

Poetry Series

Mary Christine Ward
- poems -

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Mary Christine Ward()

Crying Out

Disingrated capacity
Where does the pain come from?
Reaching out to thoes who used to reach to reach for me
And dont seem to be there
How much does God hear
When surrounds seem so bleak
Dark glasses clouding everything
Yet will I still praise
My Creator and King
Lost in a vastness of hollows
Echos of dark suggestions
All Ive been forced to swallow
My God do you hear me
My heart screams
My spirit wrenched
Torn from my loves
My God so far above
All that concumes
Almost too weak
Yet somehow Ill press into you
Freedom beckons
Chained I beg to answer its call
No comfort in anyone tangible
I want to cower from the brawl
I am weak
Life is a miracle
God allows me to breathe
And He will set me free...

Mary Christine Ward

Fairness...

If I died
would they cry
would there be longing for me?
The ones who would grieve
Were ripped away
As was the joy of the day
I trudge on
Ugly and despised
By condemning hateful foe
walking disease
Is all they see
dispondent and alone
They plot their plans
And throw their daggers
one by one again
Lust for my pain
Even thoes I called friends
The sun went down
And where it set
Felt as if it would never rise again
They have battled
Only to make me the walking dead
But I will rise
As Gods hand draws me out
And I will step above
All that was unfair
phoney love
And the lack of care
God is my strength
When nothings left of me
once again
Ill hear my babies laughing
Some may have played me
They thought like a fiddle
Made all they were
A confusing riddle
Im not obsolete
God sees me
His favor will I bare

Only because
I was the one
Who decided to play fair...

Mary Christine Ward