

Poetry Series

**Melvina Germain**  
**- poems -**

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# Melvina Germain(N/A)

## Bio of Melvina Germain

Diversity is the diamond chip of poetic success. Melvina Germain, born in Sydney, Nova Scotia validates and exemplifies that. Her perpetual passion and yen broadening her literary scope has enabled her to establish herself as a solid Multi Style Poet.

## (006)      The Mustard Seed

A place to rest one's body and soul,  
to put life's worries on temporary hold.  
A time to pray to the good Lord above,  
and ask for His un-con-di-tion-al Love.

To take the time to plant the seed  
holding self responsible of low life deeds.  
To make a decision to fill the void  
with inspiration and spirituality's joy.

To watch good people give a helping hand,  
reaching out toward others because they can.  
No funds will cross their palms you see.  
It's done for the Love of God and thee.

When you hear the words "The Mustard Seed",  
know it's a place of solace for people in need.  
Reach in your pockets and dig very deep,  
help keep the homeless off Calgary's streets.

Written: May 19/2007

Melvina Germain

## (012) Foral Essence

(Haiku)

Bird of paradise  
Elegantly poised, flourished  
Graceful, poignant sight

Written: Sept.06/06

Melvina Germain

## (018) Blessed By God (Haiku)

A new born baby  
Cries loud, entering this world  
Responds to Mom's touch

Nov.4/06

Melvina Germain

## (019) Walking Along The Beach In Nova Scotia

Walking Along The Beach In Nova Scotia

Walking barefoot in the sand  
on a quiet Sunday morning  
at peace with nature's surroundings.

A warm sunny day with  
a faint scent of fish filtering through the air.

The ocean breeze caressing my body,  
giving me a tranquil feeling,  
in this awesome atmosphere.

At peace with nature,  
enjoying every moment,  
I heard the cry of the loon.

I saw him standing at the water's edge  
as if to say, good morning.

He spread his wings to a full span,  
held it there awhile.

I watched with anticipation  
wondering what was yet to come  
from this magnificent creature  
of the wild.

He stood like a king looking at me,  
took flight and soared through the sky.

The sand dollars were plentiful,  
displaying their artistic designs.

I continued to walk as  
the sand massaged my feet.

It was a joyous morning  
walking along the  
beach.

Written: August 31, 2007

Melvina Germain

## (020)      The Fat Poet

The fat poet, who never shares,  
how dare he keep the words of beauty,  
stockpiled, hidden in a quiet corner.

Why, words such as these, must be  
shared to those far and near, to those  
we hold dear. Don't vex with me,  
you fat little poet, lift of those pages,  
so the world will know it.

Your words are full of beauty flare,  
all that you have hidden there, will  
spread a bed of literary verse for  
all the world to see and hear.

Written: January 02/07

Melvina Germain

## (021) Mouse In The House (Children's Poem)

I'am a little mouse,  
I run around Mikes house.  
I know it really belongs to me,  
cause I don't need a key.

I found a hole in a rusty old pipe.  
Crawled in and took a flight.  
Soared through the air-

A cat, a dog standing there? ? OOOPS? ? ? ? ?

I landed in a box of clothes soft and fluffy white  
Now I have to dig down deep and stay far out of sight  
Who let that cat and dog in anyway  
I'll bet it was- MEAN- OLD-MIKE

Melvina Germain

**(022)      Naughty Little Mellie      (Children's Poem?  
? ? ? ?)**

She talked and talked and talked and talked some more.  
Whew, what child is this hanging around  
Granny Green's corner store.  
I tried to walk quietly not to make myself heard.  
I shopped in the back and didn't say a word.  
I heard a creak behind me, afraid to turn around.  
Oh oh, it's that kid Mellie, she's making baby sounds.  
She laughed and laughed and laughed and laughed some more  
I just wanted to make it back through the stores front door.  
Mellie talked and talked, and laughed and drooled upon the floor.  
Finally Granny Green came and picked that little kid up.  
Mellie turned, looked me in the face, grinned so naughtily,  
while she pointed her finger and stuck her tongue out at me.  
I looked around but there was no one else there to see.

Melvina Germain

**(023) Resting Place**

**(Haiku)**

Butterfly visits  
Momentarily seeks home  
everlasting peace

Written: August 19/2006

Melvina Germain

## (027) Jealous Love

Jealous Love

Covered in blood  
I trudged along,  
feet sopping wet  
I'll never forget.  
Weakened  
Determined,  
kept a slow pace.  
Wearily  
Struggling,  
hoping for God's grace.  
I need you now,  
more than ever  
before,  
please help me make it  
to that hospital door.

Written: August 20,2007

Melvina Germain

## (028) A Sunday Prayer For Our Lost Sisters And Brothers

Dear Father God, once again I come to you on a Sunday morning. Father please know that I love you dearly, I respect your name, I love your son Jesus. Father know that I give thanks for all that you have given, your wondrous views, your precious animal kingdom, the miracle of childbirth and more.

Father this Sunday I would like to focus on praying for your children who deny you, those who say you don't exist, those that refuse to acknowledge you in any way. Yes Lord I pray for them for they are lost and as your son said a long time ago, "they do not know what they do". Father cleanse their minds, open their eyes and show them the way to the truth. Father speak to them, walk with them.

Father these people are lost, misguided and need you in their lives, although they may never ask you Lord, give me the knowledge, wisdom, patience and strength to know how best to minister to these non believers. Use me Lord as a vessel to deliver your word so they may understand there is no other that comes before you.

Lord we all have our problems, we are all sinners, I have sinned and still have weaknesses, but Lord I would never deny you, I get my strength from you, I know when I have fallen you will be there to pick me up and start me once again on the right track. I know you will comfort me in my saddest hours. I know I will hear the whispers of your precious voice, I know you love me, I have faith in you and I trust only in you and not in man. I believe only in you and not in man, I know I can deal with any situation with you by my side. Father I want these people to know you as I do.

I ask this prayer this Sunday morning in the name of your precious son Jesus. Thank you Father, Amen.

Melvina Germain

## (030) Butterfield Brite

Trudging wearily many dark miles ahead.  
In the distance, a light shone bright,  
from an old rustic cabin  
standing alone in the dim lit night.

Energetic vibes increased as  
my legs picked up the pace.  
A light at the end of the tunnel  
to be my saving grace.

Deep within my soul, a sealed  
envelope I'll hold.  
Till the time is right  
to reveal and be told.

Loud voices reigned, through an  
old window marred with mud stain.  
while sitting round an old oak table  
engaged in conversation recapping  
events of the past- realization-  
I'am home, I'am home- at last.

Standing quietly on that old rugged  
porch, listening contently,  
feeling warm and fearless.  
all of a sudden..... I heard this.....

What are you doing here, you nasty  
old critter, standing, lurking like a  
peeping tom, answer me - you-  
who do you think you are. Raise  
your hands and step inside.

I did just as the old man ordered,  
stepped inside. Three old men sat  
wearing many a different hyde.  
Piercing eyes found deep penetration.  
Still, I felt no fear, for certain,  
they will welcome me here.

A chair hit me in the back of my legs,  
down I fell to sit.  
Laughter erupted all around,  
A room filled with warmth and wit.

They sat me down, gave me tea  
and bread, I grinned, chuckled  
and laughed a lot. A family  
reunion for years twas sought  
into dawn we sat and talked.

The men knew their time here was short,  
for their land was repossessed of sorts.  
I held the key deep within my soul,  
soon to release their lands hold.

To them I spoke of fraudulent deeds,  
gave them all they would need,  
to release the land of which was truly  
theirs, held against them for many years.

Weeks come and weeks go,  
ground soon to be without snow.  
I will leave in the middle of the night,  
knowing all is well in Butterfield brite.

Written: March 21/2007

Melvina Germain

## (040) All We Need Is Love

We shall dance the night away,  
no matter what people say.  
Secret places we have found,  
in your arms I'm bound.

You'll kiss me tenderly,  
our love we share deeply.  
If only everyone knew,  
we share a love that's true.

Tomorrow we meet with friends and family.  
I'll announce my intentions to marry thee.  
Mouths will droop eyebrows will rise.  
We'll have created a huge surprise.

Mom and Dad will surely moan.  
Brother Ted has troubles of his own.  
Aunt Shirley will wish us well.  
Carol will say "go to hell".

We look at each other and all we see,  
is the love we hold inside.  
We have no color, black or white.  
All we need is Love to survive.

Written: April 20/2007

Melvina Germain

## (050) Cost Of Time

We are simple folk, old and tired.  
We weep none, and sing much.  
That's all we have,  
now that's the truth.  
Sit back, take a nap and be you called,  
old fart.  
Our hearing is slight, our speech muffled,  
Our sight dimmed by the cost of time.  
Memory takes a back seat,  
we try hard to be neat.  
Our clothing, off color and mostly don't  
fit  
Society looks the other way as we stroll by.  
Only time will tell, when their turn rises to the  
helm.  
Our fingers bend and legs swell, toes seize  
together, oh well.  
Old age thrives,  
It's a living hell.  
A welcomed sleep, without a peep.  
Time will tell, the time will come  
Rejoice, old girl rejoice

Written: July 18/2006

Melvina Germain

## (060)      Genuine Love

There are  
diamonds,  
crystals,  
ruby's too.  
Nothing  
compares to the  
"Love"  
I feel for  
You.

Melvina Germain

## (073) Beautiful Latino's

Latino's a race of beauty, put upon this earth.  
Now in the limelight showing all their worth.  
Insurmountable talents performed for the world to see,  
and to gaze upon their forms of elegant artistry.

They can dance, they can move, they can kick up their heels.  
They are sexy latin lovers, and that's very real.  
Look out, they have tempers like a fire dragons blaze.  
When you see it you are sure to be amazed.

Large families with lots of love filtering through their homes.  
In certain areas you will find no TV's or telephones.  
The love that resonate, keeps their families alive.  
With constant determination the family will strive.

Coming to North America, working very hard,  
at industrial plants, sometimes construction yards.  
Maybe short order cooks or dishwashers too,  
doing whatever it takes within reason to make it through.

They are fine people, proud people, strong people, yes. The number one  
priority is their families best.

Melvina Germain

## (074) Love That Brown Sugar

Well, well what do we have here, hmmm  
Rather interesting looking specimen of a man.  
I wonder what he's doing later  
Shall I approach him, or make him approach me.  
Oh dear, there we go, who is she?  
Ahh could it be the wife, yep that's who it is alright.  
Intriguing though isn't it, would love a taste you know.  
maybe she and I could make a deal  
I'll pay her to let me take him out for a meal, if you  
know what I mean. Ahhh huh you nasty girl you  
get rid of those thoughts and move on.  
Oh my, now look over there, did he just purposely  
bend down to pick up something for the lady at  
the bar. Hmmm look at that, girrrrl you wouldn't  
know what to do with that anymore, so close your  
eyes. Oh! ! ! Brown sugar, come to me baby, come  
to mama, uh huh baby whew that brown sugar is  
lookinnnnng good. The elevator, they're going to take  
the elevator, well just wait for me baby.  
I'm getting closer, standing quietly eyeballing one  
of my brown babies. He's having problems dealing  
with my boldness. On we go, everyone standing  
starring up at the ceiling, what the heck is up there  
anyway. Second stop another brown sugar walks on  
I couldn't contain myself. I starred directly into his  
eyes and could feel the eyes of the other gentleman  
looking at me. I quickly turned to him and he shyly  
looked away. I started to laugh out loud, other  
bystanders didn't know what to do, my mouth just  
doesn't know when to be quiet. I said without  
thinking. Wow! there's just too much good looking  
brown sugar around here. Well you could hear a pin  
dropp and then I started to laugh, loud and nasty like.  
I knew I made them very nervous, why everyone  
wanted to get off that elevator except me. I think I  
was on a sweet binge LOLOL. Finally they reached  
their floor, both got off together, it turns out they  
knew each other and one of lovelies looked at me  
and said thankyou as he hurried off the elevator. I

looked at the Korean gentleman standing in the corner and starred at him. He had a love affair going on with the ceiling. I just wonder what is up there. The handsome blonde gentleman looked directly at me with a nice warm smile. Nice day I said isn't it, he laughed and nodded and said very nice indeed. Can I buy you a coffee he asked, with that, the Korean gentleman cracked a smile and I responded, well maybe another time I'm really hoping to find some sweets tonight. He laughed and laughed told me his name and I gave him mine. How about breakfast he asked, oh well yes that would be nice, I said. I'll see you downstairs shall we say 10 ish. OK responded my blonde beauty. Oh I really must stop this type of behaviour or one day I will find myself in a pickle or, oh my gosh what a thought. LOLLOLOL.

Melvina Germain

## (077) Soul Mate

I don't make a decision without discussing it with you.  
Your opinion is welcomed in everything I do.  
You worry about me and said you wonder if you did your best.  
My answer to you is always yes.

My day isn't complete until I hear your voice,  
then the telephone rings, you call me by choice.  
We go for our morning coffee and laugh and talk a lot.  
It's our time together now, this is all we've got.

I love you deeply, there's nothing I can do.  
You always tell me you love me too.  
Our love is different, it's strange, can't be explained.  
Those that know us well, wonder if we're insane.

Another woman came into your life,  
I knew the time had come, for you to take a new wife.  
We made arrangements to divorce,  
follow through with the course.

Life changes, seems nothing stays the same.  
I must move on, possibly take on another man's name.  
We made huge mistakes in our past,  
not giving our marriage a proper chance to last.

Melvina Germain

## (080) Easter Bunny Thief

I have flat feet and a puffy tail  
my name is bun bun, I'm a little frail.  
I ate my carrots but that's not enough,  
I need some really good sweet stuff.  
Off to walmart or the safeway store,  
I'll hide out and try to score.  
humm humm good, I really should  
jump in that cart, have a little fart.  
Away goes Mrs. Curly Mae,  
now I can have a chocolate bar today.  
hipity hop, hipity hop,  
I'll take my chocolate bar to the street car stop.  
I'm just a little bunny, it's not Easter yet.  
I'll be ready with lot's of candy,  
so don't you fret.

Written: Feb.16,2008

Note: Pardon me, I'm in one of my moods

Melvina Germain

## (081)      Come Play With Me      (Children's Poem)

I found me a fiddle,  
decided to play a little.  
I walked up and down the street,  
and played for those I would meet.

I found jumpin Andy,  
he was pretty handy.  
I gave him the tambourine,  
oh what a weird scene.

We walked and played and sang a little,  
Oh there goes Miss Kiddle.  
She use to be a school marm,  
Who lived on Mr. Peckers farm.

We walked and played and sang some more,  
until we reached the corner store.  
We danced and danced like jumping jacks.  
Then got kicked out by Mr. Hack.

He took the fiddle and tambourine,  
then sent us home with a dairy Queen.

Melvina Germain

## (084) Thank You Lord

I thank you Lord for this life,  
even during times of pain and strife.

I thank you Lord for teaching me to pray,  
for giving me, precious moments every day.

I thank you Father for pointing me in the right direction,  
for loving me, caring for me and giving me protection.

I thank you Father for all the sorrows,  
which teach me to aim for a better tomorrow.

I thank you Jehovah for the amazing children of this earth,  
for allowing me three of which I gave birth.

I thank you Lord in the name of your precious son Jesus.

Amen

Written: July 22,2007

Melvina Germain

## (085) Communicating With God

Prayer, a special way of communicating with God.  
Reaching out to the holy spirit, calling his name.  
Awaiting an answer while worshiping with others.  
You exercise patience whenever he's called upon..  
Each and everyday, one must try to kneel and pray.  
Relax, this is your precious time alone with the Lord.

Melvina Germain

## (086) Poor Working Stiff

Everyday the same routine,  
following orders, part of a team.  
Roll out of bed around four,  
shower, have breakfast and out the door.

Facing traffic, swears and sneers,  
hurtful feelings, ah who cares.  
Drivers on cell phones, giving the finger.  
music blaring, powerful singers.

The closer you get to the office door,  
that feeling of dread hits you once more.  
You look across the crowded room,  
observe the faces of doom and gloom.

You say to yourself, I want much more.  
I need the strength to walk out that door.  
Reality steps in, you know you can't win.  
Tomorrow you start all over again.

Written: June 25,2007

Melvina Germain

## (087) Secret Thoughts

To, hold shameful, desperate thoughts.  
Certainly not that of a well mind for sure.  
It is you, thinking of closing that final door,  
a selfish thought indeed.

Is it really you, who thinks of this,  
or is it Satan's malicious twist.  
Not wanting you, to think clean and pure,  
he comes sneaking through your door.

Your thoughts he penetrates, night after night.  
Allowing you not to put up a good fight.  
Thrusting backwards, falling down,  
reaching upwards to find that great crown.

Help is what you require, if you want to succeed.  
Strength, oh yes, you must find the need.  
You're falling faster and faster, no one knows,  
until you finally reach disaster.

Family and friends pray for you everyday,  
this is the reason you're able to stay.  
You hear the voices now and then,  
the soft whispers of your true friends.

Stay you must and stay you will,  
your presence here is needed still.  
turn away from Satan's grasp,  
and find a way to close the clasp.

Written: June 25/2006

Melvina Germain

## (088) Pity Me

Pitiful, pitiful, pity me,  
how sorrowful life can be.

I live my life as I see fit,  
for I dwell in a bottomless pit.

Pitiful, pitiful, pity me,  
I have no money to eat you see.

I'm homeless live on the street.  
In back alleys under bridges old car seats.

Pitiful, pitiful, pity me,  
I have a face you can't see.

I'm weathered, torn,  
wish I'd never been born.

Pitiful, pitiful, pity me  
alas the darkness hovers over me.

My time has come I'll soon be free.  
No more pity, no more pity, for me.

Written: April 23/2007

Melvina Germain

## (100) Time Passed Me By

All dressed up and no where to go.  
would love to see a picture show.  
Who cares!  
Who wants me?  
I'm old, cracked and crusted you see.  
The years have taken their toils on me.  
I no longer have smooth beautiful skin,  
instead, I'm wrinkled saggy, with a sloppy chin.  
My boobs that stood pert and showy for all to see,  
now hang to my knees, flat as can be.  
What say you, when you look at me,  
awkward question my dear,  
Hmmm afraid to tell me.  
Don't be afraid, my body speaks for itself.  
You can roll me up and place me on a shelf.

Written: Feb.16/2007

Don't worry fellow poets, I'm just in a mood. It's Friday night and I ain't got nobody. Hmmm I think someone made a song, oh yeah it was on Saturday night wasn't it. Well no matter, this is Friday for another hour or so. This is not a true story by the way. I look great, just in a weird mood is all. I'm not even drinking, darn I don't drink. LOLLOL I'll delete this another day. Tonight if you dare to read this, OH well.....LOLOL

Written: Feb.16/2007

Melvina Germain

(110)

## Crisis Of A Child

Mommy, mommy don't leave me here alone.  
I don't like you talking on the phone.  
I just got home, I have so much to say.  
Please mommy listen to what happened today.

Go away, can't you see, I'm busy as can be.  
This is my time, I work very hard,  
go play ball with the kids in the yard.  
I'll give you a call when the phone is free.

My mommy doesn't love me, she has no time for me.  
I think I'll call my friends, get some ecstasy.  
Who cares anyway, she has the telephone.  
I'll show her, when I come back home.

It's getting very late, I can't find your sister.  
Where did she go, I'm worried and I miss her.  
It's just not like her to leave like that.  
I wonder what she's thinking, that little brat.

The telephone rings, it's constable McClurry  
He needs you at the hospital in a hurry.  
Oh my gosh, an accident, your poor sis.  
I'll sue whoever is responsible for this.

I'm sorry madam, there's no easy way to say.  
Your daughter was found unconscious today.  
She overdosed on a drug called ecstasy.  
She may not make it, I'm sorry as can be.

The moral of the story, put that phone away.  
Make time for your children each and every day.  
No one should come before them,  
don't let them go astray.

Melvina Germain

## (121) Sweet, Sweet Jesus

I do not walk alone  
for I'm covered by his blood.  
He walks with me and talks with me.  
My face shines for all to see  
He carries me when I'm weak  
Lifting me off my feet.  
He is my savior, my truth, my all.  
He gives me strength to stand very tall.  
This morning I raise my hands in praise to Jesus  
knowing in my heart, he will never leave us.  
To my Father God in Heaven,  
I've known you long before the age of seven  
I thank you  
Heavenly Father, for the gift of your only son  
I'll worship, praise and give you all the glory.  
Your son Jesus is my everlasting story.  
Father God, when all is said and done.  
I'll always praise my Sweet, Sweet Jesus  
For many precious years to come.  
Thank you Father God in the name of Jesus.  
Sweet, Sweet Jesus

Written: June 24,2007

Melvina Germain

## (122) I Truly Love You

Listen to me,  
Give me your ear  
I have much to say  
You must hear.

I love you  
I love you  
I love you  
I love you  
I truly love you

Written: Feb.15/07

Melvina Germain

## (125) Racial Peace

An intermingling of the races,  
coming together, holding hands  
with smiles and laughter.  
Enjoying all differences.  
Sharing, loving, showing  
respect in so many ways.  
Living in harmony, realizing  
although our religious beliefs  
are not the same, we are still  
people and we have feelings,  
we hurt, we cry, we grieve,  
and the inevitable, we die.  
Not wasting precious time here  
on earth, we are all God's  
people and we all have worth.  
When we can join together as  
one, until our earth's work is  
done, then we have achieved  
what was believed to be the  
impossible. We will have  
achieved. "Racial Peace"

Melvina Germain

## (140) Oil Spill

Her wing was broken,  
Her body covered in oil.  
The product of a spill in the lake.  
She fought hard trying to survive  
but it was just too late.  
The poor wee duckling closed her eyes.  
There she laid  
There she died

Melvina Germain

## (151) Conscience

An inner voice, whispers of the Lord.  
A reminder of right and wrong.  
Delivering an inner warning of the  
consequence. Offering up a choice,  
with sound advice. Listen to the  
Whispers.

Melvina Germain

## (152) The Coal Train (Childhood Memory)

Waiting patiently a quarter to one,  
we heard the whistle blow.  
I looked at the others, took deep breaths,  
it's almost time to go.

The train approached, there it was  
bigger than life in front of me.  
my first time to jump the coal train  
and take that coal for free.

We ran with strength and agility,  
sprung like jumping jacks.  
Took our places a top the car,  
zooming along the railroad tracks.

Quickly with all the strength we had,  
we threw coal to the ground.  
The next task was to bag it up  
and sell it in our town.

The coal train came everyday  
at a quarter to one,  
my first day would be my last,  
I put my coal bag down.

Another true story of my childhood in Sydney Nova Scotia. Jumping the old coal train to make a few cents, very little gain indeed. Looking back once again, I see the danger of the act, for what was profited certainly wasn't worth all that. A word to the young, "stay out of harms way, remain honest and true, the coal train was not for me and certainly not for you.

Written: March 27/2007

Melvina Germain

## (154) Prayer And Testimony

Don't be afraid to call out his name, although you should never do it in vain. Allow Jesus to come into your life and reign over your heart, giving you a brand new start. Take a walk in the dark of night knowing that God is holding you in his sight, don't be afraid my sisters and brothers evil will see them standing beside you, God on the right and Jesus on the left.

You have no reason to fear, God and his son Jesus will be seen standing there. The rain will pour and the thunder will sound, the funnel clouds of nature will soon hit the ground but you have no reason to fear, God and Jesus will always keep you in the clear.

Now raise up your hands and praise the Lord, look to the sky, look around you, enjoy the gifts God has given you. Raise up your hands, my sisters and brothers, praise the Lord this wonderful day, let him hear what you have to say. Say it loud and say it clear for all God's children to hear.

I stand here among you for all to see, I know Jesus is here beside me, he'll hold my hand and walk me through, he'll allow me to speak to you. He'll give me the words, he wants you to hear, I'll deliver them while he stands here.

If you don't have a relationship with God, then this is your blessed day. You have been chosen to be here today, this is not a coincidence, there are no coincidences, you are where you are suppose to be, here praising the Lord with me. Now open your heart and allow Jesus in, ask him to be a part of your life, to save you from heartache and strife, ask him to walk by your side. Tell him you no longer want to hide. Let the truth be known, sisters and brothers, you have finally grown.

(Speak sister, speak to the Lord, he wants to hear what you have to say.)

I know I've sinned Lord, I know I haven't been the best role model for my children. I stand here truly humble today Lord, a little embarrassed to say the least, but today I know I must

face the truth and leave my wrong doings in the past. I ask you Lord to listen to what I have to say, I ask you Lord to teach me how to pray. I've walked the streets in the dead of night with only one thing on my mind, I needed money to pay for my addiction, the root of my evil was my affliction, drugs and booze, oh I had to use in order to survive. My soul was dead, my feelings numb, oh I knew that I was considered dumb by my friends and family. They shook their heads when they looked at me. Lord, I'm here for all to see what drugs and booze has done to me. It took my self-esteem away, it ruined each and every day, my youthful look has gone astray, never to come back another day. I stand before you a disfigured woman, but now I'm clean and I definitely feel human. It's been six months, I've walked the straight and narrow. With your help Lord, I know I'll never falter, but Father I ask you now, please keep me out of harms way. I know Satan will be lurking about, waiting for a weak moment. I need to be strong and aware that Satan is always near. Lord God in Heaven, I give myself to you and know that You will see me through. I ask this Lord in the name of your son Jesus Christ, Amen.

Written: Dec.13/2006

Melvina Germain

## (158) In The Eyes Of The Beholder

He smiled at me as I walked through the door  
of a rather huge department store.  
Then I heard him say, good morning pretty lady.  
Well he just made my day.

He was just a baby, maybe twenty four or twenty five  
I was his senior, hmmm I almost took a dive  
Seems compliments come even if you're older.  
After all, beauty is in the eyes of the beholder.

Melvina Germain

## (159) Mommy Knows Best

An argument erupted in the family today.  
I lost my cool, my mouth had its say.  
A long time coming God knows that's true.  
Waste of time though, for I had much to do.

I give of my time, my money, my play,  
what took place was a sad display.  
A lack of respect, bestowed upon me.  
my eyes now open, I can truly see.

Many would say I'm stupid, allow myself used.  
It all makes sense, when innocent eyes cry the blues.  
It's worth every penny, every moment of time,  
To watch the grandchildren's eyes truly shine.

The telephone rang, I heard my son say  
Don't come this morning Mom, she'll walk her today.  
The scorn of an angered daughter-in-law put to the test.  
Her built up anger, she'll not put to rest.

Poor little grand-daughter, walking in the cold  
Fierce wind blowing in her tiny face.  
Mommy thinks not of the unpleasantness,  
For she has her way, mommy knows best.

Melvina Germain

## (180) Pondering

Bad news came my way once again today.  
A young friend of Mom's passed away.  
It's something we come to expect now the  
years are flying by, old age is upon us.  
Sadness still reigns in our hearts, saying  
good-bye when our dear friends depart.

Tonight was an evening to treasure,  
Singing my heart out is always a pleasure.  
Gospel music, divine way to praise the Lord,  
sisters and brothers, coming on board.

Tomorrow morning, Sa-tur-day,  
My favourite time to play.  
Writing poems, songs, little Haiku's  
awaiting your usual reviews.

Tomorrow night is Gospel night.  
Now we see if we get it right.  
We've practiced over and over again.  
Love to see you there my good friends.

I sit pondering, in my euphoric state.  
Gazing yonder, shadows of heavens gate.  
Picturesque images grace my mind,  
Embraced by the space of time.

Nov.3/06

Melvina Germain

## (210) Turned Out

Mona wasn't loved as a child,  
she was a cast away, left on her own  
most of the time. She felt useless,  
unhappy most of her adolescent life.  
One day she met a young man who  
told her how pretty she was. For  
the first time Mona felt special and  
knew she was in love. He bought  
her clothes and pretty things and took  
her to picture shows. He taught her  
to wear makeup and high heel shoes.  
She felt like a beauty Queen. One  
evening at a night club party, he  
introduced her to some businessmen  
and told her it was time for her to  
pay him back for all the things he  
had done. He told her he loved her  
and this was just a gesture of her  
love to him. He turned her out  
with two disgusting business men.  
Night after night, Mona slept with more  
men than she could have ever imagined. She  
hated herself and felt dirty and worthless.  
Wanted to go home, but her boyfriend  
Jake gave her drugs to help her through  
the nights. Now addicted to crack  
cocaine, her life will never be the same.  
She lost her youth and self respect what  
little she had. One lonely night after a  
trick left her in a nasty old motel, she  
took an overdose of pills. The next  
morning the sirens rang out and her  
body was removed from that old motel  
room. Her family would probably never  
know what had happened. No ID was  
found on her body. As for Jake well he  
was of course upset, he lost his investment.  
Now Jake will be on the prowl for another  
Innocent young girl.

Melvina Germain

## (220)      A Film To Sea

Far away in the distance,  
a shadow cast upon the sea.  
Upon arriving closer,  
that shadow bled a travesty.  
Hundreds of fish lay still,  
a film upon the water.  
A sad displeasing sight to view,  
sad for me, sad for you.  
Toxic waste bares its ugly face.  
Progress has a dirty hand.  
The ecosystem is in danger.  
Our Sea, Our Land.

Melvina Germain

## (230) Prayer For Our Children-Sept.16,2007

Father God in heaven I raise my arms to you in prayer and ask Lord that you keep the children of poem hunters, my children and others around the world under your glorious umbrella Lord. I ask that you cover them like a glove with the Holy spirit and keep their hearts full of love. Lord I ask that you keep their minds clean and full of loving thoughts. Father only you can give them the strength they need to make it through. Lord keep them disciplined within their hearts, give them the strength and courage they need to stay away from satan's grasp. Help them to speak up, take that step forward, to stand proud and speak of you Father and your son Jesus. Oh Father, I know you love all your children unconditionally and will stay present in their lives. I pray each and every one of these young people will want to have a loving relationship with you Father.

Father I thank you for taking care of my children and grandchildren. I thank you for being in their lives and protecting them, loving them and blessing them Lord. I thank you Father for being such an influence on my grandson, for giving him a loving, caring heart and the ability to share his feelings with others.

Lord let Jesus be the center of the lives of all of these children and keep these precious children aware of his presence. Lord you know I love children, all children, I love their innocence, I love their brilliance, I love to watch them play and sing, and Lord I love to watch and hear them pray. Father I pray you keep them out of harms way, help them Lord to treat their bodies like a temple, help them to love themselves and to know their worth, to be aware of the devil in sheep's clothing.

Oh Father I ask that you take the hands of all of the children and lead them along that glorious path to a wonderful, bright future.

I ask all in the name of our Savior Jesus Christ-Amen

Melvina Germain

## (240) Thank You Father -Prayer For A Healing

Father, first of all know how much I love you and appreciate you in my life. Father you never leave me, always there to see me through. This week Father you were ever present in not only my life but that of my daughter and I thank you for what you did for her this week. She now understands what I've been telling her for quite sometime. There you were Father showing her what she needed to see, giving her the inspiration she needed and filling her with positive energy enabling her to go after her dream with the gifts that you gave her so long ago. Thank you Father God for always being present in my life.

Father I ask you to touch the life of a sister poet and her husband. I know you know who I'm speaking of Father, so I won't mention any names. I speak of a sister poet who lives a difficult life dealing with an alcoholic husband, but you know Father she is standing by her husband, taking one day at a time.

Today Father I pray for a healing for this man, help him to give up this addiction in his life, help him to see the light, to realize what is happening to his wife, to know that he is going down hill and needs to fight his way back into the real world. This man Father God is living as you know, in a haze, so I pray for a healing. I pray that you step into their lives and show them your power. I know there isn't anything that you can't do, you've showed me that over and over Lord, now I ask that you do the same thing for this couple. She is tired Lord, tired of looking at her husband, asking herself-why-. I'm sure this man wants to give up this habit, but he doesn't know how Lord, but Father with your help, he can do it. Father God he needs a helping hand. He has the support of his wife and with your divine power and the blood of Jesus covering them, they will find the strength to move on and leave this alcoholic addiction behind them.

Father I ask that you talk to him, show him the way, inspire him to want Jesus to be the center of their lives and to have a wonderful relationship with you Father God. Only you can help these people Father, only you can tear away the dark covering and shed a bright light within their lives. Father God, I pray for all others that may be suffering from this addiction, I pray that you enter their lives and give them a healing as well. I know you know best Father and

I leave this with you for you are the all powerful, the all knowing  
and the master of the universe.

Thank you Father for everything you do, I thank you in the name of your son  
Jesus-Amen

Written: Sept.21/2007

Melvina Germain

## (270) As One

Sitting in the shimmering,  
noon sun.

basking together as one.  
It was just you and me,

why we were allergic,  
to reality.

You touched me,  
I always touched you.

If only I could have been  
more, than a

pair, of old shoes.

Melvina Germain

## (300) Our Dog (Blaze)

He stands tall, with dark beautiful eyes.  
His coat is that of shiny black velvet.  
Across fields in the moonlit sky, he soars.  
Leaps with grace and vigor.

We call him Blaze, our choice, no,  
he once belonged to another.  
Abuse he faced, in his previous home,  
so I brought him to his brother.

Melvina Germain

## (310) Our Cat (Tiger)

A tiny tabby kitten, with sad brown eyes.  
Sat on the porch of a broken down house.  
He was about to become homeless,  
without any food, not even a mouse.

I stood and gazed at this poor lonely cat.  
Shook my head and placed him in my hat.  
A long drive across the city we drove.  
Now Tiger sits cozily in front of our stove.

Written: Sept.03/06

Melvina Germain

## (321) Forgiveness

Forgiveness, a heartfelt decision.  
The clearing of one's heart without remission.  
A voice from deep within, contemplates,  
removal of festered thoughts of sin.

Forgiveness, allowing positive energy to prevail.  
Wiping out all negativity along the trail.  
Forcing out emotions of darkness deep.  
Keeping straight, a good nights sleep.

Written: Sept.02/06

Melvina Germain

## (323) True Innocence

A precious child, my little grand-daughter,  
full of chuckles, love and great laughter.  
Filled with innocence through and through,  
with lots of hugs and kisses too.

I know proud grandparents will all agree,  
the love we receive is precious and free.  
They have no motives, no deep held secrets.  
Holding on to us tight, cradled in our arms  
filling us with a calm of their innocent charms.

Written: Sept.29,2007

Note:

It is said, "Having a child fall asleep in your arms is one of the most peaceful feelings in the world".

Melvina Germain

## (330) I'm An Animal

This morning I'm a feline,  
walking with grace.  
Hips swaying side to side  
Head held high, tilted slightly.  
Slowly moving in to manipulate you.

This afternoon I'm a dog,  
Needy, wanting, loving.  
snuggling in your lap,  
feeling the warmth of your body,  
enjoying every precious moment.

Tonight I'm a tiger,  
gracefully moving toward you  
with great anticipation.  
I'll take you down,  
you will be mine.  
I'm an animal most of the time.

Melvina Germain

## (340) Success

Success is having what it takes  
to keep positivity on the trail  
to total freedom.

Stand firm,  
knock negativity to the ground,  
forgetting it ever came around.

Holding yourself accountable  
for everything you do.

Offering a helping hand to those not as  
fortunate as you.

Giving when finances are high,  
giving when  
finances are low,  
acknowledging you reap  
what you sow.

Melvina Germain

## (350) Boys Will Be Boys (Children's Poem)

Jack took his magic top hat off the rack.  
He placed it over a pretty old rat  
The rat jumped around and around  
Jack's friends saw the jumping hat.  
Jack said it was magic, a real magic hat.  
Jack's mom came home, she saw the  
Jumping hat, thought it was just a trick.  
How clever Jack must be.  
Jack told her it was a magic hat  
and went outside to play  
Come get your hat his Mom exclaimed  
as she bent down to pick it up.  
She saw the rat, her mouth opened wide,  
as she screamed and screamed and screamed.  
She fell back on the table, a chair fell over.  
Her hand knocked the kettle off the stove.  
She tried to get up but kept slipping down  
Screaming all the while.  
Jack and his friends heard all the commotion  
and ran into the woods.  
Jack's mom got up made it to the door  
slipping again and again, finally fell out the door  
onto the wooden steps, losing her footing and  
down she went, down those rugged old steps  
falling to the ground. She knew they heard  
every sound. Yelling over and over for Jack  
to come home but she never saw his face.  
Her heart beating faster and faster as she took  
deep breaths trying to contain herself.  
Then she began to laugh realizing how foolish  
she must look. A grown woman afraid of a  
little old rat. She relaxed and thought, my my  
boys will be boys. She stood up and  
brushed herself off, went back into the  
house and thought I'll need to find  
that rat trap for that big old ugly rat. She  
laughed and laughed and laughed.

Written: July 12,2007

Melvina Germain

## (373) Trust In.....

I'm no slave, yet you pit me here.  
The verge of death's grave.

To sleep, weep in the mudded dirt.  
You take away my body's tattered shirt.

I'm no slave, you wretched tyrant.  
You loud- mouthed, fat- bellied master.

It is not you, whom I fear, no.  
It's the Lord above, who sent me here.

He sent me to this troubled land.  
To stand ground, dig deep my soul.

It is he whom I fear most of all.  
Without him, I will never stand tall.

Take what you will, beat me as you must.  
I will endure, to the Lord I give my trust.

Written: August 25/2006

Melvina Germain

## (375) Faded Red Dress

There you were a sight to behold,  
quietly sleeping, in shimmering folds.  
No heart to disturb your precious rest,  
I left you lying there in a faded red dress.

Dream my darling dream as only you can  
listen to the song birds, hold them in your hand

I'll take a walk several blocks away,  
When I return we'll start our day.  
beautiful morning, bright and clear,  
a glimpse of your shadow mystically near.

Dream my darling dream as only you can  
Listen to the song birds, hold them in your hand

Your body laid still, no breathing came.  
Fell to my knees and called out your name.  
You left me that morning in a faded red dress.  
Dreams of a future never will be blessed.

Dream my darling dream as only you can  
Listen to the song birds, hold them in your hand

Now all I have left are the sweet memories,  
of a beautiful woman, who composed my heart.  
I cry every night as my hands firmly press,  
the ruffles so sheer, of that faded red dress.

Dream my darling dream as only you can  
Listen to the song birds, hold them in your hand.

Melvina Germain

## (376) Turbulent Crippled Emotions (Part One)

A work of art is not shown here,  
yard created by queen of despair.  
She rules the insane in great capacity.  
Fearful as it were, her tenacity.

Children make fun at her expense,  
not looking beyond the tattered fence.  
What turmoil has befallen this lady.  
A cruel offense created her insanity.

She harbors, confused emotions true.  
A yard full of things old and new.  
30 cats, 6 dogs an elk or two,  
no, no, this is not the Calgary zoo.

Her mind filled with constant array,  
yard disheveled in loud display.  
She defends her right to live this way.  
A big ya-hoo, a loud hoo-ray.

The city appears, with disbelief,  
while neighbors peek, across the street.  
An order is written, tear it down.  
Poor lady wears a hurtful frown.

She obeyed the city's rule,  
though she thought it very cruel.  
Now she harbors thoughts of hate.  
Soon she will build a brand new gate.

Melvina Germain

## (377) Turbulent Crippled Emotions (Part Two)

The neighbours watched day by day  
wondering what was coming their way.  
Slowly constructed to great surprise,  
a mish mash of wire, haunted their eyes.

Surpassing the city's bylaw in height,  
overlapped wood on wire, a sight.  
Enormous structure, extremely tall,  
surely soon to topple and fall.

Passers by look on in dismay,  
shaking their heads while walking away.  
A gloomy picture to be sure,  
no real-estate agent would adore.

Neighborhood property value decreased.  
Renters will not renew their lease.  
A smirk rests upon her soured face,  
she has created a neighborhood disgrace.

Working by night, sleep by day.  
creating more fence for morning display.  
Neighbors feared facing the morning sun,  
for what this night-worker may have done.

The message she sends is very clear,  
stay out of my life or beware.  
Her mind diffused, a complex puzzle.  
What comes next could grow and double.

To be continued.....

Written: January 12/07

Melvina Germain

## (378) Turbulent Crippled Emotions (Part Three)

Grow and double it did,  
Costing more than just a few quid.  
A massive disheveled confusion,  
certainly not a complex illusion.

The city paid a visit on a bright sunny day.  
Poor Mary could no longer have it her way.  
Snippers and pliers were put into use.  
City's men working hard to pry the structure loose.

The yard was filled with an eclectic mix,  
like a magician with many hats pulling out tricks.  
Umbrella's, tables, shelf units, wood slabs and more.  
oh yes, lets not forget those rugged old doors.

The neighbors looked on in constant query.  
What will happen with good old Mary.  
Is this it, will she leave things alone,  
or will she start over when the men go home.

Several days pass, the fence is torn down.  
Not a splinter in sight, clear is the ground  
The neighbors are worried and await their fate.  
What's in store with the next new gate..

The day of reckoning in late afternoon.  
A crew arrived, not a moment too soon.  
A fence of lattice begins to take shape.  
Pleasing to the eye this brand new gate.  
Still the neighbors rest unsure,  
is Mary's mind now clean and pure.  
Only the future will tell,  
for now Mary seems well.

To be continued? ? ? ? ?

Melvina Germain

## (420)      Watering The Flowers

The early morning dew caressed petals  
of garden flowers, allowing them to  
hold their tiny heads toward the sky.

I wore the sun as a glove this morning,  
covering my skin with its warm embrace, while  
the mist from the garden hose ever so slightly  
touched my legs as I watered our beautiful  
Flowers.

A sense of tranquility came over me as I  
stood there basking in the beauty of the day.  
A slight wind touched the back of my neck  
and I was sure I heard a whisper say,  
I love you.

Melvina Germain

## (430) I'm Grateful (Prayer)

I'm grateful Lord that you gave your only son to me.  
I'm grateful Lord that I have two eyes in which to see  
I'm grateful Lord that I have a loving family  
I'm grateful Lord that you love me unconditionally  
I'm grateful Lord knowing you are always by my side.  
I'm grateful Lord that you taught me to stand with pride  
I'm grateful Lord for the wisdom of my years.  
I'm grateful Lord that you allow me to shed many tears.  
I'm grateful Lord for all the food that you prepare.  
I'm grateful Lord for teaching me how to share.  
I'm grateful Lord for the warm breeze of the morning sun  
I'm grateful Lord for everything that you have done.

Thank you Father in the name of your precious son Jesus

Written by: June 16,2007

Melvina Germain

## (480) Water

In a great deal of discomfort and pain.  
having to stand after boarding the train.  
I tried to be as pleasant looking as could be.  
Didn't want anyone to realize,  
there was something wrong with me.

Ointments, salve, herb remedies and more.  
Nothing seemed to work, from the health store.  
I just couldn't take it any longer,  
had to find something stronger.

Mixed a few items and made a potion.  
Wished I had just gone down to the ocean.  
An appointment was made with a Chinese Doctor,  
a referral from a very good friend.

His facial expression showed concern,  
He closed his eyes and raised his head.  
To my surprise, he smiled and said,  
This area is angry and burning red.

What I have to say to you is simple  
and proved to be true.  
Bathe the area with running water,  
Come back and see me in seven days.  
With this treatment, you will be amazed.

I did just as the Doctor ordered, of course.  
His prescription was made very clear.  
I continued to bathe the area with water.  
No pills, no powders, no cream or oils.

Amazingly, the pain and stinging was gone.  
No sign the angry problem ever existed.  
This Doctor taught me a great lesson.  
Look at what nature has in store,  
Find yourself God's natural cure.



## (490) Dancing Pen

The morning sun  
finds its way into a room,  
capturing a couple  
newly engaged in an act so vivid,  
my pen danced off the page.  
I'll never again intrude  
on yesterdays dreams,  
but clearly concentrate  
on closing the seams.

Melvina Germain

## (492) Triumph Of The Only True 'King'

The Devil visited the Lord and said,  
here I'am Lord, I come to visit,  
to share a sip of wine, shall we say,  
I don't want to gloat and  
definitely don't want to pray, however,  
there are a few words, I would like to say.

Once, I was yours, I'm sure you  
recall, you threw me from  
the heavens, a truly great fall.  
There I will stay to create my own  
worth, loyal followers will come to me  
from upon this earth. I have become  
powerful now you see, after all, you  
created me.

Oh, Lord, lest not I forget, I have  
a gift, just for you. Someone that  
thought she would remain true, oh  
so true, yes, true to you. I took her  
Jehovah and tucked her safely away.  
You might say, I come bearing gifts  
on this miraculous day.

Oh yes, a beautiful little trinket, and  
who would ever think it. It rested  
upon the shoulder of a former follower  
of yours, who fell from your precious  
heaven, right into my coven. I stripped  
away his heavenly charms. He'll follow  
me now and help me build my arms.

Ah, the children of the Lord they say,  
how very smart they are, but only if  
they knew, that I Satan, have you beat  
by far. I'll wave a chosen wand and  
show them all the fun, the gambling,  
drinking, drugs and sex and then they're

on the run. I have the tools to tighten the clasp and this I'm very sure. A day will never come to past where they would grace your door.

They're there just for the taking, I know how to turn them around. A quiet little nudge, a pretence of caring, a show of the green, a hike of a skirt, a part of red lips, a look of supple hips. I know how to turn them around. A win at the slots, a taste of new weed, just plant that seed, a taste of the fragrance, you know what I mean. I know how to turn them around, a visit from wild old friends, a cat house treat, with bare naked ladies standing in the streets, I know how to turn them around. Oh yes, I know what they love best. Aha, can you beat that Lord.

The Lord does not reply.

My following grows bigger and bigger every day, take a look at the casino and watch them play.. I've got them where it hurts, just watch those dumb little jerks. They'll play and play, until the dawn, then beg of me to carry them on. A deal I'll put to them of course. They'll live with me and feel the force. Never to be recognized again, they'll cheat and steal and deceive family and friends. I'm winning, yes indeed, I give them what they need Jehovah. I give them what they need. Can you beat that Lord.

The Lord does not reply.

By the way Lord, the gift I mentioned earlier, concealed under this white cape, is a beautiful birdcage with your precious

Angel in it. What do you say now Lord,  
a loyal follower of yours is a prize  
possession of mine, now. Aha, what do  
you say now Lord. I'am more powerful  
wouldn't you say. I'm standing here  
with your wee angel on display. Make  
me a deal Lord, make me a deal and I'll  
give her back. What would I want  
with someone so foolishly true, oh yes,  
true to you.

The Lord did not reply.

The earth began to tremble, the birdcage  
hurled through the air, suddenly an angel  
was saintly flying there. She circled and  
circled into the wee hours of morn.  
Satan stood by in disbelief and looked unto  
the Lord. He turned his back and walked  
away, surely he will be seen again some-  
day.

The Lord triumphs once again, we know he  
always will. Don't be afraid to speak his  
Name and act upon his will.. Give  
Him the glory he so deserves. God is the  
soverign of the universe and the creator  
of all. Fall on your knees and pray,  
Father will you invite me to spend an ever-  
lasting life with you some precious day.

The Lord does not have to speak. His  
actions show great force. Build a  
relationship with God and take your final  
course.

Written: Aug.6/2006

Melvina Germain

## (493)      **Naughty Miss Hauty**

I'm a tiny spec on the boardroom floor.  
I hear and see all that comes through the door.  
Good old Miss Hauty can be very naughty.  
Desiring a promotion, showing her devotion.  
Along comes Ted, bringing a six pack to the table.  
Miss Hauty well, she's very able.  
The two do their thing on the boardroom table.  
In comes the boss, good old Mr. Gable.  
And then, and then -and then. LOLOL

Melvina Germain

## (494) Tormented

Glazed were the eyes of red sorrow.  
Oozed up in the cherry rain.  
Lived a red man from the hollow,  
stiffened in much pain.

Shot down by that of higher regard.  
Not to stand upright ever again.  
Laid tormented in much juice of the damned.  
Cast out by a nasty spell, cursed the heart to  
rip and swell.

Skin torched and burnt in charcoal dust.  
Lips swollen, and cut to bits.  
The look of leather, rested upon his face.  
Reaching upward to take a twig, a stick or a switch.  
Strength needed was nowhere to be found,  
So dropped that hand of nothing, and fell straight to  
the ground.

Attempt after attempt he mustered.  
People stood by and watched in disgust.  
He rolled and turned, burying himself deeper in  
dirt and mud.  
Passers by shook their heads, gazing with looks  
of dread.  
Falling backwards, giving up, he laid, finally he  
was dead.

Written: July 19/2006

Melvina Germain

## (495)      Father

Father I come to you with open arms, wanting to feel your spirit.  
Place my feet on Holy ground, open my ears to hear your glorious sound. Open  
my eyes so I will see, take wasted fear away from me.

Father give me the hope I need to survive, allow me many years to stay alive.  
Father you are the one I truly love, please send me your blessings from above.

Father walk with me, see me through, I'll always keep my trust in you. Forgive  
me Father you know I've sinned, a little tap perhaps  
upon my chin.

Father I've listened to those with false charm, placing myself in the way of  
harm. Thank you for being in the midst, with open  
arms and a Heavenly kiss.

Father when the night is lonely and the tears come through, I desperately need  
to think of you. Please take away all the strife, allow me to enjoy my life.

Father when I'm weak and meet many a stumbling block and can't make sense  
of here nor there, then take me Father, far away, so I may start a brand new  
day.

Father I ask this prayer in the name of your son "Jesus Christ" our living Savior,  
sweet, sweet Jesus.

Written: Oct.6,2007

Melvina Germain

## (499)      The Chosen Ones

Golden words delivered  
painted  
honest and dear.  
Straight from the heart  
the mouth will speak.  
Caressing the souls  
of the  
precious meek

Melvina Germain

## (501) Welcome

Welcome Father, you're the head of our family  
Welcome Mother, you are my strength  
Welcome Brother, my strong tower  
Welcome sister, a soft shoulder for my head  
Welcome friends, those who truly care  
Welcome enemies, forgiveness is here

Written: Jan.12,2008

Melvina Germain

## (502)      Meant To Be

I saw the flicker in your eyes,  
your beautiful porcelain smile.  
I watched you closely as you  
walked down the aisle.

I saw the sway in your hips,  
the confidence in your walk.  
The pertness of your lips,  
as you listened to your minister  
talk.

I saw the happiness on your face,  
as you looked at your groom. For  
you, no one else stood in this most  
elegant room.

I saw the tears appear, while you  
stood there. Tears of happy times  
to come, year after year.

I saw you exchange vows with  
cracked voices. I knew you both  
realized you made all the right  
choices.

I saw you dance together, and knew  
the two of you were meant to be. A  
feeling of peace and harmony  
came over me.

Written: July 14/2006

Melvina Germain

## (503) We Are One

We were put on this earth for many reasons  
To enjoy every moment, every hour, every day, every season.  
To do the very best that we can do.

To love and respect each other for who we are, not the colour of our skin, the amount of money in our pockets or the shapes and heights of our bodies.

We are of no difference except for the colours and shades of our skin. Let that not hold us back, let life unfold and new precious days begin. Oh yes we are from different religious backgrounds, do we not all pray to the same God with the exception of a few.

Look beyond the surface of others, realize there's a heart and soul beneath our exterior, an abundance of beauty that lives within. Face the facts, when we are cut, do we not bleed the same. Blood has only one colour, and we all share that same colour, red.

We all have one heart, two lungs, two kidneys, we produce the same. We are all equal in the eyes of God, why not equal in each other's eyes as well.

We must all learn to live together in harmony, become the sisters and brothers we were meant to be. Don't say it would be nice if it were possible, only you can make it happen. A positive response would be more effective, all races can be of one collective.

Together we can change the world, holding hands around the globe, we can stand firm and speak out without being afraid of repercussions.

Life here on earth is short, we can make it worthwhile by not fighting and taking up valuable time. We can make good choices, the choice to make peace, to learn to know and love each other, the choice to be thankful for what we have been given.

We have been given so many gifts from our heavenly Father, yet we do not recognize them, our prayers have been answered sometimes immediately, but we don't hear nor see. Some of us

live in our own little world full of complaints and darkness not allowing the light to enter. We create our own problems, we allow ourselves to live in deep, dark depression and won't seek help. When will some of us realize we are in charge of our own destiny and with the help of the Lord and accepting Jesus in our lives, the brightest light will shine upon us.

We are one, created by one God who gave his one son to die for us one time on the cross so that we, the children of God could live. We are one under one umbrella, living in one universe, on one earth, we will die one death and once we meet our maker and face the book of truth, with His love, understanding and forgiveness, may we live on in paradise and enjoy everlasting life.

Come together my sister's and brother's, live, laugh and love. Work together to create peace among all human kind. Enjoy each other, embrace each other and most of all love each other.

Written: Feb.9,2008

Melvina Germain

## (504) God's Power

the power of God is truly amazing, he never dissapoints us. Even when we think he may have forgotten us, he shows his hand and the glory of his love.

I had many family issues in the last few weeks and just couldn't take it anymore so I did what I consider to be the obvious. I gave all my troubles to God and left them in his hands, my daughter did the same.

I decided to write a prayer letting Satan know he doesn't scare me and at the end of that prayer when I dotted the last period, I heard someone at the door and there was my long lost son.

Earlier in the day, everyone said when they finally see my son again they would hit him, give him a piece of their mind. All I could do when I laid eyes on him was hug him and let him know how much I loved him.

After giving my troubles over to the Lord, my daughter and I, everything seemed to immediatlely turn around. I just want to thankyou Jesus.

In the name of your precious son 'Jesus'

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

## (512) A Close Call

Blistering cold, chilled to the bone, I took my fur collar and wrapped it around my neck, loosely so I wouldn't perspire. Waiting patiently for the midnight bus but nothing in sight. Oh it's just too cold, I would be better off walking I thought to myself. That's it, I'm going to walk, the moving will keep me warm.

I started up Eglinton Ave. toward McGowan, no one else on the street, I was all alone with very little traffic also. I prayed and asked God to help me make home safely. At that moment I saw some figures in the distance and wondered who they might be. As they got closer, my stomach was telling me, I was in trouble, then the inner thoughts told me to prepare myself.

I knew I should have stayed home this evening but I really didn't want to miss sewing class. For that reason I had a scissors in my pocket, now I was clenching onto it tightly. I prayed for help, I knew there was going to be a confrontation.

Sure enough, one of the five young men approached me and pushed me backward slightly as if to toy with me. I yelled at them and pulled out the scissors taking a stance that shocked them all the while yelling as loud as I could. I told them I may not get them all but I would surely take down one of them and which one was it going to be.

At that moment, the young man that pushed me stepped back and another one said, hey leave her alone, let's get out of here and they walked on as if nothing happened. I was certainly afraid, couldn't believe I acted that way. well then I realized, God was once again in the midst of it all.

Written: Sept.30,2007

Note: It is said, "That life is tough but I'm tougher because  
I draw my strength from God.

