in
the kind of love I'm so addicted to, is never a sin
in the end my heart and being will constantly say Amen

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD.15th August 2013 -
5.21 hrs a.m. WE-Time
Cool fresh wind 10C degrees now
later will be 20C degrees at the most

Sylvia Frances Chan
Just A Soliloquy....

I have read all five stanzas a few times and I must tell you if you do this like me, it is as if you are praying to God, really.

This is a most devotional prolific prayer-poem of retrieving tranquil balm of a blissful joy.

This is gracious and profound in its presentation you exhaled fresh divine air in our community.

A great pleasurable read and the Blessings in Abundance be upon thee all.

Thank you so much that I may stand here to make mydreams come true in creating this reality nowhere but now here....

©Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch Poetess, Evangelist
The Netherlands, 2 Oct 2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
Just Begun

I wrote this poem on my own website, dated July 2007

Just Begun
The day just begins
so many many inns
when I am traveling around this world
so many hints do I see everywhere
they are not inside me, they are just there
I remember the very green fresh air
from Baltimore Bel Air

My day just begins
there are not so many inns
the few I met I shall never forget
the warm welcome, the close target
the good talking and long walkings
how can it be,
a new friend who is loving me?

© copyright Sat Aug 13 - 2011 - All Rights Reserved

AD. Monday the 5th of February 2018 @ 16.09 hrs P.M. West-European Time
republished on added a photograph by Dr. Subhendu Karr now.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Just Enchanting

Enchanting
eloquenty
elegantly
is her poetry
about the moon, she spoke so innovatively.

Based upon her ardent poetry,
I looked up to the sky silently
fluorescent as she is glistening white
she peeked in return all night
and left a broad smile
watching her is truly worthwhile....

as she conjured magic realism
that is impressionism with our sharp eyes
happy that I read that fascinating story
about this fluorescent biggest dot in her poesy
and in the end, we all know what a Bliss this is
such beauty God created them all
included this big ball....

Photography by Flickr

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Wednesday, the 28th February 2018-
@ 17.56 hrs. P.M. West-European Time
Be Noted: for the Netherlands MINUS 6 (below zero)
Accompanied with the brightest sunrays and sans frost or ice
Upon the automobile´s window-glasses, is a phenomenal weather.

Sylvia Frances Chan
A Very Happy BirthDAY dear Irene,
I have created this on Your BirthDAY
God’s Blessings in Abundance.

A poetess most dearful to me
did not trust my honesty
said myriad times she did
but went on playing with the wind

like a tree where the leaves would fall
they leave never a dashing crash that tall
the leaves would oft lay on the ground
softly and tenderly, no sound

all my words created in my thoughts
I will create beauty from nature and all there is
it’s a luxury being alone
Quo Vadis the poetship

the loving words ever sailed with us
spelled and spoken time and again,
dunno anymore when
but sure I have got that bliss

I think, create and write
about all beauty in nature and all there is
if there’s no fight, one cannot lose nor win
creating a hero is surely a great sin

I reside amongst the cool mountains
near the clear aqua fresh fountains
where on my spot, is the Only God
with His Blessings, I keep blessing thee

He loves us enormously
till we’ll be seeing Him
each of us in His Own Time
listen to me, it´ll be super sublime
for all of us constantly
never create your own enemy
we sail with the ship with the steadfast glee
in our package in this delivery

would be never hatred but divinity and gratitude
God´s Greatest Bliss in my solitude.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Just So Odd....

Do you know what’s weird?
we all reside in the Netherlands
that is why we are placed here,
think about the department
especially for poets from the Netherlands

we are called Dutch poets
we get that predicate for free
never had to work for that level
do we deserve that?

PoemHunter must know of course
that we are in some other magazines too
we have already penned our thought
in those intellectual magazines and journals
after days and nights we have worked ourselves badly
insomniac and overtired
ah, leave it all

do you know what I think is weird?
here in this department, all poets from the Netherlands
especially greeted with: "Welcome to PoemHunter from Netherlands";
very friendly, I think so
the supreme boss is a sweetheart, may be
but here I see other than Dutch family names
few people who master the Dutch language
Well, that may well be so
perhaps

but yes, what is that "Welcome" about?
I think because they live in the Netherlands, just like that
their ©Sylvia Fran passports or identity cards: ever shown
neither looked at it, just like that

do you know that all of these, despite my statements here,
are still so weird, just like that.

yes, I am not to be stunned
we wanted to converse anyway?
Ah, if you can interest yourself for nothing
and this just leaves you cold,
I'm really disappointed, you've become so old!

©Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch poetess

A.D. Monday (already Monday? !) the 12th of November 2018
is my niece's Birthday in Jakarta, Indonesia. Wish you a
Very Happy BirthDAY, dear Mona. Enjoy your DAY!

Sylvia Frances Chan
Just Utterings Of The Mind....

Just utterings of the mind....

better in a gymnasium
than in a lyceum

better relax
than encountering

paramount
for the ego
not for the egoist
nor the loyalist
or the royalist

not for the politics

just for humbly me
awaiting God's Appearance

humbly me
with forbearance
and tolerance
included transparence

all crystal clear
towards God's appear

better in a gymnasium
than in a lyceum....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Tuesday 18 June 2019-
@11.18 hrs a.m. Dutch Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Keep Walking Forth....

Keep walking forth,
through all there is
my crimson abyss
and the golden bliss
a barren canvas
brushing rushing tassel
and all there is....

What nature conjured
I inhale-exhale
new visions and scents tomorrow
new pleasures and love to borrow
it is canvas experiment
upon the favorite color exterior
the green meadows of yonder....

The beautiful emerald sea emerged
the dark green forest disappeared
keep walking till tomorrow is worth
you'll reach destiny and watch Jesus' birth....

The beautiful blue-green sea emerged
The dark-green forest disappeared
Brushing rushing upon my canvas
Tassel all the colors
Crimson red and bullying blue
upon my quiet canvas....

It's all tomorrow all there is....

I dream many times awake
at the mountaintop,

no sound nor echoes can be heard,
the eagle and I at the mountaintop....

am I really dreaming,
am I truly
at the mountaintop?
All of a sudden
I saw my dear grandmum coming,
she was so loveliest
as always, she is so caring for me
she knows every tear I shed
long before she is dead.

Behind her, my loved mum,
oh what a joy, my Mum came with her Mum
patiently they were coming to my direction
such a special celebration now
I am ready for them
so I started to soar back
to down earth

Oh my love,
this is really a dream,
my Mum and her Mum,
the most beautiful rose and the loveliest bee
I surely had my glee
even only in a dream....

From the Mountaintop
there are no Nature´s Echoes
especially no Mr. Howard Ely's visions
no invitation, but despite we´ll have
our celebrations....
Congratulations!

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Friday the 5th of January 2018
@15.57 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Kerst Met Alles Wat Er Is....

KERST met alles wat er is
Eerste Kerst, alles nog zo erg vers
maar
Tweede Kerst
Derde Kerst
alles niet meer zo vers
maar ondanks de verwerperlijke mist
voelen wij ons nog zo gezegend
met alles wat er dan nog over is
vergeet tenimmer
dat dat onze grootste Zegen is
deze Kerstmis
er is niets loos, slechts bliss,
Super Bliss....

Aquarelle by Sylvia Frances Chan &quot;Mont Saint Michel&quot;, France.
14 Liners- Gedachten na de Kerst
AD Woensdag 27 december 2017
@13.07 uur NM West Europese Tijd

Sylvia Frances Chan
Kids-World-Day....

Brevity And The Silent Service Of Rhymes....
Especially for kids of 4 years and younger

here it goes,
please no woes

Hellooo, Helloo, Hello Kids-Day
this is ToDAY, I wanna stay
at your doorway, IF I may

to say Hurray, meaning to say
hello for your Kids-Day, ToDAY!

This simplest brevity
at your own doorway
oh, that feels mighty

professor Higgins is here for solidarity
not for hilarity

but ain´t no flower maid
neither Rubbermaid
but this IS an aid
to have said

My dearest kids, fold your hands to pray
we pray to God Almighty

we wanna say
we are thankful for all the things You gave us
the daily dish and all the plus

You raise us with Your Endless Love
we learn when we pray to look at You above

and in the end
to say loudly Amen....
with caring love
your all-time lecturer

On Kids-Day on PoemHunter Poem Site
POEM NUMBER 470-

Sylvia Frances Chan
King Of The Netherlands

Willem-Alexander Claus George Ferdinand, Koning der Nederlanden, Prins van Oranje-Nassau, Jonkheer van Amsberg (Utrecht, 27 april 1967) is sinds 30 april 2013 Koning der Nederlanden.

Majesteit, vandaag bent U jarig
ik heb U met uw gezin vanmiddag in Groningen gezien
ik wilde u begroeten en feliciteren
maar de afstand was te groot, teveel menigte en niet te overzien
darom dat ik U nu pas feliciteer
U hebt Groningen gekozen om uw verjaardag te vieren, een hele eer voor mijn jongste zoon, want hij woont daar met zijn gezin
nu heeft hij en zijn vrouw zelf een babietje,
eens was hij ons jongste kind
ook woont hij er sinds zijn studententijd,
uw is hij medisch specialist

Majesteit, wij wensen U van Harte Gefeliciteerd
met uw 51ste verjaardag
een hele eer dat ik het U zelf zeggen mag
nog vele God´s rijke zegeningen, liefde en gezelligheid
heel unique om uw verjaardag zo te mogen vieren
elk jaar kiest u wederom een stadje in de regio
deze traditie heeft geen ander land ter wereld
van heinde en ver komen ze elk jaar hier
want geen enkel ander land
viert koningsdag zoals in Nederland
van mij mag u er nog lange tijd blijven regeren
want uw Koningsschap geeft ons enorm veel plezier
en andere staatshoofden kunnen ervan leren

alleen dit laaste stukje heeft nog een staart
wij missen elk jaar de Koningstaart
het Oranje Bitter hebben wij al op twitter
de Koningstaart, mag ik U vragen waar heeft U dat bewaard?

Majesteit, hoog tijd om nu afscheid te nemen
wij zien U wederom het volgend jaar
de mensen hier vinden het prachtig
dat U hun problemen hebt aangeluisterd, allemachtig
dat wordt enorm gewaardeerd
omdat U dat op Uw verjaardag doet
dat zal alle foute dingen wat het gasprobleem in Groningen betreft
het de betrokken bewoners zoveel goeds doen,
en ook heel Nederland leeft enorm mee

uw trouwe resident met familie,

Sylvia Frances Chan
Dichteres

P.F.27 April 2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
Kisah Cinta(3) ....

Pendahuluan:
Beberapa kata berharga berasal dari Alkitab karena memiliki subjek yang sama yang ingin saya tulis.

Cinta itu sabar cinta itu baik.
Itu tidak cemburu, tidak sombong, tidak sombong.

Itu tidak melanggar orang lain, tidak egois, tidak mudah marah, tidak masalah sama sekali

cinta tidak bersukacita dalam kejahatan, tetapi bersukacita dalam kebenaran. Itu selalu melindungi, selalu percaya, selalu berharap, selalu bertahan

dan lebih banyak topik hebat seperti punya waktu untuk satu sama lain secara bersamaan

layak satu sama lain
dan cinta akan selalu meledak diri batin mereka

kemenangan cinta sejati
selama-lamanya....

©Sylvia Frances Chan
Hari Selasa tgl.4 Juni 2019

Sylvia Frances Chan
Laat Me Opnieuw Nadenken....

Oorlog 1 ging over oorlog in het algemeen, beter vrede dan oorlog, nooit meer oorlog!

Oorlog 2 ging over de corrupte presidenten
over de hele wereld

Oorlog 3 ging over het retrospecteren
van het leven van de mens.

Oorlog 4 ging over de eerste eerlijke president
die niet corrumpeerde,
maar echt Indonesië opbouwt.

Wat een schande, hij moet repareren
en zo veel dingen in het land
zo goed mogelijk herbouwen.

Hoeveel presidenten hebben
dit geliefde land van mij gehad?

Ir. Jokowi gebruikt zijn vaardigheden
als ingenieur en de andere dingen
waarvoor hij had gestudeerd.

Irian Barat heeft zoveel uitstekende
wegen en weggetjes gekregen
voor de inwoners om te reizen
binnen hun regio.
Weet dat Irian Barat een heel
erg groot eiland is.

Je kunt je niet voorstellen
hoe groot Indonesië is,
zooooooooooooooo groot.

Ik wil altijd eerlijke gedichten
op basis van de realiteit
en i's realiteit IS de beste.
Alle voorgangers waren op één of andere manier corrupt geweest.

Dit woord bestaande uit 7 letters is vandaag het sleutelwoord in Indonesië.

Ik heb een foto waarop mijn nicht naast Ir. Jokowi staat. Ze had het hem niet gevraagd, maar hij. Zij is een héél verlegen meisje en zou dat nooit doen.

Natuurlijk hoort dit gebaar bij zijn campagne voor de aanstaande verkiezingen in de afgelopen weken.

Zolang een president eerlijk is, zijn de dingen niet verboden, die ten goede komen voor het land.

Wat ik heb gehoord en precies weet, is dat hij opnieuw voor 4 jaar wordt herkozen tot President van Indonesië. O, ja hij heeft ook appartementen en huizen laten bouwen voor de aller armsten, die tot dan toe geen huizen hebben en op straat leven.

En ik weet zeker dat hij nog andere steengoede dingen zal verrichten, onder andere hij wil de hoofdstad naar het eiland Kalimantan verplaatsen bijvoorbeeld.

Ik wens hem nog meer succes in de komende 4 jaren. Moge het indonesische volk nog volop van hun Indonesia zoals het nu is, gaan genieten.
God zegene President Ir. Jokowi en zijn volk....

©Sylvia Frances Chan
Anno Domini Friday the 7th of June 2019.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Laissez Faire, Laissez Passer....

(be caring and be loving and never hate your enemy)

Life can be such a problem
too many to be solved
heavy headaches coming up
abdomen starts to tease
even the stomach leaves you with hurt
is this My Life? ! Too absurd!

Life can also be with that simplest insight
like a dime you turn the other side
small minus or a big plus
so is it always with people like us

life is as easy as you wanna create
be humble, introvert and never hate
be gentle, be loving and be assertive
never to behave as the biggest consumptive

be honest and await your guests with the best intention
to think about their care, their loving treat and their condition
and never yourself at the first place
please, add this brand new golden lace

Laissez faire, laissez passer, (a French saying of JJ Rousseau)
be yourself constantly upon your own way!
So i say this important message preciousely
be caring and be loving, never hate your enemy
IF i may....

© Sylvia Frances Chan

Created the original
AD. Monday, the 20th April 2015
@18.18 hrs p.m.

Submitted this version
AD Tuesday, the 7th of August 2018
@ 7.37 hrs AM. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Lampje....

in onze boom
groen als nooit tevoren
brandt één lampje niet

het valt niet op
het zit niet van voren
eigenlijk niemand die het ziet

het lampje is
niet stuk of zo
het geeft gewoon geen licht

en wij....
wij laten het gebeuren
het zit toch niet in het zicht

maar ergens
in de nacht
als alle andere lichtjes doven

zien wij soms
onverwacht en haast niet te geloven

dat ene lichtje
stilletjes fonkelen
warmer, mooier dan de rest

en weten wij weer
dat elk lampje
wil schijnen en niet alleen met de kerst....

Dit gedicht is geschenken door de Vriendendienst "Op Stap"; aan mij en aan mijn medewerkers van de GGNet Groep te Warnsveld, Nederland, als dank voor onze jaren van inzet t.b.v. vrijwilligerswerk.

Foto van het Bonus-weekkrantje door Sylvia Frances Chan
Sylvia Frances Chan, Nederlandse Dichteres
De dagen na Kerst 2017

Sylvia Frances Chan
Landhuis-Perikelen....

LEEGSTAND-PERIKELEN of ook wel
LEEG VERSTAND’s PERIKELEN....

ik ben een landhuis met hoog leegstand
mijn laatste bewoners zijn plotseling verhuisd
omdat ze denken dat er spoken zijn
of in ernstiger uitdrukking: de geesten zijn wederom in aantocht.

dat komt doordat er een echte gebeurtenis is verteld
in de stijl van Edgar Allan Poe
of nog meer en in details

dat in de trant van Agatha Christie
zij zichzelf heeft laten verdwijnen
omdat haar succes plotseling dreigt te verminderen
ze is gehecht aan veel beroemdheid
hysterie helpt niet meer
dan maar de verdwijnt-truc vanHoudini
maar niet in een grote kist
slechts naar onbekende delen van het land te verdwalen

later is ze weer teruggevonden
helemaal lijdend aan vergeetachtigheid
inmiddels is de oplaag van de verkoop van haar boeken
wederom enorm gestegen
na dien tijd is ze steeds in the picture
slechts op dit gebied is zij geniaal

Edgar laat zich gewoon begraven in alle eenvoud
na zijn natuurlijke dood natuurlijk,
geen enkele onverwachte vermissingen of zo

hij schrijft ellen lange pagina's
om in zijn levensonderhoud te kunnen voorzien
hij kan boeiend vertellen maar ook heel slim
maar moorden zijn altijd in de Top Honderd
altijd spannend eneverend en....nog steeds boeiend
mensen houden van consternatie, ontsteltenis of wat dodelijk is
ook Shakespeare schrijft oppervlakkig maar heel veel
om zijn echtgenote en de kinderen eten te kunnen geven
voor allebei geldt de motto: met meer paginas kan je meer verdienen
eens per maand keert hij terug van het drukke London
naar het klein-buurtige Stratford-on-avon

maar in deze tijd van de literatuur
is de Engelse burgerij nog niet belezen genoeg
deze maatschappij vertoont wel een bekaktheid
de hele wereld denkt dat zij het meest belezen volk is
maar het tegendeel is waar
de statistiek toont een grafiek
de lees-stand is ver beneden niveau
het is overbekend dat het Engelse volk aanleg heeft om toneel te spelen of zo
zij zijn de beste acteurs in dit vak
Shakespeare heeft de aanzet gedaan destijds
Die zijn echte toneelspelers, en geen bekaktheid
in de historie over het echte volk dat heel goed kan lezen
stamt van Egypte's Pharao al
hele horden borden in hun maatschappij voorzien van tekens
hun hele bevolking kan toen al lezen
in Shakespeare's tijd is dat in Engeland niet zo geweest
een kwart maar destijds die kan lezen.
dat zijn gewone letters
en geen hiéroglyphen

van een landhuis met leegstand perikelen
is het weer een volmondige dame geworden

de ik is altijd eerlijk
daarom moet de ik zich nog uiten via dit gedicht
zij wil niet beledigend zijn of een onbeleefde wicht
want dat is geen gezicht
voor een landhuis met leegstand
oom pardon, voor een dame met verstand
van stand, bedoel ik....

Photography by ©SylviaTjan AKA Sylvia Frances Chan
Titled: "Mansion on E8"
Ontstaan op Zondag 6 maart 2016 ter 8.18 ure
Gepubliceerd op A.D. Zaterdag 17 november 2018
@ 9.18 uur West-Europese Tijd = NL Tijd.

Sylvia Frances Chan
I tried not to ridicule
I told so to the mockingbird
birdie said that he could also be called ridiculebird
then ridicule means also mock before the word bird

the English language is a concise type of use,
it´s very exciting and artistic in writing
It is non-elastic but artistic though for creating
please, read carefully all I have said, do not try to abuse

that word elastic associates me with being supple
I also said I tried not to ridicule
am not looking for rhyming with molecule
the words-show that´s such a minuscule
in all this trampoline-words-show
the word elastic in above stanza here
that does not rhyme with oil, is not as smooth as oil
once again I say I tried not to ridicule
please think with me about this minuscule
this easy comprehension
it´s only about words and that´s not a great tension
we are still at the present
and not in the fifth dimension
it is still non-rhyming with the word oil
the water we have constantly but due to air pollution
you must cook it and let it get thoroughly boiled

the English language is a concise type of use,
it´s very exciting and artistic in writing
It is non-elastic but artistic though for creating
please, read carefully all I have said, do not try to abuse

if we think a bit further
nature surrounding us is still full of fertile soil
when you´ll bend and cut the different words
as if branches for the hearth, this is so absurd,

I still cannot find the best rhyming words
since I am worried about the dirty air pollution
these last weeks, months here in the Orient
to drink that water you must boil first till the cooking point

I heard there had been weeks long this bad air-pollution
So now I have to find first this bad air-pollution´s solution
we must not look for words first and create our poetry
because healthy clean air is more important than our poesy

I tried not to ridicule, I told so to the mockingbird
now I have no time to search for the precise rhyming word
have to solve first this case of bad-air-pollution
to write first my poetry, that´s no option
I regret the day that I chose the Orient to spend my holidays
such bad air pollution, bad sight in many suffocating ways
must postpone first searching the correct rhyming words
life comes at the first place, after this we get enjoyment
I do hope I´ll survive living in worst air pollution
after having to mend that with my grand solution
the holidays here around with brand new fresh oxygen
will make my creating poetry home abound

oh-oh, it all started with my choice of the English Language
I was telling the mockingbird that I tried not to ridicule
greatest luck I had I succeeded to mend the next upcoming bad air
right here in the Orient, not at home in Baltimore Bell Air
molecule, minuscule, whatever cule, I tried not to ridicule
writing poetry is entirely different than acting like a fool....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Friday 9th February 2018-
@ 09.12 hrs.P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR LANI on the 23rd of FEBRUARY

In fact, her name is Lanneke from just her Chinese name "Lan" since she has moved to America, it became Lani she apologized Americans want all things to sound short and faster than the tornado to reach what is going in each American mouth I have seen on Dutch TV spot is a very large plastic box filled with ice cream that only is ONE person consuming it in front of the TV with his legs above the sitting-room table.

This is the first time I tell ye and write about this sweet habit these are the things that impressed me most

as I was sitting there at the Lobster restaurant an ober was asking me which dessert I wished while showing the brownies to me they have such biggest measure and I have tasted so many lobsters looked like my stomach is gonna in rapture if I accept this great adventure sure my belly would be in suffering torture

and this!
on the stairs of Disney Land, wow! a most loveliest big playground for all ages near LA in Annaheim there were two gentlemen in front of me I was so shocked: they needed widest grandest and broadest spot because the stairs are just enough for one of them IF I may tell ye they are just obese individuals muscled but above all, why I show you these? they are too fat, they are obese

as the stairs were going down on Anaheim's loveliest playground
Oh, dear Lani, what would I say in fact?
of course, I wanted to congratulate you, perfect!
A Very Happy BirthDay to you, am I correct?
the happiest Day tomorrow with Avi all the way
May love and happiness be on your way to stay

I have here homemade cake &quot;Appeltaart&quot; with me
that is the original Dutch Apple-cake, no fake!

these words are created spontaneously
I do hope tomorrow we will meet in reality, sincerely
please, don´t forget to fetch me off at the airport
otherwise, I would not dare to come from aboard
this is possible due to KLM support
this name stands for so much comfort
I do hope these felicitations are enough short
please, don´t forget to fetch me off at the airport!

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan:
&quot;Dutch Apple-Taart just from the Oven&quot;

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Thursday the 22nd February 2018-
@ 10.22 hrs A.M. West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Last Chance, Last Choice, My Love....

Once you walked along, I was blind
I did see but did not see you
Once you came closer, I kept the distance
You were always full of love, full of life
I took a glance
You were always there when I need you
Love was always there when Life needed it
\Once you came again, I did see something
You came closer, I felt the atmosphere
You gave me a smile, you gave me life
Once you were near, I felt no fear
You touched me with a kiss
This last chance, my last choice came so near
Love and Life came hand in hand
Your touch gave me peace
Your kiss made me feel at ease
I was in Paradise I was in Heaven
I did make My Last Choice.

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: "In Love Again", perfume created by Yvest Saint Laurent, Paris.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

day 5 February 2018-
@15.50 hrs -European Time
West

Sylvia Frances Chan
Today it is her birthday
but she is no more, she has deceased
oh, how I hate repeating it this way
any other word I would have pronounced with ease

do you want to hear her story?
sure you won´t be that annoyed?
I am so sorry if though you will get bored
I must admit that my version is a bit blurry

she is a very fortunate woman
her husband is a very wealthy man, try not to insult
all of a sudden she fell ill, to the hospital she was put in a van
she could pay every specialist, she is constantly at the consult

after many many years slicking pills for her health
typical her addiction, she has so much wealth
one morning she was found dead
having slept alone in her kingsize bed
the night before she preferred to sleep alone
in her daughter´s sleeping-room, her only precious throne
that cursed night she was suffocating, no one heard her scream
she was found dead in that early morning beam
the night before she took the wrong pill of another scheme

Sylvia Frances Chan
Tuesday 12th February 2014
22.12 hrs. p.m.
True facts, no fiction, own sister-in-law
The day before she called her specialist,
at that time he had no time left, so busy was he, but though he gave her another pill to get a better sleep.
BUT that pill was the wrong pill, when she took this pill before sleeping, after some while, she started to suffocate. Since she wished to sleep alone that night, no one could hear her. Usually she sleeps in one bed with her spouse, but not that night. The only night that led to her quickened death. In Indonesia like in the Netherlands, we cannot blame the specialist, because we cannot proof that.
In the USA, I have heard, the family becomes at least a millionaire due to the diligent advocates. Since they get a certain amount too. God shows me the factors that led to her premature in the Garden of Eden, the human kind is free to choose himself. Dear Sister-in-law, may you rest in peace. Amen.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Happiest BirthDay, My Dearest Koko!

Voor liefste Koko - To Dearest Koko,

The most beloved and precious person in my life is my only brother who is celebrating his birthday today

except a brother he cares for me like a father sans knowing he cares for everything that belong to me my drawings my paintings and my poetry

it's so odd to experience the care and love of a genius

the best thing in my life!

God's Blessings in Abundance,

veel liefs- with love

your pi2

HAPPIEST BIRTHDAY, DEAREST KOKO ON THE 25th OF MAY 2019!
For you my photograph of a pink Rose. Sent with much care and love
Sylvia Frances Chan
Lay Bare Your Words....

According to me
is Poetry full of hidden thoughts
something smallest wroughts

the greatest thoughts
till smallest wroughts but as far as I am concerned
is Poetry full of hidden truths

since thoughts hidden
are truths hidden
since we may not yell
the truths that lie in our heart
then we never tell

don´t you want to know
what that is
hidden thoughts in Poetry?
hidden truths in your heart?

well, my mum advised me
lay bare the words from your heart,
never hide the truths within
it is not that smart, honey....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Pentecost Monday
the 10th of June 2019
@20.40 hrs.P.M. Dutch Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Leave Me Or Love Me Truly....

Forgive my emotive writings
today I cannot write a single thing

my head is blurred, my mind absurd
I cannot write one simple word

I have seen so many tragedies
I have watched so many comedies

must I cry now or must I laugh now?
for my beloved I still make a deepest bow

my love mood is today so very low
if you will ask me how come? I really don´t know

my love mood is no 30 celcius
it is oft okay when it gets its plus

my love mood is just 22 celcius
that´s not hot nor cold though with a plus

that is just in between
enough warmth to make your heart redeem

not too cold to make your body be frozen
my beloved, if I may ask: why have you chosen?

as I am the only one who loves you like crazy
but your existence makes my life so pretty uneasy

forgive my emotive writings, darling
today I cannot write a single simple thing

it looks like the whole world has turned upside down
I am deep serious, baby, please, don´t make me a clown

So I beg your for the last time, really
Leave me or love me true passionately
as I am the only one who loves you like crazy
and your existence makes my life so heavy uneasy

but love is love is love is true love
we have learned a very lot from God above....

Sylvia Frances Chan
Leg Je Woorden Bloot....

Volgens mij
is Poëzie vol met verborgen gedachten
iets kleins
de grootste gedachten
tot de kleinste slagen, maar wat mij betreft
is Poëzie vol met verborgen waarheden

sinds gedachten verborgen
zijn waarheden verborgen
omdat we niet mogen schreeuwen
de waarheden die in ons hart liggen
dan vertellen we het nooit

wil je het niet weten
wat dat is
verborgen gedachten in de poëzie?
verborgen waarheden in je hart?

nou, mijn moeder heeft me geadviseerd
leg de woorden uit je hart,
verberg nooit de waarheden erin
het is niet zo slim, lieverd....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Pinkstermaandag
10 juni 2019
@ 20.40 hrs.P.M. Ned. tijd

Sylvia Frances Chan
L'endroit Inestimable Sur Terre....

L'endroit inestimable sur terre, est une bonne valeur néerlandaise

voici le temps enchanteur maintenant, sans malheur
où que vous soyez, vous ne le regretterez jamais, oui!
wow, les belles pluies d'été,
douleurs un peu profondes

comme aujourd'hui, je ne sais pas où va la terre
même mon estomac commence à chanter le plus beau

la nuit dernière, il y avait eu les tempêtes les plus violentes,
avec les étranges orages nocturnes

mais ce matin, tout à coup,
avec une action spectaculaire
le soleil apparaît soudainement
il donne une protection délicieuse
Je suis terriblement satisfait, sans doute
Je me sens plus heureux, maintenant je vais vraiment crier!

C'est seulement aujourd'hui un très grand festin,
tourbillonnant
personne ne traîne la bête

voici ce beau temps!
wow, c'est une vraie fête!
Je sens la chaleur agréable en moi, le contact le plus doux sous ma peau
les étés doux néerlandais arrivent
quand le crépuscule tourne doucement
Je sens que j'aime vraiment ces frissons
la belle journée hypnotisante fait
tous les tourbillons et tourbillons sont encore là!

Ce bel endroit sur terre est pour moi une résurrection,
cette source,
où l'amour se dévoile et la passion est pure,
bien sûr...
© Sylvia Frances Chan

@Le lieu inestimable sur terre
Mercredi 14 juin 2019
Matin à Pays-Bas à 9h15

Sylvia Frances Chan
Let Me Think Again....

Let me think again....

War 1 was about war in general, better peace than war, never war anymore!

War 2 was about corrupt presidents around the world

War 3 was about retrospecting human life

War 4 was about the first honest president who did not corrupt, but actually built up Indonesia. What a shame, he has to repair and rebuild as many things in the country as well as possible.

How many presidents has this beloved country?

Ir. Jokowi uses his skills as an engineer and the other things he had studied for. Irian Barat has received so many excellent roads and smaller roads for the residents to travel within their region.

Know that Irian Barat is a very large island. You can't imagine how big Indonesia is, sooooooooooooooo big.

Really, I always want honest poems based on reality and i's reality IS the best.

All predecessors had been corrupted in one way or another. This word consisting of 7 letters is the key word in Indonesia today.

I have a photo with my niece standing next to Ir. Jokowi. She hadn't asked him, but he could see from her face that she was a very shy person, so he asked her to stand next to him for a photo. Of course this gesture is part of his campaign for the upcoming elections in recent weeks.
As long as a president is honest, 
things are not forbidden that benefit the country.

What I have heard and know exactly is 
that he is chosen again. 
For 4 years he is elected again as 
the President of Indonesia. 
Oh, yes, he also had apartments 
and houses built for the poorest of the poor, 
who until then had no houses and lived on the streets. 
And I am sure he will do other excellent things, 
for example, he wants the capital to be moved 
to the island of Kalimantan.

I wish him even more success in the coming 4 years. 
May the indonesian people still fully enjoy 
their Indonesia as it is now. 
God bless President Ir. Jokowi and his people....

©Sylvia Frances Chan 
Anno Domini Friday the 7th of June 2019.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Liefde

LIEFDE
Dit woord noemde je een verslaving in een ander woord zou precies dat zijn.

Krijgt ge het gevoel
wanneer de bloemen zo wild zijn
gaat gij kijken en
gij staat gespannen
dan kijkend naar de bergen
waar de hemel kalmeert

Tegen de avond geeft aan dat
de dauwdruppels op uw vensterraam
ge eraan herinneren met genegenheid
dat ergens in de buurt
wanneer gij de open haard aansteekt,
ik ben de warmte die gij voelt.

Wanneer ge alleen in de achtertuin zit
's nachts melancholisch zal voelen
met stille ritmes van melodie
en de duisternis die doordringt
houd uw handen samen in gebed
en onthoud dat ge het gebaar bent
en de woorden zijn van mij.
in de kamers van uw hart
kijk dieper naar binnen; voor troost.

Liefde is als het laatste geflikker van een kaars
ge wilt het zo vasthouden
soms te midden van herfstelijke zuchten
en winterse toevallen
de emotie wordt wegespoeld
bij stormen die gepaard gaan met zware stortbuien.

Ik zal een regenboog van licht vasthouden
en de kleuren zorgen ervoor dat ge u goed voelt

Liefde zal stilletjes verschijnen
en breng ge dichterbij
deze keer...
voor altijd!

van diegene die U eert
dit gedicht voor U componeert
Zaterdag 9 maart 2013

Sylvia Frances Chan
Liefde In Het Leven....

Liefde in het leven is nodig
het leven zonder liefde is een noodgeval
leven zonder liefde
is constant ziek zijn

Met liefde
we blijven zonder enige aandoening achter
zonder enige ziekte
met die zoete liefde in het leven
zullen we nooit ruzie maken

wij zullen
altijd zijn
gemakkelijk
gelukkig
een vrije vogel
een vogel echt vrij
zonder kooi
we blijven constant gezond
met onze rijkdom aan liefde....

Sylvia Frances Chan
Liefdesverhaal (1) ....

Ik hoorde een liefdesverhaal over een heel jong stel, woonachtig in het Verenigd Koninkrijk

hij was een vriendelijke dokter
had zijn praktijk in huis
hij wachtte altijd op haar terugkeer van haar werk
hoewel hij zijn eigen drukke praktijk had, wachtte hij altijd op haar thuiskomst

ze waren zo verliefd, hoewel ze tien jaar getrouwd waren, waren ze nog steeds erg verliefd.
ze kregen twee zonen, een van 5 jaar oud en de jongste nog een peuter.

zij was de secretaresse van de literaire afdeling van de universiteit van P. in het Verenigd Koninkrijk.

ze erg lief, maar ze had vaak een tragische glimlach,
haar gezicht was altijd vol melancholie,
maar ze was heel sociaal,
wisselde altijd menu's uit met de buitenlandse studenten

op een mooie middag wilde ze uitgaan, maar hij verbood haar
ze had al een babysit voor hun jongste zoon gebeld.
ze vertelde hem dat ze een opera in de stad wou zien
ze wist dat ze hem niet kon vragen om met haar mee te gaan,
omdat hij een drukke praktijk had
dus nodigde ze haar vrouwelijke collega uit om met haar mee te gaan
ze had de kaartjes voor de opera al gekocht

hij verbood haar nogmaals
toen sloeg hij haar ineens op haar gezicht
ze rende weg, maar struikelde over de ijzeren hek, omdat haar hoge hakken vast kwamen te zitten op de artistieke tuinvloer
ze viel en bloed was overal
je zult dit niet geloven!
ze was direct dood, zomaar.

Hij belde de politie en vertelde het hele verhaal
de straat was gesloten voor buitenstaanders
is dit echt ware liefde?
of te jong om lief te hebben in werkelijkheid?

liefde is een gevoel, vaak heel teder en gepassieerd
maar op sommige andere momenten beladen met zeer zware emoties en een agressieve houding

nu kan hij zijn huis nooit meer een thuis noemen
is dit echt ware liefde?
ik heb mijn twijfels
maar misschien heb ik het mis

ze was erg hard geslagen en daarom viel ze op het ijzeren hek
ze stierf meteen
sinds dat ijzer door haar lichaam is gegaan

dit is geen roddel noch een thriller
dit moet realiteit zijn

maar dit paar moet nog volwassen worden
is ware liefde zo gepassioneerd?
is ware liefde zo agressief?

Ik hoorde over dit liefdesverhaal,
en ik had erover nagedacht
inderdaad, dit is waar

een waar griezelig liefdesverhaal....

©Sylvia Frances Chan
Maandag 3 juni 2019 -

Sylvia Frances Chan
it all started with an innocent gesture
she told him his grammar was worst
though he was well educated

he became furious
he felt insulted by her

what did she think she was?
then he chased her till in the back yard
she tried to escape but stumbled upon a great stone
and you won't believe,
she fell and was badly hurt, she was bleeding
the stone made she must be transported to the hospital

love can turn out so strange, real love or not,
there is always something going on, terrible

love can be so cruel
love can be so deadly
this time I do hope not

her husband tried to stop the bleeding
but without success

he called the ambulance

the whole neighbourhood was there
wanted to know where the sounds came from

an ambulance? ! What for?
the neighbourhood did not know that the nasty shoutings came from this place
a woman was wounded because she fell on the big stone in the backyard
that's all they knew

since that time, only the correct attitudes in their mental love life
and also in other options that I cannot mention here.

Is this true love?
I don't know, I thought true love never slaps in a woman's face
true love never starts shouting
true love constantly sings about peace and ease

these things that occurred truly make me start pondering upon a very lot
I believe in true love always has a peaceful solution....

©Sylvia Frances Chan
Tuesday the 4th of June 2019

Sylvia Frances Chan
Life After The Poetfreak Era

Again a Carpe Diem

I died a thousand times
and still, I do many times a day
what would I experience this morn
intentions to live and to enjoy
The bullet tore my heart, time and again

No known faces at my funeral, only you I recognize
I have enjoyed the life and love with you
every passion, every sigh
but when you must climb higher on that mountain
every step to the top was too high

Mediocrity is not in your dictionary
I heard that once, I won´t forget
I died that day another death
myriad tears, too young to die
resurrected again, I never asked why

Then uplifted again I died this grief
golden sunshine comes after murky days
moonlit nights occurred and dreary afternoons
why are these toes constant on the move
having true love, no need to prove

My deathbed is appearing again
upon my pink and purple canvas
love worshipped me, now smashed me again
I forgot whole rhymes in my requiem
intend to be steadfast and stick
to my Carpe Diem!

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Thursday 21 Sep 2017
@ 12.00 hrs PM West- European Time
Translation into Dutch:

LEVEN Na POETFREAK Era
Nogmaals een 'Carpe Diem', Pluk de Dag

Ik stierf duizend keer
en nog steeds, ik doe vele keren per dag
wat zou ik deze morgen ervaren
intenties om te leven en te genieten
De kogel scheurde mijn hart, keer op keer

Geen bekende gezichten bij mijn begrafenis, alleen jij die ik herken
ik heb het leven en de liefde van je genoten
elke passie, elke zucht
maar als je hoger op die berg moet klimmen
elke stap naar de top was te hoog.

Middelmatigheid is niet in jouw woordenboek
ik heb dat eens gehoord, ik vergeet het niet
ik ben die dag nog één keer doodgegaan
talloze tranen, te jong om te sterven
opnieuw opgewekt, ik heb nooit gevraagd waarom.

Toen ik weer opgewekt werd, stierf ik dit verdriet
gouden zonneschijn komt na de duistere dagen
maanbeschoten nachten en dronken middagen
waarom zijn deze tenen constant in beweging.
Met ware liefde, geen behoefte om te bewijzen

Mijn sterfbed verschijnt opnieuw
op mijn roze en paarse doek
liefde aanbad me, sloeg me nu weer op de grond
ik vergat hele rijmpjes in mijn requiem
plan standvastig te zijn en vasthoudend
aan mijn Carpe Diem!

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Auteursrechten Beschermd

AD. Donderdag 21 Sept 2017
@ 12.00 uur NM West- Europese Tijd

Sylvia Frances Chan
Life Is Hard....

this poem was written on April 2007 in my own website ()

Life is hard
I looked into your heart
so lonely as forgotten
I took a glance at your face
so sad as never
I look into my mind
yours is active
full of soul
strange feeling
only in my dreams we met and spoke

I slept a thousand dreams
everything is true
I met a thousand people
everyone is a lie
they say that they won’t gossip
they are just human
their talking is their gossip
they only do not know....

© Sylvia Frances Chan - copyright Sat.13 Aug 2011 -
All Rights Reserved

Sylvia Frances Chan
Life Is....

IN MEMORIAM Rev. Billy Graham dies today at the age of 99 years. He said to his audience after he dies, he only changes his address.

flourishing and decay  
every minute in every way

each flower grows from a bud  
till it shall wither, from hereto thither

with this flower, so grow all things with us  
there in between, we enjoy and die,  
we celebrate and bury, minus or plus

of the build-ups,  
and build again from the decay  
the flourishings will go on and stay  
and so it is too with the decay

we enjoy, we give and take again  
we lose again, all those growing pains  
they stay again and will be released again  
as a habit, good or bad every day  
until life will come to its end

before that day will come  
we grow and enjoy again  
but then will come to the real end  
we will be released  
we are all together in a one-way direction  
finally, we will meet the most precise perfection  
and remain there

till God will call us  
because we served Him  
in love and praise

this is our life  
this is our love
so was Billy Graham´s life
so was his love for God
for his ardent wife
for his five kids
three gals and two guys

life on earth has reached its end
afterward, we will spend
our eternal life together with God above
just as Billy said to the BBC man

the flourishing flower has gone to decay
and a new bloom arises and will stay
Billy Graham has gone to meet the Lord IF I may say
this is his new life after his old obsolete
this is love, happiness and hope
to preach about God´s Love around the Globe
fervently, ardently and very serious and straight
to 215 million people as LIVE-audience
this is how Rev. Billy Graham trained his conscience
twelf presidents as his listeners, Olala
from Harry Truman till Barack Obama!

Photography by Google-USA

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

dsday the 21st February 2018-
@ 16.20 hrs. P: M: West-European Tim

Sylvia Frances Chan
Light....

Light....

in our tree
green like never before
one light does not light up

it does not stand out
it is not in front
actually, no one who sees it

the light is on
not a piece or something
it just does not give light

and we....
we let it happen
it is not in sight

but somewhere
during the night
when all other lights go out

we sometimes see
unexpected and almost unbelievable

that one light
quietly sparkle
warmer, nicer than the rest

and we know again
that every light
wants to shine and not just with Christmas....

This poem is donated to me and to my colleagues by the Friends Service "Op Stap" from the Group GGNet in Warnsveld, the Netherlands, as thanks for our years of commitment to volunteering work.
Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan:
Our Own Light-Tree for Jesus’ BirthDAY.

Sylvia Frances Chan, Dutch poetess
The days after Christmas 2017

Today Friday the 26th January 2018-
@ 22.26 hrs.P.M. West-European-Time
published in the English Language by Sylvia Frances Chan

Sylvia Frances Chan
Like A Child....

My Confessions so true
the only God i serve and love is You,
this week i have said that many times
the God i love is You, You and only You

my mouth has spoken that uncountable times
my ears have heard that so many times again
my hands are holding You so fervently
i feel You always in my company

i feel me blessed to have You in my life
each and every day i feel very blessed to know You
You have such greatest Love, tremendously
for all mankind on earth and for me
together we are walking day and night
You always guide me in all tides

before i know and realize, i have sinned so many times
dear God, i have confessed that so many times either
i confess about the sins i know
uncountable times i have sinned and i don´t know
for all these sins i ask You forgiveness too

You know the only One i love most is You

i know You from the Old and New Testament.
dear Almighty God, i know You alive too
You know too good my life is one greatest lament
the living God i serve and love in my life is You
each day again, i realize my greatest Blessing is You
the biggest love and blessings i have got are from You

i do know that each time i kneel for You
You are alive and You are living in my life
You are constantly helping me in my daily strife
Uncountable gratitudes for You
dear Almighty living God alive, Amen....
©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN
Anno Domini- Saturday The 2nd March 2019-
@ 6.36 hrs West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Listen....

The Nightingale and the Wren
their chit-chattering
are like church bells ringing
or like the cock and the hen.

As a kid, I fantasize
behind closed doors I idealize
of far horizons, stormy seas, and huge waves
since I was locked up perpetually in dark caves
in my mind an impressing golden reign
not that corrupted, that absurd
afraid of losing me, this thought, how insane
with sin layered world, this earth gonna be forsaken

Like a caged bird, I rebelled
the bars I had broken
flying out to the free world unspoken, I spelled
always alone, never had I spoken
but the world plates yelled
from deep down the ocean

the next tsunami in progress?
you may say no
since you really don´t know
my mind is in process
my inside intuition says a fatty YES.

ey every country has an implement
to register the coming tsunami
never take away that tool
IF you do, you are truly an earthly fool!
But we ought to be able to listen and to obey
just like when I pray, I listen
to what the Lord hath to say....

LATEST NOTE: Most buildings are collapsed, but the Church still stands tall, one of God´s Greatest Wonders in Palu-.SEE THE PICTURE, PLEASE
The Tsunami that occurred in Palu, a peaceful place on the Pretty Peninsula Sulawesi, the latest news just heard: the victims have increased now till over the 800 people.

Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Saturday 22nd of Sep 2018
@ 6.00 hrs AM.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Lost My Mind....

Today my mind is closed, you know?
I lost the key to open it
that's not really a bulsh*t
I won't ever place a post-it
then that will indeed truly a bulshit!

Please, forgive this hit of mine
yours, his, hers or thine
I don't mind

but first I wanna tell ye
I feel so lost
lost in a mess of one word
that is not straightly absurd

the word won't defy
please specify
I am lost since my loved one
isn't whatsapping me anymore
you don't know the reason
perhaps it is treason
treason for what? !
because of utmost love?

I dare to bet
he is still sleeping abed
no saldo, no wifi so no whatsappin' nor
emailin' too
I am disillusioned, today I have from head to toe
my greatest woe
lost in a mess of one word
must one have for emailin'
of course, Saldo
absurd!
Because of only that one word? !
Saldo....
not because of that one word
because I do not possess that
Saldo
not that word
but because of
that Saldo
the amount....
halloo!

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

day the 27th January 2018
@18.45 Hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Love

Love
One touch, staring in the eye
meaningful shaken with the hand
would you be the catcher in the rye
built our cute house on the easy sand?

Sylvia Frances Chan© copyright Sat Aug 27 - 2011 - All Rights Reserved

A summerday in summer

Sylvia Frances Chan
Love (A Double Tetractys) ....

Love
So true
Most faithful
No infidel
From your beloved who had never gone
Constant caring and loyal, always done
True love it is
Sweetest bliss
And God
IS

©Sylvia Frances Chan

daythe 28th of November 2018
@ 7.07 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Flourishing and decay
every minute in every way

each flower grows from a bud
till it shall wither, from here to thither

with this flower, so all things grow with us
there in between we enjoy and die,

the flourishings will go on and stay
and either so it be with the decay

we enjoy, we give and take again
we lose again, all those growing pains
they stay again and will be released again
as a habit, in good or bad days
until life will come to its final end

before that day will come
we grow and enjoy again
but then will come the true end
we will be released
we are altogether on a one way direction
finally we will meet the most precise perfection
and remain there

till God will call us
because we served Him
in love and praise

this is our life
this is our love

life on earth has reached its final end
afterwards we will spend
our eternal life together with God above

this is new life after our obsolete life
this is love and happiness
to love and to be loved again
in another sphere and environment
if I may call it God´s heaven

what you don´t know, my beloved
we can see clearly God, Jesus and the Holy Ghost
and all the caring and the guarding angels time and again
you and I, my loved one, we see each other each heaven day the most
I know for sure, God allows
and who follows....?

created with love and much care
© Sylvia Frances Chan

y the 5th of August 2018
@ 14.57 . West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Love Embodying Life

Love confesses
since a long time at best
drinking, eating inbreathing
and exhaling flocking drugs
its life was happy
with an overdose
of drugged love
in its flourishing life.

Since
a long time at worst
I was happy and content
with that overdose
of a well-balanced portion of love
in my later life
still a life that flourished well
so many countless blessings from above

shamelessly
corrupted in all its fruitful love
that's life propped with love
life goes for it
despite everything
drinking
eating
inbreathing exhaling and
flocking drugs
chasing
blazing
disliking
lovings still
doubting
the touchings and caressings
the solemn promises
the true blesses
why then saying: "shamelessly"?
if all love lives, and survived life to love again
painful, lovingly and cared for
body, heart and soul intertwined
do mind
the real love
despite that "shamelessly"

life is still filled with happiness
and an overdose of love
still with an
overdose
of love
since love wishes to reside
in my life as I pray and praise
to God above....

sincerest changes
since the weather ranges
has its rapture
yesterdays were 10 below zero I captured
and this morn, plus 9 how fractured

despite everything
slammed in my private life
9 above zero
made love be the hero
it chose me and
came to intertwine in my precious life
Life is thankful to this generous Love.

I am grateful to all most enchanting love
believe it or not
that comes from God above
sure, I have seen His Son with The Dove
He sent to me
to free me from all earthly sins
and I say humbly to all of you
i have lost because He wins....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Tuesday the 6th of March 2018-
@ 14.04 hrs. P.M. West-European Time
9 Celcius Degrees above Zero- What a difference!
Yesterday still MINUS 10 and now this Morn
PLUS 9 Celcius Degrees. WOW! No rains.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Love In 2019....

Love, love, love, love, love
always love never hate
never hate always love

love, love, love, love, love
constantly, crisply, insistently
ardently, firmly, fervently
firmly, fondly, fascinatingly

love with your honest heart
love with your ardent heart
love intensely love
constantly all the time
during the time you most love

but never say a word

love with your heart
love with your eyes
love with your ears
love with your hands
love with your feet
love without words

but be sure that you love
love, love, love, love, love
another person you truly love
keep loving till the end
of your breathing
that is not heavy a task

since when you love
all things go smooth
as long as love is in your life
if you love
nothing is a problem
we have the solutions
for every problem in love
love, love, love, love, love
the whole year of 2019
there is only one love
God is The love we believe and
all there is
added with the person we truly love and cherish
love, love, love, love, love
love love, keep love, cherish love
love, love, love, love, true love!

A.D. Saturday the 22nd of December 2018
Today is the shortest day of the year

Sylvia Frances Chan
Love In Acrostic.(2) ....

Let us try to live with a friendly attitude
Other people's problems are ours too
Verdicts we never do, that's the judge's job
End all quarrels with peaceful solutions....

