

Poetry Series

Joy Malumphy
- poems -

Publication Date:
2006

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

Joy Malumphy(November 7,1955)

Create Room To Bloom

Deep amongst the rocks, dirt and land,
I am pressed beneath layers of sand.
Wiggling, wobbling, I shutter and squirm
Hidden from varmints, insects, and worms.

I feel lackadaisical and complacent
Lying here in my cool, damp, dark space.
Vulnerable to other parasites, I'm surprised
That I'm permitted a chance to survive, and thrive.

If the ground has too many rocks and stones,
I have no room to stretch my young bones.
Because these obstacles can hinder my growth,
I am challenged to germinate this seed I've sown.

When I am planted in fertile ground,
My roots are able to grow all the way down.
Securing my position with solid stability.
Supplying my entire root system nutritionally.

The earth sends me nourishment thru sunlight,
Firmly nestled, the earth holds and hugs me tight.
With the sun's beaming rays and a gentle rain,
I sprout with love, honor, dignity and praise.

I am no longer a seed, or a victim of need,
Choosing to be either a flower, tree or weed.
I bud from the opportunities that grooms
The possibilities allowing my room to bloom!

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Joy Malumphy

Evolution Of The Soul

I chose to bounce into this earthly life
filled with hope, promise and a bit of surprise.
Challenged by a world of stubborn wills
raising me as your child, became quite a bill.
My temperaments changed and varied
on your shoulders I was carried
Independence became my defiance
in search of building my own self-reliance
Unless I have explained what I did
realize it was my role as your kid
I had to re-examine my options, if they flopped
I must confess, I was only doing my job.

Then, I became this impatient, know-it-all teenager
Giving more credit and respect to an absolute stranger
Passionately feeling that I always knew best,
Carelessly, how could I have known about all the rest?
Tears, tests, trials and relentless temptations
I was focused selfishly on my own personal limitations.
I might have embarrassed you more than you shared,
while I made your life a living nightmare.
If there were moments when I made your heart stop
Please don't forget, I was only doing my job.

Life then became overly complicated and serious
Being an adult, meant life's drill was just tedious
Burdened with responsibilities and relentless guilt
my world grew so lopsided, the sign I wore said, 'Tilt! '
I now work for the man every night and day
expecting others to listen and honor what I say
I struggle to make those loose ends meet
I hope to catch a breath so I may avoid defeat
I get angry, intolerant at the drop of a hat
Admitting my weakness is an unattractive fact
As I transform my past, the hurt fades away and drops.
I remind myself, I was only doing my job.

Now, my children are all grown and gone
Discovering their own path where the road is long

Did I give them a role model that was worthwhile?
Teaching them when trouble show up, grin and smile.
Life comes fast and the memory begins to wane
I felt the incredible whirlwind force leaving me dazed.
There were exciting moments, I still to this day cherish,
Nothing like when I drove a boat that almost perished.
I know there where times that were well beneath being tops
I keep telling myself, I was only doing my job.

I stand at the crossroads of my life,
this familiar intersection I've seen once or twice.
I see with clarity the reasons for the choices I made
Sometimes these choices were easy, while others grave.
But, they were still my choices either way
Would I choose limitation over freedom with each new day?
In doing so, I confronted my demons face to face
Evolving this humble spirit of mine, radiating with grace.
I understand now why I did not permit myself to stop
Deep down I knew, my mission was to complete this job!

I honor those lessons teaching me to conquer and champion my plight,
While I embrace my journey to become ONE and take flight.

by Joypoet

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Joy Malumphy

Front Row Seat

I was granted an opportunity
To pass on my personal legacy,
Teaching love, courage and integrity
To each one of my three offsprings.
I'm sitting pretty in my front row seat.

My oldest child shares a magnetic personality,
My middle child claims her own individuality,
My youngest, loves pets, and lots of frivolity
Each one has a unique and solid identity.
I'm enjoying my reserved front row seat.

Throughout life, I watched these three,
Face conflicts, challenge, chaos and adversity.
Never compromising their purpose or equality
Mirroring characters upholding honesty and dignity.
What a treat to watch from my front row seat.

They've leaned on each other when times got rough,
Only to learn how they have the strength to be tough.
They've learned having a solid foundation is enough,
Especially, as the days get longer and times get rough.
I'm overjoyed to listen from the front row seat.

Their hectic lives have expanded far beyond me,
Witnessing their chosen paths, I am quite relieved.
As they conquer each obstacle, they share a new meaning
Of the life skills one generation passes on as a legacy.
I love guiding them from my front row seat.

Now, they are striving to thrive within their means,
Each manifesting a different and personal reality.
Exploring adventures, creativity, law, animals and family,
One by one, they champion and create fantastic victories.
I lovingly trade-in, handing over my front row seat.

Today, I am overwhelmed with complete ecstasy,
For allowing their lives to unfold magically,
Supporting and nurturing their specific personalities,

I am blessed to share and teach them my loving legacy.
Always be present and grateful for your front row seat!

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Spellbound

Arthur appears stoic and tall,
Studded in a cloak of armor, saddled like a pedestal
A presence surrounds him everywhere he goes
Epitomizing a virtue only he guards and holds.

Chivalry is at the center of his soul
Valor, Love and Integrity yearns he and all he knows.
A stupor befalls as a dreamspell enlightens him,
Reconnecting to Merlin, his mystic friend.

Merlin greets Arthur down a cobble stoned path beyond the castle,
Deep in the woods, where silence reigns, nature claims no hassles.
The early morning mists lift a vision for Arthur's minds eye to see,
A young-maiden arouses gently to a profound prophesy.

Mesmerized by her stunning beauty
Arthur pauses momentarily.
Spellbound with this insight
He falls fast asleep, at the break of daylight.

She softly approaches him from a lush garden area.
A faerie-like angel, she monitors Arthur with care.
Gently caressing his strong and broad shoulders,
She plants a passionate kiss, sizzling like lava melting boulders.

Groggily, he awakens to her command
A destiny she understands, only she comprehends
Hand in hand, she lifts his spirits higher than a kite,
Supported by her, his character gains strength and might.

Willing to carry his sword,
His chivalry protects the value of his word,
With his dear Gwenievre at his side,
He impassions a decree tied to freedom for all time.

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