Melvina Germain

## (513)      **Bad Things Happen To-**

Bad things happen to good people and we ask the question why. Did anyone ask questions about our Savior Jesus when he was nailed upon the cross. We whine and cry and blame God for our troubles. Do we listen to his whispers when he tells us what to do in order to save us and see us through. Are we thankful for the delays created by him in order to keep us out of harms way. Do we thank him when He shows us the truth of our so called friends or do we blame him for the outcome of a bad relationship.

Yes, bad things happen to good people but look what happened to God. His only son was beaten and nailed Upon the cross until death took him to rest. Bad things happen to God. Did we ask why, when one of his most cherished Angels turned against him and became the devil of this earth. Bad things happen to God. Do we Ask why when we see that his children have turned Against him in worship of pagan Gods and have no Interest in his son, bad things happen to God. Do we Ask why when we hear his name used in vain, nooo, Bad things happen to God.

Bad things happen to good people it's true, but we can always rely on God, let's put our faith where it should be and glorify his name for he deserves all the glory let our lives become rich when we praise Him and tell his awesome story.

Written: Sept.30,2007

Melvina Germain

**(514)      Angels                      (Haiku)**

Lingering over us  
Protecting all from harms way  
Angelic replay

Nov.4/06

Melvina Germain

## (517)      Strong Mind

Bring me to water,  
I refuse to drink.  
It doesn't matter who you are  
nor what you think  
I make all my own decisions  
right or wrong.  
My mind is set and very strong.  
Don't waste your time with me,  
for can't you see.  
I'm in charge of my own destiny.

Melvina Germain

## (540) My Jewelry Party

It was a rather quiet day, I had a few things to do in order to prepare for tonight's jewelry party. I started out to get my errands done, giving myself enough time to get home to start the preparations for the event. I made a list, had everything in order, oh yes I was totally organized. The caterer was arranged (my wonderful daughter-in-law) . She was an excellent caterer, she catered for my husbands celebration of life and our church ladies prayer group, so I had every confidence in her.

I picked my daughter- in- law up at work at approximately 4: 45pm, the party starts at 7: pm, so time is going. Oh oh we don't have a babysitter for my two grandchildren, that's OK, I'm sure they will be just fine. We drove home, I had some cleaning to finish up, so I tried to get to it, my grand-daughter had other plans and I spent a lot of time talking with her, getting her toys and trying to explain why she couldn't watch TV. Whoops not a good idea, she began to cry. I'm getting anxious now, not being able to do what I had on my list, my timing is now off. The telephone rings, an apology from one of my guests, she can't make it, no problem, I'll have tea with her tomorrow and tell her all about it. I tried to get off the phone, but you know the type, they want to talk and talk even though they know you are getting ready for a party. Finally I have to say, sorry Jean, I really have to go now. I no sooner hung up, the phone rang again, another apology, I quickly got off the phone. Just then my daughter-in law (Johanna) remembers to call her two friends who wanted to come to the party, they didn't have the address. I still haven't started the cleaning I had to finish yet. Her friends have no idea how to get to my house, so I now have to take time out to give them directions. My blood pressure is rising, I can feel it, my head is hot and my heart is beating faster and faster, I have to finish that cleaning.

The doorbell rings, oh my gosh it's the jewelry lady, she arrived a little early, only by a few minutes, I'm really behind. Oh for heavens sake I have to go to the LRT and pick up John and Derek, they'll be waiting for me. I have to go, the jewelry lady wants to use the kitchen table to display her jewelry, the caterer says no way, I need that table. Earlier we set two round tables in the living room for Delores, she's not pleased with that due to poor lighting. I promise her I will get her some good lighting when I return. I'm running'

around like a chicken with my head cut off. I ran off to the van, jumped in, I'm out of breath, thinking to myself-what did I get myself into, I'll never do this again. Oh heck, I didn't finish the cleaning, ah forget it, who cares anyway, just me. Trying my best to keep to the speed limit, off I go to pick up the boys. I arrived at the LRT at 6: 45, I told them to meet me there at that time. No Derek and John in sight. I'm now having an anxiety attack, holding my chest and breathing deep breaths. Where are they, this is not like them at all, one train comes, no boys, oh no now I have to wait for another train, that's going to be another 10 minutes. I'm thinking about the light for the jewelry lady (Delores) . What to do, Oh I know, I'll call home and ask my daughter (Melody) to go downstairs to her brothers room and borrow his tall lamp, excellent light for that. I made the call, Melody is a little hesitant because brother John doesn't like anyone in his room, especially when he is not home. At this point, I don't care, so I say, just get it OK and she agrees to do that. Finally I see the boys, they're walking quickly to my car, I put on a happy face and greet them. Explaining that they missed the train, I assured them, everything is fine, not to worry about such things, we'll be in time for the party. Kind of hidden truth, I'm really dying inside with worry about what is going on without me there.

We arrive back at the house, the lamp is plugged in, nice bright light, Delores is smiling, my grandson is in his big brothers room, wanting to play with the playstation or the game cube, but big brother Dylan is not home and the rule is, no one plays unless he is there. I had to explain that to Ariel and he wasn't happy, but he settled for TV, thank goodness. I checked the kitchen and Johanna is not happy with the way the stove is heating, she said it's not heating mama, I assure her that it's just fine and the bell will ring when it reaches the right temperature. She's not patient and doesn't believe me. The next time I go in the kitchen I noticed the heat is up to 470 degrees instead of 350, oh well, I'm sure she knows what she's doing and I let it go. The food is smelling good, everything looks good, the table is decorated lovely, all is well. Most guests have arrived except Johanna's friends, they were a little lost, but I spoke to them and they were just around the corner, within seconds they were at the door. My friend Sue and her husband Ray came in the front door. In all the years I've lived in this house they never used the front door. I had forgotten about our dog Blaze who was now locked in the back yard, hopefully away from our guests. He is a very friendly black

Lab and likes to jump on everyone. I noticed my friend Betty in the living room with one of her Korean students, they looked lovely. Someone mentioned "Is something burning" I assured them no, of course not, as I turned and went into the kitchen and saw the smoke, shortly thereafter the smoke alarm went off. Johanna is sweating and her broken English, tries to assure me everything is fine, she opens the oven and the spring rolls are burning, oh my gosh Johanna, why is the heat so high, I quickly turned it down to 350 like I should have done earlier. Johanna is beside herself and her daughter is running all over the place, of course that's my granddaughter Tahara, but when she's bad, I refer to her as Johanna's daughter. LOL. All the guests are running into the kitchen to see if everything is OK, all offering advice, my goodness, what is going on here Ray quietly says to me, "haven't you ever had a jewelry party before, I look at him and laugh. Derek brought a carrot cake that he made and wants to display it on the table, that's his only concern beside the fact that he's also concerned about our cat Tiger, you see he's allergic to cats, my gosh, what's next.

All of a sudden I heard the back door open, I yelled please don't let the dog in. Oh dear, it was too late, Blaze came bursting in like a lightning bolt, no stopping him. He headed for the jewelry lady and stood up on his hind legs, she was trying to write up an order and stood her ground while oohhhing, only a slight fear of the dog as he peered into her face, about 4 inches away from her face. The Korean girl (Stelly) screams, jumps up from the couch, runs to the bathroom and locks herself inside, I grabbed Blaze by the collar and gave him a talking too, he didn't like that, so he quickly turned his body, hitting me in the back of my legs taking my legs out from under me and down I went, in my beautiful long dress, it felt like I was floating down, Ray tried to get to me, but was too late and everyone else was stunned, jumping up asking me if I was OK. My concern was, how will I get up and where is that crazy dog. My knees won't work. Ray took my right arm and Claudia took my left arm and they lifted me up, it was easier than I thought. Spinercize class is working after all. I got up, couldn't stop laughing, what a fiasco this turned out to be. Everyone after realizing I was OK had a good laugh. Finally the food was ready and we all headed for the kitchen forgetting about the jewelry. The poor jewelry lady was alone in the living room, we told her to come and have something to eat, she did.

I announced shortly after, well I must go in the living room and order some jewelry, everyone followed. Delores was happy, what we didn't know was while all of this was going on. John was in my bedroom on the computer ordering what he wanted from Delores's website, so she was making sales afterall, a very nice sale I might add. Everything settled down after that, the party was a success, good sales and two bookings for more parties, Delores was happy and gave me a beautiful watch for having good sales and bookings, I couldn't believe that we actually found time to order jewelry after everything that was going on. Tahara continued to run around looking at the jewelry, hugging Stelly, she just loved Stelly.. All and all it was a good party, lots of fun and lots of laughs. Lets see what happens next year, maybe a little less food.

Written: Feb.18/2007

Melvina Germain

## (550) My Death-My New Life Begins

Lying still in a hospital room, surrounded by family, tears flowing, faces saddened. At the end of my bed stood a tall, slender lady with beautiful features. Her skin, the look of velvet, with royal eyes, rosy cheeks and lips. Angelic, the most beautiful woman, I had ever seen. She beckoned with her right hand to come. The pain immediately left my body. I was pain free for the first time in many months. My body totally relaxed as if to sink within itself. In a euphoric state I realized this must be the end, fear was non-existent. I was filled with happiness. My time had come, time to say good-bye to my loved ones and move on to a better life. It is not the bitter end, we will meet again in paradise.

My body supine, eyes gazing in mystical space. It is then when my spirit rose, soaring with grace among the stars. In the distance musical sounds of harpsichords play, creating an angelic aura, blissful existence. Immersed in a state of tranquility, my spirit evolved. Dancing from illuminating star to illuminating star. I took my place as an angel with wings of enormous measure.

Looking down at my loved ones, watching them cry, wail, scream, holding on to one another. My sadness was with them, for them, for they know not how truly happy I'am. I must find a way to communicate with them. To let them know, the tears and sadness must end. I want them to celebrate my leaving and rejoice with a celebration of life, for I'm blessed with total freedom.

I gave them a scent of beautiful flowers, which filled the room with an aroma of lilies, roses, fuchsia, alstromeria, a wonderful mix of all my favorite flowers. The crying instantly stopped, they looked at each other as the tears turned to joy with the realization I was there, letting them know, all is well and I'm truly happy. They know now that I have moved on to a better life, an everlasting life. Oh yes, my loved ones will miss me and shed a tear every now and then. A sense of peace will cover them though as they recall the beautiful scent of flowers on my final day.

When the scent dissipated, my family knew, I was no longer there. My spirit moved on and all that was left on the bed was my earthly

shell. They slowly turned and walked out of the room. I knew all was well with them. My new life begins.

Written: January 28/2007

Melvina Germain

## (561) My Vision

Lying motionless supported by a soft bed of grass, my thoughts ran wild, endless thoughts from the beginning of my life to the end and beyond. My eyes opened wide as I lay in a pre slumber state. The most amazing vision unfolded right before my eyes, clouds began to move in every direction, a kaleidoscope of colors burst into view. The clouds descended to the earth floor gently creating forms. I couldn't believe my eyes, a stairway took form, at the top of this remarkable stairway, clouds began to dance and take on more shapes. Yes shapes of Angels and instruments, harpsichords, violins, trumpets and more. The Angels took their instruments and began to play, oh the music was a beautiful setting, a serene, peaceful atmosphere, filled with tranquility. My body felt weightless, relaxed, a euphoric feeling yet I was wide awake now taking in all the beauty of this tremendous display of heavenly works. At the bottom of the stairway, I saw a mist like shape taking form in a long line, soon this shape took on other forms, yes forms of people were all in a line. They glowed and sparkled in their beauty, covered in silvery white shimmering folds of crystallized tulle. At that point I realized, these were the people who had just passed on and they were going toward the stairway to start their journey up to Heavens gate. The Angels soared above them as if counting them to make sure they were all there. Hovering over them, continuing to play the most beautiful music ever to be heard. One by one each person lifted their hands up high as they started up the stairway, then a light at the top of the stairs shone, the brightest light you ever did see. As each person reached the top of the stairway, they disappeared into the light. When the last person reached the top, the Angels gathered and they slowly faded into the clouds. The stairway also faded away and the clouds took their place back high in the sky. My body began to shake as the heavenly spirit took over. I stood up and raised my arms to the heavens and prayed out loud to my Lord, I thanked him for this marvelous vision, I dropped to my knees and continued to pray as I've never prayed before. The tears ran down my face as I laughed and bathed in the essence of his glory. This was one of the most precious gifts the Lord has given me. He taught me, death is not to be feared, it sends you on the path to heavens stairs and a way to find that glorious light to the kingdom of paradise. God continues To plant the seeds in the landscape of my mind, therefore I will have no fear, no despair, no hesitation, I will not try to hang on here by the use of human mechanics. I will graciously move forward and

take my place at the bottom of heavens stairs and await my turn to  
take that final walk, up those glorious stairs to the light of heavens  
gate For the rest of my days on this earth, I will continue to thank God  
for this remarkable vision.

Written: Aug.31,2007

Melvina Germain

## (563)      An Awesome View

It was a cool night with a slight drizzle in the air.  
I stood at the hilltop and was in awe while standing there.  
In the distance a rainbow formed, colors beautiful and bright.  
I was amazed at this extraordinary awesome sight.

I see mirrors within the still waters, a half moon toward the sky.  
I see shadows of large creatures gliding slowly by.  
The colours are vivid with tints of periwinkle blue,  
and vibrant dashes of mauve sparingly coming through.

A lip formation of moss resting upon a soft face of sand,  
welcomes the touch of the Lord's glorious divine hand.  
I picture the eye of God in that half moon up above,  
sending showers of heavenly tears to all with his love.

The vast ocean resonates with tranquil, serene peace,  
yet powerful enough to devour the largest of all beasts.  
The Lord has so much love to share with all of you.  
God's gift to man are these wondrous awesome views.

Melvina Germain

## (565) Walk Away-Please Don't Stay

You don't know whom you're dealing with,  
when you start to mess with me.  
I'm your worst enemy, with me you'll never be free.  
I'll chew you up, spit you out, never blink an eye.  
You'll crawl and you'll beg, you will surely cry.  
I'll hit you and cut you, kick you in the groin  
then call 911, the police emergency line.  
To them I'll say you hit me, push me to the ground.  
My little jackass, those dumb cops will believe every sound.  
I'll wrap them around my finger and cry like a baby.  
They will do whatever they can for sweet little me.  
You see, I'm the weaker sex.  
When the judge hears my story, to jail you go, I'm in my glory.  
So run like a dog, fearful, confused knowing you're  
going to jail, maybe make the evening news.  
My story believed by many except a few.  
Who cares about them, they'll never stand up for you.  
You see, they are smart, the children they will not see  
if they dare to confront me.  
Their tongues will be silent like scared little lambs,  
for fear the grandchildren may be taken out of their hands.  
I'll play them like puppets, your loyal family.  
They know better than to deal with me.  
The police will hunt you down wherever you go,  
when they pick you up, maybe give you a few blows.  
You dumb little ass, I'll laugh in your face.  
Next time, you better know your place.  
I want to know wherever you're going any time day or night.  
The cell phone you carry always kept in your sight.  
Never speak to any other woman, keep your head to the ground.  
If I see you, I'll break your F- crown.  
I'm in control, I always will be.  
With me you're stuck, we have a family.  
No problem just do what you're told, all will fine,  
Just remember, never step out-of-line.

They call me  
"JEALOUSY"

Date: February 18/2007

This piece may seem absurd to you, but believe me it happens. The law stands with the woman. A loving caring father will never walk away for fear of losing his children. To the men that end up with these crazy ladies, you must find a way out. To stay in a situation like this is very difficult for the children. Seek counseling, do whatever it takes, you must walk away before one of you breaks.

Believe me, these ladies exist, you may know one or two. Are you the type that laughs when you see your friends bruises or a cut between the eyes. It's not a laughing matter, your friend is suffering in silence for fear of telling his story, after-all he is "THE MAN" and of course we all know, men don't hurt, men don't cry and certainly men don't feel. If you believe that then you're a fool.

Remember this is my opinion only, I'm not a psychiatrist, I'm Just a loving grandmother.

Melvina Germain

## (567) A Prayer For The Different People

Father today I want to pray for all the different people in the world. People that may not be the best looking, or have eyes that bulge, teeth that point, big ears or crippled joints. People of colour, from the very dark to palest of pale, the little people, the big people. Anyone that is different Lord, today is their day and for them I pray.

Father, please take the narrow minded, the bully's and name callers to task. Teach them to look beyond the facial masks and disfigured bodies, teach them to see what is truly real, to discover how truly beautiful these people are. Show them Lord how much these wonderful people contribute to the world.

Father I pray for the gays and lesbians, for the trans sexuals, tri sexuals, A-sexuals and more. I pray Father that they will someday be able to walk through the churches of straight people and not be shunned or chastised, but respected as people and allowed to live their lives.

Father I pray that these people who contribute to the well being of this earth, stay out of harms way, and be allowed to show their worth. It's clear to see that you love them in the same way, for your gifts to them are precious and real.

I pray Father that the ignorance will disappear and a wealth of education will soon be near. Lord legislation is not always right, through education we will certainly rise.

I pray Lord that you take away the prejudice and the racist behaviour. Lord show them that Jesus our savior who loves us all, shows no favourites, no matter how poor, how rich, how short or tall.

Lord we all have our beliefs in whats right or wrong, but we are your servants, you sit at the throne. The decisions of people should be all left up to you. Your job is huge, who are we to pretend to be you.

Lord teach us how to live together in harmony, to love and respect one another. To learn from each other, to embrace the differences and not be afraid. Lord teach us today so tomorrow will bring a bright glowing future where we can kneel together and worship our King.

Father God I pray in the name your precious son 'Jesus'

Amen

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.27,2007

Melvina Germain

## (568) A Created Memory

Walking barefoot in the sand  
basking in the early morning sun,  
I felt at peace with the stillness of  
a quiet Sunday. Enjoying my surroundings  
and the warmth of the day  
My senses peaked by a faint scent  
of fish filtering through the air. The feel  
of a slight drizzle touched my nose every  
now and then. I felt the grit of the sand  
giving my feet nature's gentle massage  
and enjoyed every step of the way.  
The sea breeze caressed my naked body,  
offering me a feeling of tranquility. This is  
my place, my special place, alone at  
peace with nature, enjoying every moment,  
The sand dollars and starfish were plentiful  
and strategically laid along the shoreline,  
nature's free gifts from the ocean. An artistic  
design placed on each sand dollar and only  
nature can take the credit for its beauty. A  
smile came on my face and at that point I  
realized how blessed I was to be here this  
day in this place at this time. Another  
treasured and a created memory to place  
in my heart.

Written: July 15,2007

Melvina Germain

## (569) Whipping Cancer The Old Fashioned Way

We all have Cancer cells, of that I'm sure you know,  
but there is a way to keep them from growing fast or slow.

Cancer is an enemy we don't want to see,  
our plan must be to eradicate completely.

Let's take it step by step to see what we can do,  
get rid of that cancer, out of me, out of you.

Say good-bye to sugar, a big old cancer feeder,  
perhaps, a little Manuka honey or molasses, if you really need a sweetener.

Throw away that table salt, it harbors a chemical to make it white.  
Bring out Bragg's aminos or sea salt to keep it right.

Milk, a source of calcium we know, but in a cancerous body,  
helps the big "C" to grow and grow.

Milk causes the body to produce mucus, a cancer feeder.  
Say good-bye to regular milk and invite soy milk to meet her.

All substitutes used, must be unsweetened of course,  
now let's move on to get the final course.

Meat is a culprit, beef and pork,  
eat fish, and a little chicken of sorts.

Cancer loves acid, so alkaline we must go,  
I'm here to help you, let's get on with the show.

Make up your diet of 80% fresh vegetables and juice,  
throw in some whole grains, seeds, nuts and a little  
fruits.

Take the other 20% and cook up some good food, now  
don't forget those beans, they'll keep you on the groove.

Here's the kicker, don't you forget it.  
if you don't have a juicer, go on out and get it.

Juicing is the answer to a mean old cancer story,  
fresh vegetable juices will bring us to glory.

Live enzymes will appear, reaching deep down to  
to the core, where cellular levels are there for sure.

It only takes a few minutes to do the work, so what are we  
waiting for? Hurry! ! ! Let's go down to the grocery store.

No more coffee, no more tea, no ouch! no more chocolate?  
not for me, cause I've got to get rid of the big "C".

Green tea to the rescue, I know that's good for me, filtered  
water is a must, you'll see.

Some supplements are key and the body reacts favorably,  
building up the immune system which we all want to see.

Don't forget to keep yourself moving, exercise has its part,  
giving you strength and a very strong heart.

Now you must do the research to see what works best for you.  
Do it right, think smart, now you can start.

Keep a clear head, have a positive view, negativity has no place  
around you.

Keep in mind, you walk in your own shoes and no one knows  
your body as well as you do..

Written: Oct.27,2007

Melvina Germain

## (580)      Nestled Upon The Shore (Fantasy Poem)

Oh beauty, beauty, what do you seek?  
Adrift you come to take a peak.  
Tis June the month you do embark,  
I long to see your body stark.

Fair mermaid of the golden sea,  
why do you bless the likes of me.  
Mine eyes are full of radiant pleasure.  
What say you your body measure

Luminous eyes seek a miracle,  
lying still on earths great circle.  
I beg of you fair mermaid.  
Feast your eyes on the likes of me.

Your tail of iridescent treasure,  
glistens like glitter from the jeweled sky.  
Fair mermaid please don't pass me by.  
A paradox is your faithful dominion

You can't be who you seem to be.  
Nestled upon the shore.  
Feast your eyes on the likes of me.  
I'll rest here with you for evermore.

Written:    February 22/2007

Melvina Germain

**(590)      Breaking News-Act Of God      (Haiku)**

Hailstones fiercely hit  
Roofs of homes take huge beating  
Many fear act of God

Written: Oct.15/06

Melvina Germain

## (601)      **Passing Through**

At the end of the tunnel lies the brightest of lights.  
I hear the voices calling my name.  
Come—it's time— it's time for you.  
Come -my darling-you paid your dues.  
Listen-do you hear the soft melody?  
Look-over there, I see, ooh it's so beautiful, so beautiful.  
I'm ok, don't cry, I'm ok.  
The pain is gone, I'm floating,  
their arms are extended toward me.  
They're welcoming me home my daughter.  
Oh, I'm going home, where I should be,  
please don't cry anymore.  
Can't you see, I'm happy, my sweet, sweet baby I'm free.  
I'm going to live a life painless and free,  
you must not cry for me.  
Take care of yourself, live your life with love.  
Enjoy each day as if it's your last.  
Never worry my baby never worry about the past.  
Now, hold my hand and let me pass through with the  
sound of your sweet voice singing my favourite song.  
Sing my baby, sing for me, keep singing, yes, yes si-

Written: June 27/2007

Melvina Germain

## (602) She's A Mean Old Cold Machine

She is my life, she is my lady,  
I do my best to visit her daily.  
She doesn't have awesome lips,  
or gorgeous swaying voluptuous hips.

I stand and wait for her in the morning sun,  
sit and dine with her when noon time comes.  
Never wanting to leave her side,  
though this lady takes away my pride.

I long to caress her cold exterior,  
To tap her gently, in certain areas.  
Love when a crowd gathers to watch,  
knowing then I'm winning at the slots.

My lady is a mean old cold machine,  
she takes my money but she's my Queen.  
I play her morning, noon and night,  
never letting her out of my sight.

When 3: am comes and my lady says good-night  
I hang my head in shame,  
promising never to come back again  
but the promise is just another lie I make,  
for when morning comes, I'll stand and wait.

Written: May 8/2007

Melvina Germain

## (603) Oh Precious Love

I saw him sitting across the room,  
knowing a meeting must happen soon.  
I stood up and slowly walked toward him,  
a little nervous, sipping my glass of gin.

He looked at me with a pleasing grin,  
I noticed a sensual dimple in his chin.  
I said, Hi have we met before?  
No, but I noticed you when you walked through the door.

The conversation began and as the night went on,  
we smiled and talked until the break of dawn.  
Many years have passed and I still remember,  
our first meeting in the month of September.

Our love has grown through the years,  
built memories, raised children, shed a few tears.  
Our first meeting is a memory we'll never forget,  
for it gave us a life of absolutely no regrets.

Melvina Germain

## (604) Save Them Father

Father you are always on my mind, I love you Father and trust in you with all my heart. I have no questions for your decisions, my faith is strong and true.

Father I'm in awe when I look around this world, when I stand and take in the awesome views, I know this is the work of the Master, and that Master for certain is you.

This morning Father I pray for those without faith, who can not see pass their noses. They have eyes that function, but they truly can not see.

Father give these blind people the ability to come out from their deadened shells, touch them with your spirit, let them see the light.

Oh Father God, drench them with your love so they make no mistake. Take them by the hand so some day they too will walk through Heaven's Gate.

Father sometime young people are taken in by those who have no interest in their soul but only in the money that they hold. The devil's people live among us, taking advantage of many.

Your children need your guidance Father and your continued patience for I truly believe some day they will come out of the darkness, walk into the light and face the truth.

Father I leave these people to you, in your caring hands. May they make Jesus the center of their lives and join their brothers and sisters who know the truth, save them Father.

I Love you Father and I ask this Lord in the name of your only Son Jesus.-Amen

Written: Sept.30,2007

Melvina Germain

## (607) Caught In The Act

You took me by surprise, when you picked me up.  
Massaging my neck with such gentle strokes.  
You moved your hands so softly,  
Slowly caressing my cool naked body.  
You held me close to your chest and kept me,  
warm squeezing me oh so gently,  
Then placed your tongue on my lips and pressed  
lightly against my mouth.  
Bent your head back ever so slowly, all the while  
holding me tight in your manly strong hands.  
enjoying the aroma of my sweet perfume,  
You open your eyes, look above and realize,  
there's a camera peering down on you. Now  
you're caught in the act of stealing a most  
expensive bottle, of the master's fine wine.

Written by: August 16/2006

Melvina Germain

## (609) Betrayed Trust

I found a damsel in distress  
Wearing a tattered torn aqua dress  
tears flowed sadly down her face  
She was a picture of beauty and grace  
I held her close and gently squeezed tight  
I told her everything would be alright  
A fallen priest fondled and raped this teenage girl  
Took away her innocence, introduced her to the real world  
I was much older than this gentle creature  
But I knew I could never leave her  
We married and moved away from Montreal  
Perhaps a new city would break the fall  
She was introduced to many new friends her age  
But her eyes displayed an inside rage  
A dismal, dark and gloomy day  
Would etch pain in my heart to stay  
Today I found my gentle, quiet dear  
Hanging from our kitchen chandelier  
Her mind was ruined by a heartless act  
She could no longer face the gruesome facts  
Now she lays in quiet sleep  
In God's hands, her soul will keep.

Written: Dec.31/07

Melvina Germain

## (610) An Old Friend-Lost Not Forgotten

An elderly hobo,  
digs deep in barrels of refuse.  
Dining on last evenings cuisine.  
Eyes racing from side to side,  
chewing as if there's no tomorrow.  
Hands feverishly pushing the food in.  
Mouth like a grinder in a bin

Life unkind to a pauper of the mine,  
whose knees have broken down in his prime.  
This life of which he fell upon,  
carries him through from morning till dawn.

Day after day he lurked in streets of the city,  
Looking for those who might take pity.  
Every now and then reflecting the past.  
A successful business- man just didn't last.

On his final eve, when he walked to his bed,  
a group of city youths, put blows to his head.  
His lifeless body lay soaked in blood  
He laid hidden in refuse and mud

His full body never recovered,  
which seemed so unkind.  
For under the refuse and rubble,  
laid an old friend of mine

Written: Feb.25/07

Melvina Germain

## (611) Eye Of God

Gazing into multi colored iridescent sky,  
cloud formations shift, creating silhouette shrouds.  
Divinity shows its place in the holy picture of  
Christ Jesus face.  
Huge angels fly and cover the scene.  
The Eye of God appears, quite serene.

God placed us here on Mother earth, offering  
the awesome gift of giving birth.  
We may accept it or we may not, unto God  
we owe a lot.

The Eye of God is always there, watching over  
us year after year. God follows us through life's  
ups and downs, through sadness, happiness,  
sickness and health, covering us with much  
inspirational wealth.

We're all created equal in the Eye of God.  
He loves us unconditionally, lest we not forget.  
To disrespect one another, would certainly cause regret.  
For in the Eye of God, he sees and knows all.

Take each other by the hand, my sisters and my  
brothers. Kneel unto the Lord and surrender all  
to him. Enjoy the freedom and the spiritual  
guidance, and the highest of all highs, while the  
spirit shines upon us. Knowing the Eye of God  
surrounds us, we shall remain in his light and  
never drift away from his sight.

Melvina Germain

**(613) Rest Pussycat Rest (Haiku)**

Tiger lay sleeping  
Garden filled with baby's breath  
Pillowed treasured cat

Written: August 27/2006

Melvina Germain

## (616) Depression (Acrostic)

Deep in the darkest part of your heart  
Every beat seems to be a trying slow start  
Pride and victory have no place here  
Reasonable thoughts are placed on the back burner  
Every breath difficult and heavy  
Seasons all remain the same, cold, dark and gloomy  
Stereotypical behaviour is quite apparent  
In the quiet darkness you reside  
On a deep running slow train  
Never, yes it never seems like you'll come back again

Written: Jan.18,2008

Melvina Germain

## (617) No Train Fare

I slapped my hand against its body,  
feeling the cold touch of steel beneath my fingers.  
An electrifying rush swept through me  
as I reminisced of years gone by.

The days when I ran strong and fast  
those days are now a thing of the past.  
By touching the cold hard steel of a train,  
the vivid memories came back again.

I ran like that of a jaguar,  
with a sprint, I held tight the rail.  
I rode that train through field and city,  
if I had fallen, oh dear, what a pity.

Melvina Germain

## (620) Menopause-A Change Of Life

Oh my it's blistering hot. please, please stop.  
I feel like I'm standing over a steaming pot.  
Beads of sweat pouring down my face,  
Inopportune times embarrassing place.

I'm fed up with this inward inferno.  
Burning, burning from the inside out.  
Wake during the night soaking wet.  
listless, tired, out of bed I get

How long will it last,10 years you say,  
Oh no Lord, take this misery away.  
Good news, good news, help on the way,  
Books and products line the shelves today.

I sit and ponder about the women of yesteryear.  
Why the mental institutions kept them there.  
Menopause, a change of life,  
educate yourself, eliminate the strife.

Melvina Germain

## (670) A Prayer For David Harris

Father God, I come to you again this morning to ask for your help. Lord one of poem hunters precious writers David Harris is in a hospital bed after having several small strokes. I thank you Father for not allowing the big one to touch him.

Father I ask that you cover David with the blood of Jesus, to protect him and keep him out of harms way. I ask that you give him the strength he needs in order to quit smoking, for this is a difficult addiction to beat. I know with your help Father anything is possible.

Father if David is dealing with a great deal of stress in his life, I ask that you teach him how to deal with it in a non harmful way.

Father God I pray for a healing for David, a complete recovery Lord. Help him to walk away from the hospital feeling well, with the desire to give up his addiction and the want to live and enjoy his life.

Father, David is a loving husband, father and Grandfather. He Just recently welcomed a new addition into his family, the birth of his lovely grand-daughter. Give him the time he needs to get to know her and enjoy her. Give David the strength he needs in order to play with her and protect her.

Father, David is a wonderful writer and still has much to put down on paper. I look forward to reading many more poems from David, Lord give him the ability to continue in his writing. Lord you know I'll never question you, I'll just ask for your blessings.

I ask this prayer Lord in the name of your precious son "Jesus"  
Sweet, sweet Jesus. Amen

Melvina Germain

## (672) Personal Overview-Living With Rheumatoid Arthritis

Many years ago in the early 80's, my life was about to encounter an abrupt change. I was happily enjoying all the things that were going on in my life at that time. My husband and I enjoying good times, everything seemed to be nicely falling into place. The money was coming in on a regular basis, the children were doing well in school, sickness was almost non-existent. I was preparing for a body-building competition, my health, I thought was excellent. I worked very hard in the gym, was determined to win the competition of course.

We just opened a new business called (Dynamic Demo) received a contract to work at the Co-op stores, fantastic I thought. While working in Co-op, unfortunately I had to stand by the freezers. On the second day of the job, I began to feel very sick, but of course it was a three day contract and I was determined to finish it. I thought I was going to pass out the third day but was able to hang in there and make it through.

The following Monday I went to the doctor and was diagnosed with pneumonia, that made sense because I was susceptible to that particular disease, this was not the first time I had pneumonia, but it was different this time, I felt sore and stiff. The disease passed several days later, but the soreness and stiffness remained. I visited the doctor on several occasions and was referred to a specialist. The specialist checked me over, took several tests and sent the tests to the lab. I would have to wait for a proper diagnosis, however the doctor told me he was sure I had Lupus. This news came just prior to Christmas, imagine going through Christmas thinking you have Lupus. At the time I thought Lupus meant eventual death, I was doomed to say the least, that's what I thought. I decided not to tell my family, I didn't want to ruin their Christmas. So I hid it in the back of my mind and tried not to think about it.

After Christmas, I went back to the doctor, he looked at my swollen wrists and said, this is definitely not Lupus, no this is not Lupus. He then looked in his files and found my report from the lab. He read the report to me and it indicated I had rheumatoid arthritis. I was actually happy to hear the diagnosis, it meant I truly didn't have Lupus and that was certainly a relief. I learned later that it was possible to live a full life with Lupus, but I researched it and also realized how difficult Lupus was to deal with. I felt it would be much easier to live with R.A. In the weeks to come, I experienced a great deal of pain. I had to totally quit

going to the gym, no more thought of body-building. It was impossible for me to hold on to a weight. My hands would not close, I couldn't make a fist, they resembled claws. My wrists, elbows and knees were swollen and very painful. At times, in the morning especially, I couldn't walk. My husband carried me to the bathroom, he stayed very close to me at that time. The pain in my wrists at times was excruciating and I cried a lot, both my husband and I sat in our TV room and cried. I could barely wash myself in the mornings. I spent most of the day laying on the couch watching TV.

After several months of pain and mood changes, it came to mind that this was not the way I wanted to live my life. I told my husband, I'm going to get over this and that's all there is to it. I decided to really research this disease and try and figure out what would work for me. I read several health books and one that gave me almost instant relief was a book that told of a Swedish remedy, I tried it immediately and it worked wonderfully, it was harsh but it did the trick. When I took my morning shower, I would take it as hot as possible, when finished with the hot, I would then turn it off and blast myself with totally cold water. At first it was very difficult for me to do, but the results were amazing. I could walk much better and felt a whole lot better. I started my morning that way for several months. Even now, if I feel the need, I will take the blast of hot and cold. Water itself is truly amazing, the healing qualities are truly a gift from God.

Keep in mind, while conducting my research on R.A. a drug was prescribed for me, I was continually taking a drug called Naproxin, as a matter of fact I was involved in a study for this drug and therefore received the drug free of charge. Naproxin was an Nsaid drug (Anti inflammatory drug) This drug made it possible for me to get through my days a little easier, but I knew these drugs were not good for me, I had to find a natural alternative.

Months, years went by, during these years I tried many different things. I made sure I stayed as flexible as possible, I knew I was in trouble if I couldn't touch my toes, so I exercised regularly as much as I could. I took aqua-size classes which worked very well, again the use of water-fabulous.

I took cod liver oil capsules especially in the winter months. I made sure I kept my milk intake up but also took a supplement of calcium/magnesium, I also took vitamin E capsules. I made sure I kept my fluid intake up, drinking the required amount of water, juice etc. absolutely no pop. I kept my coffee down to no more than one cup every couple of days, even less. I was a tea drinker though and I would say at that time I was drinking maybe two to three cups of tea a day. A friend told me she heard the Aloe Vera plant had healing qualities. Of course I immediately bought a plant, but went a step further by visiting a health food store and buying the juice. I drank the juice for maybe oh two, three years.

While doing all of this I was feeling great, every now and then though I would experience quite a bit of pain. I realized the time I felt the pain was actually attributed to the type of weather we were having at the time. My joints told me of the change prior to it happening. I was definitely in tune with my body. I knew my body better than the doctors did, that was quite apparent.

Several years passed, I was doing very well health-wise, so decided to open a wedding shop with a friend. Well, not such a good idea, the shop added stress to my life, which added more pain. Now I began to walk slower, always stiff in the mornings and having to blast every morning again. One day a good looking gentleman came into the store, inquiring about wedding supplies for his daughter. We talked and he observed the way I was walking, he asked "why are you walking like that" what's wrong with you?

I told him and he replied without hesitation. "You don't have to walk like that, you know". You are in charge of how you deal with your condition. Well I certainly agreed with that. He told me he could mix me up a potion of oils, three different oils in fact, (peanut oil, olive oil and castor oil) for a nominal fee. Oh great I said and ordered three bottles of oil. The following day, he delivered the oil to me. I went in the back room and massaged it into my knees, elbows and wrists, by that evening I felt wonderful. I massaged the oil at least three times a day. When I started to run out, I called and ordered more, I knew I didn't want to run out of this fabulous stuff. The oils worked for me for many years, I'm still using the castor oil on my legs when I need it, I keep a gallon jug on hand.

Nine years went by before I visited my rheumatologist again. My G.P. insisted on a visit with him for a check-up. I did go and he was surprised that I didn't have any deformities at all. No nodules, nothing, I was doing fine. I had some pain, but nothing I couldn't handle. We talked and he thought it would be a good idea for me to go on a drug called methotrexate, it was a cancer drug but apparently worked well with R.A. patients. I was feeling good and if this drug could make me feel even more normal, heck I was willing to try it. I did and wow! no pain at all, this was great, much better than I expected. Of course there is that research element in me. I must know about every drug I'm taking. I found out that this particular drug is not good for your liver and the possibility of liver disease is higher while taking the drug. I didn't do anything about that because I was enjoying the freedom of pain.

I looked around me one day, looking first at my husband, watching him smile while we were engaged in conversation over a cup of tea. I looked at my grandson when he came in the kitchen, I then realized how blessed I was to have been given a second chance at parenting. I thought about my children and my

other grandchildren. At that point, I decided I wanted to stay here on earth as long as possible and enjoy the gifts God so generously gave me. I knew I had to get off the Methotrexate drug. The question now was, I still wanted to enjoy a good quality of life, oh yes I wanted it all.

Shortly after deciding to get off the Methotrexate, I heard of a business called Melaleuca and went to one of their meetings. It was then I found the vitamins which I take on a daily basis now. I signed up and received the vitamins every month. After two months on these vitamins, I noticed a difference, I was sure I was feeling even better, however realized I'm still on the cancer drug as well. I then decided, yes I want to get off this drug. I made this decision on my own without the advice of a doctor. No I did not tell my doctor I was going to do this, however prior to this I asked him about the danger of the drug. He told me it would take a long time before the drug would attack my liver and then shrugged it off. Well that was it, this was my body and I still wanted to be alive and well in the next twenty years or so. I weaned myself off the drug and continued to take the vitamin regimen from Melaleuca.

Currently I'm on the Melaleuca vitamins and doing well. My daily activities are not a problem. Sometimes I do experience stiffness with the change of the weather of course. As far as the vitamins are concerned with Melaleuca, you do have to sign up and some people don't like that. Another thing about these vitamins is they do in fact stay in your body longer and therefore you reap the benefits. It is not my intention of selling you on these vitamins. I just want you to realize this is what is working for me. I'm truly a Melaleuca person, I use all of their products and will never change back to the chemical killing products on the market. I never walk down the cleaning product aisle of any store, I don't want to breathe in the off-gassing that comes from the cleaning products eg. laundry powders, bathroom cleaning products etc. etc. etc. I believe all these things attribute to keeping diseases alive and well

I've made a commitment to myself and my family that I will do everything in my power to stay well for as long as God allows it. After all, I'm in charge of my own destiny, I make the decisions for my body. I know my body better than any doctor could ever know it-why? -because I live in my body, this is the shell that was given me and I must take the best care of it possible. Another important thing is to stay positive and not allow any negative forces in. If you have negative people around telling you it's impossible for you to help yourself, then you must decide what you want. Do you want them or do you want to get better. Positive energy is key, believing in yourself, knowing who you are, loving yourself then and only then can you love others, having the desire and the belief that you can bring your body back to a state where you can enjoy life again. You are worth it, you deserve the best, you deserve to enjoy life and you will enjoy

life again, so get started today and enjoy your life. I will be praying for you sister.

The following page lists all the things I did to get to where I'am today in regards to my R.A. Remember this is what worked for me, this is my opinion only. I'm not a Doctor, Nurse or Psychologist etc. etc. etc.

2007

Melvina Germain

## (676) What Children Worry About

Mommy

Mommy, mommy  
what's going on in the world today?  
Mommy am I going to be OK?  
I heard some kids were wearing bombs  
and blowing people up..  
Mommy their world is very far away.  
They can't come here, right mommy?  
Am I going to be OK.

Written: July 17,2007

Daddy

Daddy, daddy

I asked mommy some questions yesterday,  
and tears were in her eyes.  
She's really scared daddy,  
I know the reason why.  
The kids with bombs,  
might be here in our schools.  
They won't listen to the rules.  
Mommy is really scared that one day,  
you'll both have no choice but to send me away

Written: July 17,2007

Mommy, Daddy

Mommy, Daddy, there's no reason to fear  
I figured it out late last night.  
I said the words for God to hear.  
I know He knows all things  
and will do what's right,

sooo... we say the words for God to hear,  
everyday and every night.  
Guess what Mommy, Daddy  
everything will be alright.  
Mommy, why are you still crying? ? ?

Written: July 17,2007

Melvina Germain

## (677) Welcome Back

Love is forever  
Lust is a pleasure  
Self Cultivation is nice  
Compassion is a must  
Friendship is a gift  
Belief is crucial  
Hate is restricted  
If you still want to come in, the door is open

Melvina Germain

## (679)      Fingers In The Pie      (Children's Poem)

Sitting on a windows ledge  
on a warm summers day,  
sat a pie waiting to cool  
before the break of noon.  
Along came little Kelly  
with a sniffer oh so keen.  
He followed the scent  
oh heavenly bent,  
a pie found on the scene.  
He looked all around and  
only saw the ground.  
Thinking he was in the clear  
he took his finger and tasted that pie,  
Ummm, ummm, ummm my my.  
Along came old Mrs. Frye,  
why she picked up the broom  
and paddled his tush.  
Kelly didn't care he took his blows.  
Grabbed that pie now everyone knows  
Kelly stole a pie from old Mrs. Frye.

Melvina Germain

**(680) Love (Acrostic)**

**No.1**

Living in a blissful, happy state,

Over the rainbow, my true love waits.

Vibrant, strong, yet tender to touch.

Elegant she stands, I love her so much.

Written: Jan.12,2008

Melvina Germain

**(681) Love (Acrostic)**

**No.2**

Lying beside you, watching you sleep.

Owning the moment, I began to weep.

Vigor and zest you possess with flare.

Everlasting love together we'll share.

Written: Jan.12,2008

Melvina Germain

## (682) Love Acrostic No.3

Loving you feels like the soft touch of velvet rain.

Over the hills we'll walk together again.

Violet eyes, ruby lips, a beautiful smile.

Every step a blessing walking down the aisle.

Written: Jan.12,2008

Melvina Germain

**(683) Love (Acrostic)**

**No.4**

Love lives in the night sky.

Opening it's arms, caressing you and I.

Veils and ribbons suspended above.

Every moment shows signs of our true love.

Written: Jan.12,2008

Melvina Germain

**(684)          Love          (Acrostic)                          No.5**

Love creates a sensual stream, intensifying all romantic dreams.  
Over picturesque landscapes, hills and mountains high.  
Victoriously seen through a keen mind's eye.  
Every electrifying moment captured inside.

Written: Jan.14,2008

Melvina Germain

## (686) When Death Comes Knocking

When death comes knocking and calls your name.  
It's inevitable, life will not be the same.  
No amount of fighting will keep you on this earth.

Death can come like a thief in the night.  
It can come during travel taking flight.  
Death can come with your eyes open wide.  
One thing I know for sure, you certainly can't hide.

Death is neither Good nor is it Evil,  
It's surreal and totally believable.  
Dating back to the beginning of time,  
Death takes us across that invisible line.

The Angel of death is like a glowing bright light.  
Taking your side until the time is right.  
A few quiet breaths and earth's life is gone,  
The shell remains, but the spirit lives on.

Written: Sept.9,2007

Melvina Germain

## (687) Time For Chicken Soup

I heard you were feeling poorly,  
now that just won't do.  
A little bird also told me,  
you won't eat your chicken soup.  
Girl sit yourself down,  
get rid of that frown.  
It's time to get feeling better,  
have a night on the town.  
Now here's your chicken soup,  
and your cup of green tea.  
Pretty soon you'll be feeling better,  
and your sweetheart will take you dancing,  
you'll see.

Written: Jan.13,2008

Melvina Germain

## (689) You Can'T Touch Me

You Can't Touch Me

You can't touch me

I have the strength of dolphins soaring o're the sea

You can't touch me

I am the cunning tiger hidden behind the forest trees

You can't touch me

I am the flames that burn beneath the earth

You can't touch me

I am the glitter of diamonds rough

You can't touch me

I am the snow and the rain

I can give you health or take away your pain

but you can't touch me just the same.

Written: Jan.12,2008

Melvina Germain

## (690) In The Beginning

In the beginning

In the beginning,  
there was you and I.  
We sat together, under  
the clear, blue sky.  
You gave me that special  
soft touch.  
I knew you loved me  
so very much.  
Now, I'm getting older,  
not so pretty to look  
at. You toss me aside  
and forget, I was your  
Sunday best,  
Hat  
Written: Aug./2006

Melvina Germain

## (691) Thinking Of You

Through sunsets,  
Rainbows,  
summer skies of blue.  
My thoughts are filled  
with images of  
you.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Feb.7,2008

Melvina Germain

## (692) Thoughts Of You

I sing the blues when no else will listen  
Call to the skys while the morning dew on window sills glisten  
Sad as I may be, my heart is still on fire  
For thoughts of you creates an innermost desire.

Written: Feb.14,2008

Melvina Germain

## (694) Thinking Straight, An Impossible Task

Fever burns the inner sanctum of the brain,  
allowing an enormous strain among  
the nerves within. To creep among the  
vessels of ceremonious culture,  
relating to the whole stream of endless  
torment.

Searching for freedom, yet finding a  
doorway of doom and gloom, covered  
in an unfriendly film, a good mind  
stays not in tune, dies much too soon.

A travesty, is present, the inside not in  
touch with the outside, raging toward a  
deep dark hell.

It is not absurd to assume if the righteous  
turned the other cheek, becoming evil  
with the beasts they meet, what horrors  
would we face, if evil mimicked grace.

Is it possible, day is night, good is evil  
a dream is reality and life is death.  
Confusion takes over the inner core of  
The brain when depression is able to reign.

Melvina Germain

## (695) Teach Us Father

Dear Lord in heaven, this has been a very interesting week, still so much to learn and so much to be forgiven for. Although Lord verbally we have not offended anyone but inwardly sometimes we have feelings of jealousy or envy. These feelings truly are negative feelings and need to be dealt with. Today Lord I pray that you rid our minds of such thoughts and replace those thoughts with grateful thoughts. Show us how to look at things in a different light, to see what is important and not to focus on the material things in life but to realize that we were all given gifts and those gifts are to be treasured, respected and shared with others.

Father when others copy us, let us realize that this is a compliment, which shows that we have the ability to set the trend, to take the lead and to move forward allowing others to follow and create a much brighter environment.

Father when others speak badly of us because they are feeling jealous of us, teach us not to react in a negative manner but to continue to hold on to the positive not allowing such words to hurt us. Hold our hands a little tighter Lord.

Father, teach us to be humble and to always put you first, always have you at the head of our tables, present in our midst, clear in our thoughts, forever under your umbrella and Lord teach us to always listen to the whispers.

I thank you Father for all that you have done for me and I share this prayer with my brothers and sisters on poemhunter in the hope that they will find something here that may be of help to them.

I ask you Lord for forgiveness, I ask you to keep us out of harms way, I ask that you continue to walk with us, stand by us and to carry us when we can no longer walk.

Lord in the name of your son Jesus, I thank you, I love you, I respect you, I know you and I will always worship you.

Amen

Melvina Germain

## (696) The Entertainer

He sang with a smooth sensuous voice.  
Beautiful ladies loved his music of choice.  
As he sung, to a quiet, mesmerized audience,  
his eyes shone and put forth great passion.  
Sweet, flowing music, tranquil vocal tones enjoyed  
by elegant ladies of exquisite high fashion.  
Jealous men did not agree, they preferred  
to hang the entertainer from the nearest tree.  
Later that evening during a half time break,  
he was cautioned, make no mistake.  
Look beyond the ladies, don't stare in their eyes,  
set your focus above them, look to the sky.  
He sang each night as if performing chores,  
then exited through the back stage doors.  
Way back in the days of old,  
black men entertained and sang with soul,  
yet had no choice, but to do as they were told.  
Times have changed since way back then,  
we look, we touch, we make good friends.  
No more exiting through back stage doors,  
or peeing in paper cups, humiliation no more.  
We must remember what happened then,  
so the evil never returns to haunt us again.

Written: Feb.13,2008

Melvina Germain

## (698) Stand Tall, Proud And Praise His Name

Let us stand tall, look to the North, South, East and West  
savor the view and thank God for being able too.

Let us give thanks to God for his loving Son Jesus and  
welcome his presence knowing He'll never leave us.

Let us be proud of the Christian way and enjoy the blessings  
of every new day.

We must learn to make the right choices, and praise Jesus  
with loving voices.

Let us keep our Father and our Savior ever present in our lives  
and be thankful for loving husbands and wives.

Let us love our children with all our hearts and soul and give  
them inspiration to live a life that's whole.

Let's not be complacent when we take our Father's side, but  
stand like Christian soldiers, the truth we must not hide.  
The Christmas season will soon be upon us, that glorious time  
of year, when families visit from far and near.

We will dine and feast from the Lord's blessed table and  
eat plenty because we are happy and able.

We will offer greetings to passers by although we have become  
traditionally shy.

Happy Holidays may be the new words of the day  
but "Merry Christmas" I still choose to say.

May God Bless each and every one of you, and keep you all  
from harms way.

May you enjoy the joys of Christmas each and every coming  
day.

We thank you Jesus for your empowering story and to you  
Father God, we give all the glory.

Melvina Germain

## (699) Sing Me A Song

Sing me a song of glory,  
tell me an old fashioned story.  
Sing of hard times, sad times true,  
sing for me and sing for you.

Sing of Lincoln, Martin, Malcolm and Kennedy.  
Sing of the races joining, living in harmony.  
Sing of the past, present and hope for the future.  
Sing my darlings sing, raise your hands to salute her.

Melvina Germain

## (700) I Had A Dream

I had a dream, a pleasant dream,  
of a place filled with lush green grass.  
A place with crystal running falls,  
with trees and mountains so very tall.

I had a dream, a wonderful dream,  
of an ocean beautiful and strikingly clear,  
with kings of the sea surviving there.

I had a dream, a precious dream,  
of a world free of chemicals.  
Toxic waste a thing of the past,  
of pink lungs and bunnies that last.

I Had A Dream

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 7,2007

Melvina Germain

## (702) Poemhunters A Family Needs Your Prayers

Father today I come to you with a heavy heart, a heart that is saddened and crying out for your help. Father this week a family is in great pain, for they have lost a loved one in such a brutal way. A hard working woman of 40 years old, walking home from work, minding her own business, but she didn't make it Lord. No my Father, she didn't make it, she was followed, beaten, raped and murdered. A mother of 5 sons, working hard to save money to send to the Philipines for her sons and husband to come to Canada to live a better life. Oh Father, now she 's not here any longer, taken by a ruthless, heartless killer. I'm told Father that I should pray for this killer, forgive me my King, this I can not do. Maybe another time perhaps, another day when I can think clearly. Today I focus my prayers on the deceased woman and her precious family. The pain will be heavy and hard to deal with but with your help Father anything is possible. Please Lord put the blood of Jesus over them and give them the strength they need to move forward. Father over these next few days and weeks, their eyes will fill with tears, their minds filled with questions asking why did this happen. Only you can pull them through Lord, only you have the answers, only you can soothe them and give them your heavenly love. Father the perpetrator beat this poor lady so bad, that the family couldn't indentify her so it would definitely appear that she suffered tremendously. Father I want to believe that you took her to be with you long before the brutal blows were landed, that she was already sitting by your side. Yes Father, I'm troubled and having a very difficult time trying to understand this. Why Lord, please talk to me so that I can understand why a young fellow like this, at the age of 21 could be so evil. Lord I pray that you accept Arcelie into your kingdom, so that she will walk with you and enjoy the freedom of everlasting life. I know that she is in your hands now Lord and that you will take good care of her. Father God I ask that you give the family strength to carry on with their lives and I thank you Father for those that came forward and offered help in a financial way. I ask Lord that you impress on the minds of those than can afford to give in a generous way, that this situation could happen to anyone, no one is an exception. Father please help the family to keep all the little children under one roof, I pray that they never be separated. Lord for the family members that had to view the body and see the after effects of the brutaliy, oh Lord please help them to overcome Lord. Help them to take that picture out of their minds and remember how beautiful Arcelie was. Father, wrap your arms around this family, hold them close, don't let their minds wonder, keep them focused on what they have to do and Lord please keep them out-of-harms way.

Written: Jan 27/2008

Note:

It is crucial that you realize every word of this is true. In fact it happened a little over a week ago, here in Calgary, Alberta. Poemhunters please pray for Arcelie and her family, prayers are powerful and right now Arcelie's family needs your prayers.

Melvina Germain

## (703)      Poison Me White

We see difference,  
we see hate.  
Go to school, discriminate.  
Fight the enemy, hide the scars.  
Hold your tears behind bars.  
Pick up sticks, hurl the rocks.  
Go to Church, march for blocks.  
Martin dreams  
End the hate  
Celebrate  
come together one and all.  
Hold hands,  
stand tall.

Written: April 26/07

Melvina Germain

## (704) My Master-My King-My Father

Master of truth, destroyer of pain,  
You have the power to give health back again.  
Here me Master, cover me with your love.  
Send your blessings from high up above.  
I've followed in your footsteps, praised your name.  
I loved you from childhood but suffer just the same.  
What have I done to displease you my King,  
Please find a way to whisper in my ear.  
I'll wait for you Master, oh yes I will surely hear.  
I can only question, and ask for a reason,  
but I will accept what you do any day, any season.  
Lord I ask this question because I don't understand.  
You are the king, and your final word stands.  
I'll take my pain and my troubles to bear,  
Lord God I'll wait patiently and hope soon to hear.  
If no word comes Master and you close earth's door.  
Please take me Father to your Heavenly shore.

Written: Jan.18,2008

Melvina Germain

## (707) Living Our Truth

We are the perfect couple to the outside world,  
with precious children, a boy and a girl.  
A white picket fence surrounds our home,  
our thoughts wander, our eyes roam.

