

Poetry Series

**karen Schley**  
**- poems -**

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## karen Schley(Camden, N.J.)

Born to Mildred McCollum. who remains to be a source of strength for her was born the 3rd of 4 her mother. Also she was born 3rd of 4 children on her fathers side. She is the proud mother of a daughter, NIIKYA. A son BRIAN, and a granddaughter, NayLahnii. Disabled since the age of 5 being a sufferer of Sickle was hit in the right eye, and has been legally blind since. Karen, not being able to attend school. Recieved her GED. She than had one of the greatest experiances in her life. The birth of her first born, Niikya who ed would never happen. Than attended Nursing School. Which in her heart was placed a 2nd in her dream of being a Dr. With an 94% average & just 92 days til graduation. She was hospitalized. For more complications.

Having her 2nd miracle, her son Brian. She later attended the South Jersey School of Business. Than passing that States qualification for P&C, Health and Life Licence in Insurance. After many more complications, Lupus, Chrones and many surgery' spends more than most days in the bed. Where She prays and sends cards of encouragment for many who can't believe in God or others. Certified by her Pastor, As the only Evangilist from the bed, by Heyward Wiggins III. Of Camden Bible Tabernacle. When asked, 'Karen, how do you feel? Her reply is always'. 'Better than a body's got a right.'

For after an acute, Kidney rs gave her 18 hours to live.

That was 20 years gave this body a right to stay. This mind a right to think, this heart a write to.

She currently Recaps, for the Bold and the Wed and Thurs.

Whom the King sets free, is free indeed

To my children, thank-you for your support.

To my Mother, thanks for understanding me.

To my friends and Church Family, thanks for being there..

God thank you for your grace, joy when others would have died. Peace that passes all understanding. I thank you. For my life.

# God Handles The Details

The handling of life's situations, are generally considered, to be an ability of the conscious mind, our plans can never be conceived in such a small space as our finite God has the authority to establish circumspectly a purpose. to function perfectly within the entire dynamics of plan, For God alone can provide those few who are chosen with the anointing of procedure, to provoke a hunger for his divine guidance, a softened heart, to receive God's perfect signals, A thirst for the truth, the understanding of his word, To feed the many who are called, Gifts are given without repentance, as we move through this prophetic hour of grace, God has a detailed plan for your gifts, the time is now, to be yielded to the very will of the Lord, That is what time it is, in fact, as you voluntarily read this missive, God has taken care of your breathing, exchanging oxygen for carbon dioxide, these intricate involuntary functions, are detailed without your own logic, or permission, long before even your mother was born! God's very plan based on like producing like, on oneness, connectivity, unity interdependence and on purpose, we must plant the seeds of the gospel, Hydrate others with God's true baptism. By allowing God to handle the details, Only God can give the increase, For God has not given our lives up to random chance, The debt is already paid in full, yet he still has given us the choice, to choose it or not;

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# Lets See

I have developed a need for non-commitment. Without the balance of belonging or betrayal. I don't need a desire, so overwhelming - yet, I don't remember receiving a single rose, or the thorn that pricked my aspect, or my whys? Just words of one day at a time.

'Lets\_see'. What doesn't show-up! Not ever. In my moral eyes, I made affirmation of what it would take to get this, pearl. Again the casting of them among swine. Again?

If ever I cast. them again, to anyone. For nothing, I placed it in your hand and you asked, 'Who does this belong to'? Whose is it? Baby - is it mine? say it - Naw Mine, if you had to ask it's still mine and for what - let's see!

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# The Insanity

I've never understood sane - insane. If your sane, you must be in it. If your insane, you have to be. It's the same.

Words get in my way. The inevitability was valid and the same for us all. No doubt the darker side of the law of polarity. Needs knocking each other over trying to be first. No it's my turn.

Love is a risk. As individual as fingerprinted needs. Sculptured by expectations. Built on genetic attrition and dysfunctional environments. Woven from the fabric of what works us, or what we make work. Without control or prediction.

It's addictive and toxic. Love has no square to be knocked off of. There is no blueprint or center. Love won't love no one. It's an insanity that I am in and out of.

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