©Sylvia Frances Chan
First Christmas Day 25 December 2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
Love In Acrostic....

Let us live peacefully
Others, like our neighbours, we help solve their problems
View the easiest solutions
Each day we try to live in loving care segregations

Sylvia Frances Chan
Love In Life

Love in life is needy
life sans love is emergency
to live without love
is constantly being sick
With love
we will stay sans any disease
sans any sickness
with that sweet love in life
we will have never strife
we will
always be
easy
happy
a free bird
a bird truly free
sans cage
constantly we remain in health
with our love wealth....

© Sylvia Frances Chan

Sylvia Frances Chan
I heard a love story about a very young couple, residing in the UK
he was a kindest doctor
had his practice at the house
he was always waiting for her returning from her work
although he had his own busy practice, he was always waiting for her coming home
they were so in love, although married for ten years, they were still in love deeply.
they got two sons, one 5 years old and the youngest still a toddler.

she was the secretary of the literary department of the university of the UK.
she was loveliest, but she oft had a tragic smile, her face was always full melancholy, but she was very sociable, always exchanging menus with the foreign students

one beautiful afternoon, she wanted to go out, but he forbade her
she had already called a babysit for their youngest son.
she told him that she wished to see an opera in town
she knew that she could not ask him to accompany her since he had a busy practice
so she invited her female colleague to go with her
she had bought already the tickets for the opera

he forbade her once again
then all of a sudden he slapped her on her face
she ran away, but stumbled upon the iron fence, because her high heels got stuck
on the artistic garden floor
she fell and blood was everywhere
you won't believe this!
she was dead, just like that.

He called the police and told the whole story
the street was closed for outsiders

is this truly true love?
or too young to love in reality?
love is a feeling, oftentimes very tender and passionate
but at some other times laden with very heavy emotions and an aggressive
attitude

now he can never call his house a home anymore
is this really true love?
I have my doubts
but perhaps I am wrong

she was very hard hitted, and that's why she fell upon the iron fence
she died at once
since that iron got through her body

this is no gossip nor a thriller
this must be reality

but this couple must still get mature
is true love such passionate?
is true love such aggressive?

I heard about this love story,
and I had thought about it
indeed this is true

a true eerie love story....

©Sylvia Frances Chan
Monday, the 3rd June 2019 -

Sylvia Frances Chan
Love Story (2)....

it all started with an innocent gesture
she told him his grammar was worst
though he was well educated

he became furious
he felt insulted by her

what did she think she was?
then he chased her till in the back yard
she tried to escape but stumbled upon a great stone
and you won't believe,
she fell and was badly hurt, she was bleeding
the stone made she must be transported to the hospital

love can turn out so strange, real love or not,
there is always something going on, terrible

love can be so cruel
love can be so deadly
this time I do hope not

her husband tried to stop the bleeding
but without success

he called the ambulance

the whole neighbourhood was there
wanted to know where the sounds came from

an ambulance? ! What for?
the neighbourhood did not know that the nasty shoutings came from this place
a woman was wounded because she fell on the big stone in the backyard
that's all they knew

since that time, only the correct attitudes in their mental love life
and also in other options that I cannot mention here.

Is this true love?
I don't know, I thought true love never slaps in a woman's face
true love never starts shouting
true love constantly sings about peace and ease

these things that occurred truly make me start pondering a very lot
I believe in true love always has a peaceful solutions....

©Sylvia Frances Chan
Love Story (2)
Tuesday the 4th of June 2019

Sylvia Frances Chan
Love Story (3) ....

Prologue:
Some precious words are derived from the Bible
because it has the same topic as I intended to write about.

Love is patient love is kind.
It is not jealous, it is not haughty, it is not proud.

It does not violate others, it is not selfish,
it is not easily angry,
it's no problem at all

Love does not rejoice in evil, but rejoices in the truth.
It always protects, always trusts,
always hopes, always perseveres

and more great topics such as
have time for each other at the same time

worthy of each other
and love will always burst
from their inner self

true love triumphs
forever....

©Sylvia Frances Chan
Tuesday the 4th of June 2019

Sylvia Frances Chan
If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels, but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal.

If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing.

If I give all I possess to the poor and give over my body to hardship that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs.

Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away.

For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when completeness comes, what is in part disappears.

When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put the ways of childhood behind me.

For now we see only a reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face.

Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.
And now these three remain:
Faith, Hope and Love.
but the greatest of these is LOVE....

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan-“In front of the Vatican, ROME”;

As was narrated on SUNDAY in MEDIUM Journal
@ 21.22 hrs West European Time -AD. the 29th October 2017
From 1 Corinthians 1-13. Lieke Tuender has become 2 years old.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Love To Watch Nature As It Is....

Summer supremacist,
autumnal aspirations
winter warming and
spring senses.

In spring there will be no celebrations
zombie-like people are walking

None of these deads-alive
no men would talk to me, even their wife

My legs are proud to bear me
their un-rhyming details, perhaps
my hips were slenderly formed
walking was no problem,
bit imbalanced, perhaps

These legs would bring me fame
oft prohibited by beloved mum
now I never hide them,
never show them either.

Oft wandering seeking the
sound of silence
through thoughts traveling
amidst the green forests wild
and the emerald sea so mild.
In spring there will be no celebrations
zombie-like people will make place
for aliens from outer space

most beautiful when you can catch
for no meterby a lace....
your own shoelace....

photography by Sylvia Frances Chan "Doetinchem's SummerDusk"

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected
Love You So Much

Love you so much
Love you so very much
I do nothing but think of you
you don't even know
how it hurts me so

Love you so very very much
I do not a thing all day long just think of you
you don't even know
my heart aches so

from dawn to dusk
from morn to night
from dark to light
from green to red
from sane to mad
from weep to sleep
my love for you is very very deep

© Sylvia Frances Chan
copyright Tue Sep 20 - 2011 at 1.31 hrs -
All Rights Reserve

Sylvia Frances Chan
Love....

There is never restlessness
You always feel at ease
Never one war to be found
It’s always peace, peace, peace
Your heart’s ground is perpetually
Calm, serene, peaceful
Without one frown upon your ground
Your heart’s desire
Always on fire
But it’s always peace, peace, peace
You always feel at ease

Pipi
Sylvia Frances Chan, dutch poetess, evangelist
Residence in
Jakarta-Indonesia
Amsterdam-The Netherlands
Tuesday 2 Oct 2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
Loveliest Valentine´s Day....

WOW! Valentine´s Day is coming
Valentine´s Day is now Today!

WOW! that old feeling has come back again
As we are in our Oldsmobile driving-slipping
on the green highways singing
and then, my love and then....?

No Whatsapping Today
since you will be here today
and I am on the way
to the loveliest spot where you stay

....another rhyming scheme, dear, please....
but be at your ease
as you please....

Valentine´s Day was never here
in our loveliest lowlands with that atmosphere

but the salesmen wanna earn bit more
they start to proclaim Amor some years of yore

Yep, there go the fresh flowers
Roses red, Violets Blue
sweetheart, i always love you
and i will get the Roses in a few hours

While driving in our Oldsmobile
our life has taken flight in a while
i really really love your style
being nearest to you all the way
that´s true romance and love, hurray!
are there some words you still wanna say?

Well, my love, my darling own
i realize it is Valentine´s Day today
our very own
Four decennia ago and now we´ve grown
our love has gained more dimensions
despite the so many tensions
but every Valentine´s Day
is OUR LOVE Celebrations´Day....

Photography and Card-Design by ©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN

Anno Domini Sunday, the 10th Feb 2019 -
@ 6.53 hrs. West European Time

Poet´s Notes:
Valentine´s Day,
influenced by the USA
is not so long in our Lowlands
exactly four decennia ago started these events
was that really for romance and love
or for the Dutch cents?
The salesmen gain profit
That´s it....!
Wishing you all HAPPY VALENTINE's DAY next Thursday the 14th Feb.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Loving You....

The sweetness of thy words lay not in thine mouth
but in thine mind

The beauty of moving thine body lay not in thine walking
but in thine heart

The utmost pure love thy have shown
lay not in thine caring nor loving
but in thine precious hidden soul

That's why loving thee is not a day's work
but a labour that lasts a life long
and encapsulates life beyond eternity....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

MyNotes:
Tuesday 12 January 2016 - 16.37 hrs.p.m.

Sylvia Frances Chan
De nachtegaal en het winterkoninkje
hun gebabbel
zijn als kerkklokken die luiden
of zoals de haan en de kip
niet als de kip zonder kop
ook niet als de mok zonder deksel erop.

Als een kind fantaseer ik
achter gesloten deuren idealiseer ik
van verre horizonten, stormachtige zeeën en enorme golven
sinds ik voor altijd in donkere grotten werd opgesloten
in mijn gedachten een indrukwekkende gouden regering
niet die corrupte steeds abrupte
bang om me te verliezen, deze gedachte, hoe gestoord
met de gelaagde wereld van de zonde, deze verlaten aarde,
dat is één ding waartoe jij niet behoort.

Als een gekooide vogel rebelleerde ik
de tralies die ik had gebroken
er uit vliegen naar de vrije wereld onuitgesproken, heb ik gemeld
altijd alleen, nooit had ik gesproken, tenimmer had ik verteld
maar de wereldplaten schreeuwden zich schor
van diep onder op de bodem van de oceaan

de volgende tsunami aan de gang?
je mag nee zeggen
omdat je het echt niet weet
mijn geest is in proces
mijn innerlijke intuïtie zegt een vette JA.

elk land heeft een instrument
om de komende tsunami te registreren
en onder geen beding
zomaar weghalen dat registratie-ding!
we zouden moeten kunnen luisteren en gehoorzamen
net als wanneer ik bid, luister ik
naar wat de Heer te zeggen heeft....
LATEST NOTE: Most buildings are collapsed, but the Church still stands tall, one of God’s Greatest Wonders in Palu-. SEE THE PICTURE, PLEASE. The Tsunami that occurred in Palu, a peaceful place on the Pretty Peninsula Sulawesi, the latest news just heard: the victims have increased now till over the 800 people. 

Geschreven om af te hebben, dit gedicht lag al een hele week te wachten, ik had nog geen tijd, dus ik kon het nog niet af krijgen en ik was bezig met weer te vervolgen met schrijven en TOVALLIG, niets is toevallig, dit liet de Heer mij zien-horen........................

Wat Sulawesi overkomen is, als men niet kan luisteren. SULAWESI, het Schiereiland, naast eveneens het Schiereiland Kalimantan, in Indonesia, dat een plotseling Tsunami overkomen was, maar het registratie-apparaat net uit hadden gezet, omdat deze ambtenaren dat niet nodig vonden, er komt toch geen Tsunami, zeiden ze tegen elkander, de regerings-mensen of degenen die er op moesten letten op dat ogenblik. Dat was Vrijdag-Zaterdag 28-29 Sep net maar gisteren, en DIT GEDICHT was sinds Zaterdag 22 Sept j.l. en maar niog geen tijd om het af te maken en met dat woord TSUNAMI heb ik dit gedicht dus afgemaakt. Ik oordeel niet, maar schrijf alleen wat de Heer te zeggen heeft…..de titel LUISTER is allang bedacht, maar dat LUISTER, zet dat registreer-apparaat niet uit, is pas heden verwoord met de toefluistering van de Heer……daarom op Zaterdag 22 Sep begonnen, pas vandaag Zaterdag 29 Sep af gemaakt en her-begonnen met het woord TSUNAMI. 

DIT IS MIJN GETUIGENIS OP WAT DE HEER IN MIJN OOR HAD TOEGEFLUISTERD.

Verder bericht van de Tsunami: 

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Saturday 22nd of Sep 2018 and finished today Saturday the 29th of September 2018 - @ 6.00 hrs AM.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Luminous Level....

Luminosity rectify
darkest corners
in my memory

shouting sirenes
amongst the crowd
on the Ramblas
crying coffee cups
and tapaz
and future victims
and the bloody wash

shocked as we all are
myself the most
that darkest corner
in my memory
had criminal intents

on the TV news
Catalan cops shot
dead on the spot
five living targets
the enemy's killings intent
more bombings on their plan
they experienced
one greatest failure
not one exposure
none explosure

despite no explosion
there was much tension
innocent blood shed
much turmoil in my head

it occurred on friday-night
luminosity rectify
remained darkest
in the corners of my ratio
in the corners of my memory
luminous rectify,
dunno why,
I don't know why....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Saturday 12th May 2018-
@ 18.38 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Martin Luther....

geboren in Eisleben
stil en afgelegen
schilderachtig dorp
rijke ouders
boerenfamilie
geboren op 10 november
in het jaar 1483,
helaas, een tragische dood op 18 februari
in het jaar 1546,
een onheilspellende gebeurtenis,
een donkerste evenement

de wil van de man
is in Gods handen

Maarten Luther is de naam,
een bescheiden man
met zoveel faam
verworven door Gods genade
een groot mysterieus wonder
kruiste zijn pad
dan zoveel faam
op zijn naam
gekozen door God
in de tijd van God

bijna een enorme grootste schande

niet voor Maarten,
Integendeel,
maar voor de paus
en zijn manipulatieve spellen

zo ging het
met geboortedagen in november,
eeuwige gelukzaligheid en zegeningen
God had een geweldig plan met hem

Maarten Luther hetzelfde als Martin Luther
een hoogbegaafde professor: theologie
een getalenteerde componist
een toegewijde priester,
een eenvoudige dienende monnik,
de sleutelfiguur in de Reformatie
vanaf die dag: Goddelijke vieringen in de kerk

door de genade van God
Maarten Luther, dienaar van God
de eerlijke en juiste man ter plaatse
had de meest favoriete game gewonnen
van de paus
de naam van de paus zijn spel?
dat is: afpersing van geld en goud
van de armsten in de samenleving
dit was de grootste enorme schande
nooit gracieus of intuitief
evenals dieren, slechts instinctief
vreselijk moest dat zijn
een eigen wereldje venijn
alles en nog wat met de paus, schandelijk
voor Martin
zeer kwetsend
met al dat geld dat de paus zich had toegeëigend
konden mensen simpelweg hun zonden afkopen
en kreeg de beste plaatsen in het koninkrijk der hemelen
zonder hun eigen inspanning
die ruilhandel, afschuwelijk
betrokken was een enorme hoeveelheid geld!

Maarten wilde hervorming en
fundamenteel dogmatisch dacht hij anders
Hoera voor de Reformatie Dag
Hoera voor Maarten Luther op de Rijks-Dag in Worms

eenzaam in de weerstand
met al zijn kracht en toewijding
hij weet dat God met hem is,
vanaf die tijd alleen zegeningen
en vieringen
in de hemel, op aarde en in de kerk
samen is hij sterk!
Maarten Luther had de Bijbel vertaald
kan nu worden gelezen
door alle mensen over de hele wereld
geen monopolie meer van de paus

hij werkte met al zijn mentale kracht voor God,
alles was voorbereid
het zou klaar zijn
niet in zijn tijd, maar in God's tijd
het lot van de mensheid is in God's handen
de enige God van Abraham, Jacob en Isaac
het is buitengewoon belangrijk
dat jij, wij en ik dit weten,
Amen....

© Sylvia Frances Chan -
A.D. woensdag 31 oktober 2018

Ter herdenking van Martin Luther: zijn 95 stellingen geslagen
op 31 oktober 1517 op de deur van
de All Saints' Church in Wittenberg,
Verkiezing van Saksen in het Heilige Roomse Rijk.

********************************************************************************

Sylvia Frances Chan
Martin Luther....(In The English Language)

he was born in Eisleben
a quiet and remote
picturesque village
rich parents
farmer’s family
born on November 10th
in the year 1483,
unfortunately, a tragic death on February 18th
in the year 1546,
an ominous event,
a darkest event

man's will
is in God's hands

Martin Luther is the name,
a modest man
with so much fame
acquired by God's grace
a great mysterious miracle
crossed his path
then so much fame
upon his name
chosen by God
in God's time

almost a tremendous biggest shame

not for Martin,
on the contrary,
but for the pope
and his manipulative games

that's how it went
with November birth-events,
perpetually bliss and blessings
God had a great plan with him

Martin Luther
a gifted professor in theology
a talented composer
a devotional priest,
a simple serving monk,
the key figure in the Reformation
from that day on: Divine celebrations in the church

by the grace of God
Martin Luther, servant of God
the honest and right man on the spot
had won the most favourite game
of the pope
the name of the game?
that is: extortion of money and gold
of the poorest in society
this was the biggest huge shame
never gracefully,
likewise animals
horrendous
anything and all things with the Pope, shameful
at times echoing all over the world

with all that money that the pope had appropriated
people's sins would just be gone
and got the best places in the kingdom of heaven
without their self-effort
that barter trade
so painful for these poor citizens
involved was a huge amount of money!

Martin Luther wanted Reform and
fundamentally dogmatic he thought differently
Hurray for the Reformation Day
Hurray for Martin Luther at the Reichstag in Worms

solitary in the resistance
with all his strength and dedication
he knows that God is with him,
from that time on only blessings
and celebrations
in heaven, on earth and in the church
together Martin Luther is strong!
Martin had translated the Bible
can be read now
by all people in the world

he worked with all his mental strength for God,
everything was prepared
it would be ready
not in his time, but in God's Time
the fate of mankind is in God's Hands
the Only God of Abraham, Jacob and Isaac
it is extremely important
that you, we and i know,
Amen....

©Sylvia Frances Chan -
A.D. Wednesday the 31 October 2018

Commemorating Martin Luther nailed his 95 Theses
on the 31 of October 1517 on the door of
the All Saints' Church in Wittenberg, Germany,
Electorate of Saxony in the Holy Roman Empire.

******************************************************************************

Sylvia Frances Chan
Meditative Brevity....

Descriptive meditative excursion
a non-excursion at all
just to sit there
till you stand up again at all....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Saturday the 22nd of December 2018
@ 6.52 hrs. A.M. West-European Time
Fourth Advent Week

Sylvia Frances Chan
Meditative Praying....

Take a seat calmly
On a chair, or on the floor
vow the hands together
or open the palm of the hands
directing to above
utter the words needed for today
pronounce slowly and clearest
all said in silence
talking with the mind
all in a quiet tone
spend as long as is wished
then gradually you feel His bliss
you feel His Presence
continue the meditation
all words belong to you
all words said in silence
that are the words in the mind
we can talk with words in the mind
all in silence
we will experience
His Omnipresence
His complete Love
His Love poured out
upon you fully
we can also talk in our mind
the Our Father
all time repeating
in a calm and crystal clear tone
all in silence in the mind as many times
since meditation is all alone
with God in our mind, heart, body, and bones....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Sunday the 23rd of December 2018
@ 7.15 hrs A.M. West-European Time
Fourth Advent Week
Sylvia Frances Chan
Membaca Puisi Oleh Sylvia Frances Chan (Indon)

Membaca Puisi Dari Sylvia Frances Chan - Puisi oleh Kumarmani Mahakul
Oh, sungguh ini adalah kesaenangan besar
Untuk membaca puisi-puisi Sylvia Frances Chan,
The Dutch Poetess of brilliance and humanity,
Pelancong Dunia waktu dan martabat,
Penginjil kelembutan bersertifikat,
Dia telah memiliki hati miliaran,
Di seluruh dunia dia telah bepergian,
Puisinya tentang Margasatwa Nepal sangat memotivasi,
Masih dia ingat ayahnya memberi upeti,
Setiap puisi yang ditulis sangat diungkapkan,
Kepercayaan mendalamnya pada Tuhan memesonah dalam kata-kata,
Kami kagum, kami kagum membaca puisinya.

Ada kebaikan, ada keindahan,
Ada kewajiban dan ada ketekunan,
Kekuatan kebenaran sangat tercermin,
Kesalehan dan kebaikan menyilaukan secara bersamaan,
Bunga rumput sebagai bunga dan kupu-kupu bernyanyi,
Dalam setiap kata dia kita temukan sukacita tanpa batas,
Dia adalah salah satu penyair yang kuat,
Legenda hidup Sylvia menyanyikan kemuliaan Allah,
Permata hadiah puitis diberikan kepada umat manusia,
Sylvia Frances Chan menghargai setiap penyair,
Dia berani, dia penuh kasih sayang dan damai.
Kami suka membaca puisinya sebanyak yang kami bisa,
Secepat mungkin kita perlu mengunjungi halaman puitis,
Tuhan anggun untuk semua dan Tuhan anggun padanya.

Dia menulis dalam bahasa Belanda dan Inggris,
Dia memberi tahu kita kebenaran tentang alam dan Tuhan,
Dunia hari ini berbalik menghadap ke arahnya dalam sukacita,
Dia adalah ibu yang penuh kasih dari kata-kata puitis.

Oh, sesama penyair yang jauh di seluruh dunia,
Oh teman-teman terkasih di sana-sini di dunia,
Anda harus mengunjungi puisinya segera kami sarankan,
Oh, para pengunjung dan orang-orang asing yang Anda dengarkan segera,
Segera Anda mengunjungi puisi Sylvia Frances Chan,
Pembaca yang budiman, Anda menemukan esensi yang Anda butuhkan.

Membaca puisi yang sangat lembut,
Ini adalah kesenangan besar bagi saya dan bagi Anda,
Dalam kelimpahan Tuhan membawa kebahagiaan untuknya dan semua.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Member Poem Of The Day On 4th July 2018.

No words today, only my question:

Is the Poemhunter. poemsite on Facebook THE SAME as Our Poemhunter. poemsite right here?

I do not think so, since Poemhunter chose my poem
THE FOURTH OF JULY 2018 (2) as
Member Poem Of The Day

and on that on Facebook
there was another poem chosen as Member Poem Of The Day.

I have sent that on Facebook a complaint.
Immediately I got a response
They are still handling that now.

What surprised me?
My previous poems also chosen as Member Poem Of The Day
Two poems on two different dates, they were exact the same
as on site on

But why that difference on The 4th of July 2018?
They are still caring and checking this problem,

this was on Facebook's quickest response
that they are still amidst that.

Photograph taken by Sylvia Frances Chan,
title is: Member Poem Of The Day on the 4th of July 2018.

Thank you so much for understanding.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Memories At The Present

Memories At The Present
As I walk down the river
As I walk near the sea
As I walk in the gardens
As I walk here into me

What view near the side river's delight?
What pleasure from the sea ma douce amie?
What beauty in millions of roses petalsless
What sensation in milliards kisses without caress

As I walked from the river
As I walked from the sea
As I walked from the gardens
As I walk here right into me

My Heart leaps up!
Like Heaven's Paradise
This is not the View of a Woman's Wise
So many Sweet Caress, it's a Miraculous Bless

As I lost the river's nasty view
As I lost the sea's sore sight
As I lost the garden's awful delight
As I came to the deeper me

So many Brilliant Faces
Roses oo so beautiful...thornless
Just one Single Mind Full of Sweet Caress
To know You is A Heaven's Bless,
More but never Less

As I walked down the river
As I walked near the sea
As I walked in the gardens
As I am now here in my deepest me

I've found my Inner SoulMate
I've found my Deeper Me
I've found All Trust that I can Share
It's Real, It's To Be, It's such a Heavenly Welfare

Sylvia Frances Chan
© copyright Wed Aug 17 - 2011 - All Rights Reserved

autumn in august @21C-2011 from the lowlands

Sylvia Frances Chan
Menunggu Awak....

Saya tahu awak sayang saya
Saya juga mencintai awak
Saya akan jumpa awak tidak lama lagi
Berani
di tanah orang barbar
mereka masih akan mengumpul hati dan jiwa anda
anda meninggalkan badan anda berbaring
kerana itu benar-benar kosong
jiwa anda adalah yang paling terisi
dan terkunci
dengan meterai apa-apa
harganya hanya satu riks
datanglah madu, saya akan jumpa kamu tidak lama lagi
berjalanlah seperti merak
kerana anda telah dipilih
sangat awal sejak matahari terbenam
Saya tidak dilahirkan lagi
Walau bagaimanapun
kita bercakap bahasa yang sama
tidak ada halangan
Baiklah, saya beralih sekarang
dan saya sedang menunggu Awak
juga awak saya tunggui....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Martin Luther nailed his 95 theses on the door of the All Saints'church in Wittenberg, Germany on the 31 October 1517.

AD. Wednesday 31 October 2018-
@ 10.10 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Menunggumu....

Aku tahu kamu mencintaiiku
Aku juga mencintaimu
Aku akan segera menemuimu
Beranilah
di tanah orang barbar
mereka masih akan mengumpulkan hati dan jiwamu
Anda meninggalkan tubuh Anda berbaring
karena itu benar-benar kosong
jiwa Anda adalah yang paling banyak diisi
dan terkunci
dengan segel apa-apa
hanya biaya riks
datang sayang, sampai ketemu lagi
berjalan seperti burung merak
karena Anda sudah dipilih
sangat awal sejak matahari terbenam
Saya belum lahir
bagaimanapun juga
kita berbicara bahasa yang sama
tidak ada hambatan
OK sayang, saya beralih sekarang
dan aku menunggumu....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Martin Luther nailed his 95 theses on the door of the All Saints church in Wittenberg, Germany on the 31 October 1517.

AD. Wednesday 31 October 2018-
@ 10.10 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Merdeka To My Indonesia!

My conscience is pure nature and a blanco verse
i am ambidextrous and so is my sweet conscience
a part of my body cannot be separated
the one with the other
they are all belonging to me
all parts of me
are mine, inamorato
do belong to me, my dear
i am just crystal clear
for thee inamorato
please love me forever
doubt no ever
in your favour
never in mine
nor in thine
but in ours
for thee, your inamorata

my sweetest song for Indonesia
in simple text, in all silence with no rouse
since I am ambidextrous

Sylvie
the one who oft speaks in soliloquy
to herself, to the self while
for the whole world too
globally
pour toutes les mondes

my dear sweet country Indonesia
and mega super city Jakarta
in the girds of emerald
dear cute country of distance
with thy transparance
transparant of emeralds green, thy veil
now I wish not to fail

A Very Happy BirthDAY to you Indonesia!
Merdeka! Merdeka! Merdeka!
Merdeka means Freedom!
it's not a Queendom nor a Kingdom
but the mega beautiful Republic worldwide

i wish thee solemnly and with respect
Forever Merdeka, dear Indonesia in every aspect
my conscience is pure nature and crystal clear
and so are my wishes for thee, my dear

God Bless thee constantly in amorata
for once and for always Merdeka
My Republic Indonesia!

PF. Happy Birthday with Today the 17th of AUGUST 2018.
@ 8.18 hrs AM West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Message From My Heart

Message from my Heart
The world seems more beautiful with anagrams
Our body worst with so many kilograms
What is that which we call a Rose, bet
it's sure William, no Hamlet

So many beautiful Anagrams
So many beautiful Williams
A wealth of our literature-home
but as it had been told all those Williams is just a dome

Poor late Mr. Shakespeare or whatever your being
A Rose, a Sylvia, a Hamlet or a Morning-glowing
The world is full of you, this Planet
reads your Hamlet

William, I love you, you have drama
All the others have only their comma
You made the mankind started to read
oh my lord, then started this creed

you gave us this inheritance
this grey planet a golden glance
we cannot remain such a weed
oh, my Lord, we must first do our creed

Sorry, my excuses, Mr. Shakespeare
Can you please listen to me with this ear
we exist because of God above, that's my life
this creed first to my Lord, that's my strife

then comes you and Hamlet at your side
then this literature I abide
I keep telling that you gave literature a golden glance
I wish mankind knows what an inheritance!

Sylvia Frances Chan © copyright Sun Sep 4 - 2011 -
All Rights Reserved-
Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan:
The green grapes at the grapes tree in Taman Indonesia, Kallenkote NL, during a musical performance of Rosida with the Kroncong Toegoeh Modern Group.

Performance: On the Fourth of September 2011 -

Sylvia Frances Chan
Message Miniscule Metaphored....

Darling, your question
how it is with I
do you really want to know
must I sing again
this nocturnal impromptu
Chopin all in pain for you
how must I know
this life to grow
how shall I start
must I be still that smart

Well, I shall be honest, frank and true
haven't slept, only thoughts of you
haven't eaten, only "beaten" (fig)
by my loved ones, my beloved thing
really went through a cling

nor had lived or have drunk, am really to sink
into deepest seas, oceans and my own brink
haven't swum in any aqua,
nor in drops or driplets, or omega
or in any of this liquid

et comment allez-vous? (in french: How are you?)
during these days or two?

never seen your face
or any pace or trace
at my place

so please do not suffocate
as you once told me all resonate
this is prime, culminating, finest
foremost first rate highest, most dearest

am again a zombie
not in vain
all in pain
like that poem....
from long time ago
with My Paintress'Eye and Metaphor
who has lost who has won..
only you to die for
you tell me, darling
and please sing
for me that nocturnal song
yours and my grateful song

Message delivered
am now liquored
with the Aqua
and the Omega....

A Déjà-Vu (in french: ever happened in the past)
© Sylvia Frances Chan

Sylvia Frances Chan
Met Liefde....

Minuscule moet klein zijn, maar ook leuk zijn
schattig, lief en guitig
niet ridicule
niet tachayul (bijgelooft: Indonesisch)
en vooral niet a fool (gek: Engels)
niet voor zwemmen in de pool
eveneens niet gereed voor de noordpool

wat een fool, denk je dan over deze dichteres
zij is lerares tevens lecturer
geen vriendin van den Fuehrer
ook niet een nazaat van Albrecht Dürer
zoef-zoef wat is deze zomer toch zo warmer
dan de tropische landen die op andere graden zijn
wat kan de hitte toch zo'n venijn zijn
schroeiend, brandend op je armen
geen haar op mijn hoofd om me te laten verwarmen
in deze puffende ovenhitte
ging Plath niet effe pitten
zij voegde de daad bij het woord
zij was een heel lieve moeder, niet gestoord
en op een vries koude ochtend
eerst haar briefje dan haar hoofd in de oven
ging zij zichzelf effe stoven

maar het is nu, thans en tegenwoordig
het is hier armoe troef
geen taal noch teken
van dichtbij of verre streken
eerbied en ontzag ontbreken
wat het de ziel beroert en mag
voor het stukje poesie
tikkeltje ironisch, tikkeltje artistiek
van de in Nederland residerende dichteres Sylvie

minuscule moet klein zijn, maar ook leuk zijn
schattig, lief en guitig
niet voorbarig
en vooral niet langdradig....
Mijn Gebed Deze Ochtend....

in de verte van mijn gedachten
had ik U lief oh Heer
het weten hoe u te bereiken
wist ik al te zeer

op de weg naar mijn toekomst
aanbad ik u steeds meer
u laadde me met rijke zegeningen
en nog heel veel meer

u weet dat wist ik al te zeer
de liefde, de passie en nog veel meer

ik weet maar al te goed
ik ben met grote liefde opgevoed
ik kende nauwelijks zorgen
slechts in liedjes als De Dag Voor Morgen
alles in de Ver Van Mijn Bed Show

maar de basis van mijn geestelijk groeien
dank zij uw grote liefde aan mijn ouders mij doorgegeven
reusachtige liefdevolle zegen-regen
de achtertuin in ons groot gezellige huis was één-en-al-groeien-bloeien
oh Heer, ik denk al te vaak aan de mensen
die niets hebben of kunnen
ik zou hen alles wat ik heb gunnen
maar u had andere doelen voor ogen
mijn lieve moeder, met buitengewone liefde-ogen
wees zij er constant op u als mijne hoeder
zij was er ook altijd aanwezig, mijn lieve moeder
ik begreep dat dat ook uw taak was
want u zegt steeds Ik Ben, Ik Ben
en tenimmer van Ik Was

in de verte van mijn gedachten
had ik U lief oh Heer
ik weet nu al te goed,
tussen ons zit er geen afstand meer
ik heb nu liefde passie trouw compassie en nog veel meer
door U door mijn lieve moeder heen, weet ik al te zeer
hebt U ons geschonken al die prachten
de rijke zegeningen en nog veel veel meer
ik heb leren bidden en weet al te zeer
in de stille ruimte van mijn binnenkant
ben ik aan U heel nauw verwant
dank U dat U in mijn leven gekomen bent
dat U mij heeft geschonken drie zonen en een lieve vent
mijn dankbaarheid, liefde, trouw, aan U zijn oneindig
dank U zeer oh Heer, dat U mij zo veel lief heeft
'k weet maar al te goed ik steeds mijn best moet doen,
al is de wereld nog zo vijandig als toen....

Photography taken this early morning by Sylvia Frances Chan

©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN

Poetess.

Too many acquaintances' birthdays now, but Ietje Regensburg
(from my kids-period)I'd never forget. She resided in Bogor.
Where art thou now, my poet friend?

Sylvia Frances Chan
Eens kende ik een kind
ik was zelf ook nog kind
hij was een stille jongen
en ik een erg verlegen meisje
we zaten in dezelfde klas
en in dezelfde bank
we spraken nooit tegen elkaar
wat ik had gezien
zal ik tenimmer vergeten
hij heet Marcus Moersid
dat kon je op zijn schrift lezen
op een dag werd hij stiller dan ooit
ik las op zijn schrift
Marcus Stoffels
In die tijd begreep ik dat niet
die achternamen van Marcus
ik heb ze nog onthouden
en nu weet ik de reden ook....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Zondag 1 April 2018
Eerste Paasdag, ter 23.44 ure N.M. West-Europese Tijd

Sylvia Frances Chan
Mine Epic Heroic Poetry

Your voice is like music to my ears
your whisper is like the soften breeze
you may wander daily anywhere, but never freeze
I remain still healthy even though you'll sneeze

I don´t get caught a cold easily
since you oft support me with bumble-bee honey
I am now amidst thousandfold cold
I never get sick even though ´m so old

as years pass by many milliard miles
pay attention to nature around thee
the surrounds turn old very old whilst
thou and I not, due to consuming
thy own body bumble-bee bunny

thou support me as much as thou canst
I have glee such as our beloved mums
both have pleasure on heaven´s spot
thou playeth and study whilst I pray to God

then I will travel again in search of new cod
and bread to feed our mind and soul
based upon ora et labora our beings´ whole
thou art mine and I am thine

remember thou sayth whilst we playeth
con amore forever more
thou in mine and I´m in thine
in our own surrounds, I feel fine

thou art God´s child so mild
thou stays calm on rivers wild
I pray everyday myriad ways
Oh Lord, keep mine heart pure

your voice is like music to my ears
your whisper is like the tender breeze
imagine why I never freeze
you refreshened the day before it seized

you feed me with strawberry love sweet
honeybee and bumble-bee bunny
but despite so many
you empower me with your cutest showers
darling baby bumble-bee of me

Ora et Labora means: Pray and Work
Con Amore means: With Love

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected
Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan "The Most Artful Sundown"

Early 12th of December 2017
@ 5.25 hrs A.M. West-European Time-Code Red not unfrozen yet

Sylvia Frances Chan
Mine Muse....

Sweetheart just wanna tell ye

What´s the use
of asking the self
to have a muse for musing?

Though loveliest but confusing
she cannot create nor contemplate
or at least she does not exaggerate
I must admit
and that´s it
no need to have this bulsh-t
so sorry to mention this word
now you know
even in heaviest wintertime, so absurd
because of too much snow
the mind cannot go out
and I am proud
to tell you all
while I am still here
I have never had a muse at all
I must admit
I have never known the use of it
to have a muse to amuse
and for musing
it is only confusing
for me
your Pipi
your bibi....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Saturday 29 Sep 2018
@ 9.27 hrs AM. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Misschien Tot Honderd…

Ik ga misschien tot honderd
of wellicht niet misschien
ik heb het niet over leeftijd
of wellicht wel misschien
wij zeggen steeds: "Wij zullen het zien"; 
of wellicht niet altijd misschien?

Ach, beschouw het maar als in het Kabinet
en zo is het altijd maar net
vangen achter het net
of wellicht niet misschien?
dat zullen wij later dan wel zien
of niet misschien?

maar vertrouw er op
dat de onderste laag tot en met de top
en wees niet verwonderd
wij worden altijd bedonderd
zij zeggen van niet,
maar ze gaan altijd over de honderd
ben je helemaal bedonderd?

Heb plezier in dit Land van vertier
waar de tulpen 's zomers bloeien
en waar 's avonds de openhaard heet gloeien
mijn land van Rijn en Waal
en 's nachts zingt bovendien de nachtegaal
in mijn bijzondere land van Rijn en Waal
kom op schieten allemaal
warmee ik bedoelde: kom opschieten allemaal
onder een biertje of wijntje drinken
alles laten bezinken
vergeet tenimmer: niet verdrinken
op al het goede, daar klinken wij op
de enige God prijzen we,
Heer, dank U, het is allemaal TOP!

Sylvia Frances Chan
Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan
nederlandse dichteres
van jongs af aan
moet ze altijd sckrijven
en moet ge reageren
soms met een lach,
vaak met een traan!

Foto door Sylvia Frances Chan - "Keukenhof-Lisse-Nederland"

AD.Eén dag voor Eerste Kerst 2017
ZONDAG, 24 December 2017, ter 15e ure P.M.
Nederlandse Tijd

Sylvia Frances Chan
Missing Something....

Something went wrong with me
hence I have lost the world
God chose me
to announce His message to the world

Something went wrong in me
whence I lost love
staring at the ceiling many nights in a cold bed
think so much, but never feigned

I still like chess fervently
no, I can not sew, nor knit or crochet
to find love again as it was
it had not been, as it used to be

Look at the Nightingale
he sings his unique song all day long
even the rooster crows at the wrong hour
that beast knows very well that
Jesus has risen....

© by Sylvia Frances Chan
Thursday, May 19, 2016
Republished on Tuesday the 21st of August 2018
Accidentally it is David’s Birthday, Mary’s only son

Sylvia Frances Chan
Missing You

Nineteen lines for my dear Coni,
the poetess Mrs. Belle from the town of C.
in Ind.

Missing You
You seem so nice to me
so nice to all the others too, we
still need you here eagerly
for the sake of poetry

One happy day you just faded in the air
where are you, no any trace, no bark
It felt like darkness spread his robe upon my view, where
are you, I was missing you, like groping in the dark

Please come back again,
do quick, where and when?
So sad, I waited in vain

Are you not feeling well,
or at least you are not in the mood
please come back for the good, need not to dwell

You seem so kind to me, my dear
so kind to all the others too it's clear
but I still need you eagerly
for our sake this poetry

© Sylvia Frances Chan
copyright Mon Sep 19 - 2011 at 21.12 hrs -
All Rights Reserve

Published On the 19th of September 2011

Sylvia Frances Chan
Mistige Ochtend Dauwdruppels....

Zacht als de dauwdruppels vallen
de nachtegaal is net wakker geworden
hij roept niet op
hij zingt ook niet

de lucht deze morgen
bracht geen pasgeborene
in mijn grijzende mailbox
toch is het geld stampvol
in mijn oude sokken

in dit gebied woon ik
meer komen hier om zich te vestigen
en ook om zich te verbergen

de oude vos houdt van deze sfeer
van gulle boeren en hun kuikens zo duidelijk
het is allemaal zo poëtisch hier, mijn lieve

maar aan de andere kant
sommige buren zijn op hun land
met veel belang
samen op jacht naar de vossen

genietend van de mistige ochtenddauw
mijn gedachten groeiden loom
terwijl je naar verre afstanden kijkt
deze landelijke vredige retraite
heeft heel veel storingen
hoe meer ik kijk in mijn omgeving
ontdekt meer verborgen wreedheden
ik viel bijna flauw, absoluut, ze kennen geen grenzen

Zacht als de vroege bladeren ronddraaien
de nachtegaal begint te zingen
hij roept ook niet op
maar spoedig komen de spotvogel en het winterkoninkje
voor zover ik me herinner, is dit mijn dagelijkse routinkje....
Gemaakt op 4 februari 2019,
en per ongeluk de verjaardag van Jos Ruys,
ze is dol op de winterkoninkjes. ALS je toevallig leest:
God's zegeningen voor jou, lieve.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Misty Morning Dewdrops....

Soft as the dewdrops are falling
the nightingale just awoke
he does not evoke
nor is he singing

the sky this morn
brought no newborn
in my greying mailbox
still, the money is heaping
in my old socks

in this area, I reside
more come to settle here and also to hide

the old fox likes this atmosphere
of generous farmers and their chicks so clear
it's all so poetic here, my dear

but on the other hand
some neighbours are at their land
with much importance
hunting the foxes together at once

enjoying the misty morning dew
my thoughts languidly grew
while looking at far distances
this rural peaceful retreat
has a very lot of disturbances
the more I am watching in my surrounds
discover more hidden atrocities
I almost fainted, absolutely, they know no bounds

Soft as the early leaves are twirling
the nightingale starts to sing
he does not evoke either
but soon come the mockingbird and the Wren
as far as I remember, this is my daily trend....
Created on the 4th of February 2019,  
and accidentally Jos Ruys' Birthday, 
she is fond of wrens. If you happen to read:  
God's Blessings for you, dear. 

Sylvia Frances Chan
Monday Quotes....

MONDAY QUOTES....
Talking About Half Words....

A good listener needs half a word,
I need whole words
to make myself understood,
that is the difference....

thought, created and written
by the whole of me, that is Sylvie

Sylvia Frances Chan
Most Difficult

The most difficult deed
to conquer yourself
especially in times of need

© Sylvia Frances Chan
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Written on my Birthday
Tuesday 11-22-11

Sylvia Frances Chan
Thinking about the past
i have the present tense added
the response is oft tomorrow's task
hurtful sorrows though happily wedded

unable to spend or to borrow
her overloaded basket of sorrow
the mental burden overcame her
that's why her prime life was such a blurr

her father died when she was one
grandmum was still very young,
so many things in her life still undone
three girls in their earliest teens, they haven't yet married
this mental burden my loved Mum constantly carried

Never forget this sequel below in brevity
my beloved Mum started to pray constantly
God came to earth to help them in matrimony
happily married all three innocent youth
these greatest blessings they got, this truth

God took as primest grandmum's cancer away
the specialists in the hospital were shocked
they were staring at the empty X-Ray
no cancer anymore, their brains were blocked

God helped grandmum in His Own Way
none told this, but i know it was God's Greatest Bliss
He provided grandmum a Blissful life till old age
and the good life included all there is

Through this Ode, this is my witness
when Mum's pa died all of a sudden,
at the age that she could, she started to pray
she was still a young maiden

God gave her His Greatest Bliss
she prayed constantly in deepest sadness and honesty
for her and her sisters'matrimony

Believe as a child, pray in all innocence,
Have faith that God is constantly in our presence
my loved Mum's overloaded basket of sorrow
God has taken that away and
gave her the happiest tomorrow
the good life and all blessings there is

for my dearest grandmum and my loved mum, this is my witness....
several times I spoke in churches to tell about my Mum's Witness
because when this happened, I was not born yet,
my beloved Mum had not wedded yet....

While Pipi is walking with Sylvie who is humming
on this emotional Path to the Day
that Jesus would ascend to Heaven next 10th of May
1985 years ago, at the age of 33 years young....

Photography: Aquarel painted by Sylvia Frances Chan for Mrs. Meike Wehlburg in Zuthpen especially for her BirthDay, but accidentally this aquarel was never presented to her and so here is posted on her spouse's BirthDay Today! Title of the aquarel is "With God's Blessings"; (Met God's Zegen in Dutch, please read on the aquarel, thank you)I am happy to be able to show this to Dr. Wehlburg through PH.

© Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Thursday 11th of April 2018- Congrats Dr. Ad Wehlburg, GBU!
@ 5.57 hrs A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
We all together have been out on Mother Day
that´s why no poem nor photo the day before yesterday

so many presents from my beloved sons
from all three separately and yet one

I love Mother Day as it is
most often without catharsis

no cooking at all, all day long treating outside the house
just one day sans laptop and off the mouse

I am grateful to God and my spouse to be our sons´ Mother
every year and day they are present as none other(s)

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: One of the 10 Pink Roses Bouquet as Mother Day Present from her second son.

Dutch Mother Day The Second SUNDAY in May Annually

Sylvia Frances Chan
Mother....

Mother, the basis of pure love for our life path
we received at home,
mother selflessly raised us up
for our future life

mother, our mother
the only one who protects us from dangers
from the outside world
when we were a child
the only one who lulls us to sleep when we cry

if we fall with learning to walk
then the mother is always there
to help us stand up
to comfort us
to dry our tears
unconditionally

mother's love is boundless
there is only one person on earth
who really really loves us, YOU,
without expecting anything in return

mother's love is
priceless,
unaffordable....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
A.D. Monday the 10th of Sept 2018

She resides in Indonesia, South East Asia
and in The Netherlands. West-Europe

Sylvia Frances Chan
Motherday 2018

just broke into tears
i never shed tears
years after years
now all of a sudden an ocean full
i am asking myself have i become a fool?

All of a sudden i heard a Voice
"No, my child, don't weep, you must rejoice
Your loved Mum had taken the right choice"
"I fetched her off in My Time
believe me, the best choice done
I guide you constantly after she had gone"

"Tomorrow will be MOTHER DAY
my child, enjoy as others do in your way
you will feel the emotive sphere
your beloved Mum and I are always near"

"Rejoice on Mother Day, she did the best choice
be easy and calmest, you will surely hear Mine Voice"

That sweetest Tone to me His well-known Voice
i felt a warmth coming up inside, none to compare
i am happiest, gracious in my devotional prayer
my heart softened having got answer from Up there....

TO ALL POETS's MOTHERS A HAPPIEST MOTHER DAY!

MotherDAY 2018,
y the 13th of May.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Mourning An Earliest Morn....

Not her great feel for drama nor utopia
this is true seriously
well thought by Sylvie

in greatest sadness she has brought
this well meant brevity
in all her sincerity

Lanny, a long lost close friend
she had quite temperament
she chose Sylvie as her best friend

they had one greatest LOL in common
they loved to travel on and on
wherever Lanny landed or stranded
in any hotel mondially
she started to call Sylvie
whether she may visit her or not, eventually
of course Sylvie would never say "no"
they met, constantly greatest laughter, never one woe

one day Sylvie got a call
Lanny could not stand up from her bed at all
of course that was a great shock
Lanny got lame from toe to head, all blocked

This morn I am still mourning
about Lanny my ever best friend
but what a temperament
she did never lament

my late classmate from the university
the department of English Literature
this morn to mourn about her
is still a greatest torture

dear Lanny may you rest in peace
with true ease
still I wish you A Very Happy Birthday
since you were born on Today

you went with God in all silence
for me that was too quick, too early

I am still mourning on this earliest morn
my heart is of greatest sadness, I am torn....

CONGRATULATIONS TODAY on the 10th of August 2018-

@ Earliest morn 00.03 hrs AM 10 Aug.2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
Must Think Twice....

I am ambidextrous, 
able to use the right and left hands equally well. 
few of us are naturally ambidextrous

I remember Mom confided me 
she ate food contained much iron 
during her pregnancy 
I think because my blood is too ferriferous 
so I was born ambidextrous

IF i tell them, they say Oh you're so handy 
with left and right hands both alright 
not at all my dear friend on poem hunter 
instead of bringing me much joy 
the letters changed per accident 
you can read no correct words anymore 
the "i" instead of an "o"; instead of an "o" 
and all that much more

of course, I do realize those wrong words 
afterwards

changed and corrected perfectly 
but if you do that on poem hunter poem site 
that needs not a minute nor an hour 
but a tremendous long night

meanwhile the poem was submitted 
I did correct it 
but it was not yet visible for the eyes 
must think twice....

being ambidextrous, not as handy as many men thought 
rather disastrous, I reckon....

Sylvia Frances Chan
My Beloved Man....

Soaring high up the sky
the sun, moon, and stars together
in heart and soul
unite in good and bad weather
my company
makes him whole
our hearts and my soul
makes him whole
a unison now
unison be forever ours
God Blessed the day we soared the Twin towers
obligation and life at the twin towers
were never yours nor ours
eyes dazzled when soaring highest

before Millenium, we went west, a decision
a decision in all precision....

P.S.
Wishing you a Happy Birthday Janey
you were born first,
not the Twintower
thinking of you in this rush hour

Jakarta, South East Asia, Indonesia
Tuesday 11 Sept 2018.

Sylvia Frances Chan
My Classmate

Once I knew a child
I was still a child too
he was a quiet boy
and I was a very shy girl
we sat in the same class
and in the same bank
we never spoke a word
what i had seen
I shall never forget
his name was Marcus Moersid
that was on his writingbook
one day he became quieter than quiet
I read on his writingbook
Marcus Stoffels
at that time I did not understand
those surnames of Marcus
I still remember
and now I know the reason either

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD.1st April 2018
EasterSUNDAY @ 23.29 hrs P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
My First Love

i'm walking up mountain high
the road is narrow, the streets are high
oft love dwelling not so nigh
in the utmost dark yet clear sight for mine eye

for who wanna tell me that I'm wrong?
made a mistake of myriads throng
gonna uphill still to this dwelling
my hands loose, my mind praying
attitude straight ahead but body swaying

i'm walking up mountain high
to my first love, not so nigh
many thorns and tricks on my way
must meet my first love again now
who's gonna say i'm trespassing somehow?

He is very caring and sympathetic
very very loving and energetic
he has a deep and powerful voice like thunder
are you sure, you're not blaming me with some other?
greatest regret that I had broken
since then i gave no symbol nor token

haven't reached his house so far
He is super strong not too tar
he can show wonders in myriad things
but he keeps oft-quiet never boasting

while thinking of Him, the road is still long and dusty
yes, 'm gonna meet my first love, being quite rusky
had broken with him, to my disaster
felt so odd all the time, like that piaster

now wanna shock him a very lot
my relationship with him, oft cool
but this time I long so much for him, now I keep it very hot
he is so mighty so powerful
wanna meet him again now on this spot
the road has ended, the street has its stop
oh, my first love, that says a very lot....
oh, i can't keep it quiet anymore now
i will tell you, I'll shout out loud
and make the deepest bow

he is so handsome, loving and all you know
wanna go back to him, my beautiful first lover,
he sits oft on this green clover
no one recognizes him, only mine eyes
and on this spot....
yeah what's called wise
I'll tell you, dear, yes on this spot
his name is oh so cute and wonderful,
be easy, I'm whispering His Name is....God....