When she came along, my heart sang a different song.  
The truth must come out, it's time for all to know.  
We have been living a life of lies and fairytale shows.  
The closet will open, suppressed feelings unveiled.

We are good people with saddened heavy hearts.  
It is now time for the true love story to start.  
It's difficult to say we no longer love each other that way,  
as of today, we announce - we are gay-.

My darling husband, I love you like a brother or friend,  
but my true love lies with- my -best friend.  
It is she whom I long for in the middle of the night.  
When my eyes close, she lives in my sight.

You my husband, are living a life of lies too.  
I know you love someone who cares deeply for you.  
Let the lies die and the truth come forth.  
Let your heart sing and the bells of freedom ring.

We're coming out to live our truth,  
our feelings suppressed since the days of our youth.  
Oh the peace is felt so deep inside,  
no more tears, no more reason to hide.

Written: Jan.11/08

Note: This is a true story, of a man and a woman who thought they could live their life as a straight couple. They married, had two children but never found happiness or peace as a couple.

Melvina Germain

## (708) Joy Of Christmas

Christmas, a joyful time of year.  
Fun-filled days, lots of holiday cheer.  
Children all over the world, year after year,  
Wait for this special day in the hopes  
of many gifts to open and play.  
How soon we forget, the true  
meaning of Christmas.  
Sweet Jesus was born on this joyous day.  
In a manger in Bethlehem oh, so far away.  
No pillow for his head.  
No blanket for his bed.  
A true gift from God, our Father  
Let us praise him instead.

Written: Dec.2/06

Melvina Germain

## (709) No More Red Wine

Standing together three natives of our land.  
Rugged faces gnarled crippled hands.  
Sharing a bottle of water it appears.  
knocked down by society, so many years.

Kicked down every time they tried to get up,  
befriended by a bottle, fire water in a cup.  
Living lives of despair seems nobody cares.  
Covered by the blood of societies hate,  
they stand in an almost non-existent state.

Three lost men there on the sidewalk,  
scars of beatings displayed while they talk.  
Deep, dead eyes, a slight longing to live,  
palms upright, begging society to give.

Some think, they got just what they deserve,  
annoying people, getting on societies nerves.  
Throw them a cheque, the government agrees.  
Now who cares, keep them down on their knees.

The time will come when they rise up,  
stand tall, show strength, throw away those cups.  
Hearing the chiefs haunting voice,  
advising them to finally make the right choice.

A proud nation once again will stand their ground.  
Fighting back, speaking up, wearing their crowns.  
The chiefs will hold their stance with pride.  
No more will the people bow their faces to hide.

Education will flourish all over the land,  
with happy children gathering round holding hands.  
Life will change and a bright light will shine,  
a blanket of peace, no more red wine.

Melvina Germain

## (710) Man Of God

Singled out by Love and Glory  
Attuned by they're King and his Story  
Interested in painting a beautiful picture  
Naturally living a life of blessings true  
Teaching the word of God for me, for you

Written: May 19,2007

Melvina Germain

## (711) In Mysterious Ways

Oh the full moon shone bright that night.  
when all I could see was a silhouette in sight.  
I stared and glared to make some sense,  
of the darkness slowly approaching the old picket fence.

The air was filled with the drizzle of rain  
creating a misty atmospheric refrain.  
I pulled back and stood flush against the shed.  
A dark shadow hovered over the haystack bed.

It was then when I saw a close-up view,  
of the silhouette caressed by mystic hues.  
Oh but to my surprise, a faceless hood  
took on a very real disguise.

My forehead filled with cold perspiration,  
Eyes opened wide, no place to hide.  
I tried to scream, but as within a dream,  
my voice-box closed, sealed at the seams.

In an act of great desperation,  
I fell to my knees begging for forgiveness,  
of many fraudulent deeds.  
Instantly, I felt the warmth of the sun.  
Opened my eyes, a new day had begun.

Written: May 18/2007

Melvina Germain

## (712) Images Of You

To pine is pain of a fragile heart,  
where whispers lie in a sad place.  
I try to think of bright, sunny days  
and place you still on a happy face.  
Your image rests not, nor fades away,  
for I see you each and every day.  
You paint the pages of poems written  
and sit in galleries of fine paintings.  
Wherever I walk, your shadow follows  
and your footprints line the sand.  
My mind won't rest until we meet again,  
my body needs your gentle touch,  
and the warmth of your golden hand.  
I'll wait for you on higher ground,  
I'll know you when the trumpet sounds.

Written: Feb.14,2008

Melvina Germain

## (714) Happy Valentine's Day-Poemhunter's

Happy Valentine's Day to you all.  
Hope you have a bright and enjoyable day.  
Flowers to all, pink, red, fushia and yellow,  
be happy with your pretty girls and handsome fellows.  
May the day bring happiness to the young and the old.  
May you always remember Valentines Day when the  
nights grow cold.

Written: Feb.14/2008

Melvina Germain

## (715)      **Father-You Are My All**

Dear Lord in Heaven, I hear your voice in the sounds of the falling rain.  
I feel you Lord when the warm winds touch my face  
I see you when I look at the stars high in the sky.  
When no one else is near me Lord, I know you are standing by.  
When I'm weak Father, you give me strength and when I'm blind  
Father you find a way to make me see.  
You are the wind that whispers through the swishing of trees,  
the quiet still that lingers in the open sea.  
You are the roar of thunder before the great rains fall.  
You are the spring, summer, winter and fall.  
My dear Father you are everything, you are my all.  
The King of kings Lord, you sit on the great throne,  
the giver of love and the taker of pain.  
Father I will continue to worship you again and again.  
I love you Father with all my heart and soul,  
without you Father I would not be whole.  
I ask Father God, that you stay within my heart  
and walk with me to the end of my days.  
When you take me Father to cross that threshold  
to everlasting life. Please lead me on that glorious  
path to Calvary where I may stand and live with thee.  
Thank you Father God in the name of your precious  
Son "Jesus". A men

Written: Jan.13,2008

Melvina Germain

## (716) Father Unite Us

Today my prayer will be short and sweet for you Father has given me yet another day to stand with strength upon my feet. Father I ask only one thing in this short little prayer. I ask Father that you unite all the people of this earth as one. I ask Father that you help us to realize that we really are sisters and brothers, that we are covered by the blood of the lamb, that no one can come between us while we are holding your glorious hand. Father unite us so that we will grow strong and able to fight the enemy. Protect us Father while we stand as soldiers under your great umbrella. Let us find peace in this world Father. I leave it all to you Father for you are our great leader, you are the King, You have the ability to make great mountains crumble and to part the rough waters of the sea, you are the all knowing and the great almighty. Father I leave this prayer for peace to you, knowing that you will know what to do.

I pray Father in the name of your precious son Jesus. Amen

Written: March 2,2008

Melvina Germain

## (717) Father I Love You

Father, I want you to know how much I love you and appreciate everything you do. I know you're watching over me and always by my side.

Father when I thought my time was up, you surprised me once again, you gave me a helping hand and coaxed me to stand. I was feeling weak and weary, but you wouldn't leave me alone, so I had no choice but to listen to the whispers and follow your lead.

I'm so glad I've learned to hear you Father and heed your every word, for you've given me more time and I know what I must do. I'll praise you every day and listen for your instructions, I'll witness to others and tell them my story for you are my precious leader and to you Father I give all the glory.

Father I ask that you put the blood of the lamb over all Poemhunter's, protect them Lord keeping them out of harms way and help them Lord to be more understanding and patient with other Poemhunter's that may not be as articulate. We all have a voice Father and should all have equal opportunity to write our precious words, pen to paper.

Father I pray and thankyou in the name of your precious son Jesus.  
Amen

Written: Feb.16,2008

Melvina Germain

## (718) Poemhunters-Hurt No More

Dear Lord in Heaven, you are my light, my inspiration.  
Thankyou Father for everything you have done for me.

Father, today I ask you to focus on some poemhunters that think themselves better than others and find it necessary to call them down, pointing fingers at the improper use of English grammar. They are hurting the feelings of others and possibly causing them not to write or to leave the site.

Father one of the poets that received such ridicule has now passed away and is safe in your hands Lord, she no longer has to read the hurtful words of such poets. Unfortunately Lord this lovely lady did not receive an apology for the hurt she experienced here on poemhunter.

Father, I ask that you impress upon these so called great poets, that they are not helping themselves and certainly not creating a positive environment when they point fingers at poets who just want the freedom to express themselves the best way they know how.

Father these hurtful poets need to be taken to task and reminded that they are no better than anyone else. Unfortunately they lack the ability to feel from the heart, their ego's have certainly surpassed their ability to feel. Show them Lord that they are hurting others, that they are affecting them in a negative manner and no good will come from that.

Father God, you are the King, you are the master of all and you are all knowing. I leave this problem to you Lord, totally in your hands and I hope Lord that you will allow me to see the change in the hurtful poets of poemhunter.

thankyou Father in the name of your precious son Jesus.-Amen

Written: Jan.10,2008

Melvina Germain

## (719) Father (Sunday Prayer)

Father once again I come to you to ask yet for more blessings. Oh Lord is there no end to what I ask for. Each day new problems, new heartaches, more devastation, molestations, murders, drug use is increasing instead of decreasing.

Father God people are forgetting their purpose in life, they are lost. Father many years ago, your son asked you to forgive them for they know not what they do. Father when will they know what they're doing.

I have a difficult time Father looking at the news and reading of unnecessary killings, of a body found in close proximity, a body missing the head and very badly beaten. Father God what kind of a person does this. Satan is so busy and still finding a following. I'm

concerned at the minds that he is still able to poison.

Today Father I pray that you take total charge and stop him in his tracks, that you cause these people to take a step back and think before they act. That you cause these people who may be suffering from mental disorders, to seek help and allow the medical Doctor's to do what they are best trained for.

Father we need people that can show compassion, love and care to others and not to think of ways in which to harm them.

You my Father are so much more powerful than this evil being, please knock him out of the way and teach him a lesson.

I know you are listening Father and I know that you will take care of this evil when the time is right and only you Father know when that time is right. I will never question why you do things the way you do. I will hope that I will see positive changes in my time.

Father let me see people embracing and caring for each other instead of beating and killing each other.

You are the most high, the most intelligent, the king of all kings and I will trust in you and follow you all the days of my life. Father God I truly have faith and will continue to follow you and love you. I question you not. Father I ask this in the name of your precious son 'Jesus'

Written: Feb 24,2008.

Melvina Germain

## (722) Ego

We put ourselves on a pedestal  
wanting everyone to notice and admire.  
Feeding us,  
we thirst not of our innermost hearts desire.  
Forgetting our priorities thinking only of self,  
we place them on the lowest shelf.  
Materialistic things,  
numerical values become our obsession.  
Realizing not, soon to fall into deep depression.  
Make no mistake, loving ourselves is necessary  
in order to give love to others.  
Being obsessed with oneself is tragic and  
can only lead to lonely moments.

Written: Feb.14,2008

Melvina Germain

## (724) Christmas With All The Little Children

All you little children gather round.  
Let's sing beautiful Christmas songs.  
Take your bells and chime away,  
we celebrate Christmas here today.

Now raise your hands if you know the reason,  
we celebrate this colorful season.  
One, two, three, four, oh my, more and more.  
You all deserve a great big score.

Now, let's think a moment of our sweet Jesus.  
Why we know he'll never leave us.  
He gave his life upon the cross,  
we would live, not become lost.

Today we celebrate his precious birth,  
while he watches over us here on earth.  
Clap your hands rejoice for all to see.  
Keep Jesus in your hearts infin-ite-ly.

Written: Dec.10/06

Melvina Germain

## (725) Christmas Treasures

Oh Christmas tree, Oh Christmas tree.  
Lush, green ambiance standing before me.  
Mesmerized by childhood memories.  
I smile and ponder of which I see.

Oh Christmas tree, Oh Christmas tree,  
That precious time of year upon us,  
to embrace our family and friends.  
To share, care and make amends.

Oh Christmas tree, Oh Christmas tree.  
The time to think of Jesus Christ,  
what his life for all has given.  
Rejoice, praise, worship and sing.  
His Father in heaven is our true King.

Oh Christmas tree, Oh Christmas tree.  
Away you'll go for another year,  
With glowing memories packed inside.  
Fresh in our minds, we shall not hide.  
Our living savior, Jesus Christ.  
Gives much love, and an abundance of pride.

Written: Dec.2/06

Melvina Germain

## (726) Christmas Thoughts

Sweet Baby Jesus,  
a sweet baby boy.  
Born on this day  
to give us much joy.  
Sent by Father God  
from the Heavens above.  
Giving us an abundance  
of hope and deep found love.  
He sent us his only son,  
an unselfish gift,  
for Jesus would die  
for our sins,  
so that we could live.  
On Christmas day,  
when you think of your wealth,  
think of God and his son Jesus  
and spiritual health.

Written: July 13,2007

Melvina Germain

## (727) Christmas Past

Oh happy days, the snow fell over-night,  
we have a white Christmas in our sight.  
Only a few more days and nights,  
Christmas will shine bright of white.

Remember those beautiful Christmas Eves,  
when we gathered round our colorful trees.  
Remember when we caroled down the street,  
sang Christmas songs oh so sweet.

Memories are precious let's not forget,  
don't do anything you might regret.  
Christmas is the time of year to share,  
to treasure family far and near.

This Christmas with the lights shining bright,  
reflecting God's blanket of white.  
Sing sweet songs in memory,  
past Christmas's history.

Written: Dec.14/06

Melvina Germain

## (728) Christmas Joy

Snowflakes fall elegantly,  
Ice glints glow for all to see.  
Lights of red, yellow, blue and green,  
are all a part of the Christmas scene.

Clap your hands sing out loud,  
Rejoice in the name of Jesus.  
Tis his birth we celebrate,  
knowing he'll never leave us.

Gather round one and all,  
It's time to create a memory.  
Stand proud, stand tall,  
allow everyone to see.

The happiness and joy you possess,  
will fall upon those, without rest.  
A beautiful gift to share,  
at this brilliant time of year.

Written: Dec.7/06

Melvina Germain

## (729) Christmas Gift To All

Merry Christmas to you all,  
no matter where the snow shall fall.  
With or without, Christmas is here.  
Enjoy this precious time of year.

God gave Mary a joyous gift.  
Allowing her to conceive his son.  
Dec.25, Mary gave birth.  
Sweet Baby Jesus joins us on earth.

Glory be to God in Heaven,  
Thankyou for this precious gift  
A gift of life, love and light  
Jesus shall remain always in sight.

Written: Dec.3/06

Melvina Germain

## (731) Christmas Eve

Tis Christmas Eve with all the splendor of  
Christmas lights gleaming through crystal  
Glasses placed strategically among clusters  
Of soft white cotton snow.

The room is filled with a scent of fresh pine,  
Enjoyed by all who sit to dine  
We reach our glasses in a toast to Jesus  
And thank him for his grace  
We celebrate this joyous Christmas Eve  
with Jesus at the head of our table

Melvina Germain

## (733) Bubbleistic Future

Cast away living in a bubble,  
Ir orbit around an endangered earth.  
Lost among the skyhawks of futuristic power..  
I'm sworn to take an oath.

To move unseen through portholes in chase.  
Where eyes of an eagle sore deep dark space.  
I live my life far away from home.  
Protected, without fear, in a bubble I roam.

Man crushed the evergreens of earth.  
Water contamination, no more rebirth.  
I, with a chosen few,  
see the earth from a different view.

Melvina Germain

## (734) Inspirational (Acrostic)

In the landscape of your mind, one has the ability to think clearly.  
Never allowing deep, dark thoughts to penetrate.  
Spirited, beautiful and heavenly thoughts tickle the senses.  
Piercing through delicate walls, giving strength to stand tall.  
Instead of accepting negative views from those of low self esteem.  
Realize you are in charge of every thought held within.  
Always start each day in a positive light.  
Thinking, of God's wondrous gifts, His beauty in sight.  
In the quiet of the noon day sun, a new day has begun.  
On top of mountains high, sitting calmly while birds fly by.  
Never leaving your mind untouched by God's beauty.  
Always covered like a glove, by the blood of the lamb.  
Live, love, laugh stay protected, in the palm of His glorious hand.

Written: Feb.9,2008

Melvina Germain

## (735)      **Lost Desperate Whore-Walk With Me**

Come now, my friend, come walk with me  
through streets of dreaded hell. Walk with  
me to garbage dumps, dark alleys, nasty  
mattresses smell-won't you walk with  
me more and more to learn what befalls a  
lost desperate whore. Won't you take me  
by the arm, lift me if you can, or would you  
shy away leaving me here-look-  
among the dirty drooling creeps of night  
that ne're sleep. Come-walk with me,  
touch the soil where tattered shoes dent,  
kiss the lips of those who never speak, feel  
the pulse of the near dead, look upon the  
crowd of dread. Careful now-step over  
those who lie still on bedded ground, never  
to move again, corpse after corpse of  
uncared souls, Oh yes- come-walk  
with me, can you see a possibility of  
hope. Do you believe -I- want to survive,  
to live as you, to thrive. Look at me, study  
my weathered face, look into my lifeless eyes,  
I've lost the feel for grace - love is not my  
desire. I must eat, try to keep my heart full of  
fire. Survival of the fittest, a number one  
concern. Come, my street friend, walk with  
me, see what stores my fate. I'll not live to  
see another year, nor will I have a love to  
share. In charge no longer of my own  
destiny for I have created a travesty. One  
day a hose will blow my way, I shall fall  
to the ground, swept away like waste  
in a barn, I'll lay dead and mutilated.  
Walk with me, see where I go, so you will  
never be- that old lost desperate whore  
who feared her true destiny.

Written: January 2/2007



## (737) Children Of Spirit

A secret that you keep, oh so very well.  
Stored deep inside, causing your heart  
to swell.

A tear drops suddenly as you ponder the  
past. What a shameful act you did, the  
Father, you did not ask.

Several sweet little babies, could have been born to you.  
Instead you cut their life line, never let them  
through.

your children live in spirit, not knowing a mothers  
love, but stand beside the Father, in their home up  
above.

They are children of spirit, but will never walk the  
earth, you took away their possibility of birth.

The time will come, when you stand alone and  
answer for your sins.

The book of life will open, and the untold  
story begin.

Melvina Germain

## (760)      **Beginning To Beginning**

Born of innocence,  
to this vast universe.  
Nurtured by parents,  
played with our friends.  
Educated by many teachers,  
worked with our colleagues,  
learned by mistakes.  
Over and over through the years,  
we shed a tank full of tears.  
Hurt by our enemies,  
used up by close family, whom  
we love unconditionally.  
Forgive, never forget, but have no regrets.  
Covered by Jesus, who will never leave us.  
Know right from wrong,  
sing great gospel songs.  
Give the glory to God each and every day.  
Put away old jealousies,  
clean up old wounds.  
open closed doors,  
walk with a song in our hearts.  
Keep a smile on our face,  
become a mentor to many in this growing  
human race.  
Experience this and we will have what  
it takes, to take our place and enjoy a  
senior embrace.  
Share our treasures of learning throughout  
the world.  
Teach the children, little boys and little girls.  
Senior citizen's we are, a wealth of knowledge  
and wisdom has accompanied us thus far.  
Put pen to paper, and we'll know  
what to do.  
It's just the beginning and God will see us  
through.  
Written: Aug.9/2006

Melvina Germain

## (790) Betrayed

Waiting at the train station with no shoes.  
I felt I had reason to sing the blues.  
A story as wild and crazy as this,  
makes me want to give you my fists

You looked me in the eye, said I was the only one.  
I believed every word, when all was said and done.  
How could I know, you are less than a male whore  
I was not prepared for what was in store.

The phone rang on Tuesday afternoon,  
A voice said, sorry we'll be foreclosing soon..  
Shocked and afraid, I found myself in denial.  
No matter....., soon I would go to trial

The phone rang on Wednesday morning.  
My bank manager issued a warning.  
You're in the red, how I wished I was dead.

I was a fool for loving you.  
Blind by good looks and sweet talk too.  
Now here I sit all alone,  
Why, I do believe they just cut off my phone.

How could I not see the light  
Everyone says it shone so bright.  
My home, money, you took from me.  
Worst of all, you stole my dignity.

Written by: Oct.28/06

Melvina Germain

## **(800) A Special Prayer Request-For Theodora Onkin**

Father God, I'm sorry I'm going back on my word Father for I stated previously that I wouldn't ask anything of you today. Father this is an emergency, one of our sisters here on poem hunter recently received distressing news regarding her heart Lord. She had a silent heart attack, was admitted to the hospital with arrhythmia, and pulmonary edema from heart failure, and extreme angina. These are serious, life threatening conditions Lord and need immediate attention.

Father we need your intervention, we call upon you to give a total healing Lord. Father God please take this wonderful woman and place her in the palm of your hands Lord, send the power of your love and healing through every vessel, every vein and blood cell Lord, heal her Lord from the bottom of her feet to the top of her head leaving nothing untouched by your healing powers Lord.

Oh Father teach Theodora everything she needs to know to stop this from happening again Lord. Give her the strength she needs in order to help herself Father. Lord we know the years are creeping up on us and the body is breaking down but with your help Father we can learn to live strong and healthy once again.

Father you are the King, the master and the creator of all. Only you have the ability, the strength and the power to heal this poor ailing woman, only you Father can take her by the hand and walk her along the path to wellness again. Father God, your children trust only in you Father and we question you not. We know you will make the right decision Lord.

Father we thank you for your son Jesus and ask that you cover Theodora like a glove with his blood to protect and heal her Lord.

Father God, I leave this precious sister "Theodora" in your hands, knowing that you will take good care of her. We asked you today for a total healing Lord and we ask that in the name of your precious son "Jesus"-Amen

Melvina Germain

## (820) Hush My Sweet

Hush my sweet, you must not cry.  
Daddy will visit by and by.  
Gone with the angels, like a new born.  
Rejoice little one, please don't mourn.

Where did daddy go? far, far away.  
Up high in the heavens,  
paradise, where he'll stay.  
No more pain to bear, no need to worry.  
No money needed, no reason to hurry.

Hush my sweet, you must not cry.  
Daddy will visit by and by.  
He'll come quietly in your dreams,  
give you comfort while you sleep.  
Daddy wouldn't want, his little girl to weep.

Dry your eyes, let's pick up the pace.  
Daddy is soaring through awesome space.  
He's strong, healthy and vibrant too.  
He's watching over me, he's loving you.

Hush my sweet, you must not cry.  
Daddy will visit by and by.  
Paradise my sweet is a beautiful place,  
where a smile adorns everyone's face.

Melvina Germain

## **(861) Missing You (((1)))**

Tortured love in my heart, you tore it apart.  
With the twist of a telephone wire,  
you took away my utmost desire.  
I cry for you through tear-filled eyes.  
I long for your touch, I miss you oh so much.

Written: February 11/07

Melvina Germain

## **(863) Missing You (((3)))**

An eclipse of the heart,  
rips the soul apart.  
Nostalgic promises, never to behold.  
Standing alone at the alter,  
my love you loudly sold.

Written: Date: Feb.11/07

Melvina Germain

## (866) Who Are The Messengers Of God (Speech)

You look to your Minister's, your Pastors, your Priests. You believe these people bring the word of God to you and in fact they do for they read from the Bible I ask you. "is that the only place where the word of God comes from, do we put all the onness on this Holy book. Can we look in this wonderfully written book and find all the answers. Take this scenario- my debts are so high, I just don't know what to do. Can I take out the Holy Book and find the answer to my question, is there a quick fix in the Holy book. Well maybe there is and I just don't know how to use the index. I know I can't find anything under debt. Of course you won't find a quick fix but the teachings are probably there. I don't know I've never been able to actually read the whole book just parts of it and I do have my favorite parts. I'm not trying to take anything away from this wonderfully written masterful book. This book is full of knowledge and I for one still have a lot of learning to do. Let's remember, the Bible was not written by God, no it was written by men, if I'm wrong please correct me. I believe it was written by men inspired by God. I just thought of something, did women play any part in the writing of this book, I don't think so, I wonder why. If they weren't involved in helping to create this book then can women be messengers sent by God. Is it possible that because women were not portrayed in the writing of this book that they actually could not be taken seriously as people. Were they just there to bare children. I wonder if this is where the men found their reasoning years later when women were not allowed to vote. Is it possible that the motive for their reasoning came from the teachings in the Bible- a misconception of course.

Do we stereotype Angels as being women, and only men could be messengers from God, after all only men were involved in the writing of the Holy Book. Personally I believe Angels are men or women and anyone could be a messenger.

I believe a messenger can be a young child, a teenager, an adult, a homeless person. Yes anyone that has an open heart, believes in God and loves his son Jesus.

You know it's very basic really-

- you either love Jesus or you don't. There's an old saying, "The Lord works in mysterious ways". I've seen that many times over and over again. There are no coincidences people, none at all. It's all the work of God, that's how he works, in mysterious ways. Keep your eyes open and hear with your inner ears, let him in and he will talk to you often. He sends us all messages and sometimes through people that you would least expect it filled with the holy spirit is tremendous and it truly is a gift from God. When he chooses you to be one of his messengers you may not know but you will deliver some very important messages to sometimes people you don't know. Many will know who you are, they won't be able to define it, but they will see the goodness in your eyes or your words. Allow the Lord to enter and be a vessel to bring forth teachings and inspiration to those in need. Don't ever stop reading the- Bible - realize it is a guide to help teach you and make you the best person you can be. The most important thing is to listen to the whispers of the Lord, he talks to you in ways you can not imagine, listen to him, hear what he has to say. When something in your mind says stop, look around you, do it and be aware, it is the Lord speaking to you. You won't hear loud voices telling you what to do or giving you terrible instructions, if that happens, we all know who's behind that and it isn't God is it. I won't give him the satisfaction of mentioning his name in this particular writing today. His name does not belong here in this piece, not today.

Being

Sometimes the most minute thing can be a message from God, it can come in the soft touch of one's hand, a nod indicating it's OK, a serene smile from a beautiful face across a crowded room, a stranger at a bus stop. When you ask the Lord for something, know he will answer in his time and sometimes that is right away. One might walk out the door and find the answer they were looking for.

There are times my prayers are answered before I pray, now I ask you is that possible, I don't know, all I know is I thought about praying and didn't quite get to it and there you go I received what I was going to pray for. Does this put me more in touch with the Lord, possibly, who's to say no. Oh I do know some that would beg to differ with me. that would be some of my great Christian friends that like to judge, those wonderful Christian friends with the pretty hats and fancy clothes, all decked out on Sunday morning, oh yes the same Christian friends I see hiding behind sunglasses in places where they say it is wrong to go, uh huh those friends that look at the homeless with disgust, that's right the same Christian friends that have never had anyone of a different race in their home and would never feel comfortable doing so, my would it be the same Christian friend that stood behind someone at the supermarket who couldn't find enough change in their purse, who did not offer help or would it be that wonderful Christian musician singing and praising the Lord who didn't have time to give inspiration to the young teenage boy who cried out for help yes and oh could it be the Christian man who spent many years in jail and then found the Lord, but also didn't have time to witness when a young person was crying out for help. Don't get me going, I could go on and on about so called good Christians. They speak as my sisters and brothers from the native culture say "with false tongue". Beware of people that wear this label, look for the true Christian, they are quite visible. Take a look in their eyes, you will find them.

The messages are there and they come from people you would least expect. Don't look to the false Christian, look at those so called normal people around you, they are better Christians sometimes than the ones who proclaim to be Christians. Be aware of what labels you wear also, last week someone referred to me as being a religious woman, that is not at all true. I have no idea what that means to be a religious person, I believe it's someone who goes to church every Sunday, lives by the word or tries to, a very strict probably no fun type of person, someone who doesn't drink, doesn't smoke, do drugs, have sex, doesn't swear, wouldn't say s—t if they had a mouthful, you know that sort of person I guess. Well I fall into some of that, but still I don't consider

myself to be a religious person. I do know this, I have many gifts from God and one of them is at times, I'm totally taken over and filled with the Holy Spirit, it's a little difficult to explain, I've explained it in other writings of mine. Because of this joy that's been given me, it allows me to call myself spiritual. I'm just an ordinary person, I still do things that would be considered wrong in the eyes of the religious person or that false Christian I spoke of previously. I know if God is really upset with what I'm doing, he will definitely find a way of letting me know and I will hear what he has to say, of this I'm certain. So, no I'm not religious, and yes I'm a spiritual person and loving every moment of it. Could I be a messenger, it is possible and I believe you can be a messenger too. Who says we can't, I ask you- who? listen to the whispers, listen only to what God says, After all "God is your King".

-

Please understand everything voiced in this writing is my opinion only. If there is only one thing that benefits you in this writing, then take it and discard the rest. I would also like to note that there are many true Christians in this world, the Christian I spoke of in this writing is a false Christian. I Just wanted to point that out. I have a great deal of respect for the real Christian people. They are people who work for the Lord continually day by day and we must thank God for them.

Written: June 13,2007

Melvina Germain

## (867) Round Me Follow -Eyes Of Hollow

Leave me alone, stop following me around,  
I'm broken, wearing a chronic frown.

All eyes focused, just on me, my life un-whole  
a travesty.

Calling me- voices loud and clear,  
No-I must not go there.

Piercing eyes, deep and hollow, dead of night,  
fearful sight, eyes come- from far and near.

Lost in the deepest, darkest cave, my life  
depicts the way I behave.

Look at me, I can't see you, for you are not real,  
yet I feel the fire in my head, sometime I long  
to be dead.

You filled every hole, lined every wall,  
taken me through hell, a tortured fall.

Captured my body and soul, now I  
long once again to be whole.

How much more can one take, let me go  
through the tunnel of love and light so fair.

To that place of everlasting peace,  
so I may soar through the air.

My life on earth was doomed since birth,  
There, I'll have a second chance to show my worth.

Written: Oct.20,2007

Melvina Germain

## (877) Fear Of The Unknown

The wind was strong and the dust blew viciously.  
Walking on a dirt road, not sure of my destination.  
I encountered a coyote standing in the distance. My  
first thought was to turn and run and then I  
realized that might not be a good idea. I slowly  
walked, placing one foot quietly in front of the  
other, while keeping my eye on the coyote. The  
animal did not move, it stood in the same position.  
Fearful as I was, I didn't want the animal to know  
my fear. I bravely took step after step and walked  
toward the road. Finally I reached a crossing in  
the road. When I turned to look back the coyote  
was gone. At that point, I felt sure I was safe and  
continued to walk down the road. When I  
approached an old shack at the road clearing, I  
noticed paw prints on the soft ground. Immediately  
I thought, what animal made those prints, surely  
it wasn't the coyote that I encountered earlier,  
certainly not, don't be silly I thought to myself.  
Once again I continued to walk forward. I could  
feel butterflies in my stomach. What were those  
prints on the ground. Trying not to think about it,  
I began to walk faster and faster. Suddenly I  
heard a noise, it sounded like a scratching noise  
behind me. Oh what now, could that be the  
coyote. My heart was racing and the sweat  
poured down my face causing my eyes to sting.  
My vision blurred by my perspiration, I was beside  
myself and was feeling very sick to my stomach.  
Never before, have I been so afraid, never so unsure  
of myself. I wanted to run, but once again  
wondered if the animal that was following me  
might run and attack me.

Melvina Germain

## (879) Fear Me-Stay Alive

Powerful, that's right,  
I'm a terror, as you will see, no one can beat me.  
Why I'll tear you apart from top to bottom.  
I won't give a damn, winter, spring, summer or autumn.  
If you cross me, I'll mow you down  
like a huge caterpillar machine right to the ground.  
I'm bigger than life, full of horror and strife.  
I'll take all you've got, even your life.  
Friends-no, not your mother  
your father, nor your sister or brother.  
Strong, powerful, big and fearless.  
Your worst enemy, listen and hear this,  
be alert, drug free, your mind must be clear  
or you'll be dealing with me out there.  
I don't care about your friends or your loving family.  
I've been known to bring death to those who mock me.  
So pick up your socks and take heed, or those  
you love will fall in need.  
I'm here, there and everywhere.  
Don't worry, prejudice you will not find.  
I want all, young, old, rich, poor.  
You can all come screaming through my door.  
I've killed more people than you can imagine.  
so c'mon working class, learn your trade,  
be the best that you can be, and take top grades.  
For those who excel, will certainly exceed.  
Never become victim to my selfish greed.

They call me  
"CARELESSNESS"

This is dedicated to my son 'John' and all men and women  
who drive big machinery or big rigs.

Written: Feb.16/2007

Melvina Germain

## (880) Heart Of Steel

Hues of blue encase my being,  
nestled in the shadows of space.  
Fear not brave warrior, I commit no crime,  
nor ponder any such disgrace.

Steel of ice briskly floating,  
carring the woes of time.  
Pushing backward sludge disgust,  
a maimed, crippled mind.

Intertwine thoughts of hate and love,  
separated by the twine of fishermen,  
yet held by an iron gate,  
impossible to penetrate.

What say you brave warrior,  
have you no tongue?  
Sit upon the fat butt of yeast,  
until the work is done.

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date: Feb.24/2007

Melvina Germain

## (881) Faded Erection

Dreams of grandeur consumes the hour,  
meek to powerful thoughts of mind.  
Skin unfolding erect and smooth,  
confident and sure, I beckon her mine.

Embracing, sensuously loving,  
passionately arousing time after time.  
My powerful masterpiece fades away,  
wrinkled, crushed seen better days.

A change takes place, in the blink of an eye.  
Poor shrinking me wishes I could die.  
Fever of the moment, frozen in time.  
embarrassment, no excuses come to mind.

Face burning crimson red, I slowly move away.  
This night I'll not forget, I long for the light of day.

Melvina Germain

## (883)      Crown Me An Angel

My name was called, there I was  
sitting on a soft white cloud.  
Awaiting my meeting with the master,  
who wears a golden shroud.

He looked at me as I bent my head,  
his eyes I feared to see.  
The book slowly opened, the pages  
turned until they were of me.

Sounds of music filled the air,  
angels quickly appeared.  
A scent of rhybrum lilies flourished,  
while stars danced through heavenly air..

A crown was placed upon my head,  
as angels sang and gathered round.  
I believe my Lord was pleased with  
me for I was Heaven bound.

Written: May 18/2007

Melvina Germain

## (885)      Look To The Future

Why dwell on something  
You can not change  
Look to the future  
Do the best you can  
Ask our Heavenly Father  
To give you a helping hand

Written: Sept.29,2007

Melvina Germain

## **(887) Live With Love**

## **(An Abc Poem)**

Apparently life without love, is no life at all.  
Become an advocate of true love.  
Control your innermost emotions.  
Decide your worth, fulfill your desires.

Written: Oct.16/06

Melvina Germain

## (892) Heaven

To finally meet the King of Fathers.  
To look upon his face, and know the  
one who stood beside us, through  
strife and hardships grueling race.

A chance to meet the Son of God, who  
laid his life upon the cross and asked  
forgiveness for our sins. To touch his  
long, flowing robe, knowing life will  
now begin.

Where soft, warm winds blow, over  
quiet blissful gardens filled with  
scents of aromatic kindness and  
shadows of silhouette dancers.

Watch the angels whisper by, singing  
Songs of harmony ore the sky  
playing harps and flutes so dear.  
A place to bask in all it's pleasure,  
Gifts of glorious, heavenly treasures.

The paradise we've longed for. A  
meeting place of those gone before us.  
Now our chance to carry on, in deep  
thoughts of communication, singing  
sweet spiritual song.

Alas to realize, no more worries, nor  
bills to pay, nor rent, nor mortgage nor  
unpleasantries on any given day.  
Away from the darkness to the light,  
to glorious everlasting life.

Melvina Germain

## (894) Melvina 's Philosophy

A wise person listens well,  
dots their I's crosses their T's when they spell.  
A hundred apologies will not erase a bad word  
or deed said or done against any race.

We can't take back the throw once we hurl the  
rock.  
Every special occasion must be planned with  
love, memories are forever.

A family that joins hands in prayer, forms a chain  
of lasting love and care.  
We can not repeat time, once gone, we've crossed  
the line.  
Never having to say you're sorry is a beautiful  
ending of every great story.

Melvina Germain

## (897) Walk In Another Mans Shoes

Walking now in those dreaded shoes,  
tattered, torn and worn out.  
The shoes I laughed at, would never use.  
Acknowledged them not, I refused.

What goes round comes round,  
it's just a matter of time.  
All things done and said in the past,  
have come back to kick me in the ass.

It is said the Lord works in mysterious ways.  
He's showing me through these difficult days,  
what it's like to walk in another mans shoes.  
To be downtrodden, used and abused.

Bleak, confused in this very dark place,  
hidden away from those on the outside.  
Crippled in mind and lost in soul.  
I lay stripped in this deep dark hole.

My days go unnoticed in this timeless zone.  
Shamed, hopeless, unforgiving of self.  
I stay quietly suppressed and remain alone.

Days come and go, always remaining the same.  
Finding a way out seems an impossible task.  
Driven as I'am, I'll leave the same way I came.  
Help, I need not waste time to ask.

I forged my way out into the light of day.  
Touched by the sun, my withering face.  
A second chance has come my way.  
Once again I rejoin the human race.

Melvina Germain

## (904) Crack Baby

Pregnant again she confides in a friend.  
No where to go, no one will take her in.  
Walking the streets in the dark of night.  
Hiding in alleys, trying to stay out of sight.

She's hurting and frustrated with pain,  
anxiety hits over and over again.  
What will become of this new born babe,  
a decision certainly must be made.

Crack, heroin, marijuana, cocaine,  
what will happen to the poor baby's brain.  
She carries this baby while drinking beer,  
no one stops her, nobody cares.

In the eight month baby comes early,  
a cute baby boy with hair very curly.  
Doctor's stand by, but baby won't cry.  
He looks at Mom, please say goodbye.

Written: June 11,2007

Melvina Germain

## (905) Steal Away

Lovers stroll barefoot on the sandy  
beach hand in hand. Cool winds  
sensually blowing through curls of  
silky black hair.

Chill of night slowly approaching,  
warmth of love forever young.  
Holding each other close, tenderly  
stealing breathless kisses.  
Passers-by glanced with envied wishes.

Nightfall came, into dawn they walked,  
laughing, giggling, playing in the sand.  
Standing with arms caressing each other.  
Gazing amorously into love-filled eyes.  
Silhouettes under the darkened sky.

The end of this romantic stroll draws nigh,  
soon time to bid each other good-bye.  
A slight feeling of sadness appears,  
knowing next time may be several years.

Looking at each other with tear filled eyes,  
muffled sounds of sweet good-byes.  
Slowly pulling away from one another,  
a slight touch of hand on hand.  
Goodbye my love, we'll meet again.  
Until then, we must remain friends.

Melvina Germain

## (906) Oceanic Mysticism

Mystified by the dangerous, yet soothing musical tones of the ocean. I find myself mesmerized by its precarious nature, the peaceful essence, sharing it's glory.

Gazing, in wonderment of its mystical style, What lives below the surface, what sees me, of which I can not see. What awesome creature views me.

I'am but a tiny splinter in comparison to this vast blanket of rustling waves. A feeling of peace covers me as I stare into the deep blue waters.

It's powerful, suggestive properties are slowly grabbing my attention and luring me, to immerse myself within its body.

I'm deeply tempted to become apart of it. to ride the waves, to feel the flow, to know the mystery. Suddenly! ! ! , my eyes open wide, I take a step back, knowing once again, I came close, to crossing over.

Written: Sept.06/06

Melvina Germain

## (908) Alzheimer's The Beast

Alzheimer's the beast

We married and loved each other oh so much,  
always wanting to kiss and touch.  
Many happy times we shared together,  
walking hand in hand in all kinds of weather.

We brought three children into this world.  
Nourished them, loved them, two boys and a girl.  
Watched them grow into beautiful strong adults.  
Proud we stood, we helped with their results.

Our children moved on, leaving our happy home.  
Married and had children of their own.  
Grandchildren came to visit, oh what a pleasure.  
Moments my wife and I will always treasure.

Many things changed throughout the years,  
my wife began to shed many tears.  
Our happy moments turned to moments of fear.  
We had no idea what we were about to hear.

After visiting our family Doctor, not knowing  
what he would say.  
I thought I would surely die that saddened day.

He opened his mouth and began to speak,  
I wanted to run and cry in the streets.  
My poor wife, my poor beautiful wife.  
will slowly leave our happy life.

The diagnosis was harsh but sure.  
Alzheimer's crept into our door.  
My wife's memory was failing fast.  
She no longer remembered any of our past.

My worst fear came when she asked my name..  
My heart dropped as if from a mountain top.  
Crushed to say the least, looking into the face

of Alzheimer's the beast.

I visited her daily, my friends asked why.  
She doesn't know you, just say goodbye.  
I replied without hesitation, you're right,  
She doesn't know me, but I know her.  
There's definitely no mystery,  
Together my wife and I have a history.

Written by: Oct.26/2006

Melvina Germain

## (909)      Violated

You've been hurt, beaten, raped, taken advantage of.  
Scared for life? Is this really true, will you  
let the perpetrators have the best of you. I think  
not, you must not seek revenge, for then you will be  
allowing them to have you over and over again.

Be patient, remember these words "Vengeance  
is mine, I will repay, says the Lord".

Sit back, live your life, God does not need your help.  
He will act in his time and you will surely see, what  
great powers the Lord has when He acts on behalf of  
thee.

There is no man or woman bigger than God, so put  
all your trust in Him. You will live your life full of  
happiness once again.

Written: Sept.29,2007

Melvina Germain

## (910) Gangrene

Fever burns the inner sanctum of one's brain,  
allowing tiny droplets of sour to strain  
the nerves within. Creeping among the  
medicines of ceremonious culture, is a  
ferocious, devouring king of bacteria,  
emaciating the stream of thickened  
vessels.

Searching for freedom, yet encrypted in  
a wall of darkness, syringed by a cruising  
cloud of angry bacteria. A bacteria that  
like it's brothers and sisters has no  
sympathy for it's host.

A travesty is about to take place on a  
sick, soon to be lifeless human body. A  
malodorous and overbearing infestation.  
Un-healed by its power, a slow traveler,  
ah, but a most powerful conqueror.

The gangrenous, abominable embolism  
after embolism continue to block the  
life line. A tremendous slow moving  
gush of gangrene, heavily invades  
healthy cells and creates havoc among  
them.

The war enters and exits with the most  
powerful of all human body crawlers.  
Unnoticeably began it's takeover accum-  
-ulating strength and stability along the  
bloody path

In the end, gangrene triumphs over all  
ceremonious medicines known to man.  
How does this organism, synergistically  
marry and destroy not only the core, but the  
structural circumference of a once strong

and vibrant body..

We can only pray that someday, gangrene  
will meet it's conqueror. A conqueror  
created to heal and not to cut.

Melvina Germain

## (912) A Spiritual Experience-Not My Time

Just past midnight in a hospital room  
Tired, weak wondering if my time was coming soon.  
Afraid to close my eyes for fear I would not wake  
My nurse gave me pills of which I would not take.

I was so ill, couldn't keep anything down.  
The Mormon's came and gathered around.  
When asked if I would accept a blessing,  
I accepted with no hesitation.

Later that evening I fell off to sleep.  
I heard voices, so many voices, seemed so far away.  
Frantic voices, all having the same thing to say.  
Go back Mel, you have to go back.

Don't send me back, please don't send me back.  
I was moving closer and closer to the light.  
The atmosphere was clear and bright.  
I turned from the light and realized,  
my family was no where in sight.

I woke abruptly, feeling cold and uncomfortable.  
A fan blowing, ice cloths on my head and face.  
Voices calling, Mrs. Germain, Mrs. Germain.  
A voice exclaimed, she's back, she's back.

Confused, wondered what was going on.  
The following morning a nurse explained,  
we almost lost you last night,30 seconds more  
you would have crossed through that door.

Recalled my experience and realized, I was on my  
way to the other side., saw the light at the end of  
the tunnel, heard voices sending me back.  
It was bright, peaceful, a euphoric feeling,  
blissful. I was so close to crossing over, it just  
wasn't my time.



## (913)      Addiction

It nags at you like an aching tooth,  
never allowing you to tell the truth.  
Your mind is always confused and  
hope is not an option. You have  
become a slave to a crude adoption.

Stomach in knots, nerves stretched  
to the limit. Thoughts of suicide  
enter into it. Lies come easy, one  
after the other. The truth should be  
told, but that you must cover.

An evening out, a night on the town.  
You smile with excitement, but yet  
end up wearing a frown.  
All is lost and nothing gained, once  
again you pay the price. That's  
what you inherit for throwing the  
dice.

You hang your head and wish you  
were dead. Knowing you must find  
a way, to settle the score of what  
you've lost once more.

When all is said and done, you justify  
your actions by thinking you had fun.  
You've managed to quit smoking, you  
never take a drink but this new addiction  
doesn't allow you to think.

So when your last twenty is gone, and  
you no longer can access the Atm. It is  
then when the regret takes place and you  
must find a way to deal with the disgrace.

Written by: Melvina Germain  
July 18/06



## (918) A Secret Love

The sweet sound of the night wind,  
creates an atmosphere for love to begin.  
The maple leaves dance to and fro,  
as soft whispers kiss the evening's glow.  
A slight mist hovers above, while the amber  
tone light fills the earth with love.

Your silhouette stood still, and the sweet  
scent of lavender induced a sensual chill.  
My love for you is sweet and pure,  
for you are the only one I truly adore.

Come, my sweet, come into my arms.  
Whisper gently in my ear, oh darling,  
say the words I wish to hear.  
Hold me darling, hold me tight.  
I will make love to you all through the night.

When the morning light peaks through the window pane,  
darling I will love you again and again.  
Though we'll say our quiet good-byes,  
as we gaze into each other's eyes.  
I'll see you each and every night,  
in the stars that shine forever bright.

Don't cry my darling, don't shed any tears.  
We will love each other for years and years.  
Though separated by earth's proud land,  
I'll close my eyes and hold your hand.

Good bye my darling, don't forget,  
we share a true love with no regrets.

Written: April 17,2008

Melvina Germain

## (919) Storm Hypnotic-A

My nose pressed firmly against the windowpane,  
as the booming sounds of thunder-  
and streaks of lightening came.  
The trees blew viciously, branches hurled to the ground.

I was glued to that window, couldn't fathom my eyes,  
as buckets, wood pieces, branches, passed by.  
Realization of disaster came into play,  
as I watched destruction form that day.

Oh the screaming was fierce as the thunder bolts crashed.  
People scurrying and onward they dashed.  
Help me, help me, they cried out like fools.  
There's no help to be had, this storm is so cruel.

The house began to shake, I heard dishes fall.  
My pet cat shrieked as he bounced off the wall.  
My eyes wide like saucers, shifting side to side.  
Still glued to the window, no where to hide.

I heard the voice of my father call out in despair.  
My son! Jeremy! Jeremy! ! are you there?  
I could not answer, my throat had no sound.  
No where to go, this house I'm bound.

I stayed glued to that window, fearful in fright.  
My it was amazing what happened that night  
The winds stopped blowing and thunder no more.  
Lightening stopped bouncing off the earths floor.

The storm came to an end, calmness appeared.  
Cries of the aftermath, heard very clear.  
Devastation was felt, sadness of the heart,  
We will rebuild, have a brand new start.

Written by: Feb.28/07

Melvina Germain

## (921) Dressed For Dinner

There was something strange going on in the house.  
Everyone seemed quiet as a mouse.

I was a little uneasy walking through the living room  
when I heard somewhat of a boom, boom.

To my surprise, standing at the top of the stairs  
was old Mrs. McClurry, dressed in her wares.

Dressed for dinner in a mink coat long to the floor,  
sashing and swaying headed toward the front door.

A close-up view was very distressing,  
her makeup was rather depressing.

She turned, looked and smiled at me,  
winked and opened her coat you see.

Oh dear, I was in shock,  
for underneath she wore no frock.

Just another work day in this old nursing home,  
now and again a tenant will roam.

(A True Story)

Written: June 27,2007

Melvina Germain

## (922) Hidden Truth

A brave face can certainly be misunderstood.  
Too soon lonely in the darkness of the night.  
Afraid, crying, hurting out of sight.  
No one knows how hard one must fight.

Brave they are to those around them, trying  
not to break the silence of what is really  
haunting them. A pillar of strength for all to be  
in awe, when deep inside there is a flaw.

They walk with dignity for all to see, but  
oh too soon will fall to their knees  
Sobbing uncontrollably, with such anxiety.  
Quivering, not wanting to mix with society

Out of their shell, they crawl in early morn  
To show a facade that can be adored  
The truth must not prevail, what life really  
does entail.

Their fear of truth must never be told.  
It is a secret, hidden deep within the soul.  
The bearer will endure much pain and sorrow  
and ponder of hiding again tomorrow

Written October 12,2005

Melvina Germain

## (924) Beware- Grizzly Bear

You decided to visit Grizzly territory.  
You became the Grizzly's story.  
We've heard the cliché,  
curiosity killed the cat.  
This time you almost were that cat,  
so the grizzly wins and you lose  
why did you ignite that fuse.  
This time only a broken arm,  
luckily not much harm.  
Grizzly's don't like to share,  
save yourself, stay clear.

Written: July 1,2007

Melvina Germain

## (925)      Age

What is age, you ask?

Nothing but a mere number, I say.

After-all, it doesn't state your worth.

It's a way of knowing the number  
of years spent here on earth.

Don't let it stop you from doing what you want to do.

If you can kick up your heels at the age of 62,

and Father time hasn't caught up with you.

Take your time choose a fun career.

You may be good for another twenty years.

Melvina Germain

## (928) A Naked Man

Do you see the beauty in God's work of art?  
I'll start at the top of the head.  
You start at the bottom of the feet.  
Somewhere in the middle we shall meet.

I know this may seem vulgar to delicate eyes.  
Think of the beauty, you may be surprised.  
An erect pole, smoothly crafted,  
waiting for direction when drafted.

A naughty little laughter may appear.  
You must look closer if you dare.  
As we view the family jewels  
We seem to have activated a fuse.

Oh dear, what have we here? ? ? ? ?

Melvina Germain

## (929)      Within

Confront your dark side head on.  
Deal with the demons that hide within.  
It's difficult to know where to begin.  
Start with the feelings you have of others,  
your friends, sisters, and your brothers.

It's time to open your eyes and look deep inside.  
After all you do have some pride.  
Hold your head high, it takes a big person, to  
clean old wounds, and open closed doors.

Look to the front, look to the side, look behind,  
then take a huge stride.  
Your time has come to stand at the forefront.  
To raise your hands high, to take a leap, for what  
you are about to see, you will surely want to keep.

Cleanse your heart, speak the truth, leave nothing  
untold. This is your time to stand and be bold.  
Speak loud and clear, God hears you, while you  
stand there.

The book will be open and you must answer, so  
anti up now and take your bow. Truer words  
may never be spoken and your faith must never be  
broken.

Poem by: Melvina Germain  
July 18/2006

Melvina Germain

## (931)      **Mama-"the Great Enabler"**

Eddie sleeps till a quarter to four.  
He never wakes up to go through the door.  
The idea of- WORK- is so absurd,  
he practically chokes on the very word.

He'll never starve he has plenty to eat.  
Bills he files under "G" or his favorite car seat.  
Oh yes Eddie drives and pays no insurance,  
for he has a mama with lots of endurance.

The cycle must end, says family and friends.  
Eddie will leave and then come back again.  
Mama smiles at her cute 27 year old baby boy  
She loves to buy him his favorite toys.

CD players, MP3's, Ipod, TV, clothes etc. etc. etc.

Written: June 11,2007

Melvina Germain

## (933)      The Forbidden Taste

She cried as she touched her between the legs,  
and shuttered at the feeling she felt.  
She knew it was wrong she should be enraged,  
instead she enjoyed what was dealt.

Tender touching, soft embracing,  
fingers softly massaging her head.  
Loud bursts of sighs resonate  
a new experience being led.

She kissed back, a long hard kiss,  
pulling tight her partners head and  
the motion, the vibrant motion, hands  
and body moving in sync.

Pressure rising, an erotic bliss,  
never before had she felt like this.  
A sensual moment, taken further  
than she had ever been taken before.

She knew she must never, never again  
open this sensual door.

Melvina Germain

## (934) Power Of God

When the rain falls from the sky above,  
It is God showering you with tears of love.  
When the sun shines on a bright sunny day.  
God's angels are coming your way.

When the wind blows, and the trees sway.  
God speaks and has much to say.  
When the snowflakes fall and glisten.  
God whispers, we must listen.

When the earth trembles and opens to swallow.  
God tells us, there may be no tomorrow.  
When the sea lifts and the waters tower.  
God warns all of his great power.

When the sounds of thunder are heard.  
God insists we follow his word.  
When the funnel winds shatter our existence  
God gives us tremendous resistance.

When we witness the forces of nature.  
There is no doubt of it's creator.  
God reigns in heaven and rules the earth.  
We shall remain in awe, of his worth.

Written: February 19,2006

Melvina Germain

## (935)      **Make Me Smile**

I close my eyes and think only of you,  
for you are my drink of champagne,  
my light, my treasure, my cup of tea,  
my love, you are everything to me.

I see a smiling face with eyes that glow.  
You dazzle, a star of a great picture show.  
You are truly the apple of my eye.  
You stand out while other's walk by.

My thoughts are filled with images of you,  
baby, I can't think of anything I'd rather do.  
Will you give me your love, and walk down the aisle.  
Oh please baby, make me smile.

Written: April 17,2008

Melvina Germain

## (936) True Love Lost

He loved his women,  
more than one.  
Searching the bars to  
have his fun.  
His philosophy,  
simple and true.  
I'll always come out  
on top of you.  
The years flew by,  
loneliness set in.  
While growing old,  
frail and thin,  
he longed for the presence  
of a good woman to sit  
lovingly next to him.

Melvina Germain

## (937) Pushing Up Daisey's

Today I give back to the earth,  
showing my body's worth.  
My nutrients feed the rich black soil,  
no more to work hard or toile.  
to give freely of a body dead,  
to say good-bye and move ahead.

Melvina Germain

## (938)      Shadows After Midnight

I've made it through the day,  
everything seems fine. My problems  
only come in the evening time.  
my head lay quietly to rest, put my  
mind to the test.

Once the lights dim, the room begins to spin.  
I'm sure there's a ghost living within.  
I hear the cracks and the creeks coming from  
The floors. The blowing of wind filtering  
through the door.

I hear rather loud voices not making any sense.  
and the creaking of gates from the outside fence.  
I need to get up to turn on the light.  
My mind is now in a constant state of fright

A surge of light creeps under the door,  
loud footsteps walking down the hall floor.  
My mind says get up, but my body won't move.  
Black shadows are dancing, filling every groove.

