

Poetry Series

Louis Gander
- poems -

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Louis Gander(9/10/54)

I write simply to make this world a more respectful and loving place...

A Moment To Smile

Deep into the woods in my truck I seemed lost.
The brisk, chilly breeze was still holding the frost.
Because it was dried up and totally dead,
I decided to cut down this big tree instead.

The ants had been busy all over that tree,
before my big chain saw had made them all flee.
The noise and vibration and all the turmoil,
(had it happened to me, would have made my blood boil) .

But they simply scattered if off to the races,
to other safe havens - to other safe places.
My muscles all ached from my head to my feet,
but I felt so content - with my job now complete.

It seemed that my actions were merely a bump,
to ants now so busy inside that tree stump
I wondered which one, if any, had won -
the ants or myself as I thought my job done.

As I sat on the gate of my rusty old truck,
loaded down heavy with logs - was now stuck!
I realized then that it's sometimes worthwhile,
to sit back a moment, a moment to smile.

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Louis Gander

An Obvious Need

"Dear Lord and Savior, hear my plea.
I've one request, wait - two or three....
This time, though, I'm in a fix,
so maybe there'll be five or six....

Please answer quickly, hear me now
and I'll pray daily - that's my vow.
Unlike before, please don't postpone,
for really Lord, You should have known.

I have sacrificed so much for You,
for years been nagged by 'you know who'....
The children too, yell at the spouse -
we really need a larger house....

My boat is bleached from Your hot sun
so I really need a brand new one.
My wardrobes full - but can't wear those -
for Heaven knows I need new clothes.

You know I just went out to eat,
'all I could eat' - wow, what a treat -
topped it off with cream and cake -
so take away my stomachache.

I've tried so hard to lose some weight,
from all this fat that You create....
I feel so tired and weak somehow,
so give me strength - I need it now.

Thank You for my new guitar,
my brand new camper, another car,
but vacation's what I really need -
roller coasters, lots of speed.

You are so great. I know You care,
so answer now - my simple prayer.
These aren't mere words, these are my needs
and if You grant, I've more good deeds....

There's so much more I'd ask of You,
with credit cards long overdue....
But you, dear Lord, must surely know,
the fish are biting - I must go.

I only ask for what I need.
These are not 'wants' so please proceed.
Stay close to me - I'll call again.
Please grant me what I need, Amen."

Louis Gander

Apron Strings

When I was young,
I often clung,
to many little things.
I'd reach up high,
again retie,
my mama's apron strings.

I sometimes did,
what mom forbid,
although she'd make it clear.
Thoughts still linger.
I remember,
through each fleeting year.

Acquainted still,
her stories thrill,
with many left untold.
I can't go back,
though mem-ries track,
to years I'd rather hold.

I'm lost in thought,
it can't be caught,
despite my futile search -
mama singing,
mama bringing,
this small boy to church.

Though I was touched,
and changed so much,
through Christ, the perfect One -
I cannot stay,
time slips away,
from all that she had done.

I try to grasp,
and hands I clasp,
around those many things -
but mem-ry strands,

slip through my hands -
just like those apron strings.

I miss her so.
Emotions show.
There's moistness in my eyes.
I can't withhold,
though I am old,
my oft guilt-ridden cries.

Though sometimes sad,
I'm always glad,
whenever I think of -
my mama's cares,
my mama's prayers,
and her most precious love.

Louis Gander

Dust To Dust

From the ground with dust, formed man.
Oh, this world that God began.
He had only asked for 'trust'.
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

And of the fruit, creation ate -
so plowed he fields, outside the gate.
Was from the garden thrown, unjust?
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

Man confused, but thought so great -
so man, an idol did create -
which then decayed in rot and rust.
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

So ascertain his final fate -
for man still thinks at this late date,
that knowledge proves he's so robust.
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

The clock keeps ticking - marches on.
It's certain who we call upon.
Into the future we are thrust -
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

Close it now, the vast division,
God or self, it's your decision.
Life moves swiftly, dawn to dusk.
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

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Louis Gander

Final Walk

Now forty lashes - minus one
The torture, anguish has begun.
Thirty-nine lashes, horrid pain,
I can't endure - but won't complain.

A crown of thorns cut in so deep,
Energy gone - I've got to sleep.
But on my back, a timber placed -
it weighs a ton, blood/sweat I taste.

I feel the cross beside my face
I cannot walk a faster pace.
Skin rips open - each time I slip,
so tighter I must keep my grip.

