

Poetry Series

Linda Lane
- poems -

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Linda Lane()

A New Song

There's a sense of happiness in the wind today,
oh, how many ways, I spent how many days..
Trying...going the wrong direction...

The wind is breezy the temperatures are cool,
now, its time, I find, to fly into the true
colors of a new and bright horizon.

Linda Lane

Cambridge Square

My eyes blinded by the diamonds
in your eyes..The sparkle that
shines..As I gaze away, staring
at the sky... Thinking here, hand
holding head, wondering as the day
brings forth delights..

I return to look again, at those
eyes of yours...wondering why.
Blazing color of green they are...
hardly ever, looking into mine.

Linda Lane

In The Hopes

The ocean waves dash toward the shore -
Oh the tears the ocean holds.

Cries of yesterday's sorrow of loves lost..

The way of the ocean, how it dances to and fro,
as it lightly touches the shore.

Oh mans cries, he hopes for tears

no more!

Linda Lane

My Arms Are Lifted

My praise is to Jesus. My new life is in Him..
He changed my mind, my soul..He has shown me
kindness, He has lifted my heavy heart..I will always
forever walk knowing the Lord is with me every day
and every night.

My journey has begun, in Him, I hope and pray I do
and say whats right for myself, and for others. And
should I slip, I pray peace will prevail.. I am not a God,
I am simply human wanting my Lord's love both
day and night...

Linda Lane

My Guide

My dear Holy One, no words ever offered in sincere kindness to you, can ever give you the praise you deserve! For all you have gifted to me, .. a nobody.

How do I repay?

I truly was lost, blind.. and my Guide, now I clearly see..Holy One, Jesus, be always forever my love, my true pure light, my mentor.. As I continue to stumble walking through this life of mine, be near to my side, day and night.

Linda Lane

Song For Christ

We are all snowflakes in God's eyes..
How we try, oh how we try to see
life and live life through God's eyes.

We are all snowflakes in God's eyes,
in Gods eyes..

He loves us all for who we are,
we love God too, for what He can do...

We are all snow flakes in Gods Eyes!

Linda Lane

The Echo's Of Wind

How it seems, the wind now, calm. The sun light
fills the skies with an array of colors. Oh, warming the
senses, happy to the eyes.

The delight of seeing warmth again!

Missing the wind, how I have..Wanting to hold it, catch
it in my hands..

Let me forever, feel this breeze, let it
take me far above the mountain tops...filling me to
the brim.. always!

Linda Lane

The Flower In The Vase

Years spent on roads not ever traveled..
So many times darkness reined left many signs..
I now realize...

The spirit of love guides one, almost yells at one..
To see, to open those eyes and see..

I've seen the light of the love of a spirit that
gently guides me along my ways along the
days of unending discovery..

Linda Lane

These Days

These days are like no other we will live through.. Each one, gives to us, if opens, love, the courage we need to follow through with our daily lives..

We are all so unique, time well spent on each and everyone of us..

These days open to us, like a flower, capturing warmth, water...and earth..

Linda Lane

Tin Can Flowers

Given once long long ago,
feelings lost, mind shattered during
a journey..

Oh, now, how its unfolding nicely,
happy I truly found my Lord, my Savior,
the only one who is pure...Jesus my love
always..forever..

I hope He always is with me, stays
near to me..while I try this new road
in life.

Linda Lane

Tree

How it must be to stand firm tall
as a tree.

Oh the feeling of strength, its arms unfolded
toward the sky...

They keep me safe during a day..The sound
they make at night, while wind rustles through
their leaves..Soothes me helps me dream...

The tree, oh its beauty...there it stands..

There it stands, as strength to me.

Linda Lane

What Color Is The Rain

Tell me what color is the rain?

Years filled with tears, spilled
on a talbe, staring into a mirror.

Now, the tide moves more toward who
I am...I want to be...
Tell me who you want me to be.
So, can you tell me what color is the rain?

Linda Lane

Window Sill

Staying inside..behind these unpainted
walls..Looking through the window pane,
I visualize.. I see colors of autumn..
Soon the winter winds will be whispering
to me again...gently.

Linda Lane