The room is like a moonlit dreary dark night,  
with shadows after midnight all in sight.  
I hear the loud voices ring out once again,  
only this time they're calling out my name.  
My mind confused, am I going insane?

My heart is beating oh so very fast,  
How long will this fear over me last.  
Suzanne, Suzanne it's time to get up.  
I opened my eyes, wiped the sweat from  
My brow. A feeling of relief came over  
me now.

Written: July 3,2007

Melvina Germain

## (939)      Symphonic Revelation

Her palm filled with tears while  
she calmly sat upon a cloud,  
waiting patiently for St. Peter  
to call her name out loud.

All the others were given wings,  
then the most amazing thing,  
they all began to sing.  
Bells rang out, more voices joined in.  
It was a glorious symphony.

Her body felt at ease, relaxed, very pleased.  
A line of Angels formed in front of thee,  
A bright light shone, while they sang with glee.  
Out of nowhere came a most beautiful sight  
where the light had shone so bright.

A tall figure of a man with a crown upon his head.  
His hair flowed, so beautiful, tears continued to shed.  
His robe was long and touched the clouds.  
He was wearing a silver shroud.

She smiled and fell upon her knees,  
for that awesome sight was too much for thee.  
He smiled, and spoke with a tenors voice.  
It was then she knew she made the right choice.

My child, I gave my life for you to live.  
Now I have many gifts to give,  
for your life was rich and full of grace.  
You wore love and trust upon your face.

You have always embraced my Fathers love,  
that shone on you from the sky's above.  
I will now take you by the hand and joyously  
escort you to the promised land.

The trumpets began to play.

Written: July 2,2007

Melvina Germain

## (940) The Coming Of Spring

The winter's snow says a faint good bye as it slowly fades away.

Forest green soon to cover the landscape as spring showers spray.

An Angel stands among the mist, draped in a shimmering white veil.

In her hands she holds a gift for all to enjoy along the trail.

It is the gift of tiny buds from which sensual spring flowers blossom.

She spreads them on the earth, smooth, symmetrical and awesome.

On the first day of spring,

the magpies and robins serenade,

with sounds of true beauty that only birds can bring.

The sun shows it's beautiful face as it comes from behind the haze,

and the buds lift their tiny heads above the earths green shade.

Soon as if lifted from a mother's womb, the birth of creeping flowers.

The scent of aromatic beauty, the mist of warm rain showers.

The coming of spring has taken it's place, a new season has begun.

Spread your wings, celebrate, rejoice and have some fun.

Written: Feb.2008

Melvina Germain

## (951)      A Big Mistake

The morning sun trickles through the shade.  
Our love takes on a new charade.  
The pillow beside me is empty still,  
another day of lies at will.

What must a man of betrayal do,  
When stained by the likes of you.  
I feel I'm burning up inside,  
cheated on by my new bride.

I quickly wash away the tears,  
kneel and pray beside my bed.  
I left my wife of many years,  
and married you instead.

Each and every day I face,  
I think of the love I left behind.  
I left a good woman without a trace,  
of good feelings, I was so unkind.

I ask forgiveness from my ex wife  
with all my heart and soul.  
I realize now, that our life  
was filled with a love, true and whole.

Melvina Germain

## (954) Honor Of The Squaws In May

The camp was filled with beautiful ladies,  
dancing barefoot on the land.

The innocence of the natives flourished,  
offering strangers a helping hand.

The strangers drank fire-water into the night,  
and had their way with ladies of choice.

The braves returned and stayed out of sight,  
until the sound of the chiefs haunting voice.

The blast of gun-fire permeated the air,  
arrows soared everywhere.

Death came easy to the strangers that day.

The braves had no choice but to blow them away,  
to protect the honor of the squaws in May.

Written: May 18/2007

Melvina Germain

## (955) Poverty

## (Acrostic)

Pining for a much better quality of life,  
Opened to great suffering and pain.  
Violence and hate, society's distain.  
Every step seems a step in the wrong direction.  
Realizing each day is a losing battle.  
Trampled by the powerful, frowned upon by middleclass.  
Yet always wondering, how long will it last.

Written: Jan.15,2008

Melvina Germain

## (957)      Darkness.....light-Absence Of-

You look upon my face and realize.  
You can not study me, for I'am darkness.  
You can not study the forces that drive me.  
You can not see me in the light.

He who rules from above, set in the light of love.  
He can be studied and truly so.  
He holds the gleam of light so bright.  
He has all the world in his sight.

God our Father in heaven,  
did not create darkness, evil from hells gate.  
The absence of light penetrates deep into  
the debths of hells hole.

Think now, thou must not forget,  
the absence of God's love in the hearts of people  
most assuredly churns the creation of evil.  
A hybrid of good and evil does not exist.  
One must choose what to except and what to resist.

Written: Jan.02/2007

Melvina Germain

## (959)      **Be Kind**

Disagreements will come,  
disagreements will go  
being right  
seems important so  
if I may,  
I would like  
to shed a little light,  
being kind  
more important than  
being right.

Written: Sept.29,2007

Melvina Germain

## (970) Welfare Bums

Don't put us down, until you understand, where  
we are coming from without a helping hand.  
We're all alone, my husband walked away.  
He left us to fend for ourselves each and every day.

You look at my children and me without sympathy.  
Walk a mile in our shoes and then you'll see.  
Life is not what we expected it to be.  
We will do our best to reach prosperity.

You call us welfare bums laugh at our tattered clothes.  
The hurt felt inside, only God knows.  
Soon to become equals among the human race,  
tools needed to prosper, has finally taken its place.

We now walk on our own, holding our heads high.  
No helping hand needed in order to get by.  
God walked beside us through heartache and pain.  
Giving gifts of opportunity, our lives to gain.

We will never forget those hard and trying days.  
Welfare provided by the Lord in so many ways.  
Now life has changed its course, we are in the  
drivers seat, we'll never turn our backs on  
anyone we meet.

Melvina Germain

## (971) Animal Rights

We're marching for animal rights.  
We have the right to fight.  
Remember to hold you banners high  
As if they were going to touch the sky.

Walk with the turtles, especially old Myrtle.  
She's crawling slowly at the back.  
Take Douglass the duck and Winslow the cat.  
and push old Myrtle up the line,  
She's 102 ya know and still looking fine.

Today we march for all to see.  
Come join with us, give us company.  
We want to live and blend with you,  
be your faithful companions too.

We live in a country of prosperity,  
yet their are those who treat us like dirt you see.  
Give us what we deserve, we've paid our dues,  
or we may take charge and turn on you.

We are your pets, should be your pride and joy.  
Yet you treat us sometimes as if we were toys.  
We want our coats brushed, our wings fluffed  
our backs shined, not all but most of the time.

Look those two old hens look like pretty good friends.  
the dogs and cats are side by side,  
three little mice are trying to hide.  
The ducks and geese are walking proud,  
and the monkeys are screeching out loud.

Pay attention to our demands,  
We want love and gentle patting hands.  
We want to be fed on time each day  
and given attention while we play.  
We want you to protect our right to live.  
In turn we have much love to give.



## (975) A Small Tribute To A Good Friend (David Harris)

A poem a day David said is his goal,  
his writing comes from the heart and soul.  
I admire this precious blessed man.  
I know God holds him by the hand.

David is covered with God's love,  
showered with Angel glints from above.  
Always having a kind word to say,  
through his poems, he saves the day.

One day I hope to meet this man,  
give him a big hug, shake his hand.  
For now I'll continue to enjoy his poems  
along with others who also know him.

Your poem a day, I look forward to,  
with God's blessings, you'll see it through.  
May your words flow, pen to page,  
and may you live to a grand old age.

Melvina Germain

## (976) My Sister Lives On

The ocean breeze with it's special aroma permeated the air.  
I felt lonely, empty, my sister's ashes now flow there.  
In my mind's eye, I saw her face and beautiful golden hair.  
Oh how I wish she was also standing here.

I feel somewhat at peace, though I miss her so very much,  
longing to once more feel her warm gentle touch.  
In my heart, I know she is surely gone,  
but in her children's faces, my beautiful sister lives on.

Melvina Germain

## (978) He Called Me Old

Ahh he called me old, that young man of forty-eight.  
I laughed and then the memories flowed.  
I remember the dances, how I shined on the old dance floor.  
I remember the boys waiting in line to dance just with me.  
Oh yes I remember, all that and so much more you see.  
Why I was the one who brought on the applause for the band.  
I danced alone and shook the house up with my fancy steps  
and my flowing dress of pretty buttercups.  
I wore the white bobby socks and fancy white shoes.  
Wow, even makeup that my mother would never see.  
Fancy ear-rings, pretty finger nails too.  
I wore those puffed up wigs, ahh yes I remember.  
While I sit here tonight writing poetry and feeling good.  
I reminisque of the good times a long time ago,  
all because a young man of forty eight.  
called me old.

Written: Jan.12,2008

Melvina Germain

## (979) Pathological Liar

Someone who has  
a hole  
in their soul.  
Seeking attention  
through lies told.  
A person with  
a character  
so weak,  
they believe every  
word  
they speak.

Written: June 28,2007

Melvina Germain

## (981) Invitation To Despair

Periwinkle blues, vibrant violets blend together creating an atmosphere only beholding to the most beautiful creatures ever seen on the earths ball-room of forever living. A defiance of immortality, living with the masters of the dark.

Veils of black dust, streamers of grey silk torment while flowing over the dark, still waters. Charcoal eyes seen beneath the quite mirrors of the ocean sink deep. Climb in if you dare, enter the world of desperate measures and despair.

Wait! ! ! Suddenly, an enormous hand appears through the sky and sends shades of yellows with silver glints shining through. Ahhh the sound of Music began to play, while the angles appear, they dance and dance through the warm soothing air.

The ocean begins to ripple and the musical notes fall quietly through the mirrored water taking their places beneath the still waters. Angels hover over the window-like bed and the tears of glory fall through that oceanic bed. No more heartbreak or fear. The master of miracles is here.

The invitation to visit the dark and dismal places of the deep, shall not be accepted after-all. For this creature is covered by the hand of God and Shall live in the land of peace and love, and forever be blessed by the master Of good who rules and shines from above.

Jan.12,2008

Melvina Germain

## (984) A Sunday Prayer Of Thanks

Dear Father in Heaven, today I'm not going to ask anything of you.  
I want to praise you Lord and give thanks for all that you do.

As of late Father I've asked you for many blessings and you have granted many of them Father. You helped my daughter find her way and open a wonderful art shop, oh Lord I thank you. You kept my children out of harms way Lord and showed my grandson the error of his ways bringing him back on track Lord, I thank you. You granted my grandson, my daughter and myself a trip to Nova Scotia this year Lord, I thank you Father. You made sure my mother isn't suffering with her leg Father. You saw to it that David Harris came home from the hospital and is recovering nicely, I thank you Father. You took care of some issues for my friends Shelley and her new husband Michael Lord, I thank you.

Father God, I'm sure I've missed some, but you know what they are and that I want to thank you on their behalf.

Father God, thankyou for all the wonderful things you do and most of all Father, thankyou for your precious son 'Jesus'.

Melvina Germain

## (985) What Money Can't Buy

You look good and you know it too  
Why no one is as pretty as you  
You bought yourself a new car,  
Fancy clothes, going to the bar.

High heel shoes, elegant jewels  
Ready to party, no hard rules  
You think you're full of class  
Your money says it's so

Always on the go, spending that money  
Well just remember this honey  
Money can't buy you class, happiness or respect  
Not knowing what you're doing, be careful what you get.

Melvina Germain

## (986) Devistation

An uprising evolved in a far away place  
with people of a totally different race.  
We don't understand their plight,  
they have a very different fight.

People walk in the streets with fear,  
Looking at everyone far and near.  
The uncertainty of living another day,  
Is something not to be taken away.

Children weep and cower in the streets.  
Men and women cry out in desperation  
The sound of gunfire permeates the air  
no matter who is standing there.

What is to become of this fragile nation.  
Who will be their saving grace.  
Certainly not a country with great power,  
who rules the earth from their ivory tower.

It is time for all to understand,  
only one true power shall command.  
A power far greater than all other's  
will be their guiding hand

Fall on your knees and bow your heads  
All is not lost, but yet instead,  
freedom will reign with certainty  
And all who remain will be set free

Melvina Germain

## (987) What Is Right

What Is Right

I have the right to live

The right to love

The right to laugh

I don't have the right to chastise

Nor the right to blame

Or the right to pass judgement

I leave those things to God

Written: Jan.12,2008

Melvina Germain

## (990)      **Man On Stage**

Impressed by our speakers candid words.  
His intellectual, motivational skills were amazing.  
He captivated his audience in a most eloquent manner.  
The twinkle in his eyes were like that of shining stars.

I love the way he moved, his tall direct posture.  
The sway of his hips, his buttocks so pert and strong.  
His long, muscular legs, wonderfully shaped.  
He walks with strength and presence.

His speech is clear, precise with a slight accent.  
His use of the English vocabulary, phenomenal  
A very striking, well versed, articulate individual.  
Any woman would be proud to take his arm.

I watched him from across the room.  
Enjoyed his stance, his gestures, his smile.  
Loved the way he pulled his audience in.  
He had it all, charisma, flair, so debonair

I'm a very happy woman tonight, proud as can be.  
For the man on stage belongs only to me.

Written: Oct.16/06

Melvina Germain

## (991) A Drugged Up Prostitute

On the wild side, she lives,  
no love in her heart to give.  
She walks the streets of Calgary.  
Eyes protrude with deep dark circles,  
cheeks red, with the look of fire.  
Lips missed with cherry red lipstick.  
Vampirelike finger nails, glow.

She walks uncertain, in a daze,  
tripping over her feet, and wondering.  
Where am I? Where am I?  
In paranoid state, she makes a  
full turn every now and then. The look  
of fear upon her face, she yells,  
are you following me?  
Are you? are you following me?

Away she goes into the night.  
No one to talk to, no one to fight.  
Wanting to find a man who will treat  
her right, if only for a moment,  
or a lustful night.

Her dignity was lost, long, long ago.  
A beauty she was, before using the snow.  
Ravaged, used and abused.  
Now discarded like trash can refuse.

What will it take to turn her around, to bring  
her back and show her the good side of town.  
It may be too late for this cow town girl.  
Remember her story and tell the world.

Written: August 15,2006

Melvina Germain

## (994) Crack

Crack, a new drug hit the streets.  
To some, it is an awesome treat.  
The fee is not very high to pay.  
Unfortunately, your life, crack  
will claim one day.

One hoot may be an experiment,  
and leave you still secure.  
Two hoots, you'll start skitching  
and asking for much more.

Prejudices, crack has none, taking  
one and all, to that spinning downward  
fall. Man or woman, boy or girl, it  
takes you all for a whirl.

Your love for family and friends, no  
longer take priority. For you have  
found a substance that has absolute  
seniority.

Down upon your knees you'll fall  
for the drug-lord and his friends,  
and beg to smoke the big one, through  
morning to nights end.

What you want is very clear,  
a hit or two to see you through.  
Then walk the streets both day  
and night, no where to go, no  
where in sight.

A whore, you have become, a liar and  
a cheat. Paranoid, fearful, while living  
in the street. You left your family  
without a trace, they know not of your  
whereabouts. You have no one to call  
your friend, the bottom you have hit.  
What will become of you now, that

crack has lured you to, its bottomless,  
pit.

Written: August 12/2006

Melvina Germain

## (997)      A Pimp

A man with the capability of being a great leader,  
a preacher, motivator even a teacher.

Instead he forgets about all of his worth,  
and becomes the scum of the earth.

He can make changes for he has a smart mind,  
become a great worker for the good of mankind.

These men do sometimes change for the best.  
They rise to the occasion and take the test.

We must give respect where respect is due,  
for a pimp can change and be as good as you.

Melvina Germain

## (998) Live-Love-Laugh (3 Acrostics)

Live (Acrostic)

Love this world and appreciate all the gifts of the Lord.  
Interest yourself with HIS children at home and in far away places.  
Violence is never the answer to any situation.  
Empty any dark thoughts from your heart and sleep well.

Love (Acrostic)

Living a life with love is a life worth living.  
Opening your heart to another is a sign of giving.  
Vengeance has no place in a loving heart.  
Enter a relationship with a fresh start.

Laugh (Acrostic)

Laughing is a good remedy for any illness.  
Always try to find the time to laugh and feel good.  
Under no circumstances allow yourself to become depressed.  
Gallop away from those who want to bring you down.  
Have fun and enjoy each and every day.

Written: Jan.13,2005

Melvina Germain

\*\*\*\*\* **Tears**

Tears of happiness, stream down my face.  
Cloudy eyes, longing to find that special place.  
I want to spend my days and nights with only you.  
Come back soon, I know you miss me too.

Melvina Germain

## . Questions (Christmas Impromptu Poem)

Is Christmas just one day,

can we keep it all through the year?

Will my good thoughts go away,

after all the Christmas cheer?

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

## · Standing Our Ground

Along the street we stand glaring at policemen,  
walking with armored shields.

In protest we are connected in peace.

Women lining the sidewalks in stiletto heels,  
created by misogynistic males,  
who rule from high towers  
waiting for strong women to fall  
as their backs etch with pain.

Upon their knees, the master wants to reign,  
We rip those heels from beneath our souls,  
and toss them to the curb.

Not this time,  
while you bask in your comfort zone,  
bathing in hedonistic pleasures  
we'll snatch you from your pedestal,  
you will surely fall

As warriors we stand our strength in numbers  
fathers, brothers and sons join us,  
together we are the 99% strong.

Those who create such hate and fear,  
who have the power to create,  
who can turn our own against us,  
who can contaminate the sea  
infect natures blooms  
induce a travesty.

Those who can slowly kill a nation  
we need not bow our heads to you,  
for we are the strong  
we are taking back our power  
now and forever more.  
There will be no more senseless hours  
where you send us to deaths door,  
we will not die for you  
wounds will no longer bleed for you.  
We will no longer bear your children

so you can send them to their graves,  
we stand together in this land that God gave.

Hurling stones,  
milking ranch lands,  
robbing the sea of pearls and flesh,  
stealing diamonds beneath the core.

robbing our future by plucking our seeds  
ruining our happiness.

We stand in the light  
let our glory be  
let our rainbows embrace the world  
let love hang on our sleeves as we  
hold hands in a chain linked society.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Jan.30/2012

Melvina Germain

# 45th & Maine

45th & Maine

He sat on the stoop behind 45th and Maine,  
skitcing a little bit while doing cocaine.  
There ain't much happening in this life of his.  
He's just an old bum with little time to live.

He'd scratch his head and look at nothing,  
for his mind is mostly a blur.  
In the good times he wondered how he got there,  
and why his words were a slur.

The tears fell on lonely nights as he sat in the cold,  
but the stories he remembered were those that he never told.  
The beatings, such abuse he suffered as a child,  
no one there to help, no one with a smile.

He wondered, if someone cared would he still be there.  
Sitting on that stoop behind 45th and Maine,  
feeling ashamed, heart filled with pain.  
No answer came, he didn't know,  
soon he knew he would have to go.

The only way out was a drastic measure,  
but one he knew he would take.  
Freedom will reign and gone with the pain,  
so in that pine box he'll go.

Out of this world to a brand new light,  
unlike any old picture show.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Jan.11/2009

Melvina Germain

# A Baby Boy

A baby boy is born, a sweet, innocent black baby boy.  
comes to this world as a –child—not a toy.  
His needs will be different for he is a black male.  
Proper nurturing is crucial to keep him out of jail.

He must know society considers him a stereotype.  
Lazy, drug user, sexually motivated, full of hype.  
Speak gently with loving words for him to hear  
Teach him to be strong, yet gentle enough to shed a tear

Put a smile on his face with your warm embrace.  
Respect him, love him, teach him to have good taste  
What you see is what you get in your baby boys eyes  
He may follow in your footsteps, don't be surprised

Teach him with patience, no need for raised voices  
He must know how to make all the right choices  
The word "no" is prevalent when raising a boy.  
He must know what it means when he seeks a certain joy.

A mama is put on a pedestal from a male perspective  
when she falls, it shatters his number one directive  
Let him know on a daily basis that he is your special joy  
a gift from God, a blessed black baby boy.

Melvina Germain

## A Good-Night To You

I'm so happy to see many people liked my gorgeous barn owl, we love God's beautiful creations, don't we. One of His most amazing creations on this earth is you, the miracle of the creation of a beautiful human being. Gaze in the mirror and take that all in...We are remarkable and with that in mind realize too that most of the people on this earth are good people, I'm sure you're one of them. Now Smile to yourself as you yawn and get ready for that peaceful sleep, cuddle up and rest your head on that soft pillow, soothing, falling into that deep, deep sleep...Ni Nite everyone...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# A Blissful Garden

Peace love hope and joy  
a blissful garden can give  
dig deep be happy

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.16/2015

Melvina Germain

# A Bug In The Batter

A Bug In The Batter

There's a bug in my cake batter  
oh dear what to do,  
I simply baked a cake to share with you.

I wonder if you'd mind  
a little protein perhaps,  
u'll probably never taste it  
or see its innards in the cracks.

I'll keep this wee secret from you  
no whispers, no laughter  
I know now what to do.

So I'll bake this wee cake  
with a bug in the batter.  
O hell if you don't know  
what the heck should it matter.

Now here is that cup of tea I promised,  
get ready to taste my delicious marble cake.  
I'm laughing inside for that bug is surely baked.

It's nice to see you smile  
while you eat one piece then two,  
laughing to myself,  
wondering if I should tell you.

O naughty, naughty Mel  
you've done it again.  
this is not the way

to treat an old friend.

A bug in the batter  
A bug in the batter  
O hell, what the heck  
should it matter.

lololololol

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 12/2015

Melvina Germain

# A Call For Peace

A Call For Peace

We ought to have grown wise as a nation,  
after witnessing the horrid cruelty of war.  
The havoc, the brutality, the ruination,  
something a well mind can not ignore.

I reach out to all who read these words,  
step up and speak against all wars.  
Need not the toll of death interred,  
walk away from brutality behind old doors.

Let the new day shine it's glorious light,  
as we thrive for an illustrious life of peace.  
Lower arms, walk away, refuse to fight,  
may the infinite blanket, of serenity release.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Jan.20/2015

Melvina Germain

# A Clique In My Neighbourhood

## A Clique In My Neighbourhood

There's a clique in my neighbourhood  
one woman at the helm.  
Wearing a mask of calm, yet a blaze seeps within,  
O she's clean as whistle for all eyes to see  
but the grunge flows hard in great capacity.

There's a clique in my neighbourhood  
thicker than mud.  
A vile wicked witch, old demon in a skirt.  
A farmers neck of a woman  
wearing old rugged shirts.

There's a clique in my neighbourhood  
with a mouth full of pain.  
A negative faucet spouting out dark rain.  
Be careful what you say, your words will be heard,  
a meddling bitch is she who'll share every word

By gauley! there's a clique in my neighbourhood  
with a following of muted doves.  
A whip in one hand with no sign of true love.  
Beware of her ego that hangs within trees,  
you'll often find her picking weeds on her knees

Ahh ha ha yes a dang clique in my neighbourhood  
Whose words are long and shallow,  
with eyes like a hawk and a knife for a tongue.  
Don't step in her mess, watch out for the dung.

A bloody clique in my neighbourhood  
who spoils all the good.

Lies raging like a fire with no remorse in mind,  
what a shame to watch over  
the festering weak and the blind.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 12/2015

Melvina Germain

# A Dark Shield Covers Us

We lost a plethora of yesterdays and grey clouds bring forth the morrow, the only future I see is a time of great sorrow.

Why must tainted minds, empty hearts and souls steal away the happiness we once held, and try to rob the kindness replacing it with the fear of hell.

My infinite tears now fall deep the dark valley of despair, I know not what tomorrow will bring and realize so many no longer care. In that wretched bath of loneliness whilst I sit remembering, I wonder where has life gone, all the winters, all the springs.

The magnetism of evil has soared o're all the earth and the thought of new babes coming from wombs filled with fear, what pain must our offspring have no choice but to bear.

We raise them from birth, teaching them right from wrong, yet evil has its way, recruiting the weak, brainwashing them to think they're strong. Many have lost as parents, lost our innocent doves, no tenderness, no gentleness, no more signs of compassion or love.

From our homes or the streets, evil takes them all, no matter who they are, thin, fat, short or tall. Color matters not, the beast recruits all. To the training fields of brutality, long hours of training begins, then to the battlefields of destruction where evil dances in the wind.

We left a thousand yesterdays of old fashioned rules when disputes were one on one, no weapons in the hands of fools. A lady was a lady, a gentleman always tried his best and complicated families lived well among the rest. I remember it well on Cape Breton Isle. We left our doors open and our telephone available to passers by. Yes those were the days of old, now violence brings forth the new...Melvina Germain.....

Melvina Germain

# A Daydream Of Love

How shall I tell you how much it is I care  
when to my longing heart I await your love my dear.  
There's not a moment my thoughts shy away,  
you fill every miniscule of time day by day.

May this journey one day be fulfilled with you,  
my love spreads long and far reaching out so true.  
Will you find it in your heart to express your thoughts  
or shall I tame my heart and pick forget-me-nots.

We know the world is a wondrous place at best  
and every soul must one day pass the test.  
Together we can be that tower of strength  
walking strong, fulfilling our dreams at length.

My dear I rhyme these words just for you,  
I pen them with love, smiling all the way through.  
Take them as you will, keep what you can,  
Perhaps one day, I'll smile knowing you're my man.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.16/2015

Time: 5: 55 am

Melvina Germain

# A Divine Gift (Dedicated To A Special Gardener...Linda)

A Divine Gift (Dedicated to a special gardener...Linda)

She stood there such a beautiful light  
this heart of beauty, heart of soul.  
I tried diligently to hold back my tears,  
overwhelmed, delighted and royally sold.

Another gift from our father in Heaven,  
now entrenched in the landscape of my mind.  
No illusion, no confusion, a poignant creation,  
beauty and love synergistic-ally combined,  
Beautiful nuances evoked, took my breath away,  
love is the answer showing true and clear.  
A remarkable lesson from garden to people,  
difference matters not standing together here.

I accept this gift from a woman named Linda,  
who states boldly she gives all the glory to God.  
I know I'll be smiling large, year after year  
thinking of the day in silence I applaud.

Thank you dear Linda for the gift you share,  
opening your heart for all of Calgary to see.  
Sharing your mind, your heart and your soul  
in starlight glimpses of divine tranquility.

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date: July 01/2015

Melvina Germain

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Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 01/2015

Melvina Germain

# A Fading You...Reborn

When loneliness reigns over a sea of blue,  
and the flow of red wine comforts you.

When the fire of your sharp tongue breathes  
cruel words, and apologies are never heard.

When the willow trees whisper your name in  
the blowing wind and you swear with laughter,  
a continual sin.

When God speaks with thunder and lightning,  
rough with rage and you find yourself digging  
deeper holes in a rustic cage.

When no light shines at the end of the tunnel,  
and darkness swirls through an endless funnel.

When friends and colleagues shy away, when  
your presence is near, no more your words do  
they want to hear.

When the answers are there and you do not  
heed, a fool is born and it's you indeed.

When you stand alone with a frown upon your  
face, , a fading you, becomes your test of faith.

When those around you can no longer see, you  
have become invisible, a non entity.

Alas the spirit takes you and you shiver and  
shake, and the tears fall every morning you  
wake, the pain leaves you, feelings come  
back again, you're lifted higher and higher  
from this ordinary plain. Reborn! Reborn!  
starting over once again.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: August 20,2008

Melvina Germain

# A Film To Sea

Far away in the distance,  
A shadow cast upon the sea.  
Upon arriving closer,  
That shadow bled a travesty.  
Hundreds of fish lay still,  
a film upon the water.  
A sad displeasing sight to view,  
sad for me, sad for you.  
Toxic waste bares it's ugly face.

Progress has a dirty hand.  
The ecosystem is in danger.  
Our sea, Our land.

Date: June 8,2007

Melvina Germain



## A Gamblers Haiku

Slots took her money  
Don't sweat the cool running shoes  
You can afford them

Melvina Germain

## A Gamblers Haiku (2)

Glitz shine lights and wine  
Steel bandits robbed Rhoda blind  
Stay clear, be aware

Melvina Germain

## A Gamblers Haiku (3)

He can feed the steel  
But his children's clothes no deal  
Priorities died

Melvina Germain

# A Gentle Request

Save yourself  
clear the air  
argue not  
live without fear  
put out -butts light  
do what's right  
protect God's children from tainted air  
live smoke free  
show you care

Melvina Germain

# A Knights Kiss

the grace of a royal knight  
shall remove thorns of a brutal king  
soft and pleasurable his laughter rings  
delightfully Blessed his kiss steals one's soul  
in the illumination of starlight  
true Blessings unfold.

Melvina Germain

# A Legend Lives

She walked into his pain,  
lonely arms outstretched in confusion.  
Living with props, old instruments,  
antiques from floor to ceiling high.  
Nostalgic memories,  
old voices of the dead,  
whispering tunes.  
A mind filled with sizzling lights  
and smoke filled rooms.  
He remembers,  
after hours, clinking glasses,  
in a blues saloon.  
Swear words bashing  
mouth to mouth,  
good old boys laughing,  
belly deep.  
He lost his way,  
perhaps a time or two.  
Sadness clutched  
his heart so tight.  
He almost laid down,  
giving up the fight.  
But that old rock star,  
O there's not many  
like him you see.  
He remembers,  
and while remembering,  
he relives and clings  
to his story.  
Tears fall like drizzling rain  
as he recalls so many  
nights living with excruciating pain.  
Still this man finds reason to  
smile over and over again.  
The love of a good woman,  
Awww he'll never forget.  
She gave his heart  
something, he'll not regret.  
She loved him,

with all her heart and soul.  
He has that with him,  
while his body is growing old.  
Well, she passed away,  
as he held her in his arms.  
Her spirit shines, I want you to know,  
not a moment goes by  
where her memory doesn't glow.  
One day, he'll close earths curtain too,  
a man who gave much music to me and you.  
A legend, yes a legend that will never die.  
Etching smiles upon faces,  
as they remember when.  
Awww such a legend, and to many,  
a dear old friend.

Written by: Melvina Germain  
March 16/2015

Melvina Germain

## A Love Lost: With A Positive View

Your only love is lost and won't be coming back to you.  
It was a sad, sad moment when he spoke words so blue.  
I found another, he said with a solemn face,  
I'm packing my clothes and leaving this place.

Lonely nights thinking of a faded love,  
while looking at bright stars shining above.  
She asked over and over what shall I do,  
and the answer to her was honest and true.

Think not precious one of what you have lost,  
but of the good times you once shared, there is no cost.  
Be grateful for those moments, smile because you're glad.  
Let happiness resonate, and kill the realm of sad.

There will come a day when a new love you'll find.  
Sweet, tender, loving and surely kind.  
Wait it out with a positive view,  
true love will certainly shine upon you.

Written: Sept.11/2008

Melvina Germain

## A Melvina Sonnet # 10

Nothing sweeter than death comes forth,  
in the back lining of a benevolent mind.  
Optimum bravely of longing for ones passing,  
deems the skeleton's lost flesh such to be kind.

To dance o're brilliance of God's rainbows,  
whilst old pain of earth wrath still be thy focus.  
In veins whenst bloods passage runs slow,  
let a smile grace your face once again.

Embrace thine light of one luminous prism,  
Hover amongst moonbeams, silver diamonds glow.  
Dance the waltz of thine surrealistic freedom,  
Under spiritual showers one longed to know.

Tis not to fear ones oncoming earthly departure,  
embrace thine spirits light of life which is you.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Dec.11/2013

Melvina Germain

# A Moment Reveals

That sting, that taste, that soul embrace  
O you so entice my soul.  
I feel your grip so hard and tight  
my life you have on hold.

Simmering in this bottomless pit  
falling deeper and deeper yet.  
This incredulous state I speak with candor  
know I'm bathing in a pool of regret.

Southern Comfort, Scotch and Rum  
give all the numbing juice to me.  
Im a King, I'm a Queen, I'm a blasphemous fool,  
yes I'm whatever the alcohol sees.

As the rock turns and truth blatantly unfolds  
my demeanor in a moment of sobriety.  
I gaze in the pan of truth and stare  
acknowledging my dependency on the skirts  
and pants of society.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 3/2015

Melvina Germain

# A Mother's Love Turns To Pain (An Enablers Poem...What Have We Done)

In her absence  
facts came alive so bold,  
your enabler my son  
broke away from the hold.  
She lived,  
yes she lived projecting pain,  
truth so hidden comes back to reign.  
Old victims lost, mind bemused,  
reality highly misconstrued.  
Heads in a vice  
the rage of genius  
forsake them thrice

this brain

this mind

this precious tool,

in lack one rests like the oldest fool.

She's gone

no words

no hope

does one throw up the thickest rope.  
A mothers shield  
protection of the rarest steel.  
Words proclaimed  
she refused to hear,  
her bosom soft  
rest down his ear.  
Praise, yes praise from a single voice  
a stand so held  
only a mother's choice.

She roared like a tiger  
and could sting like a bee,  
don't cross the path  
of old victory.

poor baby  
poor child  
poor man

who's left to carry him or hold his hand.

Listen!

to the words of a choir sing,  
hear the tintinnabulation as bells ring.  
As the grave opens wide with a slow embrace  
a mother waves  
weeping long held tears.  
Siblings cry out  
standing in fear,  
O gracious Lord  
what will become of him  
this victim of one of the oldest sins.  
A mother's love  
turned to pain  
no child, no child  
will ever gain.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 27/2015

Melvina Germain

# A New Reign

Alcohol may have embraced your soul  
I must say, I saw your good like gold.  
Though the blue was massive  
with shakes and eyes of rapturous pain  
I knew true love surely sustained.  
Awww though wise and smart in all you do  
compassion flowed but you had no clue.  
Time has passed,

all is changed,  
true love moved on  
living under a new blanket of the calmest reign.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 25/2015

Melvina Germain

# A Night In The Hood (Original)

Another night without sleep, thoughts racing through my mind, forehead steeped in glistening drops of perspiration. Peering through my window in the darkness, feeling the cool night air seep under the window sill. Noticing the streets below, the hussel and bussel of the night hawks, as they scatter about aimlessly. Ahh raindrops falling casting artistic images about the windowpane, creating an enormous cluster of delightful shapes and designs.

Wreck-less thoughts came alive as I picked up a pair of blue gene pants, a red T shirt, my top hat and old running shoes, dressed for the streets, a quick look in the mirror and off I went. At the bottom of the stairs, sat old Mr. Green. Umbrella overhead, raindrops splattering on top, puddles at the bottoms of his feet as he sat brazenly in his work attire. Wearing sunglasses, a tattered plaid shirt, a ripped straw hat and an old tin can held in his palm. As always I made my usual donation. Happy as can be, he nodded his head with a smile on his face and I skipped away, hands in my pockets, taking a stroll down the avenue.

Ladies of the night, fake hair and boobs, out in droves, short leather mini skirts, stiletto heels, drenched see thru tops, lace underwear and garter belts, I smiled to myself and gave them a hey ya-all. I heard a bold voice say, hey Eddie wanna have a good time, smiling and nodding my head in apprehension, I continued down the avenue.

The flavor of the raindrops as they danced upon my face was an intermingling of scents, the cars and buses, and above ground trains, ahh let's not forget the passers by, drag queens picturesque, men in pink suits with hats so fine, all blend together for a taste of city wine.

I felt the warmth of the fired up drum with the rubby dubs warming their hands and drinking brew, staring at me with sunken eyes, weathered skin and large noses, they had seen better days, but you know, they really just wanted to be left alone and that's exactly what I did.

I noticed a couple of undesirables up ahead causing a commotion, no turning back now I thought. What do we have here, hey man,

what you doin round here, you move on outta here now hear,  
you got any money, I replied no man, I'm as broke as you, I was  
gonna ask you for some and he laughed with that drunken  
slurr, I thought to myself, hmmm harmless, they are just drunks.

I saw a busker singing his heart out hoping for a few dollars and  
I threw my dollar in the hat, up a ways was a tapper just tap dancing  
to the beat of the streets. The clanging of the manhole covers  
trampled by cars had their own sound, listen..... ta ta ta dute deh.  
Ta ta ta dute..ta ta ta dute deh now clap your hands to the  
beat ta ta ta dute deh clap clap, and his arms moving to the  
beat as he smiled with those beautiful pearly whites, there ain  
nothin like the blues of the street with a tapper in sync. he danced  
for his audience. Again I left my donation in his container and his  
smile grew larger as he pumped his step up a notch.

I moved on and noticed a brother standing against the  
lamp post, he seemed as if he was glued to that post, I walked  
slowly taking in the view. Why he held on to that post as if it  
was his girlfriend and in slow motion he bent forward, slowly,  
gracefully, while his left arm conducted an orchestra,  
this guy was so high he continued to lean forward then  
started to rise up again holding tightly onto the post with his  
right arm and conducting his orchestra with his left.  
I had to watch, why I ain ever seen anything quite so graceful  
in all my years. Oh well, nothing I can do for this guy he's gone.  
although very sad, I found some humor in it. What can you  
do that's life on the avenue.

Well I think I've had enough of the nights scenery,  
going home. On my way back nothing changed everything  
remain the same. Buddy was still trying to find his way up that  
lamp post in slow motion, the tapper was still tapping and the  
ladies were looking worse than before. Mr. Green was having  
a snooze as I quietly walked up the steps. Walked in my room  
checked the time and off to bed. I thought to myself, every  
time I can't sleep I'll take a walk down the avenue and be  
truly grateful for this warm bed I have here. I rolled on my

side pulled the covers up over my head and closed my eyes,  
while listening to the raindrops beat against my windowpane.  
soothing, peaceful sound. Just another night in the hood.

Written by: Melvna Germain

Date: Oct.21,2008

Melvina Germain

# A Night In The Hood (1) (Original)

Another night without sleep, thoughts racing through my mind, forehead steeped in glistening drops of perspiration. Peering through my window in the darkness, feeling the cool night air seep under the window sill. Noticing the streets below, the hussel and bussel of the night hawks, as they scatter about aimlessly. Ahh raindrops falling casting artistic images about the windowpane, creating an enormous cluster of delightful shapes and designs.

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Ta ta ta dute..ta ta ta dute deh now clap your hands to the  
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soothing, peaceful sound. Just another night in the hood.

Written by: Melvna Germain

Date: Oct.21,2008

Melvina Germain

# A Night Of Love

You set a table for two,  
Oh babe, just for me and you.  
Poured a glass of red wine,  
handsomely dressed, you look so fine.

You looked at me and I at you,  
we were meant to be.  
The world belongs to you and me.  
Your eyes met mine,  
the feeling, so divine.

Oh Lord, don't let this feeling end,  
you've given me a lover and a best friend.  
Is this a dream, will I wake up soon.....  
Ahh, the music... playing... my favourite tune.

Please let this evening last,  
no thoughts of yesterdays past..  
You bring me joy, set my heart on fire.  
Babe, you are the only one I desire.

Hold me close, let your heart meet mine,  
Squeeze me tenderly, our bodies entwine.  
I will truly love you, till the end of our days.  
No matter what may come our way.

The music plays on and on,  
dancing into the night listening to sweet song.

Swinging and twirling, with smiles on our face.  
So blessed, we have found that special place.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 2,2008

Melvina Germain

# A Nightmarish Event.....(My Experience At A Cold Hospital Location)

11: 26pm, I arrived home moments ago...the ending of very strange and eventful day. I was asked to write a poem for a very sweet lady, someone I care for deeply. She looked at me the other day in the hospital and said, can you write a poem about me, you know my life. I immediately answered, yes of course, I'll do that for you.

I started that poem a couple of days later and wrote three stanza's, not my usual way to write, I usually finish what I start but I had some questions, I wanted answered about her first. Two days later the poem was ready and in early morning I drove to Staples to have it laminated after pasting one of my favorite red roses on it.

I wanted the poem delivered today as her operation is booked for tomorrow and I wanted her to read it prior to the operation. I was pleased with the outcome and hoped she would like it. My friend was the driver and we headed out in rush hour to drive across the city in the grueling heat of a car with no air conditioning. Crazy drivers going in and out of lanes, the slamming of breaks, loud screeching noises on the way. It was unnerving to say the least. My eyes were like saucers, though I kept my calm as not to upset my friend and make things worse.

We finally exit Deerfoot Trail and head toward the hospital, a huge, beautiful building on the outside with its very artistic flare and in my favorite colors of blues. What a delightful building I remarked and my friend shook her head in agreement. We entered underground and for the first time, I felt quite uneasy, as if we were entering a tunnel of doom. I didn't like how I felt at all...she kept driving through open parking spots and I wondered why, girl just park this dang car, I'm thinking. Finally she stopped the car and I looked at the car next to me and there were two men peering into our car. Why did she park here...still I'm calm but concerned as most women would be...they drove off and we began to take that long walk to the entrance.

Upon entering the building, I had a rather eerie feeling and remarked, I don't like this place. Long corridors, seemed unending, everywhere we looked, there were large doors. You had to swipe the black square in order for the door to open, ok no big deal there. We walked so far and then it dawned on me, we left the poem in the car. I stopped and exclaimed, oh nooo and my friend immediately turned

around and said 'the poem'. She told me to sit on one of the cold, uninviting couches and wait for her, placing her purse beside me, she got on the elevator. A long while later, she returned and had gotten lost looking for her car.

We once again began to walk toward the elevators and entered one, there were a set of three, we took the one on the far right. After the doors closed, we experienced a rather pungent odor, it was horrendous and I knew, it was the scent of 'death'...Oh my imagination began to soar, where the heck are we. The doors opened and a man dressed like a doctor walked on, well that certainly seemed normal. My friend noticed there was no floor number three and she was concerned. She asked him, excuse me, can you tell me why there isn't a floor number three. He looked at her with a blank look on his face and then began to purse his lips, pushed his chin forward and shook his head while saying, I don't know, I never take these elevators and now he's outwardly laughing and still shaking his head. He arrived at his floor and walked off, while my friend was still trying to talk to him. He turned again and stared with that fiend kind of look and let out a rather hairy sound of laughter and quickly walked away. I looked at my friend in dismay, she raised her hands, not knowing what to do.

In seconds, we arrived at another floor and a very tall, blond lady walked on. I stood by her side, she had a rather stern look on her face and my friend questioned her as well. I'm growing more nervous by the second and I'm questioning where are we, what have we gotten ourselves into. I think we have crossed over but when. We arrived I thought safely at the hospital with no accident so what happened, are we still on earth. She gazed at me when I dared to laugh with that nervous tension building up inside, my throat dry and my lips sticking to my tongue, I'm getting scared now. You don't belong here she remarked, you are not allowed on these elevators. I asked her, are we really here, she continued to gaze at me. You need to get off of these elevators, do you understand, you don't belong here. At that point, I knew I didn't want to ask about the horrid stench. I knew then we were beside the morgue and the odor was formaldehyde. I didn't need to be told twice, I wanted off 'NOW'...She was wraithlike, I knew she was dead and roaming the hospital intimidating the visitors. Who let her out, I know they're looking for her. We got off the elevators and I wanted away from this

vampirish woman. My friend kept getting directions from her and I kept saying thank you and bowing my head while walking backward.

We didn't listen to a word she said, we continued to wander looking for the proper elevators. Finally the receptionist decided to acknowledge that we were standing in front of her needing help. She looked like she needed a blood transfusion. I stepped back and wanted to run out of that hospital, but I had to deliver the poem. My heart is racing and I'm asking myself, did you take your blood pressure pills today. Yes I remembered taking them, we are now on the correct elevators, deep breath. We're both bemused as we arrive at floor number three. Off we go and ask for the room number of the patient. The receptionist seemed a little off but finally was able to direct us through the huge set of doors. My friend cautions me to wash my hands again and I go through the motions, weary, scared and tired after such a long, long walk.

Finally we find the cubby hole with three walls and no windows, where our beautiful patient is sitting on the bed, distraught with saddened eyes. She explains the horror she feels inside and can't stop talking about her discontent. After several moments, I decide, it's a good time to present her with the poem which took over an hour to get through the hospital into her hands. She focused on the poem and I felt like a school girl waiting for my marks after an important test. But what took place, shocked me, she began to weep, I looked over at my friend who was sitting on the other side and called her name, wanting her to act, do something I thought. My friend stood up and tried to softly talk to her, she placed the poem in front of her, took her glasses off and apologized to me, explaining how horrible she feels in there and the tears were falling and falling while she kept trying to wipe them away. I didn't know what to say, she cried awhile, then put her glasses back on and finished reading the poem. She then beckoned me over and hugged me and kissed my cheek, thanking me for her release. She said the poem gave her the release she needed to make her feel better about the situation she was in. I knew then why I had that urgent feeling of getting it to her.

My friend mentioned the obstacles we went through while trying to bring the poem to her. I realized it too and knew we made it through some unknown darkness, but still, many questions are at hand. Who wanted to detain us and why, we left after hugs and kisses and ended up in a forbidden area, walking every which way and couldn't find an exit. A loud voice asked, what are you doing here, are you lost. We turned and saw a heavy set gentleman standing with his hands on his waist. How did you get in here, he asked and my witty friend answered, I swiped my hand over the box and the door opened. With a harsh voice he explained how to leave the hospital. His eyes were mysterious, a ghastly individual. He didn't resemble a hospital person at all. I

think his day job might revolve around collecting items for sale at a rather grim location, indeed he reminds me of mungo person, having the characteristics of a real jerk.

That was my day folks...Melvina

Melvina Germain

## A Pedophile- - - - No One Knew

Old C- - - G- - , that dirty old man of Curry's Lane,  
had all the folks fooled, thought he was sweet and very tame.  
How could they know, he was nothing but a fraudulent  
little creep, who preyed on their innocent, fragile sheep.

The old folks took him food everyday,  
He smiled and chuckled as they walked away.  
Sometimes they sent their children to do this deed.  
on them he would prey and truly feed.

Can't tell my Mom, can't tell my Dad,  
They might think- - - I was very bad.  
Can't do any wrong, that poor little man,  
no wife or children to hold his hand.

He lived in a wee room in a large rooming house,  
only the children knew, he was nothing but a louse.  
He stood in the hallway, waving a shiny round quarter.  
Come my dears, let me be your porter.

Alas a wee girl, curious as can be,  
stepped up, reached to get that quarter you see.  
He grabbed her by the hand and pulled her inside.  
When she was released, her face she would hide.

One day she confided to her best friend,  
what went on in his dark, gloomy den.  
He laid me on the bed, held me really tight.  
He touched in between my legs,  
I didn't put up a fight.

That dirty old man, offended over and over again.  
Never for a parent to be told, he became very bold.  
She grew into adulthood, that same little girl.  
Moved to the big city to give it a whirl.

There she was informed of what C- - - G- - was,  
pedophile, a man of disgust.  
By then C- - - G- - had gone to his grave,

none of his victims were ever truly saved.

(Did not use his name in order to protect any living relatives)

Written: January 23,2007, by Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# A Place For Love

Love in her voice is vividly strained  
due to curious uncertainty  
love in her eyes so blinding  
where the fog of confusion lays incessantly  
love on her tongue foolishly breathless  
when air has yet to produce sound  
love in her heart is torturing  
awaiting truth of the final round

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.20/15

Melvina Germain

# A Pleasant Memory

Opening my eyes at the break of day.  
Looking beyond our window, far away.  
Water draping the frosted glass,  
brought back memories of our past.

Each morning's light was graced with your smile,  
especially that morning, we walked down the aisle.  
Renewing our vows just one more time,  
hearing our church bells beautiful chime.

Pleasant memories survive life's grief,  
for you were taken by a drunken thief.  
I lay thinking of you but cry no more.  
We'll meet again on God's heavenly shore.

Melvina Germain

# A Poetic Goodnight

The bliss of nightfall splays upon the earth as stars like diamonds glitter in the sky. As birds do sleep, some people weep but soon nature takes the call and wraps a soothing blanket around one and all...Ni Nite everyone, sleep well...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

## A Poetic Goodnight (2)

People the Blessings of the day has come to an end in our part of the world here in Ontario. As night falls I'm smiling from ear to ear listening to Gospel music which I'd love to share. Let me say goodnight as I drift off to sleep. I wish you a peaceful sleep filled with the sweetest of dreams.

Melvina Germain

# A Poets Rant

My Rant (If you're already in a bad mood, don't read this)

Do Humans want peace or do they have that certain element within that says I have to go out today and hurt someone, or just be as mean as I can be without touching them but affecting them inwardly until they fall. What is it that makes some people so cruel that they jab at a persons heart until the heart finally fails or until the person can't take it anymore and jabs back even more cruel hurting the wrong people.

Is it possible we were once on another planet and due to our behavior we were banished to the planet called earth which was not necessarily good for us human beings. We were given an average of perhaps 70 years to live but prior our suffering would commence with many different diseases, often maybe become bent, memory disappears. Ha perhaps that's what we received for being that rebellious person on our own true planet and today when we look to the stars, somewhere out there is our true home but will we ever be accepted back since still to this day we have not found peace. To this day long time friendships break for foolish reasons, to this day family members turn on each other and to this day due to some religious beliefs some find it necessary to kill.

Do you think we're getting closer to peace or are we falling backward leaning more toward hating for whatever reason. What will we find next to hate, what reasons will we conjure up or look for as an excuse to leave our families. Will we learn to stand up for those we say we love or did we ever have love in our hearts to begin with, were we born with that bad seed that never learned how to love. Do we know if we fall into that basket or do we even care to find out. How arrogant has some humans come to think they can blame all others and not themselves. How absolutely evil can one become thinking they can lie profusely about another human being no matter what the outcome is for that person in order to make themselves look bloody good.

What is it with the human race, do we enjoy watching others hurt, watching them try to pick up the pieces that never seem to fall into place, are we laughing and delighted when we see our so called friends fall, do we enjoy jabbing them in the back. Have some become so money hungry that we use people up in numbers and everyone has a dollar bill placed on them. We often blame the people at the top for all of our problems when the people at the bottom have no chance due to themselves with their egotistical and wild behaviour knowing full well they want to be standing high on that pedestal enjoying the power.

Ha ha, we wonder why some people check out and O do we feel sorry for them or is that the time many find themselves sitting on the judgemental wagon hollering how stupid and how cowardly the person who checked out is. Is that same person who hurls out baggage for the weak to carry also calling down the poor homeless Veteran who has no way of making back unless he or she has a hand up, that's right as the commercial says not a hand out. What have many of us become, who the hell are we.

So many work thier 8-10 or 12 hour shifts day in and day out, never collecting a penny from unemployment and later in years when their health begins to fail and they need a little time off that poor individual is backed against a wall and sometimes to the point where they say forget it and force themselves to work. Some make it through and grow old, my gosh, don't get old, it's hell, dang it it's hell. You might just get peanalized for doing all that was right. If you own property you better own lots of it because in some provinces that might go against you. Of course we might have a new problem that has risen in Canada, and that might be this...Who is in charge now that don't give a dang about you but are willing to take care of their own. It's a new day people and if you sit still you will be mashed.

Ok that's my rant for the day, if you can make any sense of it...GOOD! if not well you know what's coming take what you can use and leave the rest, yep that's all folks...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# A Quiet Afternoon

Alone, quietly sitting wondering what tomorrow will bring.  
Oh it is the beginning of spring, the sweet scent of lavender  
soon to fill the air, the yellow buttercups painting the  
fields, while grasshoppers jump along the banks of the  
river. What pleasant thoughts came to mind, as I sat with  
a smile upon my face.

Oh the sweet thoughts of being in a lovers arms, nestled up  
against a strong warm chest. I smiled even more as I heard  
someone knock at the door. I can't move, oh no not me, I'm  
sitting under a cherry blossom tree, the noise in the back of  
my mind is the sound of wood-peckers knocking. My  
imagination soared as the knocking continued on.

Schhhhh, listen, can hear the rain drops falling on the tin roofs  
of our sheds or the sounds of birds chirping while feeding  
their young. Oh stop that knocking, that endless knocking  
still coming from the front door, must I wake from this splendor  
and face reality once more.

I tried to stay in that blissful state, but the continued knocking  
just wouldn't wait. I forced myself to open my eyes and to my  
great surprise a woman stood over me, as I started to open  
my mouth to speak, the door broke open in rushed the  
police, they threw the woman to the ground, a gun she held in  
her left hand, she thought I was sleeping with her man.

While I rested in blissful splendor, an angry woman hunted me  
down, my neighbors saw her lurking all about the grounds and  
called the authorities to come around. It was a misunderstanding  
you see, for the address was a mistake, she was in the wrong'  
part of town. Still I must be thankful for those treasured  
beautiful thoughts on a warm afternoon. Oh I do hope that crazy  
woman stays away. Oh I have to go now, I hear someone calling.  
What's going on out there sweetheart, was that someone at the  
door. Oh no dear, no one at all.

Melvina Germain

# A Ripe Old Age

As a child my curiosity was a fascination.  
My teens found the gift of self gratification.

In my twenties, I was a blossoming flower.  
My thirties wrote many elegant hours.

At forty, I began to line and fade,  
sitting quietly in the shade.

The fifties came and I tried to turn back the clock.  
When sixty arrived, I was dismissed from the flock.

Seventy took me by surprise, why I was certain  
I was wearing a disguise.

At eighty, I wondered who I was, my memory  
seemed to have lost its way.

At ninety I reached the final curtain, stubborn,  
obnoxious and certain. When the shadow of  
death hovered over me, I waved my crippled  
finger. You've brought me this far to watch me

fall. I dare say, you took it all. I lived a life  
wreck less, true, now the rest is up to you.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 9/2010

Melvina Germain

# A Secret Love

The sweet sound of the night wind,  
creates an atmosphere for love to begin.  
The maple leaves dance to and fro,  
as soft whispers kiss the evening's glow.  
A slight mist hovers above, while the amber  
tone light fills the earth with love.

Your silhouette stood still, and the sweet  
scent of lavender induced a sensual chill.  
My love for you is sweet and pure,  
for you are the only one I truly adore.

Come, my sweet, come into my arms.  
Whisper gently in my ear, oh darling,  
say the words I wish to hear.  
Hold me darling, hold me tight.  
I will make love to you all through the night.

When the morning light peaks through the window pane,  
darling I will love you again and again.  
Though we'll say our quiet good-byes,  
as we gaze into each other's eyes.  
I'll see you each and every night,  
in the stars that shine forever bright.

Don't cry my darling, don't shed any tears.  
We will love each other for years and years.  
Though separated by earth's proud land,  
I'll close my eyes and hold your hand.

Good bye my darling, don't forget,  
we share a true love with no regrets.

Melvina Germain

# A Simple Life Formula

Three important things in life  
can save you from-

Heartache-pain-strife

Time..... once wasted...is gone forever

Words.... once said..... can't be taken back

Opportunity.... once missed, fly's away with the wind

Keep your mind clear

Use your time well

Think before you speak

Make wise decisions

Written: May 18,2008

Melvina Germain

# A Special Place

I wish to lay my burdens down,  
walk away from this old town.  
To a place so high above,  
where I'll find forever love.