Each step I take is harder still
when trudging up this cruel hill.
The slivers pierce me as I trod,
both big and small - oh, help me God.

Please give me strength for Heaven sakes
for every muscle in me aches.
With that huge cross along my back,
My knees buckle - my legs go slack.

Exhausted I can hardly crawl
and then I drop it as I fall.
My shoulder hurts - the pain intense.
Everyone stares in awed suspense.

I can't handle it any more
yet next I know what is in store.
My lungs hurt so, I've lost my breath,
but give me strength before my death.

Finally, at the top I rest -
but now this cross, my final test.
I love you all - am faithful still,
right here on top of Calvary's hill.

All the pain I've endured thus far
cannot erase the sins that are.
Sacrifice, death - wages of sin -
demands the pain of the cross begin.

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Louis Gander

Get Real!

Tattoo's ink smeared everywhere,
with piercings by the score -
and color-copied rainbow hair,
how can we handle more?

To get a little self-respect
our clothes must have a label.
Our auto's must be perfect,
or we appear unstable.

Eye lashes must be fastened on.
Scent squirts out from sprayers -
liner must be perfect drawn
with powder caked in layers.

Our jewelry we can wear with pride
and aging spots can cover -
the wrinkles we can try to hide
so no one will discover.

Through remedies we dig and dig.
We make a real fuss.
But apply the lipstick to a pig -
it's surface, surface, surface!

We try to conquer blunder,
we think we've conquered dull,
but what I have to wonder
is, what's inside our skull?

Man can't look beyond the skin,
Man looks at the face.
Man sees only fat or thin.
Man sees only 'race'.

God sees through all shallowness.
God sees through the skin.
God sees down inside our heart,
God sees deep within.

Some day man might teach our youth.
Some day man might feel.
Some day man might learn the truth
and hopefully get REAL!

Louis Gander

Grandma

Grownups seem so funny. They never seem to change.
'Specially my ol' grandma. She always acted strange.
Peculiar smells escaped out when she opened up her door.
And as I stepped into her house - heard creaking in the floor.

She seemed a bit hunched over. She wasn't very thin.
Her teeth would sometimes chatter when she moved her double chin.
She decorated very nice. A corner held the broom.
And she'd have her nylons hanging 'round the living room....

God made grandma special. Her cooking, Heaven sent.
She hadn't much to offer but she really was content.
She was always cooking with her hair back in a bun.
And always had her apron on - had little time for fun.

Sometimes I got in trouble taking cookies from her jar....
The crumbs would seem to mark my sin. I didn't get too far.
One day we had a party. She cried when she was glad.
She cried when she was happy too and cried when she was sad.

Once she claimed I was in sin. I asked her what she meant,
So she opened up her Bible and read a whole event.
I had so many questions that she took me by the hand,
She had so many answers that I couldn't understand.

She said God loved so deeply and - death held the only key,
So back behind the bloodstains Jesus had to die for me.
Maybe sin is so disgusting that - love has to be unfair,
And maybe that's why grandma cried - when she knelt down in prayer.

When I got hurt, she kissed it well. She was the best-est nurse,
Then she said, 'Be careful' quoting yet another verse.
She often looked so busy. She sometimes looked quite weak;
But when I left, she always had the time to kiss my cheek.

I miss my grandma very much. She died some time ago.
But when she spoke of Jesus, her face was all aglow.
When I close my eyes I see - that same familiar face,
Reminding me of Jesus and God's everlasting grace.

Louis Gander

In His Sandals

I cannot serve two masters. I serve, but only one,
for if I love some sinfulness, I hate God's only Son.
Could I walk in His sandals? Do I really understand?
Of what would it encompass? Of what would it demand?

Could I put up with some abuse, and could I humbly be,
a whipping board of insults, for all to scoff at me?
Could I withstand a whipping? Tell me, would I know,
the pain down in my open wounds, torn flesh from every blow?

Could I, but bear the privilege - to be a king renowned,
my face stained in bloody streaks from such a thorny crown?
Would I know the cost of love, and God's most precious grace,
or would I simply think of me, and hate the human race?

Could I endure the anguish, as ropes bind hands and feet,
knotted up so tightly that - I'd give in to defeat?
There on my back, could I stare at - a spike set on my skin,
then watch them take a heavy stone, and slam it deep within?

Oh, I'd know what's coming next - I'd clench my other fist.
Could I endure another nail - or would I just resist?
When tortured even further, could pain be so complete,
when to the cross I'm nailed with - another through my feet?