Sylvia Frances Chan
My God, Only Thee Till Eternity

My God, Only Thee Till Eternity
Prologue
Soft and sweetest atmosphere today~~words all metaphored
please, don´t read this, if you´ll be bored
mixture of light Cadmium Grey and Cerulean Blue
my Divine Lord i love only you....

Devotion
Amazed at so much God´s Loveliness....
each time i have the urge to shout out
about so much Godliness
that´s why my existence as poetess
i cannot stay numb for so much wonderness,

Epilogue
Thank you my Divine Lord
for Thy Heavenly Words
Thy Sweetest Divinity
in this testimony I plea
i pray and praise only Thee
till eternity...

Created with much love for all Readers and Lovers
in The World of Sheer Poetry,

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch Poetess, Evangelist, World Traveler

AD. Thursday the 26th of April2018
@ 7.55 hrs A.M. West-European Time
soft tender weather~~all metaphored~~
mixture of Light Cadmium Grey and Cerulean Blue
My Divine Lord I love Only You....

Sylvia Frances Chan
My Gratitude To Poem Hunter And Team....

Thank you so so much
dear Poem Hunter and Team
so happiest to discover
on this Sunday Pentecost morning
thy choice for
my old poem from the 13th December 2011
as The Member Poem Of TODAY
coincidentally on Pentecost Sunday
the 9th of June 2019

This Breath Of Life
WOW! What a strife,
always love never one knife
Eight years ago,
WOW! What a time, but remains sublime

it´s been long time gone
but the content is never done
that means it is still up-to-date
it will never be obsolete

only thirteen lines long
but YOU, POEM HUNTER has made this old poem
constantly up-to-date and very strong

THANK YOU from my heart
is the most important part
of this poem message

wishing YOU and YOUR TEAM
a grand Pentecost Sunday
if I may say
everything here
in gratitude
never in solitude
we share this Choice of You and Your Team

The Breath Of Life
with love, never one knife,
is our strife
in The Breath Of Life....

© Sylvia Frances Chan -
copyright - All Rights Reserved

A.D. Pentecost Sunday 9 June 2019
@9.21 hrs A.M. Dutch Time-

Sylvia Frances Chan
My Greatest Thanks To Mr. Kumarmani Mahakul

My Greatest Thanks to Mr. Kumarmani Mahakul, because he created this Tribute for me, and as my Token of Highest Respect and Appreciation is to republished his Tribute here in Sequels.

Reading Poems Of Sylvia Frances Chan - Poem by Kumarmani Mahakul

Oh, really this is a great pleasure
To read the poems of Sylvia Frances Chan,
The Dutch Poetess of brilliance and humanity,
The World Traveller of time and dignity,
The certified evangelist of tenderness,
She has owned hearts of billions,
Across the globe she has travelled,
Her poem on Wildlife of Nepal is motivational,
Still she remembers her Daddy giving tribute,
Every poem written is deeply expressed,
Her deep trust on God dazzles in words,
We are amazed, we are amazed reading her poems.

PLEASE, READ Next The Sequel, thank you so much
This is The GREATEST TRIBUTE for me by Mr. KUMARMANI MAHAKUL, Poet.

To republish this Greatest Tribute by Mr. Kumarmani Mahakul on my poemsite here, is my way to show Respect and Greatest Appreciations and to cherish his Great Poetic Art of Creation.
May God's Blessings Be Greatest upon Mr. Kumarmani Mahakul.

your most grateful,
Sylvia Frances Chan,
Dutch Poetess

Sylvia Frances Chan
My Greatest Thanks To Mr. Kumarmani Mahakul - (2)

THIS IS MY THANK-YOU POEM Sequel 2
My Greatest Thanks to Mr. Kumarmani Mahakul, because he created this Tribute for me, and as my Token of Highest Respect and Appreciation is to republished his Tribute here in Sequels.

Reading Poems Of Sylvia Frances Chan - Poem by Kumarmani Mahakul

Oh, really this is a great pleasure
To read the poems of Sylvia Frances Chan,
The Dutch Poetess of brilliance and humanity,
The World Traveller of time and dignity,
The certified evangelist of tenderness,
She has owned hearts of billions,
Across the globe she has travelled,
Her poem on Wildlife of Nepal is motivational,
Still she remembers her Daddy giving tribute,
Every poem written is deeply expressed,
Her deep trust on God dazzles in words,
We are amazed, we are amazed reading her poems.

There is benevolence, there is beauty,
There is duty and there is perseverance,
Power of truth is strongly reflected,
Godliness and goodness dazzle simultaneously,
Grass blossoms as flower and butterfly sings,
In her every word we find unlimited joy,
She is one of the powerful poetesses,
The living legend Sylvia sings glory of God,
Gems of poetic gifts are gifted to mankind,
Sylvia Frances Chan dignifies every fellow poet,
She is courageous, she is affectionate and peaceful.
We love to read her poems as many as we can,
As soon as possible we need to visit poetic pages,
God is graceful to all and God is graceful to her.

PLEASE, READ This No.2, thank you so much
This is The GREATEST TRIBUTE for me by Mr. KUMARMANI MAHAKUL, Poet.
To republish this Greatest Tribute by Mr. Kumarmani Mahakul on my poemsite here, is my way to show Respect and Greatest Appreciations and to cherish his Great Poetic Art of Creation. May God's Blessings Be Greatest constantly upon Mr. Kumarmani Mahakul.

your most grateful,
Sylvia Frances Chan,
Dutch Poetess

Sylvia Frances Chan
My Greatest Thanks To Mr. Kumarmani Mahakul (3)

This is The Final Sequel (3)
My Greatest Thanks to Mr. Kumarmani Mahakul, because he created this Tribute for me, and as my Token of Highest Respect and Appreciation is to republish his Tribute here in Sequels.

Reading Poems Of Sylvia Frances Chan - Poem by Kumarmani Mahakul

Oh, really this is a great pleasure
To read the poems of Sylvia Frances Chan,
The Dutch Poetess of brilliance and humanity,
The World Traveller of time and dignity,
The certified evangelist of tenderness,
She has owned hearts of billions,
Across the globe she has travelled,
Her poem on Wildlife of Nepal is motivational,
Still she remembers her Daddy giving tribute,
Every poem written is deeply expressed,
Her deep trust on God dazzles in words,
We are amazed, we are amazed reading her poems.

There is benevolence, there is beauty,
There is duty and there is perseverance,
Power of truth is strongly reflected,
Godliness and goodness dazzle simultaneously,
Grass blossoms as flower and butterfly sings,
In her every word we find unlimited joy,
She is one of the powerful poetesses,
The living legend Sylvia sings glory of God,
Gems of poetic gifts are gifted to mankind,
Sylvia Frances Chan dignifies every fellow poet,
She is courageous, she is affectionate and peaceful.
We love to read her poems as many as we can,
As soon as possible we need to visit poetic pages,
God is graceful to all and God is graceful to her.

THIS IS SEQUEL 3. THE LAST SEQUEL.
My Greatest Thanks to Mr. Kumarmani Mahakul, because he created this Tribute
for me, and as my Token of Highest Respect and Appreciation is to republish his Tribute here in 3 Sequels

Writing in both Dutch and English she tells,
She tells us truth about nature and God,
Today's world turns face towards her in joy,
She is an affectionate mother of poetic words.

Oh dear fellow poets far across the globe,
Oh my dear friends here and there in the world,
You must visit her poems soon we recommend,
Oh dear visitors and strangers you listen soon,
Soon you visit Sylvia Frances Chan's poems,
Dear readers, you find essence you need.

Reading poems of such a great poetess of tenderness,
This is a great pleasure for me and for you,
In abundance God brings bliss for her and all.

Thank you so much Mr. Kumarmani Mahakul, my thanks are endless.
The GREATEST TRIBUTE to me by Mr. KUMARMANI MAHAKUL, Poet.

To republish this Greatest Tribute by Mr. Kumarmani Mahakul on my poemsite here, is my way to show my Highest Respect and Greatest Appreciations and to cherish his Great Poetic Art of Creation.
May God's Blessings Be Greatest eternally upon Mr. Kumarmani Mahakul.

your most grateful,
Sylvia Frances Chan,
Dutch Poetess, Evangelist, World Traveler.

Sylvia Frances Chan
My Home-Land....

People always asked me WHERE I come from
People always asked me WHERE my parents are
People always asked me WHERE my house is
People always asked me WHERE my HOME is!
When I spoke true words
people always smiled at me
they do not believe their ears
they do not believe their eyes
When I spoke according to THEIR ears
When I spoke according to THEIR eyes
they gazed at me
they stared at me,
BUT no smile come over THEIR lips!
they become friends with me
they like me because I am honest
they love me because they believe THEIR ears
they are mad at me 'cause they believe
THEIR eyes AND THEIR own LIES!

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: &quot;my HOME-land&quot;

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

Published on my own Website in 2007
Now Republished on
AD Saturday the 5th of February 2018
@ 15.03 hrs P.M. West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Our Eyes, our precious eyes, God’s comfort
they are the windows to our heart
God will never take away this greatest valuable support
He is healing all the ailing parts

He is a God of Greatest Love
His Residence is straight above
We can never imagine His Love for us
so greatest, that surpasses truly all things with plus

believe in Him as a child is truly a must

my heart is crying all the time, my dearest Kim
terrible monsoon inside all parts
please, know that all poets here love you very much to the brim
and we all pray for your well being
hear the beating of our praying hearts....

created and cared with love,
Sylvia Frances Chan

MyNOTES: This humble verse, published on HePo and is republished here,
she who is still suffering from ailing eyes.
May this verse contribute a tiny bit to your healing process,
please have patience, God hears all prayers, sure.

Sylvia Frances Chan
My Love Is In This Poem....

Only for thee I can create
never a word of mine would be obsolete
I love thee since life began
I love thee still over milliard years of span

haven't I said, it suffices
our love would be as strong as this is
two pairs of eyes that said enough
my honest words, my pure love, no bluff

myriad loves and quotes have been told
ours would be more than myriad years such old
so true and pure as could be
i know you knew my love for thee....

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: "My Love For You is Ever True"

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Sunday the 14th January 2018.
Co-incidentally today it's Jany's BirthDay.
Much Happiness on your BirthDay, Jany! God's Blessings in Abundance, your beloved Mum

Sylvia Frances Chan
My Love Is Like....

Valuable words for my soulfriend....
As the Mind is following its free creating Spirit....with love, Sylvia

My love is like the ardent rose
far across....the sea
far across the miles and hills
yet oh so close to me.

My love is like that wild flower
solitary and hidden
like that red red apple
in Eve's mouth in ancient Eden,

like that special key
from ancient times in Junanee
in my Rhodos'home
quite a distance for you to roam

Like that passionate write in your pc
sent by a warm heart, that's me
but this time, this hour without rhymes
of the lovely lovely chimes....

Invisible but never gone
sent to you, my only one
resides in your beautiful heart
to eternity I will take part
no matter what will be
it is the bond between you 'n me.

It's the act the soul friends pact
not the passion, not the sexual, not the physic
but the bond as soul friends have, that magic.

The Lord bless our eternal bond,
the pure love between you and me....
my darling and humble me...
ful Snow! -March-2013
Sylvia Frances Chan · 1 April 2013

Sylvia Frances Chan
My Most Loved Mum....

This is the SAME POEM as "Most Loving, Most Loved, My Loved Mum"....
Please, have a read, thank you.

Thinking about the past
I will add the present now
the answer is oft tomorrow
with the most painful sorrows

not to mend or bend
it’s an overcrowded box with loads
when her eyes are just ailing,
she cannot keep smiling
she cannot write all the while

even walking with her mobile
is already disturbing
i really have to deal with this lady
i have never put her in the same row as another deity
as the others do in their intense insanity

i promised her twice every day to pray
she is cute, sweetest and worldly wise
but never sophisticated
as my most beloved Mama....

only with this small difference
my beloved mother has a blissful appearance
and a lot of tolerance and forbearance
my most beloved mother has constantly done her duties
as my constituency, she is the largest mental shelter
of all sorts of shortcomings and ailments
complete texts from the Bible or in fragments

she has constantly sent to me huge post,
all times with cum laude, God’s Love as The most
yes, sir, she stands tallest and more
she presents the Words of our dear Lord con amore (with love)

one thing i regret most
and that i would like to reveal
i still hope that i will stay in the constant appeal
with her rock-proof Exemplary power as such
as my most beloved mother
as my most diligent psychotherapist
of my necessary mental treasure
that has given me the most devoted pleasure....

Thinking about the earliest past
the present has been added at last
the answer is already visible
most painful worries, entirely gone
this is the greatest Miracle, invaluable....

Pipi, while walking with Sylvie on this emotional path to the day that
Jesus will ascend to heaven a.s. May 10...1985 years ago,33 years young....
MyNOTE: Mum died three days after Easter some years ago
I owe you all the next other Great Miracles, thank you.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch poet,
evangelist,
cartoonist, designer
art painter
photographer
world traveler

Sylvia Frances Chan
My Newest Poem (2) ....

IF the earth ceases to revolve
around its own axis
she comes to the sun on a different path
other times, different bows, other galaxies
in another Milky Way, I have been told
what'll you say, Monsieur?

the solar system is from another Galaxy
but the earth does run like previously told
exactly as on the previous Orbital way
our earth runs again like old

Heyy....
did you know that? Countless Galaxies
all the same kind of planets
they all look alike, yet they are not the same
identical largest groups of Galaxies
on a different path, but the same earth

So many Galaxies
for this entire Universe
with so many over the billions of planets
how many planets I am not sure,
what I am sure about is

There is only one God
wherever you are, here or on the other Galaxy
here or on one of the other planets

there is only one God, our God
The AlMighty God
He has shown it to us
He is risen from the dead
forty days ahead amongst His brethren
after that He in His momentum ascended to heaven
to His Father in paradise exactly 1985 years ago

amongst so many brethren He did show
that He is the Only Son of God
about Whom the Bible has foretold
hanged before, and suffered a very lot
buried and is risen from the dead

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: "The galaxy from afar"

© Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Tuesday the 17th of April 2018
@ 19.17 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
My Newest Poem Of Today....

Last night I awoke
My dreamy senses spoke
true softly I could not understand
seemingly they won't offend
The moon smiled broadly at me
I heard her melody in the humming me

my heart leaps up
Oh dear God, so much splendor
the path I am walking
there's so much amor
lights up as a rainbow lane
the beautiful wild rose
and the petals, she arose,
but did not pose

all other things still slumbering
reverberating thoughts within me
all these magic moments' visions
are no apparitions
the mockingbird is still alert
the nightingale truest songbird

my Lord, Thou hath spoken
through slumberland
i heard Thy Voice as crystal that clear
Thou art for me
never a mystery
the One and Only God I am talking to
Thy Atmosphere
never a woe

Thou hath shown to i
the lighted paths and loveliest flowers,
the most magical moments and the heaviest showers
for every thing, oh dear Lord, i bet
that for every thing i get
i'm humbly and bow my head
i kneel down for Thee
i say serious solemn words to Thee
my inside hearth limitless and full glory
my sinful heart and soul
Thou maketh me each time whole

Last night i awoke
My dreamy senses spoke
due to Thee, oh dear Lord
through slumberland with Thee aboard
i heard Thy Voice so crystal clear
Thou knoweth, with Thee i never fear
i now land with such an apt
in your caring- loving lab

this is no rap but a solemn pray
we do that all, in our own way
please, listen to my hearth's fire whisper
the Lord has just lighted

please say for each day
a humble and simple pray
for all things heaviest most painful and tragic
and for all things blooming and blessings psychic
say it please, humbly full sobriety in all solemn
dear Lord, Thy Will Be Done....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Thursday the 23rd of August 2018
@ 9.09 hrs AM West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
My Newest Poem....

What If the sun does not always rise every morn?
What If you always get that scorn?
What If the love you have got, and you are so fond of, one day just fades,
what If this love is only the imaginations of your shades?

So my dear, never shed a tear, but be strong though things go wrong
never sit down and start to think,
but work on that problem instantly with your instinct
that's the only point in life you are assured
to get the quickest result of the problem
and you're instantly cured.

No one promised you a rose garden,
al of a sudden I remember Ali B, with his TV shot Yarden
Ali is the famous Dutch rapper, Yarden a place for cremation in a way
He did this TV commercial as respect for his dad who just passed sans delay

What If the love you have got, you are both fond of, one day just fades,
what If this love is only the imaginations of your shades....?

Photography and Painting by Sylvia Frances Chan: "The Sun in the Sky is Moving"

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch Poetess

AD. Tuesday the 17th April 2018-
@ 3.54 hrs A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
My Perfect Love

Sylvia Frances Chan · 25 October 2011 [Edit]
My Perfect Love.
A Love poem with end rhymes,
written in quatrains, the last stanza may be a bit different.

I wonder where I'll land today
In Seattle or in Diego-bay
Looking for the perfect love
Sounds somehow insane my dove!

Perfect love and landing today
Like an order upon a tray.
Can I find an easier way?
Perfect love will land this day.

I'd been traveling faraway,
I wonder where I'll land today,
be it Bali, Flores each,
your Lord make it easy t'reach.

Forty thousand kilometers around,
that's full circle this planet bound,
wonder where I'll find my dear,
tired tasting atmosphere.

I ask my Lord what time it may?
Perfect love will land on Sunday.
Oh my Lord the time, what time?
Watch my child, the bells will chime.

Many ports I've been, air or sea,
constantly in touch with my Lord,
waited long for this, I see,
know now have to wait aboard.

No need to know what time or place,
you can't see me I have no face,
i rely on Thee, i believe,
i feel at ease now, great relief.

So my Lord is speaking today.
It is Sunday the Lord's Day.
He has told me where to find this gem,
His sacred Lamb in Betlehem,

to sweep autumn's leaves we need a rake,
but i'll fly instantly to home without a break.

© SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN ~~~~°~
Copyright Protected

ay 25 October 2011~~ No Time noted.

Repubhlished on Poem Hunter now: Tuesday the 31st of July 2018
@ 19.50 hrs PM West-European Time
Precisely the earth is 40.075 km round.

Sylvia Frances Chan
My Poem Of Greatest Gratitude For And His Team

My Poem of Greatest Gratitude
For Poem and his Support Team

In fact, I am a very shy kind
not one of that kind, no never in my mind
I know so well this cutest poem site
the One I hunted for long with my friendliest bite

What I never realize was that
you Sir and your support team, ready and wise
you are constantly behind this poetic door
poets who are creating here,
are helped by you instantly and much more

Last night I was submitting again on
Commented few poems but could not go forth
The URL said I was in the wrong direction
Once again I tried and the site responded:
That I am also in the wrong section

Imagine, I was creating, I had a poem loveliest in my head
But tremendously have become off-spired I went abed
could not sleep, could not dream even could not scream
no nightmares, not even a sweet dream
off the bed, I go sending Poem Hunter an email
in my mind, that message was walking like a snail

I wanted to go abed again, but my being curious
opened the mail server again very rigorous
I could not believe my eyes, got an email back
sent by on the same track

WOW! Long life in the Gloria, Poem Hunter is ever loyal
he treated me like a member of the Fam-Royal

I can submit again, continue commenting
while humming-singing all the while
all members all over the world can witness and read
committee his tremendous treat
bestowed upon me, a simple and humble poetess
thank you so much, PoemHunter, my shout around the globe
this is my greatest gratitude, this planet ever witnessed, I hope
from the deepest of my being,

thank you gorgeous PoemHunter and your tremendous Team
while my hands folded, my eyes closed,
my face to above to pure love....

Dedication to Gorgeous
and his amazing Support Team

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

day 9 Dec 2017
@ 9.40 hrs AM. West-European Time
It has snowed last night, we have now
code Orange, the TV rday it was
code Yellow. It ´s about the danger on the
highways up here.

Sylvia Frances Chan
My Poetry Today Is Without Or With Catharsis....

Poetry and Romance combined their point of view
a direct hit

Poetry and Love intertwined
a nagging combination

Poetry, Love and Life in one
an eternal melancholic musical rite

Philosophy and Poetry combined
words to ponder upon

Poetry, Love, Life and Romance
revised their stance
One great big brass band
on any poem site land

We are able make oft our stand
being utmost happy in a poetry land
with all our own words, lines and verses
yet still no catharsis

It oft depends on the Poet as he is
with catharsis or without catharsis

it oft depends on the Poetess
with catharsis or with her zest

this poem has been thought out and written
by Sylvia Frances Chan
the poetess with a stance
pragmatic, flegmatic but never dogmatic

she wishes to be nearest to God
since she likes love very much
and she knows that God IS Love....

Sylvia Frances Chan
My Prayer Now....

Earliest this morn, I have the urge to write down these words.
Thank you for reading and understanding,
written with love, Sylvia Frances Chan

This morning
A summing up of rationals
My heart leaps up
My emeralds green
Familiar surrounds
Jasmin scent
No rivers bend
Heavenly, paradisely
The well known visions
Yonder above
Absinth blue vaguely true
Unclear clue
I put that upon Thy feet, my Lord
My hands
I am praying
My heart solemnly saying
Dearest God
Please, lead me again
I will hum this refrain
I know Thou art nearest
As I pray to you my Dearest
Thou art The Almighty
My most Loving God
I know Thou art right on this spot
Forgive me my daily sins
Thrown in the waste-bins
Since we left Eden we constantly trespass
I know this won ’t ever be the last
All in solitude
Still praying
My greatest gratitude
Only for Thee I sing
Thy tremendous Love for us
Thy Abundest Blessings
Is oft for us unimaginable
I pray that my heart, soul and body
Try the hardest to retrieve
The ability to discover constantly
Thy Most Beautiful Daily Blessings
And Thy Greatest Love for us
Upon this forsaken earth
Lord, have mercy upon us....

AD. Tuesday the 29th of May 2018
During the earliest hours of Dawn

Sylvia Frances Chan
My Prayer This Morning....

in the distance of my thoughts
i loved Thou oh Lord
knowing how to reach Thee
i knew too much

on the pathway to my future
i observed more and more
Thou loadeth me with rich blessings
and much more

Thou knoweth that i knew too much
the love, the passion and much more
i know only too well

i was raised with great love
i hardly knew anything
only in songs like The Day for Tomorrow
everything were in the Far From My Bed Show

but the basis of my spiritual growth
thanks to Thy great love Thou hast blessed my parents with
huge love-blessing-rains
the backyard in our cozy mansion,
is one-and-all-growing-blossoming

oh Lord, i think too oft of the people
who have nothing or can not do anything
i would give them everything i have
but Thou hast other goals in mind
my dear mother, the most beloved one
always be on mine side as mine guardian
she was always there, my dearest mother
i understood that that was Thine task too
since Thou always sayeth I Am, I Am
and never: I Was

in the distance of my thoughts
i so loved Thou oh Lord
i already know too well, there is no distance between us
i now have love, passion, compassion and much more
all things derived through Thou, oh Lord
through Thine through my dearest mother
Thou hath given us all those sparkling splendor
the rich blessings and much more
i have learned to pray and know much how to pray
all from Thou, dear Lord
in the quiet room of my inside
i am perpetually very closely related to Thee

thank Thou for coming into my life
that Thou hath given me three sons
my gratitude and love to Thee are endless
thank Thou very much oh Lord, that Thou loveth me so much
i know all too well i have to do my best in this short while,
even though the world is so hostile...

© SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN
A.D. Saturday the 3rd of November 2018-
@ 5.55 hrs.A.M. West-European Time
One Celcius Degrees in the backyard
Poetess, Evangelist

Too many acquaintances' birthdays now, but Ietje Regensburg
(from my kids-period)I'd never forget. She resided in Bogor.
Where art thou, my poet friend?

Sylvia Frances Chan
My Snag....

plain
daily
ordinary

but most
tragic
most
allergic

most saddest
story
ever
you are
sooo cute and cleverest
delve deep, deeper, deepest
you eternal most loving ever

Snags to present?
A snag to this event?

Pipi

Sylvia Frances Chan
My Special Friend

Feelings have eyes, can see in the darkness,
our minds can hear without the ears wide open,

feel and touch you ev'rywhere you are
you know that you need no words to know 'bout me,

´cause this poem, i didn´t put your name,
you know yourself it was for YOU! Exactly, my dear.

Glad to know that you like it,
Simi, i give you a BIG tight hug, you can feel my being,

i am your special friend,
Muach! Love you big....

by © Sylvia Frances Chan -
Monday 14 Nov.2011 - very early morn

Sylvia Frances Chan
My Tribute To Mother......Day

a Mother,
a GodMother,
a GrandMother,

the central figure in every family's life,
who has the quality of a professor,
the patience of an angel,
the power of Tarzan

the unique habit of keeping her family together as a united one,
with that special kind of love which we cannot see,
we as her kids can only feel it, smell the atmosphere of the cozy surrounds at
home as we never could ever feel elsewhere...

East-West
at home with Mom is always the best! !
her cookies are the most delicious ones
we love to talk about her in superlatives
Mother a place to hide when we have fear or anxiety,
under Mother's wings is always a peaceful homecoming...

daughters love to write a great tribute to Her
as well as to Mothership

Some quotations from different sources I put down here:
First from the Bible:
'Honour thy mother and thy father' Bible: Exodus

'As is the mother, so is her daughter' Bible: Ezekiel

And now from other sources:
'So for the mother's sake, the child was dear'
'And dearer was the mother for the child' (Samuel Taylor Coleridge 'Sonnet to a
Friend Who Asked How I Felt When the Nurse First Presented My Infant Child to
Me')

'All women become like their mothers. That is their tragedy. No man does. That
is his' (Oscar Wilde The Importance of Being Earnest)
And the last quotation is mine:
'A Mother is the complete human being on earth,
the caring and loving person,
the only one to whom daughters write the greatest tribute,
the safest place to come home...
a Mother is like Home....' (Sylvia Frances Chan)

© SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN
Original Title: An Essay on Mother,
then today reposted as: My Tribute To MOTHER.....Day
Sunday 14th May 2017, MotherDAY

Sylvia Frances Chan
My Wish....

I never wish
my pure love shall rapidly perish
for the person who truly loves me
he never knows infidelity
or even a minute hurting me
this is utmost perfect love
my best friend says that cannot exist
only from the Lord above
I wish, I wish
this pure love shall never perish....

Anno Domini
Wednesday the 9th of January 2019-
@ 13.53 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Nagging On A Monday Morn (1)

My sensuality is melting today, 
please, do not associate with the melting pot, 
also not as the pursuit of physical, 
it's oft about something classical 
better known as mental sexual.

My vulnerability is terribly increasing, 
but that's not with our love, within, 
our love has nothing to do with this 
it remains the uttermost bliss

This engrossing story of my soul, 
am so sorry to nag the whole 
persons cannot be trusted 
am just confiding here, that's it 
nagging is never as cute as we may wish

presenting now my un-delicate dish 
hereafter comes to my sequel if you wish

I confide you these are my blessings too, my fears 
smiling through my happy tears....

© Sylvia Frances Chan

MONDAY MORN - Summer-The 3rd of Sept 2018 
@ 8.51 hrs A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Nagging On A Monday Morn (2)

Please, do not turn off the light,
indeed, it is darkest now, but not yet night,
Do I have to tell you things, alright?

that I'm nagging so
there is a collision, I reckon
there's no united sun this earliest morn
In the transmission
the rays are scattered in pieces
I am now collecting them into bundles of peace

but my [ sweet ] heart needs no resuscitation,
the exhilarating sensations
shall return one day
not estranged
nor extirpated

I'm but on one of my sensitive morning explorations
no, today no any celebrations or felicitations
just the summing-up
of all my jumping down and....up!

© Sylvia Frances Chan
MONDAY MORN the 3rd of SEPT 2018
@ 8.51 hrs A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Nagging On A Monday Morn (3)

As I was walking along the dunes
heard clearly the restless tunes
of the shouts across the miles
the cold breeze has
taken away the smiles....

Never ever one like I doubt 'bout you
through all these years
traveling worldwide in ebb and tide
romantic atmospheres now collecting tears

but last night, all the night all the time
constantly my feared heart frightened of these fears
would they turn into bigger smiles
or stay they all-time tears?

Dear Lord, please help me
while I'm walking further in my life
shifting true love on my life-path
in eternal true love, the crown of my strife....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
MONDAY MORN the 3rd of SEPT 2018
@ 8.51 hrs A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Yes you and I and everyone hears
the trouble making atmospheres
the whole globe around
unconsciously seeking an eternal bond

all the time my pensive thoughts
I was taking with as a wrought
turned out to be constantly
as sweetest bee honey in my senses

yes you and I can hear and know now
the one and only love
you and I have found
each in our homebound
your earning job around
and I my ardent love bond....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
MONDAY MORN the 3rd of SEPT 2018
@ 8.51 hrs A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
So exhilarating when life is one unison,
sans any collision,
the fervent transmission,
equal sections, not one difference
no, any other departments
nor apartments

exhilarating when the unison in life
is filled with a bit love based upon honesty
being loyal to each other
sans being hypocrite
respect each other and for one another
in you having more talent
in your having gained a better job
on the Ferris wheel of life on top

we can only end the day and say
Dear Lord, IF i may confess to Thee
i worship Thee and pray
for each Blessing of the Day,
no matter a grain of sand or in a royal way,
cometh what may, cometh what may
i love Thee constantly
more, much more than yesterday!

© Sylvia Frances Chan
MONDAY NOON the 3rd of Sept 2018
@ 15.01 hrs P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Nailed To The Beds (2) ....

obtrusive
barren cold
here and beyond
annual strike
of months length
very intrusive
even the youth can not keep it
the records of attacks
endemic
pandemic
this disease is predominant
most sublime and most striking
the most innocent attack
annual review
the lungs prevailed
most are nailed
to the beds....

Wishing you all over the world in the best and good of health.
Red Port and lemon, stirred not shaken.

©Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Thursday then 8th of November 2018-
@5.49 hrs.A.M. Wets-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Nederland Viert....

POEM 575-
Na Herdenking van de Doden,
dat is op 4 mei

Elk jaar op 5 mei
komt Bevrijdings-Dag,
Hoera! Hoera!
opnieuw Hoera

Eerlijk gezegd
dit is een heilig teken voor iedereen
bevrijd van nazi - Duitsland
maar niet voor mij

Wat betekent dit voor mij?
Hoe kan ik de dag vieren dat ik nog niet geboren ben?
derdaad, wijlen Hitler maakte de wereld behoorlijk gek

Dit eenvoudig gedicht viert de dood van Hitler
de nederlaag van die hele bende uit de Tweede Wereldoorlog

ik ben het gelukkigst voor de geschapen VREDE
Canada, en de Geallieerden hadden Europa bevrijd
van de tirannie van één man
Ja, dat kunnen we
natuurlijk alle krachten verenigd en samengebundeld,
JA, DAT KUNNEN WE!
ECHT, WE KUNNEN HET!

ik ben blij dat Nederland zijn vrijheid viert
Vrij zijn van de nazi juk
onze Dag kan niet meer stuk!

Wat is de nazi?
ik weet het niet
misschien een wild dier dat ons onverwachts doodt
op de donkerste en diepste nacht in onze bedden?

ik weet het nog steeds niet, daarom kan ik niet echt gelukkig zijn
omdat ik niet weet wat we vieren?

Oh, lieve God, dit is niet voor mij, niet voor ons maar zeker een pluspunt voor de hele natie van ons

ik hou echt van vrede
ik koester Vrede met heel mijn hart mijn grootste euforie in dit deel van Bevrijdingsdag, Hoera! op 5 mei

maar EERST op 4 mei
een stilte van twee minuten op die dag Precies om 8 uur na de schemering onze blijk van groot respect voor al diegenen die hebben geleden en zijn gestorven samen met onze koning buigen we onze hoofden, voor de stilte van twee minuten om 8 uur avondstond....

A.D. Zaterdag 4 mei 2019
© Sylvia Frances Chan-

Op 4 mei: twee minuten stilte
Op 5 mei: vieren we bevrijd van de nazi

Sylvia Frances Chan
Neither Language Nor Sign....

Neither language nor sign
days even weeks
he did not call me
never did he violent
but he never told the reason
it is not about love or money

But why not a phone call?
and do I have to wait for weeks on my own?
what is it about?
if I keep asking, you will find me less smart

What do I come to know now, dear heart
that you are not just hard of hearing
but also East Indian deaf....

Sylvia Frances Chan has taken this photograph of green grapes in the Green shady Garden of Taman Indonesia in Kallenkote Village, Steenwijk in the Province of Overijssel, NL. A refreshing piece of Green scenery
She also designed the card.

AD. Saturday the 11th of August 2018
@ 13.01 hrs. PM West European Time
Yesterday all flights at Schiphol, were cancelled, stormy weather, the coming flights may land, but there was an enormous delay with the Maroccan Royal Airways. This was noted since the poetess's youngest son with partner and baby had to come from Ghana, Africa through Morocco, Africa. They have landed, with 2,5 hrs delay, but they arrived, praise the Lord!

Sylvia Frances Chan
Never Play For Own God....

Such a greatest pity, for man and family
now they were allowed to live short, not till eternity
since they committed suicide at such a young age, a greatest pity
but if they ardently believed in God
they would choose the longest life on earth
all they had to ask was: Please dear God, give me an ardent life
their life would be prolonged right on the spot!

WHY is this brevity created? BECAUSE so many young artists died at the age of
27. That is not old, that is super young! Let them arise from their graves and
they must read what here is written. Love the life that God hath given! Do not
play for God, that IS a sin. I had this urge to write this short verse, thank you.
Created with deep understanding for the life and love God has given,

HALLELUJAH is composed by Leonard Cohen (USA)

sadly yours,
Sylvia Frances Chan, Dutch Poetess.

How painful our life is, make the best of it
try to survive with the help of God!
Of course, our group does exist
the survivals of the fittest!

AD. Friday, the 19th January 2018

1. Brian Jones, co-founder, and guitarist of the Rolling Stones.
he was found drowned at the bottom of his pool.
Died on July 3,1969.

2. Jimi Hendrikx, one of the best rock guitarists ever, music producer, singer and
songwriter.
He died in his own vomit after taking a combination of pills and wine.
Died on September 18,1970.

3. Janis Joplin, very influential singer and songwriter.
Janis died of a heroin overdose. 
Died on October 4, 1970.

4. Jim Morrison, the legendary singer of the very first rock band in the world: "The Doors". The cause of death is "heart failure"; but no autopsy has ever been performed. 

5. As a further member, Richey James Edwards also belongs in this list at home. Richey disappeared without trace since 1 February 1994 at the age of 27. Given his mental situation and the location where his abandoned car was found, it is assumed that he committed suicide by jumping from the Severn Bridge.

6. Kurt Cobain, co-founder, singer, guitarist, and songwriter of the legendary grunge band "Nirvana". Kurt committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. 
Died on 5 April 1995.

7. Amy Winehouse, world-famous singer, and songwriter. She longed to be loved by her mum whom she loved so much, but her parents divorced. She had only contact with her father, A London taxi driver. She drank too much and became addicted to red wine. Amy was found dead in her home in London. Perhaps by slicking too many pills combined with alcohol. She died a tragic dead at the age of 27. 
Died July 23, 2011.

© Sylvia Frances Chan 
Copyright Protected

AD. Friday the 19th January 2018, 
accidentally created on the Birthday of Princess Margriet, 
the Aunt of the present King Willem-Alexander of the Netherlands 
© 21.37 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
New Things Turn Obsolete Very Soon....

Just like all other new things
they change over time, our hearts perish
nothing is as changeable as the world itself

first a sea of flowers, now a rotten flower stench
old people imprisoned and plugged in retirement homes
as a thank you for their perfect upbringing and the caring loving years

with new shoes we first walk in blisters
gather the right advice and wisdom through our dear parenting

to be told that they are just hiding old people in old people's homes
they still have to explain to me till the smallest details
note, who had done that? They're still from my own years age!
shameful, I hope that's not true!

©Sylvia Frances Chan
A.D. Thursday the 16th of May 2019

Sylvia Frances Chan
Ngantosan Anjeun....

Kuring nyaho anjeun bogoh ka abdi
Abdi bogoh ka anjeun
Ningali anjeun pas
janten wani
di tanah nu barbarians
aranjeunna tetep bakal ngumpulkeun haté anjeun sarta jiwa
awak anjeun laun hayu aranjeunna bohong
sabab eta anu sagemblengna kosong
jiwa anjeun paling kaeusi
tur dikonci
ku segel tina nanaon
waragad anu riks
datangna orok, abdi gé ningali maneh pas
Leuwih aya di kawas merak
sabab anjeun geus dipilih
pisan mimiti saprak panonpoé subuh
Kuring teu acan dilahirkeun
Tapi
Urang nyarita bahasa sarua
euweuh halangan
OK madu, kuring ngahurungkeun kiwari
sarta kuring ngadagoan anjeun....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Martin Luther was born ToDAY.
AD. Wednesday 31 October 2018-
@ 10.10 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
No Rhymes Today....

The last autumn flowers
sigh along the street
hurry up, i feel so odd today, it's late
oh dear, how am I supposed to call you?

sister, or just say the name
if you want to follow my advice: Soul Sister
is that not too early, I only ask you this since yesterday
follow it, I can refute it like that

dear Soul Sister, my latest disarmament
we have known each other for a long time
I'll make this known amongst my friends
I think the title is appropriate since we have never had a single fight

I walk along the outside roads
see the last autumn flowers do their best
your presence makes me no longer shy
the harsh winds and wintertime will do the rest

finally, I want to thank you very much
for the beautiful words, you have declamated as such
and the song with your voice,that beautifully sounds
I feel flattered and honored with your presence....

© Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Thursday the 22nd of November 2018 -
@ 8.18 hours VM West European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
No Time Like The Present

No Time Like The Present.
36 C degrees TODAY outside mine house,
hotter than Sylvia Plath's oven.

Never forget the traveling spouse,
"de regen komt altijd van boven".
(Dutch= rain always comes from above)

This special exemplar of verse,
I want to underline the worst:

Today are none of these at all
between my own four walls! !

Never think I am a fool,
to be happiest and cool.

In this desert's temperature,
I enjoy it as the coldest rapture! !

What could I do more,
if the North Sea stops breathing?

Never expect me that I'll stop loving
the one and only life I have....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected.

Wednesday 20 July 2016-
@11.00 am.-30,5 C degrees Outside,
Inside the house it is Cool.

Reposted TODAY at mine place 36 C degrees!
day the 26th of July 2018
@ 18.39 .36 C degrees Outside,
inside the house it is cool, but TODAY outside
hotter than in Berekumm, Ghana, Africa, where I
had been recently to see my first grandchild, he
has become one year on the 4th of July.

Sylvia Frances Chan
No Time Like The Present.

30 C degrees TODAY in mine house, hotter than Sylvia Plath’s oven.

Never forget the traveling spouse, 'de regen komt altijd van boven'. (Dutch= rain always comes from above)

This special exemplary of verse, I want to underline the worst:

Today are none of these at all between my own four walls!

Never think I am a fool, to be happiest and cool.

In this desert's temperature, I enjoy it as the coldest rapture!

What could I do more, if the North Sea stops breathing?

Never expect me that I'll stop loving the one and only life I have....

© Sylvia Frances Chan

Photo by Joe Parker (Flickr)

posted on Monday 15th May 2017 from the original Created in July 2016.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Noah´s Ark....

Noah´s Ark....
Last Night´s Eerie Lightnings....

No, this is not a nightmare
I dare
to tell you this early spring tomorrow
no no, my heart has not become cold
maybe grow old
no, I am not ashamed to report this
the brevity of this morning, constantly God's bliss
and everything there is
my loved ones all over the world
all my hair immediately goes curled
after seeing all these scenes
all most complete scenes largest and small
I saw it in two hours last night
first the heaviest showers
if you stand in the middle of it
you will be kicked flat
those hardest showers are the fastest in the clearest lightning
no no, those are no longer the hardest rains
but real flashes of lightning quickly followed through loudest thunders
it started with the heaviest showers within two hours
it resulted in the most terrifying thunders
darkest surrounds
deafening sounds all around
locally bound
all creepy dark thunders
I can imagine Noah's ark....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Dutch Poetess
Evangelist
Carddesigner
World Traveler

Saturday the 8th of June 2019
Dutch Time 13.00 hrs. P.M.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Nog 10 Minuten Te Gaan....

Ik krijg nog 10 minuten te gaan
om je mijn volgende show te laten zien
is het: Te zijn of niet te zijn, oh
of gewoon ver weg van de gekmakende menigte?
ik vind dat maar zo-zo
als ik het je mag zeggen

nu krijg ik nog 8 minuten te gaan
om je te laten weten over de volgende show
oh wat? ! Deze klok wordt niet weergegeven
precies het juiste tijdstip om precies te gaan
om de volgende show op tijd gepresenteerd te krijgen

Wat....TIJD....? !
slechts zooveel minuten om dit gedicht in te dienen
voordat mijn klok de NUL toont
NUL wat? !
Vanaf nu nog 4 minuten
tot de nul tijd dan
WANNEER?
Als de klok van Poem Hunter de 0.00 tijd toont
dat is morgen voor Poem Hunter
en voor de klok op mijn laptop zoveel uren op de volgende dag al
gezien van uit Poem Hunter's plek

Moet NU indienen
MISSCHIEN het IS al de VOLGENDE DAG
Bij Poem Hunter's Klok is het nog steeds 15 februari
op de mijne al zaterdag 16 februari
Pas op de 0.00-tijd van PH komt eraan...!

Ik ben nu niet zo ver verwijderd van de gekmakende menigte
gerekend en geschonken....
alles hardop zeggen
elk woord luid gespeld
schreeuw nooit hardop
zeggen is niet schreeuwen....
Sylvia Frances Chan
Not From One Of The Top 500 Poets....

My love for poetry will perpetually exist
in many e-zines, Magazines, Journals and all there is
Poem Hunter is the first Poem Site to give me greatest Peace
since there is no obligement to submit or not, that ease
I was very much lost on Poem Hunter long time gone
that is now behind and things are going very well done

love to write about any topic and in many languages
love to write long and short poems for all ages
I have seen poets given the numbers climbing to the top 500
A greatest question what one must do to achieve this status
gradually I have got the seven years' itch being here
many times I have been thinking, take away all submitted poems
then I am gone but not out of the country
I remain at my residence and still love very much poetry....

from
Sylvia Frances Chan
the Dutch Poetess

Sylvia Frances Chan
Not Such A Nice Poem

I will start traveling again
after all, I've left everything
I never dared and never screamed
I am fed up with all the accusations
Everything is just thrown away

It has become a mess
after the man has been here
that accuses everyone
of theft, copying, and copying like an ape
This man never looked at himself

but always talk about the mistakes of others,
forget to look in the own mirror
imagine if put under a magnifying glass
consider the self as an amazing water-man, sparkling creature
a lie of the first hour
he... error? Well, he's original
never think of an apology
but if nobody is in the room

he is stealing himself
and then he accuses others
look at yourself first, think at least sportive
Experience is the best teacher, not as a thief
says every language

language choice?
Mouthful words
never use tools, no google-search
but get the synonym just from your mind
or search that in the mind-by-heart

with my number of years of life
I learned the most
from the experiences
I once said
that you stole my thoughts
a strange remark of somebody
who knows no hatred and is lovingly raised.
But yes, the bystanders know
you're going to play bridge because I do every week
like tennis, and long before you have followed me

my lifestyle copied by you
but you cannot play chess
no space left in your upper room
so yes, you continued to bully
everyone was gossiping behind your back
about your stupidity too

but it did not matter to you
You live in the house of the church
About the Bible, you are an alpha
that does not matter
but are people born just like you

also so funny with very little fat?
and always so many lies under the skin?
your father was also the same as church help
a house and a fireplace you have, and enough food too
although your father earned little

Your life was complete because he served God
only no man looked at you
not just because you were so stupid
You're not good in your head, methinks
because you are laughing constantly in silence without any reason

without reason and always against yourself
on the darkest night, the police arrived
did you think I did not know that?
of course,
because it was our door you were knocking on

and the police who told us,
You did not want to leave despite their polite request
in the end, they pulled you away
out of the corner
you were the curse...
AD.31 October 2017 Tuesday. Dra Erna H's BD.
@ 20.34 hrs. P.M. West-European Time
Beautiful sunny weather for the year,
after all it IS Autumn though....

Sylvia Frances Chan
Nunggu Sampeyan....

Aku ngerti kowe tresna karo aku
Aku tresna sampeyan uga
Aku bakal ndeleng sampeyan
Aja wani
ing tanah barbar
dheweke bakal ngumpulake atine lan nyawa
awakmu ninggal awakmu
amarga sing bener kosong
nyawamu paling gedhe
lan dikunci
karo segel apa-apa
mung biaya riks
madu, aku bakal ndeleng sampeyan rauh
lumaku kaya manuk merak
amarga sampeyan wis milih
banget awal wiwit sunsets
Aku ora lair
Nanging
kita ngomong basa sing padha
ora ana alangan
OK madu, aku ganti saiki
lan aku ngenteni kowe.....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Martin Luther was born ToDAY.
AD. Wednesday 31 October 2018-
@ 10.10 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Och, Jeetje!

Ik ben verschrikkelijk geschrokken
nee, wat is er drie dagen geleden gebeurd
wat was er toen misgegaan?
skype is gewoon een snellere soort
van een andere fout-terreur
je kunt het in de spiegel zien....

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: “De Martinitoren van een afstand”.

Pipi genoteerd uit haar NoteBook voor
Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch Poetess

AD. Donderdag 12 juli 2018
@ 10.30 uur VM West-Europese Tijd

Sylvia Frances Chan
Ode For My Loved Mum

Thinking about the past
i have the present added
the response is oft tomorrow's
hurtful sorrows

unable to spend or to borrow
it is an overloaded basket of sorrow
this woman had, when her eyes were ailing,
she begged me for praying

then she cannot keep smiling and so
she cannot write nor create, like i used to do
even walking with a mobike would be troubling, but up-to-date
i had really to do with her and asked the Lord to be my advocate

this lonesome lady of the pain
i treat her the same as the sorrowful saints
as the others in their shabby sorrow rusk
i promised her to pray each dawn and dusk

i regard her just as adorable
as my beloved mother....
only with this difference
my beloved Mum has a blitz appearance
and much forbearance

my most respected only one, my loved mum,
constantly did her precious task
as my provider the greatest mental bask
of all kinds of love and more
included many texts from the Holy Scriptures
she sent through post and phone loving and caring calls encore
yes, sir, she stood tallest
she presenting the Words of our Lord Highest AlMighty
one thing i most regret and now i reveal true saddest

i still hope that i constantly will be
in touch with her mental shelter
as the loving and caring mother, none other
my most diligent mental provider
of my most needed mental whisperer

that has given me the grandest emotive bed
the grandest devotional shed
as if she were living yet
through Christ who is risen from the dead

Amen....

Pipi, while walking with Sylvie on this emotional Path to the Day
that Jesus would ascend to Heaven next 10th of May....1985 years ago,
at 33 years young....

© Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Wednesday the 11th of April 2018
@ 7.43 hrs.A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Ode To Dearest Daddy....

i wish to reveal a most precious thing
as Spring Equinox has begun
my dearest Daddy's Birthday is done

he is not a man of celebrations
i want to disclose his personal's manifest

as his blueprint, i am really at my spot
i am very fortunate to be able to recollect much,
all and everything with the help of God

to be your beloved daughter
is one most precious and delightful evidence, father

such a coziest feel to have you in my presence, wished repetitive
you embody all that is beautiful, calm and peaceful
no other impervious Daddy then you, my handsome Sensitive

your BirthDay, dearest Daddy is never nebulous
the reputations you left us are all fabulous

you told me tales, they are in fact realities
you are one of a kind, your mind so sublime
despite your crowded programs you always cared and loved me,
i am your prime

i love to tell in superlatives about you, yes me
you deserve the most, dearest Daddy,

i am very proud of you, of your humor your visions and deep intuitions
your cartoons, drawings, and your fascinating paintings
you conjured magic in all your writings, ooo yes,
i still remember you taught me to play chess

C.C. was your weekly talkings
as an investigator in the Country's most famous Magazine
Charlie was your weekly walkings
in the world of Charlie Chan
i am very fond of you, my very talented Daddy
i know your world too, owned by you as a stage performer, all acts
as Stanvac's manager you were the best in mind and facts

i wish to reveal the most precious about my presence at your BirthDay
last night i went to your place, i was wondering
you were not there, i started sobbing....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
A.D. Friday the 21st March 2019 -
On Spring Equinox' Eventide

Sylvia Frances Chan
Ode To The Fascinating Wildlife Nature Of Nepal

Finally, she has found her home,
a most beautiful, gigantic paradise-alike dome
the loveliest ground she had discovered
after so many years of having traveled.

So many loveliest flowers to be found
a diversity of rare flora and fauna abound
many butterflies are enjoying
the coolness of the myriad trees
the Spiny Babbler are oft singing
amidst these anchored hills of exciting
Wildlife Nature of Nepal.

The fresh air of the summer heat
are flowing through the myriad fields
through smallest paths, holes, and gaps
such a smooth weather, sweetest scents
is she or am I on Nirvana's ground perhaps?

And what is cozier on this planet
then to listen to the song of this small bird
on the Fascinating Wildlife of Nepal´s immense ground
serene, loveliest and so peaceful
amongst these hills so beautiful
the musical performance of the Spiny Babbler
only to be found in the Wildlife Nature of Nepal!

I have traveled everywhere on this globe
scattered on the five continents
but this tiny beautiful songbird, the Spiny Babbler
is unique, only to be found and heard here
amongst the green hills of
the fascinating Wildlife Nature of Nepal.

Picture from Google

© Sylvia Frances Chan
The World Traveler - Poetess

Sylvia Frances Chan
Ode To World's Unique Songbird....

ODE TO WORLD's UNIQUE SONGBIRD....