I want to soar through an eternal realm,  
Where you reside at the helm.  
Finally stand close to your side,  
no more tears or shame, no reason to hide.

To that place of peace and tranquility,  
where no one will point a finger at me.  
That place where I know I belong,  
singing among the angels in heavenly song.

Written: June 2,2008

Melvina Germain

# A Spiritual Awakening

Hailstones bounce on the vans rooftop.  
Harsh, fierce, strong as if hurled by the Lord above.  
Portraying his anger of those lacking spiritual love.  
The Lord works in mysterious ways, of that I'm told.  
How short are my days? ? ? - will I grow old? ? ?

Looking through a slightly fogged window,  
hearing the whistle of a siren blow.  
Sitting quietly peering into the darkness of night  
Barren road for many dark miles with no one in sight

The hail stopped but the rain continued to pour.  
Raining tears through heavens door,  
while the brilliance of a lonely star  
showed its glitter high above the mountain,  
creating a silhouette of a glorious heavenly fountain.

Slowly the storm came to an abrupt end.  
I collected my thoughts and stepped out of the van.  
My feet pressed firmly the soft cushion of earth  
married by the afterbirth of rain.

Suddenly the darkness became the brightest of lights.  
Frozen on the spot, a rainbow appeared taking over my sight  
swirling like the eddies of a river.  
my body began to quiver,  
I felt the wild wind encircle my body like the funnel of a tornadoe,  
from the bottom of my feet to the top of my head,  
I knew I was spiritually led.  
I heard the swishing of trees,  
the roar of a lion and the buzzing of bees.  
I raised the palm of my hand and fell to my knees.  
The warm breath of summer whispered  
Father God is pleased.

(June 20,2007)



## A Time Will Come (Impromptu Poem)

There will come a time  
I'll know when  
to say so long  
to my family and friends  
but today, let me share  
quality time with you  
smiles and laughter  
tears in the sad  
comfort in that chain of love  
relax and be glad

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Acceptance Rather Than Tolerance

Unsuspecting beings born to the bosom of the universe. From the time we open our eyes, we are dependent on those who are deemed our parents, guardians or care-givers if we are so in need.

For the most part in our early years, we are loved, cuddled, oou's and awe's, all is well. There comes a time though that a little gray seems to hover in the air and questions come to mind. For some reason at the approximate age of five, something seems to have gone awry.

Little Donald wants to play with barbies and Jessica loves football. A puzzling conundrum has fallen prey on the household and all who reside their show a blind eye, totally in disbelief to this so called complex ed situation.

A time comes when those blind eyes must open and face the facts. Donald and Jessica are gay. The bantering, blaming and so on back and forth becomes a daily ritual in some households. Some parents divert into abandonment, and feel justified in doing so. Siblings are angered and feel a loss of a brother or sister. Some fathers become embarrassed to think especially of their sons involved in what is considered a despicable lifestyle. Many friends may offer condolences in a rather unique form, insisting perhaps, those afflicted will get over it, it's a phase and it will pass. Others find it displeasing to the soul, disgusting, a travesty. The poor wait it out while the rich may make many visits to psychologists for an easy fix.

Fact is, there is no easy fix, it is what it is. Donald and Jessica are homosexuals. This label was a huge blow not only to the household but also to friends and relatives alike. Many thought being gay was wrong, totally against Christian belief and merely tolerated the two. Some blatantly voiced their opinion stating, we can pray for them not to engage in sexual activity, to abstain in order to be granted forgiveness from God. Always using religion to substantiate their belief.

Others wondered why the two chose this lifestyle, totally ignorant to the fact...they both were simply born this way. If one wants a more in depth explanation as to why...my suggestion would be to research what can happen in the third trimester of pregnancy. One might then realize choice is of no consequence.

Those who face differences, who are beaten, frowned upon, shunned and so on, would not choose to be a target of bigotry. Unfortunately and it's a difficult thing to voice. Homosexuals, blacks, the obese, disfigured people are still today, the focal targets in society, which prove bigotry is alive and still terrorizing people based on their differences.

We as human beings have no right to stand in judgment of others. We all have the distinct right to live in this universe, to reside on this earth. Acceptance is the only answer, live and let live is a great motto to follow at all times. If you are of Christian belief, realize we are all God's children, and as His children we are loved unconditionally.

Whatever our attraction is sexually, whatever the color of our skin, our bodily structure or presence should have no bearing on how good or bad we are, it is not a right or wrong situation. As long as we respect all things, we are on the right path. All people of this world have the right to live their lives in peace and should be accepted and loved simply based on the fact that we are people of the universe.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.12/2011

Melvina Germain

## Acrosti(3) C

Fornication perhaps ones mind doth bear

Gone with the wind when age appears

Hang up the whip of senseless attempts

Inner consciousness is all one has left

Jaundice skin awww such pain we bear

Just old aches within our soul we share

Kin and friends advice comes slow

Jealous love stuck among hammering blows

Laid in silence our hearts sting and swell

Lonely nights numbed thoughts of hell

Ludicrous I know this blasted world

Written by: Melvina Germain

Thank you Father God for always Blessing me with words. No matter how they come to me or whatever what meant by the spirit they came through, I thank you.....

Melvina Germain

## Acrostic (1)

finding oneself on the other side of the world.

good flow through misty rain while bad tries to drive one insane.

how can one be so blind not to see

Just that game of love

Just that insatiable need

karma had no place there

love spread large opened wings

love is the song cupid sings

love is the answer only inward beauty brings

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

## Acrostic (2)

Festered thoughts burn the lining of ones being

Gurgitating whorls unpleasant and foul

Hastings sands may come up bare

Insidious acts do shine in despair

Justice rumored upon the highest hill

Justice mocked and scorned at will

Kindness, compassion lost and snared

Laced the trials of men so feared

Longed to annihilate the bastardly lot

Lest we forget the power Jesus brought

Melvina Germain

# African American Haiku

Rap music is mine  
The dozens I left behind  
I love my mama

Melvina Germain

# After The Vigil

In the wake of a massacre our thoughts multiply, darkness fills all voids and sadness reigns. Fear disintegrates the mind while tenderness that once found a heart serene, falls in the depths of loneliness consumed with empty dreams.

When the wrath of evil comes tumbling down, our souls wail in pain. Loss becomes massive, barbarism remembers the old, ruthless acts fuel the earth in the midst of the darkest rain.

Wellness struggles on, headaches, tension and heart attacks steal a healthy soul. Strong men fight, women still console. Alcohol, cocaine, heroin and the like have taken the place of friends, demons by day and night, a new loss begins.

Death a reoccurrence, a body bag or two, each day family and friends, one day it may be you. What life is this, what rears this monolithic belief. Should fear be my leaders, must one wallow long in grief.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.16/2015

Melvina Germain

# Afternoon Wish For All Of You

May life be a Blessing  
each and every day,  
with a tumultuous celebration  
every now and then along the way.  
Enjoying life is what every  
peaceful soul wants to do,  
and I wish to share that joy  
with all of you.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.30/2015

Melvina Germain

## All Used Up

Cowering, falling ; beat to the ground.  
Deranged thoughts take me down.  
Like a thunderbolt piercing my heart so weak,  
I walk alone on Calgary's streets.

High heel shoes, pert red lips,  
moving slowly while swinging those hips.  
Dark nights under lamp shades I'll stand,  
reaching out for a pole or a shake of a hand.

Don't get much money, work all night long.  
Keep on humming an old blues song.  
I wear short skirts to show my wares,  
My body hangs after so many years.

I'm last in line, no more the cream of the crop.  
Old and grey, I know it's time to stop.  
The habit of the snow, keeps me on the go,  
I'll work until the day I die and that everybody knows.

Melvina Germain

# Alone

A lamp post, dark, dismal, barren street,  
waiting in anticipation for the dealers wheels.  
Tattered clothes, stiletto heels on weary feet.

A face torn, by the wrath of time,  
no family, no loved ones to call her own.  
No idea, where she will sit to dine.

Headlights slowly come to a stop,  
she reaches out with quivering hands,  
wondering all the while, could this be a cop.

Written Germain

By: Melvina Oct.15,2008

Melvina Germain

# Am I In Love Again...(A Heartbeat Poem)

Am I in love again  
you know me  
that happens one two three  
First i'm happy  
then i'm sad  
when I stop and ponder  
I'm O so glad

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 30/2014

Melvina Germain

# An Easter Story Poem For You...Dedicated To Timothy

An Easter Story Poem For You...Dedicated to Timothy

Twass Easter Eve, another sleepless night,  
I closed my eyes, dear lord please let me sleep.  
There I was in a place of misty veil,  
come my child and join us, if you will.

The voice divine and clear as a Heavenly bell,  
bemused, I asked, sir am I alive and well.  
All is well fair maiden, I've invited you here you see,  
to share a glass of red wine with thee.

I saw a royal table, with crystals, silk and tulle,  
and the elegant draped and finest little stools.  
Sit down dear child and rest your weary bones,  
tonight though you dine with me, we're not alone.

In the distance, a most beautiful and syncopatic sound  
the tintinnabulation of Heavenly bells abound.  
He came closer and His vision was very clear.  
Tis Jesus who was standing boldly there.

I heard the sound of trumpets above land and sea,  
and the King in a long robe still smiling large at me.  
He sat in silence, never uttering another word,  
though His voice was the most beautiful I've ever heard.

He gazed at me and gave me the slightest nod,  
O I knew again, this was definitely the son of God.  
His lips did not move, but I know I heard him say.  
Never doubt the truth, remember what happened today.

O dare I dream, I dream of peace and light.  
Tonight dear Father you gave me an amazing sight.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: April 19/2014



# An Empty Heart

His speciality was cupidity,  
an empty heart for all to see.  
When his days came to an end,  
no love was found in prosperity.

Cupidity.....eager or excessive desire  
for wealth, greed, avarice.

Melvina Germain

# An Observation

An enigma penetrates the heart of society, slowly moving among its people, unseen by most, but noticed by few. We are far too busy with our day-to-day lives to notice what is happening right before our very own eyes. We have become complacent and agree with the majority, or possibly the minority, since the majority does not see what is put before them. Changes take place, time passes, the changes become more prevalent, but many still do not see and the ones that do are powerless, afraid to make themselves heard for fear of repercussions. All of a sudden one day our society has become what we thought would never have been a possibility, we are now caught up in it, but it's too late to stop. The damage is done, it's massive it's a power, that we can only fight through desperate means. All we can do now is destroy by means of war. What a pity we didn't notice this brazen intruder come walking through our doors, quietly, without notice, taking over our households, dominating our children, manipulating our thoughts, creating havoc among our friends. We are treated- pardon the cliché, "like puppets on a string" when those that we entrusted to take care of our best interests are in fact the "puppets on a string", doing exactly as they are told by the unseen few. What must we do as a society to protect our children from those whose interests are about the almighty dollar. What will we do? Will we stand tall and speak out, will we talk about our true feelings or will we sit trying to keep a low profile, fearsome, wondering what the future will bring. Do we allow others to step forward while we take a step back, reaping any benefits that might come forth by those who have the courage to speak out. Think! Do you have what it takes to step up to the plate and make yourself known, if so "I Applaud You

(May 6/2007)

Melvina Germain

# Ancient Mystery (A Brand New Poem For All Of You)

Vividly hear thee whispers upon the edge of sleepless night.  
Ancient voices of despair released from harrowed tombs.  
Embracing my very soul with a rhythm of mothers care,  
counting me as a Blessing in the bosom of eternal life.

A Black sheep self given, an implantation of my own but as of  
late realizing, I was a lost Queen of the throne. O it's never too  
late for the darkest maiden to return to her royal flock. Though  
her wings were once clipped, it's time to turn back the clock.

Whilst an ancient memory reminisces such great value of the  
past. One pulls from the page of history an abundance of  
knowledge so amassed. Doth thy spirit return to flesh from  
the death of yesteryear. Did truth's grit beneath old rocks shed  
the darkest and thickest tears.

Bemused one doth not stand alone among the hoard of  
old bones, questions crying out beneath rocks and angry clay.  
Dried blood, odorless will bring forth truth day by day. Let  
archeologists uplift the remnants unfolding reason and why.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: April 22/2014

Melvina Germain

# And Now The Stars Are Gone

All the stars have dissipated and the last sun refused to shine. Spiritual energy waits in the distance and bliss waves a longing hand. Humans have never learned and still fight over the land...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Anesthesia

Anesthesia surged through my soul  
like a cobra wanting to devour me.  
My energy, my umph, my hutzpah gone,  
flatlined and fixated on the ceiling above,  
divorced from reality, deprived of love.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.30/2015

Melvina Germain

# Animal Rights

We're marching for animal rights.  
We have the right to fight.  
Remember to hold you banners high  
As if they were going to touch the sky.

Walk with the turtles, especially old Myrtle.  
She's crawling slowly at the back.  
Take Douglass the duck and Winslow the cat.  
and push old Myrtle up the line,  
She's 102 ya know and still looking fine.

Today we march for all to see.  
Come join with us, give us company.  
We want to live and blend with you,  
be your faithful companions too.

We live in a country of prosperity,  
yet their are those who treat us like dirt you see.  
Give us what we deserve, we've paid our dues,  
or we may take charge and turn on you.

We are your pets, should be your pride and joy.  
Yet you treat us sometimes as if we were toys.  
We want our coats brushed, our wings fluffed  
our backs shined, not all but most of the time.

Look those two old hens look like pretty good friends.  
the dogs and cats are side by side,  
three little mice are trying to hide.  
The ducks and geese are walking proud,  
and the monkeys are screeching out loud.

Pay attention to our demands,  
We want love and gentle patting hands.  
We want to be fed on time each day  
and given attention while we play.

Melvina Germain

# Anticipating

Wanton  
desire  
ride the peak  
of  
forgotten love  
feel the heat  
on the tip  
of that mountain  
an inner  
explosionforged  
high above

By: Melvina Germain

Date: Feb.21/2014

Melvina Germain

# Artistic Scene Of Nature

Brilliance

captures the aura of  
natures picturesque horizon  
basking in the autumn hues of  
blazing horizontal line  
Shades of gray form the stage for  
this mystical beauty, while shades  
of blue illuminate the skies,  
hidden in wait of early morn.  
An awesome chance to gaze upon  
Mother Natures artistic design.  
Look!  
Make it yours for all time.

Melvina Germain

# Baby

Sweet little baby  
so precious and fine  
a gift placed on earth  
from the great divine

I pray for your safety  
I pray for your mind  
such a sweet little baby  
one of a kind

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Bad Ass Trucker

I'm ready to hit the road,  
believe it man I'm carrying a heavy load.  
You might have lots of time to spare  
but I know I can break down anywhere.  
I'm seven days on the road with many  
promises to keep, weary and tired, no I  
often don't get a good nights sleep.

Now you may say I'm looking bad when  
I stop to grab a bite, but I'm a hard working  
trucker, no time to waste, no time to fight.

I'm dependable, I'm proud, I'm a respectful  
human being. My hard work may go  
unnoticed but I can sleep well when it's time  
to dream.

O I may never become a millionaire but awww  
we truckers have our goals and dreams.  
Who knows what's around the corner, we'll  
keep on truckin from scene to scene.

Sometimes I'll take on a job most say I can't do,  
but you know, I'll take that challenge on the run.  
I won't come back until that job is done.

I take my chances, indeed I do, I'm a bad ass  
trucker working hard for the money. Won't you  
give me some time next to you. I'll be coming  
home and I know how to treat my honey.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.12/2015

Time: 4: 30pm

Melvina Germain

# Banish Thee Sorrow

Banish thee sorrow, death's lonesome woe,  
fly birds of ice in royal flock.  
Where doth thou come, where wilt thou go,  
misery fills thy heart, timeless earth's clock.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.23/15

Melvina Germain

## Be With Me

I can dance in the wind, wave my arms to and fro, I can tip toe through the tulips and feel my energy grow and grow. I can whisper sweet nothings in your ear and kiss you long and sweet. O I'll dance and I'll sing, yes I'll laugh and I'll scream and you'll be my partner in the midst of my dream...Melvina....

Melvina Germain

# Belly Laugh

Belly Laugh

Let's laugh until we cry  
let's be dang fools  
Let's break a bunch of  
old fashioned rules.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Bitter Fruit

Bitter fruit ones pallet tastes,  
long ago, bellies roared.  
Torn flesh in a crowed cage  
while sea men squeezed in more.  
Chains became the jewellery worn,  
sisters plunged the deep sea,  
babe in arms,  
saved from a life of depravity.

Worst things than death,  
bold and clear.  
Hate begat the air,  
So began that life of pain  
our ancestors gleaned to wear.

Melvina Germain

## Black Ancestry Haiku

When ancient rocks cry  
Mother nature winks her eye  
Unveiling all truth

Melvina Germain

# Black Death's Womb

I have fallen past the valley of acceptance  
and landed six feet under  
you see I lost my grip  
when others were studying  
delving deep in learning  
I was playing the field  
making babies  
smoking weed  
sniffing glue  
knifing it up  
a freelance lover  
you can't touch me syndrome  
now I'm laying under blades  
fingers waving in the wind  
the scent of wild flowers grow above me  
while yellow bellies bloom  
sunlight trickles down the cracks  
my spirit lives  
my skeleton lays still  
I'm fighting to rise above  
see myself in astral flight  
but the shield above the earth  
forces me down  
I'm captured within it's grasp  
am I never to be free

from my own captivity  
held within the black deaths womb  
wanting to be born again  
is it too late  
am I really dead

Melvina Germain

## Blessed By Nature (Haiku)

A simple tiny bud  
Grows to maturity, blooms  
Fragrance grace garden

Nov.4/06

Melvina Germain

## Blessing Of Real Love

Real love doesn't give up on you so easily, it will fight for you, stand by you in happiness, sadness and pain. Understand you, embrace you, impress upon you, you're the only woman or the man. Yes, they'll always be there with a helping hand. Real love is a true Blessing...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Bliss

Much beauty to behold in this world when one takes the time to feast on such joy...Words do come to mind and so I'll share them with you...

Let the mirror of your mind become the window of your soul travelling in an infinite stream. Become one with the universe in the ethereal beyond mankind's dream...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Bloody Hell

Bloody hell, no teacher, mentor or guide to share...your about to experience the wrath of hell, beware.

To thy innocence ye winds have plunged the depths of my soul, such sadnessborn ten thousandfold.

Rich, yes richer I've come to be after observing dark stains forced on humanity, but strength must come from a belly of steel and long wretched thoughts to thee revealed.

Swing Low Sweet Chariot pull hard the reins, Abide With Me denounce old pain, Amazing Grace you soothe thy soul, this old torn face break not the mould.

I raise my arms to invisibility, siege much energy from sky and sea. Nothing less, nothing more the universe won't do, harness the love it gives to you.

Unntil my days come to an end, I'll realize my oldest friend is an entity I can not see, but its elements live well within me.

Humans come, humans go, embrace you tight through day and night then let you go. And all the tears that pour thee rain is not enough to hide old pain.

No my love shall never die as fleshless bodies reside beyond God's Golden Sky. One day... is it so...we'll truly meet or see familiarity as we pass each other onthe street.

Who knows the truth, no one can tell. No spirit shares their destiny. Whence the time is yours to come, will you stand looking back at thee. Wave O wave, yes slowly wave and watch thee smile, long from the grave.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.19/2015

Melvina Germain

# Blueberries

Blueberries (Haiku)

Blueberry picking  
tedious work, yet calming  
pleasing to the soul

Date: Sept 6, 2007

Melvina Germain

# Bluenote Blues

When you're feeling empty, put down, unworthy, disrespected, nothing seems to be going right, you're tired and weary, Sometimes all you want to do is lay on that couch or crawl in your bed and cover up, wiping the tears from your eyes. Well you know what, you have to grab hold of yourself, pick yourself up. Go in the kitchen and get the biggest glass you can find. Fill it with water and drink it down. Stand there and feel it going through your body, washing all your organs as it moves through. Take a deep breath, bring it in deep and push it out slowly. Take a walk into the place in your home that has the largest mirror., Now take a look at the miracle you are and say it out loud...I'am God's precious miracle, I'm beautiful or I'm handsome and I'm Blessed, I'm worthy and I deserve the best. No one, that's right let no one ever put you down, stand up for yourself, believe in yourself and love yourself.

If you are blind, you can still see as a miracle unfolds beneath your fingertips. Love what you feel and see through your hands. Embrace the beauty of God's love.

Take a shower, let the water caress you from head to toe...Get dressed, and if possible get out of your house even if only to walk to your garden, or down the street, or to sit on the steps and listen to the birds. In front of my home, I can watch the squirrels run around all day long.

Stay off your couch and out of your bed. Call someone and say, I love you, that's all I have to say, I'll call you again another day.

Blessings to you people, we only have one body, take care of you mentally and physically.

Be kind to yourself and be kind to others in words and in deeds.

Love Always

Melvina

Melvina Germain

# Born Again

Born Again

Dangling on the edge of uncertainty,  
held in bowels of despair.

Chasing a never blossoming dream,  
stifled by particles of polluted air.

Em-bombed in a chamber of dying flesh,  
moulded in societies bleeding doom.  
Forced to endure the rules of the land,  
shackled in chains by the hand.

Eyes opened to darkness endured,  
finding God and the devil in the night.  
Reaching out to God the Father,  
draw-ed up in a chamber of new light.

Sixty nine days brought forth new lessons,  
to a group of tight knitted men facing strife.  
Blessings strewn to the deep,  
a second chance, a new lease on life.

Hail Mary Mother of God.  
Our Father in Heaven, do we pray.  
Husbands, Fathers, Uncles, Cousins,  
sat with Jesus, by night, by day.

Breathe the freshness of new air,  
become entwined in many arms of joy.  
Celebrate your new beginning,  
may the blessings of new life employ.

Melvina Germain

# Boxer Beware

Boxer Beware

Dare hit a woman  
Don't you dare go to sleep now  
The coat hanger waits

Melvina Germain

# Bring Back Our Girls

Thunder cracked their silence of sleep.  
Wretched men, horrid thieves emerged.  
Kidnapping our most precious jewels,  
Many boisterous slaves of Satan rules.

Evil blasted through the walls of peace,  
and that cadence so held within the air  
soon faded to ruptured horror feared.  
Shock filled, terror building screams.  
Our innocent ripped from peaceful dreams.

To the hands of filth and angry men,  
we weep buckets of tears wanting to see  
our girls again. Mothers, Fathers, pain so  
stricken, 'Bring Back Our Girls' to the land  
of the living.

We pray our girls are held without pain,  
and empty threats in our media heard.  
When silence befalls such lips of horror,  
despicable images in minds emerge.

O the world seems silent, in shock we sit.  
Every man and woman knows not what to do.  
We can only pray that those in power, will  
forcefully come after the likes of you.

May the higher power intervene and show  
our girls a means of escape. May Jesus  
walk within the scene and hold on tight to  
our precious beings. Lord don't take them  
home O no not yet, bring them safe and  
sound to a parents safety net.

Bring Back Our Girls Father, I know you can,  
there's nothing in this world bigger than you.  
I pray in the name of your son, Jesus Christ,  
our world is now depending on you.

## Bring Back Our Girls

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: May 10/2014

Melvina Germain

# Bring Me The Night

Go yonder dear friend and see the snow  
upon hills, mountains and overgrown trees.  
Let steel birds in God's sky take flight and  
such wonders descend upon this land so free.

Take notice, old frost has found its place  
It kisseth crackling branches and brittle leaves  
covered by the ground by our universal grace.  
May black birds never pounce upon thee.

In the sobreness of nightfall the amber light glows,  
an abundance of stars casts its royal delight,  
while images of castles in icebergs grow, beauty  
crowns the earth with the brightest light.

Stay silent dear friend and gaze in the stillness,  
pull the calm of tranquility from a peaceful mind.  
If tears come forth and stain thy sleeves,  
please remember the pain of all mankind.

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date: Sept.5/2015  
Time: 10: 08 pm

Melvina Germain

# Bubbleistic Future

Cast away living in a bubble,  
Ir orbit around an endangered earth.  
Lost among the sky hawks of futuristic power..  
I'm sworn to take an oath.

To move unseen through portholes in chase.  
Where eyes of an eagle sore deep dark space.  
I live my life far away from home.  
Protected, without fear, in a bubble I roam.

Man crushed the evergreens of earth.  
Water contamination, no more rebirth.  
I, with a chosen few,  
see the earth from a different view.

Date: June 7,2007

Melvina Germain

# Burdened

When you are bogged down with labels and taught to live beneath that blanket,  
it is difficult to move forward and learn to love and understand who you truly  
are...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Burn The Threads Of Hate

Envy expose the brutal taste of sin and  
detest the bright and cherry life of those  
you choose to offend. The wrath of fear  
rises high behind old tongues of leisure.  
Without true armour, a bloodstained war begins.

Privilege stood beyond the door of no return  
while hopelessness burned within souls of those who  
cringe in pain. A judgemental society holds still with  
solemn faces. At the helm no compassion ever seems  
to reign. Bloodstained streets, death takes its toll.

White horses stood lined up like a structured wall  
with pride, decency and swords so very tall.  
Hope seeps through where tears for vengeance  
boldly rise, while the light of blue replace the  
grayest sky. But the struggle never ceased as  
religion holds tight the whip.

The old, the new, some things never truly change,  
a backlash bites down hard with no restraint.  
Virtuous deeds of nightingales soon seem forgotten  
while black youth walk in deadly fear, bullets pierce  
the air. Division of uncertainty plants hate through  
and through.

When will justice point its royal finger  
King of kings, Prince of Princes rule victoriously.  
No colour barriers, no status quo, no wall of  
segregation as we know. When will these  
barriers open wide and true equality come forth  
from where it hides.

One day perhaps a reconing will come to be,  
a masters diploma served as the highest degree,  
given to you, given to me. Peace may soar among  
the land from the blackest black to the whitest man,  
and all the beauties in between, no colour ever  
more shall be seen.

The aged often loses their will to hate pondering more on what's beyond God's gate. With questions lingering, why O why, reaching breathlessly beyond the unknown sky. No prejudice, no bigotry, and racism died in disease.

As film covered eyes look on and can no longer see. A racist may wonder, where did life carry me. After living in the darkest hole of hate, Black care-givers may stand in wait. Will compassion come along in peace or will the pain of long ago soon release.

Who knows what the future will truly bring. May the blanket of peace erase the horror and let love win. O let tranquil words and loving arms embrace the new and and forgive the old that once blurred the deepest blue.

Is there to be an end lost by the lack of what man has yet to befriend. Money can not fight true power never seen. This vast and enormous universe may swallow earths insignificant beings. No worry, no worry left for wanton souls. The universe holds true all power and strategy.

Much hope for peace could lay deep within the infinite sea. Hurricanes, Tornados, floods of a great Sunami wash clean our tainted earth where evil cast its spell. Good spirits, worry not you'll surely rise from hell.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.12/2015

Time: 1: 45am

Melvina Germain

# Call On Peace

Today I call on colors galore,  
take a look at what is outside your door.  
Blue of sky, a delight so free,  
cobalt blue waves in our glorious sea.  
Blades of green, soft and cool  
midnight earth surround every pool.  
Synergistic-ally they blend  
as if the oldest of friends.  
A lesson to all,  
love, be loved  
in peace let us call.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Aug.7/2015

Melvina Germain

# Cardinal Haiku

The red cardinal  
graced a branch of my old tree  
will luck come to me

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.13/2015

Melvina Germain

# Carma Will Find You

An old broken down blues singer from the streets of New York city. Presents a rather gauche demeanor lacking the common touch. He lives his life in a pathological drain, accompanied by the torture of pain. He feels no remorse for his wrongs, no understanding, no cares, lives his life unaware.

Loveless nights, lonely roads, hardships and heartache follow him on an endless path. Bodily pain chokes him, depression owns him, crippled by his inner self, brought on by his own greed, his longing for lust, his dark side exposed, his abusive behaviour, his lack of love for his Saviour.

Projecting negative energy into the universe,  
bouncing back to encompass him, squeezing him, beating him, killing him, owning him.  
Carma finds him, thou will be done.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 11/2009

Melvina Germain

# Catfish

Pin a label on his shirt, bold and broad.  
Prince, King, how about new day fraud.  
Patent leather shoes, three piece suit,  
pearly whites, stepping out right.  
No formal education, mums the word.  
He's got himself a label, have ya heard?

No firm handshake, can't look me in the eye,  
now why is this man acting a wee bit shy.  
I try to lock eyes, but he turns his head away.  
I'm wondering what is going on here today.

Well he's a smooth talker to lilly white girls,  
those he has in his pocket, as his cute lip curls.  
With his false tongue, he works them good,  
filling his pockets like an evil man would.

He has no shame playing a lovers game.  
Well Sammy says, I'll take you for a ride,  
down that crooked street. I know I knocked  
you off your feet. A chuckle and a laugh as  
he waves bye bye.

Now the light begins to shine and you  
realize you've been treated unkind.  
The wrappers are off, the picture is clear,  
You've been burnt by a catfish my dear.

Wise up gurrri, don't play and be bruised,  
take your time to watch the evening news.  
The gig is up as much truth unfolds, this  
time it's you with empty bags to hold.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: May 15/2014

Melvina Germain

# Caught In The Act

You took me by surprise, when you picked me up.  
Massaging my neck with such gentle strokes.  
You moved your hands so softly,  
Slowly caressing my cool naked body.  
You held me close to your chest and kept me,  
warm squeezing me oh so gently,  
Then placed your tongue on my lips and pressed  
lightly against my mouth.  
Bent your head back ever so slowly, all the while  
holding me tight in your manly strong hands.  
enjoying the aroma of my sweet perfume,  
You open your eyes, look above and realize,  
there's a camera peering down on you. Now  
you're caught in the act of stealing a most  
expensive bottle, of the master's fine wine.

Melvina Germain

# Celtic Love

## Celtic Love

And soon here thy thunder sing,  
a heart print ne're you feel or sow.  
Thine daggers pierce beneath thy flesh,  
shall bear the war note of thrice a king.

O my fair Alba Prince come forth,  
I be not vexed nor be your foe.  
My love wilt line in Albyn's Hills,  
whilst Celtic writers pen their woes.

O hear me, my silver headed prize.  
Dance o're the silken green so pale.

Cast not a spell nor capture a smile,  
Unveil thy palinode and see thee rise.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 22/2013

Melvina Germain

## Children Of The World (Speech)

If we loved all the children of the world, realizing how important they are in our society, how important they are to our future. What a difference life would be, I see great possibilities. To treat the children of the world with fragility, show them love, embrace them, give them stability. You know what's going on in the world, you know the degradation, humiliation, heartache and strife, many children of the world are facing in these times. What are you doing to help? You know your neighbors beat their children, what did you do to protect them? You know there is molestation in the family, what are you doing about it? Are you minding your own business, are you keeping to yourself, are you keeping the peace, do you care about the child? Have you become totally complacent, afraid to speak up for fear of repercussions? If you answered yes to any of these pertinent questions, you better think and think clearly. You are responsible, if you know of any harmful deeds happening at this moment, in this time and you do nothing about it, you my friends are as guilty as the perpetrators, you have a responsibility to those children, so act upon it, do what you can to free these beautiful children, step up to the plate and make your mark.

The innocence of children is a treasure to enjoy, to watch them grow in mind and body. Oh my, it would be almost that of living in a commune, but of course we would take it one step future by embracing all the children of the world, loving all the children not just a mere few. Now don't sit back on your high horse and tell me it's impossible, I won't buy that at all. All things are possible in this life. Positive thinking, no negativity here, yes I'm being realistic too for I believe the possibility. Protecting all the children by offering help in any way we can. We look abroad, we look beyond, but remember to look beside as well. We must protect all the children, not just the faces we see on TV. Protecting all the children including our children here at home, let's not forget that as the saying goes "charity begins at home", it's true but children are not to be treated as charity, they are far more than that.

Children are our future, they are the leaders of our countries, the teachers, carpenters, plumbers, roofers, painters, electricians, engineers, big rig drivers, chefs, actors, actress's, singers, dancers, artists, poets, authors, doctors and lawyers of tomorrow. Treat them well, they are the one's that will make decisions that reflect on us. In future we become dependant. In our senior years we expect to be treated well, that won't happen if we don't do our job to the best of our ability. It won't happen if we abused our children in any way. It won't happen if we did not show them respect, it won't happen if we did not

nourish them properly, it won't happen if we ignored them, if we did not answer their questions, if we did not tell them we loved them, showed them we loved them. It will not happen if we dishonored them in any way, it will not happen if we do not pave a clear way to their future. It will not happen people if we did not love them unconditionally.

I'll repeat, the children ARE the FUTURE and we the parents and grandparents are now - - -in this time- - -in this day, thoroughly in charge of rearing the BEST future possible. WE can make it happen, we have the tools to do so, we are in charge NOW, we won't be in charge - - -THEN- - -. Think of your own past, think how you felt as a child, were you happy, how did you feel if you were demeaned in any way, were you rebellious as a child and why. Think all of this through and ask yourself, do I want repetition, do I want to repeat the same offences I felt as a child. The answer people should be NO. "You do better when you know better", as a famous man once said. Ladies and Gentleman, that saying is true, so teach our children well and you will reap the benefits through the blessings of the future. You will stand proud and a smile will grace your face when you hear them speak, you will be in awe of their performance and know that you did what the good Lord wanted you to do. Know that you did your job well, now you can rest, you can enjoy all the blessings. You can live until it's time to go home, you will go home in peace, knowing that you did what God put you here to do.

God Bless the children and God Bless you

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: March 25,2007

Melvina Germain

# Chilled

Chilled (This happens sometimes when I can't sleep)

Chills coming from ghostly images, whilst  
Shadows dance vividly against a cold marble wall.  
Floors groaning, step by step as I trudge a haunted hallway.  
What eyes are following my path, I cringe at the idea of looking  
back. Hold steady old girl, I warn myself, you are not alone on this  
journey. Awww whispers coming from everywhere, dare I turn around.  
A faint touch upon my shoulder but no man or woman do I see. O Lord  
whatis to become of me. Am I alive or dead, I pinch myself and hope to scream.  
Perhapsthis is the beginning or end of a nightmare within the dreadful darkness  
of a midnight dream.

Melvina Germain

# Christmas Eve

Tis Christmas Eve with all the splendor of  
Christmas lights gleaming through crystal  
Glasses placed strategically among clusters  
Of soft white cotton snow.

The room is filled with a scent of fresh pine,  
Enjoyed by all who sit to dine  
We reach our glasses in a toast to Jesus  
And thank him for his grace

We celebrate this joyous Christmas Eve  
with Jesus at the head of our table

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: April 29,2007

Melvina Germain

# City In Pain

Sadness reigns in senseless crime as we open  
our eyes and wonder why so many cross the line.  
My tears flow like rain, realizing my brothers and  
sisters are feeling the wrath of pain today.  
Innocent young men, no prior records held.  
Now lying dead while mourners hearts swell.

How do families survive such tragic confusion,  
we know this horrific reality is not an illusion.  
All we can do is get down on our knees and pray,  
place one foot in front of the other, day by day.

Father, we have faith and we depend on you,  
welcome your sons and daughter home Father.  
We know Father this is what only you can do.  
Take each one Father God, take them by the hand.  
Lead them Jesus, Lead them to the highest hill,  
to the glorious and Heavenly promised land.

God we need your Heavenly spiritual bells,  
we need your Blessings deep in our hearts.  
Why dear Lord, why must the innocent die.  
Father God, only you know the reason why.

Let the blood of Jesus cover these grieving families.  
May the perpetrator dig deep in his heart and see,  
that his heinous act was a catastrophic travesty.  
O Father God, let the people not hurl daggers,  
to the innocent who raised no weapons,  
and are stricken in grief on their own.  
Let our hearts fill with compassion this day,  
leaving the perpetrators grieving parents alone.

Father God, I leave the perpetrator to you, he's  
in your hands to walk his pain through.  
We are a city in pain, together we stand in shock.  
I know we wish it possible, to turn back the clock.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: April 16/2014

Melvina Germain

# Cocoo & Okra

Cocoo & Cocoo & Okra

My friend from the West Indies invited me  
over for a hot dinner. O I was happy, it's cold  
still ya know out here in Calgary, Alberta. We  
get more than our share of old time winter.

He sat me down at his fine table with  
a printed tablecloth and a wonderful white  
lace doily in the center. Fresh fruit and Mango  
drink. Now cmon am I special, do ya think.

I knew I was in for a treat but not a treat such  
as this. My mouth was watering, I held my  
hands in a fist, O I folded my arms, I didn't want  
him to see me anxious like this.

He brought me an ole time meal ummmh I  
was getting the real deal. Well now, I was  
expecting, chicken, rice and black eye peas.  
Lord he came back with a whole lot of food  
and all for me. No chicken and no black eye  
peas. It was cocoo and Okra, if you please.

I know I died and went to Heaven that day.  
When I finished packing all that away. Lawd,  
he came back again with a tall pitcher of Moby,  
ouuu well, I ain had bitters for a very long time.  
This man sure knows how to dine. I want to  
smack myself silly just to see if I'm really alive.

Lord have mercy, what did I do to deserve all  
this. I hope Cedric Lucas keeps me on his list.  
I bet after dinner, he's gonna play some  
Reggae music or maybe some Blues, perhaps  
a little Jazz, then he'll never lose. Well, he fed  
my tummy and now my soul...Hmmm Hmmm well  
now, I'm thinking, he sure can cook ya know

what I'm sayin... lololol what else.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: April 25/2014

Melvina Germain

# Cocoo & Okra Plus (A Food Poem) Dedicated To Vaclav

My friend from the West Indies invited me  
over for a hot dinner. O I was happy, it's cold  
still ya know out here in Calgary, Alberta. We  
get more than our share of old time winter.

He sat me down at his fine table with  
a printed tablecloth and a wonderful white  
lace doily in the center. Fresh fruit and Mango  
drink. Now cmon am I special, do ya think.

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a little Jazz, then he'll never lose. Well, he fed  
my tummy and now my soul...Hmmm Hmmm well

now, I'm thinking, he sure can cook ya know  
what I'm sayin... lololol what else.....

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: April 25/2014

Melvina Germain

# Come Play With Me

I'm skipping beneath the sun,  
Double dutch is so much fun.  
Laughing and screaming out loud,  
Oh it's like bouncing on a cloud.

Today is the best day, I've ever had,  
Seeing all of you again, I'm so glad.  
It's so nice to be back home,  
Away at school, I felt so alone.

O forget all that, it's time to play,  
Come on over here, jump in the hay.  
Laugh, laugh, laugh your heart out,  
Giggle, scream and heartily shout.

We can play marbles, we can play darts.  
O cmon, we can play hopscotch,  
Who wants to start, ok its me, its me,  
It's me all the way, I'm ready to have  
some fun today.

I'm swinging on a cloud, dancing  
in the rain, I'm singing my songs over  
and over again. Come play with me,  
Come play with me, lets wrestle under  
our Maple tree. Lolololololololololol

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Congratulations

Happy tears, smiles and jubilation  
that's how I'm feeling today  
no one can touch this essence  
no one can take it away

I'm holding my hands against my face  
giggling incessantly  
what happens to you my daughter  
creates an inner reaction  
as if in truth it's clearly happening to me

O we've been through the pain  
felt the coldest pouring rain  
but the cruel we shoved beneath our shoes  
and filed in under paying dues

Now laughter cracks open a new door  
and the light of love begins to soar  
That dashing man so quiet and serene  
reached out his hand to welcome his Queen

Ummm I squinch my face, indeed I do  
knowing our Father has certainly come through  
cross my arms tightly against my chest  
smiling...Father God, you are the best.

Congratulations, Melody and Nigel  
Written by: Mama

Melvina Germain

# Conscience

An inner voice, whispers of the Lord.

A reminder of right and wrong.

Delivering an inner warning of the  
consequence. Offering up a choice,

with sound advice. Listen to the

Whispers.

Melvina Germain

# Conscience Revelation

## Conscience Revelation

One may slaughter the scripture and manipulate word and phrase.  
But the truth hibernates in the fire, and the flame burns deep in  
philosophy. Aaron's rod stretched long and far, no such almonds do  
blossoms bear, but a people born of manipulation walks steady for the  
longest robe one wears.

Today the invisible staff brings forth and sprouts them from the helm.  
Fools, Uncle Toms, glorified sheep, followers hanging on the edge of  
every word a fair father names. Its sprouts are deadly weapons who  
live the ruthless man's game.

A gift of jest, hidden beneath a perpetrators sleeve, no follower stands  
aware. Words cut sharp, scarlet blades of steel, and what one shouts and  
blatantly displays, only a fool would reveal. Abiotic becomes the soul  
as true life has long since passed. While erection exists in the body of  
flesh, one's corpse returns to ash.

Snow driven heart, obstructed and brutalized, judgemental slurs forge  
through. The coal skin you wear, no longer ought belong to you. Silk  
and fine you walk in pin stripe suits but exclusion finds you still. No  
place at the table where a fair father dines, that's how much he thinks  
of you.

Written by: Melvina Germain

(Note) This poem is published in my Kindle Book on Amazon and  
the title of the book is (Conscious Revelation) A tell it like it is  
book.

Melvina Germain

# Cosmic Blessing

Ascend thy peace and swell of calm,  
thou seest azure blue, a celestial hue.  
With pale silver streaks surreal,  
Suspended I rest in a celestial field.

The air so sweet to taste the dew,  
whilst new wind caress thy supple skin.  
Here among this silent, tranquil chill,  
I call on the power of our dear Lord's will.

Come forth dear Father and still the madness,  
Let madmen know their time is folding.  
When wicked hands raise weapons high,  
Dear father may all see your wrath thunder by.

Though pain may strike and take a few,  
in solace dear Lord they rest with you.  
May old stars explode and blaze the ruin,  
a cosmic healing in abundance strewn.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.14/2015

Melvina Germain

# Covered

I looked to the North  
what did I see  
three beautiful Angels  
looking back at me.  
Their eyes were like crystals,  
with wings of a dove.  
Blessed I'am  
to be covered  
with God's love.

Melvina Germain

# Crack Baby

Pregnant again she confides in a friend.  
No where to go, no one will take her in.  
Walking the streets in the dark of night.  
Hiding in alleys, trying to stay out of sight.

She's hurting and frustrated with pain,  
anxiety hits over and over again.  
What will become of this new born babe,  
a decision certainly must be made.

Crack, heroin, marijuana, cocaine,  
what will happen to the poor baby's brain.  
She carries this baby while drinking beer,  
no one stops her, nobody cares.

In the eight month baby comes early,  
a cute baby boy with hair very curly.

Doctor's stand by, but baby won't cry.  
He looks at Mom, please say goodbye.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 11,2007

Melvina Germain

# Crossroad

At a crossroad in my life,  
hanging on the threshold of hope.

I cling to a silken thread,  
and fear I can not cope.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 23/2011

Time: 1: 55

Melvina Germain

# Cry For Peace

Cry For Peace

We raise our children, do our best to teach them right from wrong. Instil in their minds that violence is not the answer. We protect them, keeping them safe, doing all we can. Send them to school, teach them education is key, but the time comes where they must face life's darkest reality. Countries could not solve their issues, there's only one thing left to do, the world becomes draped in the darkness of war and hierarchy's eyes are looking at you.

Our sons and daughters gaze at us with faces so proud, I'm fighting for my country, they scream out loud. A mother in silence, holds back her words and weeps quietly as she bows her head in prayer. Father in Heaven, protect our children, bring them back to us O God, we want them here. While a father may stand strict and proud. Mama understands nothing she hears and begins to sob incessantly out loud.

All the great talk against violence and pain, all the right from wrong, don't think about it again. As the brainwashing starts in the training fields and good minds stripped away from a parents teaching. The man at the helm holds his arm up high and his words of war are solely preaching. The reality of war too soon revealed and speaking of peace must verbally cease.

Our children are ripped from the comfort of our homes and placed in fields of disaster, raging fire, cannons blast, mud faces in shallow graves and no more words of inspiration from a schools headmaster. One sleeps, one eye opened in fear as the enemy trudges quietly near. Both sides grow insane with the influx of pain. Those beautiful children with minds so clean, now see the wrath of war. Killing the enemy as compassion leaves their souls and right from wrong lives on no more.

The ruination of young women who fall in the path, leave a bloody trail of innocence lost. Heavy boots run violently past as they lay crushed in mental and bodily pain. O the raging warriors have come to blast, like lunatics and maniacs they rip through homes and city streets and all who fall on the road of doom has become a statistic of which nobody speaks.

We cry out for peace, we call for the ending of war, is anyone listening, do you hear our pleas. I beg you world, it's time to stand your ground and speak bombastically against the violence of war. No more must we smell that putrid air, no more shall half bodies come back home, no more shall sight be lost or voices we'll never hear. Stand together one and all, it's time to hold hands and let the violence end.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Over -&gt;

(Note)

Women have been joining men and fighting beside them in the battlefield. Many may not know this and many of our sisters have been injured and several have fallen to their death. We don't seem to hear about them as we do the men but it's time to acknowledge now that parents are losing their sons and daughters. We truly need to see the faces of our sisters as well.

Melvina Germain

# Cry Of The Sick

Suffering...the hum drum sound of  
cold..blue...hospital corridors.  
Echoes of pain...strain...crying out...  
...writhing...exhausted...depressed.'  
Frustration in the mix...wailing..  
tears pour like rain...anxiety, ,  
hopelessness....defeated....scream.  
Help me Lord....take me now...let  
me die.....why? ? ? Tired...distraught  
helpless...rejected.....tossed away  
by society...leaves me broken.....  
trash...vexed...intimidated...sick..  
Mind...body...soul...crying out in  
pain...blue...stained with distrust..  
Needy...loathed by the rich....  
Scorned by the poor...cast out by  
society.....reaching for Heavens  
door....death calls my name..  
suicide is my game.  
Lights...hot bright lights,  
voices screaming voices,  
calling my name in the night.  
Come back.....come back.  
Come live again.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.19/2008

Melvina Germain

# Cry, Cry, Cry-Let Me Take Your Hand

Somebody, tell me what to do  
when I'm feeling down and oh so blue.  
Ya know I'll cry me a river, baby, oh yeah  
cry me a river, right over you.  
There ain't nothing baby I wouldn't do,  
for I'm fellin ya baby, yes I'm feelin you

Chorus

I say cry, cry, cry with me  
don't ya understand,  
I want this woman so bad,  
I want to take her hand.  
Cryhiiii with me babaee, cmon and cry with me,  
for I wont lay down no no no no  
I'll never be happy.

The first time I saw you, I wanted you to be mine.  
but now ma baby nooow, I'm cryin, cryin most of the time.  
Well you won't give me the time of day.  
You won't look at me when you hear me say,  
I love you baby.  
I want you to be with me,  
give me a chance baby.  
I know I can make you see.  
I love ya baby,  
with all my heart.  
There ain nobody that will ever tear us apart.  
So come to me baby, place your trust in me.  
I love ya more than you'll ever believe.

Chorus

I say cry, cry, cry with me  
Don't ya understand,  
I want this woman so bad,  
I want to take her hand.  
Cryhiiii with me babaee, cmon and cry with me,  
For I wont lay down no no no no  
I'll never be happy.

Life without you is not worth a thing baby.  
I want you to wear my ring.  
Please, please baby be my Queen  
Let me show you I can be your King.  
I'll never stop tryin, and I don't wanna keep on cryin.  
So baby, baby, baby let me take your hand.  
I'm gonna love ya baby all I can.

Chorus and End

(July 1,2007)

Melvina Germain

# Crystal Clear

Crocodile tears, dry as a bone  
A rich man laughs  
A poor man moans  
Crisp and clean, west side dreams  
Shadows dance, paupers scream  
Eastside Blues, amplify the news  
Heads of steel inflate old pain  
May one day come when compassion reigns

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Jan.12/2016

Melvina Germain

## Cut...! ! !

The greed of evil place its mighty finger,  
stir the pot, circulate the mould.  
Watch the tainted bodies float the sea,  
disfigured, bloating...a travesty.  
Seeking prosperity, careless, unkind.  
The green finding itself left behind.  
Oh Romeo, thou doth love Juliet so,  
yet our earth takes blow after sudden blow.  
Tis acid rain that falls upon the sea,  
circulating so abundantly.  
Covering earth, a cruel insatiable need.  
Cacius fought the battle till the bitter end,  
yet our earth does not have such a friend.  
Ripped and stripped of its lustre and its glow,  
nothing pure left to shine and grow.  
Tis light became darkness, no evergreen,  
our earth playing out the last scene.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: March 15/2010

Melvina Germain

# Dancing At The Ball

The ballroom graced with ladies of beauty,  
and handsome debonair men.  
Swishing of gowns to and fro brought  
life to this hall once again.

.  
Young ladies dressed so elegantly,  
with dresses flowing to the ground.  
Wearing shoes of see through high heels  
and tiaras as a crown.

Faces resemble china dolls,  
lips a pomegranate red.  
A hint of rose upon their cheeks,  
with diamonds adorning their heads.

Eyes of tinted blues and greens,  
adorn the handsome faces.  
Men of very high esteem.  
walk the floor and take their places.

(June 11,2007)

Melvina Germain

# Dancing Pen

The morning sun  
finds its way into a room,  
capturing a couple  
newly engaged in an act so vivid,  
my pen danced off the page.  
I'll never again intrude  
on yesterdays dreams,

but clearly concentrate  
on closing the seams.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: May 11,2007

Melvina Germain

# Dancing Thoughts      Haiku

My thoughts resemble  
feathers dancing in the wind  
where must I begin

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date:      Nov.13/15

Melvina Germain

# Danny

Waiting patiently, the trains whistle blows.  
Afraid, nervous, what if he doesn't show.  
My life, my love, please be there,  
I've waited so long, shed many a tear.

The train has stopped, with passengers unboarding.  
My body is shaking, perspiration, pouring.  
Blood pressure at its peak, I'm weak on my feet.  
Anxiety attacking, my heart heavily beats.

Please Danny, please come through that door.  
The conductor is moving the bench off the floor.  
The train is moving, last passenger out.  
Oh where are you Danny, I'm starting to shout.

I slowly turned, started walking away.  
Crying, sobbing, I've wasted another day.  
Danny doesn't love me, he played me for a fool.  
Oh I thought he was the exception to the rule.

I reached home, sat down on my bed.  
Disappointed, sad, so full of dread.

The telephone rang, I heard a faint voice say,  
so sorry to inform you, Danny passed away.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: April 29.2007

Melvina Germain

# Dark

Barbarism is on the rise  
earth animals in human form  
need not wear a disguise  
what flavour doth the mind digest  
in the aftermath of a dark human's unrest

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.13/2015

Melvina Germain

# Dark Tower

An entourage files, sheep of our land,  
led by silver leashes in soiled hands.  
Thoughtfulness, honour and compassion never appeared.  
Drained and bitter, draped in fear.

Agonizing puppets dance to royal rules,  
hovering over silent bleeding fools.  
Empty towers await footsteps new.  
strangers gloat towering over you.

Sobbing incessantly whilst barren tombs wait,  
reaching for solace behind St. Peters gate.  
Gutless complainers, thousands deep,  
listlessly born in nights forgotten sleep.

Marvel the coming of Heavens new sun,  
bask in its beauty, freedom has begun.  
Feel no remorse leaving earths baked crust.  
Cross over gently, cross over you must.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Darkness

I'm drowning in sorrow  
surely this is the end  
an infinite splash of ugly  
has become my falsehood friend  
My mouth is shut  
my tongue is sore  
now leave me alone  
close that dreaded door

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 4/2012

Melvina Germain

# Dawn

Stella heard the hurdy gurdy sound,  
in the throng of a city street.  
Thick accents speaking softly upon  
church steps up ahead and the  
grone of homeless mates trying to  
sleep beneath the hedge. A pungent  
scent of whiskey hung in the wind,  
while a lonesome hooded stranger  
took refuge near an opened garbage  
bin...

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: April 22/2014

Melvina Germain

# Deadly Escape

You cry out in the night of blue,  
when saints and demons call your name.  
When fire reigns in the midnight pain,  
confusion departs and comes back again.

The night is not clear you can not see,  
for the emptiness is growing fast.  
The tears that fall upon your face,  
are bloody and carry much disgrace.

You are the bearer of truth and fear,  
hidden secrets, how you dare.  
The seams are broken, closures opened.  
You carry the burden of an eternity.

The sky closes and the earth opens wide,  
you fall an infinite drop,  
while your body flows to the depth  
The hell hole holds your plot.

Alas, a simple knock on the door,  
you wake from a deep nights sleep.  
You weep and you weep and you weep.

Oct.9/2008

Melvina Germain

# Death Of A Slave Girl

Crying out in the night writhing in pain.  
Master walks in with looks of disdain.  
Quiet yourself girl he warns with a look.  
Whip in hand, rope or a hook.

Trembled, cowered, face covered in sweat.  
She begs massa, please don't hurt me just yet.  
Ignored of her plea, he kicks with his boot.  
Roll over you wench, give me my due.

He dropped to his knees,  
Laughed with drunken breath.  
He raped that poor girl until her death.  
Take her, get her out of my sight.  
I'll take no more hollering in the  
middle of the night.

A humming came over the barn that eve.  
Spiritual song was their only reprieve.  
Another lost child, gone to her grave.  
Hope for the future, all will be saved.

(April 11, 2007)

Melvina Germain

# Death On The Prairies

Running along the desolate highway.  
Tiny feet carrying them faster and faster.  
Eyes bulging, while forging ahead,  
never looking back.  
The prairie dogs know there under attack.

Armed in jeeps with daddy's present.  
Rifle in hand, prepared for adventure.  
Shot fired; pierced through the air.  
Tail for a penny to be had here.

(April 4,2007)

Melvina Germain

# Death's Destiny Haiku

Pin pricked rain drops  
decayed in a time long ago  
she died a cold death

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date Nov.13/2015

Melvina Germain

# Deathly Mould

Cry out, scream, regurgitate  
that longing for a world of peace.  
We'll die, rise up, come back again,  
and observe violence has yet to cease.  
How long does it take for a conscious mind,  
to look beyond, reaching out to the great divine.

We are forced in a pool of the strangest land,  
due to deceit, disobedience and that evil hand.  
But! the closed mind most humans hold  
withers and dies in life's deathly mould.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.13/2015

Melvina Germain

# Deceived

Cinquain (3) American form

Deceived

Lover

Illusioned web

Fostered pain nothing gained

Arrogance flood innocent dreams

Liar

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Jan.9/2016

Time: 1: 57am

Melvina Germain

# Deceived And Quietly Blessed

How clearly brought a rumour or two  
beneath the boughs of a secret tree,  
where love and sin put forth its rage,  
clapping hands within an orchestra's cage.