Slowly ropes raise cross and I. The base slides in the hole.
Then in ghastly, horrid pain, would that jerk shake my soul?
And there I'd hang, alone up high - for all to mock and hate.
Could I endure the anguish then? Can I, to that relate?

Could I survive for hours, in pain and endless shame?
Would I ask Gods forgiveness - for those that I could blame?
Could I die for ALL the world - their sinful sacrifice -
and know that few would love me? Would that, for me, suffice?

Would my final miracle call for a heavenly host?
Or would I yield to Father's will and then give up the ghost?
Hate and anger would not end - the sword would pierce my side....
Oh, would I slip away and hide? Which way would I decide?

His sandals are too large to fill. His time, so long ago,
and Heaven - much too far away, while I'm down here below.
But could I wear His sandals - if I was called upon,
and are my trials greater that - I'd gladly put His on?

He demands my little faith. He holds no speck of wrath,
when He's a lamp unto my feet - a light unto my path.
Yes, I wear His sandals - for I've been called upon,
and faithful every morning I - slip them boldly on.

This poem may explain it - but who truly understands?
For every sin that we commit puts nails through Jesus' hands....
We cannot serve two masters. We serve, but only one.
We have to hate all sinfulness, to love God's only Son.

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Louis Gander

Mother

Words describe so many things,
one beside another;
and words explain an awful lot
but can't describe my mother.

If a picture's worth a thousand words -
each word, a pound of letters;
then mother surpasses sunsets,
and warmth from all my sweaters.

She's worth a million smiles,
she carries many scars;
her worth, a million rainbows,
her value exceeds stars.

Yes, mother is quite different -
and the only one I get.
And I'm the one she could afford.
I love her quite a bit.

So what explains my mother?
What's in my vast report?
And what describes my mother when,
ALL my words fall short?

We shared so many memories,
our hearts shared many years;
so what describes my mother is,
the love inside my tears....

Louis Gander

My Tree Still Stands

The whipping winds, the freezing rain,
it did not understand the strain -
and did not understand the stress
of wicked, wintry colds excess.

Until the springtime snow was melting,
it kept taking earthly pelting.
It held firm throughout the frost
and persevered despite the cost.

Freezing rain was in the air -
yet life grew out of everywhere.
How can freezing offer good
as this tree stands misunderstood?

Does it strengthen, does it now?
Does it make me wonder how?
Does it test me, does it try,
and does it hurt me - make me cry?

Do trees know that life's not fair?
and do they know if God is there?
Liberty and freedom's great -
but it's not easy fighting hate.

Yet sunshine sees (through its appearance) ,
vast rewards from perseverance -
springtime buds its cheers of joy
and proves this world cannot destroy.

For God alone holds season's times -
protects our souls from earthly crimes.
And though the world claims its demands -
in springtime warmth, my tree still stands.

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Louis Gander

Pirates!

I remember back, when young -
the pirate tales from grandpa's tongue -
where peg-legged men with but one eye
sought their treasures, chanced to die.

Captain Pirate had a hook
and he cared not from whom he took.
He boarded ships and stole their goods -
then hid his treasures in the woods.

On the ship - he had some men -
who helped him rob now and again.
At times they partied and they drank. -
If one was rude, he'd walk the plank.

Now this old pirate wasn't fair -
and got so drunk he didn't care.
It didn't matter who he killed -
just so his humor was fulfilled.

A wee bit close, I happened near -
lost both my boots and lost my gear.
They tied me up that very night -
my wrists had hurt, the rope was tight.

One pulled quick, his shiny sword -
then threw me on that weathered board.
The ocean deep, the water black,
the sword I felt, pressed to my back.

I stepped out - again, again,
with nudges felt from earthly sin.
The steps I took were very short
but that old plank gave me support.

I thought quick but took some pause -
reflecting on life's silly laws.
Blinded by life's codes and rules,
I had nothing - them, the jewels.

Hoping here on earth I'd stay,
stepped I through life from day to day.
And this I knew - could not pretend -
this plank was short. There was an end.

Weight pushed low the outer ledge.
My toes could feel the very edge.
No turning back, what's done is done -
no place to turn - no place to run.

Bodies end with earthly goals
as all life ends - but not the souls.
Emotions quake, as body shakes,
but after death - the soul awakes.

