

Poetry Series

**Jenny Santiago**  
**- poems -**

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# Jenny Santiago()

# A Special Man

Life occasionally without emitting a single chime  
Sends us people for a reason, a season, or a lifetime  
They seem like they are a godsend, and that they are.  
At the right moment, becoming your binary star.

None of them are ever just by chance  
Some will move your soul to dance  
Restoring within you calmness and peace  
With the care and warmth of a beautiful fleece

All of this was given to me in the form of a special man  
From the first conversation a beautiful friendship began  
Graciously to me he opened his home  
About this kind man I now write this poem

He showed me the breath taking beauty of the Cape  
I now fondly refer to it as my place of the mountain grape  
He thought me how to calm my mind  
A peace so tranquil, truly rare to find

Holding dear words I speak,  
Understanding my writing technique  
Conversing about subjects close to the heart  
Unlimited topics, a true a la carte

This poem is about my dearest friend, with heart so bright  
Thank you for sharing with me your inner light  
Reason, season or life time we do not know  
To me you are as precious as a painting from van Gogh.

Jenny Santiago

# Bottled And Guarded The Overberg Story

Still your mind ... Delight,  
Contrasts and wonder.  
Take your time, do not hurry -  
Reflect and ponder.

Let your soul run free,  
Filled with nature's glory.  
As Land, Mountains and Sea,  
Now reveals the Overberg's Story.

Landscapes painted - Green, Gold,  
Plush red, yellow and brown.  
Fynbos, Wildflowers, Cone bushes,  
Sunlit Canola field, cascade down.

Rugged Mountain ranges,  
Two giants colliding in open sea.  
Memories of yesteryear, Ship wrecks -  
Guarded treasures, you're now the trustee.

Myriad of small little towns for you to seer.  
Grabouw, Caledon, now in Napier,  
An unlikely man builds a giant sundial here.  
Stars and shadows of the sun his only teacher.

Bredasdorp, Aniston, down to L'Agulhas and Struisbaai,  
Two towns separated by a bend called Spookdraai.  
Where the ghosts of a man and young woman are said to roam.  
Spirits of discontented souls, shipwrecks once their home.

L'Agulhas, place where the wind is molded and made,  
Agaze you watch, Indian and Atlantic's constant crusade.  
Slanting rocks, resembling a thousand needles.  
Windswept, rugged, beautiful, a lighthouse its steeple.

West of Elim - East of Gans Bay lays Baardskeerdersbos,  
Named after a spider causing you hair loss.  
While you sleep it prays on your hair.  
Popular myth? Spend the night in open air.

Thank you Overberg for sharing your Story.  
Souls now filled with beauty and glory.  
We will meet again, place of guarded treasures.  
An experience beyond all measures.

Jenny Santiago

# For Connor

Happy 13th birthday my special one  
My beautiful Connor, my beautiful son  
Thanks be to God, you're growing so fast.  
What's inside you, are things that will last.

You have arrived at a special age.  
They call this stage 'teenage'.  
Live each moment, do all things well.  
For one day you will have great stories to tell.

Many friends will come along your way.  
The true ones will be the ones that will stay.  
Choose them wisely, that is my prayer.  
May God bless your steps with friends that care.

Always remember your mother is yours until the end of time.  
My love for you will last a lifetime.  
I love you my son my precious Connor.  
Being your mom, that is my honor.

Jenny Santiago

# I Am Woman

I had a bad dream,  
Never to forget what I had seen.  
Falling and falling from above,  
With the deadly absence of love

But I remembered that I am woman,  
With the desire to love, the desire to live  
The desire to give, untamed as the ocean, free as a bird.  
Nothing can own me, no one may hurt.

For all I am is woman, all day and night,  
I am woman and that feels right.  
I am no longer scared for the absence of love,  
For I am woman and I will rise above.

My entire existence is woman,  
that is me.  
The journey of a woman,  
to understand to just be.

Jenny Santiago

# My Chamber Of The Great Escape

Deep within your mind is a chamber called the great escape,  
Mine is filled with memories of the breathtaking Cape.  
A beauty that plays within your heart,  
Expressing this in words is a difficult story to start.

No painting or picture can justify this glory,  
And this dear friend is where I start my story.  
The West coast gives you stillness so deep,  
You're parting gift unforgettable memories to keep.

Beauty, serenity, peaceful and calming,  
Lies Langebaan, Tietiesbaai, Paternoster and even a little town called Darling.  
Hidden away, In-between Mountain faces,  
A treasure chest of picturesque little places

Bloubergstrand, Stellenbosh and Gordonsbay,  
Are these the places that angels come to play?  
Surrounded and caressed by the arms of a mountain range,  
Just for you, this sight has been carefully prearranged.