When the glitter and glare play its radiant part,  
snow glistens like a diamond stone in deepest night so dark.  
Her cheeks a scarlet, berry tone awaits her royal prince.  
brutal blows the truth so hard and difficult to convince.

Quiet be a lonesome maiden who never heard a lie,  
stands aware of the vicious and vile while evil said good-bye.  
A candlelight extinguished, an explosion took it's place and  
a heart fell in the river and flowed many miles in chase.

Waterfalls of tears became a ritual of night  
when an aching heart falls hard, nothing can make it right.  
She weeps the oldest pain for this maiden is not the first,  
  
meek, mild an innocent child with love an insatiable thirst.

A broken heart befalls this new woman of the game,  
she met with a wicked brute who almost drove her insane.  
But love does not die, it finds a place in need,  
wrinkled faces of the aged replaced that evil seed.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.11/2015

Time: 2: 09 a

Melvina Germain

# Determined To Rise Again

No benevolence befell the poor and defeated,  
nor recognized great gifts and minds of many.  
Hidden history reigned, ruled those at the helm.  
Credit not the field worker's who set the foundation,  
but reward fat thieves who brutalized a nation.

Fail, yes fail and fail you be, your efforts bold  
for all to see. Those with shields held o're  
their eyes, may the snake bite them in the ass  
with no surprise.

You've raped and scorned and called out loud,  
walk with greed, corrupted man, the smallest crowd.  
Deep pockets hold power of a people's need, while  
hoarders of green vividly avail Satan's seed.

Illness, pain and death to follow, who knows the  
truth of white coat hollow. Experimentation is not  
a friend, and tainted needles will surely bend. Cry  
out, scream, you won't be heard, not a one you  
speak shall believe a word.

Practice, practice and practice again, maybe one  
day genocide will be your friend. But not today,  
we're here to say, we'll walk and fall and stand  
up tall, we'll die in graves, weep and wail but  
we'll not roll over, there's more coming along the  
trail.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.11/2014

Melvina Germain

# Dick

Dick...a sweetheart who helps create miracles,  
there are times though when he can be quite  
hysterical.

Sometimes Dick is just a little too greedy, slipping  
in and out of places too freely...

Dick has an insatiable need...in and out, in and out,  
in and out...indeed.

He's most popular with the ladies and most don't  
worry about his size, he could be short and stubby,  
or tall and slender, most often he's a huge surprise.

Dick is the king of his castle, ladies love to visit  
without a hassel.

Poor Dick works long and hard hours with no  
complaints, dipping and diving without restraint.

Sad times might come for dear old Dick, as the  
clock ticks, he hangs his head in sadness and  
nothing he does will do the trick.

Old Dick is finished, his years of excellent work has  
come to an end. He lost his poise, he lost his  
friends.

A faint wave good-bye is all that's left to dear old  
Dick. That once, smooth talker is no longer  
considered slick...

We may tribute Dick today and remember his long  
list of forgettable friends. His thoughts wander to  
yesteryear. If only he had kept that true friend  
to stand by him now that his strength has disappeared.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.9/2011



# Dismissed By The Young

Walking with a younger person, alive and well.  
Dismissed by others as they stand to talk a spell.  
All questions directed to the young person's ears.  
While I stand with a faint smile fighting back the tears.

Sometimes one feels their existence goes unnoticed.  
You must make the young look and focus.  
Take your place, stand firm, inject your voice.  
Be heard, make that important choice.

Your silence is a loss to the young person's ears.  
Speak up, give your opinion, your experience is dear.  
Your years of gains and losses, of many ups and downs,  
will feed the minds of the young, gather them around.

Melvina Germain

# Do You Love Me

Do you love me?

Do you see eyes of diamonds when you look at me?

Do you feel me when the wind blows,  
or want me when the rain touches your skin?

Do you love me in the morning light, or when  
the sun of the noon day sky shines bright?

Will you love me when I'm old and gray?

Will your heart with me forever stay?

Written: Jan.12,2008

Melvina Germain

# Don't Kill My Planet

A time will come when it's too late.  
A time we kill, we fumigate.  
We had our chances to change our ways.  
To enjoy, clear, beautiful days.  
Now much time has come to past.  
The earth has soured, no riches last.  
I cry out in sleepless nights.  
Don't kill my planet, please help me fight.

(June 8,2007)

Melvina Germain

## Don'T Get Left Out In The Cold...

Frank was a simple man  
with a heart, full of love.  
All he wanted, was a one  
man woman, you see, he  
was a one woman man.  
Kind, helpful, honest and  
O so true.  
One would describe him  
as a really nice man,  
a bright light shining through.  
One that showers you with  
cut flowers from a garden  
and precious words from his pen.  
Beautiful girls had no time for a  
man such as him.  
Looking for the best looking,  
sometimes hooked up with the  
abusive kind.  
O a gorgeous face  
and a body so divine.  
Soaring ego's, running wild,  
no intentions of ever  
walking down the aisle.  
Years lost, dealing with  
Mr. mean and cruel,  
some women can be such  
dang fools.  
Little Miss Freckles came along,  
with her dazzling smile.  
This simple man was taken in  
by her personality and blown  
away with her tenacity.  
A beautiful face she lacked,  
but had a heart full of gold.  
Soon love took over and they  
were both abundantly sold.  
Walking down the aisle on a  
beautiful sunny day.  
Now the girls with fading beauty

remembered denying this very nice

man... wishing now, he had  
asked for their hand.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 21/2014

Melvina Germain

# Don'T Go

Don't Go

If you leave me,

I shall die

a death of loneliness.

My life will change

and never be the same again.

My throat will seize up,

as I ponder on the loss

of a dear and true friend.

Don't leave me sister,

My love for you

is unconditional.

I love you,

don't go.

Written by: Melvina Germain Date: July 26/2014

Melvina Germain

## Don'T Let Love Pass You By

Would you allow love to pass you by, are you interested in someone but feel they are just too good for you. It might surprise you to know that person maybe thinking the same about you. So you approach someone and they tell you they're not interested, so what! Move on and forget that, life it too short to ponder on such.

You know that person that's always there when you need them, that sits and listens to you complain, the one who will come when you call. That might be the person who thinks you would never give them a chance. Take a good long look and don't let love pass you by.

Melvina Germain

# Doth Dark Seeds Win The Battle (Sharing A Poem Once Again With All Of You) .....

Phantom of the deep, ripe with sin.

Heartless as he speaks, a bully thrives.

From the glasshouse on high,

daggers thrust all who survive.

Ye are forgotten, ye warriors of the past,

devalued and lost, no monumental caste.

You did your time and paid your dues,

now a whisper and a word on the evening news.

Complain you will and that you must,

for support is waning in society's unjust.

Come forth dear fathers of battles fought,

let young ears open and be so taught.

O Masters of pain, where doth thou shine,

egoic temples portray your shrine.

Man of steel beget a sour face,

iron clad with no saving grace.

Shadows of manipulators in that intimidating pool,

hoping the strong withered to weakened fools.

The curtain has not closed and the weary still speaks.

Societies gorilla's bow down and think.

Lunatics reign with power and greed,

our people selected mucho dark seeds.

Pushing up daisy's coming together as one.

Let the pain lay beneath bloody ground unsung.

Written by: Melvina Germain

(c) journey of the soul (2014)

Melvina Germain

# Earth Angel

Do you know who you are, earth angel.  
You leave a lasting impression,  
to everyone you see and touch,  
You do it at your own discretion, and  
you do it oh so much.

You do not fly, you have no wings,  
but you have so many other things.  
You have that face of mellow, that  
Melancholy way. You have a smile  
that lingers and the soft touch of  
your fingers.

Do you know who you are, earth angel.  
I long to be near you, to feel your warm  
embrace. I feel empowered when I look  
into your face. I love to listen to your  
inspiration and the wisdom of your years.  
It is then when I feel the formation of  
happy, flowing tears.

Do you know who you are, earth angel.  
You have been given a very special job,  
from the master up above, a job that  
allows you to spread an array of fragrant  
love.

You were born on this earth and given  
a light within. A light that shines bright  
to friends, strangers and kin. You have  
the ability to give that peaceful essence,  
to those that must give up their earthly  
bodily presence.

Do you know who you are, earth angel.  
You are a seed of nature, a glowing  
earthly creature with gifts of heavenly  
glints to bestow upon earths people. The  
fathers and the mothers, the sisters and the

brothers, the aunts and the uncles, the  
cousins and the friends. You have much  
work to do with the enemies too. You  
won't be afraid, to you it's very clear, you  
always knew there was a special reason for  
your presence here.

Earth angel, this has become your passion.  
You know now what to do, now is the time  
to accept your blessings and see them  
through.

Written: July 21/2006

Melvina Germain

# Ebony And Ivory

So I share these words with you  
a dashing man with eyes so blue.  
That thick white hair I do desire  
you truly set my soul on fire.

You know I don't care what others think  
I'll smile, laugh, yes I'm tickled pink.  
Let them cry a river with shock filled stares  
we're walking proud among the glares.

Ebony and Ivory, O how sweet the song,  
hold my hand, you gallant prince  
I'm so glad you've come along.

We'll swing our arms as we walk the town  
and laugh so loud and free.  
Perhaps observers will stand in awe  
wishing they were like you and me.

Sweet, sweet love, you paint my heart  
no jealousy nor hatred shall tear us apart.  
Heart prints we'll leave along the way,  
sharing our love day by day.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Aug.10/2015

Melvina Germain

## Ebony And Ivory (2)

He was a Black man ya know  
blacker than the ace of spades.  
I guess you can call him Blue black  
that's just how he was made.

Well he met himself a white girl  
O she was white as snow.  
Her eyes sparkled when she laid eyes on him  
and he was a little taken back ya know.

She was a bit aggressive  
not what he was use to ya hear.  
That lady made up her mind,  
baby you're not going anywhere.

Many years have passed  
since I met ebony and ivory.  
Such a loving and delightful couple,  
I knew they were sure to be.

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date: Jan.17/2016

Melvina Germain

# Ebony And Ivory (Here's A Lovely For All Of You)

So I share these words with you  
a dashing man with eyes so blue.  
That thick white hair I do desire  
you truly set my soul on fire.

You know I don't care what others think  
I'll smile, laugh, yes I'm tickled pink.  
Let them cry a river with shock filled stares  
we're walking proud among the glares.

Ebony and Ivory, O how sweet the song,  
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no jealousy nor hatred shall tear us apart.  
Heart prints we'll leave along the way,  
sharing our love day by day.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Aug.10/2015

Melvina Germain

## Ebony Night.....Sleep Well Folks

The ebony night with stars so bright brings forth the beauty of a winters night between warm soft sheets. Close your eyes people and enjoy a night of the sweetest sleep...Ni Nite everyone...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Ebony's Hell

Hurled stones rock thy cradle,  
sleep not on velvet sheets.  
Red eyes full of fire,  
torment lives within thee deep.

Melvina Germain

## Ecstasy- - -Bliss- - -Final Resting Place

The amber toned moon glowed in an enchanted  
Sequence of color..

The nuance flowed synergistically creating a  
melancholy image of timeless motion.

Behind a pillowy cumulus cloud, peeked  
an amazing silhouette of primus beauty.

Spread was a desert like field, filled with  
enormous, sponges of white, illuminating a  
Mountainous environment pure.

Quiet subtle music echoed in the stillness of  
the aura, angelic voices filled every crescent.

A blissful situation presented to it's inhabitants,  
the ecstasy of salvation is theirs. It's people,  
tall, short, slender, robust, red, black, white,  
yellow, all reside here and live in harmony.

Melvina Germain

# Embarrassing To Say The Least

Embarrassing to say the least

I received a rather rushed call from my daughter this afternoon. Mom, tonight we have tickets for Annie remember, I said OK no problem, I can make it. I called my daughter in law to remind her that my grand-daughter had to be ready by 6: pm for the show. She didn't know anything about it but no problem, she agreed to have her ready. We were running a bit late but managed to still arrive at Aunty's house on time and still had a few minutes to spare.

Off we went, oh my baby was so excited, her first musical. We arrived at Jubilee Auditorium, parked and went inside. Oh look Auntie says, all kinds of memorabilia, uh huh I said and look at the prices, wouuu. Well Auntie found a button for \$5.00 and a nylon bag and book for \$20.00 so that was marvelous and no GST on it. Oh baby was so happy, with her Annie stuff.

Auntie had her tickets in hand and we started out to find an elevator so I wouldn't have to walk up the stairs, why I don't know, she thinks I'm old I guess. We found an escalator and made our way to the doors of the auditorium, where immediately we were sent to the other side, we went there and was still in the wrong area. Now I'm felling hot in the face because people are staring at us walking all over the place. Finally my daughter asked one of the ushers where the seats were, I'm fuming now because we are not organized and I like to know exactly where we are going. Melody, my daughter is laughing and Tahara is skipping along happy as can be.

The usher took us directly to our seats, shortly thereafter a lady with her little boy shows up and she says to me, I think you're in the wrong seat. The gentleman in the seat in front of us thought that was worth a chuckle and he's whispering to his wife. No fear though my daughter assures her that we are in fact in the right seat and shows her our ticket at which time she confirms that Melody is correct and I took my coat off again. Big mouth me, says to the lady, you should make sure you get some free tickets and she responds I will be sitting up front after this for sure. I smiled and nodded my head in agreement.

The usher shows up and she explains what happened and we're backing her all the way. The usher asks, may I see those tickets please, all the while the gent in the seat in front of us is cracking up and finding all of this very amusing. Note we

seem to be the only black people in the house with the exception of two other children. My grand-daughter is wondering what is going on now and I see her face with that look, she has an idea we're in trouble. The usher says oh I see, these tickets are for tomorrow night. Well! ! ! my face is burning hot now, I couldn't move fast enough, saying to the little fellow, enjoy the show darling, I'm so sorry to the lady as she is saying something, her lips were moving, but I couldn't hear a word, I'm so filled with embarrassment. Melody on the other hand raises her arms in the air and smiles, oh can you imagine she says to everyone as now we have three or four rows of people cracking up. I tore out of there and she announces to me, Mom what's wrong, I'm not embarrassed, how come I'm not embarrassed.

Tahara on the other hand is so upset and doesn't want to leave, she very loudly says, I'm so mad at you guys, I'm telling my mommy. We tried to console her and finally she thought it was OK because tomorrow when we go again she can wear her really fancy dress. While leaving the place all the beautiful ladies, (the ushers) were asking why we were leaving and assuring us that this happens often. Melody looks at me and says, Mom did you notice, was there any other black people here, I just gave her a look and left it at that.

OK sisters, why weren't you out there with your girls, what's with that. Musicals are awesome, just remember to go on the right night.

Thought I would share that with you, I'm feeling much better now. I hope tomorrow will go a lot smoother, at least we know where our seats are.

(Sharing)

Melvina

Melvina Germain

# Embracing You

Rummaging through sifted thoughts, carrying a torch for  
a spectacle housed in the shell of a human. Loss of self respect,  
loss of financial stability and security spilled down the drain.  
... You find yourself crippled as a spider sewn within its web screaming  
for freedom.

As the truth unfolds, you stand accountable for a fraction of the  
outcome of the inevitable. A relationship doomed from its beginning  
and read so blatantly to its end. You lost nothing, not a lover, not  
a friend, for evil shared your bed.

Self respect was not lost, just stored in the closet of knowledge waiting  
to be reclaimed. Financial stability can be rebuilt again. Security will  
soon find its rightful place. When you place your trust in the creator  
and stop looking for solace in the face of man. You will then find  
yourself on a higher plain basking in the warmth of love found in the  
palm of God's hand.

Be careful what you wish for and know what your prayers mean. Believe  
little of what your told and less of what you've seen. We sometimes  
view the image of what our minds proclaim and listen to those con artists  
who love to play mind games.

Melvina Germain

# Emotions Run Deep/Deception Ends & Let The Truth Begin

## Emotions Run Deep

Deep In The Valley Of Pain.  
I fear the pouring of rain,  
radiating deep within my soul  
an emotion I can not hold.

## Deception Ends

Peering into the depth of darkness,  
leaving the light of stars behind.  
Fearful moving in the wrong direction.  
Life's quality was that of deception.

## Let the truth begin

Skeletons hidden in the closet.  
fills ones mind with uncertainty.  
Release all evil lurking within.  
Embrace love, let the truth begin

(April/2007)

Melvina Germain

# End The Madness

Lies and deceit  
are sickening, but ones  
love keeps peering through.  
Now the one who loves you  
most has seen the real you.  
So before you put that  
chemical in your body,  
or the poison from that  
alcohol.  
Before you place that  
needle in your arm  
and take another fall.  
we want you to know,  
this is the last warning,  
the last plea,  
the last call.  
We're tired of that beast  
who holds you so very tight.  
We want you to take this call,  
  
and try with all your might.  
It's time to end the madness,  
time to set things right.

Written by: Melvina Germain...Date: July 26/2014

Melvina Germain

## Epiphany (Number One)

Embroidered words fall upon thy page,  
as the blue cloth of night sits beneath the pale moon.  
Peppered thoughts pondering,  
a remembrance of promises,  
yes...we'll see each other soon.

Melvina Germain

## Epiphany Number Three

Choose happy nights of lust,  
and crazy sex upon the floor.  
For satisfaction is far greater,  
when the cruelty of love,  
leaves through the door.

Melvina Germain

## Epiphany Number Two

You were my direction, my north, south, east west.  
My Monday to Friday, even Sunday's best.  
My rainy days and snowy nights.  
My moonlight, my dawn, my midnight song.  
you were my sound, deep and mellow,  
my crooner of happiness.  
My stereophonic bliss.  
You filled my days with laughter and hope.  
I thought my time with you would never end.  
Guess what? I was dead wrong.

Melvina Germain

# Erotic Joy

The warm breeze  
of ecstasy  
caressed my naked body,  
holding me suspended  
in a cloud like haze.  
Embracing,  
every climactic moment,  
I found myself,  
joyously amazed.

By eboneee

Melvina Germain

# Estranged (Snap Shot Poem)

I wanted to feel close to you,

yes, I sat in your back yard.

It was a cool rainy eve, O  
about 9: pm I believe. I waited  
hoping for a glimpse but you  
didn't crack the shade. Now

I sit and ponder wondering

why I was betrayed.

By: Melvina Germain

Date: May 14/2014

Melvina Germain

# Etheree

My second attempt at Etheree

Etheree

Screams  
dispersed  
stolen land  
fire-fly's view  
shallow graves covered  
by hands of numbered souls  
protection wears a black hat  
sly be the cat who rears the sword  
skirts bled hellish pain of racisms stain  
old reapers may be exposed who knows when

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Jan 9/2016 Time: 8: 27pm

Melvina Germain

# Etheree Form

Sighs

Complaints

Why bother

Complexity

Exasperates you

Frustration bleeds the soul

Trying to climb the mountain

Falling long on slippery rocks

Reaching for the dream of a lifetime

Failure will be the drive to try again

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Jan 9/2016

Time 5: pm

Melvina Germain

# Eurotophobia

Eurotophobia paints astonishing words,  
a plethora of syllables in life-song,  
delightfully heard.

Pink button

Rose Pie

in the supine

gaze t'ward an illuminating sky.

A smiling face in awe observes,  
an alluring presence

kunta beauty

ancient Queen

anticipates rhythmic curves clenching tight the dream.

Hesitation,

inhibition builds a fearful soul,

longing to touch,

longing long,

to be whole.

Tears spill,

soft words escape like royal stars,

celestial beams shine from afar.

Eurotophobic Euphemisms

hang loose in cosmic bliss

fearing reality's beautiful and truthful list.

Must a honey-pot await an eternity,

for life's golden rod to nourish thee.

Wizard sleeve

Snap dragon

ready to taste earth's sweetest root,

wait!

inhibition plays a song of life's saddest flute.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Dec.30/2015



# Evil Never Sleeps

Evil Never Sleeps

Corruption is the blanket that covers many countries still, as the snakes come slithering out of their dens and all good intentions come to an end. Good brothers rule and good brothers quickly die. It's a shame, no one seems to know the reason why.

Africa lost a great President in Oct.1987, he was an upright man. A man who clearly stood for the people of his country and the people of the world. He wanted all to stand together and make this world a better place.

I know I won't forget his name...Thomas Noel Isodore Sankara, nor what he stood for.

Thomas Sankara was an honest man, and made very little money, you see, he was a people man and didn't concentrate on filling his pocket with green, noooo he was a delight from a different scene. He was young, vibrant and worked diligently at reaching his goals, He was clearly a man with a beautiful soul. He was a great revolutionist who was bringing about great change. He believed in women's rights and was responsible for abolishing female circumcision. Thomas Sankara wanted to free his country from debt. He was also a man of peace and yes he was ready to fight to the death, a brave man, one of Africa's best.

You see "Evil Never Sleeps" and when it strikes, it strikes hard taking good people down and that's what happened to Thomas Sankara. He and twelve of his aides were assassinated.....

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Evil Will Sleep

Now we come across turbid wave where man became human animals  
worshipping hell bound darkness of self made graves.

Bombastic voices echo o're all the world flinging threats, sling shots  
no decent personsave deserves. We pray, O we pray for men, women, boys and  
girls, them from the monstrous demons the enemy serves.

Young stings of evil separating good from bad, tossing out woes like rockets  
penetrating souls who foster pain from the wicked and the mad.

Adverse heats a God fearing man can tell as he dips his head to the poison  
coming forth the well.

Ten thousand souls ruined in a day, spiritual buses fill and drive far, far away.  
From off the faces tumultuous hate, afraid to stand before St. Peter's gate.

Women hung their dresses and skirts for a time, joining the sides of men in the  
front line. Held back births, no offspring shall a womb bear, for the promise of a  
better future one must prepare.

Happy be the man who travels in celestial sky, free where no evil can bestow  
itself on high. A transformation of the new must soon begin and the whispering  
winds will soon call upon thee again.

Let an invisible wall ride long the battlefield, old ghosts of soldiers uprose to  
shield... Power of good soon revealed.

Weeping eyes on fearful faces bow, whilst the shock grew long among all men  
and women wondering how.

We gaze upon the lofty genius of good men who turns thee not on the higher  
hand. The raging fire burning red so deep, laid the needled bed where evil  
violently fell to sleep. Melvina Germain.....

Melvina Germain

# Face In The Porridge

Half witted beast be thou forgotten, cast in the spiraling circumference of infinite churns. Your belly rolls while your blood boils. Thy will be done one might ponder in a fading moment entrenched with gutless thoughts.

A bottle of wine, a flask of whiskey, several sips of rum perhaps. Wilt thou now be back in the ruby waters dining with the sharks again. I dare say, the whales with their fat bellies will come sauntering in.

A mish mash of gluttonism splattered all over thy Queen's carpet, oh glory be. thy slob burn the midnight oil with characters bent and frowned upon. Money speaks as the flapping of lips grow silent, I beg you...forgive me sire. I beg your pardon sire, but I do believe you're drooling, cigar too big for your mouth perhaps sir. Tst Tst Tst don't be a baby now...running away like the wind.

Must have been something I said, never seen a jolly jumping man run so fast. Oh look, green trailing all over the floor, falling from his undergarments. Overflowing with the joy sought by misguided fools, the so called fair maiden who dance the jig and smile with burning lips. Giggles and more giggles, high pitched sound ous and awws, foolish sluts showing off their black net stockings.

Have your fancy sir, which one shall it be, lined up against the wall, a cattle call to be sure. Flash your green, make your scene as actors do. Show a wee bit of empathy, but truly who cares, it's just meat for a night after all. An orgy one may nere forget but the bountiful flesh may soon find reason to regret.

Playing with the big boys on their turf can be somewhat demeaning. As you meander through the evening you realize your once unstained character has reduced itself to nothing but a mere whore, you are a tramp my dear. A beautiful, well dressed, groomed and spot free, but yet still a tramp. You wear the title well my dear.

Oh dear, here comes the fat dude in a monkey suit, smiling as he drools out of the corner of his mouth sporting a huge cigar. Reaching out for your hand and you ablige him indeed you do. He wisps you off to a silent corner, where he fondles your breasts, wanting a taste of your silken flesh and you do ablige once again. Oh but words are mulling about in your mind and you recall the warning of the old women during afternoon tea. 'Be careful what you wish for'.

Oh yes I recall, you wanted to dine with the best, wear fancy clothes, drive in

Cadillac cars. Well my darling here you are with all that and more, you see one forgot there is a price to be paid and the price in you darling. As this old slob puts his hand under your dress groping at your thighs, you wonder, is it worth all this, how do I get out of here.

Oh dear, you do try to get away from him, but he plants a huge wet kiss upon your lips and you think you're going to throw up but you do manage to contain

yourself. You did this, put yourself in this position, now you can't get out. He has his way with you and you feel like the scum of the earth. You wanted the finery but you had no idea what might come with it. He says, your his lady now, you belong to him and he sports you all over town.

Yes you dripping in jewels, driving fancy cars. The lifestyle is becoming rather comfortable and you close your eyes and dream of young, vibrant men when Mr Ugly has his way with you in the dark of eve. Washed with the timbers of fire, you have met your desire but he was a little disheveled and not quite what your dream presented. Never the less, money holds the ticket. It's almost as if your face was held in the porridge for too long and when you came up for air, your knight in shining armor had disappeared.

Perhaps, you'll leave him one day in search of real love, but for now dipping into the vat of security, glowing with emerald green, you have decided you can be his Queen. Oh I do declare, you have become the Queen of sluts, have you not. What's to become of you....what is to become of you my dear.....

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Feb.27/2012

Melvina Germain

# Fairing High

I live in fear, all through the night.  
Held in a cage, a gruesome sight.  
Bound in chains, poor weary me,  
Staring the fat old pigs of society.

My wrath has come, for this I see,  
I'm the poor man now with no degree.  
My eyes doth cease, no words I know,  
Our degradation continues to grow.

Prepare me dear father for another world,  
My body is dead, my mind is sour.  
Embrace my soul, to you I belong,  
Oh listen my Father, to our Gospel Song.

Fair well cruel earth, you raped my soul.  
But my Fathers words were there to hold.  
I stand in awe of his helping hand,  
And know his love, will never thee band.

I look high and low, from Heaven to earth.  
And realize, I was born with worth.

So I stand among, the earthlings many,  
And know I fare more than a penny.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: April 26/2013

Melvina Germain

# Fair-Weather Friends

You might have a string of these types of friends, they're called fair-weather friends. O you will enjoy some marvellous times together, when the money is flowing. When laughter beams and money is coming out of your pocket but don't hold your breath waiting for reciprocation, you'll wait a long, long time.

You see your fair-weather friend will never stand up for you, they'll walk away, turn a blind eye and let you know, there is nothing they can do. Fair-weather friends never recall situations when they can solve an issue for you, denial and forgetfulness comes immediately into play...(I'm sorry, I don't remember what happened that day) .

Beware... these so called friends can land you in jail. Silence in the absence of truth can be the testimony that closes bars on you. These capricious, disloyal friends will walk away from you cool and proud, to the next person who has more to offer. They will let you know in an instant how unimportant to them you truly are, when someone who shines brighter in the pocket of silver and gold.

You'll never grow old with a fair-weather friend, at the first sign of illness, they forget your name, a hospital visit, alone you will remain. Yes my sweethearts, be careful who you invite into your lives, they might be an ingredient that brings you to the state of an early demise.

Fair-weather friends reach out and take, they know nothing of giving, caring, compassion and that smile on their faces are usually fake. Be wise in your choice of those who you allow to walk beside you, those you share your secrets with., believe they'll never take those secrets to their grave. Behind your back, these friends will cut you down, shred words you thought in private to the ground. O yes, they'll laugh, point daggers and slice you to bits.

Be good to yourselves and do what you know needs to be done.

Melvina Germain

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Be good to yourselves and do what you know needs to be done...Melvina

Melvina Germain

# Fairy Princess Of Thy Sea

By the waters cast your shadow, fairy princess of thy sea.  
Your beauty sends a spell ore those who tread the pale.  
cowslips, yellow tones and newts hide behind the brier bush,  
while the drone bee, lies about beneath the magic tree.

Thou seeith your shadows grow in the moonlit sphere,  
Fairy princess, you are over there, or over there.  
Fairly princess please make your presence known.  
Doth thou fear what ground has to offer thee.  
Fairy princess, come from the open sea.

Ahhh eyes like saucers filled with bright light, slowly  
look around and whispers, swishing high pitch sounds.  
Your presence be known fairy princess of thy sea,  
you come to visit me, come now, come closer to thee.

Be careful fairy princess, don't touch the brier bush,  
its prickles may harm your delicate fairy tush.  
Come hither, be not worried of thy sting,  
we come together in this early morning spring.

Please to make your acquaintance fairy princess of the blue.  
My eyes rejoice at the very sight of you.  
Will you dance with me fairy princess of thy sea, .  
I offer you cowslips and sprinkles of silver dust.  
Come dance with me, you must, yes you must.

Your orbs are placed so strategically,  
I wonder what those orbs you wear, mean to me.  
No matter, I'm in awe to have this dance with you,  
fairy princess of thy sea.  
you capture thy innocence so impressively.

Twirl me round, and round and round and round,  
let my feet barely touch the ground.  
OH fairy princess, I'm in awe of thee,  
you grace the pale from the open sea.

It's time to go, no no fairy princess, don't leave thee now.

I'll remember thy freckles and the dewdrops in the air,

I'll never forget thine presence over here.

Fear not, fairy princess, fair not, we will meet again.

Meanwhile, the brier bush on the pale remains my long time friends.

Bye bye fairy princess, bye bye, bye bye, bye bye.

Melvina Germain

# Father God I Love You (Inspired By Andy Wilkinson)

Some believe their faith is a private thing,  
While others praise and through their voices sing.  
You must not allow anyone to silence your view,  
Brothers and sisters, God truly loves you.

A child of God, is aware of God's awesome gift,  
and given the ability to witness His spiritual lift.  
This gift must be shared with all around,  
through written verse, speech or spiritual song.

I bear witness and give God all the glory,  
For He is my everlasting story.  
I say it loud and I say it clear,  
God will remain in my life, year after year.

I'll shout it from the rooftops,  
Father God, I love you, I'll never stop.  
I'll call out your name till the end of my days,  
and praise you my Lord in many, many ways.

Melvina Germain

# Father Of Falsehood

Once again the red evil fire burned my belly raw.  
After a celebration for no one, danced a jig within  
my brain. I dove into my mind like the funneling  
winds, hurling sticks and stones against blocked  
membranes bouncing back lying still, never to be  
discovered by outsiders.

Oh yes, trapped in the subconscious state of  
euphoric capitalism, lying to myself for nothing is  
mine. False happiness exudes me, pretentious  
sinner, thief in the night and day.

Wrapped in a dismal veil of emptiness, I ponder  
promises made, never to come true for my word  
was nothing more than a bottomless glass leaking  
catastrophic trauma over a country standing still.

Promised leaders of gold turned to nickles and  
dimes. The fog hovered over cities, extending  
it's mist like fingers around a multicultural forest of  
innocent beings afraid to spread the word.

As these feathered beings display their lack of  
fortitude standing in silence, the floor falls  
beneath them and I render myself drowned in  
alcohol soup.

There will be no kingdom, no place left to lead.  
The cannons will strike and all who hold their  
post will die. This ending had no true beginning,

for the beginning was a massive lie.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Dec.4/2011

Melvina Germain

## Fear (An Abc Poem)

A pack of wolves stood by quietly watching.  
Beginning to act frustrated and anxious.  
Calling with howls of anger, piercing eyes glow.  
Finally leaping towards a fearful hunter.

Melvina Germain

# Fear Lives On (Impromptu)

Darkness unfolds  
the crows are coming home to roost  
violence explodes

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.13/2015

Melvina Germain

# Fearful

I weep as I stand among the blades of infinite number.  
Scream as the red sun burns the earth.  
I holler as the tower of ocean reaches the sky.  
Died as it covered me with blankets of blue.....

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 23/2011

Melvina Germain

# Felicia

Now we come together as one,  
my dream of fulfillment has come true.  
Sunlight broke through a cloud and  
opened my eyes wide the day, I met you.

You are as sweet as the morning rain,  
you light up my world when you enter  
a room. I stand here a happy man,  
knowing everyone can see I'm your  
groom.

I'm quivering inside, my heart is burning  
with delight. I'm gazing at the brightest  
diamond jewel that sparkles deep into  
my soul. You my darling are an amazing  
sight.

I thank you Felicia for becoming my wife.  
My life is now complete. We'll stand  
beside each other hand in hand and

together we will build a strong family

I love you Felicia.....

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Finer Than Wine

Esther tippled drink finer than Pinot Gris,  
her moistened lips kissed her man of steel.  
Melodies surround whilst old diamonds glow  
and nights light poured over mountains surreal.

Melvina Germain

## Fingers In The Pie (Children's Poem)

Sitting on a windows ledge  
on a warm summers day,  
sat a pie waiting to cool  
before the break of noon.  
Along came little Kelly  
with a sniffer oh so keen.  
He followed the scent  
oh heavenly bent,  
a pie found on the scene.  
He looked all around and  
only saw the ground.  
Thinking he was in the clear  
he took his finger and tasted that pie,  
Ummm, ummm, ummm my my.  
Along came old Mrs. Frye,  
why she picked up the broom  
and paddled his tush.  
Kelly didn't care he took his blows.  
Grabbed that pie now everyone knows  
Kelly stole a pie from old Mrs. Frye.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Finished

Know this, a time comes when one must face the darkness of reality. The cruel and gruesome realism that awaits the aging body. A fist full of ugly comes pouncing down the path and the spilling of pain is not something one would ask for.

Broken down limbs, that burning sensation radiating within ones soul, high blood pressure never seen before. Restless legs, sugar gone awry and old friends have long said goodbye.

Loneliness lays on a slab, cold and rigid while lines and folds fall abruptly. A young soul within no longer recognizes the reflection they now see and others who knew them can't remember that possibility..

Tears come easy within this space as age moves quickly along. One day your up, the next your down and another you're barely alive. This cycle never ends, O there's nothing you can do. Perhaps in the end, you'll sit like a zombie while others look after you.

An excruciating sense of dictatorship as one overtakes your being. You must obey every order and listen intently. Vexation is not allowed and a temper you'll pay the price. Black eyes, broken bones, by strangers you never knew. Many working for a buck and could care less about you.

My words are harsh and full of pain, but truth is coming your way. Take these words to heart and plan for better days. Home is where you ought to be, no institutions for you. Save your money and be good to others, may true love look after you.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.3/2015

Time: 12: 01am

Melvina Germain

# Fish Of Peace

Fish Of Peace...Dedicated to Chase Diaz

God's tranquil explosion of peace, poured or'e my soul,  
a beauteous reflection my image doth hold.  
As many fish surround that image of me,  
I found my solace, deep within the sea.

Let me cast my rod on the right side said He,  
to the soothing, circling of fish meant for thee.  
Many fish surround my image, a monumental view,  
a delightful intervention, pleasing and true.

O calm, be thy tenor, be thy soprano too,  
let the peace of thy fish be much pleasure unto you.  
May the aroma of God's sea be a pleasing tranquil bliss,  
and the warmth of the sun, be a blessing from God's list.

Looking to the heaven's, royal clouds and sky so blue.  
Gazing at the sea, surreal waves of comfort new.

Watching the fish, elegantly swim, a beautiful ballet,  
In awe, I stand, through the solace of the day.

Written by; Melvina Germain

Date; Sept.2/2013

Melvina Germain

# Flatlined

Squeezed blood engulfing conduits.  
Suspended in tainted euphoric bliss,  
held hostage in life's foreign state;  
forced to breathe at a heightened risk.

Pull the plug, you wolves, please hasten relief.  
A preposterous drone holds life on loan.  
Red fire gaze an arrogant high towered thief.  
Barbarians cut clean through flesh and bone,

Broken silence wanes, thick rancid air.  
Tumultuous screams bite through thy nerves.  
Doth a nightingale, ever dare to care,  
Wilt death grant solace this old man deserves.

Cold, ancient eyes harrowingly stare,  
groans penetrate deep throated prigs.  
Chalk faces, no masks do they wear,  
Forked tongue trudge an anus so big.

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date: Oct.8/2014

Melvina Germain

# Flat-Lined

Squeezed blood engulfing conduits.  
Suspended in tainted euphoric bliss,  
held hostage in life's foreign state;  
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Pull the plug, you wolves, please hasten relief.  
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Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.8/2014

Melvina Germain

# Follow Me

Follow me to the end of the rainbow,  
then you'll know, and the world will see.  
I'm truly- in love with you.

Follow me, follow me

Follow me in my footsteps  
touch my shoulder  
whisper in my ear  
Say the words you know, I need to hear.  
Follow me every day of the year.  
I'm yours, I give myself to you.  
There isn't anything I wouldn't do,  
just to have you-

Follow me

chorus  
Follow me to the end of the rainbow,  
then you'll know and the world will see.  
that I'm truly in love with you

Follow me  
Catch a glimpse of par-a-dise  
I will give you- whatever it is you need  
If you will - follow me  
We will spend a life of love so true.

Follow me, follow me, seal the promise.  
We'll live our lives as only it should be,  
in paradise, a life of eternity.

Chorus

Follow me, follow me, follow me

(Sept.19,2007/This is the anniversary of my husbands death.)

Melvina Germain

# Follow Me

You are in charge of your own destiny

follow me

Live by my word and love me

You will live a life of truth and happiness

follow me

Fill your mind with the light of love and beauty

follow me

Believe in you be good to you, love you.

follow me

Love thy self, then thy sister and thy brother.

Follow me and you will see.

Written: Jan.12,2008

Melvina Germain

# Foiled

Me  
the bearer  
of ancient pain  
turn those bricks  
yes cry out again  
join hands with the old  
bask abundantly in the blue  
let the repetitive carnage  
blanket over you  
nails submerge within thy flesh  
open wounds cease to heal  
mental capacity drains the soul  
and hierarchy meets no expectation  
dreams slice away and put to rest  
no examination a mind confessed  
rolling thoughts  
scarlet eyes when tears do fall  
in swollen hearts  
stories line weathered walls  
fooled by ridiculous promises  
fooled by marches of peace  
fooled by leaders with great intentions  
fooled as evils scorn released  
fooled by death in holy places  
fooled by the sword that rips thy flesh  
burned to seal the wounds of old memories  
drained by the rage of a marked society  
tis the inevitable that grants thee solace  
that quiet serene and tranquil place  
could it be horrid lies hide behind the masks  
of the wretched minds of lost sobriety  
in that dark place of much disgrace

Melvina Germain

# For My Children & Grand-Children

Sharing with the world

Melvina's Inspiration

Leave the substances to the earth where they belong.  
Pull from the universe, all that can make you strong.

Recognize the gifts that you were so abundantly given.  
Utilize them, empower your soul, become forever driven.

Let no one's words tear you apart at the seams.  
Know that you are in charge of your goals and dreams.

Let no man or woman tamper with your mind.  
Learn to see evil coming long and far, far behind.

Know, you are not responsible to fix the pain of others,  
only 'YOU' can fix you, not your sister nor your brothers.

A Miracle, A Miracle came forth the day you were born.  
The creator of that miracle will never leave you broken and torn.

Now uplift yourself and be the greatest you know you can be.  
Shine that light of truth for the whole world to see.

Written by: Melvina Germain Date: May 4/2014

Melvina Germain

# For The Love Of Mankind

In my heart, I know we were put  
on this earth for many reasons,  
to enjoy every moment,  
every hour, every day, every  
season. To do the best that we  
can do.

To love, respect and help each other  
regardless of the colour of our skin,  
or the amount of money in our pockets,  
or the shape and height of our bodies.

We must look beyond the surface and  
realize there's a heart and soul within.  
Do we not all bleed the same. Blood is  
the same colour no matter who we are.

We all have one heart, two lungs, two  
kidneys, we produce the same.  
We are all equal in the eyes of God,  
why then are we not equal in each  
other's eyes.

I dream of a precious love and hope  
mankind will learn to live together in  
harmony, become the brothers and  
sisters we were meant to be.

We can make it happen, a positive  
outlook dispelling all negativity.  
All races can be of one collective.

Together we can change the world,  
holding hands around the globe.  
We can stand firm and speak out.

Life here on earth is short,  
resolving our differences by  
fighting is not the answer.

Time is precious, waste not.

We can make a difference,  
first and foremost, the choice to  
bring peace to the front of the line.  
Our Father is a generous God,  
our gifts are many.

Melvina Germain

# Forget Me Not

When he tasted her sweetest pie  
a fruit beyond the realm of thought.  
He boasts to all, knelt begging God's sky  
forgive thy sin of this forget me not.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.23/2015

Melvina Germain

## Forty Tears (For David Harris)

Whenever we lose someone through rejection  
or as in death they depart, then we realize a  
heartache is only forty tears away.

Death is not the reason for the sorrow in my  
heart but each and every season the tears do  
impart. I carry with me, the pain of yesteryear,  
the pain that brings forth those forty tears.

Memories of you rest heavy on my heart, not  
having you near me sweet sister, continues to  
tear me apart. You are a part of me, you are my  
genes, my blood. Without you in my life is like  
a blossom without a bud.

Let us not go to our graves with issues unspoken,  
and carry the pain of togetherness broken.  
We must mend the seams and put together that  
precious mould. The Lord gave us each other in  
in trying times to hold.

I want to put all the pieces together and set the  
record straight, taking all negative forces and  
throw them out the gate. Having you back in my  
life would return the missing link. Of that I'm  
certain sister, I don't have to think.

The time is here and now, please mend with me,  
forgive me for what I can not see. The bottom  
line isâ€¦there is a woman in my thoughts, whose  
image is clear. This woman I miss year after year.

When the wind blows and the trees swish and  
there's a hiss of a garden hose within the midst.  
I stand and ponder, oh yes, everybody knows.  
I do not keep a secret, my love for you still grows.

People near and far away, people whom I  
treasure dear, I share my thoughts, my hopes,

my fears, again here comes those forty tears.  
My Father in the heavens up above, oh sister,  
they all know of this precious sisterly love.

Today I'm sending this poem to you, sister I  
hope the meaning in my words clearly come  
through. I'm reaching out gently and calm,  
sweet sister, please place your hand in my palm.

finished: Oct.11,2008

Melvina Germain

## Freedom's Wish    Haiku

The chamber of death  
Can beget the strongest light  
Let freedom come forth

Melvina Germain

# Freelance

Within my diversity, no one do I wait  
thy personal diploma surged far the gate..  
Whence I purge enough thy driven soul  
no words of prosperity, ruin or hate  
shall fall behind thy mask of stories untold.

Written by: Melvina GermainS

Date: Sept.23/15

Melvina Germain

# Future Haiku

Love has no color  
We live in a new world now  
Equality reigns

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date: Nov. 13/2015

Melvina Germain

# Ghostly Doll

I bought a doll at an antique shop.  
It was a place where I liked to stop.  
Homeward bound, we went together.  
Winter upon us ooohh stormy weather.

Excited, couldn't wait to display her.  
Eyes of blue and pretty black shoes.  
A shimmering taffeta dress,  
beautiful rhinestones adorned her hair.  
I laid her on my desk.

A beauty she was, in her fancy flair.  
Her eyes were strange though, -  
they followed me everywhere.  
Uncomfortable I was to say the least.  
Should I still give her to my niece?

I thought about her day after day,  
Many strange happenings came my way.  
I laid her on my desk, but found her on  
the floor.  
I closed everything up, yet found an  
open door.

She was a rather beautiful doll,  
39 inches, or more- very tall.  
Cute as a button you might say.  
Think I'm going to get rid of her today.

I wrapped her in tissue paper,  
Laid her in the back seat of my car.  
Drove until I was so far away,  
Had to find a place for her to lay.

I dropped her from a cliff, stood and  
watched her drift.  
Brushed my hands together, thought  
I was quite clever.

Drove home, smiling all the way.  
A feeling of relief, here to stay.  
A huge sigh as I entered my home.  
Heard the ringing of my telephone.

Hurried to my office to answer the call.  
There on my desk was that old antique doll.

Melvina Germain

# Gift

God gave me a gift, when he placed  
you in my care  
He gave me a gift and I knew I would  
always be there.

Melvina Germain

# Give Me That Blues Man

I`m sure I knew him in another life,  
why I could have been his pretty wife.  
That lonely old blues man  
playing the horn over there.  
I wonda, O I wonda if he`s aware.  
He and his complicated shoes  
playing that down home blues.  
Wow! the syncopation is fine  
I sure wish that man was mine.  
Dreams are a place to explore,  
Well, I`m taking him in,  
now listen, need I say more.  
ummmm baby, you know what I`m talkin about.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.16 2015

Melvina Germain

# Give Me That Peace

I want to come to peace  
Have a place to speak my mind  
I want to come to peace  
Be a part of humankind  
I want to come to peace  
with no stipulations placed on me  
I simply want the same as all humanity  
I want to come to peace  
Feel a firm hand shake in mine  
see a smile that's real and kind  
I want to come to peace  
where no one cares  
about the color of the skin I wear  
I want to come to peace  
Give me that peace  
Let me escape this darkness and all its woes  
Give me that peace  
Give me that peace  
Abounding-ly spill it so everyone knows

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Jan.15/2016

Melvina Germain

# God Bless Our Veterans...(Our Veterans Deserve Better)

I shed my blood for you, I lost my arms, my legs.  
My eyes now do not see.  
I left my home and may I ask,  
what came back to my family.  
Broken bones,  
a heart ripped in two,  
Can't sleep, Can't think,  
voices haunt me, flames come blasting through.  
I lost myself while protecting you.  
So who am I, stinking in pain.  
How dare you rip me apart again.

I stood at allegiance, so proud and happy,  
gave salute to our Queen.  
Off to war, marching proud,  
our mother's tears fell during hopeless dreams.  
Fear scattered our brains,  
guns brutalized our flesh,  
we did what we had to do.  
In the name of war, and the images we seen, ]  
our minds drained with evil's obscene.

We lost our compassion,  
empathy had no role,  
this our commanders voices told.  
Fighting machines bear our woes,  
those who died left others disfigured.  
O in the cold, cold night or in the hot sun of a desert,  
we slept in shallow graves.  
Bleached skin, red veins,  
sore muscles and tendons.  
Thee care not!  
for we must rise to fight again.

So many days,  
long sadness reigned.  
Families wept and grieved their loss

Let us come home...Let us come home  
and cry that river while hearing the trumpets play.  
O my eyes opened wide when no one met us on that dreary day.  
Our families were there with tear filled eyes,  
but no marching band to say welcome home.  
Many thought the giving of limbs, and lives,  
would grant us respect,  
but those still alive remained alone.

Now we're longing and have no place to go,  
as power took our solace away.  
It stripped the rest of our hopeless mind  
and strapped us down, yet another day.

Power ye be deranged,  
ye dwellers on high.  
How dare you step on our bleeding bodies,  
or touch the place upon our chest,  
where once a heartbeat gave command.

Don't close the door to our memory,  
or let our artifacts lay in storage bins.  
To our country in respect we stood,  
we are the role models to our kin.  
We fought for you,  
We died for you,  
We gave you our all.  
It's time to give back, with compassion and love,  
and recognize us before we take that final fall.

Please don't close the door in our faces,  
or slap us down over and over again.  
Reach out your hand, take ours in yours,  
be that leader that should knowingly makes amends.  
It's time to create change, to begin a new story,  
and set the record straight.  
Our Veterans who fought and gave their lives,  
we stand proud as they walk through that golden gate.

Let our doors open wide,  
welcome all who still walk this earth.

May their burdens soften  
and sorrows fade.  
Let them stand together  
in this place so shared.  
God Bless our Veterans...all of you

those who died,  
and those still here,  
may they stand with 'Pride'.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Jan.28/2014

Melvina Germain

## God's Wing (2)

God's Wing

There will come a day  
We'll stand together  
Maybe not today  
or even next spring  
but the day will come  
we stand in comfort  
under the Blessings  
of God's precious wing

Written by: Melvina Germain  
August 20/2014

Melvina Germain

# God's Wing...(1)

Their will come a day  
We'll all stand together  
O it may not be tomorrow  
Or even next spring  
But tis a joy to look forward to  
When we shed our darkness

and stay in comfort  
Under God's wing

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Aug.20/2014

Melvina Germain

# God's Wing...(A Minuet Poem)

Their will come a day  
We'll all stand together  
O it may not be tomorrow  
Or even next spring  
But tis a joy to look forward to  
When we shed our darkness

and stay in comfort  
Under God's wing

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Aug.20/2014

Melvina Germain

# God's Earth

Spare me the rhetoric of which you speak,  
of high hopes, progress, and barren streets.  
Take your buildings, your towers, your stores.  
Place them where the sun shines no more.

Walk away from the lush green forest that grows.  
Give life a chance, so history knows,  
we live on an earth of life and love.  
We are grateful to the good Lord above.

Stand up, move away from complacency.  
Take your place among a green society.  
Now is our chance to help enhance,  
God's earth to the best of our ability.

Melvina Germain

# God's Gift (I'M Reaching Out To Very Sad Hearts)

This life is short, please don't waste time,  
we'll not be pleased with all our children do.  
We raise them the best we can  
have faith in your teaching as they choose a hand.

O this world is complex, traditions may disappear  
it's the love that we focus on that must remain true.  
Don't turn your back on God's gift of child  
remember well, they are still a part of you.

You'll walk through storms, foster hurtful feelings,  
much pain may sting and tears will fall.  
Nothing is worse than the loss of a loved one,  
who still stands on this earth so very tall.

Pull back the shield, remove the wall  
step over sticks, forgive harsh words so shared.  
Be a hero, Mother, Father, siblings all  
forget the rage, show you truly care..

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Aug.2/2015

Time 9: 31am

Melvina Germain

# God's Love

May the blades hug you  
and a rainbow cover you  
while God delights you

Melvina Germain

# God's Pen

You are the beauty that flows from His  
invisible pen. God's handwriting placed  
in every footstep through this journey of  
life from beginning to end.

Melvina Germain

# Going Crazy

I hear knocking at my door but there's no one there.  
Pennies on the floor, pictures moved, I'm going crazy I swear.

My hair was black but now it's white, oh boy do I look a fright.  
I'm going crazy, yes I'am, but do I really give a dam.

I'm going crazy, I know it, my body is beginning to show it.  
I can't think or remember when, I think I once had a friend.

My socks don't match, but I know I have another pair,  
somewhere over there, oh dear but where.

I think I'm going crazy, I know you know it's true,  
But I'm going to keep my eyes on you, where are you anyway.

I'm going crazy, my eyes are a little hazy,  
and before you now it, I'll be pushing up daisies.

Note: Sorry guys, this is one of my moods, first time on poemhunter  
though. It happens every now and then. LOLOL

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Good Morning

I woke this morning and looked out my window. Though the atmosphere was somewhat gloomy, I smiled realizing how Blessed I was to see another morning given by my Father in Heaven.

Blessings to all of you wherever you are in this world. No matter what you are doing today, I hope when you read these words you'll take a moment to say thank you to our perfect Father in Heaven.

Bessings always...Melvina

Melvina Germain

## Good Morning (B)

Good Morning...If you're reading these words you are already Blessed, after all your eyes are opened and you can see, you're alive and ready to begin a new day...Be kind, be happy, be safe...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Good Morning Everyone

Good Morning sweet beings, may you walk feeling the love surround you, no worries, no pain within you and with a smile etched deeply on your face...Enjoy everyone...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Good Morning My Friends

And now the morning light is reigning and dazzling stars have gone to rest. As the day unfolds may it continually shine with happiness. Open your eyes and make sure you see what beauty is coming your way, perhaps it's a smile or a song well sung, a serenade that resonates the day. Awww whatever it is, have a beautiful day my friends...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Good Night All

A surreal interaction with celestial stars above, an illumination sharing the greatest love. When your eyes grow tired, think of the beauty that reigns above and bask in the glory of unforgettable love. Good Night everyone...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Good Night Michael (Dedicated To Michael Brown & Family)

Tonight I close my eyes to sleep,  
upon my pillow I'll surely weep.  
This day I know I've made it through,  
still my eyes view images of you.  
In spirit now you are laid to rest,

and cared for by our Heavenly best.  
Much pain holds firmly within my heart,  
as you softly wave while you depart.

Good Night Michael

Melvina Germain

## Good, Bad And The Ugly

I give you the good, bad and the ugly in poetry. What can I say, I'm a 'tell it like it is' girl. I spread it out there among this amazing and enormous world.

O I'd like to please everyone, I really would but you know I'm not going to try and don't think I should.

So if you see something displeasing and you can't figure out the reason, that's ok, take what you can use and leave the rest. I don't mind, it's poetry never the less. Happy writing poets...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

## Good-Bye Blues

If I were to say good-bye  
no one will believe its true  
for what you see on the outside  
hides an abundance of blue  
never judge a book by its cover  
you've heard that phrase before  
when you visit me at the Chapel  
lightly close the door

Melvina Germain

# Good-Day

Good Morning, Good Afternoon, Good Evening sweet beings, may you walk as if a cloud is embracing every step and smile delightfully every step of the way. Be the one most will remember when they pause and think, hey you made my day...Enjoy your day everyone...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

## Goodnight (3)

O I hear the whistle blow, it seems so far away, an old train ride I loved so long ago, back in the day. Perhaps my mind is remembering and the sound, like images are clear. It's still a delight for me to think maybe someday I could be there. So with these nostalgic thoughts in mind, I'll simply lay my head to rest and wish you all a peaceful night...Sweet dreams everyone...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

## Goodnight (4)

Canadians I hope your day was exactly what you hoped it would be, sharing perhaps with family and friends, lots of laughter at the Thanksgiving table and the rest of the world perhaps today wasn't thanksgiving day persae but I truly hope you had much to be thankful for and I know this for sure, if you're reading this, you were most definitely Blessed with another day here on earth. Blessings to you all... Good Night folks, sleep peacefully...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

## Goodnight (5)

Well folks it's time to close the curtain and turn off the lights, heading into dreamland and with that I'll say goodnight...Sleep well folks... sweet dreams...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

## Goodnight Again...Sleep Tight.....

Going to settle in for the night and rest my weary bones. Today was a joy, all the rest to be seen. Come with me and move forward in a dream...Ni Nite everyone...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

## Goodnight Folks.....

Gazing into our nubian sky, with sillouetes moving slowly by and as shadows dance within the moon, I'm wanting to get together with you real soon. To the lovers and those longing to be, may I wish you sweet dreams and the most beautiful imagery...Ni Nite folks.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Goodnight My Friends

Where are the birds is something I ask my sister almost daily as I gaze out my window looking for them. They often perch on tree branches that enclose our window. Also tonight Barbara Allan posted a poem in our group and the question was, where are the birds... so inspiration flowed and here we are with a lovely good night.....