This zest I always possess

a glee to my adventurous heart

amongst the hills in this Wildlife Nature's part

I feel like home on this geographic, serene Dome

I have peregrinated to all corners of the world

Yes, to the five continents, America (North-South)

Europe, Africa, Asia and Australia

never have I found this tiny spiny Songbird, the cutest songbird

unique, only here to find, this high quality bird is one of a kind

I feel like home in this Wildlife of Nature.

I found peace and serenity

I feel me uplifted as soon as the tiny songbird starts to sing

Amongst the wealth of Wildlife Nature's thing

I have found my home in this friendliest surrounding

nowhere to find in no other national park

only in this Wildlife Nature's wealth, no skylark but the spiny-tiny
© Sylvia Frances Chan

World Traveler - Poetess

ORIGINAL EDITION in that country's Magazine on the 26th March 2017 Organization.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Old And New

To mention a few,
old and new
friends, houses, surround
lovers, parents, all bound
but haven't mentioned this one
2018 is here and I am stunned

To mention some more
the French would say: "encore";
one kiss has been given is the greatest bliss
if you are the chosen one, feel what that IS
in true life just realize
to decide between things that are wise

To mention a few,
old and new
is constantly precious
for me and you....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected
AD.3rd January 2018-Wednesday

Sylvia Frances Chan
On A Different Approach....

Since the earliest hours in the morn
I started with the words
from the previous night
to spit out
on the blank paper
the paper as patient as infinite
I still have the nagging
from cracking pens
or dry ink pots
my words always want to raft
not the rafts along the river
as in the countries with tropical heat
the raft deep inside with a loving beat
writing is not that bad at all
with muse
or without
upon it
or down-under it
the brains kept well together
these are all really true
I also love to consume vegetables as you do
half-cooked
that's so healthy
please, do not eat with full mouth
sorry, I mean
do not talk to the full face
you know it
a slip on the tongue
and I am doing
perpetually wrong
please would you mind
to sing a song
along with me?
you sing the song
and I will hum its refrain with thee
I will not do it in disdain
I'll end this declaration of love
to poetry art, my love
my life
my love
my all in all
my poetic art life
my poetic art love
all and everything
I present to God above
And to mankind all over the world
my art
my love
my poetic life
a constant strife
all my life....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

It is still Martin Luther's BirthDAY now.
AD. Wednesday 31 October 2018-
@ 15.06 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
On A Dry Dusty Day....

On a dry dusty day
would you come with me to play in the hay?
in the greens not so far away
on a dry dusty day?

It would be cool in the heat of day
freed from all the dirty dust of that day
you can choose which day you wish
each choice is for me a great bliss

I will set tea for you in the deep coolness of the day
extra biscuit too and ginger tea
am God grateful to have met thee
on that rainbow lawn on the Milky Way....

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: &quot;Tea with Royal Albert&quot;

© Sylvia Frances Chan~~
Copyright Protected

AD. Sunday the 11th February 2018
@ 14.28 hrs.P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
One Day Before

Too saddest to tell you
today on this First Day of Spring
my Daddy has his Birthday
anyway
he cannot sing
not today nor tomorrow
you'll ask me why?
decennia ago he suddenly died
not of any stroke nor heart-ache
just wanna remember
that Today just One Day after the Northward Equinox
he'd have his celebrations
never congratulations anymore now
not today nor tomorrow
this is not a poem
just a statement
a human document
of one of the most gifted fathers
aquarelles, poetry or feuilletons
even performances at William's Theatre
his weekly sequels of the loving
and living Charlie Chan
besides earning much money
as the top-manager
of STANVAC, Jakarta
that big oil-office
with the red Pegasus
my Daddy climbed its back
and never returned
remembering his Birthday
emotionally on his epitaph
how odd
The Start of Spring
One Day Before his BirthDAY
the annual Northward Equinox
has passed his graveyard
keep smiling is not here today
but grieving will be okay
even though where he now is
he remains my Dearest Daddy and all there is....

I remain, still with the greatest admiration
My Daddy is still laying silently in his graveyard
he'd be no more a part of all celebrations
only his part of heart
still beats in mine....

Anno Domini 21 March 2018
No Daddy, this is NOT A POEM
just a simple statement from your darling daughter
a greatest lost, this multitalented father
#love #art #play #feuilletons #performance #clown #sequel #paintings

Sylvia Frances Chan
One....

Poem Number 560.
(about 200 poems lost on PF poem site)

Poet's NOTE:
This morn I looked in the mirror and started talking
to yonder
like crazy only for the sake of poetry
due to my insane ability for love and for poetry
when I read this poetry, it started to thunder....

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - PLEASE READ and HAVE FUN

Pleazze, culminate
what, why?
I don't understand you
this word does not exist
the dutch would say
"het is geen kattenpis" (it means: It is important)

IF you use it though
bad grammar and non-existing words
they eliminate literature somehow
our most beautiful task, that you know! POEM 560

Sylvia Frances Chan
Pentecost is a Christian festival where believers celebrate receiving the Holy Spirit. It is celebrated 50 days after Easter and with that you immediately have the meaning of Pentecost: the word is derived from the Greek pentekostē, which means 50.

Pentecost is on Sunday, June 9, 2019 and on Monday, June 10, 2019.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Only Peace And Eternal Life On Earth....

POEM Number 555-
Only Peace and Eternal Life On Earth,  
No Sins, No Wars, IF Adam Had Not Eaten The Forbidden Fruit...

MAHTAB said to me:  
if Adam did not eat the fruit  
perhaps the knowledge of this world  
obody knows without GOD!

SYLVIA responded:  
According to GENESIS in The Bible....  
"But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden,  
God hath said,  
Ye shall not eat of it,  
neither shall ye touch it,  
lest ye die........."

IF EVE and ADAM had not eaten from this forbidden fruit,  
then our world would be one greatest peace,  
we have no sins at all, no wars,  
only the love and peace amongst us  
and our daily talkings to GOD.

No sufferings on Golgotha....  
No Wars,  
NONE, only PEACE and LOVE on earth and  
no one of us will die....  
we will have eternal life  
no pains, no sufferings  
only peace will be on earth....

©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN

Sylvia Frances Chan
Ons Leven Lang....

God's Rijke Zegeningen, Elke Dag weer
Ons Leven Lang....

Hoe aangenaam om in harmonie te leven
het voelt als de zachte bries op je broze wangen
en de zalf op het hoofd,
strelen op de jurk,
zoals de Heer heeft getoond
over het deel van haar slanke armen
als liefde die gewoon naar binnen blaast
en dat neemt ze liefdevol op
als haar zegeningen elke sombere dag

en de vrolijkheid in het hooi
oh, wat er ook moge komen, wat er ook moge komen
elke goddelijke dag

Het is als de dauw van Hermon die op de bergen van Sion valt
God heeft ons altijd en eeuwig geschonken

want daar heeft de Here getoond
de zegen van het leven voor altijd....

Ah, er is liefde op elk moment van de dag
wat er ook mag gebeuren, wat er ook gebeurt
God heeft ons altijd en eeuwig geschonken....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Donderdag 23 aug 2018 -
@14.41 uur NM-

Sylvia Frances Chan
Onze Grote Natie

De zon is ondergronds,
De maan bloedt heftig,
Democratie is een grote farce,
Leiders leiden de natie,
Zoals kannibalen regeren,
De maatschappij is aan flarden,
De spiegel is een luchtspiegeling geworden,
Dode mensen die dode schapen bijeenbrengen.
Waarheid is een woord dat eenmaal is getrild,
In de grond van ons grote land,
Alle geesten zijn geïncarneerd als mannen,
Goddelige zielen hebben geen plaats,
Vals herhaaldelijk gezegd wordt de waarheid,
Vervalste waarheid is nu ideaal om te jagen,
Het ideaal is een gemene term met suiker-coating,
Het is bedwelmend zonder zin,
De waarheid is meer dan ideaal omdat het een droom is.
Met het gebrek aan kennis: wijsheid,
De natie gaat op weg naar een donker hertogdom,
Zoals vossen de slapende leeuwen aan het vergrendelen zijn,
Gieren jagen op adelaars voor de jacht.
Net als Plutus of Shylock zijn er leiders´ routes,
Een stomme menigte naar Hades leiden,
India is nu een dode kerker geworden
voor iedereen.
De zon de bron van het leven,
en de maan,
Dat voedt idealen om als rivieren te stromen,
De sterren die flikkeren om wijsheid te ontbranden,
Op de grond van ons land
dode kadavers worden,
Alleen een ziel vrij van conditie,
geïnspireerd door de goddelijke natuur,
geen keus hebben,
Tevreden met niets,
en puur erbij horen,
Kan deze hangende natie redden.
************
Sylvia Frances Chan
Oorlog (5) ....

Ode aan mijn geliefde Moeder....
zoals zij nog altijd is voor mij, voortdurend

ze is zo sterk en krachtig
als de Notre Dame

spiritueel en prachtig
constant plezier in haar werk

ze is slank en lieflijk
haar ogen hebben zoveel schoonheid
groot is haar autoriteit
ze heeft een enorme plichtsbetrachting
nooit moe en altijd behulpzaam
ze is zorgzaam, liefdevol en precies

ze roemt tenimmer,
maar ze is erg wijs
ze is altijd het vroegst op
elke dag vervult ze haar plicht
ze wil een goede mammie zijn
dat zal haar leven compleet maken en haar gelukkig maken

ze verloor haar vader toen ze één was
ze was de jongste van drie meisjes
haar mammie was vaak weg
de oppas paste op haar in plaats van haar moeder

vredig land, prachtig retraite, mooi huis, echt thuis
haar geliefde moeder is nooit hertrouwd
een stiefvader is niet als een eigen vader
de drie meisjes waren snel volgroeid

toen kwam de vuile vervloekte tweede wereldoorlog
gen geen momenten om een beetje op te lichten of te zweven

onvoorstelbare explosions
ze heeft een te zorgzaam en liefhebbend hart
de directe vlucht voor De Vijand
ze verloor haar vreugde en haar identiteit
ze was nog te jong
dezelfde oorlog maakte haar een instant wrak
haar hart en ziel zijn gebroken
als een gebroken ruit in talloze stukken

mijn diepste verdriet constant
haar lichaam is erg gezond
ze verloor haar mentale plezier
maakt niet uit in welke conditie
dit is mijn vertolking
om van haar te houden en haar gelukkig te maken
samen met mijn vader en broer

ondanks haar twijfelachtige gezondheid
heeft zij een kinderwens
mijn broer en ik zijn eeuwig dankbaar
aan God, aan onze geliefde vader en aan haar
mijn eeuwig geliefde mama....

met liefderijke zorg geschreven,
uw enige dochter,
Sylvie

Donderdag 6 juni 2019

Sylvia Frances Chan
Oorlogen.....

OORLOG (1)OORLOG (2)OORLOG (3)en OORLOG (4)
zijn in de plassen gegooid
vier prachtige vervolg stukjes,
ik voel me wel berooid
voor altijd verdwenen
niet meer te vinden
nergens te vinden
enorme droefheid in mijn gedachten

de ogen noch de vingers zijn moe
maar Microsoft heeft de grootste jaloezie, en hoe? !
die wipte alle WARS eruit die in de floppy zitten
bestemd voor Poem Hunter en zijn GedichtenSite
mijn OORLOGEN Gedichten worden wereldwijd bekend gemaakt
dus nu GEEN OORLOGEN-Gedichten meer, ALLEEN VREDE's Gedichten
rest vervolg nummer vijf over een privé-oorlog
die van mijn geliefde mama, die is er nog....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Anno Domini Donderdag 6 juni 2019
Om 21.56 uur landse Tijd

Sylvia Frances Chan
Op 22 November....

22 november om 8.08 uur.
Een aantal speciale dialogen als gescript, nog te verkorten:

Een vreugdevolle boodschap in vrolijkheid
brengt verrukking aan het rustige leven van haar
ze is net in de schijnwerpers gezet door haar lieve Soul Sister
niet alleen voor een dag, maar voor haar verjaardag gedurende een week,
Mister!

dat is een aangename grote verrassing voor iedereen
de komende week kan niet meer worden verzet, het is voorbereid en gedaan.

Het licht is nog steeds aan, terwijl het weer verandert
haar Soul Sister heeft geregeld en opnieuw geregeld
de lucht is het donkerst geworden,
de wolken zijn duister
er waren zware windvlagen in de Arabische Zee geweest
langs de Noordzee alleen lichtere stormen

drie Celsius graden nu onder nul
in El Teide, Tenerife, ten zuid-oosten van Spanje
is het 20-22 graden Celcius boven nul

Haar kleinkind met zijn ouders dragen weer zomerkleren
zoals we kunnen zien, genieten ze van de frisse lucht nabij de oceaan
ze is ook blij, omdat haar kleinzoon en zijn ouders in een uitstekende conditie
zijn
en nu van een heerlijke vacantie genieten
ze hebben de run van 20 km gedaan,
beiden hebben zoveel plezier beleefd na elke run van 20 km
ja dat kan nu op Tenerife

Is de moesson er nog steeds, lieverd?
nee schat, ze zijn nu voorbij
de festiviteiten gaan beginnen
oh, de muzikanten en de zangers?
geen zangers, schat, alleen luipaarden
LUIPAARDEN? Heb je luipaarden in jullie oerwoud?
Ik denk het wel, misschien hebben slechts een paar stropers ze de laatste tijd voor hun huid gedood.
Hoe tragisch is dat!
en niet alleen dat, we zijn als vrouwen ook niet veilig op straat.
Dit land staat in de wereld-top vijf van de Aanranders-lijst
er zijn vier andere landen die dit predicaat ook hebben

Oh, daarom adviseerde je me om zo snel mogelijk naar huis te gaan
toen we de vorige keer elkaar ontmoetten?
Nu weet je het, schat, ik wens je een mooie verjaardag!
Wees blij vandaag, en ontvang God's Rijke zegeningen van de dag
alleen die kilometers ertussen.....ach, dat mag
vier het en wees gelukkig zoals je nog nooit bent geweest....

met soul sister's dialoog in deze vroegste ochtend
iedereen slaapt nog, ik neurie nu
dank U, Heer, voor deze mooie dag
adembenemend mooi op de eigen manier....

Van Harte Gefeliciteerd op 22 november 2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
Op Een Andere Boeg....

Sinds het vroegste deel van de ochtend
begon ik met de woordjes
van de vorige nacht
uit te spugen
op het blanco papier
het papier zo geduldig als oneindig
heb ik nog te nimmer het gezeur
van krakende pennen
of droge inkt potten
mijn woordjes wilde alsmaar vlotten
niet de vlotten op een rivier
zoals in de landen met tropische hitte
het schrijven valt reuze mee
met muze
of zonder
er op
of er onder
de hersens goed bij elkaar
dit is allemaal echt waar
ik ben ook dol op groenten
halfgaar
dat's zo gezond
eet niet met volle mond
sorry, ik bedoel
praat niet met volle smoel
je weet het wel
een slip op de tong
and I am doing
perpetually wrong
please would you mind
to singa song
along with me
you sing the song
and I will hum its refrain
I will do it not in disdain
I'll end this declaration of love
to poetry art my love
my life
my love
all in all
my poetic art life
my poetic art love
all and everything
i present to God above
and mankind over the world
my art
my love
my poetic life
a constant strife
all my life....
but i love it though
thoroughly
perpetually....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

It is still Martin Luther's BirthDAY now.
AD. Wednesday 31 October 2018-
@ 15.06 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Op Een Andere Boeg....

Sinds het vroegste deel van de ochtend
began ik met de woordjes
van de vorige nacht
uit te spugen
op het blanco papier
het papier zo geduldig als oneindig
heb ik nog tenimmer het gezeur
van krakende pennen
of droge ink potten
mijn woordjes wilde alsmaar vlotten
niet de vlotten op een rivier
zoals in de landen met tropische hitte
het schrijven valt reuze mee
met muze
of zonder
er op
of er onder
de hersens goed bij elkaar
dit is allemaal echt waar
ik ben ook dol op groenten
halfgaar
dat's zo gezond
eet niet met volle mond
sorry, ik bedoel
praat niet met volle smoel
je weet het wel
een slip op de tong

and I am doing
perpetually wrong
please would you mind
to sing a song
along with me
you sing the song
and I will hum its refrain
I will do it not in disdain
I'll end this declaration of love
to poetry art my love
my life
my love
all in all
my poetic art life
my poetic art love
all and everything
I present to God above
and mankind over the world
my art
my love
my poetic life
a constant strife
all my life....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Black Friday 23 November 2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
OPEN MESSAGE, OPEN LETTER

All of a sudden these words came down
from my caring and prudent mouth, like a cascade
A.D. Tuesday, 15th October 2018 @ 9.31 hrs. A.M. West-European Time.

I have the urge to publish these words,
as my highest respect and my highest appreciations for
Master Poet Kumarmani Mahakul Sir
or known as Poet Kumarmani Mahakul on Poem Hunter Poems Site.

You have NEVER called yourself MASTER POET,
but I have done that since you most deserved that highest title here on Poem Hunter Poems site.

I was since 13 Dec 2011 here, but I seldom opened my poem site,
so I did not know anything new about the poets
who are submitting their poems, nor I knew their names,
except for the poets I have known on Poem Sites I had been either
but due to Master Poet Kumarmani Mahakul Sir
and his eldest son poet Dr. Pintu Mahakul,
I started coming here frequently
and reading their names on Poem Hunter,
included their ardent support,
I have the reason to submit and to keep the pages
open for a longer time.

Thank you so much once again,
Master poet Kumarmani Mahakul Sir!
My Master Poet at all times
and Dr. Pintu Mahakul, after he has
got his Doctor of Philosophy Degree,
he seldom submits, but recently he gave
his responses though on my Member Poem Of The Day
"Inspired By The Lord" on Poem Hunter as well as on FaceBook.

Master Poet Kumarmani Mahakul Sir,
Never have I read and found a poet so great
but so modest and sober,
just like I put an own mirror to ma face
and look into it, I see poetry, dearest poetry,
I see shadows but the darkness of the sweetest Lights:
I smell Jasmine, but scents of a unique perfume,
we can only find that in this area,
the area of dear loving, caring and sublime Master poets
and the sublimest are you,

truly, these words this morning says my soul
upon having thought about your generous heart
and the attachment you have with God, poetry, and poets altogether.

One I know so well is your eldest son,
not that we have the same age, on the contrary
I know him from several famous poem sites before
but we have in common that great shyness,
I feel that he is very shy in his doings and so am I,
this is only said by me since my senses know that,
sans having stood in front of him,
and he I admire so much too,
and all your other family relatives, your lovely épouse,
and your youngest son, poet Mantu Mahakul,
only he is the one who writes the least poems,
but he is also a cute and polite son,

perhaps no one can understand what I am writing about,
but you do, Sir, that I am sure.

I respect you and I appreciate you most
together with your beloved family.

I have been to your country recently,
and my best acquaintance told me
that there are other things occurring in India,
and that I must hasten to go back
since it is not safe for women traveling alone
and there was said more things,
which shocked my senses,

I always believe warnings,
since I "feel" that the warnings are true.
That was not and never it was in Nepal
when I was there to listen to the most beautiful songbird all times, aside from these all, I never stay in a country more than a fortnight. I will continue my "preachings" another time, I want to repeat too: thank you once again, Sir, for all the 10's and full Vote given,

I regard you as one of the fewest poets, who never says untrue things that I can see in the reflections of your eldest son Dr. Pintu Mahakul´s words, as I have written all these down, my being is touched again tremendously by your generous heart, caring soul and loving words, which are still echoing in my inside.

Thank you deeply from my being, heart, and soul. God's Blessings be in Abundance for you and your beloved family. I am touched immensely by the person behind your poetry, Amen,

from Sylvia Frances Chan, the Wonder Jasmine

ADDITION:
I have inserted here the copy of the cartoon that I have drawn when I was 11 years old, and do you know why? YOU, dear Master poet, had given unto me a Title of Honour: Wonder Jasmine

du moment of having read that you just published the poem on Poem Hunter with the lovely Title:

"Attention To Titles Of Honour (Part 1)"

I was shocked very much. WHY? The Title of Wonder JASMINE, that particular name of "Jasmine" reminds me of the Cartoon Series I had drawn when I was still a child of 11 years of age, and I gave the name to that Cartoon JASMIN, the editor of that Youth Section told the readers (then still in Jakarta, Indonesia) that I probably meant the word JASIENV (Dutch) or the English JASMINE. The editor Mrs. Aimée Lyssen did not send back to me the cartoon series, because of that word mistake, she corrected that, saying: Sylvia is just 11 years old, she has not got tuition in the English language, but
published that though.
I wrote back to her, telling her that I love the name of JASMIN for my cartoon series and I knew already that the English word IS Jasmine, but I prefer to use "Jasmin" for my cartoon series, this name sounds firm and stronger in my 11 years old ears.

Must be added here that poetess SSK on created the Tribute JASMIN for my Birthday on the 14th of November 2015 and at that time, on that moment, she was with me in my country, in my home, she saw in the backyard the sight of the lovely hedge with the Ivy. She stayed in my home for three months (the longest a person may stay, rules from the Dutch Government) . What I wanna tell you is, that SSK had also seen my Cartoons titled JASMIN and the Ivy hedge in my backyard. I was very happy with her Tribute on my Birthday. That was truly a Big Surprise. I have still my cartoons due to my only bro, he had kept that for me and gave them (all those Youth Section papers) to me personally when he came to NL. About this Tribute poetess, SSK created and published for me on Poetfreak, you Sir, must know.

I was happiest at that time since Mrs. Aimée Lyssen published my cartoon series in 3 or 4 sequels. Text and drawings by Sylvia Tjan pronounced as "Chan". The cartoon you can see here are the First and Second Sequel. Readable here on the picture.

For you to know. The cartoon series goes about the Unhappy Princess in the Far Far Away Land of Jasminia in the ancient year of 1143. Its Title: JASMIN.
These cartoon series were published in the Youth Section of The Java Bode Newspaper. I still have the original Youth Section Newspapers, my bro kept them for me when I moved to the NL and gave them back as I was settled in the new residence. Can you imagine: he is such a precise caring person that he had kept all the personal things I left e.g. drawings, aquarelles, diary, pieces of papers with my notes and poems.

This OPEN MESSAGE, OPEN LETTER is Submitted Anno Domini the 19th of October 2018 - at 9.51 hrs A.M. West-European Time.

PLUS-ADDITION:
I got the title "Wonder Jasmine" from Master Poet Kumarmani Mahakul Sir here on Poem Hunter Poem Site. I am humbled, honoured and happiest. Published Today on PoemHunter Poem Site and at this hour.
I cite here the First two Stanza of the Poem
"Attention To Titles Of Honour (Part-1)"
Master poet Kumarmani Mahakul Sir published
on the 30th of September 2018 - In his residence in India.

The First two Stanzas are:

Attention! Attention! Attention!
Oh dear poets and visitors all,
Attention you pay towards titles,
Towards this poem of notification,
Honourable titles are conferred,
To few of our fellow poet friends,
A chapter of new recognition starts.

A title of honour to Sylvia Frances Chan
This is given as, "Wonder Jasmine,"
From today on-wards she will be known as
Wonder Jasmine Sylvia Frances Chan,
Honour is offered to her by grace of God.

I am humbled, honoured and happiest.
Published Today on PoemHunter Poem Site and at this hour.

Sylvia Frances Chan
I greet you fresh Monday
while patient Tuesday is waiting for her turn
Middle Wednesday has no haste too
Thursday let hear his thunder sound
Almost everyone hastens for the Friday
when Saturday comes we call it the weekend
and God's Day is Sunday,
that is one Day after the week ends...
means rest at home easefully
free from any work
free from everything
but always an Ora et Labora

from Monday to Saturday

All Sundays together
Are God's better
days together
give people their shelter
in their own homes
and Blessings to the bones

Don't forget to pray
any language and believe will do
as long as your heart is true
to God and honest for yourself
Our Father Who Art In Heaven
Hallowed be Thy Name
Thy Kingdom come
and the rest we know ourselves
Don't forget Amen
since that is the key to the closing ceremony
of your praying festivity

Ora et Labora
Once ever written in my home in Jakarta
Peace be with you
throughout the year
Love be within you

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Be loved by the one who is closest and near

Copyright © Sylvia Frances Chan
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
Beautiful Saturday 22-09-2012
@5.32 hrs. a.m.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Ordinary Words About A Poem

At the start, all happens in the mind at first,
then begins the reality, when we drag them to our social life,
also a poem - Sylvia FC

Writing a poem is also like absorbing our meal, brother
one may eat it within ten minutes, while the other
has first to break so many seals on the heel
then he can just consume his delicious meal

But when we are going to wait first
its smell is no tasty anymore we will have thirst
the longer we wait, its smell is like the wholesale kitch
our mouths become stiff 'n dry, we'll have the itch

Before we realize it, no one dares to utter
a word about it, most fantasy is going flitter-flutter
through the huge cold room difficult to switch
before we all realize, we have the seven-years'itch
and lie with a swain swooning in a ditch

Writing a poem, I said is like eating, sister
one may eat it in ten minutes, beware of the twister
inhale first, then a deep breath, 'cause we are no swine
we will continue including the grand cru wine
alas, methinks, writing a poem is like eating, just fine!

Boar, swain or a court jester
it will take me a sausage being, it will not last till Silvester
I promise, I'll take care for the good song
dinner will be fine, we are decent, we will prolong
this delicious meal, since there was no wrong
a good dinner is like a well worded poem, quite strong

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD.01-02-13 @16.37 hrs. p.m
No snow anymore, dreary, rainy.
Oss In Diepste Rouw....

we waren allemaal geschrokken
heel Nederland was plots in diepe rouw
net als de heftigste aardbeving, de schokken
we voelen het, we ervaren het, we tonen berouw

een jonge bestuurder van de bolderkar
bracht vijf kinderen van school-opvang naar hun school
ontelbare keren al, men vergeet het getal,
altijd over dezelfde spoor

de trein, de trein! Paniek, paniek!
de bestuurder van de stint kon niet meer remmen
de overweg had weliswaar slagbomen,
maar de kar was niet meer in te tomen

vier kinderen waren op slag dood
waarvan drie uit één gezin
de bestuurder en een elf jarig meisje
waren heel zwaar gewond

duizenden mensen rouwen aldoor
rond de reuzachtige bloemenzee op het treinstation
één taxi chauffeur die met de bloemen begon
zijn beste kollega vervolgde dat terstond
en duizenden rouwenaars volgden dat in koor

het nederlandse volk heeft het niet door
maar onze koning en zijn gemalin
zijn diep geraakt en heel verdrietig diep binnenin
voorlopig zijn we er nog niet uit,
nederland rouwt nog door,
ons triest verhaal is nog niet uit.

uit Google De Stint bolderkar.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Vrijdag 21 September 2018 - 7.12 hrs AM
Het trieste ongeluk in OSS West, 4 kinderen onmiddelijk op slag dood, 1 hulp (32 jr) en 1 meisje van 11 jaar zwaar gewond naar het ziekenhuis.

Sylvia Frances Chan
we all were shocked yesterday
no time for hurray
down kids instantly died
I was shattered, my heart cried
crossing the railroad in Oss
the driver with the kids was lost
early morning on their way to school
all three instantly dead, that was most tragic awful
the driver and a pupil of 11 years old
the TV News early in the morning told
me this most tragic accident
since three of the dead kids have the same DNA blend
this must be the most tragic event
for the diligent working parents
Whole Nederland is mourning since yesterday
my heart too shocked, my mind too blocked
what can I say? I can't even pray
I must talk to God about my mental disarray....
Oud Worden Met Jou....?

Oud worden met you?
Kom op, ga op mijn knieën zitten
ik zal je vertellen over de vlinders en de bijen
nu ben ik voor altijd jong
Oud worden met jou? Dat nooit!

Trek mijn jeugd niet uit
zoek onder de oudsten uw waarheid
kom op oude man, ga naast me zitten, ga niet naar het zuiden
zit naast me, niet op mijn knieën, ik zal je kussen op de mond

Vertel niet dat je mijn geliefde bent
Vertel niet dat ik je vriendin ben
Vertel niet dat je een mode handschoenmaker bent
want wat we doen is de mode van deze tijd

Oud worden met jou? Dat nooit!
Trek mijn jeugd nooit af
liefde is: het komt gemakkelijk en het ebt gemakkelijk weg
het komt vaak, een minuutje blijft het en gaat altijd weer

Kom op oude man, ga naast me zitten, ga niet naar het zuiden
zit naast me, niet op mijn knieën, ik zal je kussen op de mond
ik kom gemakkelijk en ik ga gemakkelijk weg
je komt vaak, je blijft en je gaat niet meer weg
dan word ik bedroefd van verdriet
kom alsjeblieft, alleen voor vandaag, maar blijf niet tot morgen

Sylvia Frances Chan
Our Wandering

my loved's birthday is on the 10th of Sep
my eldest son's birthday is on the 12th of Sep

I wandered in the deepest dark,
silence everywhere it was quiet no dog's bark
I wonder yesterday’s walk has become today’s run
wandering yesterday was so more fun

I wandered across the deepest night, my sweet
you don’t agree, but I can’t resist the beat
of long forlorn yesterdays and before
why do our beautiful minds love these everyday more?

I wandered many distances from night till dawn
the dark makes place my fresh institution starts to yawn
upon a moss bed I laid me down
together with my thoughts of long forlorn

restful peaceful laid, no one's scream
or is it just another dream
I make haste for new poems ahead
brilliant and beautiful as I said

I wandered in my deepest me
never found peace as such in Thee
I wonder yesterday's talk of long forlorn
can I continue or must I again be born?

Today is not here without Thee
My beloved, have faith in Him, sweetest kind of me
today you were born many years ago
we wandered many decent years in laughter and woe

created on my loved's birthday. Happiest BirthDay, my loved one!
Enjoy the fruit cake, especially for you. GBU!
Outside Ayers Rock....

Foreword:
Having read Inside Ayers Rock by Les Murray as Modern Poem Of The Day in Poem Hunter, I describe it from the outside in my own way in: OUTSIDE AYERS ROCK. Been there a few times, also in the cities such as Sydney, Perth, Cairns in the Rain Forest and the coral areas.

Australia
one of the first things
that comes to my mind's surface
Uluru or Ayers Rock.

This is that big red stone
who suddenly pops up out of from the desert.

Uluru is the world's largest monolith.
It protrudes 348 meters above the ground,
a scientist told me that two-thirds of them are underground.

The circumference is about 9 kilometers.
WOW! What a stone, so beautiful enormously
and alone
all alone the red stone

That is why every year some 400,000 people
come to &quot;the heart of Australia&quot;, you can do it too if you take time, do not miss it!

The separate thing is Uluru
that the color seems to change
when the sun goes down,
the glow becomes redder,
the reddest point just before the sun goes down.

The reverse happens when the sun rises.
If you are there,
it's definitely worth it
to get up early
to see the sunrise.

Although it is not really that way that you can sit there quietly like a lonely cowboy (or cowgirl) enjoying the sunrise,

there are hundreds of other tourists with cameras, who have come with buses at the same time.

If you hear the name Australia is certainly one of the first things who stand up: Uluru, or Ayers Rock.

That is that big red stone who suddenly pops up out from the desert.

Apart from looking at a distance, you can also see the Rock from closer.

Many people want to see "the heart of Australia". I guarantee you, make time, do not miss it, Uluru never disappoints.

I value myself as one of the few lucky ones who may climb Ayers Rock 863 meters high above the altitude on my high heels since I have not brought sports shoes with me.

Alice Spring has welcomed me similarly Kings Canyons

the people who have greeted me are polite in a natural way they are raised by white educators

a long time ago these young adults were kidnapped by the Australian government
and grew to adulthood in estranged houses
far from their beloved parents
after they have passed the university
they are the ones who are put in this tourist branch,
to tell with pride to the outside world
their cultural history.

The subject of Didgeridoo
still has my attention
told in a story with decor full of splendor,

the hotels, hospitality, and food,
the management, the receptionists are good,

Australia has introduced
the best Top specialists,
their speech is absolutely excellent,
hats off for their actée de presence
to promote Australia....

Australia, I get the creeps again!
The ultimate Australian feeling!

Photography: by Sylvia Frances Chan. This is a Magnet piece I have got after
having climbed Ayers Rock.

©Sylvia Frances Chan

The Third Week of Advent
Monday the 17th of December 2018
@ 8.50hrs. A.M. Nederland Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Over Mongolië....

de geluidsschermen staren je aan
precies zoals je boven Mongolië vliegt
op weg naar Down Under-
de Grote Muur staart naar je
maar als je een beetje hoger vliegt,
de eeuwenoude muur ziet eruit
als een verrukkelijke hete delicatess
net als in mijn jeugd, mijn meest favoriete hap....

© Sylvia Frances Chan

Maandag 29 oktober 2018 -
@ 16.43 hrs.P.M. West-Europese tijd
We hebben nu wintertijd, een uur minder slapen.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Painting My Love Life Pleasurably....

Painting my love life pleasurably
never wait until the end naturally
to best friends or closest neighbors
God says I AM, then I looked at myself

gosh He is oft my Greatest Example
why haven´t I chosen
for the greatest subject ample?

of course, since it is the best example
i may use it as best ample

to be loved by His great and cherishing love
i oft feel the aqua blessings from above
i am keeping now every end in rhyme
i love to have my poetry end sublime

Tomorrow is the birthday of my youngest love
three days before i started praying to God
that my loved one would have every stuff
monsoons would stop, mud dry on the spot
gold, jewels, rings and all there is
but the most important of all is Thy Bliss....

tassle my daily life so pleasurably
is not always a natural possibility
having observed so much poverty
and bad health
and know the poet who writes about luxury
and so much wealth

for the BirthDay of my love tomorrow
i have prayed for the most important things
not for the luxury, the wealth, or the rings
but for Thy Bliss and our minds' lesser sorrow
my heart is beating faster for tomorrow....

This photograph of a dry Autumn Leaf, I have taken when I saw it in my
backyard, this Autumn Leaf is the most favourite Leaf. I have this still in my possession and will keep it for the BirthDay person.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Friday 22 Sep 2017
@ 11.07 hrs AM West- European Time
TODAY is my niece´s BirthDay.
This poem is not a Tribute for her,
but accidentally written on the same day.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Palu, Pretty Town Of The Peaceful Peninsula....

The Prologue:
Written to finish these poems
"Luister" and "Listen"
you had been waiting for me
for seven long days,
I had not had time yet to finish them
busy continuing with creating
so true, nothing happens,
but the Lord showeth me this....

The Essay-Poem:
What happens to Sweetest Sulawesi,
if one can not listen, is this:

Sulawesi, the Peaceful Peninsula,
alongside the Cool Kalimantan Peninsula,
both in Indonesia,
east region of the Republica
a sudden Tsunami occurred there,
the workers just turned off the registration device,
these officials did not think that it would be necessary,
there will be no Tsunami coming, they said to each other,
these government people/workers,
who had the duty to be at the coastal guard
at that most important moment,
they turned off that implement,
whether a Tsunami would come or not,

now they could go altogether to the beach
to prepare the coming festivity that evening
the whole police squadron, the youth
and almost all inhabitants of the peaceful peninsula
are making themselves ready
for the cozy feast at the beach....

when all of a sudden there was a Tsunami
rapidly the waves became nine meters high
and with that very strong wind that came
straight from the sea
we could count one victim,
one inhabitant lost in the fervent liquid
the ardent aqua upon Sulawesi´s lovely flora
blue breezing barren liquid of the Peaceful Peninsula

dthat one victim had multiplied
in a few seconds, he/she have become over the 400´s.

The coastal guard did not listen to what God said
they have turned off the Tsunami tools
truly God said to them: you all must have been fools

if you cannot listen anymore like Adam and Eve
in the most beautiful Garden on Earth in Eden
you have to do all by yourselves now,
you are all lost in your own domain and how!

hath I said, &quot;you are all lost? &quot;
don´t worry, my loved ones, as usual
I commit one more charity call
help is on its way, it´s from the Red Cross....

The Epilogue:
This is my testimony about
what God hath said unto them
the pretty people of the peaceful peninsula
east of The Republic of Indonesia.

LATEST NOTE: Most buildings are collapsed, but the Church still stands tall, one
of God´s Greatest Wonders in Palu-.SEE THE PICTURE, PLEASE
The Tsunami that occurred in Palu, a peaceful place on the Pretty Peninsula
Sulawesi, the latest news just heard: the victims have increased now till over the
800 people.

©Sylvia Frances Chan
30 September 2018
This is a sad rememberance
no any reference
but she is the only cat
a toy for me, my dearest pet

all of a sudden
a sad rememberance this morn
I had mourned, now still mourn
this path deepest trodden

is life like this?
her death, certainly a bliss
she needs suffer no more
my dearest pet has no pains anymore....

Panter died on AD. Friday the 4th Oct 2013
She rest in Peace in the eternal hunting fields

Sylvia Frances Chan
Paris

Just written media August 2011, for Poetfreak.

Recently last July I was invited by a good friend to come to Paris. When still living in the tropics I loved to study Beaux Arts in Paris, but....since I was the only girl (be noted: my big bro was the only boy....LOL....) , my mom forbade me, I may not study in Heidelberg either! Since then Paris had become its home in my head, I really enjoyed my very first visit to Paris, I was really very excited...and last July I was back again in Paris, this time I was invited....all previous times I invited myself...

Paris was my first Love
so excited for the first time
I thank God above, my love
have met Paris again and a good rhyme

Paris was my first Love
but not my last
I forget sometimes the Present
but I'll never do that with the Past

Sylvia Frances Chan
© copyright Sat Aug 13 - 2011 -
All Rights Reserved

Published August 13,2011 in POETFREAK

Sylvia Frances Chan
Paris After The 12th November 2015....

This is no fiction, but reality. This was God's miracle again for me, few hours hereafter occurred the bombings in Paris. We? Already at the Orly Airport, awaiting the plane to Home....With love, Sylvia.

PARIS after the 12th of November?
No one to blame
the Eiffel Tower?
Never more the same,

departure some hours later, no resemblance
those slight difference: terror in ignorance

forced to stay in Paris forever
could never see again your homeland, remember?

no dreams anymore, constant nightmares
but....WHO....yes! WHO cares? !

you would never know, was it a curse or a bliss,
oddly enough, I informed you now all about this.

Now Paris for you is still a greatest bliss
you've never been in Paris before
we did enjoy, quarrelled and enjoyed more

for you and I Paris was the walhalla
our joy and happiness we never measure, and blah-blah-bla
God showed us the perfect view
from dusk till again the morning dew

to treasure and respect His Mighty Impact
that life He showed you, enjoy it and be correct!

please, honour His presence
be careful and love thy neighbours in mine absence....
PARIS, at le Sacré Coeur.

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: "A Russian artist at the Bateau Square;, at view upon the Sacré Coeur.
Mardi le 10-12th November 2015.
Les heures des Silences....
P.S. Written in the hotel at place at that momentum.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Pasen, Jezus Is Opgestaan Van De Dood....

Pasen
De enige zondeloze man op aarde
de Enige zondeloze Zoon van de mens
de Enige Zoon van God

de moordenaar des volks vrijgesproken
alleen in Israel

Jezus ligt in Zijn graftombe

op dezelfde uren

de moordenaar beweegt door lagen van de aarde
dampig, heet, koortsachtig, lijdend,
hij kruipt door rare grondlagen
hij smeekt de bevolking op het zand

hij is de moordenaar van het volk
hij heeft geen tolk

de volgende ochtend breekt bijna aan
wij hebben de haan op Passion gisteren niet gehoord
zeker al gedood en opgegeten is de haan

Petrus heeft Zijn Meester tot drie keer toe verloochend
hij heeft erge spijt en huilt bittere tranen

Judas heeft zich opgehangen
zijn hart diepste spijt en ergste vergiffenis-verlangen
maar Jezus lag nu in de graftombe

wat zien we daar?
de moordenaar van Jeruzalem en Israel ligt er naast

- - - - - - - - - - - - PASEN- - - - - - - - - - - -

Jezus is opgestaan van de dood
dat maakt Pasen werkelijk groot....
- - - - JESUS IS OPGESTAAN VAN DE DOOD- - - - - -

PAAS-MAANDAG 22 APRIL 2019-

Sylvia Frances Chan
Your words are most passionate and tender, dearest,
they are straight from your wonderful heart and the clearest.

The descriptions are of a unique Beauty, really nowhere to find,
the atmosphere you created, inhaled and exhaled, is so special in mind

it must be valued in the way your words meant to be interpreted.

This poetry breathes spiritual love,
reaches the depth of the loyal soul.
easy to guess but hardest to consume.
Spiritual love is stronger than the tornadoes in
the North and Southpole.

Where infinity and eternity beyond death are closest by,
leads to immortality.

thank you for sharing this undying spiritual love
from your passionate poetic heart that wishes to create constantly
and conjures the most magical poetry endlessly.

Only you can do that, baby and none else, I reckon.
thank you so much for this deeply touching, magnificent poesy,
zoon politicon.

Photograph from Google: “Passiflora Caerulea”

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Wednesday the 7th of March 2018-
@ 23.55 hrs. P.M. West-European Time
No frost nor freezing, no snow nor iced.
The mild temperature for the coming days
slightest rains during the nights but the
next morn brightest weather ever!
Past And Present....

A poetess most dear to me
did not trust my honesty
said myriad times she did
but went on playing with the wind

like a tree where the leaves would fall
they´d never leave a dashing crash that tall
the leaves would oft lay on the ground
softly and tenderly, no sound

all my words created in my thoughts
I´d create beauty from nature and all there is
it´s a luxury being alone
Quo Vadis the poetship

the loving words ever sailed with us
spelled and spoken time and again,
dunno anymore when
but sure I had got that bliss

thinking, creating and writing
about all beauty in nature and all
if there´s no fight, one cannot lose nor win
creating a hero is surely a great sin

residing amongst the cool mountains
near the clear aqua fresh fountains
where on my spot, is the Only God
with His Blessings, I keep blessing thee

He loves us enormously
till we´ll be seeing Him
each of us in His Own Time
listen to me, it´ll be super sublime

for all of us constantly
never create your own enemy
we sail with the ship with the steadfast glee
in our package in this delivery
it would be never hatred but divinity and gratitude
God´s Greatest Bliss in my solitude....

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan titled: "Amongst The Cool Mountains"

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Wednesday the 28th of November 2018-
@ 16.16 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Peace....

PEACE....
No knife, no bullet
Money in your wallet
Hope of love
From above
Devotional
Sensational
But always calm,
Always serene
constantly peaceful
the heart is oft at ease.

Pipi
©Sylvia Frances Chan
dutch poetess, evangelist who resides in Jakarta-Indonesia
and in Amsterdam-The Netherlands
AD. Tuesday 2 October 2018
@ 9.06 hrs AM West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Pentecost 2018

Today it is Sunday, the Lord´s Day
and also Pentecost, a very special day
fifty days after Easter
and ten days after Ascension Day

saddest of all that Jesus died
He showed Mighty Power, nothing to hide
is risen from the dead
we all can see that
and read in The Bible
what a greatest Might,
an absolute Power He had
reigning upon the living and the dead

as He ascended to Heaven
He promised His Disciples
He won´t leave them behind as orphans
Jesus constantly keeps His promise
after ten days He ascended
the disciples saw what He meant

they saw all the Miracles
they could speak in foreign tongues
and could do so many Wonders
still a greatest shock for the disciples

they were not alone
at that time Jerusalem was visited
by many foreign people
they came from all parts of the world

they were at least a 3000 crowd
they witnessed all these
Jesus disciples were so proud
they were now gifted
with so many foreign tongues
as Jesus promised He sent The Holy Spirit
the disciples started to evangelise
throughout the ancient world
with this Pentecost
the First Church of Jesus Christ
was founded....

From that time on
Pentecost is still going on and on
A Movable Spiritual Feast
not only in the East
but it grew as fresh
in our forsaken world
now full of Jesus´ words....

PENTECOST 2018
AD. Sunday the 20th of May.
Very Beautiful Bright Sunny day
On Prince Harry-Meghan Markle´s WeddingDAY
yesterday, Saturday the 19th of May, the same brightest weather.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Peregrination

Horrendous is the mental climate
as a poet, you cannot sublimate
closest to this maddening crowd
we are now in procrastination, it showed

oft am I wandering in my abyss
I feel safe and Divinity is my companion
may I say this is His abundant bliss?

The cascading is no clear vision
just swimming froth languidly
approaching the huge open valley
I see your lovely being still standing there
and I see your mind is traveling somewhere

I am still wandering in this immense land
in the greenest valley of the good country man
continuing my peregrination
deep in my heart
greatest jubilation
when looking up to above
thank You, Lord, Thou art....

© Sylvia Frances Chan

Republished on
May 7th Nov.2017
@ 17.55.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Permettez-Moi....

IN FRENCH:

Permettez-moi
Je veux te quitter
maintenant et pour toujours
ça a suffi
tout devient trop difficile
jamais un sourire trop dur
aujourd'hui je suis revenu
seulement deux réponses
sur mon dernier vers
à partir du moment où je suis allé à Tignes
le titre du poème Exercice
si je ne pars pas
Je ne serai jamais sage

permettez-moi, mon cher ami, please silence
quitter les sites de poèmes est devenu une tendance....

à Lundi le 28 Janvier 2019-
11.33 heures de Matin

Sylvia Frances Chan
Permintaan

Sayang, dengan pikiranmu nan indah,
ciptakan daku beberapa kata ajaib dalam bentuk apapun
aku agak sedih hari ini
walau matahari terang-benderang

kata2 modern atau kuno
demi cinta dan gairah mereka tidak pernah berubah
tuliskan kata2mu sayang, hanya untuk daku
nan paling ajaib nan paling tercinta

sediakanlah kanvas, pilihlah warna
tuntun mereka kedalam ke-megah2-an
membuat hati daku berdebar pula '
sekuat tenaga Goliath si-raksasa

lalu selesaikan sajak itu, seperti yang sering dikau lakukan
sajak atau lukisan dikau boleh me-mamer pula
nada jangan nan terlalu tinggi, cintaku
akan off key nanti dikau nyanyi

Bersihkan tenggorokan dan kumurlah dikau
Lalu nyanyikan lagu nan cantik
campur dalam madu jeruk peras
lalu dengan lancar dikau bisa menyanyi

Hatiku berdebar-mengalun dengan asmara dadak
tapi pasti pergi demikian saja,
ciptaan cintamu semua oke siap
achirnya dikau cintaku bernyanyi bersorak-sorak

Ayo, nyanyikanlah daku lagu cinta, sayang,
cobalah agar tidak bernyanyi terlalu rendah
daku akan menari luwes kedalam pelukanmu

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

y 17 Oct 2017-
@ 7.07 West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Permit Me....

IN ENGLISH:

Permit me
I want to quit thee
now and perpetually

it has been enough
all things go too rough
never a smile all too tough

today I have come back
having been to the snow regions
have had much fun on the peaks

now I am going to pack again
from the time I went to Tignes
the poem's title was Exercise

if I don't leave
I will never be wise
so I can weave

excuse me, if I leave my dear friend
saying goodbye and
leaving poem sites has become now a trend....

Anno Domini Monday the 28th of January 2019-
11.48 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Personal Celebration....

a moonlit dusk
twilight bound
a lone walking
globally around

a SPACE NEEDLE?
within my view
constantly God´s grace
on something new

a long time has gone
two days before
now things must still be done
for days of yore
on that certain coming day
of celebrations and more
heep heep hurray

i let you know
this is no haiku
redo or something new

it´s the own lovely day
ancient old rhyming birthDAY
reborn each year
steadfast with no fear

a newborn day
i say again: Hurray hurray!

my happiest day
in a way
filled in as only
you have done that all the way loyally

i am grateful to the Only Lord
Who loveth and blesseth me
wherever i go, wherever i am
the moonlit dusk eastward far
twilight bound not too tar
i am still walking with Thee

Space Needle in distant sight with utmost light
only since i know
'rm still strolling with Thee loyally
no any incantation

just my lips thanking and praising perpetually loyal
Thy Holy Name on my personal Celebration....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Tuesday the 20th November 2018 -
@11.58 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Persoonlijke Viering....

Verjaardag

een maanverlichte schemering
tuurlijk schemering gebonden
in eenzaamheid dolend
wereldwijd rond

een naald-ruimte?
in mijn ogen
is voortdurend Gods genade
op iets nieuws

een lange tijd is voorbij
twee dagen voor De Dag
nu moeten dingen nog gedaan worden
voor dagen als van weleer
op die bepaalde komende dag
van vieringen en nog meer
hiep-hiep hoera

Ik laat je weten
dit is geen haiku
een nieuwe uitvoering of een nieuw gedicht

het gaat over de eigen mooie dag
als van ouds eigen geboortedag
herboren elk jaar
standvastig zonder angst

een nieuwe verjaardag
ik zeg nog een keer: hoera hoera!

mijn gelukkigste dag
op een manier
alleen ingevuld met liefde door jou
en dat heb je trouw gedaan

je weet dat ik de enige God dankbaar ben
De Enige Die mij liefheeft en gegeven heeft een vent
die mij ook nog steeds verwent

debaanverlichte schemering oostwaarts ver
steeds aan de schemering gebonden, niet te teer
nog steeds met God wandelend

SPACE NEEDLE in verre zicht
met uiterst vrolijk licht
alleen omdat ik weet
ik wandel nog steeds met de Heer vertrouwelijk
gen geen incantatie

alleen mijn lippen bedanken en prijzen eeuwig loyaal
Zijn Heilige Naam vol faam
op mijn persoonlijk feest
dat is nog niet geweest
twee dagen nog....

Fotografie door Sylvia Frances Chan: "Twee dagen voor mijn Verjaardag"
De SPACE NEEDLE bestaat echt en is te vinden in Seattle, WA, USA.