Now to Houtbay, Simonstown, Fishoek and Chapmanspeak,  
Here you are met with God's creation leaving you with an inability to speak.  
What God has done here no one can ever replicate,  
A beauty given freely to everyone to take in and appreciate

Your journey then takes you inland to historic wine farms,  
At each you are met with a different set of charms.  
Each one so unique softly humming its own melody,  
The smells, the sight, the air, perfectly velvety

A place for everyone and everything perfectly in its place,  
Friendships formed and memories not even time can erase.  
Home for a little while, my chest now fills with a heavy heart,  
Reality now dawns; it is time for me to depart.

Leaving the breathtaking Cape is no easy task to do,  
But as a patient lover would, the Cape will wait for you.  
Welcoming you again with breathtaking wander,  
So until we meet again, my chamber of yonder.

Jenny Santiago

# My Dearest Friend

Unbeknown to me, destiny made plans on my behalf,  
Sending a woman of true beauty onto my path  
She touched my heart in a special and unique way  
And since became a part of my every day

From the first encounter she accepted me for me  
Allowing my soul to run wild and free  
Understanding everything I had to say  
Never judging me in any way

Bonds of the heart then started to augment  
As we talked for hours about pasts and present  
With the utter most trust and belief to expose  
The parts of ourselves that nobody else knows

She is my light house in the midst of a raging storm  
Giving me hope and joy in a true to herself form  
Together we laugh, dance and loudly sing,  
Uplifting your soul like water from a mountain spring

Memory pictures we always create  
In our book of life this will ornate  
My friend - my oath to you to the end  
True to you I will be, because you are my friend

Jenny Santiago

# My First Love

For now it feels like a time of yore,  
When you touched my heart like none before  
The sheer wonder made old become new,  
Covering my heart with morning dew

You pulled me close with the utmost of care,  
This was an act of beauty truly so rare.  
A porcelain doll in your hands to hold,  
Taking me to fields of gold

Enchanted by your angelic scent,  
My soul then gave my heart consent.  
In my mind you were everywhere,  
A breathtaking feeling, nothing can compare.

You showed me what falling in love should be,  
My entire being could see the change in me.  
I will always remember you, dearest first love of mine,  
As for others to come, I thank you for setting the baseline.

Jenny Santiago

# My Star

## SEARCHING FOR MY STAR:

After years of darkness, there came light.  
So far but yet so bright  
I close my eyes and clutch this image like a precious sight.  
When I am alone in the darkness of the night

My star seems so far away.  
I so long to meet my star one day  
But for now I can only write,  
To keep my star shining bright

## I FOUND MY STAR

I found my light and now I smile,  
It was never gone, just took me a while.  
Now I must just be,  
Nothing more nothing less than me

And what is just me, you might ask?  
To no longer wear this mask.  
To be,  
Just me!

Jenny Santiago

# Poem For Dwayne

A quarter of a century, the age of twenty five,  
Sweet child of mine, here you have now arrived.  
Unbelievable - how can this be?  
How quickly time pass by, you would agree.

As clear as day I can recall,  
Your 16th,18th,21st - I remember them all.  
Again I write a story about my boy!  
As always it brings both - sadness and joy.

Usually, I would talk about your childhood years,  
But, without fail - it brings me to tears.  
Today I want to talk about, who you have become,  
This poem, just for you, from your loving mum.

Gentle, considerate, helpful, sympathetic and kind, describes your heart.  
Qualities that will forever set you apart.  
Spontaneous, happy, bright, full of life - whole,  
Describes your beautiful soul!

So handsome and also smart,  
Reminding me of a fine work of art -  
This my boy, this is all you!  
Believe me, it's not just my view.

Gratification flows through my every vein.  
An honorable man! This is my son Dwayne.  
Part of me, forever you will be,  
That's how you know when I need a cup of tea.

My child, today the only advise I can give to you -  
To yourself, always be true.  
Remember no matter, where you may go,  
This mother of yours loves you so.

Jenny Santiago

# Poem For My Boys

The first time I say your little face,  
I understood the term morning grace.  
You were encapsulated in my heart,  
From that moment I never wanted to be apart.

The first time I heard you cry,  
My entire being wanted to die.  
I did not know what to do,  
For my little angel looked so blue.

The years passed by and I watched you grow,  
But there was something I did not know.  
Time passes by so fast,  
But I wanted time to last.

My boys this can't be done,  
As time waits for no one  
When I look at you today,  
It is with pride and joy that I say.

What and who you have become,  
Can never be undone  
You are dear and kind,  
And will leave a beautiful legacy behind.