Goodnight all

The world was beautiful when I looked out my window a few years ago, the moon set so lovely suspended so high and stars, well the stars twinkled as they spread across the sky. Almost like eyes winking as if to say come on by and now the gloom fills every space I see and though stars glow there's a sense of melancholy blue and one might wonder what happened to the birds, well they're flying low and settling down in nests so still and they're wondering too, what happen to beautiful sounds that once resonated the wind. Sleep well everybody try to think happy thoughts...Melvina Germain.....

Melvina Germain

# Goodnight Sweet Beings

Tonight the night is brimming with love, perhaps the waves are of fluttering doves. May peace be the joy that resonates the air and all who receive be Blessed and compassionately share...Ni Nite everyone...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Haiku

The road to freedom  
Twenty seven sad years robbed  
Mandela still lives

Melvina Germain

# Haiku (Halloween)

It's Halloween night  
nubian sky, ghostly fears,  
trick or treat my dears.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.28/2015

Melvina Germain

## Haiku (Peace)

Become one and all  
live in the beauty of peace  
be soothed, be happy

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.29/2015

Melvina Germain

## Haiku (Wisdom)

Fear not what is not  
but be aware of what is  
safe be thy footsteps

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.27/2015

Melvina Germain

# Haiku (Awaken)

An epiphany  
drove blunt daggers through my heart  
Such a fool am I

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.27/2015

Melvina Germain

## Haiku (Butterfly)

Butterfly visits  
Momentarily seeks home  
everlasting peace

Written: August 19/2006

Melvina Germain

## Haiku (Child Of God)

Giving of oneself;  
administering God's work.  
A true child of God.

Melvina Germain

## Haiku (Child Protection)

Protect our children  
report all perpatraters  
silence brings forth pain

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.29/2015

Melvina Germain

## Haiku (Compassion)

A vision of hope appeared  
White angels with open hearts  
Abolitionists

Melvina Germain

## Haiku (Corruption)

Darkness crawls the earth  
three piece suits shine in ego  
thieves beget pain

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.29/2015

Melvina Germain

## Haiku (Death)

Rise beyond God's sky  
Silent temple of mankind  
death be the outcome

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oci.27/2015

Melvina Germain

## Haiku (God's Gift)

Richness of the earth  
nature, life, love and rebirth  
treasures to behold

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.29/2015

Melvina Germain

## Haiku (Love)

Love has no color  
rainbows belong to us all  
thank you Father God

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.29/2015

Melvina Germain

# Haiku (My Interpretation)

Neologism  
to those who thirst for knowledge  
embiggens the mind

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date: Oct.27/2015

Melvina Germain

# Haiku (Philosophy)

Profound be the thoughts  
the mind of a genius  
philosophy soars

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.27/2015

Melvina Germain

# Haiku (Protect Our Future)

Protect our future  
save a child's mind, body, soul  
embracing the love

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: oct.29/2015

Melvina Germain

# Haiku (Song Of Silence)

In silence we hear  
the tintinnabulation  
ring in Heavens bells

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.29/2015

Melvina Germain

## Haiku (Spiritual)

His two eyes with wings,  
says he can see like a bird.  
Let His voice be heard.

Melvina Germain

## Haiku (Stand Up)

We know what is right  
Stand up for the good of man  
Let no one change you

Melvina Germain

# Haiku (Zen)

In supine I lay  
gazing into the abyss  
while soothing my soul

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.29/2015

Melvina Germain

## Haiku (Celebrate)

The war is over  
Raise your glass and celebrate  
All people found love

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date: Nov.4/2015

Melvina Germain

## Haiku (Celebrate) (Aa)

The war is over  
Raise your glass and celebrate  
All people found love

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date: Nov.4/2015

Melvina Germain

# Haiku (Child Pornography)

Child pornography  
vile, appalling, brutal  
abomination

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date: Oct.29/15

Melvina Germain

## Haiku (Fall)

Fallen leaves rest well  
golden, dry and beautiful  
fall season begins

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date; Oct.28/2015

Melvina Germain

## Haiku (L)

We have much to learn  
fractured minds and untamed hearts  
have surfaced abundantly

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.21/2015

Melvina Germain

## Haiku (Life)

My telephone rings  
when all your money is gone  
so sick of that song

Melvina Germain

# Haiku (Marcus Garvey)

Marcus Garvey

Ahead of his time  
Greatness shines for his people  
Distrust befalls him

Melvina Germain

## Haiku (Respect)

Hold your head up high  
respect all things in this world  
let happiness reign

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.29/2015

Melvina Germain

## Haiku (Spiritual)

A Heavenly sound,  
bells tintinnabulation,  
glorifies the earth.

Melvina Germain

# Haiku We Are One

People of the world  
differences matter not  
one human race lives

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.4/2015

Melvina Germain

## Haiku (C)

Communication

lack its lustre in black field  
we must break the gap

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.21/2015

Melvina Germain

## Haiku (Homeless)

Don't judge the homeless  
take a walk on the darkside  
let compassion shine

Melvina Germain

## Haiku (Mandela)

The road to freedom  
Twenty seven sad years robbed  
Mandela still lives

Melvina Germain

# Haiku (Untitled)

Felicitations

spreading joy in carefree ways  
uplifting one's soul

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

## Haiku-(Three)

### The Cotton Tree

Cotton trees  
cover our landscape of forest green  
with fluffy white puffs

### The Wild Orchid

Wild orchids call bees  
come, sit and pollinate  
natures umbrella

### Blueberries

Blueberry picking  
tedious work, yet calming  
pleasing to the soul

### Melvina Germain

## Hailku (Solitude)

Come visit me soon  
in my state of seclusion  
help open my eyes

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.27/2015

Melvina Germain

## Hair Day (Back Home In Nova Scotia)

Guess what, it's hair-day O Lord, this week is over,  
No more time to count beautiful four leaf clovers.  
Perhaps Aunt Mar will initiate the dastardly deed,  
Hugged unflinchingly between her legs, useless to plead..

Well there was Dora, my second hair lady, she was mean  
Trying to make me look like a fabulous beauty Queen.  
I knew without a doubt they had the best overall intentions,  
In this part of the world there was yet to be an invention.

Strong pulling, tugging, squeezing, plaiting and curl,  
A humongous undertaking for a cute black little girl.  
I grimaced and went all out with a full body squeeze  
sometimes I purposely tried to fall down on my knees.

My Auntie, she was strong willed, full of determination,  
No matter all my complaining or constant aggravation.  
Aunt Mar often played those cute little games with me,  
Look in the mirror sweetheart, now what do you see

Oh my, I looked very pretty with my corn rows and bows,  
A brave little girl, I can be, so I stood firm up on my toes,  
I smiled, oh yes incessantly, soon we're heading to the end  
and I truly can't wait to show all of my classmate friends.

Now don't you dare ask about that straightening comb,  
I left mine with Granma, long time ago back home.  
The burns I caught upon my scalp  
Brought me to tears and everyone heard me yelp

Those were the days, now gone long time  
I settled in to wigs, switches, extensions and weaves.  
I've given most up, no time to sit hours on end.  
I simply wash and curl my long hair now you see  
The menopause became a best friend to me.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.1/2015



# Happy Birthday Canada

Happy Birthday Canada

140 years today.

We want all the world to know,

we love Canada in every way.

We treat all people with dignity and respect,

Something we will never regret.

Did you know

we are the inventors of the Butter Tart.

We invite you all to come take part.

All together now! ! !

“ HAPPY BIRTHDAY CANADA”

(July 1,2007)

Melvina Germain

# Happy Birthday Mama

Today we celebrate,  
Mama's 94th year.  
What a shame there's no friends here,  
but I know if they were alive  
we would share cake with them today.  
It's ok Mama we'll still celebrate  
and break bread and share with you.  
Happy Birthday Mama  
we thank you for being you.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.30/2015

Melvina Germain

# Happy Face

Bright  
Cheerful  
Vibrant  
Rosey cheeks  
Crimson lips  
Smiling ear to ear.  
Arms extended  
giving hugs  
offering so much  
LOVE.

Melvina Germain

# Happy Mother's Day (To My Mama)

Mother's Day Poems to share

Happy Mother's Day (To My Mama)

You gave me life, this is O so true,  
for this my Mama, I'm thanking you.  
Life has its curve balls, yes this is so,  
and you worked so hard I know.

This day brings memories of times  
we shared. I remember your smiles  
Mama and your laughter too. I'm  
smiling now as I think of you.

May this day be a Blessing all around,  
and though I'm not there to share.  
Realize Mama, I'm not so far away, in  
spirit I'll be with you on Mother's day.

I Love You Mom

Happy Mother's Day Mama

Melvina

Melvina Germain

# Hate      Haiku

Human animal  
hates for the sake of hating  
no remorse unfolds

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date:      Nov.11/2015

Melvina Germain

# Hate Unleashed    Impromptu

The time has come for all to see  
what hate can do, be it a travesty.  
Some live to die in a dark world of sin,  
barbaric brutes must never win.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date:        Nov.13/2015

Melvina Germain

# He Is Your King-He Is Your Story

God is the ruler of this great earth.  
He is the King of the universe.  
Many happy moments, he gives,  
Praise his holy name, Jesus lives.

He is your King, He is your Glory,  
Praise His name, He is your story.

When times are not as they should be,  
and difficulty falls upon you,  
Seek God to put a smile on your face,  
then you shall live-only- in his Grace

He is your King, He is your Glory,  
Praise His name, He is your story.

In the still of the dim lit night,  
when your mind is peaceful and bright.  
worship God, and give him the glory,  
For he is your King, He is your story.

He is your King, He is your Glory,  
Praise His name, He is your story.

When your body weakens and falls  
trust God to help you through it all  
To lead you down the path of glory  
To join God and His son Jesus in  
their never ending story.

He is your King, He is your Glory,  
Praise His name, He is your story.

(April 27/2007)

Melvina Germain

# He See's You

You try to top me, no matter what I do.  
You think I'm blind but darling I surely see you.  
It doesn't matter what good comes to me.  
If you try to take it, God will truly see.  
What goes round, certainly comes back.  
You will not triumph or benefit from that.

Written: Jan.12,2008

Melvina Germain

## He Touched Me...(A Heartbeat Poem)

He touched me  
I felt the heat penetrate my soul  
it was his first time  
in the arms of someone like me  
and his eyes were illuminating  
for everyone to see  
he whispered sweet nothings  
so delightful was his charm  
I was melting with pleasure  
while held in his arms

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 29/2014

Melvina Germain

## Healing Wounds Tanka (2)

Healing Wounds

Bemused in old fear,  
stroll the hills of rapid pain.  
Uplift your spirit,  
kiss life's blessing as it pours,  
recognize the blackest shore.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Heaven

To finally meet the King of Fathers.  
To look upon his face, and know the  
one who stood beside us, through  
strife and hardships grueling race.

A chance to meet the Son of God, who  
laid his life upon the cross and asked  
forgiveness for our sins. To touch his  
long, flowing robe, knowing life will  
now begin.

Where soft, warm winds blow, over  
quiet blissful gardens filled with  
scents of aromatic kindness and  
shadows of silhouette dancers.

Watch the angels whisper by, singing  
Songs of harmony ore the sky  
playing harps and flutes so dear.  
A place to bask in all it's pleasure,  
Gifts of glorious, heavenly treasures.

The paradise we've longed for. A  
meeting place of those gone before us.  
Now our chance to carry on, in deep  
thoughts of communication, singing  
sweet spiritual song.

Alas to realize, no more worries, nor  
bills to pay, nor rent, nor mortgage nor  
unpleasantries on any given day.  
Away from the darkness to the light,

to glorious everlasting life.

HEAVEN

Written: Sept.02/06



# Hell

Lost in a crowd of darkness.  
Hidden deep in the underflow,  
of the non spiritual.  
Gazing into empty eyes,  
terror captures the moment.  
Timeless effort reaps no  
acknowledgement  
Creeping among the dreads  
of a dead society.  
Immersed in the bellows of

HELL

(April 22,2007)

Melvina Germain

# Hidden Torch

With defenestration in mind,  
silence becomes my best friend,  
compassion lays not in the belly of my soul.  
Lock up the enemy, monsters of society  
Take away memories of a long time past,  
Bring on the future, a better class  
Remove the demons, old eyes of horror  
Can I toss them to the wind,  
lay them on a railroad track.  
Forgive the sin, say good-bye to sorrow.  
No matter what I do, this pain never subsides  
Don't know what to do, no place left to hide.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.30/2015

Melvina Germain

# His Gift

A spiritual light  
explodes  
within me

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# His Grieving Soul

May the beauty of  
the tintinnabulation  
bless his grieving soul

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# His Last Goodbye

A kitchen filled with love and the aroma of banana bread baking, cozy forest green & lemon walls that meet with the traditional black and white tile, a checkerboard floor which created a hop scotch imagination, that was Granma Greens Kitchen.

My cousins and I played and laughter filled the room. .In the midst of that laughter we heard noise at stairs end, and a deep base voice laughing heartily as he took each step. We all became excited in anticipation of playing with Leonard Grinnage, a tall blue black man, with satin pearly white teeth, and a smile that covered his face with eyes that glittered like the stars from the heavens above. My grandmother looked on with great concern for she knew what was about to take place. She greeted our visitor who often dropped by without an invitation of course. Within moments, we sat on his lap and climbed on his back and he held us in his arms, and he laughed and laughed that deep tone laugh, oh I remember it well. Granma smiled and was happy for us, for she saw the joy in our faces, but soon she would call us one by one to wash and get ready for bed. I remember her talking quietly to our friend Leonard Grinnage and he bid her good-by, a quiet good-bye so different than before, and when I came to get my hug good night, I saw her look toward the door, with eyes sad and torn, not like the goodbyes in the past.

I remember too, early the next morning, I know now it was 6: am, the telephone rang and I picked it up and the voice on the other end softly said, tell your granma very quietly, Leonard Grinnage died during the night and I placed the receiver down and walked to granma and granpa's room, my granma was looking very sad and she nodded as if she knew. As I started to give her the news her voice was loud and clear and she wailed and wailed, which pierced right through the air.I stood there not knowing what to do to help my granma

through her pain, and I bowed my head in sadness and returned to my room. It was then I realized that death

was a painful time and that tall and very handsome man with laughter deep within his soul. He visited us the night before to bid his last goodbye.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.18,2008

Melvina Germain

# History's Sorrow

History's Sorrow

Curled up like a foetus,  
in death I'll rest my case.  
No faith left in this earthly life,  
I'm tired of the human race.  
With nostalgic eyes abiding,  
my history uncertain as it may be,  
  
my ancestors laid in crippled mines,  
and the truth is at the bottom of the sea.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: March 24/2012

Melvina Germain

# Home

I'm a Black female poet  
stepping heavy upon this land.  
Unafraid to speak my words  
nor fear a racist hand.  
Though I must walk with eyes wide open  
in this prominent land of the free.  
Still there's no place like Canada  
I'd truly rather be.  
Whispering deceivers still line our golden streets.  
and daggers pierce hard from those of ill intent.  
Let the drums of peace sound the grandest beats.  
All evil doers may the glow of love prevent.  
Hidden behind, wretched, brutal lies,  
desperation lives, see the hate stream from their eyes.  
Afraid of the light of truth  
and such talent generously given.  
A bestowing of infinite gifts  
shines a light upon my appreciation.  
I walk proud with great strength,  
and an inner beauty beneath my skin,  
acknowledging my creator  
mattering not where I've been.  
Chains tried to restrict me,  
fostered O so long ago.  
My ancestors fought the battle  
so I could vibrantly grow.  
Now I walk with ease,  
yet I still feel that pain  
in the aftermath of the deadly breeze.  
Physically, mentally tortured they have been,  
now before me sways their spirits  
in the warmth of the wind.  
While new flesh bodies stand equipped  
and raise a crippling, brutal bat,  
O I'll not bend nor succumb to such threat of all that.  
Jealous, pounding rage, a cowardly captor  
would love to see me caged.  
Invisible hands pushed me down,  
but each time I screamed no.

Tis not the time to lay still  
no matter how hard the blow.  
Rise up! take another step, yes that's me,  
and in this place called Canada  
my resilience triumphs brilliantly.

Melvina Germain

# Home For Colored Children (Revision Since The Settlement)

Home For Colored Children (Revision since the settlement)

You took children's self esteem and laid darkness  
over silent dreams. Some you called names  
and jeered them to the ground. Others you  
raped and laughed in the name of torturous fun.

That was no home, no place of learning, nah  
a place of chains and gruesome heart burning.  
Nobody cared, one might think God was blind.  
Where was the help, a little sister raped  
and a young lad beaten to death.

O eyes turned and silence begat tongues. A  
big man with a mean heart, held a young girl  
hostage while pocketing the green selling  
her soul. A pig of disgust but everybody gave  
this human beast their trust.

Lord, I weep to think of the pain. I cringe  
knowing what those little girls and boys  
sustained. Beatings on a regular basis.  
Relentless daggers hurled and bellies screamed  
in hunger.

Yes the rapes were many, but fear kept secrets  
for many a year. Where is the justice, who  
will stand accountable. No Angels worked at  
the home for Colored Children, no fairness, no golden  
rule.

What was the outcome, who went to jail? Did  
human beasts pay their dues, or are they  
walking in fraudulent shoes? Now you know  
a little about 'The Home for Colored Children'.

An acknowledgment now sustained, our Canadian  
Government and the Home of abuse, together  
poured a Blessing, O the warmest rain. Though  
your scars will remain infinitely, perhaps thirty four  
million dollars will shine a light at the end of a  
dark road.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: March 14/2014

Melvina Germain

# Hopeless

Cinquain (2) American form

Hopeless

Driven

Wild fruit hang high

Justice for one not all

Monsters gather barbaric moods

Deathbound

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Jan.9/2016

Time: 1: 33 am

Melvina Germain

# How Do We Live On

Before I begin, let me say, these are my personal thoughts. I'm not telling you what to believe, I'm merely sharing my thoughts. When I think about living on, I also think in what capacity do we live on. Certainly not in the human form, we will not walk the earth as we do now. our flesh body upon death is no longer of use to us...that said...it remains here on earth.

Then how do we live on, there's only one way. We become a force, which is a body of the novice gazes at the teacher and asks the question...'what is energy'. I think it is much easier to understand, what matter is, as matter is something that takes up space, something we can see and touch. Matter makes great sense to us because it's visible. Energy is more complex in the sense that we can not see it, we can't touch it but we can feel it. We can see the result of it.

Here is a famous quote...All we are is a result of what we have thought. The mind is everything. What we think is what we become...Budha.....You've heard the phrase many times, 'We are what we think'...If you put that to the test, I know you will be pleased at the outcome. Again, 'what is energy', it is the ability to create motion. There are two common types of energy, kinetic and potential. The latter is easily explained, this way. I'm sitting here now gazing at my book shelf where I have several books, while sitting on the shelf, that is called, potential energy. If one of those books are tossed to someone, the energy is now called, kinetic as movement took place. Also realize there are many types of energy, electromagnetic, thermal, electrical, chemical and nuclear.

Energy is within us, around us, flows to us and from us. We affect others with what we say, what we do, how we feel. Some energies cause others to gravitate toward us, they are powerful and highly recognizable. Some are much less but still soothing to you and to others. We can project positive and negative energy. We project energy in words, actions, even when we are still, we have a field of energy resonating within and around us. Energy often acts like a magnet, it pulls you in or can cause you to back off.

Energy can be uplifting, now let's take an object, the guitar for instance, I have one here, sitting in the corner of my office. While sitting, it is potential energy, if I pick it up and use it, it becomes kinetic as it is now creating motion and in its motion, it is also transferring energy to those around who are enjoying what is

coming from the guitar, the vibration, the music, so again, the potential of sitting in the corner became the kinetic resulting in motion and transferring that energy to others.

Speaking of transferring energy, we must realize too that we gain energy by certain foods we eat. Good nutrition is vital to having a body rich in energy. Having said that we realize then good food re: fruit, vegetables etc. transfer energy to us.

When we rest, we conserve energy, when we work hard, we use up energy so with that recognition we realize we are in control of our energy usage. A person with a vast amount of energy is going, going, going and seems to be always in a continual motion. That gives me great concern. Certain drugs can cause a burst of energy to unfold but can be quite detrimental to the heart. Meth for instance, a type of speed which sends the body on a fast journey which can end in silence.

It is my thought that energy does not die and if you think about it, knowing that the human body is full of energy which does not die, simply means we live on in that invisible form. I further believe that if we have a great connection with a soul that has so called passed on, then we can connect with them through our energy source. We may name this energy source, spirit. In their new body, they have the ability to move about in the universe and can and do connect with us as the new body does not die. Through death, we have transited and transformed into an infinite source, one that is eternal. We need not be afraid of death or afraid to die as truly there is no death, there is mainly a change of form.

However we go through a process here on earth and it is usually through ceremonies that are gloomy and certainly feared by some people. It's haunting, dark, dismal, quite scary to some when in fact as we stand by and observe the oncoming of so called death, it ought to be soothing, welcoming, peaceful and what I call, a quiet joy as we watch our loved ones move on to their new form. We call it, crossing over and I like all that goes with that also. Out of pain, out of worry, no more debts, no more sleepless nights, our journey on earth as it were is over, we are free to roam in spirit. That calls for a 'CELEBRATION'. We can shed tears of happiness, dance and sing and be happy knowing that one day, you too will be celebrated. You can happily look forward to this new day. That is the ultimate of this life, being granted total freedom that no human can ever take away.

My thoughts, take what you can use and leave the rest...Melvina Germain.....



# Hush My Sweet

Hush my sweet, you must not cry.  
Daddy will visit by and by.  
Gone with the angels, like a new born.  
Rejoice little one, please don't mourn.

Where did daddy go? far, far away.  
Up high in the heavens,  
paradise, where he'll stay.  
No more pain to bear, no need to worry.  
No money needed, no reason to hurry.

Hush my sweet, you must not cry.  
Daddy will visit by and by.  
He'll come quietly in your dreams,  
give you comfort while you sleep.  
Daddy wouldn't want, his little girl to weep.

Dry your eyes, let's pick up the pace.  
Daddy is soaring through awesome space.  
He's strong, healthy and vibrant too.  
He's watching over me, he's loving you.

Hush my sweet, you must not cry.  
Daddy will visit by and by.

Paradise my sweet is a beautiful place,  
where a smile adorns everyone's face.

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date: Nov.22/06

Melvina Germain

# I Carry You With Me

When moon shadows hang over me,  
and time slips the night away.  
My thoughts recall the Blessing,  
of Ecstasy of yesterday.

The touch of your lips upon my skin,  
your soft hands caress my breasts.  
Your whispers, soothing to my ears,  
aww such Blessings of happiness.

Sadness haunts my weeping soul,  
as memory recollects many quiet eves.  
Your image my mind infinitely holds,  
as your sweetest words never deceived.

Though I can not see you standing there,  
or feel the warmth of your skin.  
I know your spirit is with me here,  
may beautiful sounds delight the wind.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: March 24/2015

Melvina Germain

# I Dream

My taste for yonder touches me sweet  
as I long for that kiss and sweet caress.  
Though the night of pleasure is only but  
a dream, I'll take what I can in a whisper  
or a scream.

Vivid images bless my mind. old tartans I  
see and as the rainbow covers me, it's that  
old man who lives in another land across the  
sea that soothes my soul in the stillness of  
night.

Let me be, let me hold on to my fantasy. My  
dreams will last as long as I, such images  
will never let me die, and that slow death many  
ponder on shall never be the wrath of me. I'll  
dream of that man who often sits by the sea.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Aug.30/2015

Melvina Germain

# I Found Love Again

I want to share this message with you  
it's something I think all Seniors should do.  
Please, listen intently as I share  
a beautiful love note for all to hear.

I found love again at sixty five, O Lord it made me feel alive. The memories of  
love are an infinite flow and I for one will never forget the glow...All about me.....

Melvina Germain

# I Got News For Ya

I been in the slammer  
a long, long time,  
but I got news for ya  
I did my time.

Why it was a mistake  
you know I didn't do it.  
It was Tuti Fruiti and rip a dip dip  
who crossed the line.

They killed that dude,  
he was a brute anyway.  
Yeah I got news for ya  
sometimes he made my day.

They're in the big house  
on the Island ya know.  
Picking up brooms, reaaal slow.  
Tuti Fruiti went too far  
they found him in a noose  
Poor ole Tuti, he neva got loose.

Well now, I got news for ya  
yeah I started ova agin,  
I found me a smarter friend.  
We went around the corner  
a time or two  
But one day we ran into ole blue.

Ha ha ha, yeah I got news for ya  
we ended up inside.  
I rolled ova  
nothing else I could do,  
I walked out of that jail  
with a man named Blue.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.17/2015



# I Had A Dream

I had a dream, a pleasant dream,  
of a place filled with lush green grass.  
A place with crystal running falls,  
with trees and mountains so very tall.

I had a dream, a wonderful dream,  
of an ocean beautiful and strikingly clear,  
with kings of the sea surviving there.

I had a dream, a precious dream,  
  
of a world free of chemicals.  
Toxic waste a thing of the past,  
of pink lungs and bunnies that last.

I Had A Dream

Melvina Germain

# I Love You Father

Dear Lord in Heaven, I woke up this morning with you on my mind, realizing how precious it is to be a part of humankind.

To have the opportunity to live on this great earth, to witness the miracles of life's awesome births.

Lord knowing I always have you by my side, I walk with grace and stand with pride.

I'll worship you Lord until my dieing day, knowing a new day Lord will be coming my way.

Father God, I thank you for all the gifts you have given me, my children, my talents, my prosperity.

Lord I may not be rich in materialistic wealth but I treasure your love and spiritual health.

Father I'll never forget what you have done, giving of your son Jesus so the people of this earth can live on.

I'll end this morning Lord by letting you know, your love is precious and I love you so.

In the name of your son Jesus, Amen

(August 19/2007)

Melvina Germain

# I Love You...je T'adore

When you whispered into my heart, touching me gently and kissing my soul. A tingling sensation, granted me a wish and a prayer, O my sweet Lord, please don't let this feeling disappear.

I no longer want to rest in slumber or lay amidst in euphoric bliss. This reality that touches my soul, the sweet taste of the warmest kiss, takes my breath away. Yes my darling, better than any dream is a reality such as this.

You have become my mountain, my valley, my ocean and my sea. The quintessence of my thoughts, The Royal beauty in my dreams. My heart, now unlocked, only you holds the key. O darling this undying love felt deep within my being is eternally there for all the world to see.

Stars will never disappear, no they multiply in mass. My love for you resembles that monumental view, for all who gaze upon us will stand in awe, of me...of you. May the rumbling of the sea, be our hearts, and the calm of the ocean be our soul. May the arms of God's trees be our embrace, and may all that is good, keep us whole.

I love you, Je T'adore, O my sweet Prince, it is only you I adore. Let the Heavens open wide, let the sky shine radiant blue, may the colours of a rainbow be an arch within our view. May the ambiance of nature be potent and surreal. O yes, may all of this be our treasure, as we walk among the blanket of flowers along the field.

I Love you...Je T'adore, may the buds of our flowers blossom forever more.....

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: March 6/2013

Melvina Germain

# I Loved His Face

I saw his face in the midst of the crowd,  
and I knew his eyes had found me too.  
He picked up that twenty sixer of booze,  
and took a swig, one or two.  
His voice was brash as he spoke out loud,  
he slurred his words as drunks do.  
O yes this man stood out in the crowd  
but the booze spoke and took his personality  
away. I'm told, I'll never know the real man  
as he lives his life pretty much that way.  
Pity.....

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Dec.27/2014

Melvina Germain

## I Made Love Last Night (Sensually Stitched)

Hmmm where did I leave off and where did you begin. Becoming one was magnificent and you my love completed my dream. Aww looking back and remembering the glimmer in your eyes, realizing, I made love last night was heaven with no disguise. Happy tears steamed as fantasy became the real with no illusions left to steal. My body tingled as your hands found every curve and my nerves reacted as sparks began to emerge.

Making love with you filled every lonely moment, every thought of blue pervasive as it may be, became the old as I moved forth within that riveting sea. I began to sizzle with your every move and intoxicated as your warmth became a part of me, presenting me with that rhythm of joy unleashing such fury, O such pleasure I could never dream. The aromatic bliss, the sting of joy so pleased, the welcomed primal action and nothing meant to deceive. I enjoyed the feel of your breath as your tongue slid upon my neck, became enveloped within your strong hands as they caressed me and drowned in the charm you heavenly possessed.

Whispering, breathing, an aromatic delight, hanging on suspended ropes as your naked body glowed, mesmerizing me with such a delightful sigh, softly indulging in the bliss of magnetic night. You never cease to amaze a I listen to that deep throat-ed masculine voice, hmmm how Blessed am I to be the woman of your choice.

Oh yes! I made love last night and not as if it was my first time, no I wanted you to know how much I longed for you, to experience every inch of you. I wanted to feel your softness, your strength and your need. O sweetheart, I longed for you to devour me with provocative, sensual greed.

Now I smile as I think of your hands exploring me like a map and I chuckle to myself remembering the shudder as you found the treasure in that moistened place and the look in your eyes while you enjoyed the taste. I'm smiling large as I anticipate another night of making love with you again. Perhaps this time I'll render myself insane and forget I'm just a friend.

I'm hoping this morning your thoughts are filled with me, remembering I crawled your ocean and brought you to ecstasy. Ummm your veins were hard, your body

tense and firm. I watched you as your passion infinitely burned while I took you to a place you've never been and allowed that volcanic reaction to be your greatest sin.

I'm inviting you to come back and we'll make love again. This time we'll roam the valley and enjoy places we've never been. Thank you for the joy and the remembrance of yesteryear, now we begin again, lacking nothing and moving forth without fear.

Wink...See you soon baby...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

## I Made Love Last Night...'warning...Sensually Stitched'.....

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Wink...See you soon baby...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# I Miss Sydney, Nova Scotia

O how I long to be back home once again,  
visiting with family and long ago friends.  
Watching waves crash into smooth washed rocks,  
Poignant memories, awww many forget me nots.

To feel the cool breeze of the oceans wind,  
Blessings of ancestry come forth with a grin.  
Let me walk once again on that storybook Island,  
turning page after page of nuance blend.

Everything old becomes everything new  
O yes, Sydney, Nova Scotia, I truly miss you.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: March 6/2015

Melvina Germain

# I Missed You

I missed you last night, when the flames burned in the fireplace.  
I thought of you and your handsome face.  
I longed for your kiss, just waiting to touch you... like this.  
Once again, feel me, wrap your arms tenderly around me,  
Hold me like there is no tomorrow.

I missed you last night when the shadows danced upon  
the wall, I cried through it all. Will you dance with me.  
Will you stay with me tonight, or must you leave me again,  
alone.

I love you, knowing it should not be, for you belong to  
another and I...well I'm your second place, but I choose  
to be with you. I want to capture your every being, to keep  
you close to me when you and I can no longer see each  
other. I want you to become a part of me. I shall never  
give you up.

I missed you last night when I held my warm cup of tea  
My lips wanted you, but you weren't there...  
I missed you in the middle of the night offering a  
safe hand, holding me tight, but you weren't there. I  
closed my eyes tight and I thought only of you. As I sat  
there on the edge of my bed, clasping my hands together  
I thought of you and I, so close, our bodies  
Entwined, and I day dreamed of a life spent with you.

The tears fell from my eyes as I thought of the emptiness  
I feel inside. I can not leave you, you are my everything.  
I found you and now, I'm lost within your grasp. What  
shall I do, I've fallen so much in love with you.

I know what's wrong, I know what's right, but I'm  
desperately in love with you. I won't leave you, I will  
wait until the end of time, and if you leave me, then I will  
hope to be with you in another life.

I longed for you, wanting you, wanting to make love with you,  
Needing you, needing to touch you, your warm embrace

feeling your heart beat, and your lips on mine, I love  
you, you're one of a kind.

I missed this morning, as I do every morning, for mornings  
are not mine, holidays are not mine, Sundays are not mine.  
I chose this life and I will live the moments given, even if  
only for a short time.

There are those who would call me a fool, but I believe you  
are an exception to the rule. You will be mine, one day, I  
must believe it's true. Though now my heart is feeling  
blue, I will treasure every moment I share with you.  
Every moment, I share with you.

I missed you last night.....

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: April 11/2010

Melvina Germain

# I Need Happy

I shared this on my facebook page and was not surprised to see so many messages coming in, both on my facebook wall and in the message box. Truly it is fact, most people want to be happy and not lay under the blanket of darkness.

(I need happy, I'm tired of dark, dismal and death...Give me happy)

I wish you all a beautiful and Blessed day, smile and be happy...Melvina

Melvina Germain

# I Remember

When the morning wind gloriously blew, I gazed out my window remembering you.

A smile etched softly upon my face when images so blatantly came to mind. I remember so many things, from a winter's day to the first day of spring.

Lonely nights on an indigo highway, I'm sure you remember it too. I was the voice that kept you awake and yes my sweet we made it through.

O the spicy aroma permeating the air trickled through our home and you, well you were happy in your own little space cooking a heck of a meal to delight everyone's taste.

So I'll spend the rest of my day remembering and only good thoughts will come to mind...while remembering perhaps a touch on the shoulder, a whisper in my ear or a chuckle teasing me from behind.

May your spirit rest long upon my soul as I close my eyes perhaps you'll come to me. O When I feel that intense warmth surge through my body, I'll know your spirit found me here. O I'll weep, you know I'll weep but my tears will soon disappear. Thanks be to my Father in Heaven once more, your heartprint I'll always wear.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.19/2015

Melvina Germain

# I See The Love

I See The Love (Dedicated to Simona & Chris)

Listening to the silence while gazing in your eyes,  
longing to feel your passion embrace my soul.  
You dazzle me with stars that are not yet born,  
with fervor I incessantly lose all control.

Grow wings my dearest love and lift me up,  
fly me to and far above earths moon.  
I'm a flower waiting to be gently plucked,  
I long to have you soothe me and swoon.

Take me, my Prince to this place of mystery,  
where lilies dance in rhythms of grace.  
where ancient winds blow enchantingly  
and the warmest breeze caress my face.

O! Dance with me, hold me, hold me tight,  
let not this Bless-ed time quickly slip away.  
Enjoy our love in the indigo of stillness night,  
darling I see the love ever so vividly portray.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: May 20/2015

Melvina Germain

# I Stand Alone

Perplexed, baffled, worried  
a trumpet plays.  
The empty dance floor awaits only me.  
Strumming of guitars  
beating of drums  
sound together,  
creating and explosion of excitement  
among the audience.  
The time is here and now,  
soon I will take my long awaited  
bow.

Melvina Germain

# I Weep Again

Enraged we stand in this broken country  
still living an old brown paper bag blues.  
While newsprint vividly tells the story but  
you might not find it on the midnight news.

And I weep again, I weep for all... my brothers  
and sisters, I weep for thee.

We've lost another and yet another. Bodies  
of young Black males fall to their death.  
The Black man's future is fading fast. Whilst  
we stand by with heartfelt pain, acts of  
supremacy rises high again.

And I weep again before we fall, reaching  
out for peace and serenity.

A shield of armed men standing strong, a  
military squad it seems. Ready to pull that  
deadly trigger and rip hope from a Black  
man's dreams.

And I weep again in this land of the free,  
O God, they forgot about me.

Swing low, sweet chariot, take me home to  
paradise where my soul roams free. God's  
spiritual place awaiting all humanity. After

our blood spills, we soar the Heavens away  
from life's earthy travesty.

And I weep again, for family and friends, Lord  
what will become of thee.

Melvina Germain

# I Will Always Love You

My days are fading with each morning light.  
I'm losing my lover, my companion, my best friend.  
So blessed am I to spend my last moments with you.  
Oh darling, I've loved you .....I've loved you all my life,  
loved living with you, loved being your wife.

My love for you has grown more and more through the years.  
We've shared happy days  
nights filled with moments to treasure  
I remember, oh yes darling, I remember.  
Hold me darling, oh please... hold me tight.  
I can see the bright shining light, waiting just for me.  
the pain is gone, I'm free sweetheart, be happy for me.....  
oh, don't cry darling, nooooo don't cry.  
I'm walking through the final door.

I'll be there when your time comes you'll see.  
Oh yes darling, I'll wait for you on God's heavenly shore.  
We'll reunite and start again, this time no end will find us.  
We've shared a love, that's pure and true...  
remember darling, remember  
I will always love you.....  
I will always love you.....

Written: May 10,2008

Melvina Germain

# I Wonder

If people of the world were blind,  
- - - they could not see- - -  
The difference of color would not be.

Prejudiced of the skin would not exist.  
We could then live a life full of bliss.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Dec.28/06

Melvina Germain

# I'm Afraid To Die

Chorus

Oh Lord, I'm afraid to die  
Please take me now to the promised Land  
Loooord, I'm afraid to die  
Please walk with me, take me by the hand

I lived my life in sin  
Yes Lord I refused to let Jesus in  
Now I see the light  
Lord the stars are shining bright  
While I lay here on this death- bed  
Wishing you were by my side  
I ask you Lord, take my hand  
Lord won't you be my guide

Chorus

Oh Lord, I'm afraid to die,  
Please take me now, to the promised land.  
Looood, I'm afraid to die,  
Please walk with me, take me by the hand.

I lay here at your mercy  
Hope the love in my heart you'll see  
I'm weak and I'm weary  
Lord please won't you carry me.  
I'm humble Lord,  
I lost all my earthly dignity  
Oh Lord, look inside my heart  
You will see, a change in me.

Chorus

Oh Lord, I'm afraid to die  
Please take me now to the promised Land  
Loooord, I'm afraid to die,  
Please walk with me, take me by the hand.

Note:

Please realize this song is not about me, for  
I'am not afraid to die, but I know many that

are afraid to die, are you afraid to die?

(May 22,2007)

Melvina Germain

# I'm In Love With You (Love Song)

I saw beauty standing there on the sidewalk.  
Boyishly followed you for several blocks.  
I love the flow of your bright auburn hair,  
the way you walk with grace and flair.

Chorus

I'm in love with you,  
there's no one else for me.  
Girl you took my heart for a ride.  
I want to spend the rest of my life  
with you standing by my side.

You placed money in the tray of a homeless man  
and reached out to shake his hand.  
I knew then you were an angel on earth,  
doing God's work for all it's worth.

Chorus

I followed you in and out of stores.  
Hiding behind those big glass doors.  
knowing that you were the woman for me,  
but how can I make you see.

Chorus

I'm in love with you,  
There's no one else for me.  
Girl you took my heart for a ride  
I want to spend the rest of my life  
with you standing by my side.

For a quiet moment, you stepped out of sight.  
I thought I would die, come back lets make this right.  
I turned to walk away, thinking it wasn't meant to be,  
But there you were, standing tall looking straight at me.

Chorus

(July 6,2007)



# Ice Laden

My days though long and boiling hot  
Grant thee frozen nights, I spent a lot.  
I tarried long upon life's forbidden track,  
Now my congregation sits in lack.

Life's nighthawks found thee heavy at play.  
Through rough and smooth no matter a day.  
Reality spoke and frowned a worried eye,  
but as a fool, my soul denied.

I gave it all, I gave at will,  
No sighs for me, nay nobody still.  
Eyes of wonder with closed held fists,  
I dare admit, the shortest list.

This day of fear, I did regret,  
With no friend here, my soul doth fret.  
Too late the time has rallied near,  
Death hath found me with abundant tear.

Staring yonder in days long past,  
Living for the better, too difficult a task.  
Thy tears fall long and shaken free,

wilt my Father in Heaven punish thee.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Feb.22/2013

Time: 11: 14 am

Melvina Germain

# I'll Be There

I'll Be There

All you have to do is count on me,  
I want to be a part of your destiny.  
Trust me baby and you will see,  
no one will stand in the way of you and me.

I'll be there

Pick up the phone, don't be alone,  
let me be the spark that lights your fire.  
I want to be that woman that takes you higher.  
I'm placing you high upon loves throne.

I'll be there

Open your arms, while I gaze in your eyes  
let me take you to that valley of great surprise,  
whenever you need me, don't apologize.  
just call me baby, and realize.

I'll be there

Morning, noon or night,  
in the darkness or in the brightest of light

I'll be there

when you cry in the evening or  
in the early morning rain

I'll be there

when your body writhes in aches,  
and O so much pain,  
reach out and call me baby.

I'll be there

I'll never leave till the last bell chimes.  
I'll hold on tight, until you cross the line.  
I'll be there with tears falling long from my eyes.  
I'll be there wearing no disguise

I'll be there...I'll be there...I'll be there

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Illusion Paints The Inner Conscience

Seemingly I'm not a Princess or a Queen but the daughter of a King. I remain humble and thrive on His word. I'm a star that trickles slowly from the sky, with diamond glints as my friend accompanying me by my side. I'm the glitter that shines bright on an artist canvass, and the smile that adorns one's face. I carry with me the strength of a great nation and bow my head to the King of creation. I'm the life of new birth, the quality of this great earth depends on my nourishment.

I'm the spirit that lives within, the good hidden behind my wall of sin. I'm the truth who tells great stories, my journey is my stepping stone to mysteries unfolded. One knows nothing of my past, my present is a fading ornamentation and I'm the great diamond born of an ancient civilization. I do not crumble as aging stone corrodes and disintegrates. I'm the red coral from the sea, the bright light from shining glazier's as the sun melts her body over me. I stand amongst the realm of great galaxies and bask in its overwhelming greatness. Steadfast my spirit rests on the tips of the highest mountains and I swim with the dolphins who own the sea.

My intelligence rides on the generosity of the only great master and my comfort on His shoulder I seek. I am the shadow in the corner of your eye, the dancing silhouette you see standing before you in the middle of the night. I wear no shackles, for I'm a free illumination. I am your dream, casting spells as you sleep in the night, sharing truths with those who befriend you. I'm your knowledge, your light, your dagger of strength. I am you and you have become the star actor on this great stage within our Universe.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Jan.13/2012

Melvina Germain

# I'M Busted (Inspired By An Old Song Of Ray Charles)

I'm busted (Inspired by an old song of Ray Charles)

My heart is on fire, I've lost all desire

O I'm busted

Sitting here all night, crying the blues,  
feeling the loss while watching the news.

I said, I'm busted

My fingers are bent, my head is a mess,  
I'm trying too hard to pass all life's test.

What must I do, can't stop lovin you.

damn it, I'm busted

How much will it take to seeeee the light  
it's time to quit this ongoing fight.

I know I'm busted

This heartache is real, this pain is too much

I'm stepping out, please don't saay I'm touched.

I've givin it my all, there's nothing left to do.

yes I'm busted

I've cried that river of infinite pain

but theirs never anything to gain

cause I'm busted

So here's the deal, I can't let you take from me no more.

I'm sorry my dear, but there is the door,

leave the keys under the mat on the floor.

man I'm busted

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 2/2015

Melvina Germain

# I'M Coming Home Someday

Sad be the day my thoughts do vary,  
the strength of my ways has long disappeared.  
In my weakness it's you I'll always carry  
yes, in the depth of my soul your image appears.

In darkness we grew as all suffering ceased,  
acceptance and belief became our peace.  
Your encouragement left me with Blessings to share,  
our Father in Heaven whispered gently in your ear.

May tenderness and love be our infinite grace  
as the brightest star light the darkest sky.  
Though this room is empty your soul I embrace,  
the beauty of your spirit will never die.□

Love never leaves my heart and soul and the  
distance seems not so far away. Soon my day will  
come when the river runs cold and the warmth in  
your smile will bring me home someday.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.19/2015

Melvina Germain

# I'm Homeless

I'm homeless to the world  
no place to call my own  
you plucked me from the vine  
blindfolded me and took me away  
now here in a strange land  
unwanted with no choice but to stay  
I'm homeless  
everything belongs to you  
all that once was mine  
I know, you took that too  
why am I here  
to witness all the pain  
to feel devastation  
as it pours down like rain  
reliving past memories  
remembering old travel  
feeling the splinters within  
as old pain unravels  
I once knew the stars  
yes I could read the Heavens above  
I understood the rainbow  
and knew the meaning of true love  
one with the universe  
at peace with the wonders of the world  
now PTSD drives me  
and I'm a homeless little girl

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# I'm In A Mood

Is it over, is this the end, come let me be your friend, you may be dyng on your bed... but just before the end, you can come and dance with me. A last dance and a soft kiss, I'll give only to you. Yes I'll dance you to the gate and watch you cross the proverbial line and we'll smile so intently as you meet the great devine. Come dance with me...Melvina

Melvina Germain

# I'm Sorry

Perhaps the day has come  
when truth must unfold,  
it's good for the mind  
so I'm told.

In your heart,  
if you do not forgive me  
and those around choose  
to berate me.

I'll take a deep sigh  
and won't bother to cry,  
for emptying the soul  
of toxic blues  
is truly good for the heart,  
and will keep me out  
of the evening news.  
I'm sorry.....

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Jan.7/2016

Melvina Germain

# I'm Thinking Of You

Give me your hand and feel the warmth penetrate from the tips of your toes to the top of your head. Gaze into my eyes and dazzle in the bliss, there's no one babe, no one that will ever make you feel like this

Melvina Germain

# I'm Waiting For You

I'm waiting for you  
to touch me in places I can not say  
I'm waiting for you  
to add a surreal explosion to my day  
I'm waiting for you  
to sip on the juices of early spring  
awww to cover the blades with the warmth we bring  
O that day or night I spend with you  
might be a blessing you`ll never forget  
and dare I say it bold and clear  
we`ll have nothing to regret  
I`m waiting for you

By: Melvina Germain

Date: Jan.23é2016

Melvina Germain

# Images

Images I hold often in a dream  
where love soars high it seems  
inspiration tends to find its way  
in the dead of night to the light of day  
Yes I'll write, I'll write, I'll write  
and pen awesome words just for you  
you dazzle my heart and soothe my soul  
in the sadness of the day so deeply blue

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.19/2015

Melvina Germain

# Imagination

It's a new day, a smile  
a fading thought  
carress the mind  
a possibility  
a chuckle  
a whisper  
soothing  
too soon  
too late  
A hint of  
hmmm  
Nooo  
Yes  
life is short  
wait a minute  
we age quickly  
enjoy your moment of thought

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: April 16/2011

Time: 2: 27am

Melvina Germain

# Impatient

My baby, my baby, my baby  
did you forget about me  
I sat on the edge of my bed,  
counting from one to three.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.5/2015

Melvina Germain

# Impromptu Poem

I'm just a poor girl  
suffering with  
the back burner blues.  
Immersed in the darkest pain,  
while cowering in the news.  
Forgive the negativity,  
that's all I have to give.  
Sinking beneath the tar bridge,  
not sure I'm going to live.

Melvina Germain

## Impromptu Poem 'Also A Quote'

You never know where the hurtful words are going to come from. Sometimes they come from the people you care for, love and respect the most and often they have no idea they hurt you. Isn't that ironic

Melvina Germain

# Impromptu Poems

## Impromptu Poems

Give me your love,  
your innocence,  
your glow.

Let me take the pearl  
beneath your door and  
penetrate you with sin.

When I'm done,  
may the red cloth  
of darkness begin.

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Sept.20/2014

Melvina Germain

# In A Sundown Town

Privileged was not what described me  
I'm a Black man from the ghetto you see  
I have no worldly goods,  
no money or property

in a sundown town

everyone stares,  
they know I'm from the hood  
As I trudge softly along  
Humming to myself  
Listening to whispers,  
watching nodding heads,  
negative reactions  
such I truly dread

in a sundown town

invisible daggers tossed  
Thank God they couldn't kill  
Watching the clock as time grew nigh  
by sundown, I had to say good bye

in this old sundown town

No place for me in this sundown town,

with skin black as coal or sure fire  
ebony. People look at me and that's  
all they see.

in a sundown town

Melvina Germain

## In His Time

Most of us try to hang on to this life,  
no matter how difficult the pain or strife.  
Others want to give up, say goodbye,  
spend the rest of their days in paradise.

We say it's easier on the other side,  
but do we know this for sure.  
What is expected of us,  
when we enter, God's Heavenly door.

No matter how difficult times may seem.  
It's best to hold on to your Heavenly dream.  
Allow God to do His work, in His time.  
Wait for God's Heavenly bells to chime.

Melvina Germain

# In My World

I want to wish you all a beautiful good-night though I'm not ready to sleep. I do hope 'you' have the sweetest dreams. Ni Nite all.....

## In My World

Let me tell you about my world...Though I'm alone at night with my thoughts and images, my world is full of the most extraordinary people, yes people I've never met, people I knew long ago and have forgotten their names, people I've merely read about, people in spirit who touch me sweet and people who nudge me with words while I sleep.

Noooo in my world I'm never alone, for I have the ability to conjour up my wildest dreams. From dazzle and glitz, silk and tulle, O believe it, I'm not a paupers fool. Awww no in my world I'll not be poor. I'm the goddess wrapped in pink who elegantly walks along the shore.

Sometimes I have sand in my shoes, running long and far through iridescent hues. My pen becomes my closest friend and my lexicon, I'll gladly share with you. Come...dance with me and my shadow-like friends. Watch glittering orbs flow free, enjoy the travel of astral light in this chronological world that belongs only to me.

Come my friend, don't be afraid, you'll not lose a miniscule of time. We'll dance beneath the moon, weave in and around clouds and smile incessantly listening to sweet Angels sing. We'll sit to dine with all mankind, no segregation, no status quo. In my world, there's much to do and see cmon let's go...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# In The Gardens Of Buckingham

She's a woman of deep heartfelt emotion.  
A power house filled with family devotion.  
She walks with pride, her silhouette can't hide.  
She's known all over the world, wears no disguise.

Her family history fills many pages.  
Books and books will go down through the ages.  
She's a woman of great beauty, both outside and in.  
She walks through the streets of England old,  
With promise, grace and impeccable taste.

As a child she ran and played in the gardens of  
Buckingham, that's where my story of her began.  
My mother-in-law told many wonderful stories,  
of remembrance of a duke that said his daily good  
mornings to the ladies who worked on their hands and  
knees tufting carpets that lined the palace floors.  
Beneath the throne my Mother-In-Law knelt,  
tufting away to her hearts content.

When she spoke of the Queen her face shone bright.  
She adorned a precious beautiful light.  
She was proud as can be of her English heritage,  
and spoke fondly of Buckingham Palace.

I love the stories my Mother-In-Law told.  
of the Queen, of Buckingham, of Great England old.  
Some day I hope to fulfill my Mother-In-Laws dream.  
Drive the streets of England enjoying the scenes.

Melvina Germain

# Inevitable Sadness

At some point in life,  
sadness will come.  
You'll say good-bye  
to the one you love.  
Living each day well,  
sharing abundantly,  
with the foundation of love.  
Beautiful memories  
will be monumental

in your lonesome days,  
and will take you to the  
beauty of the river in so  
many ways.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Inez

No one will hear of her  
or remember her name.  
No she'll not wear a medallion,  
or see her picture in the hall of fame.  
Inez wanted to save the world  
in the prime time of her life,  
never taking the time to  
become a good man's wife.  
Standing up against war,  
sharing her words of brutal pain,  
well time waits for no one in the  
aftermath of the rain.  
Years have gone by as she  
sits there alone, she sighs, she cries  
she shares no man's throne.  
It seems the world has taken  
a step backwards you see,  
oh yes, one maybe two,  
Inez didn't save the world  
as she set out to do.  
Her life has passed her by,  
her prime, long since gone away.  
A tear falls, yes Inez will cry.,  
through the night, sometimes  
through the day.  
Family members surround her,  
It's the only thing they can do  
But no children to comfort her,  
In her twilight years of blue.  
Inez won't be remembered by  
the mass of society, but her  
  
purpose shone bright for Father  
God to brilliantly see.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: May 19/2015



# Infinite Peace

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.  
From whence we came, to where we must.  
Segregation painted O blackness of earth,  
integration spawns a new light, deaths regal rebirth.

No fear, No hate, No discontent,  
life's nonsense O worry, brutally spent.  
Pre life memories ahh...de je vu,  
fleshless souls be granted you.

Rest awhile in twilight peaceful skies,  
see bright blue Angels soaring by.  
Live your dreams of nights quiet sleep.  
Bless earth mortals, while you weep.

There be no sounds of deathly fire,  
no echoes of harsh yielding sires.  
No youth, nor old age this soul you bear.  
No envy no egos in Heaven's tears.

Soar free spirit o're tree tops and sea,  
in God's universe angelically  
May Heaven's synergistic, symphonic orchestra,  
grace your spiritual being,  
you'll forever be a part of God's heavenly scene.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Inner Healing

I live in this body,  
I know how it feels.  
The pain trapped inside is so very real.  
Don't give me pain killers,  
causing my mind confusion.  
I need a long term, solution,  
So put down your pen,  
put that prescription away.  
Let's ponder together,  
Find something better today.

Melvina Germain

# Inner Light

Delving into one's inner soul,  
studying what makes one whole.  
Forgetting oneself yet becoming aware,  
learning knowledge of which one may share.  
Knowing not of anything you see,  
forgetting one's possibility.  
Finding a way to free one's mind,  
learning not yet of mankind.  
To be enlightened by all things,  
with an image of only a ring.

Written: May 18, 2008

Melvina Germain

# Inner Look

Mirrors of the sea  
reflect the truth about me  
I can't stand the pain

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Inner Turmoil

Forgive thee for thy lack of love  
questioning the divinity of such power above.  
With verse do I blaspheme such spirituality  
prevalent within thy dream.

Must I use this skill of mine to shed  
words to be approved by a certain kind.  
Shall I hurl words only thought about and  
place them on the page, no shadow of a doubt.

See miracles yet to flow thy pen from  
the mind of an old maid, labeled old hen.  
Wisdom shackled, now spirituality freed,  
I'll spill my guts as I shed your seed.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.30/2015

Time 3: 10am

Melvina Germain

# Inoculated To The Bone

When we conjugate in the tremors  
of despair. Succumbing to the  
demons who encapsulate our  
souls. We have become the  
epitome of paranoia, the wretched  
scum of deceit. Corrupted within,  
no subservient person can defeat.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Jan.4/2015

Melvina Germain

# Insults

Microaggressions  
will send daggers to the heart  
clawing at ones soul

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date: Nov.1/2015

Melvina Germain

# Is It Poetry

Is it poetry or are they simply words  
I like to pen upon the page.  
Is my heart exploding with love,  
or is it an abundance of pent up rage.  
No matter what the outcome or what  
this profound thing may be.  
I'm grateful for the thought mechanism  
and the soothing, powerful words that  
resonate within me.