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Dinsdag 20 november 2018 -
@ 11.58 uur A.M. West-Europese tijd

Sylvia Frances Chan
Pinksteren 2018

Vandaag is het zondag, de dag des Heren
en ook Pinksteren, een heel speciale dag
vijftig dagen na Pasen
en tien dagen na Hemelvaartsdag

het treurigste van alles was dat Jezus stierf
maar Hij toonde absolute Macht, niets te verbergen
Hij is opgestaan uit de dood
dat kunnen we allemaal zien
en lezen in De Bijbel

wat een geweldig spiritueel gebaar,
de absolute macht die Hij had en ik ervaar
Jezus regeert over de levenden en de doden

Toen Hij opgevaren was naar de hemel
beloofde Hij zijn discipelen
ze niet achter te laten als wezen
Jezus houdt voortdurend zijn belofte
na tien dagen opgevaren
zagen de discipels verschillende symbolen
een wervelwind kwam binnen hun verzamelpunt
direct erna verschillende vuren boven hun hoofden
ze waren allen vreselijk geschokt

ze wisten nog niet wat het betekende
maar ze zagen vele wonderen
opeens konden ze in vreemde talen spreken
en zovele wonderen konden zij doen
nog steeds een grootste schok voor deze mannen

ze waren niet alleen
op dat moment werd Jeruzalem bezocht
door vele buitenlanders
ze kwamen uit alle delen van de wereld

ze waren minstens drieduizend in aantal
allen waren getuige van al deze wonderen
Jezus discipelen waren nu gezegend
met zoveel vreemde talen en wonderen verrichten
zoals Jezus beloofde, zond Hij de Heilige Geest
de discipelen begonnen te evangeliseren
en het Evangelie werd verspreid

op deze Pinksterdag,
toen Jezus de Heilige Geest zond
was de eerste kerk van Christus gesticht....

Vanaf die tijd
Pinksteren gaat nog steeds door
een beweeglijk spiritueel feest
niet alleen in het oosten
maar het groeide als vers
in onze verlaten wereld het wilde westen
nu vol met Jezus 'Woordenen Wonderen....

PINKSTEREN 2018
AD. Zondag 20 en Maandag 21 mei.
Een heel zonnige dag, erg mooi weer.
Gisteren op de Trouwdag van Prince Harry en Meghan Markle
was het daar ook erg mooi weer, kon je zien op TV.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Flat
plain
on the plain
a ditch
but never a fall
daily
just a pattern

but most of all
tragic
most
allergic
in essence
the evanescence
the most read
poetry
but not always
focused on comments
you have to go out for your story
before you get lost mondially
first, sit with pride
in the front porch worldwide
and also exhale loud completely
to attract people for your poetic points
honest, sincere attitude based upon love
fortunately you like very much this theme

most saddest
story

you are ever my champion
sooo cute and smartest
Dive deep, deeper, profound
your eternal loving notes

Difficulties to present?
A problem with this event?
Do not worry, sir
this is only for this one time acceptance
in benevolence
these days a rarity
love for poetry....

Pipi

© Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Monday The 23rd April 2018
@ 12.43 hrs. P.M. West/European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Pleasant Green....

Pleasant green....

Oh, I almost forget to ask
is this a nice story or not?
you have to say that yourself

I choose the green tree lane
my favorite colour since childhood

but oh, why is this man so strange
he stares at me all in a range
that miserable creature
won't leave me alone
i pretend not to see him,
now I feel comfortable

wherever I drive, he also drives
along green meadows
I see a hill in the distance
of stone and lime
the rest are bald, a donkey that brags
the green trees have disappeared
make way for the man in gray
together with his darling
what should i do with this man, this thing?

I want to be alone with the sky, wind and trees
but the man as gray as street dust
commands me to lie down

there is no alternative
he can kill me
I have such fear that terrible fear

the rocks have multiplied
no sea or beach
the green of the meadows
has disappeared quite a while
the sky is ash gray and oppressive dark
the chirpings have disappeared
I suddenly got sleep

so many horses never seen
strange, they are not noisy
seeing the freedom, I’m very happy
I miss the sun, the water and the beach
black ravens fly around
they make it all too furry
the ravens and the black seagulls
I don’t see the lapwing
the man lies improperly next to me
I’m really sad, this thing!

he is unexpected to me
one thing all the time
who is to blame?
whose shame is it?

I overslept my hours
no, had no bad dreams
just irritating nightmares
I drove up the green trees lane again
and through roads black as the midnight
midnight?!
sweetie, it is already late in the afternoon....

© Sylvia Frances Chan

Sylvia Frances Chan
Plicht En Schoonheid In Poezie....

Ik heb van alle drie jullie gedichten gelezen
En ik heb ware emotie en vreugde gevonden,
Jullie drie zijn geweldige dichteressen,
Diepe toewijding en doorzettingsvermogen,
Diepe genegenheid en belofte,
Essentie van rechtschapen plicht,
Alle waarden stellen je in staat,
De genade van God valt op jou,
Je hebt waardigheid en geluk.

Oh lieve grote dichteressen van de tijd,
Beste wonder jasmijn en poëtische lente
En Lieve poëtische basilicum,
Vandaag krijgen we de ware geur van poëtische plicht,
De toegewijde plicht wordt gedaan door Gods genade,
Ik weet het, jullie zijn het allemaal eens met deze waarheid,
God heeft ons gemachtigd en gemotiveerd,
Dit talent is geschonken door hem,
Hij is onze lieve vader en wij
Alle zielen zijn zijn rechtschapen kinderen,
Poëzie is een sociale plicht van liefde en vrede,
Dit is de plicht van schoonheid van kalmte,
We verenigen ons hier voor wereldvrede
En we zingen hymnes voor vader des hemels,
Poëzie sproeit vrede naar deze wereld!

In dit keizerlijke seizoen van Poetic Spring,
Keizerin Wonder Jasmine bloeit en zingt,
Empress Poetic Basil spreidt heiligheid uit,
Verspreidende geur van seizoensoverwinning,
Jullie verheerlijken voortdurend poëzie en onze God.

Vorm: free verse
Poems Never Lie....

Poems never lie
the words derived from the all in our minds
they cannot be altered
they are truths as you and i

so when we create the poems
they are as quickest ready
they fly and flow
into our poems so true

the words as they lay in our minds
true honest words
in our poems
these words never lie

our conscience dislike lies
it makes oft a cleaning up
of our minds
from bottom to top

that's why poems never lie
perhaps you dunno
they are the contains
of our clear conscience

poems never lie
as conscience too never could
poets either
nor did Plath when she said
she wanted to die....

Card designed by ©Sylvia Tan - The Netherlands

©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN

A.D. Friday the 15th of February 2019-
@ 12.12 hrs. P.M. West-European Time.
Pray....

Pray
Fervent
With loving
In solitude
Pray with your Reverend never absent
Absence is tolerated, you’ll make it
May at church pews
Not obliged
Whole to
God

©Sylvia Frances Chan

sdaythe 28th of November 2018
@ 6.53 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Precious Linked Resolutions 2019....

Precious linked Resolutions 2019

Spilled Ink on pages linked
such a pity and very dirty

carefully dip pen in ink
more loving words for solutions
of the resolutions, we'll link

crystal clear and precious words
we sketch and etch for the pages linked

building up pages so loveliest
filled with flowery words so prettiest

where petals never wither
included the lovely flowers
from here to eternity and beyond

economical of valuable stuff handling
worthy words we cherish
words are chosen from the alphabet we sing
sweetest meanings that never perish

carefully we dipped pen in ink
the precious solutions we linked
the valuable resolutions we linked
never in vain, never spilled ink again!

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. The THIRD Advent Week
Wednesday the 19th of December 2018
@ 4.23 hrs. A.M. Netherland Time
The 19th - Anniversary Date - God's Blessings!
Sylvia Frances Chan
EPILOQUE:
This poem is about the greatest accident occurred, shot down by Ukrains weapon on Ukrains ground that Thursday the 17th July 2014, just four months after another MH-17 disappeared without any trace in the Indian Ocean 2500 km from Perth, Australia.

THE POEM:
Just today I dare to write about the MH-17 Flight with the Boeing 777. My deepest respect for the Dutch Government in handling and treating this criminal occurrence....

Please, read my Notes first, thank you.

The Dutch Government announced some days ago that this case is at last finished truly and finally closed....

Please, read my Notes first, thank you.
to be continued, since it is really a painful creating....
thank you, the poem will come soon!

Please, read my other poem too, also about a Flight accident:

The MH-17 Flight Boeing 370,

It is the same Malaysian Airlines Flight 17 with Boeing 370, that happened just 4 months ago in the Indian Ocean near Perth,

thank you for your patience.

This poem about the MH-17 Flight Boeing 777 I am still creating with much pain and deep sadness. Thank you so much for your patience, till the soonest,

sincerely Sylvia Frances Chan,
Dutch Poetess

Sylvia Frances Chan
Profound Compunction

Deep targets in my Dutch rational
this morning brisk, verdant, impetuous and vital
the morn blessed with light, sunshine and Divine Words
the enlightened sky with many worldly-colored birds
coming together at Victoria Lake rivers
at this point of temperate sober Nederland waters,

where to do those birds fly
in magical Kenya to the warmest valleys
nestling between huge emerald grass
and crimson branches of ghostlike trees
drop their youngsters and fly northward back
again to dark Africa, awaiting their next track,

life is like a merry-go-round
the times you go swinging with, the sound
so exciting, so enthralling, and embodying
the final stops, in the end, are like in singing
if your voice gives up, you are distraught
not conscious but overused as you thought....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

Republished on
ay 7th November 2017
@ 7.47 hrs. AM. Cool, chilly morn - cold -
minus 2 Celcius Degrees,
the sun is shining bright, full of brightness,
WOW! What a contradiction....

As posted on PF:
Tuesday 24 November 2015 ~ @ 9.18 hrs.a.m.
Cool day, pretty warm-6 C Degrees

Sylvia Frances Chan
Rainbow Lane....

The snowy tops resemble deep winter
dark blue skies are floating high above
they mix like on painter´s canvases
ivory grey, dark blue sea and all there is

I am gazing at far scenes
diamond green meadows serene dew
pink pastures, oh what a foggy view

the wind grows wilder upon your face
come here, my love, shelter at my place
far from the saddening seas
and the lightning shimmering of hurricane views
your being shines in eventide shades

The echoes come with the thundering
i feel great peace while wondering
shimmering is the hurricane
many blessings in our Rainbow lane

thank you that she crosses my ways,
dear Lord
for Thee all honours and praises aboard....

Sylvia Frances Chan
Realism In Real Reality....

I knew we shall meet
alive not dead, on a comfortable seat
amongst Indian summer and autumnal heat
the arrival was most amiable, what d' you say?
how would you say that?

we´ve been all over Swiss and Germany
that night train was imagined,
had it been a robbery?
yeah, your first time in West-Europe, never been on night trains
i cannot say you´ll be sustained

untrained traveling in night trains, beware
the mind goes hauntingly traveling further
you´re accustomed at trains up there,
but night trains here, are a tale apart

at night times trains be the most unattended
driving own car would be the safest
option
in shortest time so many realistic scenes,
insanity started stalking by any means...

At airport we bid adieu with great passion
Huge silence, friendliest smile with saddest eyes' addition
hopefully this travel has brought more love
paper is patient, people are not, how come?

i bear witness
our Moms died with a difference of ten years each
each with the number five in the end
2005 and 2015

the words beyond are stopped and the connection broken
as a lie of the solemn token
you´ve been treated most sympathetically
the words are turned, corrected and twisted,
oddly enough erased from our minds
your impressive visit permanently remembered,
your steps most appreciated,
your words have been evaluated
but oddly enough totally erased from our minds

the mutual experience stayed printed in our hearts,
strange enough the words had been erased from our minds,

ever heard of the sound of silence?
silence has no words
erased from the sound
like our spoken words
erased from our minds
erased from the memory

time to make space
for a new chapter
with or without adapter....

©Sylvia Frances Chan
Anno Domini: Monday the 20th of May 2019
@17.16 hrs P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Red Moon

Which day is it today, my dear?
Don't you know anymore?
So very sorry for you, it's clear
a new day as I remember, not day of yore

it's happy weekend, the cozy long free days
full of soliloquies and apple pies, my friend
full of love and memories, a problem to comprehend
how do I know that, I am glad you asked in so many ways

how do I know that, how do I know that?
darling, haven't you watched the moon last night?
she is smiling full, she is smiling beautifully in red
I happened to know that, the news was on, I do hope I'm right

oh yes indeed, we have dark moon, white moon, blue and red
on those nights I'm oft thinking of you abed
so much happiness and apple-pies
so many tokens, so many why's....

Red Moon, Blood Moon Night, very Beautiful to watch at
as I lay at night day-dreaming on my silken bed....
AD. Friday night 27th of July 2018
West-Europe

Sylvia Frances Chan
Reflections Of 2018 Of A Devoted Poetess....

The sweet smell of success  
success was here to stay  
the sweet fragrance of friendliness  
friendliness was here to stay  
the ardent cherish of love  
love was here to stay

meant to smell here with thee  
meant to enjoy fragrance here with thee  
meant to cherish love here with thee  
why-oh-why has love flown away?

love has flown away because of the killing feel  
love must be cherished tenderly  
softly sensuously in a sensitive way

love shall not elope in solitude  
love shall stay as a poem  
in joint love the most touching way  
love is here to stay beyond

constantly, perpetually  
emotive, impressive, attentive  
caring, most loving, tenderest

darling, this poem is not meant to impress  
but my heart body and soul are my zest  
my zest is constantly around

The Summing Up:  
my love will stay here beyond  
only for thee  
perpetually  
in poetry  
may God Bless thee abundantly....

Anno Domini Saturday the 29th of December 2018
@ 16.39 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Rekindling....

most enthralling write
a heavenly treat to read
your well chosen words,

as if i could follow the choice of your words....
how you chose them.....
It feels so close....
so familiar

as if i am with you
in your beautiful mind...

your lovely words
so well known to me

the magical sphere you conjured

the big difference is

i am just a guest
in your poeticalhome

and you are the one who creates,
i love watching
your words come to a form.....
closing the poet cycle's gate

our minds do resonate

do you remember van Beethoven?
he listens with his eyes

i just heard his sixth symphony
i love that so much

i wish you sweet dreams and
good night, dear heart

keep on dreaming

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
they always come true
and
dream
a little dream
for me....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Monday the 27th of August 2018
@ 23.00 hrs. PM West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Reminiscences Of A Near Past....

Reminiscences of a near past (2013)
Metaphored

Yes
weeks before
as I was invited

this feuilleton
coming to that brevity
it really is
an enticing bliss

I am happy too
I bought the ticket
and started being excited

yes, darling I'll be with you
we'll cherish those LIVE days

then I will be flying again
miles across the ocean
not in vain
afterwards the ocean
closed his gates again

we'll remain
you and I

still......
in our other world
in my dreams again
as before

but this dream
has another core
this time

I've roamed the seashore
encore
just for you, my core and more

and when you'll call me again
I'll do it once more
sans pain, never ever
but always with refrain

never in disdain
sans pain...

COPYRIGHT© SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

AD. TUESDAY the 24th APRIL 2018-
@ 15.05 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Responding....

Responding to Sandra´s Poem Of The Day,
I wrote this piece, please read. Thank you.

All things physical
are temporary,

but all things mental,
emotional,
sensual,
verbal,
ethical,

all in our mind
never die,
they are lasting,

they are in our thoughts all the time,
they could be loveliest,
saddest,
such as
the beauty of compassion,
love,
tender passion,
sensation,
they never die,
they are glued in our minds.

As IF they are glued in our minds,
they cling to our inner spirit,
they stay,
absolutely,
especially when it is a Beautiful Mystery,
it never goes away,
this is my response to your Why,
in your P.O.T.D. of Today....

©Sylvia Frances Chan
A.D. Tuesday the 4th of December 2018-
@ 9.30 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Right On This Spot Is God, Believe It Or Not!

IF you erase yourself that precious life
IF you won't recognize His endless Love
especially for you, He won't prevent you
and He quickens this wish for you to be dead too

observe this forsaken earth
at the birth of your beloved child
God knows if you wish this infant or not
if you don't wish this baby be born so mild
pay attention, God killed instantly this unwanted child

no matter the age
love is His greatest wage
God loves you so much
He wishes all be alive as such
with true and pure love
as He is doing His duty above

ever since Adam and Eve were chased from Eden
after they ate from the forbidden fruit
they realized that it wasn't wise
they are naked, they are aware of it
now they can shake it, no this is no blush it
they'll kill each other or they'll kill themselves instantly
no human can ever live till eternity

such a greatest pity
mankind was allowed to live short, not till eternity
but if you ardently believe in God
your life will be prolonged right on this spot!
believe it or not, have a try,
but believe ardently in God.

Photography and Design by Sylvia Frances Chan

© Sylvia Frances Chan
traveling to the 1st of April 2018, Easter-Sunday.
AD. Tuesday the 20th of March 2018-
@ 16.42 PM West-European Time
Now it is so very sunny, it looks Easter already!

Sylvia Frances Chan
Rijmend Vandaag....

Laatste herfstbloemen
zuchten langs de straat
schiet op, het is guur en het is al laat
o jee o jee, hoe moet ik je noemen?

zuster, of gewoon de naam zeggen
als je mijn advies wilt volgen: Soul Sister
is dat niet te vroeg, dit vraag ik je pas sinds gister
volg het maar op, ik kan het je zo weerleggen

lieve Soul Sister, mijn nieuwste ontwapening
we kennen elkaar al een hele lange tijd
dit maak ik nu bekend in mijn vriendenkring
ik vind de titel gepast want we hebben nooit strijd

ik wandel langs de buiten wegen
zie de laatste herfstbloemen doen hun best
door jouw komst ben ik niet meer verlegen
de gure winden en wintertijd doen de rest

als laatste wil ik je nog hartelijk danken
voor de mooie woorden die je hebt gedeclameerd
en het lied met jouw stem met die mooie klanken
ik voel me met jouw aanwezigheid heel vereerd....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Thursday the 22nd of November 2018 -
@ 8.18 uur VM West-Europese Tijd

Sylvia Frances Chan
Rina’s Birthday Today

BirthDay wishes sent Today
are coming your way, if I may
long time gone, everything is done
our friendship is still going on

a business woman amongst so many men
you have been struggling in the Baltimore clan
and behold the place as strongest as you can
my utmost respect for you, hey woman!

flying through short past time rapidly
remember, we have been to the White House
no laptops to see and not one mouse
some other sunny day to the Everglades safely

another sweet day to Serfaus´ Ski DreiSonnenOrt-paradise
you were very surprised at so much snow and so much ice
entirely different than the seasonal snow in the Netherlands
first times for you are oft impressing, West Tirol my annual ski-land

I’ll keep this BirthDay Tribute short and now done too
please, would you read this if time allows you?
a very happy BirthDay for you and family
sent by your loyal friend the poetess Sylvie

The Quote of choice is The Bible Text 1 Cor 13: 4-5
as she can read on this Poemhunter Site

In Dutch we say:
Proficiat, lieve Rina
de beste groeten van Sylvia

P.F. Today Thursday the 3rd of May 2018
@ 5.03 hrs. A.M. West-European Time
THE PROLOGUE
Rose Marie is her name Juan-Austin her surname.
Rare Jewel is the title of honour given to her earlier
I try to create an Acrostic for Poem Hunter's most elegant and beautiful poetess,
with your all's blessings here I go:

The ACROSTIC
Rose Marie is how they call her
Only one poetess call her Mrs.
Sylvia FC is the poetess
Ever and ever, politeness is Sylvia FC her zest

May God grant Rose Marie a long and healthy life
Always be loved by her dear spouse
Retrospecting her elegant life
I must admit she is a perfect wife
Elegant words, elegant oft, no strife

Jesus, our Lord is present in her life
Utmost concentration when she talks
And constantly correct in her way
Never one tiny mistake ever

And more positive things I wish to say
Utmost politeness I have for her my way
Silence when I think of her and
Total cherished in my inside
In all ways her famous immortal poems provide
Never a rude word, but oft with love and hope for a peaceful mind

THE EPILOGUE
Yes! My Mrs. Juan-Austin is one of that special kind!
you all may be searching along all countries' coasts, beaches, and shores
you all will never find this truly beautiful unique mind
simply open Poem Hunter and you surely will find her
this great famous poetess and Rare Jewel is the title of honour given to her
earlier on Poem Hunter by Master Poet Kumarmani Mahakul Sir.
©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN also Wonder Jasmine. Anno Domini Monday the 4th of March 2019- @ 10.38 hrs.A.M. West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Saying Goodbye Temporarily

From the one you have chosen among so many,
despite the strong bond of friendship bestowed,
the profound token of loyalty, you said goodbye...
hopefully temporary...
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Where art thou,
my princess, to which queendom thou go?
to Quantum or shall it be The Milky Way?
for thou saith goodbye unto me temporarily...
well, sure it was you, and not some other mistressee...

The milliards milky ways come towards me appealing
so small that I see them as one curtain of sea links
oh I wished you here, this goodbye is so appalling
hence you cherished me with two, methinks

Where art thou my precious princess?
you told me you go to the south and I'll do my best
waitin' for you, your beauty and cute queendom
don't want your wealth, just you and your wisdom

So please no WhatsApp, but Skype or an InterCall
I sure won't tell your other lovers at all
I'll use the Nightscape train
and I'll not scream even in mental pain

Where art thou,
my princess, to which queendom thou go, honey?
to Cinderella's or shall it be Snowhite
for thou saith goodbye unto me temporarily.....
well, sure it means short and not too long, right?

Please, don't say goodbye when I'm not ready yet
it makes me insane, terrible deadly mad
my mind can't cooperate with all these suds
my sense stays aridly uncomfortable while it floods
©Sylvia Frances Chan

Wednesday noon@ 12.11 hrs. p.m.
16th Jan- 2013

Sylvia Frances Chan
Schemering.

De groene achterdeur zijwaarts
heeft ook andere eigenaardige kleuren buitenaards

nogal geel-grijsblauw getint
zoals de melkweg je soms laat zien als kind
door zijn zonnestralen op de achterdeur
geeft het vaak meer fleur

gevoelige spannende beweging
aan de start van de jonge schemering
zacht wiegen in de wind
warmte verspreidt streelt mijn huid
dat had je niet gevoeld als kind
de melkweg drijft dichterbij met zijn buit
zoveel kleuren vertegenwoordigt het, heus waar
het geel-grijsachtig blauw wordt nu zichtbaar
niet drie of zeven, maar één mooiste kleurenmengeling
de vurige lucht heeft nu een buitenlands raar ding

gouden zonnestralen kruipen in een duistere trekking
en hebben op de een of andere manier de warme koelte in het geding
in vallende schemering en vervagend groenachtig grijs
de ruisende bladeren in de schaduw van ons paradijs
zaaiend, wervelend cool als zomer's bondgenoot
de zon gaat op weg naar iets donkerders, idioot!

als eerste de zachte, warme koelte van de dag
zou worden ingeslikt door het vreemde gedrag
de aangename warmte zal dan verdwalen
en er waait een koel briesje, de vroege avond zou zich herhalen

Fotografie door Sylvia Frances Chan: "Het Vallen van de Avond"

© Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Dinsdag 10 juli 2018
@ 8.48 uur V.M. West-Europese tijd
Schoonheid Na De Lange Regenachtige Dagen....

Schoonheid ligt overal om ons heen....

Dagen van somber weer
Nederland heeft zijn roem
in dit echt natte spel
maar het is geen schande

dit zijn zegeningen van de Heer
nat groeit alle planten opnieuw groen
zon, regens of stormachtig weer
dit is iets van ouds dat ik gekend heb

de Heer heeft ons geleerd
zegeningen zijn in alle fomaten
het is geen kliksysteem
net zoals we vaak het volkslied zingen

heb je ooit ontdekt
na zware regenachtige weken
modder en overal zijn de bladeren verspreid
zo snel laat de kleine spruit zijn geur ruiken

als je vandaag gaat wandelen
laat me het uitspreken, ik zeg je
let op de schoonheid
van de kleinste jongste spruiten

ontdek zo'n klein spruitje
kniel voorzichtig en adem in zijn zachte geur
alsjeblieft, zeg nooit, schreeuw nooit: Wat voor? !
wil je me een plezier doen?

ontdek dat, ruik en schreeuw
oh Heer, dank u voor al uw beloningen
de grootste en ook de kleinste zegeningen
ik ben eeuwig dankbaar
voor al wat U verzorgt
Amen....
Schoonheid....

Schoonheid is overal in de natuur te vinden
om het te vinden, ogen moeten volwassen zijn
hongerige magen moeten worden gekoesterd
het draaiende wiel een nieuwe onderneming

Wat was de reden
dat je sprak over schoonheid?
waar ben je aan het zwerven
dat je sprak over schoonheid?

schoonheid is overal in de natuur te vinden
het is geen ver verhaal
het is niet eens te koop
zoals je alles in de natuur weet
het is voor wie het zal vinden
vaak gratis en constant gratis
maar moet eerst worden gevonden
en stel het gratis in

schoonheid is als een gevangene
het moet worden gered en gevoed

altijd hongerig naar voedsel, het moest
liefde en een zorgzame ziel
om gedoucht te worden
bloeien
om in leven te blijven
tussen alle dingen in het leven

ja, schoonheid zal uw strijd zijn
in uw vurig leven
zoals tussen man en vrouw
een keuze voor het leven

schoonheid is als je hartslag
moet het constante geluid horen
van liefde en zorg rondom
zo niet, dan zou het vervagen
het zal allemaal plotseling sterven
de schoonheid die je kunt zien
het leeft overal in liefde
zoals de hartslag zal sterven
een plotselinge dood
als liefde het niet bezit

je zult de schoonheid vinden en zien
tenslotte in leven in de natuur rondom
gevoed door liefde in menselijk geluid
zoals de hartslag
sterft een plotse dood
indien niet vergezeld van
de kostbare aanwezigheid van liefde

want schoonheid overleeft alleen
alleen met liefde
kijk toe....(gebiedende wijs, daarom zonder T)
maar zonder messen

ja, schoonheid zal uw strijd zijn
in uw vurige leven
zoals tussen man en vrouw
de mooiste keuze voor het leven....

© SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN

AD. Black Friday 24 November 2017
@ 3.42 hrs a.m.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Sealed With A Kiss....

I call you friend, you have to answer this
are you a friend or not?
you told me once and I forgot
so please repeat that
I am here for you solely
of all the friends I ever met
YOU are the one I'll not forget
your smell your smile your touch
it looks truly dutch
I'll always remember
I risk everything, just to show
mine love is true
having a special friend like you!

photo by ©Shutterstock

© Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Friday the 2nd of February 2018
@ 10.06 hrs. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
S-Haiku-No Limits

No limits ever
Loved you from the very start
Deep within my heart

Sylvia Frances Chan
Shyness, Not A Puzzle....

Shyness, not a puzzle

I am not an apple
but I turn red at most times
then turn pink at sometimes

and pale
when there crawls a snail
and its trail
makes me feel and act like a snail

it's all in my face
at most jubilations and congratulations
I hide my face of all newness

that shy side that I oftentimes hide
has nothing to do with pride

it's all shyness
with God's help, I am my own prowess

if others greater than me show friendliness
I am gone with my shyness
the innate talent closest to God

I feel at home in His Shadow
I am perpetually balancing
between bow and arrow
this I know from God too
balancing, never targetting

it feels finest, that's all I know
I am happiest with my Koko....
(Koko is my only brother)

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan titled: &quot;Elstar&quot; (Dutch apple)

©Sylvia Frances Chan
A.D. The Third Advent week  
Wednesday the 19th of December 2018 -  
@ 11.43 hrs. A.M. Nederland Time.  

Sylvia Frances Chan
Signature

This is nature’s attitude, methinks
while building a house or apartments he sings
a wellknown song to the ears
many a time you’ll get tears
many a time accompanied by fear
it’s not as easy as it looks, but very clear
if he fails whole buildings will fall down
from the twentieth etage till the earth on the ground
no signature is left
he felt bereft.

We do realize that everything on this forsaken earth
has its own beautiful signature, it has such worth
nothing more beautiful and a powerful thing
than the own signature while he is dating
the young beauty of the town
and pride all over as his own.

Not only huge buildings and heavenhigh skyscrapers
has the own signatures, also a Fabergé and Swarovski
these smallest productions have their own allures
signed by the designer with his/her own signatures,
a De Séde, a Thonet, you can find them on the internet
or tad bigger, perhaps a 911 Porsche Cabriolet
even van Gogh and Gauguin put their signatures
so had Camille Claudel hers on her precious sculptures.

Signatures become most expensive after the owners died
it depends upon how famous they have become worldwide
I remember Marlon Brando gave me his yellow shirt
I threw it away because through the decennia it got too much dirt

I also remember the Zenith, the Delft and the Gouda
the BMW, the Mercedes and the cheaper Skoda
hey, we still have the Rembrandt and the Rubens
I better stop here, the signature collections have become inmmense....
Silence Is The Entrance....

Below the water surface
I put down my foundations
to build a house
with a tiny room
I can work, is never disturbed

Below the water surface
I see my inside
peculiar, the doors are mirror
I see myself knocking on the door

Below the water surface
I have just lost my way
suddenly there is a door open
the main gate of my soul

Below the water surface
I see my inside
silence is the absolute must
to the main gate to open,
the mirrors to remove
and so I see myself go inside

Nice to be there
nice to be in place to
Heaven in order to remain
in the interior, in this huge silence
have you met me, you raise me
with your love...

Silence is the Entrance
to the deepest me....

NOTE:
CHOSSEN AS THE Member POEM OF THE DAY on AD.4 DEC 2017 IN POEM ANK
YOU SO MUCH, DEAR POEM HUNTER TEAM!
Simple Words, But A Poem....

A.D. Wednesday the 12th of December 2018
Robert,
I am inspired by your thought-provoking poem,
Perhaps for you, it is not, but it IS for me, thank you.
These are just my simple notes, not a poem:

I have here a coin, from this side:
this poem shows how you have been thinking,
you are thinking impressively,
this brevity is the proof,
I admire the way you are thinking
about the things
inside your embodiment within you
the most beautiful

Now I turn my coin to its other side:
please carry your inside to
outside
then you will see
another inside
a world that is wide
wider and widest
than only that curtain that rises.

these words just came up in my mind
and I wanna share these with you,
so many thank you
from my side

I ignite
the second candle of Advent
thank you so much
for your temperament.

God’s Blessings perpetually
upon thee and thy beloved family.

©Sylvia Frances Chan
The Second Week of Advent 2018
The 12th of December 2018
@ 9.09hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Since I Met You....

Since I met you here, dear friend
I began to like this place a lot
at first sight, it was eerie here
and the ground for me too hot

As I continued walking
upon untrodden paths
rotten fruit surrounding me
no bees or birds are singing

I wonder walking all alone
no sign of a living soul
all green softness disappeared,
and everywhere was stone

Wondering all the time, no shame
I found a clear crystal ditch at last
if you will ask about the name
is that the present or in the past?

My head turning, my feet burning
they are to blur my view
the great bliss that pure water and some dew
wish that shall change my head from spinning

Then walking all the while with the same view
I see from far a green stip slowly coming
in seventh heaven am I, since it's a human being
I thank Thee on my naked knees, it is you, my friend,

I notice beauty yonder
the mockingbird and wren
have a duet together
I wonder since when

After I've met you, friend
I like this place a lot
it's not so eerie anymore
and God's blessings are on this spot
Poetry not my Death
but my Living
not my End but my Beginning!

Sylvia Frances Chan
Sinterklaas His Birthday-Celebration....

The Prologue:
Sinterklaas is a
Dutch Traditional Annual Celebration
on his Birthday on the 5th of December.
He comes with a steamship from Madrid, Spain and
will return to Spain again on the final day.
But during his stay in the Netherlands, he and his help
called Peeten (Pieten)

The Story:
Sinterklaas his birthday
Oh how happy we are today
Everything received, and not at all scanty
Small computer
With lots of jokes there
Only to be seen in Belgium-The Netherlands
He with his black Peeten
They are very sweet to Katrien
And also for Ot and Sien
Together with Sinterklaas
Evenings with packages in the country
Oh nowhere as cozy as what
Like in this cold frog country

Dear boys and girls
Cozy Celebration Desired

Sint and his Peeten
They are all traditional Dutch gals
And they love real French fries
Girls and boys, come enjoy!

The warmest regards
Sinterklaas with his Black Peeten
MADRID, Spain December 5,2018

The Epilogue:
Every year a pleasant celebration for the very smallest children
and Songs (always in rhymes) with great humor.

The most important things to celebrate this Sinterklaas’ Birthday is to have a small present for a family or for the one with whom this will be celebrated and a small simple poem in a humorous tone and always with end rhymes.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Sinterklaas....

Sinterklaas, the Dutch famous Good Holy Man especially for kids who are not naughty. Please, read. Thank you in the very coldness of the weather outside

Another poem (Song) for kids of four years and younger:

One two three four
this is again a poem for kids
and much much more

there is a boat sailing to the shore
has brought with kids whiz
the Oz and the witch

I also see Paddington Bear
and Winnie Pooh, I swear
here in my house both

they are still in summer clothing
both humming and singing
and the kids from Oz and the witch

and the wizard are singing stitch - ditch
the kids from Oz and the witch´s wizard
she is eating and tasting the wizard´s lizard

One two three four five
the kids from Oz, the witch, the wizard,
the Bear and the Pooh are still alive

the wizard´s lizard is in reality
the longest snack yummy-yummy

in the end, they eat delicious yummy-yummy
the kids, the witch, the wizard, yummy-yummy
the bear and pooh, still yummy-yummy
including the narrator and that´s pretty me....
as narrated by SINTERKLAAS worldwide
at these coldest hours outside
warmest hearts inside, near the hearth

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Sinterklaas ’s BirthDay 5 December 2018-
@ 16.17 hrs. P.M. Nederland Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Sinterklaas’ Birthday....

SINTERKLAAS LIED:

Sinterklaas is jarig
Oh wat zijn we heden blij
Alles gekregen, en helemaal niet karig
Klein computertje
Met heleboel geempjes erbij
Alleen in Belga-Ned te zien
Hij met zijn zwarte pieten
Ze zijn heel lief voor Katrien
En ook voor Ot en Sien
Samen met Sinterklaas op pad
Pakjes avond in het land
Oh nergens zo gezellig als wat
Als in dit koude kikkerland

Lieve Jongens en meisjes
Gezellige Viering Gewenst

Sint en zijn Pieten
Ze zijn allemaal oerhollandse grieten
En ze zijn dol op eigen frieten
Meisjes en jongens, kom genieten!

De hartelijke groeten van
Sinterklaas met zijn Zwarte Pieten
MADRID, Spanje 5 December 2018

elk jaar gezellige viering voor de allerleinste kindertjes
en rijmpjes oplezen met dikke humor.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Hemingway started these 6 words phrases in One Line. His subject was about Baby shoes. My Subject: Life is a Constant Strife

Soul sister in life, mutual strife

photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: "Dutch Brightest Sun in Winter"

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Sunday the 18th February 2018-
@ 11.25 hrs -European Time.
Very sunny day though icy cold.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Six Words Phrases Number 3

Hemingway started these 6 words phrases in One Line about Baby shoes. Any subject. My Subject: Life is a Constant Strife

Innocence grabbed, thrown away as dirt

Photograph by Sylvia Frances Chan: "Cactus in the NL, a Constant Strife, when the cactus dies, will be thrown as dirt"

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Sunday the 18th February 2018-
@ 11.25 hrs -European Time. Very sunny day though icy cold.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Six Words Phrases Number 4

Hemingway started these 6 words phrases poem on One Line. Any subject. 
My Subject: Life is a Constant Strife

Sweetest sight of love, shit life

Photo from GIF

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Sunday the 18th February 2018-
© 11.25 hrs -European Time. Very sunny day though icy cold.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Six Words Phrases Number 5

Hemingway had invented this Six Words Phrases poem in One Line, he then used as his subject Baby shoes. We may choose any subject as long as the words are on One Line.

My Subject is: Life is a constant strife.

Born killer meets equal, top thriller

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: “Cute guard for The House Of the Wilds”;

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Sunday the 18th February 2018-
@ 13.26 hrs -European Time. Very sunny day though icy cold.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Six Words Phrases: Number 1

Hemingway started these 6 words phrases in One line about shoes.
My Subject: Life is a Constant Strife

Soul sister's term exists: love's bliss

picture by SFC and Lyrics by Anonymous

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Sunday the 18th February 2018-
@ 10.00 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Pinksteren is een christelijk feest waarbij de gelovigen vieren dat ze de heilige Geest ontvangen. Het wordt 50 dagen na Pasen gevierd en daarmee heb je ook meteen de betekenis van Pinksteren: het woord is afgeleid van het Griekse pentekostè, dat 50 betekent.

Pinksteren is op
zondag 9 juni 2019 en op
maandag 10 juni 2019.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Small Announcement....

The Netherlands on the world map
although we are a small country
so now and then you all see the Netherlands on the worldmap.
we have won the Euro Song festival in Tel Aviv
Last Saturday, the Netherlands won
after 44 years!

In 1975 it was Teach In with Gertie Kaspers
What a time 44 years!

Duncan Laurence is now the winner of
the Euro Song Festival of 2019
in Tel Aviv, Israel
Duncan has no pretensions
he has remained himself, just normal, simple, humble

He still can't comprehend that he won.

We wish Duncan Laurence lots of fun and a bright future.
Congratulations, Duncan!
Winner of The Euro Song Festival 2019!

Tel Aviv, Israel 18 May 2019

Poet’s Notes:
The Team of Ilse de Lange returned the next day in the Netherlands
and the Netherlands celebrated this greatest Triumph by Duncan Laurence (he
took his mother ´s name "Laurencia" and made it
"Laurence") His true surname is "de Moor".

Sylvia Frances Chan
Soliloquy....

People say you`re greatest
people say you`re fantastic
people are only pleasing you fastest
since people are talking in public

but behind hidden doors
behind tied closed windows
as the meadows are oft green
their speeches are different when unseen

whom would you blame for this crooked attitude
you, your spouse or your polite neighbour
it`s all a decision in solitude
even your own eyes you cannot set for labour

it`s all the lack of God`s presence
in the life of love`s absence
and the benevolent poor mind`s jealousy
I hope you`ve got what I wanna say, you see?

Pipi

The Long Hot Summer in NL
Sunday the 24th of June 2018
Today rather cool weather with cold temperature.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Spiritual Beauty....

Spiritual beauty

About beauty often heard
about spiritual beauty...?
that's absurd

we can see beauty everywhere
discover a person's smile
watch the flight of the condor
rose's perfume and its petals
the jasmine's scent

the rainbow with one colour more
the way they talk the freshman and the sophomore
there is always beauty in their movement
the crawling quickness of the turtle
the butterfly upon the lawn between the hedges

two rivers with an artistic bent
we can spend many hours
just sitting watching all beauty in nature
be not blind for every format change
it's pure simple things we nurture
do not sleep, stay awake in rapture

Beauty is thus in all things visually
the greatest beauty of these all
its name we call
spiritual beauty
in our deepest inside-we....

Anno Domini Commemorating Day the 4th of May 2019-

Sylvia Frances Chan
Spiritual Paradise....

The illustrious backgrounds here
hide deep very deep wounds in their atmosphere
the residents say bluntly
about the mysterious intercourse they found
the ecosystem must not be trampled on
beware the man who is not working on his boot

Lotus flowers grow eagerly over the mangrove
they protect the country against rising robberies
the world knows as deadly tsunamies
on other spots play macaques in full gaiety
in seawater, a game between land and animal
much glee and with intense pleasure
and of course also between their treasure

this typical south is the spiritual inland paradise
where the monks live united with nature
to very old and really wise
just simple, plainly and not in disguise....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch Poetess

AD. Thursday the 16th of August 2018
@ 23.26 hrs. PM West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Spirituele Schoonheid....

Over schoonheid die vaak wordt gehoord
over spirituele schoonheid...?
dat is absurd, dat is gestoord

we kunnen overal om ons heen schoonheid zien
ontdek de glimlach van een persoon
bekijk de vlucht van de condor
rozenparfum en de bloembladen
de geur van jasmijn

de regenboog met één kleur meer
de manier waarop ze de eerstejaars en de tweedejaars aanspreken
er is altijd schoonheid in hun beweging
de kruipende snelheid van de schildpad
de vlinder op het grasveld tussen de heggen

twee rivieren met een artistieke bocht
we kunnen vele uren doorbrengen
gewoon te observeren naar alle schoonheid om ons heen
niet blind staren voor elke mode-verandering
het zijn pure, simpele dingen die we koesteren
niet slapen, blijf wakker en in vervoering,
aanschouw!

schoonheid is dus in alle opzichten visueel,
de beste schoonheid van deze allemaal
wij noemen het gewoon:
spirituele schoonheid
zit in onze diepste binnenkant....

Commemoration Day,
©Sylvia Frances Chan

Sunday the 5th of May 2019 -
The Netherla

Sylvia Frances Chan

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Still 10 Minutes To Go....

I get still 10 minutes to go
to show you my next show
izzit To Be Or Not To Be, oh
or just Far From The Maddening Crowd?
I find that just So-So
If I may tell you so

Now I get still 8 minutes to go
to let you know about the next show
Oh, what? ! This clock does not show
the exact time to go precisely
to have the next show to be presented in time

What TIME?
Only so many minutes to submit this poem
before my clock shows the ZERO
ZERO what? !
From still 4 minutes now
till ZERO time then
WHEN?
When Poem HUnter's clock shows the ZERO TIME
That's tomorrow for Poem Hunter
and for the clock on my laptop so many hours on the next day
from where Poem Hunter stays

Have to submit NOW
PERHAPS it IZZ already the NEXT DAY
At Poem Hunter's Clock, it is still the 15 Feb
on mine already Saturday the 16th Feb
Watch out the ZERO Time on PH is coming....!

I am now not so far from the maddening crowd
reckoned and bestowed....
saying everything aloud
each word spelled out loud
never shout aloud....

Sylvia Frances Chan
Still Springtime....

This morn I shuffle gently
the soft silken curtains
and I see instantly Spring passing
butterflies frolic
honey bees are buzzing with joy
bees hover near the upstreaming mind
of the poetess
at this hour so much loveliness

is it really spring
or just some blackbirds chirping?
but here people oft say
one swallow does not make a summer yet
but we are now still in spring
and so many blackbirds are singing

it IS still spring
i haven´t seen one swallow yet
your knowledge ´bout birds is bad
do you know the swallow, i´m doubting
that sounds irritating, darling!

on this spring´s earliest morning
the blackbirds are singing
my heart leaps up and started humming
so much glee and gladness passing
through the upstreaming mind of the poetess
at this hour so much beauty and loveliness
i´m amazed at so much Godliness

©Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Thursday the 26th of April 2018
@ 5.10 hrs A.M. West-European Time
soft tender weather~~all metaphored~~
mixture of Light Cadmium Grey and Cerulean Blue
Sudden Melancholy Appears….  

There are many many kids alone,  
but I could not imagine that there are parents  
who hate their kids like they had done to she.  

Such parents do not deserve to have children  
they are still kids themselves  

This lovely poem I just read  
is full of deepest sadness and tragedy  
touched my inside for 200 percent wholly  
and.....IF I may  
I create this poem as a response to the poem of TODAY.  

That momentum of a cozy family with the warmth, love and the  
earness of a hearth,  
was never felt and experienced, how sad  
the greatest poorness is reigning here  
the inhale and exhale of love in true family life  
she never had....  
she only knew how to strife...  

Photograph, especially for this poem, the poetess, was looking for a suitable leaf  
and after a long while, she found that perfect yellow-brownish leaf, solitarily and  
all alone, but very beautiful and in a perfect way responds to the had done that  
with glee.  

© Sylvia Frances Chan  

Friday 1st Dec 2017 @ 21.03  
West-European Time  

Sylvia Frances Chan
Summer Supremacy

Summer supremacy,
autumnal aspirations
winter warmth
and spring senses....

Despite spring there will be no celebrations
dead-alike people are around
they are still a part of nature here
no part of these deads-alive
had been misused, they are just dead
of sufferings, being offended, the accusations
and feelings of not being understood

A foreign race gave this piece of earth once a name
the girdle of Emerald
they loved the place, it was like paradise
everywhere grow fruit green plants, fresh naturally
what they didn’t know: too many deaths underneath this ground

The dead don’t talk, but they can walk
they claimed back their property
the foreign race may enjoy the luxury
the luxury of lifestyle
but they could never own nor buy this place
we appreciate them as kindest visitors only

Sylvia Frances Chan
Sunday - Poem....

From Dust To Dust....

We all still grow,
even after we die
we do not stop growing

after being buried
our body is still breathing

gasses cannot be heard
and are invisible
constantly coming out all the time
unseen and unheard

after so many years
oft the coffin would be opened
be not shocked or surprised
the bones remain silent
our descendants would see
only dust and nothing but dust

no more love, life, wealth, happiness, sorrow,
they all see that day which we always call TOMORROW
these remnants are just one dry dusty whole
while the souls
are in heaven or not
they are on their last spot

As Jesus said once....
gather nothing,
since you are born with nothing,
do not gain wealth, when you die, you cannot take with,
all the wealth you possess,
it will only cause much stress

born with not a thing
die with nothing
you came from dust
you go back into dust....
SUNDAY, the 31st of MARCH 2019 -

....Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God Who gave it.— Ecclesiastes 12: 7, KJV

Sylvia Frances Chan
Sunday Spirituals....

For Janey,

Know that I always care for you though only in thoughts and love you constantly, though only in mind, since distances are far and broad, and our moments we have to but the closest path is ever present in my ??, dear Janey. Once your poet friend, always your friend. A glorious time has arrived for you, your Birthday is coming closer too for now first this sobriety, Enjoy this momentum!

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Sunday the 26th of August 2018 @ 3.11 hrs A.M. West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
I want to let you know about a fragment of Jesus' death on Calvary 1986 years ago....

Where love lives,
the Lord commands His blessing,
love is precious
despite the ridicule and scorn
on Calvary
the earth has shown its true nature
with laughter, patronizing
and still that scorn
the laugh and the ridicule
the crowd knows: it is God Himself on the cross
is this correct?

But the Bible has predicted:
the mockings and the tortures
the crucifixion
the sacrificing
constantly the ridicules
all the folk that day participate
Jesus knows that
though He is on the cross
the Jewish folk's popular enjoyment

everyone participates
even Peter denies his Master
up to three times
then the cock crows twice

poor Mother who stands all the time
watching the sufferings and death
from her own Son
His intense suffering, His immeasurable thirst,
then it suddenly becomes very quiet
the curtains of the Temple are torn

Deep dark clouds preparing
a deafening thunder-colliding
i cannot say how loud
that is, what is allowed?!

Then Jesus dies and after three days
He has risen again from the dead.

All these things have been foretold in the Bible before they happened
The prophecies are true, even the curtains in the temple are torn,
it is all foretold....

Thank you, Lord, for today, for every single day
that's what I wanna say, either
only for Thee in my most glee....

Today, most beautiful Winter day in February
@ 7.38 hrs. West-European Time-

Sylvia Frances Chan
Sunday The Lord's Day

Thank you dear God for the many wonders
You always bless us, I have seen, felt and experienced
as on the 27th of April King's Day
the weather forecast said one day before
many rains, hails and more

King's Day started with a cold morn truly
but no rain, hails or whatsoever bad weather
then the Royal family came, the sun appeared gently
I must tell you, each King's or Queen Day,
there are these blessings constantly

that Day in each year,
God blesses those Days so clear
this is again my urge to tell you
of God's Blessings on these Special Days

we had in Groningen Royal Celebrations with sunrays
despite the bad weather forecast
God fulfills His Promise as a must
as we can read in The Holy Scriptures
through all the ages and eras
eversince the time of Jessaya
till He was crossed on Golgotha
died and on the third day is risen

Thomas did not believe and wished to see and feel His Hands
then with nails and the most intense pains
his body with gaps and carved beatings
and whereupon Jesus said Blessed are
the ones who do not see, but believe

The greatest Miracle of all time
and His Supermighty Existence confirmed

He showed when He is risen from the dead
all disciples, prophets and we all know that!
AD. SUNDAY the 29th of April 2018-
@ 13.07 hrs. P.M. West-European Tima
Yesterday and today are rainy days with a grey sky

Sylvia Frances Chan
Sunday With The Lord....

The fears that i had carried
troubled me no more
soon my battered vessel
was safe upon the shore.

i thanked Him for His mercy
His word that rescued me
there remained still a question
from my struggle on the sea.

God, where art Thou dwelling
when the winds began to blow?
Thou must have seen the darkness
yet, Thine coming seemed too slow.

"You were in My love-care, "
i heard Him reply.
"The things that frightened you
did not escape My eye"....

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan titled: "On Top of the Grand Canyon"-USA

AD. Sunday the 5th of August 2018
West-European Time Zone

Sylvia Frances Chan
Sunday’s Child

To stare in the distance, there is no hope
for this walking myope

tender as cotton wool, they descend
the hopeful clouds’ comprehend
with their generous golden atmosphere
sun-drenched day with jasmines’ scent

my cowardous heart despises, my frank face laughs
this time a boisterous kiss
like a storm storms....plus....
wrong in bliss
visible cornfields, no nonsense
as manna prepared in God’s Kingdom

to peer into the distance, there is no hope
yes, I am the wandering myope
know, you do not have to look forth anymore
know that it suffices, no defense nor pretence but soar
your Father is constantly there for you
you are His child, why is He so mild?
thoroughly loved by and by
you have got wondrous things all the time,
Thank you Lord, yes, i am Thine Sunday’s Child sublime....

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan, titled: “How Wonderful is the Sun!”
© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected
I was truly born on a Sunday, and so was my youngest son.
Today is Tuesday the 27th of March 2018
@ 19.41 hrs P.M.
Superstition Does Not Exist.