They held truth (though they got old)
those pirate tales that grandpa told -
but futile is a life that's wed,
with both the soul and body dead.

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Louis Gander

Speed!

The hare runs very swiftly,
for ten years he can go -
but patient, walks the turtle for
a hundred years or so...

-

Rounding curves, squealing with a
couple hundred horses -
stretched out over lawful edge,
anticipating forces.

Sporty style and glossy paint -
surpassing every class -
clean and polished, buffed and waxed,
with tinted window glass.

Transmissions humming through the gears,
bring screeching to the tires -
and then the booming drowns the streets -
huge speakers strung with wires.

Flying off at green lights hue,
with pedals under lead -
wasting gas, polluting air,
to break at every red...

The pedals crush the metal flat
with heavy laden feet -
yet idle through the drive ups then,
for food that's good to eat.

Running full in circles wide,
while rushing far and near -
important is the coffee cup,
some cigarettes or beer.

Another day, another laugh,
for fun is not a crime!

Let's get the guys together 'cause -
it's almost party time!

Then sharp, the sirens pierce the night,
and everything goes wrong...
A child wandered in the street.
The doctors take too long.

So many people crying,
so many people sad -
so many people blaming God,
so many people mad.

This poem's not about a car,
a cycle, or a van -
but oh, about the drivers there,
the much impatient man...

-

Now God created turtles,
and God created hares -
but then created patient man,
if patient are his prayers.

PLEASE DRIVE SAFELY - ALWAYS!

Louis Gander

The Great Reward

In Jesus' day (some time ago) ,
there were no toys or balls to throw.
There were no bikes or baby chairs,
erector sets or teddy bears.

No strollers rolled down dirt streets.
No snacks to munch on for their treats.
No marbles, checkers, kaleidoscope -
yet every child learned to cope.

They didn't have those spinning tops,
nor ice cream cones or lolly pops,
no toy soldiers, dolly names,
movie shows, computer games.

They never missed their favorite show.
They never saw a night light glow.
They didn't feel the least deprived
when pizza wasn't micro waved.

They didn't ski, go out for sports,
have special shoes, designer shorts.
Suspenders held their trousers up.
They said, 'yes sir' and never 'yup'.

Words weren't written on their shirts,
or on their shorts right where it hurts,
but in their heart's most inner core,
so non-existent anymore.

They didn't own a motorboat -
but had their cow, their hen, their goat.
Our pets today eat so much better.
They're not used for coat or sweater.

They didn't know they acted 'cool'.
No dirt bikes then ran out of fuel.
Before they learned what dirt could yield,
they pulled by hand the rocks from field.

They didn't have to mow the lawn
or pull the weeds 'til they were gone -
though at times they might be fickle,
cutting hay with father's sickle.

No birthday cakes with frosting glitter.
Those veggies really weren't so bitter.
Now don't forget the outdoor 'john'.
All summer long, no AC on.

And faucets just did not exist.
They carried buckets in their fist.
Kids learned to work just like an ox -
and often without shoes or socks.

They worked to learn and did their best
and had no cushy couch for rest.
No Frisbee's, yoyo's, or a sled -
but so content to go to bed.

On cold nights, they got a chill.
No doctors came when they got ill.
So now you know what kids had then -
yet thanked the Lord and said 'Amen'.

They learned their Bible inside out
and really didn't go without.
Rewards were great - not like today,
when kids had much more time to pray.

Louis Gander

The Gun Fight!

The sun was rising in the east
behind some hitching posts.
And weathered boards, on buildings old,
had nothing left to boast.

But I wore fancy cowboy duds,
I was a handsome sight.
A crowd of people gathered 'round
to watch this old gun fight.

The street was dead and empty
except for sin and I -
and how I ended up out here,
I'm really not sure why.

A bullet? Very dangerous,
if we've no self-control -
and sin is much more dangerous,
because it kills the soul.

Noon met with humidity.
The sun was dry and hot.
Beads of sweat rolled down my face -
my stomach, in a knot.

But no, I wasn't nervous -
though duel had begun.
I counted out ten paces -
then turned and drew my gun.

But sin is faster, furious -
much quicker than the eye.
Oh please! Dear Lord and Saviour -
I do not want to die!

And then... in just an instant,
I dropped down to my knees -
then fell as peace passed over me.
I felt the gentle breeze.

But something stood in front of me.
Its shadow crossed my face.
I then saw Jesus on that cross.
He took my very place.