What else can I say?  
Only that I pray.  
And thank God for his grace,  
Giving thanks for the first day I saw your little face.

I love you with my soul and heart,  
May we never be apart.  
This mother of yours loves you so,  
It breaks my heart for one day I must let go.  
For your future is yours to start,  
But remember you have half of my heart.

Jenny Santiago

# The Search For Perfect

Lacking nothing, complete of its kind  
Pure, undiluted all of this combined.  
Is this where the search for perfect would end?  
Or maybe a little more time on this we have to spend.

The perfect job, house, friend or lover, this collection,  
Will soon fade into a state of imperfection  
Perfect doesn't exist in a static state.  
Perfect is a constant journey forever seeking an update.

Perfect is the experience of a single moment in time.  
Perfectly remembered as a moment simply sublime  
Holding this forever in your mind, never evolving  
Never growing never dissolving

Every encounter tells the story of our lives.  
You will know as soon as it arrives.  
Every moment imprinted in the shape of a picture.  
Filling our books blank pages with a perfect mixture

Jenny Santiago

# The Westdene Bus Disaster 1985

It was the morning of the 27th of March 1985.  
Me a 14 year old girl, with hopes, dreams feeling so alive.  
The day was as any school day would be to me and you.  
Home time quarter to two

Busses waiting outside the main gate  
Hustle and bustle not to be late  
The bus ride home meant having a giggle and a teenage chat....  
Little did we know that day will determine our fate.

Without any warning or request,  
My life changed forever more because of what I saw next!  
The yellow bus in front of me lost control and drove into the Westdene Dam.  
Until this day I hear that slam.

Pandemonium, confusion, panic and disbelief  
The beginning of the darkest grief  
I stood next to the dam in a dreamlike state.  
Nightmare! ! ! I needed to wake! !

Just standing there looking upon,  
The darkest of water, knowing my friends are gone.  
I remember holding, holding and holding my breath.  
But reality sunk in at the sight of death.

Still standing there as if cast in stone  
Never in my 14 years did I feel so alone.  
My entire being ached, I needed to go!  
But my mind and body said NO!

There I stood for hours on end,  
Hoping and praying, please! please! let me see just one friend!  
This was not to be that fateful day.  
Because 42 children passed away

The next morning wherever I looked, I had the sight of an empty desk.  
I felt a grief so deep within my chest.  
Why does this happen to a 14 year old girl?  
My entire being was trapped in a whirl.

42 White coffins the mass funeral would be.  
Was this suppose to set me free?  
The answer to that is NO!  
As white then became a foe.

29 Years later I ask myself, how do you feel?  
Will you ever completely heal?  
The answer to that I do not know.  
As the healing process is painfully slow

My dearest angel friends allow me to walk away.  
Never will I forget that forever changing day.  
Please set me free,  
This to you is my plea.

Forever I will remember you.  
But no longer in a state of rue  
You have made me and us who we are.  
Forever you will be my guidance star.

My friends this is the hardest thing for me to do.  
To myself I have to be true.  
Today I have to let you go.  
I no longer want to be in a state of kayo.

42 Angels up above,  
You have taught me the reason of love.  
Rest quietly now,  
As to you my head I bow.

Jenny Santiago

# Where I Want To Be

Come with me to my majestic place of glee,  
My place that I call, the wonder of Three.  
Where the air will flow through your mind and soul,  
Where nature heals, making you whole.

Let me introduce you to the first of the three,  
The contentment of the majestic tree.  
Roots firmly in the ground, growing tall, standing proud,  
From the beginning of time, of him stories were told.

Number two, will teach you as a mother to her daughter.  
There is magic contained in him but you know him as water.  
Graced and painted with dancing delight of sun beams,  
Making you believe in your hopes, desires and dreams.

The last of the three, lies in grandeur and glory,  
Giving you the calmness of an ancient bedtime story.  
He is mountain the sight of him will leave in awe,  
Showing you beauty as never seen before.

So come with me to my majestic place of glee,  
The place of water, mountain and tree.  
A place, to feel, to see and rest,  
A place where you feel nothing else, but blessed.

Jenny Santiago

## Your Poem

I lost my tender heart, on beautiful eyes that saw good in me.  
On beautiful lips that spoke words of kindness setting me free  
There is a vast distance apart.  
Must I say this out loud, keep still oh tender heart.

I can't reach you to thaw your heart,  
Where do I even start?  
Yes, I'm angry, Yes I'm sad!  
But just go inward, oh tender heart.

There where it is silent, where it is calm.  
Nursing me with a healing balm  
Resting now I understand we will always be apart.  
Be quiet and still oh tender heart.

Jenny Santiago