This Christian country has a lot of superstition in their daily rhythm like Friday the thirteenth of the calendar year many beautiful churches worship God, He is near they say most ardent prayers in meditation even that, they still believe in superstition i hear them, i just smiled then i testified of God's Marvelous Miracles

during our weekly gatherings fiery words from my mouth God's supernatural wonders instantly a wonderful baby son was born in that year he is so incredibly cool and beautiful, i am enchanted and grateful on that bright beautiful Friday the thirteenth

later, Panter came in our home to live with us more than fifteen years of love we cared and shared she is sweet and smart, and she is very black when it gets dark behind our house in the big forest you can not find her or trace her because it is night and very dark just as Panter our cat is

and now about another old superstition: walking under a staircase that can bring the accident when you walk underneath Of course if you do not pay attention, you hit the stair then of course you fall like an idiot but beware, do not bump into anything, you can just walk underneath the stairs simply remain and you can go continue your journey no accident will happen to you and now do not complain anymore about superstition

they just do not exist
my second baby son who was born on Friday the thirteenth
grows prosperously, almost as long as the Martini Tower
and in terms of Panther our black cat
has always provided us with fun and pleasant moments and that is it!

I thank God every day for all Blessings
they keep on coming, the blessed changes
my mother and only brother in the far country,
so many of God's great Wonders
go above our minds

no superstition in our database
no images or babel and related to it
God has shown me how to do it and can
we honor Him, praise Him and moreover
we worship Him with all our heart
our faith has only grown with it
with God's strength as support we are never tired.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch Poetess

AD. Friday the 13th of July 2018
@ 23.55 hrs. -European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Sylvia´s Lied Van Ghana

De reis naar Ghana, start van haar vervolg
ze geniet van deze reis, ja deze prachtige reis
op een vierkante mijl, God al die tijd, zie je
ze visiteert vele plaatsen van oude verborgen sporen
ze voelt Gods aanwezigheid constant bij haar
in alle woonplekken in gevallen van vroeger en nu

het was de l'homme par l'homme wet die regeerde
oh heel tragisch, net als een decoupeerzaag sneerde
gezonde mooie onschuldige mensen stierven
een zeer langzame, onnatuurlijke dood
in de beruchte kerkers van Elmina's eigendom

ze kon niet vermoeden in die onzichtbare miljarden sporen
is de meest tragische geschiedenis van Ghana´s geheugen verborgen
Ghana is er trots op een herinnering te hebben
alleen dieren hebben er geen, ze las de citaat
in de gezellige oude hut van Golden Parker Hill
de boekenkast met alleen Nederlandse verhalenboeken.

© Sylvia Frances Chan

Sylvia Frances Chan
Sylvia’s Song Of Ghana

The journey to Ghana, start of her sequel
she enjoys this travel, yes this beautiful travel
on one square mile, God all the while, you see
she visits many places of ancient hidden traces
she feels God’s presence with her constantly
in any dwelling places on eras ago cases

it was de l’homme par l’homme law that ruled
oh very tragic, just like a jig-saw
healthy lovely innocent people died
a very slow unnatural death
in the notorious dungeons of Elmina’s own

she could not suspect in those invisible milliard traces
is hidden most tragic history in Ghana’s memory
Ghana is proud to have a memory
only animals have none, she read that quote
in the cozy ancient cabin of Golden Parker Hill
the bookcase with only Dutch storybooks.

© Sylvia Frances Chan

Created with love
From Her Sequel of Songs of Ghana
AD. Friday 22 June 2018-
@ 10.28 hrs AM West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Symphony This Morning....

Wow, an aquarelle sky, baby
the bright sun goes hiding behind a lilac veil
I ain´t walking, nor ain´t I paintin´, ´m soaring
the automatic pilot gets in

see my jet goes through crimson red
accidentally crashed with dark sea blue
my mind starts painting in words
creating the soft and tender colours

that makes no enmity nor wars
enthusiasm and professionalism
goes hand in hand
throughout the artistic poetic land

they are still lilac blue through and through
all pastels are still visible
no evoking, not at all, see that´s poetry
it´son the spot true legible

in fact, are you looking for readings?
painting optimally the linen canvas
from life high above the earth
here we see how the colours change rapidly

upon earth, these same scene looks slowly
like the turtle´s crawling forward
and the snail looks for food
it does not find any since it is too slow,
in miniature so much sorrow....

Aquarelle painting and photography by Sylvia Frances Chan. The small wood behind our house painted in aquarelle during early Spring.

Sylvia Frances Chan

AD.23 Oct 2018 -
@8.29 hrs A.M.
early morning now, very cold
but shall this day bring some sunny rays?

Sylvia Frances Chan
Te Expectens....

Scio me diligis,
Te amo
Protinus te videre
audax esse,
apud barbaros terra
et tamen non corde et anima colligentes
iacet corpus paulatim
hoc est, quod prorsus blank
maxime implentur est anima tua
et clausa
nullo sigillo
constat a riks
venit infans, Et protinus te videre
Per sicut in quem mavis prestentur
quoniam effusi estis praeordinatis
cum prima aurora solem
Nondum natus eram
nihilominus
Non eadem lingua loquor
nullam exoriri
Bene mel, ego convertam nunc
et exspectabo te....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Martin Luther was born ToDAY.
AD. Wednesday 31 October 2018-
@ 10.10 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Tempat yang Tak Ternilai Harganya Di Bumi,

Tempat yang tak ternilai di bumi, adalah nilai Belanda yang bagus

lihatlah cuaca yang mempesona sekarang, sans celaka
dimanapun Anda berada, Anda tidak akan pernah menyesalinya, ya, Anda!
wow, musim panas yang baik,
sans sedikit sakit

seperti hari ini, saya tidak tahu ke mana bumi pergi
bahkan perutku mulai bernyanyi terindah

tadi malam, ada badai paling parah,
dengan badai guntur malam yang menakutkan

tapi pagi ini, tiba-tiba,
dengan aksi showfull
matahari tiba-tiba muncul
dia memberikan perlindungan yang menyenangkan
Saya sangat puas, tanpa keraguan
Saya merasa paling bahagia, sekarang saya akan benar-benar berteriak!

hanya hari ini adalah pesta yang sangat besar,
berputar-putar,
tidak ada yang bergaul dengan binatang itu

lihat cuaca bagus ini!
wow, ini pesta sungguhan!
Aku merasakan kehangatan yang menyenangkan dalam diriku, sentuhan
terminis di bawah kulitku
musim panas yang lembut Belanda akan datang
ketika senja dengan lembut berputar
Saya merasa sangat menikmati sensasi ini
hari indah memesona membuatnya
semua berputar dan berputar masih di sana!

Tempat yang indah di bumi ini seperti kebangkitan bagiku,
sumber ini,
di mana cinta terungkap dan gairah murni,
tentu saja…
@Tempat yang tak ternilai di bumi
Jum'at, 14 Juni 2019
Hari Pagi Belanda@ 09: 15

Sylvia Frances Chan
Tempat Yang Tidak Ternilai Di Bumi....

Tempat yang tidak ternilai di bumi, adalah bernilai Belanda yang baik

lihatlah cuaca yang mempesona sekarang, sans celaka
di mana sahaja anda berada, anda tidak akan menyesalinya, ya, anda!
wow, hujan musim panas yang baik,
sans sedikit sakit

Seperti hari ini, saya tidak tahu di mana bumi akan berjalan
walaupun perut saya bermula nyanyian terindah

malam tadi, terdapat ribut yang paling teruk,
dengan ribut-ribut ribut malam yang menakutkan

tetapi pagi ini, tiba-tiba,
dengan tindakan menonjol
matahari tiba-tiba muncul
dia memberikan perlindungan yang menyenangkan
Saya sangat puas, tidak ragu-ragu
Saya berasa gembira, kini saya akan benar-benar menjerit!

hanya hari ini adalah perayaan yang sangat besar,
berputar,
tidak ada yang menggantung binatang itu

lihat cuaca bagus ini!
wow, ini pesta sebenar!
Saya rasa kehangatan yang menyenangkan dalam diri saya, sentuhan manis di bawah kulit saya
musim panas lembut Belanda masuk
apabila senja perlahan-lahan berpusing-pusing
Saya rasa saya benar-benar menikmati keseronokan ini
hari yang indah memukau
semua peminat dan whirls masih di sana!

Tempat yang indah ini di bumi adalah seperti kebangkitan bagi saya,
sumber ini,
di mana cinta terbuka dan kegairahan adalah murni,
sudah tentu...
@ Tempat yang tidak ternilai di bumi
Jhum'at 14 Jun, 2019
Pagi2 Waktu Bld @ 9.15 pagi

Sylvia Frances Chan
ambisius
ingin tandus
di sini dan seterusnya
pemogokan tahunan
panjang bulan
sangat mengganggu
bahkan anak2 muda pun tidak bisa menahannya
serangan penyakit luar biasa
endemik
pandemi
penyakit sangat dominan
paling luhur dan paling mencolok
serangan yang se-olah2 tidak bersalah
tinjauan tahunan
paru-paru kerap kali terserang
banyak korban terpaku
ditempat ranjang....

Jagalah agar kita semua tetap sehat, didalam dan diluar negeri.
Silahkan minum port merah dgn jeruk tipis, jangan di-goyang tapi diaduk. Prosit!

©Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Thursday then 8th of November 2018-
@5.49 hrs.A.M. Wets-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Terpaku Ke Katil (3) ....

mengganggu
sejuk yang tandus
di sini dan seterusnya
mogok tahunan
panjang bulannya
sangat mengganggu
bahkan pemuda tidak dapat menahannya
seribu macam serangan
endemik
pandemik
faktor kesehatan adalah utama
paling luhur dan paling menarik
serangan yang paling ulet
ulasan tahunan
paru-paru yang berada dalam bahaya
kebanyakannya seperti dipaku
ke katil....

Selamat bersehat, jangan lalaikan kesehatan kita, faktor utama ke-arah masyarakat sehat.
Minumlah segelas mungil Port merah dengan limun, aduk dan jangan goyangkan gelas

©Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Thursday then 8th of November 2018-
@5.49 hrs.A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
The 22nd Of November....

Some Special Dialogues as Scripted, still to be shortened:

A joyful message in glee
brings delight to the quiet life of she
she has just been put in the limelight by her dear Soul-Sister
not just for one day, but on her Birthday during one week, Mister!

that is a pleasant big surprise for everyone
the coming week cannot be ruined anymore, it is prepared and done.

The light is still on, while the weather has changed,
her soul sister has arranged and again re-arranged
the sky has become darkest,
the clouds are murky.
there had been blisters in the Arabian Sea
only lighter storms along the North Sea

three Celcius Degrees below zero now
in El Teide, Tenerife is it 20-22 Celcius Degrees above zero

The grandkid with his parents are wearing summer clothes again
as we can see, they are enjoying the fresh air near the ocean
she is happy too since her grandson and his parents are always in an excellent condition
they have done the 20 km´s run,
both have had so much fun after every 20 km´s run

Is the monsoon still there, baby?
no sweetheart, they are over now
the festivities are going to start
oh, the musicians and the bards?
no bards, hon, only leopards
LEOPARDS? Have you leopards in the forest?

I guess so, only a few poachers have lately killed them for their skin.
How tragic is that!
And not only that, we are as women not safe walking alone on the streets.
This country is on the top five of the World´s Rapers' list
There are four other countries which deserve this predicate too.
Oh, that's why you advised me to go home so soonest when we met the last time?  
Now you know, hon, I wish you a lovely Birthday!  
be happy today, and many happy returns of the day  
Just those miles in between  
Celebrate and be happy as you have never been....

soul sister's dialogue this earliest morning  
everyone's still asleep, i'm humming  
thank You, Lord, for this Beautiful Day  
breathtakingly beautiful in a way....

P.F.22 November 2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
ESPECIALLY FOR MICHAEL, MY POETFREAK FRIEND:
Dear Michael, a previous poem, revised and now reposted, I have read your present poem, just posted by you, and you remind me, through your own words as told in your poem this morning (here it is morning, perhaps in your country still evening or midnight) of my big brother, my genius brother, like you he is no good in sports when he was still studying. But he knew all about building castles when he was 5 and making a camera of his own when he was 7. Our Mom hasn't known that he is a genius, she had only been thinking that he was a very difficult child, difficult to understand, I am the go-between, her 'translator'...my brother's home-mate....

The Poem:

Mozart,
the Genius of All Music Art

Welcome to Poetfreak
Please do not break

castles when he was 5, making a camera of his own when he was 7.

my big bro is such one
i do not boast, this is no fun

but a heavy burden's formal
neighbors regard him as not normal

he is super kind to me a fantastic brother
he always says that I'm like him too, rather

My brother, the Genius of All Scientific Art
always plays an important part

in my life too as a Genius
he comes from Mars and I from Venus

© Sylvia Frances Chan~~
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
AD. Wednesday 29th February 2012
at 2.42 hrs. a.m. very early morn.

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Aftermath....

Where are we going today?
we all together, together or alone?
we do not know where to go yet?
we do not know where to go?

we also do not know if we are going all together
whether we go together
whether we are going alone?

we, once a family
forever family
together
and all together
never alone.

The aftermath
of a beloved
who died recently
death is never planned
we all have been waiting
death oft comes unexpectedly

in every family
in ours either
because

man proposes, God disposes

West-Europe New Year's celebration
and from Aussie and the U.S.A
at her cremation
in the Far East
in South East Asian
Indonesia, Jakarta

we are saddest,
we bid farewell
from our loved mother, auntie,
sister, sister-in-law, all in the family
she has gone to Heaven
and she sits at God´s Right Hand

on earth, we do our best
as we can
we´ll add to God´s Plan
we do our best

death oft comes unexpectedly
in every family
in ours either
never forget:

Man proposes, God disposes....

©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN

Jakarta the 30th December 2018 -
The Aftermath submitted
on Friday the 4th of January 2019
@ 16.25 hrs. West-European Time -

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Anatomical Lesson Of Dr. Tulp

It is hanging on the wall, my Rembrandt
the anatomical lesson of Dr. Tulp
both have really existed
the professor and the painter
and the painting?
The real one we can see in the Mauritshuis, The Hague,
on my wall is only a copy of it.

Dr. Tulp teaches anatomy of real corpses
these ones sentenced to death are usually hanged
the bodies could be obtained for these lessons
Dr. Tulp has few students for anatomy
but the corpses are many and lie awaiting
you can clearly see on the painting
how 's was giving lecture.

Can you imagine how Rembrandt was painting?
all alone with easel, canvas and oil paint? .
in the painting you can see Dr. Tulp well
you can see only the backs of his students all in shadow
how obsessed they are looking and listening
and all faces of a few of Dr. Tulp's colleagues
that is precisely the mastery touch of Rembrandt
the main object the clearest and the rest only in shadow and light

AD. The Night before Ascension Day 2018-
AD. Wednesday the 9th May 2018
Pipi, who was walking with Sylvie all the days the Path
to Ascension Day. She has finally reached her destination
and that is Celebrating Ascension Day with a new poem.
Coming next.

ADDED recently and very important to know:
The assignment for the painting was given by the Amsterdam Surgeons Guild,
which became the first owner. Then it came into the possession of the Widows' Fund of the Surgeons. When it was lifted in 1828, it was decided to sell the painting publicly. King William I prevented the auction and gave the order to purchase this masterpiece for his Royal Cabinet of Paintings, the later Mauritshuis in The Hague.
P.S. There is copyright on the painting, so cannot be published here OR have to ask for the permission first. That cost is very expensive.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Christ's ascension is described—
albeit fairly briefly—
in a few places in the Bible,
and is mentioned or referenced
in several of the epistles.

The most detailed account is found in Mark 16: 14-19:

Later Jesus appeared to the Eleven Disciples as they were eating;
he rebuked them for their lack of faith
and their stubborn refusal to believe those
who had seen Him after he had risen.

He said to them,
"Go into all the world and preach the gospel to all creation.
Whoever believes and is baptized will be saved,
but whoever does not believe will be condemned.

And these signs will accompany those who believe:
In my name they will drive out demons;
they will speak in new tongues;
they will pick up snakes with their hands;
and when they drink deadly poison,
it will not hurt them at all;
they will place their hands on sick people,
and they will get well.";
After the Lord Jesus had spoken to them,
he was taken up into heaven
and he sat at the right hand of God. —

According to the Holy Bible in Mark 16: 14-19 (NIV)

Above we can read the occurrences before Jesus ascended to heaven
at least 500 people gathered to watch Him ascending.
The Greatest Wonder All Times on this forsaken Earth.

Celebrating Ascension DAY, Pipi and Sylvie both are reading all these words in
the Holy Bible as they both present it to you all, they have come to their
destination spot, to talk about Jesus before He went to His Father in heaven, as
is written in the Holy Bible, Amen.
ASCENSION DAY 2018- Thursday the 10th of May.

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Blissful Zest, In Our Inside Rest....

Birth is worth of all things on earth  
Life is more worthy, worthier than Birth  
Love is worthiest, most of these three  

it makes life feels the beating of the heart  
life makes us aware that we live sweet, stupid or smart  
it makes us aware we can keep it or lose every part  

these three together can cause living pleasantly  
or with intense stress  
so after being born, beloved Mum educates us intelligently  
then our life flows as if we have the blissful zest  

know that God perpetually fills our blissful zest  
with overflowing love....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Thursday 11 October 2018 -  
@ 13.34 hrs.P.M. West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Brag-Song....

I brag here overtly
about my being an evangelist
that's no shame
since I shout about God's Fame
His Superiority and the Only Almighty
as I said here above
I brag here overtly
about God's Greatest Love

about Jesus's sufferings
that is His Only Son
died on Golgotha's cross
amongst two barbaric killers
finally after His Ascension to Heaven
Jesus left us a constant Helper
the Holy Ghost on earth to help mankind....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Monday the 26th of November 2018
@ 8.30 hrs A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Breath Of Life

The Breath Of Life
To smell The Sun
to feel The Wind
to breathe the Fresh Air from within
to experience The Stormy Weather
to walk on Top Of The Ocean
to talk with The Highest Emotion
to live The Real Life
to know The Real Love
to say Good Morning to The Dove
those are Steps in The Breath of Life
those are Parts in The Breath of Our Life
we'd care for it with Gentle Love, no knife

© Sylvia Frances Chan - Sat Aug 13 - 2011
copyright - All Rights Reserved

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Brexit Is Exit....

Please, keep on reading this poem, you will find the answer in the end, sure! I thank you so much for reading, the narrator: Sylvia Frances Chan.

The Brexit Is Exit....

We may tumble
we may stumble

over myriad things
OMG, the Lord of the Rings
not the King of the Kings

that’s a best seller
not the true teller

the sympathetic author,
sometimes also an actor
as so many persons in the UK
has died long time gone

IF I may say, look at Theresa May
is she indeed a Prime Minister
or only something sinister?

that she at Brexit’s cost
will stay in the loss

I cannot be proud of May
who at all costs wishes to stay
to my opinion she had nothing to say

to me so crystal clear
so very sorry, my dear
Theresa May wants only to stay
to hear herself talking
never wants to exit the Brexit

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
but yesterday I saw her sobbing
LIVE on our television
man, this is no oblivion yet
and yet no Lord Of The Rings

she started crying
after having realized she is losing
her position as a PRIME MINISTER
honestly talking,
this is worse than being sinister

whatever, UK’s second female prime minister
the total opposite of the first female PM, a powerful thunderstorm
as strong as iron
no warmth, heat or hearth
whole UK was truly in the very coldest period of time, all energy using products must be stopped

I cannot choose either of them
I have chosen for the warmth
and love
of the Man from Bethlehem

Being a Prime Minister
is a deadly serious task
she is the lie
she is still alive
all inhabitants verify
still so many things to ask

Being Jesus
He had been hanged,
He truly died for us
and is arisen from the dead
He Is The Truth, He never lied
serve Him
and nothing more to ask....

©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN

Anno Domini: Monday the 27th of May 2019
@ 8.52 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Coming Of Dusk.

The green backdoor has some alien colors more
rather yellow-greyish-blue as the galaxy sometimes shows you
through its sunrays on the backdoor too
tender thrilling movements at the gateway of the dusky pavements
swaying softly in the wind warmth spreading caressing my skin
the galaxy is drifting nearer so many colors it represents
the yellow-greyish-blue becomes clearer not three nor seven but one loveliest colors'blend
the ardent air has spread now its foreign accent
golden sun rays are creeping into a dusky draw and have turned the warm coolness of the day somehow into falling dusk and fading greenish-grey
the rustling leaves in the backyard's shade waving-whirling cool like summer's soulmate
the sun is heading for a darker destination
as soonest the warm cozy coolness of the day would be swallowed by the ardent air's foreign accent the wealthy warmth will then go astray and cool breeze will be blowing in, evening is present.

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan titled "The Coming Of Dusk";

© Sylvia Frances Chan Dutch Poetess

AD. Monday the 9th of July 2018 @ 20.38 hrs. P.M. West-European Time
Sylvia Frances Chan
The Conclusion....

ADDITION:
The Closing lines for the GOOD FRIDAY SONNET, thank you.
The Conclusion.

- - - - - - - - - -THE CONCLUSION- - - - - - - - - - -

Of course not my dear, it's never too greatest strife especially when it's the case betwixt husband and wife no lies, no wars, no enemy, but an ease stride with the Lord at your side, perpetually love and peace worldwide....

- - - - - - - - - -THE CONCLUSION- - - - - - - - - - -

Sylvia Frances Chan
Anno Domini
GOOD FRIDAY 19 April 2019

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Deed At The Word....

Imaginative imaginations
unsoluble solutions
shocking occurrences
frightening approachings
play hide-and-seek
to the desperate meek
unfriended friendships
as sailboats go sailing
upwind sailing
with hollow sails
can I have my cup of tea this noon
no, not that grand high tea at high noon
just the grand high tea time
drinking slowly to the moon
and a piece of cake, my dear
swear I wouldn't let a tear

may I sail now to my future?
the cozy life I called my own
planning my own bloody culture
seeking for the suitable rapture
the perfect ripples in oceans deep
these all free of choice, never to weep
keep my strength, alone I leap
alone I reap
no one to weep
as I sip
at my afternoon cocktail
I did not say tail
but my cocktail from ginger-ale
you have walked along the east
anybody saw as the beast?
only beauty

Imaginative imaginations
soluble solutions
happy events
appreciative approaches
do not play hide-and-seek
scrutable solutions
any notion?

see, ma dah-ling
Would wedding planner come this morrow
have you sorrow?

ok, well then....promised
we will have this bliss, ma sweet
the life-partner
whom you´ll meet....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Tuesday the 28th August 2018
@ 6.42 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Dutch Golden Age

Jeroen Bosch was never a Lucas van Leyden
since Lucas is oft past his own era
and so were Raphael and Albrecht Dürer
Dürer was German like the fuehrer

after you have read their cultural background and history
certainly, you will hide Der Fuehrer and boast with Dürer

but now we are celebrating Hieronymus Bosch
the same Jeroen Bosch for us in the Netherlands
I have created here a brevity
about these glamorous celebrities

surely there was Rembrandt van Rijn
and Johannes Vermeer too
since Gerard Lievens was called by the King
and Rembrandt the elder of the two
left alone behind, that was not so kind
the difference was, Gerard a genius
in his time they painted very refinedly
and that´s the art of Lievens

This era was the Famous Dutch Golden Age
every grass on the garden-fields has its own page

They stand, each grass solitarily
did never belong to the crowd
had solid gold constantly, truth be told
each painter in his sobriety
standing high amongst his golden celebrity....

© Sylvia Frances Can
===================================
Published on On Tuesday 7th Nov 2017
@ 17.55 hrs PM.

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Dutch Poetess

You know what troubles me?
I am called a Dutch poetess
am oft writing in the English language
and sure I get comments as another average

when having created in the Dutch language
no any comment nor a compliment, not as the average
my own fault, this is a poem site for only the English speaking part
Sylvia, you know better, you are best smart in your art

I wonder we have so many words in common
like &quot;miss&quot; is in dutch also &quot;mis&quot;
and &quot;twist&quot; is the same &quot;twist&quot;
&quot;and&quot; sounds the same with &quot;en&quot; but differently written
&quot;passion&quot; is for &quot;passie&quot;(pronounce as &quot;pussee&quot;)
not so difficult, you see?
if you want eagerly know
of other words, you may email me though

I don´t want to offend the British people
the English language is concise but not logic
for instance &quot;please&quot; sounds almost begging
but in reality, they are used as a constant forcing

Okay, I stop now complaining
and also with writing ´cause my poem is finished now
I ain´t blaming, wanna only a new poem you know.

Photography designed by Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Sunday the 11th of March 2018-03-11
@ 20.19 hrs PM West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Dutch Weather

My loves and life
are like the Dutch weather
despite forecasted bright clouds,
brings tough stormy weathers
and yet this love has kept us tied together

I know my love like an X-Ray
but I am not the doctor, what could I say?
perhaps I forgot one biggest factor
that tiny spot behind the bladder
and yet this event has kept our love together

One day the hospital called me
they told me, your spouse has cancer
oh, that tiny spot behind the bladder?
I haven’t heard that in your last answer
despite this, it has made us stronger.

Walking the next steps on my own
made life, love and my being at their lowest
the X-Ray changed like the Dutch weather
the doctors exaggerated that tiny spot behind the bladder
despite this, my love stays and grows strongest.

Now published on :
ay 7th November 2017
@ 14.38 hrs.P.M.-

Created on:
MONDAY 8 May 2017-
@16.33 hrs.P: M: West European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Easy Riddle....

My Big Secret
constantly as my companion
vigorating my soul
tender and impressing
a true delight constantly singing
deep within my being
would never go away nor go astray
my loyal companion
eversonce childhood
throughout motherhood
and all the other hoods
let me get straight

dthis is no divine person
dthis is not our God
but the kindest object
for my belly connection per direct
it is a present of Friul (free: yule)
please, think orderly
and not like a kindest fool
constantly Nochola, oh lala
refreshening my soul
vigorating my whole being
Dear God, please don´t tell them
they have to guess the selves
once again, I repeat
it´s oft the same grand beat
please, don´t tweet
just relax and twitter
no gold but constantly glitter
glistening and winking at mine register
i don´t sing just a slight humming
OK, dear people and gentle hearts
what is this riddle I am presenting?
Oh dear, I forgot,
it is constantly melting
on its spot....
Photography and Design by Sylvia Frances Chan at Friul’s

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Monday the 23rd April 2018
@ 9.30 hrs A.M. West-European Time

Added Note: Congratulations, Lody, ex-spouse of Rina, do not be sad, today IS your BirthDAY, many God’s blessings be upon you and many happy returns of the Day! PF.23 April 2018. Enjoy the chocolate ice cream too.

Sylvia Frances Chan
The End

As I was walking down the lane, suddenly I discover
that it will soon be Brown October

Dark-Green August just left me
to be in time for Yellow September

now I am ten days from this month's end
but wait I smell...I smell... a melted blend

Suddenly I saw September-fire
in the meadows between the cows behind the wire

oh my God, shall we still have milk or the BBQ?
dear Lord, now I surrender, it's up to You!

© Sylvia Frances Chan
copyright Tue 20 Sep - 2011 -
All Rights Reserved

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Evangelist....(1)

The Evangelist (1)

Miracles do exist
before we are born
and all our life,
sure they still are
after we decease,
do you understand me?
Do you all understand me well?
if not, have you...?

A.D. Monday the 10th of December 2018 -
@ 14.54 hrs. P.M. The Netherland Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Evangelist....(2)

I have a statement
for all of you.
Miracles do exist
our lifelong.
Do you all understand me well?
If you have not understood yet,
you all are invited
then I will explain once again
what I have stated....

A.D. Monday the 10th of December 2018 -
@ 14.54 hrs. P.M. The Netherland Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Ferris Wheel (2)

The Seasons of the Day:
THE FERRIS WHEEL
Part  Morning

The morning
The dawn
as healthy as the Dutch brown bread
as bad as a fiddle
invigorating as the first dew
on your face

Oh, cutie
the color, not the smell
as quiet green as emerald
Am I despised?
no, honey, you are never despised
risen on the last night´s stairs

My dawn
I have chosen you
as the darling of the whole night
I worship you, I never despised you

my morning treatment at this early hour
at last a morning mood
ever known
perhaps, with most people

I have known
my whole life always been pampered
Well, if you give love once
you get them back by million times
I mean here:
money does not grow on my back
I am only talking about love
the mental part
all devoted love
you will definitely come back
How do I know all these?
and do not forget a thing
before the day is spent by me
I say with all respect and plight
with the right choice of words
the hands folded together
up to God
my sins confessed
my thanksgiving prayer for all blessings
that I have obtained from God
the only one who fully satisfies me
and pure love
God is love
if you can not continue
and you give in
then lay all yoke and sins
at His Feet
for His Presence

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Saturday, August 25, 2018
@ 6.18 hours AM West-Eur. Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Ferris Wheel (3)

The Seasons of the Day:
THE FERRIS WHEEL
Noon - Afternoon

The Noon - Afternoon
After the invigorating
and clear morning
comes the warm lukewarm afternoon
and after that
you are already halfway
the upcoming night
but bring calm and lusty the noon
and the afternoon
strolling through
with a view to tomorrow´s view
you know that every day brings some worries
after all, I am only a person
of course with some temperament
the lunch sometimes also the brunch
consists of two sandwiches of Dutch brown bread
sometimes one pancake
some butter on it and cherry marmelade
then upon the old farmer's cheese on it
but what a noose
when the cheese is no more
choco cream will do
or Ardennes pepper pâté
hurray!

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Saturday, August 25, 2018
@ 6.18 hours AM West-Eur. Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Ferris Wheel (4)

The Seasons of the Day:

THE FERRIS WHEEL

4. The Twilight

The Twilight
Ah, albeit the coming twilight
it is still a tedious thing
that you have to turn on the lights
some just press the button
the evening meal is ready
cooking is finished at a quarter past six
no, not that civil six o´clock
we dine invariably from half past seven
or seven o´clock
no never desserts all so sweet
Cornetto´s choco ice-cream
Well, it's all just so-so
in the afternoon we often have Harrods´ high tea time
that has become ordinary again
while we are constantly sitting on our ass
after the Cornetto, no, not so-so
but doodle-dee-doe
first at eight watching the TV News
that is not always about the land of Maas and Waal
now that is about paedophile
by the same child breeders
sometimes with their own children
more often with other people's children
och-och so many deviations
dear God, where does this go?
marry the same sex
it will never repent anyone
then they also want a child with them
no, dear God, it does nothing to me

let me rather be Grandma
for my dear Vinh
my first grandchild
that was born on the 4th of July
from year two-zero-seventeen
no, not in the USA
but in the Netherlands, hurray!

he went with his parents
to far away Ghana country far away overseas
his mother had a job there, but a non-payable one
and my son, his father, was very fond of him
Vinh is back now after seven months
last 4th of July his one year´s birthday
he has celebrated that with his parents
in Berekum actually
there is also The Holy Family Hospital
a good continuation of the threesome
from the Netherlands with the Landrover-Defender
everything for Vinh can be put in the car, also his blender
but halfway through Morocco in Casablanca
the subtropical sun became too hot for him
his dad put him on the plane with his mother
to Guinea-Bissau
and together they continue with the Landrover Defender
from the city of Conakry
to the land next to it that is called Ghana
but what a distance if you measure that
from the Netherlands to Ghana country
and with such tropical ivory

I remained during Twilight at the Cornetto
now I'm wandering again, well you think it's so-so,
a bit weird
then you look around dashingly
fortunately not really crazy
and also not back from point zero
after this event, I'm going to kill
I mean to kill the time
no, they are not punishments
just go to bed to sleep
if I have to yawn so many times
and I hear the doors vibrate with the wind so wild
Ah, it's getting late again, my dear child
yes, really, it's really going well with me....
The Ferris Wheel (Part 1).

The Seasons of the Day:
THE FERRIS WHEEL
Part Night

The night
midnight
as cold as
a frozen heart
without a bit grin of moonlight
starts
whose frozen heart
the midnight
dark as darkest Kenya
groping in the dark
not very smart
this verse put created
my heart enlightened
my insight entwined.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Saturday, August 25, 2018
@ 6.18 hours VM West-Eur. Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Forteenth Of July 2018

For My Dearest,
Congratulations TODAY On This Engagement Day the 14th of July 2018 carefully and with much Love formulated, just for you....

Today is the Independence Day of France, but I wish to Celebrate Our Engagement Anniversary DAY, let's pray, praise and worship God. We do this on Our Own Way....

Words are Important, 
Powerful and Precious, 
they come through our mouth 
after having been examined in our Mind.

They can make royal thrones fall. 
We can lose our Precious Love, 
We can lose The Light 
then we must walk in darkness constantly, 
so Be Wise 
and use Your Words Correctly, 
Keep Walking In The Light
The Eternal Light 
God is The Eternal Light 
Keep Walking In The Eternal Light 
We don't wish to walk in darkness 
We worship God, we pray to God and 
We praise God as usual 
and we Sing and Dance for Him
and We Sing Praises to Him 
We are most grateful to Him 
For all His Blessings and Sincere Love 
He is The Only God We Worship 
and Adore 
Each Day more....

PF. The 14th of July 2018!

Sylvia Frances Chan-
Dutch Poetess 
Copyright Protected.
AD. Saturday the 14th of July 2018
@ 20.23 hrs PM. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Vandaag is het de onafhankelijkheid van de USA
maar daarover wil ik niet een gedicht creëren, oh nee!

het is de eerste verjaardag van mijn eerste kleinkind
een babyjongen met een zacht hart, pienter en bemind
dat kan je aan de sprankelende ogen zien van dit gelukkig kind

momenteel zit hij in Ghana, met zijn ouders natuurlijk
dat is voor zijn mama's medische specialisatie, dus tijdelijk

zijn lieve mama heeft een appeltaart gebakken
een heuse traditionele hollandse appeltaart
maar bij het ontbijt kreeg hij een gekookt ei
echt naar Ghanese traditionele gewoonten
mamma heeft geen vrije dag
dus gaat pappa wandelen met zoontje lief
gewoon in de buurt dichtbij huis
als babyzoontje moe wordt, kunnen ze snel naar thuis
en thuis is het altijd pluis

wij wensen jou een gezegende en gelukkige kindertijd toe
geniet de liefde van je pa en ma met volle teugen
als je dit jaren later leest, zal je je zeker nog geheugen
ook nog God's Liefdevolle en Rijke zegen.

met veel zorg en liefde bedacht

Jouw Grootmamma

Sylvia Frances Chan
Nederlandse Dichteres

AD. Wednesday the 4th of July 2018
Photograph by Sylvia Frances Chan

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Fourth Of July 2018 (2)

Today is the Independence day of the USA
but I do not want to create a poem about that, oh nay!

it is the first birthday of my first grandchild
a baby boy with a soft heart, smart and loved
you can see that at the sparkling eyes of this happy child

currently he is in Ghana, with his parents, of course
that is for his mama's medical specialization, temporarily

his sweet mama has baked an apple pie
a real traditional Dutch apple pie
but at breakfast he got a boiled egg
a traditional Ghanaian habit
Mom does not have a day off
so Daddy is going to walk with him
just near the house
when baby's son gets tired, they can quickly go home
and at home it is always fluff

we wish you blessed and happy childhood days
enjoy the love of your mom and dad to the fullest
if you read this poem later,
you will definitely know, sure
this is Grandmum's Birthday poem especially for you
created with much care and love
accompanied by the Rich Blessings of God above.

Created with much care and love,
AD. On the 4th of July 2018 - @ 17.12 hrs. PM-West European Time

Your Grandmum
Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch Poetess

P.S. He was born on the Fourth of July 2017, at midnight 00.15 . Western European Time

NOTE:
CHOSEN AS THE POEM OF THE DAY on AD.4 JULY 2018 IN POEM
THANK YOU SO MUCH, DEAR POEM HUNTER TEAM.

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Girl With The Golden Earring

See, you're my love, but you're a little thing
The girl with tiny Golden Earring cling
A sweetheart dot and many things more sweet
As those Johannes Vermeer painted once

contemporary of Rembrandt's cronies
you had no friends, can you look for Trollies
a loyal Dutchman from the Golden Age
Laughter all those times, Roaring and Crying

In any case, John was an introvert
was in his field a very smart expert
created these very tiny paintings
at his home with family always neat

the film 'bout him sounds a very false tone
as usual with artists the king dethroned
John's life was normal and ordinary
they say greatest things 'bout him but the truth

his friends life: tedious, full of drunkenness
no money, always drinking and much noise
much drunkenness, beggars and always broke
it depends how they used their time and spoke

Source:
The Poem in the Dutch Language by ©Sylvie TAN

by © Sylvia Frances Chan -
Tuesday 15 November 2011 - 20.56 hrs.

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Invaluable Place On Earth....

The Invaluable Place On Earth,is a good Dutch worth, thoughts in rhymes, twirling in ma head....

behold the enchanting weather now, sans woe(sans in french: "without") wherever you are, you'll never regret it, yes, you! wow, the fine summer rains, sans bit deep pains

like today, I don't know where the earth is going even my stomach starts loveliest singing

last night, there had been the most severe storms, with the eerie nightly thunder-storms

but this morn, all of a sudden, with showfull action the sun is suddenly appearing out he gives delightful protection I'm terribly satisfied, sans doubt I feel happiest, now I gonna really shout!

only today is it a very big feast, swirling, no one hangs out the beast

behold this nice weather! wow, it's a real party! I feel the pleasant warmth in me, the sweetest touch under my skin the Dutch soft summers are coming in when the twilight gently twirls I feel like I really enjoy these thrills the beautiful mesmerizing day made it all the twirls and whirls are still at it!

This beautiful place on earth is like a resurrection for me, this source,
where love unfolds and passion is pure,
of course...

© Sylvia Frances Chan

@The invaluable place on earth
Thursday, June 13, 2019
Dutch Golden Morn @ 9.15 am

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Last Songbirds Of The Wildlife Of Nepal.

Flowers so wild
grow mostly in hearts so mild
I reckon and methinks is that so
ask your grandma, she surely knows

recently, exactly last fall
I paid a visit to the Wildlife in Nepal
near the snowy regions
I imagined this must be paradise
cool air and the loveliest sight, no trespassers at all
I knew it was a decision so wise and tall
the people are gently and kind
whatever you do, they don't mind
just for a short week to Nepal
just to see the tiniest songbird, that's all
it is marvelous to listen to, it is that worth
listening to this most beautiful songbird

perhaps you don't know
they are the only ones left in this place on earth
haven't you heard about that, oh my dear that's absurd
even my grandma did already know

you can still see them now
if you manage quick and hasten somehow
to go to the cool Wildlife of Nepal, wow!
be assured, Nepal Wildlife never disappoints
and you are blessed with some anoints

Pipi's Notes for
Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Thursday 12 July 2018
@ 10.14 hrs. AM West-European Time
The weather? Whole week summer like in Ghana-30 C
and these last days as early spring sans snow-13 C
Sylvia Frances Chan
The Lord

composed especially for Deb Joseph in her lonely moments,
God Bless You always!

The Lord
no blame you need God most when
your thoughts are in no wits
no blame you'll always want to talk to Him then
you can't converse with three little kids

you forgot one thing, my dear
God is there for you so clear
Just call Him by His name sure He'll be listening
you'll be strong again your heart will keep singing

of course, I can talk so easily
I take no part, so sorry
in your sorrow
today or tomorrow

for Debs, thinking of her lonely moments

©Sylvia Frances Chan
copyright Sun Sep 11 at 11.00 hrs- 2011 -
All Rights Reserved

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Lord Cares For Me

Divine love
transcends all pernicious

the real love into our
transcends all human

supernatural love in our lives
transcends all kinds of love

that love, you said, you have for me
hopefully the God resides still in you
the love, you said, you have for me
that heals my sores
and anoint my heart breached

but your words
a wondrous embalming
for my shattered soul....

Photograph by Sylvia Frances Chan: "The Highest Top on the Grand Canyon Mountain, The Most Precious Words of God". She was there on the spot in the Grand Colorado Region, next to the TEXT on the Grand Canyon highest Peak. Psalm 66: 4. She has also watched this famous ancient panorama from a Piper Cub, so beautiful and pittoresk.

Pipi
© Sylvia Frances Chan,
on their way to Ascension Day on the 10th of May.

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Lord gives us love and life
no husband wishes the death of his wife
it is a constant strife
the natural death or committing suicide

you wish to live longer?
just pray and ask for a healthy long life
the Lord gives you all you have asked
because of His tremendous love so true
only for you, yes, believe that, only for you

when you know Him better
you come to know that
God loves you so much
that He gave you as such
His own beloved Son to be hung
yes on Golgotha
to redeem mankind from sin, yeah

but IF you take yourself that precious life
IF you won't recognize his endless Love
especially for you, He won't prevent you
and He quickens this wish for wishing to be dead too

observe this forsaken earth
at the birth of your beloved child
God knows if you wish this kid or not
if you don't wish this infant be born so mild
pay attention, God killed instantly this unwanted child

no matter the age
love is His greatest wage
God loves you so much
He wishes all be alive as such
with true and pure love
as He is doing His duty above

but ever since Adam and Eve left Eden
ever since they ate from the forbidden fruit
they realized that it wasn't wise
they are naked, now they can shake it
they'll kill each other or they'll kill themselves
ever since no human can ever live till eternity

such a greatest pity
mankind was allowed live short, not till eternity
but if you ardently believe in God
your life will be prolonged right on the spot!

The Photography is by Sylvia Frances Chan

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD Wednesday the 17th of January 2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Lord Is My Shepherd

The LORD Is My Shepherd
David's Song: Psalm 23: 1 - 6

Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

2. He maketh me to lie down in green [1] pastures:
he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3. He restoreth my soul:
he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
for thou art with me;
thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5. Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of mine enemies:
thou anointest [2] my head with oil;
my cup runneth over.

6. Surely goodness and mercy shall
follow me all the days of my life:
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Psalm 23: 1-6. As we all can read in the Bible.
Narrated by Sylvia Frances Chan
Sunday the 9th of July 2017
@0.07 hrs. AM WestEuropean Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Man From Bordeaux....

That handsome man I painted last night,
had disappeared from my canvas,
was it this morning or last night,
I don't know anymore, if I'm right, alas!

I don't know either exactly when,
since I slept so tight, my friend.
The fact is, he is no more on my canvas, it seems
he has eloped with my best friend
or were they just my dreams?

I looked at my palet that night,
all colors are still complete, untouched
deep sea blue, ochre yellow, Titian red, and zinc white
only Bordeaux red was used, that much.

my handsome Bordeaux red man hasn't returned yet
a blank canvas is all I have now, I'm really truly sad.

Notes: aquarel = watercolor painting.
bordeaux = the same red color as in the picture.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

This photograph is taken from own Aquarel by Sylvia Frances Chan and is called:
"The Man From Bordeaux" or: "Aquarel in Bordeaux"
One of My favorite Aquarels.
AD. Saturday 12th Sept 2015-
19 C Degrees -@ 4.38 hrs.A.M. .
Happy BirthDAY to you, René! Many Happy Returns of The Day!
God´s Blessings in Abundance for you, René! Note: This is not a birthday tribute,
but co-incidentally written on his Birthday and it was first published on on
René´s BirthDay. Coincidentally, as oft I had done.

TODAY: AD. Saturday 17th February 2018-
@ 4.51 hrs A.M.- West-European Time.
Four Celcius Degrees below Zero in a snowy area and very very frosty cold. It feels like minus 10 Celcius Degrees.
Co-incidentally published today on the BirthDay of my 2nd-grade classmate from childhood in Jakarta, Indonesia. Happy BirthDAY to you, Esmeralda! Enjoy your Day! Many Happy Returns of The Day. God Bless You!

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Master Weaver's Plan

Many are the plans in a person's heart, but it is the Lord's purpose that prevails

Proverbs 19: 21 New International Version (NIV)

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Some writings are considered classics. They endure the test of time and are worth going back to and rereading time and again.
The poem The Master Weaver's Plan is a Christian classic.
So said Corrie ten Boom during her life.
She is a famous Dutch Evangelist during WW II, lives in Haarlem.
After the war, she has traveled a very lot to tell the world about God's Great Wonders she has got during these war times and

As Corrie ten Boom said:
As far as I know, the author of this poem is unknown.
Whoever wrote it has conveyed a reassuring message that has touched many hearts and lives through the years.
It has touched mine too.

I pray it will be a blessing to you today as you read it once again or discover it for the first time, Corrie ten Boom.

Corrie wrote that with much love, and so am I humbled and honored presenting this loveliest poem by Author Unknown, God's Blessings, Sylvia Frances Chan

CORRIE ten Boom's Favorite Quote:
I like the words here so much that I wanna let you know too, please read, thank you.

The Master Weaver's Plan

My life is but a weaving
Between the Lord and me;
I may not choose the colors-
He knows what they should be.

For He can view the pattern

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Upon the upper side
While I can see it only
On this, the underside.

Sometimes He weaves in sorrow,
Which seems so strange to me;
But I will trust His judgment
And work on faithfully.

'Tis He who fills the shuttle,
And He knows what is best;
So I shall weave in earnest,
And leave to Him the rest.

Not 'til the loom is silent
And the shuttles cease to fly
Shall God unroll the canvas
And explain the reason why.

The dark threads are as needed
In the Weaver's skillful hand
As the threads of gold and silver
In the pattern, He has planned.

by AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Based upon research, have discovered that more than one person have been credited with authorship of this poem.
For now, have decided to list it as "author unknown"; until there is further clarification. Thank you so much, Corrie ten Boom.

I only present this as Corrie ten Boom ever said during her life,
thank you so much, Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Sunday 29 June 2014~~
~~18.11 hrs PM.

TODAY published here for you to read since I am fond of this poem by AUTHOR UNKNOWN, I wanna show to you all the beautiful words and to all the people in this forsaken world, once again thank you.
AD. Tuesday 19th December 2017-@ 8.08 hrs. A.M. West-European Time
Sylvia Frances Chan
The Mh-17 Flight Boeing 370....

Aqua, bright fresh water
we oft get in the Malaysian Airlines
but not in the MH 370
where art Thou?

where are you all now?
when people and media around the world
bow in your case somehow

still hope you are all alive
i knew that you made that one big dive
right to the bottom of the ocean

all those inspectors are still saying
we can hear your phones are still ringing
my heart, my body and soul
knew: you all are not whole
anymore, but you were just freezing in the cool
do not make me a fool

that big birdie right to the bottom
with that rapid speed
as if to a large concrete

MH 370 you are now in freezing coolest water
know, that we all still bother

between air-intro space
or salted water filled ground
with the deepest bound

no matter what, we still care about you all
what only matters how long have you been suffering
in that suffocating small space between those walls

we all heard you sing

whatever Thy Response, i do understand Thee
no matter what, it's Thy divine decision
oh Lord, that suffocating air on the bottom of the Indian Ocean
how they were suffocated altogether suffered
and that only 2500 km away from Perth

but i trust Thee Lord, Thou hath Thy own reason
whatever may be Thy divine decision and Thy precision

may all passengers be altogether in greatest peace and ease
may they all really be released and now Rest In Peace....

© Sylvia Frances Chan

day 22nd March 2014~~at 3.09 hrs a.m.~~
ADDED Notes:
Since 11th March this Boeing nr.370 has disappeared from the radar
navigation~~since then I had watched each hour of every day TV journals~~~till
today they have found the wreck~~~the chinese in Beijing announced the news
today~~
CORRECTED on Monday AD.24th March 2014 21.12 hrs. pm~~Malaysia too has
announced this news, that they have found the wreck TODAY 24th March at 2500
km away from PERTH, West-Australia at the bottom of the Indian
Ocean~~~~~~~~
3.09 hrs 14th March this Boeing nr.370 from Flight MH-17 has disappeared from
the radar navigation~Monday AD.24th March 2014 21.12 hrs. pm~~Malaysia too
has announced this news, that they have found the wreck TODAY 24th March at
2500 km away from PERTH, West-Australia at the bottom of the Indian Ocean..

AD. Saturday the 14th of April 2018
@ 15.16 hrs P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Netherlands Celebrates....

On the Palace Op De Dam, we celebrate together with the King first Commemoration of the Dead (4 May) and then Liberation Day (5 May)
You can put on the TV at 8 o’clock P.M. sharp

POEM 575- - COMMEMORATION Of The DEAD- - LIBERATION DAY- -

After Commemoration of the Dead,
that is on 4 May

Every year on the 5th of May
comes the Liberation Day,
Hurray! Hurray!
again Hurray!

Honestly
this a holy token for everyone
freed from Nazi Germany
but not for me

What does this mean for me?
How can I celebrate the day that I was not born yet?
indeed, the late Hitler made the world pretty mad

This simple poem celebrates Hitler's death and greatest Defeat the defeat of that entire second gang from World War II

I am happiest for the created PEACE
Canada, and The Allied Forces had liberated Europe from the tyranny of one man
Yes, we can
of course all forces joined and united,
YES, WE SURELY CAN!
TRULY, WE CAN!

I am happy that the Netherlands is celebrating its freedom
Being liberated from the Nazi jug
that is truly not a hug
What is the Nazi?
I do not know
maybe a wild animal that kills us?
on the darkest and deepest night in our beds unexpectedly?
I still don't know, that's why I can't really be happy
because I don't know what we are celebrating?

Oh, dear God, this is not for me, not for us
but definitely a greatest plus
for the whole nation of us

I really love peace
I cherish Peace with all my heart
my biggest euphoria in this whole part
of Liberation Day, Hurray!
on the 5th of May

but FIRST on 4th May
a two-minute silence on that day

Exactly at 8 o'clock at eventide
our token of great respect
for all those who suffered and died
together with our king we bow our heads,
for the two minutes Silence
at 8 o'clock eventide....

A.D. Saturday the 4th of May 2019
© Sylvia Frances Chan-

On 4 May: two minutes of Silence
On May 5: Celebrating being liberated from the nazi

Sylvia Frances Chan
The New Year's 2019 Resolutions....