Ashamed, I dropped my pistol.
My pride was killed that day -
as I pulled off my fancy boots
and flung my hat away.

Humbled on the dusty street
with crowded eyes on me -
my every pride had vanished.
I learned humility.

In faithfulness, I stood again,
though I was at a loss...
How could Jesus love me so
on that old rugged cross?

The sun was setting in the west
behind some hitching posts.
And weathered boards, on buildings old,
had nothing left to boast.

Louis Gander

The Ol' Barn

There was a barn once painted red
which stood on grandpa's old homestead –
and built so very long ago,
a sorry sight - I told him so.

As a boy I often wondered
why it hadn't ever timbered.
I heard the sagging rafters yawn
with half its several shingles gone.

I stepped in (the barn doors missing) -
found it home for sparrows singing.
Though the birds flew around freely
the floors were filled in man's debris.

No matter which way I'd be glancing
dust in sunlight rays were dancing.
Warning cobwebs seemed to sketch -
between the timbers they would stretch.

Foundation laid in cobblestone
but its sure footing wasn't known.
Between some stones were gaping cracks
that could not hide the basic facts.

Every post in building leaning,
wall to wall had needed cleaning.
Winter winds would whistle through.
That big ol' barn had lost, I knew.

Its sole purpose couldn't render -
so it offered full surrender.
Weather's sin had taken toll
and wind and sleet had found its soul.

That ol' barn is much like us
and in our need we make a fuss.
Our sagging souls are so uncouth
that we no longer seek the truth.

Deceit flies in our open door
and we care little anymore.
We'd rather compromise instead
as cobwebs fill our empty head.

Our minds are filled with sins' debris
with anyone whom we agree.
The love is lost between our bones
and leaves us cold, loosened stones.

Will our convictions stand together
or now yield to stormy weather?
Are we responsible inside
or has our character also died?

Over these years the time has lapsed
and long ago that barn collapsed.
I stand and look at its demise,
listening to the worlds last cries.

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Louis Gander

The Old Locomotive

The old locomotive moves 'we the people' on our way.
It's gained a lot of speed from then - until right now, today.
Where is this locomotive? Where is it headed to?
We need to know - for after all - it holds both me and you.

Gold and silver limits us, so those we did not need.
With paper it was easier to satisfy our greed.
Bureaucracy has taxed us all. It taxed us as we grew,
taxes those that sell us food and taxes dishes too.

It taxes every kitchen, every bathroom, every yard.
It taxes every one of us without the least regard.
It taxes all our products and taxes all our goods.
It puts a tax right where we live and even taxes woods.

It taxes every home and car and taxes all our fuel.
It taxes every thing we have - including heat and cool.
It taxes all our income and it taxes what we sell,
and if it had ability could tax its way to hell.

Our borders have been broken and are leaving us so bare,
and then when there's a killing.... do politicians care?
They talk and talk and talk some more and find someone to blame.
but then when they are finally done - continues on the same.

In the dining car we ride - merrily on our way.
Never do we say a word lest we become their prey.
The bureaucrats that wish to ride up in that locomotive,
just do their job oblivious - to legislators' motive.

We go to work to pay some more and ship our kids to schools,
It matters not what they are taught - for we must follow rules.
But when they mess our children up - it's not their fault you see,
as every finger pointing - is at either you or me.

We get accustomed in our rut, accustomed to their cause,
because of fear, accept it all, and do not question laws.
The locomotive speeds along the tracks now ever faster,
but no one has a clue for what becomes a sure disaster.

It glides along so easily as feelings conquer facts,
but all will soon be over when it sails beyond the tracks.
With lifeless bodies everywhere - the poor to those of fame -
at least we all can rest assured - that none will point in blame.

Louis Gander

The Sand Castle

The boy continued working
as people ran on by -
kicking up the sun-dried sand
which stung his little eye.

The beach was full of castles,
sand castles great and tall.
The artists had great patience as
the crowd was held in awe.

Some were very stately
and some were built quite lean -
but artists built their castles
where they could be well seen.

Castles grand and beautiful -
some poised to win a place -
detailed touches serious
from top down to the base.

While all the crowd was standing 'round
still watching and amazed -
the judge looked ever critical
with eyebrow sometimes raised.

But then a storm came blowing by
collapsing every wall.
The crowd was stunned - wave after wave
had toppled one and all.

Yet, spared there - one sand castle
which stood above the rest.
It was not much to look at but -
withstood the final test.