Start the 2019 Resolutions with brighter, better solutions

Remember, the last day of December

then our 2019 resolutions avoid temptations

prevention is the best no smoking anymore really never more

that is our doorstep to the grave

drink a bit of good wine that is always safe

for best health's condition and our body's edition

submit each day resolutions our way

for our heart-beat do it precise and neat

our blood vascular and another cellular

In the absence of a normal cellular immune response, bacterial proliferation may lead to infections

just do it that cleaning
everyday bit by bit
with healthy greening

resolutions top hit
so we'll stay fit

never exaggerate, stay just fit
don't go on top of it

invite the poor and homeless
make notes or quotes in mind
never lean upon our face so kind
or even our smart forgetfulness

just don't forget
to greet the elderly
even we've just met
at their sickbed or in the grocery
with respect very carefully

think of positive change
It is always there at close range

have time to pray
and a bit time to play

don't forget our smile
that prevents us from anger
all the while.

This is the first start
of our New Year's resolutions
don't forget the bumping of our heart
and our body's health rendition

we keep our deep respect
for our grandparents and parents
most precious we select
them for our New Year's act

bring these all to the Lord
our praying and devotions
all these resolutions
He will give us the best solutions

remember from point to point
God gives us His anoint
you bet!

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Saturday the 15th of December 2018 -
@ 8.42 hrs. A.M. Nederland Time

NOTES:
Of course, there are many more Resolutions
start with the most important
and ere we go further to the next point
we must have for this already the solution
then after this, we may go to the next point
God gives us His anointing.

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Only God’s Believer....

The Only God’s believer....

Are you a Christian?
No
Are you a Jesus follower?
No
Do you believe in the birth of Christ?
No, I only believe in the Only God....

Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Monday the 10th of December 2018
@ 15.04 hrs. P.M. West-European Time
The same as Nederland Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Paintress

At Harrods I bought
some Rembrandts oil color
new tassels and linen canvas

thought it was blue
but shades of you
were buried in

lamp blackened tin
and emerald green
wished you have seen

my pallet here
that shows you clear
how I mixed, dear

that burnt sienna
never wet with aqua
but with burnt amber

hope you still remember
that greyish rather
brownish deep omber

and such a despair!
oh, oh, I wished that people
would be fair

then there would be no nightmare
anymore on this planet on this site
please provide!

photography by Sylvia Frances Chan

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected
AD. Wednesday 7th March 2018-
@ 22.22 hrs.P.M. West-European Time
3 Celcius Degrees, tomorrow morn 9 C degr.

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Poverty I Am Saddest About....

(he shouts about politics, while we have here about poetry)

....he read that
mine poetry about this poverty
the stupidity started scolding me
declared instantly me-moi as its enemy
its words, so absurd
a lunatic so terrific

not its area nor its section
I oft write in Dutch and this is mine declaration

I do now one step lower
from &quot;it&quot; I step a bit lower down to &quot;his&quot;
his profession does not read poetry
but he thought he could read
poetry poesy and poems

true very pity
not his art nor his profession
he meddles in everything
mine poetic wings, not his thing

Oft to my Queendom he comes
he thinks he could reign me
that was his greatest mistake

he thought he could read
I too thought that he could read
but....I was mistaken

mine loved friend said he loves to read
I too thought that he loves to read
it seemed so, it looked so
but....I was mistaken

after having walked amongst this poverty
I must conclude in tears and tragedy
this is the worst and most tragic comedy
I ever knew after my literal study
after he read my poetry
in the darkest café while drinking wild wine
he copied the full title of mine poetry
"Saddest about the poverty nowadays"
and instantly mailed me,
that I started talking about politics
I thought he could read poetry
but....I was mistaken
my loved one never knew
the alienating appearance of this blind male
I wrote about true poetry and its poverty
he associated with politics
once again here I repeat my last poem's title
"Saddest about the poverty nowadays"
his unwanted eyes are peeping constantly
copying my poem, the constant liar
he read mine poetry
I wrote about the poverty in poetry
instantly he started shouting about politics
just like this fake person
he has that poverty I have in mind
about vocabulary, grammar, and all that kind
I thought he could read poetry
I was mistaken
he was peeping constantly
at mine poetry
I wrote about words, nouns
the present and the past
and all the tenses
it pained all my senses
when he accused me of politics
of yelling at innocent persons
shouting at innocent poets

not mine strife in this forsaken life
I am suffering from pain
restrained

I thought he was clever
I am now mistaken forever

Oft I asked my lover
do you wish to know who he is?
he is all there darkest is, except God's Bliss
a constant stalker, an insane chatter

an aliphatic androgyne appearance
this is the biggest difference....

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: "Winter-Mourning Landscape"

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

sday the 17th of January 2018.
@ 8.43 hrs.A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Prayer As In The Bible

Matthew 6: 9-13
therefore we pray

Our Father Who art in Heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:
For Thine is the Kingdom,
and the Power, and the Glory, for ever. Amen.

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: "The Martini Church in Groningen during King's Day last 27th April;"

Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch Poetess, Evangelist, World Traveler

AD. Monday the 30st April 2018
@ 5.36 hrs. West-European Time
Rains, hails and "stormy weather"; hard sounds of hails on the roof

Sylvia Frances Chan
ev'ry person has quiet moments.....at a time....need no companions....so there is that particular quiet spirit...

Have you ever heard
of the Quiet spirit?
No? ! Never? ! But alas, you are right my Love,
Since it is quiet, we cannot hear it

Not because we are deaf
Not because we are blind
Not because we are without love
Not at all...my Love...
Since IT is quiet, we cannot hear it

written in all its quietness
by Sylvia Frances Chan© Wed 17 Aug - 2011 All Rights Reserved

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Screwed Up Siuw-Ap....

Inspired by Mr. Brie´s poem about Peking Ducks, these words came into my head and formed a short verse.... According to a Chinese restaurant-menu is &quot;Siuw-Ap&quot; a roasted Peking Duck, this I knew since my very youth from the menu in Chinese restaurants....

Here the poem goes:
A best worded well horror filled brevity
theoretical easily said
but in truth a grandest problematic
associating the mentioned words
true absurd
that I ever heard
on a qualitative poem site.

all honours to you, Mr. Brie
me thinks you´re right

am not vegan, nor is this a thriller
nor am I an animal torsos killer

am only watching the pekinensis swimmers,
beguiling and captivating, am no smarter than these water fools
until the automatic
clock in my stomache

start to screw up
my hunted well cared &quot;siuw-ap&quot; (roasted Peking ducks) ....

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan, titled: &quot;Yunita´s presence at home&quot;

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Thursday the 9th August 2018  
@ 21.25 hrs. PM. West-European Time  
Accidentally created on my sister-in-law´s Birthday.  
She is a chemical engineer and resides in Perth.  
Happy BirthDAY to you, dear Teresa, God´s Blessings in Abundance.

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Seven Years Of Celebration....

In all solitude and silence
I have been serving and creating
with own wish and evidence
on Poem Hunter Poem Place
at the start, it was no race
in the year 2016, there came some trace
and what the finest surprise
except I becoming more wise
have I become wiser and wisest
the words have become the loveliest
as flowers in the Garden of love
roses all red and perpetually blooming
in these seven years of crooning
now am I still on zero ground
but the 500 would be soonest abound....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

AD.4 October 2018, Autumn Morn
@ 8.14 hrs. A.M. West-European Time
Very cold mornings, sunny afternoons.

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Seventeen Years Itch

Seventeen years of their itch
my lovely daughter-in-law is surely no bitch
but today they don´t celebrate their wedding anniversary with me
oh so sad, but still I have my glee, no I ain´t their enemy

Sunday is the Lord´s Day
but Today the 11th of March it´s also theirs
I have congratulated them though
have sent them a grand Bouquet of loveliest Roses
have called the florist and ordered these flowers
surely the bouquet will come within these hours
as we reside in the one and same city-town
I in the suburbs and they in downtown

May God bless them grandest
and their mutual happiness be always greatest!

photography by Sylvia Frances Chan

your Mum-in-law, who loves you the most
and cares for you as the best she can.

AD. Sunday The Lord´s Day the 11th of March 2018
and Today also theirs
@ 16.21 hrs. PM: West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Silence....

So Many Silences, But there's
Only One True Silence....

The silence of the night
the silence of the day

the silence of everyday
the silence of every night
there is only one line right
the silence of the night

even though mosquitoes sing and dance in this dark
the silence prevail

even though men are fighting at night
it looks like our ears do fail

even though old people are robbed at night
no one seems to know or has seen this

even though so many crickets are playing their harp
and make our ears deafening

no one has heard these creatures playing their harp

even though my beloved is screaming in his nightmares
no one dares
to tell that to him

when he awoke and asked the maid:
"Was I so loud last night?"
she obediently replied:
"No, most honoured Sir, not a sound, even not your sigh...."

©Sylvia Frances Chan
A.D. Sunday 2 June 2019 - 8.45 A.M.
The Silent Tones Of Mumbai Bay....

Started Last Night Till The Morning Dew,
just for you

I call this poem:
The Silent Tones of Mumbai Bay

PROLOGUE
As I watched the deep dark sky,
I clearly saw you heaven high
spirits true were with you
they have come with you, I know why

THE POEM
It's no full moon yet tonight, chérie
still the smallest curve, you see?

deep sea blue and emeralds green
you've been there and you've seen

but spirits true are with you
they have come with you, I know

that's all so true, the Trinity
a matter 'tween you and me

though miles away
echoing in Mumbai's Bay

what have I to tell you now?
it's absolutely all about love, WOW!
and passion, care and emotive things
you told me I must beware of all those ring-things

thankfully you have guided me
you know the megacity as the best
strolling along the boulevard of fame
of divided parts, Bollywood is its name
the big huge parts of rounded rocky stones
around the water, echoing the silent tones

I still remember the Queen's Golden necklace presence
as we watched those cute flickerings in her absence
no need to utter all greatest words
our minds had been perpetually updated,
they won't make our existence more complicated

I took a glance time and again
it's no full moon yet this night, my dear and then?
almost half round, a greater curve, you see?

EPILOGUE
Brushing upon my linen canvas
emeralds green with deep sea blue
ah, chérie, you've been here
see the footsteps in ochre yellow
only I can see that you're so near....

your Sylv

©Sylvia Frances Chan
A.D. Saturday Night -Sunday-Morn 14th Oct 2018 -
@ 02.22 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Spouse....

It's his 10th birthday and today it's only May 6th, but I want anyway to congratulate and thank him for all those loveliest years together and still many more beautiful years to come, thank you for reading.

..................The TRANSLATION..................

The husband,
So many years they brought joys and sorrows together
due to flowering and sunny black weather
during the harvest they walked under so many flowering perfumes
they have seen and experienced many wars
yet so much peace has come over their dunes
he is the restless type, and she constantly feels at ease in her own peace

Although there are storms and hailstorms coming to the mountain top, the pop they both often have their thumbs up
both a member of the victors' party
on this day she wishes him the happiest day of happiness,
a very happy birthday
kneeling together submissively to the Lord

His birthday is on the 10th of Sep and today it's the 6th of May, but I want anyway
to congratulate him and thank him for all those loveliest years together and more more years to come.............................
thank you, humbly Sylvie-
.

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Story

This story is ever told as new again
but where has it begun, when?
for whom, to whom or am I the victim?
I might be smart, but not yet slim

© Sylvia Frances Chan
copyright Sun Sep 4 - 2011 -
All Rights Reserved

Published September 06, 2011
Add this poem to your 'I recommend you to read' list? Confirm

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Summing Up....

There was once a poetess
she looked rather a princess
she was with God
and loved Him right on His spot
from her basic existence
she worshipped His Omnipresence
her life was one fluorescence
she prayed to Him in all abundance
and she had such a zest
like none else
yet she remained humble and full bliss
to God and all His all there is

perhaps you don´t know
she was not only: had been or was
she still lives in the now
she still surrenders to her mightiest Boss
and she is still amongst us all
she still hums praises that makes Him tall
worships and prays to Him humbled at heart
society´s sadness and tragic events are her part
worlds emptiness, dullness, affairs
and the so many wars, she still cares
for the well-being of humankind
she never closes her eyes nor is she blind
to the Almighty God, she daily says her laments
In the end, she never forgets to say Thank YOU Lord, amen....

AD. Sunday the 30th of December 2018-
@23.55 hrs. P.M. West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Tiniest Seed....

Not so oft I was wandering
through the forest of the dusty soul
the air was odd, I hope i stay whole
I hear behind my ears a man's whispering

I stopped, was eager to know
who he was and why he was wandering too?
I turned carefully, but no one to see
strange occurrences are happening here

wished I could flee as most rapid as possible
I did not succeed, I was strangled by a seed
the tiniest seed....a SEED? !
or was it just a weed?

I could not move, forward or backward
all of a sudden I saw my backyard
WHAT? ! My own backyard here in the dark forest?
The faithful yard heard my shouts and came to rescue me

from deepest within i knew that that was the Lord
He spoke unto me Sylvia, that seed I gave to you
when your beloved mum asked you to become an evangelist
I sent you perpetually blessings, so do not neglect your promise
use that seed constantly filled with praises
then evil would not step into it and use that as its hiding place
you know that I am always near you as your Grace....

© Sylvia Frances Chan

Tuesday - 24 October 2018-
@ 11.38 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Twists In Ma Head....

You know what's make me be in glee?
you can't see yourself
as a happy me
except in da mirror
but please, never be da warrior
except in da home
hello most beautiful almond shaped eyes
except mindful of wisdom
you are
truly wise
you are existing
whole and intriguing
may poetry gets immortal life
and readers' perseverance
you will be immortal
in my mortal mind
and in poetry's existence
we have people and people
entirely different in their gesture
but my mortal mind
is one of a kind
you have found that
in galaxy bound
quirky living and not dead
alive and kicking!
So most beautiful almond shaped eyes
be oft wise
and start singing
you know what's make me be in utmost glee?
The Twists In Ma Head....
the unexpected utterance
not of appearance
but of soul
you have found that
in galaxy bound....

AD. Wednesday the 30th of May 2018
@ 8.18 hrs A.M. West-European Time
Quote: Poetry is the unexpected utterance of the soul, is from Mark Nepo.

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Ultimate One....

The Ultimate One, driven by TWO persons
Two hearts, Two bodies and ONE Soul
The Ultimate One, driven by two persons as One
Making Love....in Body and Mind
As One Soul true kind

Only able by True Love
with the help of God Above
Heaven is the Name
No, not some funny odd game....

The Ultimate One
the greatest choice most careful ever
when the blessed life has started
we both be a part of it, but love's never done....

Card designed by Sylvia Frances Chan in her fav. colors:
red and green.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Saturday the 15th of March 2014.
16.58 hrs p.m.
Beautiful very Sunny weather, but in the evenings
the chills of the wintry hills are coming back
it isn't Spring yet!

Sylvia Frances Chan
The Vacuum Cleaner Sonnet....

The Prologue:
With the presence of the two cats, my help does not need to clean the house, I will do that myself, my help must only care for the roses in de yard, since I know that I am able to clean the house better than she.

The Sonnet:
Recently our household has been added with two most beautiful cats, they fear rats, these cute cats belong to my youngest son and fortunately our house has no rats Pluk and Mug surely listen to their names like our royals their dinner is brought they may sleep anywhere, not in our beds

my dear spouse regards them as the cutest he plays with them, leaves all the dirt behind for the sake of the pets, I clean each day cutest, prettiest cats, my dear husband's pets what he never knows is that each time still I take pills for enduring the cats´ hair I can knit many clothes for the winter

The Epilogue:
each time I clean the house, there is so much cats´ hair on the tapestry, on the glass floor, everywhere, enough to knit own clothes for the coming winter, seriously.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Saturday eventide the 18th of May 2019 @21.05 hrs P.M. West-Euro-Time The Finale of the Euro Songfestival in Tel-Aviv, Israel starts now

Sylvia Frances Chan
There's Beauty....

There's Beauty in everything in life,
in shadows and lights
in blacks and whites
in which we can see and enjoy
in which we cannot see but can still enjoy
beauty in the negatives
and also there is beauty in the positives.

There's Beauty in all things in nature
in things we nurture
in things that torture us
our entire life
yet we still speak of Beauty
and of Life and of Love.

We are most grateful as they come
as gifts, talents, and blessings
from the Lord above
God enables us to use it
not as a post-it or a bulsh*t
but as inspirations in things we created

Beauty is in the tiniest spots
Seen and unseen
Beauty is oft filling our minds
as it originally comes from Thine.

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

Sylvia Frances Chan
These Tiresome Tapas....

Luminosity rectify
darkest corners
in my memory

shouting sirenes
amongst the crowd
on the Ramblas
crying coffee
and tiresome tapas
future victims
and the dirty wash

shocked we all are
myself the most
that darkest corner
in my memory
had criminal intents

over the news
the police shot
five living targets

the killings on their plan
one greatest failure
so much crowd
not one exposure....

© Sylvia Frances Chan

This poem was created on the Ramblas self, Pipi accompanied Sylvie too
and now they are walking on the emotive Path to the Day that Jesus would
ascend to His Father in Heaven, some 1985 years ago at the age of 33 years young....

Published on MPS - 2017 NOTE on-the 13th of September 2017:
after the occurrence in Barcelona, the poem was noted up there.
Dearest,
Wish to tell YOU eagerly if I may,
These Caring Details for Every Year on Your BirthDay:

You are God's Child so Mild,
a Rose Flower in His Loving Power,
a Peaceful Mind so Beautiful and Kind,
a Heart as Precious as Gracious,
a Being with utmost Wealth in Your Health,

You told me more than often with Words so softening:

I am God's Embodiment,
thank you so deeply for this Grandest Compliment....

Yesterday I wrote in my WA to you: How many times must I hear
How many times must you tell?
I only pay attention that
YOU are always well
All the time, again and always

the Lord with His Utmost Love for us
has His Embodiment of mankind as a Super-Plus
Loving, Caring, Forgiving, and Giving
As we demand Him we may be receiving
Every day again any word we bestow....
Sending to YOU these Words
may your Heart and Soul be comfortable and glow
may we be the constant seeds every time He will sow

My Dearest Most Beautiful One,
these Words I bestow,
as your Glistening Light of snow,
forever and beyond and in our after-glow,
throughout monsoons, autumn, rains, and snow
I solemnly say If I may,
I love you so pure from deep within....
your caring Soul Sister Sylv.

AD.24 Sept 2017 @ Los Angeles Time 23.54 Hrs
Dutch Time 25 Sept @8.54 hrs.
The true original poem as it was created and declamated, is still in my archives.
This is a BirthDay Presentation for my dear Soul Sister.
God's Blessings in Abundance, thank you for reading this.

Published on PH y 12th Nov 2017 @ 18.11 hrs P.M.

Thank you for your words. This one is for you, Sylv.

Gratitude

can be embossed upon a stone an algae induced field
around brims of waterfalls and wells.
or if i were to say it finds root in the smallest
bud and yellow flower upon the grain of autumnal dusk
would you believe this as psalm and prayer?
upon cold earth and melting hydrosphere
a thousand shimmering boats land on the horizon front
one of these, aboard with two eyes
raised as iris buds for you
travel within the consciousness of warm rain.

Love,

Sneha

After having read your GRATITUDE

Immensely happiest in admiration,
this is for you, baby

My LOVE for YOU
WOW! Jumping up mountain high
Imagining you’re constantly nigh
bedazzled of the warmth of the cold earth
in the sound of silence
while melting in the warmth of rain
i only believe the Words of the Scriptures, baby
for me, darling, your words are myriad worth

My love for you is of tenderness
of a compassionate birth....

Love,

Sylv

Sylvia Frances Chan
This Morn

this was written in my own website
at the beginning
of January 2007

This Morn
I greet this day as usual always the same issue
as usual
but the next moment my tears fill the floor as morn goes by everyday like before

I greet this day as yesterday the day before today and the day before yesterday
and the day after yesterday two days from now like I used to greet Him in my
songs of praise I feel at ease after this release, yesterday like today and the
many many days after tomorrow, feeling no sorrow when I greet Thee, my Lord
of Heaven.

© copyright Sat Aug 13 - 2011 - All Rights Reserved

Sylvia Frances Chan
Three Years Too Late....

like my tassel lying on the west coast
my uncolored canvas
defines my absence
for through long longer longest lonely nights
the quiet hours once distilled
start to bubble again

me into only the slightest sigh of
consciousness.

definition, faith, and feeling
hidden in one box

like a lover
facing another betrayal of
your other extended death.

© Sylvia Frances Chan

Wednesday 26th Sept 2018 -
@ 17.00 hrs. P.M. .
Sunny day, hurray! -19 C degrees.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Through The Eyes Of Elmina....

Love knows no distance
I hath no continent
Its eyes are for the stars......
Quotes by Gilbert Parker.

True right, the stars has brought me to Elmina
not to El Alamein, but to this sweetest town in lovely Ghana
where they have the most beautiful symphonia
at the Beaches of the white noises of Madame Fanta

To watch this broad land of floral Ghana
through the eyes of sweet Elmina
such a privilege here in this peaceful part
in the center of giant West Africa, my pleasant start

Remembering Ahanta West, these coastal singing beaches are the best
Madame Fanta's simple kitchen has brought forth
the most delicious dishes, reigning in these coastal West
the different kind of tidal fruits n the remaining enjoyable rest!

These rural retreats are most delighting pleasures
the immense wealth of their hidden treasures....

from The Loveliest Songs of Fortnight Ghana
by Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Wednesday 20 June 2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
Ti Aspetto....

So che mi ami
Ti amo anche io
Ci vediamo presto
Sii coraggioso
nella terra dei barbari
raccolgono ancora il tuo cuore e la tua anima
lasci il tuo corpo sdraiato
perché è totalmente vuoto
la tua anima è la più piena
e bloccato
con un sigillo di nulla
costa solo un riks
vieni tesoro, ci vediamo presto
cammina come un pavone
perché sei già stato scelto
molto presto dai tramonti
Non ero ancora nato
tuttavia
parliamo la stessa lingua
da nessuna parte un ostacolo
OK tesoro, sto passando ora
e ti sto aspettando....

GRAZIE

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Martin Luther was born ToDAY.
AD. Wednesday 31 October 2018-
@ 10.10 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Time-Zone....

Just wanna inform us all
we have not always the Time in hand
but when we are already on the 6th January
this beloved poem site is still one day earlier
it differs only a few hours
de despite the showers and mine working hours
we are here already on the 6th January
and this beloved site is still on the 5th
I don't wanna bite
I wish to tell it to you sweetly
lovingly and charming

that needs another blend of new poetry
indeed I love you so true, intriguingly
I cannot live without thee...

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: &quot;Beautiful Bryce Canyon-USA&quot;

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Saturday 6th January 2018
@ 6.48 hrs AM West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Tinted Thoughts....

I do not repeat, that everything is ultimately intertwined
I am not saying that most rivers have an artistic bend
all wines imported from France
have a special perfumed fragrance?

Do you know that?
the life of a person
is a constant struggle
between love, life, death and smuggle?

The life of a person
is usually between man and woman
on the one hand, it’s oft hellish earth
but that life is worth it
since on the other hand golden trumpets are chiming

not my life, that hellish fact
about that act of that man and woman
we still have a better choice
know the Lord and start to rejoice

pray every day as if your life depended upon it, practice as much as you can
confess every sin that you have trespassed
sin is not devoid here, even if you are a wise man
taciturn eyes, source of uncharted pains
taciturn eyes, source of uncharted sufferings

I do not repeat, that everything is ultimately intertwined
love, life, death and smuggle
likewise life is so most sublime either
yet, our life on earth is a constant struggle....

©Sylvia Frances Chan
Anno DominiWednesday the 15th of May 2019

Sylvia Frances Chan
To Heaven....

My beloved sister-in-law has gone to Heaven.  
May she rest in peace.  
This Heaven is not yet in Paradise.  
Heaven is the Crematorium Center´s name in Jakarta´s Beach.

She has taken the flight one day before New Year´s Eve,  
sans saying Goodbye to us, her beloved family.

Always too young to die.

One thing I know, she loves God immensely.  
Sans pain, sans suffering,  
to God, she has gone in solitude,  
her great absence is our saddest etude.

Man proposes, God disposes....

My deepest Condolences  
to my beloved spouse and to her two kids.  
She is cremated on Thursday, the 3rd of January 2019.

Sylvia Frances Chan
To know Him

To know Him

to know HIM is the Power of Love I know Him well, I thought It is not easy then
always talk to Him every day like crazy

It is not easy then to reach Him thru the palms of my hands but once I feel Him
it is not easy to hide for Him He knows to find me and I know He was looking for
me I can feel that any moment my heart enriches as I found Him I will never
loose Him again.....

Sylvia Frances Chan

© copyright Sat Aug 13 - 2011 - All Rights Reserved

medio August 2011

Sylvia Frances Chan
To My Beloved Spouse

My dearest beloved Spouse,
So many many years they spent love and life together
through bloomy and sunny weather
during harvest times they both gained too many fruits
so many wars they have seen and yet so much peace
he is the restless type, and she feels constantly at ease

although stormy hails are coming to the mountain-top
they both have oft their four thumbs up
both each a member of the party of the fittest
on this Day she is wishing him the happiest birthday full of happiness

May the Lord Almighty Bless You in Abundance!
The 10th of September celebrated in full excellence!
from your dearest loved espouse.

The espouse congratulates her beloved spouse on her own poetic way
what it shall be and what comes it may
greatest hurray on this happiest Day!
thought, created and written with abundant love and much care

Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch Poetess who resides in Jakarta (Indonesia)
and in Amsterdam (The Netherlands)

Sylvia Frances Chan
i sit now thinking....
about you, dearest Dad
how long it has been, this sad

i am looking to outside's view
how everything seems so new

i am looking through this window
how time has fled so fast and full of sorrow

i still see clearly that i am enjoying the mocca
in that cozy Ragusa ice saloon in Jakarta

we two only on my favourite spot
all delicious things are far from hot

it was a delicate coldness, that mocca
i only want to say i love you very much
and the most happiest Happy Birthday Pappa!

but now you aren't here anymore, not today nor tomorrow
i must admit that that day i was in deepest sorrow

i am looking through this window
the people moving so very slow

like a film in the cinema in slow motion
your coffin passing by left me in greatest emotion

how i wished to go along with you
now i only whisper these words i love you so true
and happiest Happy Birthday to You

soft, tenderly and with a most loving thought
i know that you´ll come here today

melancholic emotions, i am in tears,
and more i have brought
for you Today especially for you my Daddy Dearest
i know Today you’ll be here as the nearest
so i am whispering in your ears
as you know me of course with more tears

the most happiest Happy BirthDay Pappa!
and Many Cozy Returns in Jakarta

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan

© Sylvia Frances Chan
21 March 2014 @ 00.00 hrs Friday~~Happy BirthDay Now and Forever

Sylvia Frances Chan
Token Of Love For My Beloved

True love never withers
the absence you feel hither and thither
crystal clear is the glistening
true love has a special golden lining
crystal clean heart
true love is inner sense that part

I present thee my brevity
humbly and honestly
first of all I pray to the Lord in heaven
praise Him with my solemn worship, even

please remember my love
I present thee but first of all the Lord Almighty above!

created with much care and great love,
©Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Sunday the 5th of August 2018
@ 12.20 hrs P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Tomorrow, Lesser Sorrow, Beloved

Tomorrow lesser sorrow, beloved
never be melancholic
after months of rains
our mind be drained
after weeks of snow
we all can stay in the row
to be the first for tomorrow's sun

always remember, darling
tomorrow tomorrow
will be lesser sorrow than yesterday
never look back, it's past time
tomorrow tomorrow
will surely be lesser sorrow
just forget the past, that will never last forever
and believe me Tomorrow will always be LESSER sorrow....
From yesterday we have consumed and suppered
on the day self when we suffered....

you see, baby, believe me, sweetheart
tomorrow all sorrow will be lesser, think smart.

Card designed by Sylvia Frances Chan

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD Monday the 26th of March 2018-
@ 19.25 hrs P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Tonight

Bring back
my tears,
my humor
and my cheers

as long as I am
in my R.E.M.

never say or tell me
that you'll bring them back
as a time-lack
in my dreams-to-be

but please face me personally
tonight
or at least do fight!

Good Night!

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Saturday 22nd March 2014
The night is oft patient~~sweet dreams, sleep tight~~at 0.49 hrs.a.m.
Sylvia Frances Chan

from my poembook &quot;Emeralds GREEN`
(published by Xlibris in the UK)

Sylvia Frances Chan
Tormented

That day after his birthday
my mind is tormented
by all those white walls
just like that long stare
cooled to bottles and blinks

so my mind is tormented
by all those long hours
thinking, re-thinking intoxicated
like wooden doors shed
to sit in the paint again, I bet

my mind is tormented
by all those minutes concentrated
like the Boeing's departure
penetrated
my heart is in deep torture
my soul deteriorated

three days have elapsed
since the last rainbow, I detected
up above so many colored impressions
memories coming to the surface,
many tawny reflections
all kinds of delightful expressions

darling, my mind is still tormented,
never stories told, no secrets ever unfolded
while driving homewards in silence
quite a sad reminiscence

the rainbow on my right hand
on the horizon
is still a bright colored band
but will soon be oblivion
like this partition....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
28th February 2014
23.55 -European-time
Chilly stormy wind 2 C degrees now

Sylvia Frances Chan
Tribute To Jany....

Many words have been said  
on your Birthday to make you happy-glad  
suppose you do not care at all  
even that, their love for you stand tall

In this foreign land, you're in solitude  
accompanied by attitudes-magnitudes  
you have had the preludes  
you chose silence in solitude

your mum-in-law  
she was more than just a bow  
she was the tree and its bough  
ever forget: she is the lead-arrow in its row  
she is both parents in one body  
defending you from many a tragedy

next to your spouse,  
with your laptop and its mouse  
in this foreign country  
you are the happiest individual-me  
today Sunday, the 14th of January  
we still wish you a Very Happy BirthDay!

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: "This Foreign Land"

© Sylvia Frances Chan  
Copyright Protected

AD. Sunday the 14th of January 2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
True Beauty

Gratitude wrapped
in Beauty
thankfulness
cherished
gratitude itself

given to
people
with peace
calmness
soft
touching
ease

the greatest piece
of their own true selves
to care for
to cherish
to nurture
never to rapture
but with love
affection
humbleness
sobriety
calmness and
deliberation

these actions on
this forsaken earth
the final result
feel like coming home....

Gratitude wrapped
in Beauty
on stained
earth
covered
flawlessly
with
humility
love and
passion
pay attention:
no desire
upon all the entire
even though
forsaken

deep within
glows the light
the fire
not the sin

the final emotions inside
the greatest within
wrapped in
gratitude

beauty from within
feels like coming home
with the sunrays at your back
blowing in....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
AD. Monday the 26th March 2018-
@ 14.28 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
True Love Is Never Easy....

True love is never easy as life is never easy
true love is most complicated
as life is oft complicated
when our memories are dated
emotions are on the wait
till I asphyxiate
on the next update
I beg you, please make it not too late
then I will wait
till you suffocate....

Sylvia Frances Chan
Dear Mister Trumpeteer,
according to you, each minute a great cheer!
every second you tweet and twitter
from here to thither
for your great-great-grandson
you could not even find a babysitter

where is your beloved wife then?
has she eloped with a man?
please Mister Trump
don’t be a bump

do not go abed with any whore
the papers said a One Night Stand and more
if you are still married, you must care for
your own spouse, that will be your strife
the sexual intercourses as husband and wife....

Photograph from Google.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Wednesday, the 28th February 2018-
@ 8.47 hrs. A.M. West-European Time
Extra NOTE: My FIRST poem about Mr. Trump

Sylvia Frances Chan
Tuesday´s Sonnet....

Love´s too old to know what desiring is;
my response of His Greatest Love for me
created this love for my only God´s bliss
this love for Thee, O Lord, none shall envy

my soul doth tell my heart what conscience may
there´s so much jealousy on sites like this
man is oft lying, I´ll try not betray
he´s persuading me, but I´ve God´s Bliss

jealousy comes galloping, worst wonder
came knocking at my door, devil´s thunder
I listen to God´s voice, well-known to me
surprising occurrence, no deliverance

ne´er tease someone´s heart, oh dear poet friend
I doth love God and poetry, my eternal lament

©Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

ay, the 6th of November 2018 -
@ 9.10 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Tweede Kerst....

Tweede Kerst
alles niet meer zo vers
maar ondanks de ergerlijke mist
voelen wij ons nog zo gezegend
met alles wat er dan over is

Tweede Kerst, niet meer het verst
als Eerste Kerst, maar toch
alles is echt, niets is bedrog
we eten ons buukje vol en toch
eren en danken wij God onze Heer
niet alleen dat, maar nog veul meer

dat ik God dien, kan je wel zien
zovele keren Zijn Wonderen en Zegeningen
besef ik dat ik dat gekregen heb
van God de Enige Almachtige
Eerste Kerst vieren wij dat
Jezus, Zijn Enige Zoon geboren werd
Om ons van onze zonden te verlossen
en kunnen wij terugkeren naar God, de Vader
die als een Hoofd - Ader
regeert over Hemel en Aarde

Op tweede Kerst gedenken wij met waarde
dat Jezus geboren werd in het land van Menachem
de jongen die woonde dichtbij Bethlehem
Jezus, de Heiland gebaard door een maagd
en Drie Wijze Koningen uit het Oosten kwamen vertraagd
om Hem te aanbidden met goud, myrre en wierook
Maria was intens blij dat wie dan ook
haar oudste en Enige Zoon geboren
zonder haar man Jozef, komt verwelkomen
bij Zijn kribbe in dat povere stal
het poverst maar hoogste in waarde van al

Eerste Kerst, tweede Kerst
of wat dan ook
het allerbelangrijkste is
dat wij allereerst aan onze naasten denken
hen, hem of haar onze liefde schenken
en ons belangrijkste deel
met hen, hem of haar deelt

wij mogen onze naasten
die het hardst nodig hebben tenimmer vergeten
onze mentale aandacht, niet slechts dat eten
onze liefderijke daden tenimmer vergeten
dezo allemaal moeten jullie het zeker weten
met liefde bedacht
met liefde gedacht
met liefde geschreven
moeten jullie het lezen
al is het slechts voor heel even....

photographie door Sylvia Frances Chan
Tweede Kerst 2017

Sylvia Frances Chan
U Wacht Ik Op....

ik weet dat je van mij houdt
ik houd ook van jou
ik zie je spoedig
wees moedig
in het land der barbaren
ze zullen nog je hart en ziel vergaren
jouw lichaam laten ze allengs liggen
want dat is totaal leeg
je ziel is het meest gevuld
en vergrendeld
met een zegel van niks
kost maar een riks
kom schat, ik zie je gauw
loop er bij als een pauw
want je bent reeds uitverkoren
heel vroeg sinds de zonnegloren
ik werd nog niet geboren
desondanks
spreken wij dezelfde taal
nergens een obstakel
OK schat, ik schakel nu
en ik wacht op u
U wacht ik op....

On the 31 October 1517
German monk Martin Luther nailed his Ninety-five Theses
on the door of the All Saints' Church in Wittenberg, Germany,
Electorate of Saxony in the Holy Roman Empire.

AD.31 October 2018 -
@ 10.10 hrs A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Uitingen Van Liefde....

terwijl we met elkaar vervlochten liggen,
donkere dageraad zal dat niet
wissen zoete elementen van de komende dag
onze gezichten zullen tinten hebben,
er zijn geen hinten
botsingen van liefde, vreugdevolle spelen in het hooi, onze rotzooi
geschorst, volledig ontvouwd,
terwijl we met elkaar vervlochten liggen,
tedere duwtjes in het hooi,
koms wat kan, wat er ook gebeurt,
op deze mooiste dag....

Sylvia Frances Chan
Under The Cherry-Tree

As I saw a muscled man walking by
I remember those summerdays as a passerby
when days were still warm and got hotter
Come here lie with me under the Cherry-tree, my doctor
So cosy and pleasant a warm companion
was I right or was it just an optional illusion?
Come lie close to me, cheek-to-cheek under the Cherry-tree
Make love to me, you're always busy I'm feelin' empty
Why should we be ashamed you my legal man set me on fire
have I to beg you, it's my part to get, like a car it's tire
let's do it in peaceful harmony, together under the Cherry-tree
my love, my man, my legal bed-a-mate, don't you love me?
The coldest wind of the North has come to sweep the ground here
A barren coolness fills the atmosphere
While shivering of winterblessings the evening freeze
My thoughts were still in those summerdays
Come here close to me under the Cherry-tree, my specialist
Make some hours free, be happy, enjoy life as it is

© Sylvia Frances Chan - Tuesday, 6 Dec 2011

Sylvia Frances Chan
Unrequited.....

Unrequited....
about love
finding back mine
so sad when unanswered
unreciprocated....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Black Friday 23 November 2018
@ 18.20 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Up On The Hills Near The Daffodils

the same: I wrote this poem in my own website in May 2008

Up on the Hills near the Daffodils
Seeing young men from a distance on the hills
young gals at the edge of the dike
my heart leaps up seeing the daffodils
but I don’t know what this day would like

having travelled all over this Planet
having zapped every corner of the internet
nothing fascinates me more than those simple mills
as I was walking along the daffodils

those glitterings in the sun
where I could see the footprints
the sunny light blue sky the evening shade
nearby and yet so far away...

© copyright Sat Aug 13 - 2011 - All Rights Reserved

Sylvia Frances Chan
Urgent News: Tsunami Again Last Night....

Message in the week of the Fourth Advent:
Deeply sad news from Indonesia (South East Asia.)

Our thoughts are with the victims of the Tsunami of yesterday evening (21.30 local time) in the regions of Sunda Street, Java in Pandeglang, Citara, and Serang, in Lampung on South Sumatra.

Caused by the full moon and the eruption of the Anak Krakatau in the Strait of Sunda that caused an undersea landslide.

Our deep sympathy for the families of the victims, for the time being, 168 dead and 745 wounded and 430 ruined houses.

As was the case with the Tsunami on Sulawesi, many more victims (deaths) will certainly be counted. Certainly 3-4 times more than the current position.

May the Lord watch over them.

Message in the week of the Fourth Sunday-Advent:
A.D. Sunday the 23rd of December 2018 @ 5.55 hrs. A.M. West-Indonesian Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Utterance Of Love....

while intertwined we lay,
darkened dawn will not
erase sweet elements of the coming day
our faces will have tints,
there are no any hints
collisions of love, joyful playing in the hay
suspended, unfolded throughout,
while intertwined we lay,
tender nudges in the hay,
cometh what may, cometh what may,
on this most beautiful day....

Anno Domini Monday the 29th of April 2019

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Sylvia Frances Chan
Valentine’s Day....

Prologue:
A close friend wrote to me a letter
about her problems having a special friend,
and now that Valentine´s Day is approaching

she wrote as follow
permit me if you allow

The story:
Would You Be My Valentine?
I have the choice out of so many
best friends, old friends, all mine
I have not one friend for Valentine

She has a special boy whom she wrote
asks him as above, the question in her note
but he was so shy, he dared not to reply
her reaction was quickest, please just come,
no present needed. I don´t tell you why

he told her despite his shyness
for Valentine´s day you need red roses
one bouquet full, I´ll bring it myself to you
you will be sure very happy
this emotion is not mine nor yours,
happiness is mental, no material possession
you or I, as long as it is mentally,
do not ask me why it will sure make you very happy
you are happy finally and so will I be too....

Epilogue:
Four years later I attended their wedding celebrations and now they have 4
children, twins were born twice. I have carried this happy story on my mind one
decennium long

Wishing YOU ALL a very Happy Valentine´s Day!
Anno Domini Wednesday the 13th Feb 2019- @ 17.08 hrs. P.M. West-European Times

Sylvia Frances Chan
Vastgespijkerd Aan De Bedden(1) ....

opdringerig
onvruchtbaar koud
maar niet tot oud
hier en daarbuiten
jaarlijkse staking
van maanden lengte
erg opdringerig
zelfs de jeugd kan het niet houden
het aantal van aanvallen
endemisch
pandemisch
het is overheersend
een ware epidemic
meest sublieme en meest opvallende
de meest onschuldige aanval
jaarlijks terugkomen
een zware belasting
de longen zijn heel erg aan toe
bij de geringste beweging
ben je snel moe
de meeste zijn genageld
aan hun bed....

Een ieder waar ook ter wereld, van harte beterschap toegewenst!
Men neme een glas rode port met schijfje citroen, roeren niet schudden
Proost!

©Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Thursday then 8th of November 2018-
@5.49 hrs.A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Veneration To The Gods....

Introduction: Kalliope's goddess for music, song, and dance she was also the goddess of eloquence her parents were: ZEUS & MNEMOSYNE
Veneration to the gods

Veneration to the gods
absolute insane thoughts

that was when Heracles inspired me
long before mortal births known to he
then I came from my hidden throne
I wished to speak to God alone

so odd, my Lord
planning without a sword
throw away thy divine words
am never used to, absolutely known to the birds
in the field of mine
your words are eternal most sublime

I knew I received God’s consent
to meet and speak to Heracles
only for one small moment

never dare my sinful heart
not a tiny bit nor a greater part
to abandon Thee, oh Lord
my One and Only God in my heart

once in a while
my body now is still fertile
I constantly talk graveyards long
till the deepest abyss while listening to Thine song

there I saw handsome Heracles in his walkings
looking perhaps for his girls' amusing?
once or twice I saw Kalliope, the eldest of the Mousai
she was loveliest and most eloquent, she did a very lot her way
dunno want to tell more, she was the mother of Orpheus, on that lawn
she was celebrating with song, and dance till the morning dawn
When the Mousai were assigned specific artistic spheres
Kalliope was named Muse of Epic poetry
In this guise, she was holding a tablet and stylus or a scroll
In older ones, she holds a lyre for music and dance only

Now I am climbing the Olympus
going to meet my favorite hero Heracles
hope this mission would be a great success
since day and dawn, I am his zest

A world so different mine Heracles
gatekeeper of the Olympus, ancient god of strength, heroes, sports, athletes, health, and no woes
the mythical god of agriculture, fertility, oh my god trade, oracles and divine protector of mankind, oh such a very lot

with the greatest pain, his mother gave birth to him
she was just surviving, she was at her brim
he was known as Hercules in all kind of Romes
Athens or Romes, what does it matter?
both were his loved and cozy homes....

Portrait of Kalliope from the Greek Museum.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

TODAY's DATE: My Ultimate: AD. Sunday the 28th January 2018
@ 7.32 hrs.A.M. West-European Time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Verbinding Bijgewerkt....

Jou ge-whats-appt vandaag
wat zal ik zeggen ALS het mag?
beetje soberheid, maar waardevolle woorden zijn onderweg

Wat doe je nu,
is je WA weer op een dwaalspoor geraakt?
De schrijfster dezes is de hele tijd van streek
omdat er geen aanwijzing is die toch subliem moet zijn

geen nieuws van jou,
stel je voor dat deze geest voortdurend aan je denkt
alle kleuren zijn voorbij het regenboogveld gedribbeld
met de drukke, geeuwende menigte erbij, het krenkt
de beste voornemens die ik aan jou schenk

de kleuren worden nu zachtjes aan blauw,
vanwege deze grote stilte? Dat doet toch ouw!
verzekerd zijn dagelijks een warme maaltijd.

ALS ik echt mag zeggen,
dit is op mijn unieke manier, mijn liefdevolle zorg voor jou
ondanks alles weet ik feitelijk nog niets,
ik wens je hoe dan ook geluk, goede gezondheid en veel liefs....

De foto is gemaakt door SSK: getiteld &quot;Dagelijks menu&quot;

© Sylvia Frances Chan
A.D. woensdag 10 oktober 2018 -
de versie in het engels is &quot;connection Update&quot;

Sylvia Frances Chan
Voor Alle Dingen Waar We Voor Leven....

Het maakt niet uit hoe we ons buigen, huren of lenen
dit IZZIT!
dit is het leven dat we bedoelden
het is alles wat er is
Liefde, strijd, winsten en verliezen
wat stelt ons het meest teleur?
voor alle dingen waar we voor hebben geleefd
wat stelt ons meer teleur?
we zeiden &quot;meer&quot;, maar bedoelden &quot;het meest&quot;
Dit zijn alle liefdes, de strijd, de pijn en het lijden
dat leven heet
jouw leven
mijn leven
ons leven
ik bid alleen tot God
dat we het waard zijn
die liefde proeven, genieten en plezier hebben terwijl we nog leven
alle strijd
in ons leven
jij en ik en wij
alle lof alleen voor U
na U, voor mijn baby....

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan: &quot;For All The Things We Live For&quot;

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

Happy BirthDAY, baby! AD the 13th February 2018-
All sharpest cold, bright sunny weather, keep skating in PyongChang
@ 11.58 hrs. A.M. West-European-Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Voor De Liefde Van Rose Marie....

Onuitblusbaar misschien
is mijn liefde voor poëzie
de beste reden om te ontkennen
ware liefde voor pure liefde, waarom?

Als liefdesprofielen in het dagelijks leven
echte liefde voor de strijd van de dichter
terwijl poëzie constant klopt aan de verslavende deur
van de verslavende geest en vraagt ??om meer

kunst zijn eigen verslavende beweging
op de basis startende emotie
direct naar de tweede verdieping
constant smeken om meer
vlak boven de eerste
zo is mijn grote dorst
voor poesie

niet te dempen, niet te stoppen
niet beschaamd om te bekennen
mijn leven als een prinses
met die speciale verslavende grap
van mijn eindeloze verslavende mogelijkheden
op dit moment niet in de tijd van de trol

de koninklijke ruimte
voor niemand te traceren
nooit een schande
deze verslaving aan poëzie
is de grootste reden
niet vanwege verraad
om mijn laatste visie te veranderen
nu zoals jullie allemaal kennen

sinds ik het wist nadat ik heb gelezen
van iemand van wie ik houd, het mooiste personage, wed ik
zulke mooie ondersteunende woorden
zo eerlijk, puur, beleefd en toch realistisch
toverachtige magie in mijn ogen,
verfijnde gouden deuntjes in mijn oren
en die woorden
tenimmer absurd
toverde
alles in mij dat leeft en hoort

snelle, verstandige zintuigen in
binnengedrongen diep in de huid
hebben hun hangende weg naar mijn hart gevonden
het meest gevoelige deel
van mijn nuchtere sensitieve sensatie
na de meest snelle evaluatie
vanwege die mooie, oprechtste woorden
de woorden van een persoon,
nooit absurd

ik blijf hier omdat u ook van mijn poëzie houdt
uw opmerkingen en complimenten die ik ken
uw constante gevoelige, sensitieve ondersteuning
constant aan boord
met mij
echte verslavende liefde voor poëzie
ik zeg je schat, ik blijf voor U, Mrs. Rose Marie
onuitblusbaar misschien
mijn liefde voor U en poëzie
het is de echte overtuiging
het is groter dan mijn poëzieverslaving....

A.D. Vrijdag 8 februari 2019 -
@ 14.05 uur P.M. West-Europese tijd
Sylvia Frances Chan
Onderwerp (en) van dit gedicht: episch, gedicht, respect en liefde

Sylvia Frances Chan
Voor Mijn Geliefde, Mijn Meest Mathematische Man

Je hebt visuele talenten
in snijdende kunst in het genezen van het menselijke lichaam
door velen gezien en beaamd

mijn kunst is Dichten,
een grootste drukke mentale activiteiten
van het brein,
voor mijn welzijn

een rationele houding
schrijft vaak in uitermate afzondering

een magnitude
met een prelude

tenminste met betrekking tot mijn
diepgaand poëtisch kwatrijn

het is een geschenk van God, een productief boodschap
gezegende emotionele vreugde, de constante heerschap

wordt geleid door Mijn Man In Bethlehem

woedende chaos onder het bewind van Pontius Pilatus,
vertegenwoordigde de Romeinse overheersing in de kern van het oude Jeruzalem
een echt droevig wanbeleid en nog veel meer in elk
brabbelen, je kon de hartslagen van Salomo amper horen....

Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan, titled: "My Love for You is Ever True", fine bone china.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Tuesday the 15th of May 2018- @ 12.40 hrs P.M. West-European Time
Voor Oebele Van Der Werff

Zoals in zijn leven
ge-eerd, gelauwerd en geliefd
nu weerloos en verweerd
ligt hij roerloos stil
adembenemend mooi, maar muisstil
hij kijkt op naar de hemel
in zijn kist op het rulle zand
dezo prachtige geliefde man

buiten klinken vette voitures en motoren
vullen het korenveld, het geluid niet goed voor mijn oren
wondermooie bloemen
nu vertrapt en soms bekneld
mensen herdenken een dode
intussen hebben ze tevens jong levens verwoest

zo is het goed en mooi genoeg
jij bent al knusjes bij God in de hemel
ik sta nog steeds op jouw erf
de liederen, psalmen en gezangen
voor Oebele van der Werff

mooiste van het allermooiste
liefste van het Goddelijke
heb jij ze alle mogen horen, puur
k'Wist niet dat ze zo fascinerend klinken
op dit held're morgen uur

Zoals in jouw lange leven
intens gelukkig, altijd blijmoedig
dikwijls gevierd, verliefd met je vrouw verweven

nu lig je weerloos zo verwonderd
geduldig, roerloos stil en wij voelen ons bedonderd

straks verlaten en verweerd ben jij
de liederen, psalmen en gezangen gezongen ook door mij
mooiste van het allermooiste
liefste oudste van jouw familie ziel
ga jij ons voor God verlaten
voelen wij ons krankzinnig gelaten
en je liefde voor al het groen
de natuur in al haar blazoen
jij bent nu veilig bij de Heer
je ontmoet je allerliefste vrouwtje weer

dit gedoe noem ik geen ontrouw
wij tonen ook niet echt berouw

alles op een rijtje gezet
het subtiele waar ik op let
nou hebben jullie sâam weer pret....

Pipi

Ter nagedachtenis: Oebele van der Werff
Ingenieur, zeer gezellig en geliefd persoon
overleden kort nadat zijn echtgenote door God geroepen werd.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Voor Sylvia, Vriendelijkste, Liefste Dichteres

Haar naam is Sylvia,
ze steekt haar hand uit,
en maakt ons zo groots

ik ben niet onder de indruk
door valse vrijgevigheid,
maar Sylvia's woorden
zijn de meest oprechte
die ik ooit hebt gekend,
ze laat me voelen
zo nederig,
met de dingen
die ze zegt,

Ze denkt echt
dat mijn poëzie swingt
wanneer het
slechts de wind is
die zingt.

Zo liefste Sylvia
Alsjeblieft, hoor aan
Dit is mijn oprechte
legaat:
"Ik verklaar nu
dat je mijn leven
prachtig hebt verrijkt
en gezegend!"

Sylvia Frances Chan
Vuur En Ijs....

Nu heb ik zin om Robert Frost te citeren en één van zijn gedichten te vertalen, nou ja in het nederlands dan, hé?

Fire and Ice - Vuur en IJs

Sommigen zeggen dat de wereld in vuur zal eindigen,
Sommigen zeggen in ijs.
Van wat ik heb geproefd van verlangen
Ik houd het bij degenen die voor het vuur staan.
Maar als het twee keer zou vergaan,
Ik denk dat ik genoeg weet van haat
Om dat te zeggen voor vernietigingsijs
Is ook geweldig
En zou voldoende zijn....

Dichter: Robert Frost
Vorm: Epigram
Vertaald in het nederlands door:
Sylvia Frances Chan speciaal voor PoemHunter Poem Site.

@ Woensdag 5 December 2018 -13.33 NL TIJd.
Sinterklaas is vandaag jarig. Gezellig voor de Goed-Heilig-man.
Van Harte, lieve Sint!

Sylvia Frances Chan
Wachtsje Foar Jo....

ik wit dat jo my leaf ha
ik hâld fan dy ek
ik sjoch dy gau
Wês swier
yn it lân fan barbaren
se sille jo hert en siel noch sammelje
Jo litte jo lichem lizze
want dat is hiel leech
jo siel is de meast fol
en sletten
mei in seal fan neat
mar koste mar in riks
Kom nei hûn, ik sil jo gau sjen
kuierje as in pau
om't jo al keazen binne
tige frjemd sûnt de sinten
Ik wie noch net berne
dochs
wy prate de deselde taal
noar in hinder
OK huning, ik wikselje no
en ik wachtsje op dy....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Martin Luther nailed his 95 Theses on the door of the All Saints Church in Wittenberg, Germany TODAY in 1517.

AD. Wednesday 31 October 2018-
@ 10.10 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Wag Fir Jou....

Ek weet jy is lief vir my
Ek is ook lief vir jou
Ek sal jou gou sien
Wees dapper
in die land van die barbarians
hulle sal steeds jou hart en siel versamel
jy laat jou lyf lê
want dit is heeltemal leeg
Jou siel is die mees gevulde
en toegesluit
Met 'n seël van nik nie
kos slegs 'n riks
kom skat, ek sal jou gou sien
loop soos 'n pou
omdat jy alreeds gekies is
baie vroeg sedert die sonsondergange
Ek is nog nie gebore nie
desondanks
Ons praat dieselfde taal
nêrens 'n hindernis nie
OK, skat, ek skakel nou
en ek wag vir jou....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Martin Luther was born ToDAY.
AD. Wednesday 31 October 2018-
@ 10.10 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Waiting For You....

i know you love me
i love you too
i'll see you soon
Be brave
in the land of barbarians
they will still collect your heart and soul
you leave your body lying down
because that is totally empty
your soul is the most filled
and locked
with a seal of nothing
only costs a riks (dutch oldfashioned coin of 2,5 Guilder)
come honey, I'll see you soon
walk like a peacock
because you have already been chosen
very early since the sunsets
i was not born yet
despite
we speak the same language
nowhere an obstacle
OK honey, i'm switching now
and i'm waiting for you
and i'm waiting for Thee....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Martin Luther nailed his 95 Theses on the door of the All Saints Church in Wittenberg, Germany Today in 1517.

AD. Wednesday 31 October 2018-
@ 10.10 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Walking In Silence....

Walking in all Silence

on the emotive Path to the Day

that Jesus will Ascend

to Heaven....

that is on Thursday

on the 10th of May

He is Present in His Omnipresence

......ascended to Heaven, exactly

1985 years ago,33 years young....

that occurred in the same year

as he died on the cross on Golgotha


Pipi

Sylvia Frances Chan
War (5) ....

About my loved Mom, as she was and still is for me, perpetually....

she is as strong and firm
as the Notre Dame

spiritful and and powerful
constant pleasure in her work

she is slender and lovely
her eyes have so much beauty
great is her authority
she has enormous diligence

never tired and always helpful
she is caring, loving and precise
she is never boasting,
but she is very wise
and always earliest to rise

everyday she fulfills her duty
she aims to be a good mummy
that will complete her life and make her happy

she lost her daddy when she was one
she was the youngest of three girls
her mummy was oft gone
the nanny was caring instead of her mom

peaceful country, beautiful retreat, lovely house, a home
her beloved mom never remarried
a stepfather is not her own
the three girls were soonest full grown

then came the dirty damned second world war
no moments to light a bit or to soar
unimaginable explosions

she has a too caring and loving heart
the instant flight for The Enemy
she lost her glee and her identity
she was still too young
this war made her become an instant wreck
her heart and soul are broken
like a broken windowpane in myriad pieces

my deepest grief constantly
her body is very healthy
she lost her glee mentally
no matter in what condition
this is my rendition
to love and make her happy
together with my daddy and bro

despite her health
she wanted to bear kids
my bro and I are grateful perpetually
to God, to our beloved daddy and to she
my eternal loved mommy....

with caring love
your only daughter
who loves you still immensely.

Thursday 6 June 2019

Sylvia Frances Chan
Wars…..

I was creating WARS sequels numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4 but all of a sudden, all the verses had gone, before I could realize they are no where to find

WAR (1)WAR (2)WAR (3)and WAR (4) have gone to splashes four beautiful sequels gone forever no more to read nowhere to find immense sadness in my mind

the eyes nor the fingers became tired but dear Microsoft has greatest jealousy and wiped all the WAR SEQUELS created in the lappy aimed for Poem Hunter and its Poem Site my WAR SEQUELS be proclaimed world wide so now NO more WAR(s) , ONLY PEACE rest number five about a private war that of my loved Mommy....

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Anno Domini Thursday 6th June 2019 West-European Time= Dutch Time 21.39 hrs. P.M.

Sylvia Frances Chan
We Are God's humble Servants And Never His Equal....

Wonderful poem, but I never said that I have become one with God's Son called Jesus.
I worship God, I look up at Him, so that I have become more of Him,
He is my Existence, but I am not His existence, but I am in His Existence,
I do worship Him all the time and I am a humble servant of God.
There is God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Spirit,
they are called The Holy Trinity.
I said I become more and more of Him, that does never mean that I have become His Beloved Son, never.

I become more and more resembling Him as my Saviour.
I live while looking constantly at Him as my Holy figure to live as He, to do everything according to His Laws,
He is without sin, while we are always full of sin,
till that day we shall meet Him again,
that time we will be without sin,

I do hope eagerly, we strife for a sinless life,
but as long as we are called humans,
we are always contained with sin,
that's why Jesus died at the cross on Cavalry for us,
for you and for me, so that we will get eternal life, Amen....

SUNDAY, Commemoration Day, the 5th of May 2019
©Sylvia Frances Chan
The Netherlands

Sylvia Frances Chan
Wednesday’s Sonnet....

WEDNESDAY´s SONNET....
Happy Diwali Festivities

i pray to Thee for the happy nights-be
may they celebrate this happy light feast
the festivity of warmth, utmost glee
the soul be as the rising sun in th´east

trivial celebrating festivities
diff´rent historical events-stories
deities Rama-Sita´s return to A.
Hindus Ayodhya´s 14-year exile
goddess Durga destroyed demon Mah´sha
Sikh´s golden temple in Amritsar,
Mahavira´s Jainism moksha´s bliss
year´s lights celebrations

annually during five nights feasts of lights
i thank God Almighty for this possibility....

Wishing you all and wherever you are Happy Diwali Celebrations!

©Sylvia Frances Chan

A.D. Wednesday 7th of November 2018
@ 5.18 hrs. A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Wees Lief Voor Elkaar....

Just a Short NOTE here. Know, dear poet friends,
when I closed Poem Hunter, I opened it now again, to tell you
with the happiest heart that this is my 100th Poem, so sorry in Dutch, but next
time in my 101st poem, it will be English again.
Thank you, sincerely Sylvia Frances Chan, First Christmas day 2017

’k Wilde zeggen,
wees niet slechts op Kersttijd aardig en lief
wees ook altijd eerlijk en maak niet
van je moeder’sportemonnee jezelf een dief
gewoon aardig en lief zijn
praten zonder venijn
is dat te veel gevraagd
of zijn mijn woorden zo afgezaagd?
gewoon aardig zijn tegen anderen
en onziet het kleinste niet
astublieft, praat zo lief
om er van te watertanden
gewoon lief zijn, ook echt van binnen
is zo zeldzaam in deze tijd
zovele soorten mensen
met ieder hun eigen wensen
hebben snel spijt
als ze lief doen
ze zijn bang voor het verwijt
dat ze alleen op winst uit zijn
pure harten met liefde voor elkaar
doen zeer als ze de tands des tijds niet doorstaan
als ze pure liefde tonen
maar niet tegen kunnen tegen dat honen
moeten ze maar op een onbewoond eilandje wonen
alleen zonder haar
of alleen zonder hem
echt lief zijn is niet moeilijk
niet slechts van buiten, maar ook van binnen
eerst goed nadenken of je dat kunt
anders ga je tenimmer beginnen
echt, ik kan je aanraden
echt lief zijn, echte liefde tonen
kom maar tussen de mensen wonen
geniet van alle gezelligheid
en zie, je kent wel tijd
ondanks alle gezelligheid
je zal nooit spijt hebben
een land, een plek waar liefde woont
is zo bijzonder mooi en toch gewoon
je voelt dat aan het kloppen van je hart
wees niet achterdochtig
kies je leven vol liefde en geniet ervan
geloof in eerlijkheid in elkander, want
dan leef je met elkaar een heel leven lang
zonder zorgen voor morgen, tenimmer bang
echte liefde maakt het leven bijzonder
ons hele lichaam en brein wordt gezonder
nooit meer spoken zien, alleen het licht
zie nu hier, ik heb geprobeerd te maken een gedicht!

Denk niet te lang na, ik doe mijn plicht
te leven met jou met echte pure liefde
het geneest alles, ook jouw vervelende jicht
voor echte pure liefde zwicht
ook de sterkste mannenkracht, net als die van jou
doe het gauw en je hebt tenimmer berouw!

De fotografie is verricht door Sylvia Frances Chan
Eerste Kerst 25 December 2017
om 6.24 uur V.M. West Europese Tijd

Sylvia Frances Chan
Wereld Kampioenschap 2018

Wereld kampioen voetbal
wat een wereldschatjes van overal
Duitsland Engeland of Frankrijk
overal staan ze te kijk
men voelt zich de koning te rijk
als vrouw heb ik niet zoveel verstand
hoogstens een corner, strafschop
offside of iets anders er op
eerdere kampioenen moeten eruit
anders loopt de tegenstanders met de buit
deze veteranen zijn al te oud
ze verdienen noch diamant of goud
ze moeten gewoon er uit
er uit gegoooid worden
want dit is prestatie werk
presteren moeten ze,
echte professionals moeten steeds
wereld kampioen voetbal
is nu dagelijks te zien op TV
wel of niet kijken?
ik zit er niet mee....

Pipi

AD. Monday 2 July 2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
What Has Become Of You, My Ephesus?

I want to tell you about Ephesus, a well known and coziest town on earth during the earliest times when serving God, but those moments can happen nowadays too since God is still the same God, then and now.

What has become of you, my Ephesus?

For those who equate 'love' with 'works', it's obvious that Ephesus had lost its zeal.

Perhaps the prayers they did and the meetings were lifeless

Perhaps their works of service were done without any real enthusiasm, that saddest was, it's not hard to find churches like this in our time.

The usual remedy is that churches like this need to straighten up. do things instantly according to their soul. they need to confess their sin of apathy, repent and get busy and work hard for Jesus.

If they don't, bad things're going to happen, I reckon. lampstands will be removed. preach a message like this and the church will soon be back out on the street witnessing as if their lives depended on it.

They will be zealous, but joyless. They will be earnest, but fruitless.

And in a year or two they will be worn out and lifeless once again.

No, the real problem with Ephesus was, that they had forgotten: They are beloved children of God.

His love for them and never may be based upon their love for God
Remember forever God's love for us, never must be our love for Him.

We must never forget: we are beloved children of God. God's love for us that we must pay attention to and never must be our love for Him be more important than His Love for us, please learn, study and then you shall know

this slight difference which is, in fact, a VERY BIG SUBJECT to keep serving God as the best we can,

I repeat here: pay attention to His Overwhelming Love for us, know what it means and serve Him like that. We need to confess our sin of apathy, repent and get busy and work hard for God, since He loves us so overwhelming much and this must give us a precious, cherished feel and so we want eagerly work hardest for Him, since by serving Him in this way, we will get back our zeal, and our work for God will give very fruitful periods to us.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Poetess, Evangelist and World Traveler.

Sylvia Frances Chan
What I Wanna Say Today....

What i wanna say today....
....Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever....
....i have an urge to write these words today, i thank you so very much for reading, .........with love from Sylvia....

The Bible? Of course, i read it, but not every day, seriously, not as a research book, but as The Holy Scriptures, my basis for my faith and to pray.

It has the Old and the New Testament, i'm oft inspired by the Word of God in every segment.

Authoritative, in faith i hold the Bible, to be inerrant in the originals God-breathed, infallible.

i assure you to read it, bit by bit, for your faith and practice, please read the complete hit, and final authority, perfectly guided by the Holy Spirit.

i believe in the only God, He is the Creator of all, He is also known as the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, revealed by God Himself, as ONE in being, in essence, and glory.

God is the One and Only Almighty, omnipresent, omnipotent He, and unchanging. He is holy, just and righteous, He is love, merciful, good and gracious.

i believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ, the expressed image of the Father is grandest.

Who was born to become an ordinary man, in order that He could tell us who God really is, and provide the means of salvation for humanity and all the bliss.

Jesus Christ of the Holy Spirit's conception, and, born of the Virgin Mary, only she, without a man, Jesus is truly God, and fully man, without a sin,
His birth occurred only by His Mother, still a virgin.

He lived a perfect, sinless life, His teachings are all true. Jesus Christ died on the cross just for me and for all of you,

He died for all humanity as a substitutionary sacrifice, we hold that His death is sufficient to provide salvation, the price, for all who receive Him as their Saviour.

That our justification is grounded in His blood shed, that it is attested by His literal, physical resurrection from the dead.

Jesus Christ ascended to Heaven in His glorified body, He is now seated at the right hand of God, as our High Priest and Advocate,

i believe in the divinity and personality of the Holy Spirit, He regenerates sinners, and He indwells believers.

He is the agent by whom Christ baptizes all believers into His body, He is the seal by whom the Father guarantees the salvation of believers unto the day of redemption.

He is the Divine Teacher who illumines believers' hearts and honest minds, as they study the Word of God, each on their own relaxing spot.

The Holy Spirit is ultimately sovereign, in the distribution of spiritual gifts to the obedient man.

The miraculous gifts of the Spirit, as they were known in those times in ancient Efeze, while by no means outside of the Spirit's ability to empower, no longer function to the same degrees, they did in the early development of the church in Efeze.

The reality and personality of angels do exist, God created the angels to be His servants and messengers.

i believe every word i have read in the Bible and its translations, thus also in the existence and personality of the devil and its demons, this devil's name is Satan is the heaviest enemy God ever met,
as evil rebellions against His Almighty power, too sad,
i read this in the Bible in Isaiah 14: 12-17 and in Ezekiel 28: 12-15 at my spot,
he is the great enemy of God and man, condemned by the Lord,
he and his evil company were sent away for good from the holy place,
i read this in the Bible in Matthew, and in Revelations, i reckon,

my belief, based upon reading, deep thinking and my greatest Faith in God,
that we can defeat these evilish appearances right on the spot.
By praying and asking for more strength in our belief,
so that we can conquer and be freed from this devilish thief! !

All these words were ranting me to jump out of my mind,
but i took paper and pencil to hasten the posting like this kind....

Then, my dear Poetfreak friends, and today my HePo friends
i bow to you all, humbly and with great honesty, i say the deepest Amen....

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected
On Sunday the 3rd April 2016 - 13.28 hrs.p.m. Published on Poetfreak. Too
beautiful sunny day....Spring is here! (de Lente, Dutch) ....

TODAY it is SUNDAY the 12th of November 2017 @ 7.17 hrs AM and I wish to
say my Sincerest CONGRATULATIONS to my dear niece in JAKARTA, Indonesia,
MONA, who is celebrating her BirthDAY. GOD's Blessings in Abundance.
Remember that God loves you always....

Devotion-love-GOD-Birthday-my niece-the Bible-to-trust-Faith-Hope

Sylvia Frances Chan
What If....?

What If the sun does not always rise every morn?
What If you always get that scorn?
What If the love you have got, and you are so fond of, one day just fades,
what If this love is only the imaginations of your shades?

So my dear, never shed a tear,
but be strong though things go wrong
never sit down but start to think,
work on that problem instantly with your instinct
that's the only point in life you are assured
to get the quickest result of the problem
and you're instantly cured.

No one promised you a rose garden,
all of a sudden I remember Ali B,
with his advertisement Yarden
Ali is the famous Dutch rapper,
Yarden a place for cremation and the rest
indeed Ali could be your principal zest

What If the sun does not always rise each morn?
Do never worry, my sweet love

What If you always get that scorn?
the time being they'd be instantly blackest popcorn,

What If the love you have got,
and you are so fond of, one day just fades,
then I can only say that's not kind, not appropriate

what If this love is only the imaginations of your senses?
that's most absurd, 'cause I have been living according to Jesus
Jesus, the impeccable son of God
you will discover your life shall change a lot....

© SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN
AD. Black Friday still, 24th November 2017-
@ 15.22 hrs P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
What Is Love?

Love is love as we all understand
as far as our mind and heart can comprehend
it is the most caring heart at hand
and the sweetest mind to understand

Love is love as we all can understand
love is not that rude, harsh and brutal
love is that most tender, sweetest-touching total
it is not that competing factor personal

Love is that tender heart inside you
love is the understanding attitude
awaiting you in gratitude
to bloom and reach the helping hand too

Love is the complete formula
between you and the other constantly
no other gal in between nor fella
the calmness, the peace, the utmost me

Love is the emotion friendliest to us
never competing but a reaching hand
love gives our own tempo it be slow or fast
a constant calm feel, easy to mend, never to bend.

My gratitude and love to SSK
about this subject is never known to .

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Tuesday 2 May 2017
@7.08 hrs AM WETi

Sylvia Frances Chan
Where Is Marieta, Where Is She?

Especially for Marieta Maglas, my tutor in mind.

Where is Marieta, where is she?
For I don't know now what she is doing
I was just missing her, I've been searching
for her in all my quietness, now I write this piece
before going to bed, I must have peace
I've been searching in Poetfreak, oh dear
I don't expect there would be a misunderstanding here

Where art thou my dear Poetfreak friend
A lady holy, fair and wise is she
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.
i'm now regarding you through William
Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness
With your eyes so beautiful, you've been observing us
Now I begin to observe you but that would be no plus
Always ends in minuses, since you're gone from here
i don't know whether there are more freaks here
searching for you or do they just dream where to find you?
Am I the only one who's looking for you?

Then to Marieta let us sing
That Marieta is excelling
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring
To see her again we joyful sing
Marieta sweet, please come here and sing
with us your joyful song, I won't be lamenting
i do hope it won't be dull for you to hear
for your smart occupied ear!
i whisper in your ear: I miss you so my dear....

© Sylvia Frances Chan -
Some lines are from W. Shakespeare:
'Who is Silvia? ' A verse consisting of 3 quintets, but mine consists of a septet, a
13 -and an 11 lines verse.

Midnight 4 Dec 2011 - a very cold and dreary hour.

Sylvia Frances Chan
While Pondering Upon This Text From The Bible....

In the consciousness of his own human weakness, 
the apostle Paul writes to his beloved brothers and sisters in the faith in Corinth: 

“For I had not decided to know anything among you, but Jesus Christ and 
them crucified.” [1Corinthia 2: 2]

We want this to be the content of our proclamation through the articles: 
Jesus Christ. 
And all this to the honor and glorification of our great God.

We want to make the utmost priority for the very personal faith life of everyone. 
Next comes the influence on marriage and family, community and society.

May the Lord give that the articles will help many in the faith.

Let's go in the evening 
the blessings of 

reflect on the day 
and God there piece by piece 
for thanks.

It will strengthen our faith in God 
and grow

Sylvia Frances Chan
Easter is seen as the most important Christian celebration. It is actually considered more important than Christmas and Pentecost.

At Easter, Christians in particular commemorate the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

On Good Friday, Jesus was crucified at 9 a.m., at 12 a.m. it became dark all over the earth, and around 3 p.m. towards evening Jesus was buried, close to Calvary, a hill near Jerusalem, where Jesus was also crucified.

A day before Good Friday, on White Thursday, like today Jesus sat with his followers at the table for the Last Supper. The day marks the beginning of the suffering of Jesus. The term White Thursday comes from a Catholic tradition to cover all crucifixes with a white robe. White stands for holy and joyful.

Silent Saturday, a day after the death of Jesus, is the day that Jesus lay in the grave.

Silent Saturday is also the last day of Lent. Lent starts on Ash Wednesday, forty days before Easter.

Actually, there are 46 days before Easter, but there is no fasting on Sundays, and so you end up with forty days. The Eucharist is not celebrated in churches.

And then it's Sunday, and Easter Sunday, always the first Sunday after the first full moon in Spring.
On this day we celebrate the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

On Easter Monday,
everything is back to normal.
Easter Monday is a day off
in most countries, just like in the Netherlands.

Easter eggs and chocolate hare have nothing to do with Easter.
The egg and the Easter bunny are symbols of new life and fertility.
They refer to pagan fertility festivals
that were previously celebrated around this time.

A.D. WHITE Thursday in 2019 that is on the 18th of April

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Sylvia Frances Chan
Why I Am Living For....?

Why I am creating constantly  
if not for thee  
Why I am writing those responses repeatedly  
if not for thee  
Why I am speaking so honestly  
if not for thee  
words in thy poetry are caring and loving

thy words in thy most beautiful poetry  
have touched me time and again  
I don’t know since when  
my love for poetry  
is just like my admiration for thee....  
thy poems and thy poetry  
greatest blessings for me  
Why I am living for  
if not for thee....?

Sylvia Frances Chan
Why?

What if someone lies to you?
What if that is really true?
What if that's your best friend now?
How must I feel then, yes! HOW?

Why cannot we taste the fruits of true friendship?
Why cannot we taste the good results of true companionship?
Why must it always have a shipwreck because of wrong navigation?
Why all of a sudden sailing to an unknown destination?

These are all my questions dear
These are all so very new to me, as they suddenly appear
We know that honesty is the best policy
we possess inner wealth and much legacy
and God gave us much talent, gift, and prophecy
so WHY my darling, now I almost cry I'm proxy....

My dear, WHY must it happen
someone unknown to you has let it unwrappin'
why so many lines were a copy
my love, our brandnew car now has turned a jalopy

Sylvia Frances Chan
Wish You A Happy Birthday, Baby

Haven’t thought it was My Day
haven’t forgotten too it was My BirthDay
what was the reason I don’t realize
that it was My Day, I won’t organize
won’t invite,
won’t cook at nite
won’t knock at any door
just to borrow some flour
to make a home-made cake
this is a fact not some shadowy fake
The Day with burning candles and flickering lights
and long evenings with early morn goodnights
Oh yeah, added one more year
I wish YOU a very quiet and peaceful Day, my Dear
and a Day full of love, Glory, and Happy-Me,
I wish YOU really a VERY HAPPY BIRTHDAY, Sylvie! !


© Sylvia Frances Chan - Monday,28 Nov 2011

Sylvia Frances Chan
Wish You A Very Happy Birthday, My Dear Iréne....

Wish you a very happy Birthday, my dear Iréne
today on Sunday, greatest Blessings just for you
from my heart to yours in France
these wishes added with perfume and fragrance
today, know that I am thinking of you

I have seen God's amazing Blessings in your life
your wish to have three sons, that was no problems, that you know
since God is constant present in your life

I feel blessed that you made me your example
but know that I am not that ample,
small not as big as you have thought
to be your example

happiest am I when I noticed you love my verses
these words are for you today as my wishes
enjoy this day and know
that God is always nearest to you

know these wishes are meant for you today
my dearest Iréne, enjoy your BirthDay on God's Day today....

affectionately,
tante Sylvie
pays-bas

©Sylvia Frances Chan

Sunday 16 June 2019-
at 9.10 hrs am our time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Witte Donderdag....

Pasen wordt gezien als het belangrijkste christelijke feest. Het wordt eigenlijk als belangrijker beschouwd dan Kerstmis en Pinksteren. Met Pasen herdenken vooral christenen de opstanding van Jezus Christus uit de dood.

Op Goede Vrijdag werd Jezus om 9.00 uur gekruisigd, om 12 uur werd het over de hele wereld donker, en rond 15.00 uur tegen de avond werd Jezus begraven, dichtbij Calvary, een heuvel in de buurt van Jeruzalem, waar Jezus ook werd gekruisigd.


Stille zaterdag, een dag na de dood van Jezus, is de dag dat Jezus in het graf lag.

Stille zaterdag is ook de laatste dag van het vasten. De vastentijd begint op Aswoensdag, veertig dagen voor Pasen.

Eigenlijk zijn er 46 dagen voor Pasen, maar er is geen vasten op zondag, en zo eindig je met veertig dagen. De eucharistie wordt niet gevierd in kerken.

En dan is het zondag, Paaszondag, altijd de eerste zondag na de eerste volle maan in de Lente. Op deze dag vieren we de opstanding van Jezus Christus.

Op Paasmaandag,
is alles weer normaal.
Paasmaandag is in de meeste landen een vrije dag, net als in Nederland.

- - - - - - - - - - -WITTE DONDERDAG- - - - - - - - - - -

WITTE Donderdag in 2019 is op 18 april

©Sylvia Frances Chan

- - - - - - - - - - - - -

POET's NOTES:
Easter eggs and chocolate hare
have nothing to do with Easter.
The eggs and the Easter bunny are
symbols of new life and fertility.
They refer to pagan fertility festivals
that were previously celebrated
around this time.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Women Warriors Of Honor

Mediocrity Today....?
It does not exist in my vocabulary
that's why I love Voltaire
he had such a faced air, really
it's all in mine vocabulary....

=====================================================================

Women warriors weeping full of regret,
they have become warriors since their men are all dead,
their only weapons are their worries and woes
how far could a war go, izzit only from hair to toes?

Women warriors weeping no longer of regret
they have become silent now
since they had returned from the war
nothing will be lost anymore
all thoughts and everything has been counted
women sacrificed
first

now they have got their liberty
first, their men had gone to war
no one had returned
these women followed them
they all returned with their men’s urn

no regret anymore, the war had come to an end
because of the wars, their men are now dead

their men were slaughtered in that war
in fact, they were no soldiers
they had gone to war to defend their country
they had been slaughtered in that war
no men survived
then the women came, it was their turn
but they brought home their men´s urn

These women live now in the village
without men
but with honor

These women live now in the village
without homes
but with honor

These women live now in the village
Without regret
But with honor

All the people were very sad and downhearted
the saddest view in that village
that night of the homecoming urn
every woman cried in their bed
all men in that village are now dead

Is that a curse or a blessing?
I cannot tell ye
please, be quiet and pray every day and night
for this village without men
but with honor

Let’s be frank and honest
this village is now only with women
still with worries and woes
from their upper head till their lowest toes
of course still with honor

nowadays there are still villages like this
all women pray and they get their bliss
they are happy with all there is
since they have done all things with honor
they have become well known now
these women warriors of honor

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected
These women live now in the village
sans men
but with honor
sans regret
but with honor and
all suffice....

=================================AD. March 2017
TRANSLATED:
Deze vrouwen wonen nu in het dorp
zonder mannen
maar met eer
zonder spijt
maar met eer en
allen volstaan....

On PoemHunter, AD. Tuesday 7th Nove 2017 @ 11.38 hrs.

Sylvia Frances Chan
World Championship Football 2018.

Being alert
says an expert
till the last seconds
That's about the present
world championship football
now still going on in Russia

Thinking of the match of yesterday
Japan thinks it wins from Belgium hurray!
this team will go to the Quarterfinal

But Japan became inassertive
Belgium changes a tired player with a temporary one
it's all in the game, but Japan must still be assertive
in the last five seconds Japan's victory has gone
that Belgium's temporary player
had gained that victory, now he has become a top player
Belgium goes to the quarterfinal
utmost glee because of this
most specially exceptional

That's why being alert will not suffice
being assertive is the only option all there is
five whole seconds before the signal of the umpire
a temporary player has set the Belgium team on fire!
with 3-2 they may still stay in the Russia sans wire.

© Sylvia Frances Chan

Monday the 2nd of July 2018-
Afternoon, West European Time.
Victory day for the Belgium team

=====================================

ADDITION:
Japan VS Belgium 2-3 Victory for the Belgium Team.
IF I may SAY: The Team of Japan must still be attentive, be alert and especially
BE ASSERTIVE. Japan must still keep attacking the Belgian goal and must still
have that behaviour as in WW II, aggressive and
all. They lost because of their own fault, it looked like they were awaiting the end signal of the umpire. YES, I have watched them too, otherwise I could not create this poem and tell you all these here as my Notes. BE ASSERTIVE and BE ACTIVE, WATCH and OBSERVE CONSTANTLY, till the final signal of the umpire.

In Dutch we say: &quot;Eigen schuld, dikke bult&quot;; It is an idiom, so no suitable translation.

Created with punctuality and love for the sport

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Dutch Poetess
Evangelist
World Traveler
Photographer

Monday the 2nd of July 2018-
Afternoon, West European Time.
Victory day for the Belgium teamADDITION:

Sylvia Frances Chan
World Citizen

Where do you live?
you mean where I reside?

On this beautiful forsaken earth
I have seen many sins in fellow citizen's inside
I have my pride
but I wanna confess
and it is for 150% a yes
that in my inside's hearth
I have many more sins,
much more than your rational would believe
although I am an evangelist
not certain a bliss
but that was my beloved Mum's wish
I dared not to refuse her
since I am an obedient girl
of course at school a rebel
but never for my dearest Mum
after having graduated
exactly three years after date.

I must confess
that I possess much more inner spirit now
more patience than before
more love and care than I ever owe

Ahok was blamed for blasphemy
that Islamic group lied constantly
till they got him in prison

such saddest tidings
am still humming my love songs
even though pained long time ago
am looking for peace while conversing to
my genius bro before he would close his golden window

my heart leaps up with strongest sense
his caring soul did never offend
i feel home in our parental house
nine days closest to his loving heart
i feel truly blessed as his younger sis
I do realize that's God greatest bliss....

© SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN

Jakarta, West-Java Time 21.00 hrs PM.
AD. on the 3rd June 2017
AHOK is The former mayor of Jakarta-Raya, the first person elected from chinese
descent, a christian, but certain Islam group in Jakarta
assumed that he has insulted the Kur'an. But this was not true, this group just
wanted him out of the Government. Jealousy is the name
of this game. Ahok &quot;lost&quot; the case and is imprisoned eversince.
All folks of Indonesia know that this is not honestly done. The judge who had
done the case, is replaced to Bali and Ahok is transported from Cipinang jail to
the Jakarta prison. The government was afraid of a civil war in Jakarta, since
Ahok (a nickname for a more beautiful name)has many followers throughout
Indonesia.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Wrong Direction

What is it now?
which word should I choose, wow!
what choice have I
which word I can choose and why
vivisection
no, wrong direction
dividend
not so inherent
that is exactly like interest
of the capital
of money
mine....
perhaps
thine....
well, my dear, time is money
these words have I chosen for thee
if I spent much or less time
that's the same as the amount in money

we all together spent much much time on poetry
we do not get one single dime of money

one exceptional is there for published poems
long time after we decease
we will be immortal with ease
and very, very famous all over the globe
and let us hope
that the world will read how intelligent we are

though the earned money go to them
the speakers, the seekers, the philanthropists

we do not get one single dime
since the money enters the pockets at another time
long after we decease

I do not say these precious words fluently
on our epitaph will be put most beautifully
here lies the world famous poet and author
he was an excellent writer, sublimest poet and bad actor

Are these the wrong words then?
What is it now, dear women and men?

which word should I choose, hurry
how much time do I get

which word may I choose?
hurry-hurry, so much time to loose

emergency section,
no, that's again the wrong direction

a huge memorable epitaph
signed with our autograph

© Sylvia Frances Chan

Dutch Poetess, Evangelist, World Traveler.
Wednesday the 15th of august 2018- @10.59 hrs AM

MyNOTES: Congratulations, dear Sally, today is accidentally
Your birthday, many happy returns of the day!

Sylvia Frances Chan
Yeats Never Cheats....

Yeats oh Yeats
never cheats
so honest as a naked bird could be
could still fly while none feathers be
ture Yeats as Yeats could be
never knew about that
I lay day-dreaming last night on my carpe diem bed
William Butler Yeats, my soul sister's favourite....

Sylvia Frances Chan
Yolanda....

The Lord Divine
that is God Almighty
my God and the God of all others
of all the ones who believe in this same God

when a close friend
never forgets
to lit a candle for you
everytime she goes
anytime she goes to church
despite her woes
she lights that candle
especially for me
how special she has become for me

she also prayed with me
when Yolanda came
into our neighbourhood
Yolanda has gone now,
she left a flame
and an empty place
in our hearts,
if a person deceased
we name that light
a piece of flame
I ask you What´s in a Name?
If it be only a piece of flame?

May Yolanda rest in peace,
she who deceased....

In the Memory of Yolanda,46 years
AD. Wednesday the 9th of May 2018

Sylvia Frances Chan
You And I....

I know these feelings
to love and be loved again
and love again, again and again
though in vain
while enjoying the words, the emotions
passing all renditions
beyond deeds and words
beyond time and place
nothing is absurd
not a thing
this is no race
nowhere the place
such an indescribable feel
and emotive loads
you and I will only know
when walking ahead on these roads....

Sylvia Frances Chan
You Won't Know If You Don't Stop....

One day upon a most beautiful day
one of the flowers in my backyard
is gesturing me
when I approach the lovely blooming plant
the smallest flower whispers to me
they may not hear me, or they'd kill me

please, take me from this spot
I am not happy here
they are all united in glee
since early dawn, the sun peeps again
and they are singing in the refrain:
"beautiful day, warm-hearted sunrays
are coming back again...."

please take me away from here
I become insane of their refrains....

just as I am thinking, I am really happy today
since the sun has brought more warmth on his way
that that tiny flower is getting insane
I haven't known
the wind has blown
languidly all my way
today there will be no hurrah, I must say

I am enjoying the breeze's billows
undulating on the concrete's furrows
upon the bottom of my insides
bruised by time and sudden tides

One day upon a most beautiful day
one of the flowers in my backyard
is no more....
sad to avow this
I know it because I have stopped
to listen to that complaint....
Your Life Will Be Prolonged Right On The Spot!

The Lord gives us love and life
no husband wishes the death of his wife
it is a constant strife
the natural death or committing suicide

you wish to live longer?
just pray and ask for a healthy long life
the Lord gives you all you have asked
because of His tremendous love so true
only for you, yes, believe that, only for you

when you know Him better
you come to know that
God loves you so much
that He gave you as such
His own beloved Son to be crossed
yes, crossed on Golgotha
to redeem mankind from sin, yeah

but IF you take yourself that precious life
IF you won't accept his endless Love
especially for you, He won't prevent you from killing yourself
He quickens this most tragic wish

observe this forsaken earth
at the birth of your beloved child
God knows if you wish this baby or not
if you don't wish this infant be born so mild
pay attention, God killed instantly this unwanted child

no matter the age
love is His greatest wage
God loves you so much
He wishes all be alive as such
with true and pure love
as He is doing His duty above

but ever since Adam and Eve left Eden
ever since they ate from the forbidden tree
they realized that it wasn't wise
they are naked, now they can shake it
they'll kill each other or they'll kill themselves
ever since no human can ever live until eternity

such a greatest pity
mankind was allowed to live short, not till eternity
but if you ardently believe in God
your life will be prolonged right on the spot!

WHY above poem is created? BECAUSE so many young artists died at the age of 27. That is not old, that is very young! Let them arise from their graves and they must read what here is written. Love the life that God hath given! Do not play for God, that IS a sin. I had this urge to write this essay-poem, thank you.

Created with caring love,

Sylvia Frances Chan,
Dutch Poetess.

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD Wednesday the 17th of January 2018
@ 23.59 hrs. PM West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Your Love....

Your love, so huge immensely tall
you constantly tell me through your wall,
these are your loving words, I know them all:

I love you, love you, love you, oh so much
distances do not tell me anything, as such

love you, like the sun is for the moon
whether you are close or far away
you are in my heart forever you stay

our love is not like the out-going candle
is not like the perch that is gasping for air
you must know, I repeat, I do always care

our love is like the rising sun
firm, solid and with much fun

I sleep so close to you each eventide
close to your beating heart every night

no separating distances, my precious heart
my words are clear, never confused, none smallest part

I love you, love you oh dear, my love
forever my dear, a lifetime, universes big

I love you now and beyond death
I have no words for it, so huge immensely tall
I love you with greatest intense and with my all
my love poems for you, all on my wall

I love you with these words
always loving, always tender, they never hurt

I love you so huge, so immensely big
my deepest love for you, this is no trick
I love you, always tender always deep
my dearest Maverick....
Your Royal Highness King Of The Netherlands

Your Royal Highness King Of the Netherlands
Willem-Alexander Claus George Ferdinand, King der Nederlanden,
Prins van Oranje-Nassau, Jonkheer van Amsberg (Utrecht, 27 april 1967)
Is since 30 april 2013 King of The Nederlands

Your Majesty, today is your birthday
we saw you with your family in Groningen this afternoon
we wanted to greet you and congratulate you
but the distance was too big, too crowdy and impossible to shake hands with you
that is why we congratulate you just now
You have chosen Groningen to celebrate your birthday, a great honor
for my youngest son, since he resides there with his family

Your Majesty, we congratulate you on your 51st birthday
a great honor that I can say it yourself now
God’s blessings in abundance, love and conviviality
very unique to celebrate your birthday on this way
every year you choose another town in the region
this tradition has no other country in the world
foreigners from all over the world come to here every year
we wish you be king still for a long period
because you are a good king, we know that

Majesty, we don’t drink that Oranje Bitter,
we are so very sorry, but a bit too much liquor

Your Majesty, it is time for depart now
we wish to see you again next year
we all love to come each year
in the town of your next choice
you have listened to Groningen´s earth-gass problems
that was really very special, because you have done that on your birthday

that has done so much good to the Groningen´s residents,
it’s also goodfor all the inhabitants of the Netherlands

thank you so much that we may congratulate you
and we are grateful to God that we may approach you
through these solemn BirthDay Wishes....
Your Voice Is Like Music To My Ears....

Your voice is like music to my ears
your whisper is like the soften breeze
you may wander daily anywhere, but never freeze
I remain still healthy even though you'll sneeze

I don´t get caught a cold easily
since you oft support me with bumble-bee honey
I am now amidst thousandfold cold
I never get sick even though’m so old

as years pass by many milliard miles
pay attention to nature around thee
the surrounds turn gold becoming very old
thou and I are not old, due to consuming
thy own body bumble-bee bunny

thou support me as much as thou canst
I have glee such as our beloved mums
both have pleasure on heaven’s spot
thou playeth and studyeth whilst I pray to God

then I will travel again in search of new cod
and bread to feed our mind and soul
based upon ora et labora our beings`whole
thou art mine and I am thine

remember thou sayeth whilst we playeth
con amore forever more
thou in mine and I´m in thine
in our own surrounds, I feel fine

thou art God´s child so mild
thou stayeth calm on rivers wild
I pray everyday myriad ways
Oh Lord, keep mine heart pure

your voice is like music to my ears
your whisper is like the tender breeze
imagine why I never freeze
you refreshened the day before it seized
you feed me with strawberry love sweet
honeybee and bumble-bee bunny
but despite so many
you empower me with your brave showers

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

AD. Friday 29th December 2017
@18.17 hrs. P.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan
Zeer Gelukkige Verjaardag, Dr. Pintu Mahakul

Pintu, ik weet dat je nu de titel Dr. draagt
In deze vriendschappelijke verhouding, is dat wat vaag
Nooit vergeten jouw waardevolle verjaardag, gisteren de 19e April
Titel heb je op 10 Maart gekregen van je professoren en
Uit naam van je universiteit

Maatschappelijk gezien, ben je
Aanzienlijk geklommen,
Hoog op de maatschappelijke ladder, jouw
Aanzien moet ook hoog zijn, als liefdevolle
Kind van de hemelse Vader
Uit je geleefde leven weet ik, dat jouw
Leven is één verweven met God, de Almachtige

MyNOTES
De voorletters vormen je hele naam Pintu Mahakul
Dit gedicht heb ik in mijn moedertaal geschreven en dat is in het Nederlands,
Ik hoop ten zeerste dat de vertaling in het Hindi de minste fouten bevat.

Nog Zeer Gelukkige Dagen toegewenst het hele jaar door!

Namens mijn enige broer, who is a genius, in Jakarta, Indonesia

Dr. BioMed. Richard Tjan Ph.D (in three subjects: Biology, Medicines and Ophthalmology)
and Sylvia Tjan, postgraduate in English-Language-and Literature

Sylvia Frances Chan, Dutch Poetess
SylvieTAN, kunstschilderes/tekenares en Evangelist (sinds 1992) and Designer of Cards especially for poems.

This BirthDAY Poem is created originally in Dutch, translated into English and Hindi.

This homemade Strawberries-cake is cooked by SFC and it is called in Dutch: "Aardbeien-taart". Photography by Sylvia Frances Chan at home.
Sylvia Frances Chan
Zegeningen(1) ....

steeds kruipende mistige schimmen naar boven
gelaagd en gespaard om grote voorraad te worden
om eindelijk de zegeningen van de aarde te zijn....

©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN
A.D.31 May 2019
The Netherlands time 12.02 hrs P.M.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Zegeningen? ....

dagen en weken van moesson zegeningen
op de zondige aarde
om uiteindelijk een dodelijk meer te worden....

©SYLVIA FRANCES CHAN
A.D.31 May 2019
The Netherlands time 12.02 hrs P.M.

Sylvia Frances Chan
Zeventien Jaren Kreukloos, Een Jubileum

Zeventien jaren getrouwd en de handen jeuken
mijn lieve schoondochte€r veroorzaakt zeker geen breuken
maar vandaag vieren ze hun trouwdag niet met mij
oh zo zielig, maar toch voor hen ben ik heel blij,
nee ik zal hun vijand niet zijn, da´s toch gekkigheid?

Zondag is de dag des Heren
maar vandaag 11 maart is het ook van hen
ik heb ze van Harte gefeliciteerd
heb hen een groot Boeket mooiste Rozen gestuurd
heb de bloemist gebeld en hij heeft deze bloemen gebracht
het boeket komt zeker binnen deze uren
omdat we in dezelfde stad wonen, nee geen buren
ik in de buitenwijken en zij in het centrum

Moge God hen genadig zegenen in dit plechtige momentum
en hun wederzijds geluk moge eindeloos zijn in dit universum!

Dit speciaal Gedicht is met zorg en liefde voorbereid
als een dierbare moeder speciaal aan hen gewijd.
En de Rozen op de foto.

Je Schoonmama Sylvia, die graag en met liefde voor je is
en zorgt. Je familie woont in Indonesia, niemand in NL,
wij zijn je enige familie hier,
wij hebben met elkaar enorm veel plezier!

AD. Zondag 11 maart 2018 - Jubileum Gedicht.
@ 16.21 ure N.M. West-Europese Tijd

Sylvia Frances Chan
Zolang Er Licht Is....

Moeders zijn trots,
haar eerste kind komt dra
de infant
de spiegel van haar innerlijk

de baby is overvloedig aanwezig
het tedere kind is overal geliefd
als eerste moeders hebben niets te vrezen
een moederhart is het dichtst bij haar dierbaar kind

het hoort eeuwig haar kloppend hart
eerst, negen volle maanden met haar saam
dan met pijn, verdriet en een bloedend hart
de baby wordt geholpen
of het drijft zichzelf zachtjes aan
naar buiten,
dan is er kraam

het hart van een moeder ziet
weet alles van haar kind en geniet

maar de jonge moeder laat niet zien
dat ze het kind innig liefheeft,
samen met haar eersteling
in haar gedachten is het kind nog steeds haar baby

zorgzaam voedend elke dag
in bad doen, schone kleertjes aan
en aan het einde in slaap te wiegen,
zelfs na middernacht
dat maakt de sterke liefdesband die er ontstaat
zelfs als het kind volwassen is geworden
en het ouderlijk huis verlaat
hij zal voor haar nog steeds zijn: haar baby

het kind is de spiegel van haar innerlijk
ze lijkt afstandelijk, maar dat is puur onwennigheid
voor de eerste keer in moederschap
hoe moet zij haar mpederliefde tonen?
puur natuur, geen ervaring
menigmaal worstelt ze met innerlijke verdriet
dol op haar baby, maar echt tonen kan ze niet

moeder zijn….echt moeder worden
dat ben je niet zomaar
het is een geleidelijke groei
op een zeer emotionele manier

ze groeit elke seconde met haar baby-kind
in haar hart knuffelt ze hem eindeloos
uiterlijk blijft ze op afstand,
daar is niets mis mee
moeder zijn van een eerstgeboren kind
wat ze echt bemind
zoals je al weet
dat toont ze niet

eerste moeders zijn vaak het lieflijkst
introverte implementen
ze is eindeloos dankbaar en volkomen tevreden
om deze geboorte te ervaren
op deze enge aarde
met al zijn oorlogen, geneugten en wonderlijke eetlust
maar doe het gerust
een baby baren is somtijds eng
doe het met liefdeszoet
zolang er Licht is
is het steevast goed.

©Sylvia Frances Chan

AD. Vrijdag 28 sept 2018 -
@ 21.21 ure NM, one
Vandaag: wisselvallig weer.

Sylvia Frances Chan
SUNDAY the 3rd February 2019....
I want to let you know about a fragment of Jesus' death on Golgotha
I have written first in Dutch then I transpose that in the English language

Waar liefde woont,
gebiedt de Heer Zijn zegen,
alle liefde loont
ondanks de spot en hoon
op Golgotha
de aarde heeft Zijn ware aard getoond
met lach, neerbuigend
en nog steeds die hoon
de lach en de spot
de menigte weet: het is God zelf aan het kruis
dit is toch niet juist?

Maar de Bijbel heeft voorspeld:
het honen en de spot
de kruisiging
de marteling
onder volks-genot

een ieder doet mee
zelfs Peter ontkent zijn Meester
tot drie keren toe
daarna kraait de haan twee keren

arme Moeder die staat de hele tijd
het lijden en de dood
van haar eigen Zoon gade te slaan
Zijn heftig lijden, Zijn onmetelijke dorst,
dan werd het plots heel stil
de gordijnen van de Tempel scheuren

Diepdonkere wolken maken samen
een oorverdovend donderslag
ik kan niet zeggen hoe hard dat luidt, wat mag? !
Dan sterft Jezus en na drie dagen zal Hij weder opstaan uit de dood.
Al deze dingen hebben in de Bijbel gestaan voordat ze zijn gebeurd
De profetien kloppen allemaal,
zelfs de gordijnen in de tempel zijn gescheurd,
het is allemaal voorzegd....

Zondag de 3e February 2019
@ 18.29 hrs. West-Europese Tijd

Sylvia Frances Chan
Zondagskind

Te turen in de verte, is er geen hoop
voor deze wandelende myoop

teder als watten, dralen ze neer
de hoopvolle wolken
met hun gulle guldens lach
zonovergoten dag

mijn hart minacht
dezo keer een onstuimige kus
of als onweer stormen
verkeerde in gelukzaligheid
zichtbare korenvelden
als manna uit God's Koninkrijk

te turen in de verte, is er geen hoop
jah,ik ben de wandelende myoop
maar weet, turen hoeft niet meer
weet dat je voldoende krijgt
je Vader is er steeds voor jou
je bent zijn verwende kind
door en door groots bemind
het gaat mij voor de wind
ik ben een Zondagskind....

Photographie door Sylvia Frances Chan

© Sylvia Frances Chan
Copyright Protected

Sylvia Frances Chan
Zwerftocht....

Afschuwelijk is het mentale klimaat
als dichter is dit niet de juiste maat
dichtst bij deze gekmakende menigte
we zijn nu in uitstel, zo blijkt het rustigste

vaak zwerf ik in mijn eigen wereld rond
dan zijn mijn zaken sneller afgerond
ik voel me veilig want Goddelijkheid is mijn metgezel
mag ik zeggen dit is mijn rijk gezegende gezel?

Het trappen-lopen is geen duidelijk zicht
gewoon zwemmen met schuim in het gezicht
het naderen van de enorme open vallei
je mooie wezen is er ook nog steeds bij
maar vraag me niet hoe?
je staat enorm kalm en uitgerust
maar je geest reist alweer ergens naartoe

ik ben nog steeds aan het zwerven in dit immense land
door de groenste valleien van de goede landman
mijn dwalen voortzetten
diep van binnen
is er grootste gejubel
bij het kijken naar boven
Dank U, Heer, Gij zijt....

ANNO DOMINI
Wednesday the 9th of January 2019-
@ 9.09 hrs A.M. West-European Time

Sylvia Frances Chan