Away from wicked, stormy seas
it stood back from the shore.
Though storm had sent its wicked waves
it could have handled more.

Every great sand castle
was crushed and so outdone -
all tested hard with crashing waves
that could not reach this one.

Its walls were not the straightest -
but safely from the sea -
was built alone so humbly
and stood there faithfully.

That young boy sat beside it
not really that obsessed -
when someone started yelling, 'Hey!
This one beats the rest! "

The crowd all pushed and gathered `round -
then saw that castle standing.
They stood there so astonished but
did not say anything.

The judge pushed ever closer -
then saw that little boy -
who humbly built his castle
where waves could not destroy.

He roared loud his announcement,
"This is the perfect size! "
and then he leaned right over and
awarded him First Prize.

Still, he continued working
as people ran on by -
kicking up the sun-dried sand
which stung his little eye.

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James 1: 12 (NASB)

Blessed is a man who perseveres under trial;
for once he has been approved,
he will receive the crown of life
which the Lord has promised to those who love Him.

Louis Gander

The Terrorizer

It's smaller than a meteor,
and hasn't that much girth,
yet stronger than the largest bomb,
and could destroy the Earth.

Smoother than velvet it can be,
and sometimes it can run.
Sometimes cooler than a breeze,
or hotter than the sun.

It's smaller than the strongest gun,
but started many wars.
Oh, but it's so lazy too,
getting out of many chores.

It started every argument.
Rare silence you can hear.
It's something most will never lose.
It's always very near.

Receiving orders from the brain,
air flowing from the lung -
but if you don't quite get it yet -
just bite your wicked tongue!

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Louis Gander

Walk The Talk

Love is a tough word for men made of steel.
Some cannot say it - despite how they feel.
And way down inside, you'll find at the core,
that few love much higher than eagles can soar.

Some utter their love in flowers and smiles.
There are many words and so many styles.
Some share their feelings with tears in one eye,
while others share thoughts in endless supply....

Talk is so shallow - it's easier said,
than walking the talk, and giving instead.
When we're confronted with our simple trials,
do we drag our cross - and for how many miles?

A cross is a menace that scoffs in our ear.
We wish every time it would just disappear;
but if our love's real - and fills us inside,
A cross surely conquers when we are denied.

For there was a Man that lived long ago,
who gave so much more - than we'll ever know.
He shared with the children, women and men,
and taught us all how - to love once again

There was no record of "fanciful" talk,
but rather, instead, of unselfish walk.
While prayers were sincere to His Father above,
mere words didn't finish His dutiful love.

He spoke not a word - defending His own,
and faithfully walked each step all alone.
We can't imagine the pain He endured,
and from the soldiers, the scoffing He heard.

Mere words were spoken and all had seemed lost,
but actions spoke louder than two timbers crossed.
For love didn't lose to the cross in that war -
-because Jesus yet lives and that cross is no more.

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Louis Gander

Where Are You God?

Early mornings, I talk to You.
I pray until the sky is blue.
Faithfully I do my chores -
for You are mine and I am Yours.

I read the Bible, every verse -
but yet the world grows worse and worse.
So where's the bounty? Where's the fruit?
Did You get lost along our route?

Tell me now - where are you God?
You should be here. This is quite odd.
Do You just sit there on Your throne,
and leave me down here all alone?

A mustard seed - my faith exceeds.
I live a Godly life indeed.
I pour out Christian love each day -
spreading seed along my way.

So tell me why You're way up there.
and leave me here in such despair?
Please tell me, why are we apart?
Could I have followed my own heart?

Could it be, I followed me -
I never listened, couldn't see?
Yes, maybe I had took a turn,
because I didn't want to learn...

You are there and I am here -
but now I'll follow and not fear.
Early mornings, I'll hear You -
so guide me Lord, and lead me through.

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Louis Gander

Z

'Z' is last - but not in this poem!
Letters take thought and patience to grow 'em.

'A' seems reserved for its special space,
and may have tantrums if not in first place.

Twenty-five letters still have to be passed,
to find that lone 'Z' which was meant to be last.

I ponder the meaning of last and not first,
and wonder at one point if 'Z' had been cursed.

But 'Z', in this poem has gotten first place.
Hopefully that puts a smile on its face!

The day will soon come where first will be last,
the last will be first and won't be surpassed.

Now here is a secret so keep your eyes peeled,
and maybe you'll find every letter revealed.

It was quite a chore to mix letters this way,
but this time - in last place - you'll find letter 'A'.

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