Could it be a spirit from beyond,  
one who needs to write again.  
Is it automatic handwriting and I'm  
merely the vessel of a friend.  
Must I ponder on this mystery or at  
times share words that go back in  
history.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.10/2015

Melvina Germain

# Is This A Limerick

There once was an apple called Sam  
we used it to make some sweet jam  
Stella boiled it over on the burner  
while Granma listened to Tina Turner  
everyone was left in a flam

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.16/2015

Melvina Germain

# Isabella

I found her sitting at play,  
in the middle of the day.  
She had two short braids tightly woven,  
bright yellow ribbons, personally chosen.  
her cheeks tinted rose, on vanilla and cream,  
a soft complexion, one of the best I've seen.  
She smiled with a smile so full of joy,  
enjoying her afternoon with a bag full of toys.  
I stood thinking of this blessing of mine,  
so abundantly given from the great divine.  
Though I see her less than once a week,  
it's that quality time I happily greet.  
May showers of Blessings be her infinite gift,  
and bright shining stars never drift.

I'm taking this time Lord on bended knee  
to say thankyou Father God,  
for the grand-daughter,  
you've given me.  
Isabella, Isabella sweet, sweet as can be

Written by: Granma Germain

Melvina Germain

# It Ain Over Till It's Over

A party animal, burning the midnight oil, you know,  
moaning and groaning every day, every night. Drinking  
till dawn, hey gimme a little weed and why not? you know  
a little weed never hurt anybody.

A little meth?

A little heroin on the side?

cocaine perhaps?

You know I'm gonna do what I wanna do

I'm doing my thang man

living my life, that's what I'm doing

it's my life momma,

daddy, get your hands off me

What I do, got nothing to do with you

Arrogance, arrogance can do you in, yes indeed.

The dens of evil shoveled beneath the core of decency,

will ravish you, manipulate you, taking you into a frenzy

unknown to the realistic world.

That black hole with the pungent odor of failure, will own your very soul and you...you become it's slave. Wallowing in darkness, buried alive yet aware of your surroundings.

What can you do, clenched in the fist of a power unknown to mankind. A power far beyond your control has captured every fragment of your being, because 'YOU' let it.

Lifeless you appear though the mind is alive and aware of this cave like existence. An existence of your own making. Destiny was your control until you gave it up to the swingers, the porn sculptured creeps of society, the drug gurus who harbor no sympathy. The devil's crew as it were hum? Reaching out and pulling you into the hands of carelessness, the hands of mockery, the hands of uselessness and you succumb, you succumb.

Here you are, hanging empty like the rotten fruit dwindling off the broken branch of lost life.

Hopeless...encapsulated, chewed up, body mangled but the mind lives in total awareness and you exist with the throngs of regret. Observing, remembering, pondering day after day, where did it all go wrong.

The day of reckoning has come but is it too late to revive. As you wait for the inevitable to appear...fear begins to haunt what's left of your soul, anxiety swirls within the mind and that shivering shell is wasting away right before your eyes, and there's nothing you can do now but wait for mercy.

Is it too late, is it too late to pick yourself up, is it too late to mend that broken branch. Is it too late to look in the mirror of the past recognizing that once upon a time, that reflection was you. Ask yourself the question, do I want my reflection back bad enough to do the work.

When you sit down and wrap yourself with the blanket of hope, holding yourself accountable for what went wrong in your life. Shedding the heave of evil... a preponderance of

light will shine on your being and you will become alive again.

A rebirth...now filled with wisdom, ready and willing to share  
your experience so others don't follow that same path. Your  
darkness can bring light to the lives of others, it's never too  
late. You become the mentor now.

It ain over till it's over...

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.9/2011

Melvina Germain

# It.S Time

I've decided it's time  
to say good-bye  
no more visits  
no more asking  
the question why  
it is what it is  
as you rest  
beyond the azure blue  
I'm grateful  
I was able  
to spend  
a beautiful time with you

Written by: Mellvina Germain

Date: Jan.4/2016

Melvina Germain

# It's sad Dog's Life

## It's A Dog's Life

Blaze was dog tired as he opened his eyes early Thursday morning, staring at the wall. Took a look at his master, watched him snore awhile. Ahh what to do thought blaze as he reached his head down between his legs and gave his wee wee a brush of the tongue. Got up, shook himself, walked to the kitchen, ready to start his day.

Immediately Blaze heard barking from the boys next door, Charles and Abe, he shared a three dog night with them before. Blaze began to bark and carry on, waking his master. Upset and yelling what the heck is going on, Master John came barreling down the hallway, yelling take it easy Blaze, alright boy I'll let you out. Blaze looked at John with his big blue/black eyes and walked sheepishly to the side

door. The two boys next door managed to get out also and all three met in the back behind the spruce

tree, next to the fence where they had dug a hole big enough to get through and off for a walk they went.

Ahh so many sights along the way, scents and the drizzle of the rain on their foreheads caused them to give their sleek bodies a shake every now and then. Oh my thought blaze as he motioned to Charles and Abe to take a look across the street, why there goes Misty with her head held high on a diamond leash, now that's dog gone funny, as her master proudly walks by. She has no time for us Blaze thought to himself, Charles and Abe looked on in disbelief at the beauty before their eyes. Cmon motioned Blaze, she's not interested in us, her sporting her diamonds and fancy do, she's entering that contest, you know the dog days of August, yeah, move on, move on.

Oh oh says Blaze, look whose up ahead, it's Alex, he knows my owner and he's going to try to take me home, huh, in a dogs age he will. Yeah says Charles, we won't let him. Let's ban together boys and give this guy the run of his life. As Alex approached and hollers, hey Blaze all three dogs picked up speed and ran, Alex yelled to the top of his voice, stop Blaze, stop! to no avail, the boys were

gone, they soared, there was no catching them this morning. Blaze, Charles and Abe stopped at the railroad crossing and took a pee, much needed after their brisk exercise. Thirsty they were so they headed down to the river and hung there for a time, dog gone it, such a beautiful day.

In and out of the water they played and played, then Abe noticed Candy laying on a huge rock, hi Candy, what's up. Candy replied oh Abe, I'm sicker than a dog, I just can't make myself git up and move. blaze overheard the conversation and immediatly ran to a neighbours yard, an old farmer in the field. He found a sheet of cardboard and brought it back to Candy. Hey guys, lets' get candy on this

cardboard and we can all grab a piece and take her home, are ya with me. Oh yeah says Charles and Abe, let's do it. It's not a dog eat dog world is it boys, no we help each other, don't worry Candy, you'll be home in no time.

They took their drinks from the river and all grabbed a piece of cardboard and proceded to take Candy home. Time passed, the morning is gone and now it's a dog day afternoon and all is well. Candy lived in

a tiny house on the corner and her master would be so worried by now, poor Candy had been out there most of the night. As they approached Candy's house they heard voices calling Candy, Candy, then Blaze heard a familiar voice calling his name Blaze oh oh his master knew he was gone. Well doggie see, doggie do, they dropped Candy at the back of her house, barked and barked so they would be heard and sure enough, Mrs. Green came to the back gate oh my Candy, where were you sweetheart. John, John come quick, look there's Blaze running with two other dogs. John was not happy as he went back to the house and got reinforcements. Noel and Dylan were waitng with both gates opened in case Blaze returned. Blackie was not happy either because he was locked in the room when Blaze left and he missed out on all the fun he thought.

Blaze, Charles and Abe saw a pack of dogs up ahead and thought if they could get going to the dogs, they wouldn't end up in the doghouse so soon. They ran and ran to reach that pack and when Blaze turned around he say his masters truck coming, he soared into the back alley and headed toward the huge field where the pack of dogs were hanging out. Tongue hanging out, legs moving with force, they glided so elegantly through the air but Master John wasn't giving up. Noel took the back way and he rode his bicycle in from the back oh yes he saw

the pack of dogs and rode right to them, Blaze and Charles stopped for a moment while Abe kept running back and forth, knowing not what he was doing.

Panting, tongues hanging out, what to do Blaze yelled Abe, what to do. Blaze looks around and the SUV

was almost upon them, He shook his head and said, soory guys, I think we're caught, time to go home.

Charles and Abe were not happy with Blaze's decision and decided no way, we're not going home, then all of a sudden they heard a huge voice calling their names and they immediately laid on the ground, it was Mavis and Andy, ummm hummm, their masters were there too. Big John got out of the truck as Noel rode up with his Bike, in the truck Blaze yelled master John, and Blaze jumped quickly in the truck laying down on the floor, he knew he was a bad boy. All the masters laughing and happy they found their best friends, said their good byes. Charles and Abe cried, they didn't want to go home just yet, and Blaze barked saying, we must do this again, see ya later.

Blaze smiled to himself, he had a great morning and a wonderful afternoon, the exercise was great. now I know, he thought, I'm going to get fed soon, my master is happy and tomorrow morning I'll try to do this again. He snuggled up to the back seat and relaxed for the ride home. It's a dogs life thought Blaze, and he laughed, my master doesn't know it but I let him catch us, I could have kept going, that's right, it's a dogs life.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.11/2009

Melvina Germain

# Itzy Bitzy Love Poem

Come on by and sing me a song  
We can cuddle up all night long  
And if the birds outside are singing  
Perhaps the bells next door are ringing  
Kiss me tenderly  
Place your arms tight around me  
Listen to my heartbeat  
while everything inside is tingling

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Dec.2/2015

Melvina Germain

# Jehovah

Lord today I want to offer my humble apology. I don't know why Lord but I never call you by your name. I call you God, Father, King, Master. You are all that, oh yes indeed you are.

I ask myself why, Lord why do I never call you by your name. Today Father, I will address you properly and give you the respect you deserve. I will call you Jehovah, a beautiful name it is.

There isn't one of us on this earth that would like to be addressed in any other way. We all like to hear the calling of our name.

There will be no other but you Jehovah, no one will ever take your place, for you are the ruler of the whole human race. You have been kind, loving, caring, stepping in when one would least expect it, coming to the rescue when all else seems impossible.

It has been said many times Jehovah, you work in mysterious ways. I no longer complain when I'm sitting in traffic for long periods of time. I never try and beat the train, or run for a bus. No longer will I refer to anything as a coincidence because Jehovah, I know you are at work.

You have many special ways of saving our lives, of speaking out to us, of leading us on the right path. You and only you know what the future will bring. Someone as great as you deserve more than any to hear the sound of your name.

I know who you are Lord, I know what you have done and what you are capable of doing. I know Jehovah, you can take us by the hand and lead us along the path to Cavalry, I know you can show us the right road to take, I know Jehovah that you and only you can pull us out of the deepest, darkest hole.

I realize you are the king of all kings, I know you are the master of all, you are our Heavenly Father. You are the God of all God's, no others will come before you, oh yes Father God, you will always be the same, Jehovah I will never be ashamed to call you by your Holy name "JEHOVAH"

(July 21,2007)

Melvina Germain

# Jesus Lives

They crucified him, this man,  
our Lord, and laid Him on the  
cross. Brutalized Him with nails  
and placed thorns upon His head.

We mourn the day, sweet Jesus,  
O God, they wanted him dead.  
Today we cover the cross, yes  
a black cloth marks His pain.

All will never be lost as our  
sweet Jesus on the third day,  
through the love and power of  
Father God rises and lives again.

Life is sweet and precious and  
the most we have to give. To  
save the life of others, we may  
choose to die for them to live.

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date: April 3/2015

Melvina Germain

# Just Dreams

O I would have kissed him  
held him tight through the night  
but dreams are just that...dreams  
my eyes will always hold him close  
awww what a sight  
dreams...just dreams

By: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Just For Me

A man of voice and song,  
a serenade just for me.  
As a songbird, you came along,  
and touched me abundantly.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Feb.18/2013

Melvina Germain

# Karma Will Find You

An old broken down blues singer from the streets of New York city. Presents a rather gauche demeanor lacking the common touch. He lives his life in a pathological drain, accompanied by the torture of pain. He feels no remorse for his wrongs, no understanding, no cares, lives his life unaware.

Loveless nights, lonely roads, hardships and heartache follow him on an endless path. Bodily pain chokes him, depression owns him, crippled by his inner self, brought on by his own greed, his longing for lust, his dark side exposed, his abusive behaviour, his lack of love for his Saviour.

Projecting negative energy into the universe, bouncing back to encompass him, squeezing him, beating him, killing him, owning him. Karma finds him, thou will be done.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 11/2009

Melvina Germain

## Kids Of Curry's Lane

Granma was baking pone in the kitchen, I could smell the cinnamon which permeated the air. Umm couldn't wait to have a slice, I finished dressing and ran into the living room to peer into our yard. Oh oh, there was a mountain of snow covering the fence, that meannnnns.

We're locked in, I pushed my face tightly against the window pane and could see the mountain had extended all the way up our door. My cousin Eric joined me and grinned, no school, I motioned for him to be quiet shhhhh we love school remember. He was younger than me, and he shook his head ok. We giggled and took in the scenes, we could see Annie Gregory working in her kitchen across the way. Herbie Gregory, Cookie and Brenda Star lived there, Brenda Star was my Aunt Mar's God-daughter, she was always a special one. I loved all of them.

Oh I remember not long ago when I went back to the old home town to visit, I was in my teens and Annie Gregory went with me to the circus. There was a pulling machine there, you could scoop up money if the crane would grab it. I had a steady hand so I put my money in just a few cents and I tried. Annie kept encouraging me and finally I got a huge silver dollar. It fell out of the scoop and Annie caught it and put it in her purse. Hmmmm she's not going to give it to me, oh well, I thought, what am I going to say to Annie Gregory anyway, let her have it. We enjoyed the rest of the day but that instant stayed with me in a loving way all these years.

Granma, Granma, we're locked in, we need to call Uncle Roy and get shoveled out Granma, I have to go to school. Don worry chile, Uncle Roy will shovel us out sooner or later. Come Mellie and have your breakfast, I'm going to call Marie downstairs and see if she can get out of her door. My Aunt Mar, Uncle Sid and all my beautiful cousins lived downstairs. Oh my gosh, there was Ceddie, Brenda, Gayle, Ervie and Janpan, lolol her name is Janice but I started to call her Janpan these latter years. My cousins were like my brothers and sisters. I was an only child actually, I knew I had a sister in Toronto, but I didn't know her yet. I found out years later when I read a letter, my granpa use to call her plum pudding, gotta love that. My sister had a strange operation and no one knows what is was for. Oh well, there was lots of that kind of thing happening back

then.

While these thoughts were mulling about my mind, Eric nudged me and pointed to Uncle Roy in the yard with his shovel. We looked at each other and shook our heads up and down, we're going to school. We both went to see granma in the kitchen, sit and have your breakfast. By the time you're finish, I'm sure Uncle Roy will be here to shovel us out. Oh granma he's shoveling now. Oh! ya see, you won't be late for school. No granma we won't.

We heard the chatter of our cousins next door, Chuppie, Patsy & Debbie were calling us.

That's where Uncle Roy and Aunt Kay lived. There was Chuppie, Patsy, Debbie, Valerie, Adam Marie, Karen, Gary, Lorne, I'm not sure if Benji was born yet, oh my goodness, Benji from the time he could talk always called me Aunt Mel and still does to this day. awww I'm chuckling large now. This story is far from ending but I'll stop for now and come back later to share more.

Back home in Sydney, Nova Scotia...Those sure were the days....Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Kill The Bull

No I share not in your democracy  
An unwelcom'd game of sheer hypocrisy  
A liar stoned is a liar dead  
A liar spared leaves much to dread  
So I tread the tightrope of society  
And veer away hierarchy's priorities  
Corruption lays in mud's thickest hole  
Whilst fire burns in a poor man's soul

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Jan.12/2016

Melvina Germain

# King Of The Sea

A lonely log of the sea,  
swift, powerful yet a gentle fish.  
The great white shark travels alone,  
swimming through the ocean,  
with elegance and grace.  
A magnificent creature,  
feared tremendously by the human race.  
The great white lives in the deep  
darkness of the sea,  
where few men would dare to be.

(May 4/2007)

Melvina Germain

# Know Your Truth

One may toss and turn the scripture and manipulate word and phrase you see. But the truth is in the fire, and the flame burns deep in philosophy. Aaron's rod stretched far, no such almonds do blossoms bear, but a people born of manipulation walks steady for the longest robe one wears.

Today the invisible staff brings forth and sprouts them from the helm. Fools, Uncle Toms, glorified sheep, followers hanging on the edge of every word a fair father names. Its sprouts are deadly weapons who live the old man's game.

A gift of jest, hidden beneath a perpetrators sleeve, no follower stands aware. Words cut sharp scarlet blades of steel, and what one shouts and blatantly displays, only a fool would reveal. Abiotic becomes the soul as true life has long since passed. While erection is in the body of flesh, one's corpse returns to ash.

Snow driven heart, obstructed and brutalized, judgemental slurs forge through. The coal you wear upon the exterior, no longer ought belong to you. Silk and fine you walk in suits but exclusion finds you soon. No place at the table where a fair father dines, that's how much he thinks of you.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.25/2014

Melvina Germain

# Last Breath

Last Breath

Cold winds stir about thy head,  
skies free birds glide triumphantly.  
Still I lay upon thy bed,  
birthed in peace abundantly.

Whispers faintly fill this space,  
as the wailing winds soothe thy body fading.  
Thus, life's blood drains from my face,  
and earth's breath slowly evaporating.

He spoke, His voice, crisp and bold,  
my daughter, you are spirits eternal bliss.  
Fear not, daughter, here you'll ne'er grow old.  
I have chosen you for my Angel's list.

From dust to dust the good book said,  
and yes thy flesh is dead and cold.  
Upon the earth laying on that bed,  
I wore wrinkles, lines and bones so old.

Reborn to paradise, eternal favour,  
I stand with angels by my side.  
Words of peace, I shall always savour,  
In life eternal, I will abide.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.3/2012

Melvina Germain

# Let Go

Another day has passed,

yet you all still pine for me.

Please let go, my love, my friends, my family.

My soul you must set free.

Think of the love I have for each of you,

it will never go away.

I'll take it with me to the promised land,

where no one goes astray.

This journey, I must take alone,

I wave a faint good bye.

One day when the time is right,

you too will be coming home.

Miss me you will, I know for sure,

but you must not cry the day away.

Think of me, only next door,

we'll meet again one day.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Let It Be Today...Tomorrow May Never Come

He called yesterday morning,  
come have a drink with me.  
Meet me at the Border Crossing  
down the street.  
I agreed to go,  
so many reasons you see.  
He was an old friends son,  
she left behind in misery.  
We never know,  
what's on the road ahead.  
Sometimes we fall hard  
when those we love are dead.  
There he was, a disheveled mess,  
almost unrecognizable,  
though that smile never changed.  
I looked real close and I could see,  
that once little boy smiling up at me.  
Sitting on the back steps  
so sad and blue.  
That drunken slur wasn't something new.  
O I've heard it before,  
from a woman I loved.  
History can repeat itself,  
when one walks through the door.  
His mama died in a drunken haze,  
and the son lives trudging in a maze.  
I remember the day, that last telephone call.  
Come have a drink with me,  
yes that's what she said.  
I'll come tomorrow, I promise I will  
but tomorrow never came,  
it wasn't God's will.  
My friend was found dead,  
sitting at her kitchen table,  
a picture of her dad, a glass of vodka too.  
The need to be high, was all she knew.  
I grabbed hold of her son,  
gave him the tightest hug.  
I pray this is not the end, I'm growing weary,

saying good-bye to old friends.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Dec.23/2014

Melvina Germain

# Let Love Reign

Standing, gazing at the drizzle on my windowpane. In solitude of my own, remembering the dazzle, the glitz, the warmth of mink, dancing into the aurora of time.

Scattering thoughts intoxicate my soul whilst tears well in the corner of my eyes as I dream of your mellifluous voice beckoning me to sleep. I know I'll find you again on the dance floor in my dreams.

In the supine, my dreams multiply as you embrace me only with you. Your warmth titillates me. Such an epoch invites me to beg for that infinite dream of never ending bliss.

Awww the ethereal of ebony night carries me beyond God's iridescent sky draped in diamond clusters as my thoughts ruminate the impossible to be possible.

And you lay with me, side to side, entwined in a lovers knot, but an epiphany rises and swells the truth within my heart. I'll look for you, another time...wait for me, enjoy with me... serendipitous moments forever and ever.

Melvina Germain

# Let Me Live Again (Cinquain) Dedicating This To Dad...Wes Volger

Ancient

When rocks cry out

Bood stones show no color

Kings secret tombs tell old stories

Reborn

.

Written by: Melvina

Date: Jan.15/2016 Time: 1: 15am

Melvina Germain

# Let Peace Be Born (A New Poem For All Of You)

It is said you are what you think  
perhaps that's truer than you realize.  
Seeing people for who they are  
is the ultimate in freedom's rise.

To hold yourself in a brighter light,  
let no one take you through darkness again.  
Keep smiling with a sparkle in your eyes,  
know that all colors can be your friend.

Listen to those of the past, learn a thing or two  
know that Jesus Christ was a man of peace,  
forgive them Lord for they know not what they do.  
Drop your weapons world, let all hate cease.

Mother Theresa, Martin Luther King.  
peacemakers who shone a brilliant light.  
Bring on world peace, reach out and sing  
no more violence or wars, no reason to fight.

Look upon each other as people of the world,  
embrace the differences of all humanity.  
Let no man's words of injustice be heard,  
live beneath the blanket of peace and tranquility.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Aug.3/2015

Time: 7: 06am

Melvina Germain

# Let The Feathers Heed Warning

You fall for the words,  
and the actions you think you see.  
The mask wearers and smooth talk,  
of the beasts in society.  
O they'll take you under their wing,  
and offer you many things.  
Speak to you in confidence,

hide them from the scene.  
Be careful openhearted one,  
this beast will swallow you whole  
and before you know it,  
you will have lost all control.

Melvina Germain

# Let The Spirit Rule

O let the spirit rule  
don't shut it out like a fool.  
place one foot in front of the other,  
Walk...Raise your arms high  
feel the warmth enter your soul  
don't be afraid, don't be shy.  
Ohhh let the spirit rule  
don't shut it out like a fool.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.9/2015

Melvina Germain

# Let's Dance

The Can Can  
The Charleston  
The Tango and more  
A lover  
A playmate  
A girlfriend for sure  
Let me see you  
Let me love you  
Let's dance on the floor  
Do it my way or the highway  
I'm smiling  
I'm laughing  
Take away the blues  
I'm gonna tap dance  
I'm gonna mombo  
I'll make the midnight news  
Let me hold you, I'll control you  
In the old dance hall  
Take my hand  
Swing me around  
Try not to fall  
We can do the fox trot  
And the cha cha  
Boom boom rumba  
Change to the somba  
Hit me up on the table  
I know I'm still able  
Let's dance  
Mashed potatoes la la la  
Black bottom sho be do be do  
Cmon baby let's do the twist  
I know ya like it like this  
Chimmy chimmy coco but  
Shake that booty down Tupper street  
Sha booty bop, sha booty bop  
Dig that beat  
Let's dance

Written by: Melvina Germain/ Anita Giscombe

Date: Oct.18/2015

Melvina Germain

# Letters To Kelly

1.

Dear Kelly

I know you want some love, your eyes are thick with longing. I took it upon myself to say, he loves me not this morning. The lady you so desire may not be what you see. I guarantee I won't let you down beneath that big ole spruce Tree. I tell myself dear Kelly, it's ok to be one, two, three or four, but then I look in the mirror and wonder what am I looking for.

Signed...

2.

Dear Kelly

Today the sun covers me like a glove. As I lay on the sunny beach of Victoria, wishing you were here. Handsome hard bodies strutting round I see, but that round belly comforts me. As the sand slips through my fingers, it is your image that rests upon my mind. Oh Kelly, as the cliché states, you're sure one of a kind.

Signed.....

3.

Dear Kelly

Love letters written in the sand, clearly by my hand. Who do you think they're written to. That's right...to my invisible man. Bye for now Kelly, I have not much to say. You know, I'll be back again one day.

Signed.....

4.

Dear Kelly

It's 32 degrees above, my body is moist and wet. My throat so dry, must quench my thirst dare not I regret. How be you dear Kelly, what fire burns in your heart. I'd like to be the one to ignite the flame and feel that warmth impart.....

5.

Dear Kelly

My old boyfriend named Frederick came back into my life. He might be that special one. Who knows, it's possible he'll make me his wife. He's Tall with wavy auburn hair, I adore the clothes he wears. Frederick's not you but that's ok, what more can I say. I'll settle with this old friend and still write letters to you some day.

Signed.....

Dear Kelly

Frederick left me yesterday, he found a letter I wrote to you. Too slow twas I to mail it, I'm a fool through and through. I wish you would pick up a pen and send a few words to me. I'm hurting big time Kelly, oh dear, can't you see.

Signed.....

6.

Dear Kelly

Baby, baby I see your face, white as snow in  
a far away place. A smile etched upon your  
lips, I feel the warmth beneath my fingertips.  
Your hands splayed upon my back. Kelly I  
miss you, please come back.

Signed.....

7.

Dear Kelly

My mind is playing tricks with me. In silence  
casting spells. A whisper chasing harmony,  
a sigh deep to my groin, a breath I know I  
must take to make it through the morn. Oh  
Kelly, how my thoughts evolve and my spirit  
lifts so high. Kelly my thoughts are telling  
me, you're sure some kind of guy.

Signed.....

8.

Dear Kelly

This morning I'm listening to the wind and  
watching the rain drizzle upon my window  
pane. Words I know you did not say are  
daydreams of a kind. Kelly, I slip into  
euphoria and rest with you upon the blades.  
I wish you had such daydreams like the ones  
I just made.

Signed.....

9.

Dear Kelly

Frederick died last night, I asked him to marry me once. He said, "no"...that's right. I think my eyes focus on men that truly will not love me. Perhaps my self-esteem is far too low and you shine high above me. I'll not think of it again, oh dear, now I've lost another old friend.

Signed.....

10.

Dear Kelly□

.  
This is my last letter of which I will impart. Kelly I realize, I'm a spec in the dark. I've loved you in the morning and in the noon day sun. Kelly my love for you will never come undone. It's time to say goodbye to this world as it is and leap into spirit as my Father in Heaven gives.

Kelly I take the love of which I have for you and hope for a new day when once again my love will shine through. In life I've been unhappy for you had no love to give. I'm sad that I'm going, for I truly want to live.

Goodbye Kelly

Signed...Someone who loved you unconditionally.....

Melvina Germain

# Liars

I'm the Queen of pain,  
I'm the wallowed widow of grief.  
My heart continually swollen,  
as the rust drains the Maple Leaf.

I'm the lonely old poet,  
whose words never hold a rhyme.  
I'm crusty, wrinkled and sour,  
and drink spirits most of the time.

I've lost touch with reality,  
and live in a bottle of rum.  
My thoughts wronged and deathly absurd,  
As I wait for the vultures to come.

O close that grey, nasty curtain,  
it's time to extinguish the light.  
Truer words could never be certain,  
let death find me stiff in the night.

Now I'm abundantly laughing,  
with no one here to hold my hand.  
Those jerks on earth lied growling.  
There's no such thing as the promised land.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.3/2012

Melvina Germain

# Life Is Short

Life is short, so short in fact  
we must not waste a miniscule of time.  
Choose the one you love,  
lay it on the line.  
No time for games of the heart  
or hanging loose between two and three.  
Take the one you love to a life long  
lovers stream and live life much more  
than a dream.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.13/2015

Melvina Germain

## Lily (Another Cutie Petutie Poem)

She dazzles you with laughter,  
has the brightest smile you ever did see.  
Her name is Lily and she's special to me.  
O she's a fast moving Queen  
one I so do adore,  
Lily will never hurt you,  
and that I know for sure.  
Joyful, charismatic,  
friendly, vibrant,  
so full of energy.  
O yes that's Lily,  
she shines for all to see.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Little Angel

Sweet little Angel soft, frail  
an angel in every detail.  
A face of innocence, she portrayed,  
so soon, so soon to fade away.

She quietly sat, smiled as she wrote,  
a thoughtful, precious note.  
Her thoughts were free,  
I was thrilled they were of me.

Momma was not one to stay at home,  
Always running, always on the roam.  
Her face filled with many questions,  
I wish I had answers or suggestions

A little girl who had much love,  
From Granma, Granpa, Daddy and more.,  
Yet longed for the love that was not in store.  
Love from a Mother who walked out the door.

A time will come one day, far from now,  
a time when Mom will take her bow.  
It may be too late, to penetrate,  
the heart of a little girl she made to wait.

(2005)

Melvina Germain

# Little Bee

Little bees black, yellow stripe  
how sweet blossom's nectar must be  
I long to know such blissful taste  
please share your delight with me

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.23/1

Melvina Germain

# Little Sisters

'Little Sisters'.....This post is for... 'coming out' young ladies.....

A man who cries without embarrassment, who rejoices with tears. A man who caresses you when you need it the most, who shows how much he cares. A man who provides and protects, this is the man you honor and will never regret...

I smile while writing these words, remembering my youth. All the girls gathering around, gazing at handsome boys. Laughing and giggling, dreaming... all wondering what it would be like to be their girlfriend, basing everything on 'LOOKS'. Mom's and Dad's you needed to be grooming your young ladies long before the teenage years. All it takes is one good looking jock to cause years of pain. It may seem cute to some to see their children playing out adult roles and you think, O don't worry it won't go far. I shake my head when I say that as I've seen over the years many young girls who became pregnant.

True story...At age thirteen, Sheila is pregnant by the good looking boy down the street. Now where did cute go. Some parents need to take their heads out of the sand. The first stupid question a parent asks after a child becomes pregnant is...how did that happen? The school for gosh sake was offering to conduct sex education classes. When Sheila came home with a letter asking for your signature, you said no. Why I asked...We have to protect our children from that, when the time comes, I will teach them. Lady... the time came and went and now you have a baby on the way and who will care for this child. How does one hold back on teaching a child, preparing them so they know when and what to say 'NO' too.

You left your daughter wide open, you didn't take her to the doctor to arrange protection in case the act took place. No of course not, and I'll tell you why...You said...My little Sheila is still a virgin, she doesn't need protection. I wonder if that was the same Sheila we saw emerging from Tommy J's house when Mom and Dad were not home. So when you ask the question...how did that happen, you should have a basket full of answers.

We really need to think long and hard when raising our young ladies. Answer all questions, do not hold back, if they don't find out from you, they'll find out perhaps the hard way. I remember when I was about 14 years old, this is so ridiculous, I don't even want to say it but my Aunt had a big belly again. Finally one day, I asked her why her belly was so big. She smiled at me and told me, you come back when your 15 and I'll tell you. You know, this seems really

strange to write but it's true.

I made the decision years later to answer all questions my children asked of me. Now my husband would not take part in that but I had no problem in that regard. I see girls today, who look to be age 17 or 18, in fact they are 12 & 13 with full make-up, fancy nails, high heel shoes. Personally I think this invites trouble especially if your girls are not taught properly. You're setting them up for something they will not know how to deal with. Back in the day to be a virgin into your twenties wasn't such a big deal. Now to be a virgin at age 15 is amazing. Young girls are losing their virginity at age 10 and 11. I heard the other day on TV, a young girl gave birth at age 11.

We really need to take charge in bringing forth young ladies who love themselves, who know they are worthy, who refuse to settle, girls who will set goals, know what they want out of life and be able to focus on that.

Girls who realize they are not entertainment for young or old men. Girls who know their power and understand they are the ones who bring forth the miracles of life. Remember this girls, if you decide not to bring children into this world, there will be no children. God gave this to you, He gave you the gift of bringing forth the miracles in this life, the future comes through you... Know it! You make all decisions, you decide when that will happen so only 'YOU' are in charge.

Young ladies you need to learn to step away from jealousy and stand with your sisters helping to empower each other, to love and care for each other. You need to form a chain of love, caring and protecting each other. I'm not suggesting that you segregate yourselves from boys, of course not, but you must know how to behave properly. Learning to use the word 'NO' is key and use it with strength, 'NO' means 'NO', not yes like some young men think...

Right now the world is changing and it's changing quickly for the worse not the better. What we don't need are more children to add to orphanages, to foster homes or to the inside of wrecked cars in the arms of the homeless.

I encourage you to get your education, have self love, know that you are number one. Know how to protect yourself, stay out of harms way, listen intently and be aware. Above all, realize that your body is a temple and you should not settle but expect to get the best out of this life. Don't let anyone make you feel bad about any of that because believe me, you deserve the best. Life is not going to be easy but with patience, it will be what you want it to be. I love you my little sisters with all my heart...Melvina Germain.....



# Longing

Walking barefoot on fallen leaves,  
wearing your love upon my sleeve.  
I stand amazed in this field of dreams,  
this senseless realm of deals and schemes.

Butterflies wave their delicate wings,  
tree branches crackle and blue birds sing.  
You ravish my thoughts both day and night,  
I long for your glow, your bright shining light.

My thoughts devoured by images of you.

your beauty and love come shining through.  
Where must I go, what shall I do,  
how will I live in this world without you.

Thinking of Sweet James

Melvina Germain

# Loss

I'm thinking of my husband a lot this morning. I remember after he passed, a friend told me. Don't worry Melvina, you'll get over this sadness of grieving in a year. Well I'm here to tell you it's ten years later and believe it, it's not something you 'get over'.

You learn to live with the loss, you sit and enjoy past memories, certain situations remind you of those who passed on. Sometimes we might get angry and ask many questions out loud. Still there are times, when you see a person walking quickly down the street who resembles them and you follow for a bit and then stop and turn around.

Every now and then, his image comes to me through others and a lump forms in my throat wondering how can this be. I wonder is this his spirit standing there looking at me. No we never get over the loss of someone we loved so true, we learn to cope, yes that's exactly what we do.

Melvina Germain

## Loss 2

Loss

So many lost loved ones yesterday and this morning I thought I'd share a few words that came to me...

Here I'am laughing and waving long good-bye's. Don't cry for me friends and family, save your tears. It's not what I thought it would be. I'm that star that glistens brightest beyond the Holy Sea and if you gaze through the darkness, the new shining light is me...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Lost Friendship

When you see someone you love,  
and can no longer hold their hand,  
It matters not whether its woman or man.  
You realize the sadness it brings  
as a friendship lost sometimes bleeds the soul  
and all that is left is the memory you hold.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 25/2015

Melvina Germain

# Lost Youth

Youth I've lost not long ago,  
could I bring it back one day  
and live it over again.  
Perhaps I'd find a different path  
of privilege laced in green  
and walk the rosy road  
no worries so obscene.  
Old age will take me home  
across that invisible line.  
Am I missing out on something,  
something that was impossible to find.

Melvina Germain

# Love

Love is the answer

Could we be more poetic than that...Rest well sweet beings.....

Melvina

Melvina Germain

# Love Is The Answer

## Love Is The Answer

Good Morning, Good Afternoon, Good Evening...The tears are washing my face this morning but also a smile stays etched upon it as well. Tears full force due to the loss of my Uncle Ben and the smile comes while remembering him. O he had such an amazing smile and his eyes twinkled as he spoke.

Uncle was one of my uplifting male role models that I so often speak about. He was there when I was a mere child, taking care of me and my cousins. He stepped in and watched over us. He was there when I was going through my rebellious years with a strong voice and a gentle hand. I don't remember my Uncle Ben ever yelling at me and he most certainly never put me down. I do remember how he always had my back and shared with me honestly. I remember his compassionate tears toward others and I remember his love toward my Aunt Kay and after she passed, now toward my Aunt Delores. I witnessed his respect toward women and never heard a displeasing word. I remember how he was when entering a wedding hall and he would not cross that threshold until his wife was by his side. I stood in awe thinking and smiling, they are as one, as it should be.

Though the news brought an immediate flushing of pain through my body, I knew I had to carry through with the previous plans of the evening and decided to keep that news to myself and share it with family later. My daughter and her friend invited me out to see one of my favourite bands...Gary Martin & The Heavenly Blues Band and I was going forth with that. I had a few close calls of tears and quickly picked myself up. That's when I treasure all the Blessings my Father in Heaven has given me and one of those Blessings is strength. I went forth with our planned event and during that event yet another Blessing was given to me. The Blessing of Char, a tall statuesque and beautiful aboriginal woman. We locked eyes and I knew her energy was flowing through me, we became instant friends. I met her family and was in awe of her fathers, long hair and the sweet smile of her stepmother. Here they were Canada's first Nation people, so vivid their personalities, their shared happiness and so welcoming. I was immersed as if blending together with them as one. It was a Blessing that goes beyond any explanation that I can, give so this morning, I'm thanking God for them.

Over the years, I have been placed in many situations where death is the outcome so it may seem strange to some of you when I say, death has become a friend. A loving, compassionate and soothing friend. I remember back when I first became aware of a spirit in my room, it was a presence, O I was so sick with pneumonia but I knew I was going to get better because the spirit told me so. A Black Angel sat beside me in a chair and my head laid on the pillow and she spoke to me with such kind and loving words. Saying what the spirit said. I found God way back then, I didn't need a church, I didn't need words to be pounded in my head, I knew the presence was good and I knew one day I would be better again. Well I went on to get better and begin my journey through life. At age eleven while skating on a pond in the back of our Nova Scotia home. I smelled a garden of flowers and looked around only to see ice and snow, it was a November evening. Later my Grandmother explained that I had a gift from God to know of the coming of death.

For years I dreaded that gift, surely every time that scent came I knew someone close to me was going to die and so they did. As the years grew, I began to understand even more and embraced my gift. My spiritual intervention has been many to this day and I now give thanks for each and everyone of them. I think of death as a hand reaching out and welcoming the person to that peace that is so far beyond our comprehension. It's like pulling you from the belly of pain, like a new birth being born again. I see it as the optimum gift, beyond diamonds, ruby's and emeralds. Yes it is blossoming joy and while the earthly beings are crying, the souls of our beloveds are rejoicing as they move forward into that new light. And now I'm smiling and laughing inside as that feeling of peace is taking me over, that spiritual light is grabbing hold of me, I'm inhaling and exhaling with a smile on my face and I know my Uncle Benny is at peace and I know he's happy. I'll be sad for missing him, but I'm rejoicing in his passing over and reuniting with our family who have gone before us. I now have a new Angel to help guide be along.

This morning I will witness a joining a very loving couple as they become one and I will rejoice with them. You see God creates balance and one never knows what the road ahead will bring. I was invited to this wedding awhile back but had no idea it was going to be almost the same timing as my Uncle's death. God shows us in His mysterious ways how life should work and we need balance, look at the teaching. I see it clearly. Sadness/Happiness equals "Balance"...So I rest easy and now it is 7: 28, there is no more time for this writing so I will close here and begin to get ready for the joining of two special lives. Thank you Lord Jesus for uplifting me and keeping me on my feet and thank you Father God for

always covering me with your love. Amen.....

Written by: MelvinaGermain

Melvina Germain

# Love Me

Capture me blissfully,  
carry me to the shores of ecstasy.  
Bring me gifts of scent and oil.  
Cover me with linen and lace.  
Hang crystals from the beams.  
Allow the breath of summer  
to mingle among the crystals,  
creating a minuet of twinkling  
sound.  
Come-join me my love

(April 22,2007)

Melvina Germain

# Love Me Only

Expecting a whisper from one so dear,  
my bosom eagerly awaits you here.  
Thy love reigns over all who desire thee,  
May thine love cover you abundantly.

Mountains draped in snow white gowns  
glistening like diamonds falling to the ground.  
Your presence I await in great anticipation,  
together we'll illuminate a royal celebration.

When the dance and feast has come to an end,  
Wilt thou take thy hand and in love make amends.  
Turn desire to fire in folds shimmering free,  
Make love my darling only to me.

Written By: Melvina Germain  
Oct.1/2015  
Time 4: 15 am

Melvina Germain

# Love Or Hate.....Which One Do You Choose? ? ? ? ? ?

## What Is Love

Love is a strong affection, arising out of family or a blossomed friendship. Love can be seen in the adoration of God, a benevolent concern for the betterment of mankind.

.....  
Love is understanding- knowing the truth as it is.  
Love is sympathetic- feeling the hurt of the one you love.  
Love is caring- always wanting to offer a helping hand.  
Love is forgiveness- giving the one you love a second chance.  
Love is sweet memories- remembering all those special moments.  
Love is togetherness, spending quality time together.  
Love is compassion- treating each other tenderly.  
Love is passion- holding, kissing, loving.  
Love is encouragement- always there for the one you love.  
Love is unconditional- given my our Heavenly Father.

## What Is Hate

Hate is an intense disposition, displaying animosity towards others. Showing intolerance, pre-judging those considered inferior in the minds of those who hate.

.....  
Hate is an emotion- depicting a very strong feeling.  
Hate is a waste of time- spending quality time in a dismal manner.  
Hate is sour- to hate is not to love oneself.  
Hate is dangerous- may be inclined or driven to kill.  
Hate is contempt- regarding others as inferior.  
Hate is depressing- unhappy, inwardly miserable.  
Hate is despicable- worthy of scorn.  
Hate is old- seen through historic knowledge.  
Hate is obvious- seen in the faces of diseased persons.  
Hate is a disease- affected, burrowed deep within.

Written: May 09/2008



# Love Train

All aboard  
I'm on a love train  
hope you all come aboard  
and see how much you'll gain  
I'm the dancing shadow  
you see in the corner of your eye  
the radiant star that shines upon you  
when you gaze into the sky  
I have eyes like an Eagle  
and I'm as cunning as a hawk  
time has no place within me  
no arms upon my clock  
within this timeless space  
you'll find no footprints to follow  
and no path that leads to that  
mansion upon the hill  
I'm that invisible force  
that will capture you without remorse  
so please take my hand and come with me  
com-on, come aboard and sit to dine  
drink spirits and the finest wine  
in my cabin of ecstasy  
it's you and yes it's me  
we share the rhythm of love  
yes we'll dance into eternity

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 27/2015

Time 12: 29am

Melvina Germain

# Love Wins

No matter where the wind roars  
North, South, East, West  
Love is the King and Queen  
that never falls  
and towers over all the rest

Love wins in the aftermath of pain  
in the dreary night of the grayest rain  
Love wins while hate tries to trample the earth  
yes it carries one through a beautiful rebirth

Love is the antidote to hate its true  
O it's bigger than what man can hurl at you  
Love is laughing eyes and a smiling face  
it's the gift from God that suits every taste

Love has no size and grows no height  
it's weight is more than a ton of gold  
it can't be bought and most certainly not sold  
its the epitome of all held within one  
its the brightest light beneath the sun

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 27/2015

Time: 7: 41am

Melvina Germain

# Love Wins (Dedicated To Zack Fisher)

No matter where the wind roars  
North, South, East, West  
Love is the King and Queen  
that never falls  
and towers over all the rest

Love wins in the aftermath of pain  
in the dreary night of the grayest rain  
Love wins while hate tries to trample the earth  
yes it carries one through a beautiful rebirth

Love is the antidote to hate its true  
O it's bigger than what man can hurl at you  
Love is laughing eyes and a smiling face  
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it's weight is more than a ton of gold  
it can't be bought and most certainly not sold  
its the epitome of all held within one  
its the brightest light beneath the sun

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 27/2015

Time: 7: 41am

Melvina Germain

# Loving You Too Long

Loving You Too Long

She was loving you too long  
no promises  
no lifelong commitment came along  
she tried to sing your song  
play your game  
be your partner in a fools play  
then a light bulb shone bright  
and true love gave up the fight one day  
she was loving you too long  
now you sing that lonely song

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: March 8/16

Melvina Germain

# Lying In Silence

I know I'm lying in a hospital room,  
the Doctor's will come in soon.  
Don't they know that I'm aware  
of what is going on in here.

I lie in silence, I can not speak,  
but my ears can hear every little creek.  
The crying and sobbing, the sweet and I love you,  
I hear it all coming through.

I know my time is coming soon,  
My wife is singing spiritual tunes.  
The Angel of death will soon appear,  
the scent of sweet violets permeate the air.

Hearing love in the silence,  
hidden behind an invisible fence.  
Reaching out in my mind,

with no communication of any kind.

I love you all, thank God I told you before.  
God is coming soon, to open the final door.  
I have no regrets, I've made my peace.  
My love for you all will never cease.

Melvina Germain

# Madness

Much darkness penetrated steel walls of pain;  
old voices screamed as if insane.  
Tossed to the gallows of disrepair,  
Heart-wrenching ghosts roamed viciously there.  
Madness stroke the clock of time,  
Insanity spewed like vipers slime.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Mae Lee Elise

Mae Lee Elise (may her dreams never cease)  
In dreamlike slumber deep with peace,  
saw shadows dance on velvet floor,  
to a great melodic symphony.  
Mae Lee Elise did adore.

An Angel slight and beautiful,  
smiled with a tear in her eye.  
Much love comes to you Mae Lee Elise,  
it's time to say goodbye.

She looked upon this glorious sight,  
bathed in beauty light.  
A voice sweet and crystal clear,  
echoed in the air.

Mae Lee Elise you have been chosen,  
by the great King above.  
Come thee now in tender peace,  
to the land of unconditional love.

Mae Lee Elise opened her eyes and said,  
this is not a dream.  
The Angel smiled, you are not dead.  
It is exactly what it seems.  
Mae Lee Elise, today you begin your eternal life,  
and live what you have dreamed.

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date: Aug.14/2012

Melvina Germain

# Making Love

Somewhere out there, where lovers meet.  
In the still of night, with muted light.  
Lilacs fragrance consume the air.  
Basking in it's perfume, you lay there.

A tilt of the heads toward each other,  
eyes gaze in mysterious delight.  
Fingers intertwining, searching,  
Music of the heart, plays it's part.

Slowly, carressing, fondling, arousing.  
Fire burning, senuously, responding  
to each and every touch, enjoying each  
other, oh so much.

Immersed as one, intertwining bodies,  
catch the light of moon, an explosion  
erupts from deep inside and not a  
moment too soon.

Bodies glisten in the moonlit night,  
sighs of pleasure resonate.

The night is young, the moon is full.  
Time is of no importance, live long into  
the night and enjoy, again and again and  
again.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Mama

Death of delicious frying chicken breast  
spiced aroma permeating the air we breathe.  
Those days to sample and sparingly test,  
a Mama chef pulls down her sleeves.

And now the calm supplants old pain  
standing atop ancient marble stones.  
Transition dances, may life regain  
yes your legacy leaves no one alone.

Though earth tears shall moisten ones face,  
Earth Angels reach out with bosoms and laps.  
We scream out loud for God's embrace,  
may our patience stand not in lack.

Hush be the crow who circles round,  
a new babe is born while death performs.  
The door to Heaven may your soul be bound  
Mother dear, one day, you shall be reborn.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 27/2015

Melvina Germain

# Mandella Haiku

The road to freedom  
Twenty seven sad years robbed  
Mandela still lives

Melvina Germain

# Marrying For Convenience

I met a girl who loves me so.  
Never questions my whereabouts while I'm on the go.  
I can do what I want, never having to worry.  
This girl is a jewel I'm no fool.

We live together like roommates,  
She stays at home, while I stay out late.  
We do our own thing and that's OK.  
I don't truly love her anyway.

We're about to be married very soon.  
I married once in the month of June.  
This is my second time around.  
This time my feet are on the ground.

I'm not in love though I respect her a lot.  
She's safe and easy, Johnny on the spot.  
Maybe I'll stay with her until the end.  
We can always be, very good friends.

(July 11,2007)

Melvina Germain

# Martin Luther King Haiku

Clear doth this man speak  
Martin refused to sell out  
haters took his life

Melvina Germain

## Martin Luther King (2) Haiku

American born  
Martin Luther King speaks out  
and soothes a nation

Melvina Germain

# Meant To Be

I saw the flicker in your eyes,  
your beautiful porcelain smile.  
I watched you closely as you  
walked down the aisle.

I saw the sway in your hips,  
the confidence in your walk.  
The pertness of your lips,  
as you listened to your minister  
talk.

I saw the happiness on your face,  
as you looked at your groom. For  
you, no one else stood in this most  
elegant room.

I saw the tears appear, while you  
stood there. Tears of happy times  
to come, year after year.

I saw you exchange vows with  
cracked voices. I knew you both  
realized you made all the right  
choices.

I saw you dance together, and knew  
the two of you were meant to be. A  
feeling of peace and harmony  
came over me.

Melvina Germain

# Melancholy Blues

I saw a face  
from long ago,  
One of whom I miss.  
Life has its twists

and turns and a  
whole lot of emptiness.

By: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.05/2014

Melvina Germain

# Merry Christmas

From this moment on, I'm proceeding to happy mode. I'm not thinking of worldly problems, insulting politicians, no negative thoughts will cross my mind. I want to wake up tomorrow in a festive mood, smiling while sitting on the edge of my bed ready to holler out loud, it's almost Christmas Eve lol. I'm staying in that mood all day long and I welcome you to do the same. Whatever this season means to you, celebrate it and forget the darkness, let light be many beautiful colors that bounce off buildings and light up darkness. Enjoy with family and friends and forget quarrels and displeasing moments, it's time to smile, bake shapely cookies and sing wonderful songs of celebration. Let love be what you breathe, what you speak and what you see...

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.....

Melvina Germain

## Micro Poem

Corruption is a beast,  
a tawdry creepy crawler.  
Every word a lie  
every action deceives.  
Manipulation flows  
from morning to eve.

Melvina Germain

# Micro Poem (Untitled)

Micro Poem (Untitled)

An abomination,  
has fallen upon this earth.  
The wrath of evil never died.  
Manipulation soars the world  
and all was prophesied.  
By: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Microaggressions

Insults - Poem by Melvina Germain

Microaggressions  
will send daggers to the heart  
clawing at ones soul

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.1/2015

Melvina Germain

# Midnight Dance

O silhouettes, dance and peer at me  
midnight shadow darkened glow  
on empty walls in echoed halls  
mystified as played in a horror show  
I fear thee not  
you be that figment of my imagination  
my mind's own creation  
so dance if you will  
I'll speak of you with my feathers quill  
dance the dance of love  
beneath God's royal sky above  
I shall return the favor  
O this I'll always savor  
free from the fetters of reality  
twirling and turning gleefully  
with thee I dance in the midnight hour  
in the midst of all spiritual power

Melvina Germain

# Mommy I'M Gay

Stella was so happy to have her baby,  
she beamed a light so bright.  
Years later, a sadness covered her when  
she saw the look on her son's face one night.

Mommy I'm sorry to tell you, I'm gay,  
these are the hardest words for me to say.  
Stella looked at her son and smiled beautifully,  
and her eyes shone like brilliant stars.

She whispered softly in his ear,  
you are my precious son and I love you just  
the way you are.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Jan.8/2015

Melvina Germain

## More

There is more, yes there is more, so much more to this earth and we know, we know, though philosophers, scientists, Kings and Queens still can not explain, where did we begin, who truly reigns. Yes many believe in God, the Father of all creation yet so many doubt the power of His illumination. A higher power we know must exist, and in name that power carries a very long list.

How we doubt the beauty of this earth, the nature of the land, the air that we breathe. Without sun, without sea, without air there is no you, there is no me. How simple it is to realize, our life belongs to the wind and sky. We need the air, we need the sun, without water, our life is done.

Give some thought to the higher being, without His love, we'll not be seen. My thoughts, take what you can use and leave the rest...Melvina...

Melvina Germain

# Morning Birds

The birds this morning have captivated my ear and I hear beautiful sounds everywhere. As I soothe my soul with this royal gift, may I say good morning friends, let your spirits uplift...Blessings to all of you...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Mother Theresa

Mother theresa you peacefull soul  
how I long to be just like you  
forgiveness in heart I do not hold  
as God's Saintly people do

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.24/2015

Melvina Germain

# Mourning

Mourning.....

Black hearted beast, have you no shame.  
Leave me alone to face my pain.  
Addicted I lay within your grasp,  
shackled in chains, mournful clasp.

Paralyzed mind, lost its spark,  
dead yet alive, living in the dark.  
Stretching skin over fleshless bones.  
Corrupted speech moan and groan,  
curdling blood, thick like muddied lakes  
covered in dredge.  
Living life barely on the edge.

Cold and hard your body roars,  
come my child, come back for more.  
Whimpering, crumbling, weak and weary.  
day after day, bleak and scary.

Promises made, promises broken,  
spending each and every token.

I'am what I'am, and that's what I'll be.  
The gambler sitting there is really me.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Feb.01/2011

Melvina Germain

# Mouse In The House

Mouse In The House (Children's poem)

I'm a little mouse,  
I run around Mikes house.  
I know it really belongs to me,  
cause I don't need a key.

I found a hole in a rusty old pipe.  
Crawled in and took a flight.  
Soared through the air-

A cat, a dog standing there? ? OOOPS? ? ? ? ?

I landed in a box of clothes soft and fluffy white  
Now I have to dig down deep and stay far out of sight  
Who let that cat and dog in anyway  
I ll bet it was- MEAN- OLD-MIKE

Melvina Germain

## Moving Forward (Haiku)

Reach out take my hand  
Let me lead you through the gate  
A new Angel lives

Melvina Germain

# Music Haiku

Blues and Jazz suffice  
to bring delight to ones soul  
let the music play

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.13/2015

Melvina Germain

# Music Sets The Mood

In morning mood song, the splendour of music moves along. Like a rainbow of vibrant colors synergistically blending, an intoxicating melody divinely playing.

Listen, shhhh listen to the beauty of the claronets and violins, the amazing sound of harps and flutes, angelic voices resonate, a symphony of heart song. Ahhh the piano man plays. His fingers dance upon the keys. Lead us maistro, lead us, capture our mood in the beauty of elegant song. Let all who rest here quietly sing along.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: April 12/2011

Time: 12: 20am

Melvina Germain

# My Cat Mittens

Soothing to the soul  
Mittens rests on Mama's lap  
she welcomes his touch

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.29/2015

Melvina Germain

# My Destiny I Humble Thee

Wisdom filled the gap that laid empty in my soul.  
Its aura hovered o're my being,  
Its essence filled me to the brim.  
My cup run-eth over with royal silk.

God's gift of wisdom generously abound.  
May it shine through, to those who wish to see,  
and those who can not fathom thee,  
one day accept its truth.

My Lord I've knelt on bended knee,  
to thank you for this precious gift.  
May you be pleased my Lord.  
I've learned a great life lesson.

I'm humble and see the error of my ways.  
I forever shall be grateful in quiet night, in brightest days.  
I'll not go chasing false friendships,  
nor bringing home their refuge, but yet I pray for all you see,  
as now I realize my destiny.

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date: Aug.12/12

Melvina Germain

# My Dreamer

A tapestry you paint within my mind.  
while sitting on the highest mountain peak.  
Searching the universe for my elegance,  
painting images your mind solely seeks.

Seen from the brightest corner of earths illumination  
dazzling lights enrapture earths darkness.  
A vibrant catastrophic sight, a birth of God's creation.  
the tintinnabulation of bells remove all sadness.

And you, the dreamer of dreams, own my heart  
yes I give it all to a Royal Prince like you.  
We'll walk that soft and feathery cloud,  
tip toeing in Heaven like Angels do.

So dream my dreamer, my lover of love,  
paint the river with soft tears dripping from above.  
let white simmering shadows dance the shore,  
perhaps we'll visit life's ocean more and more.

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date: June 26/2015  
Time: 12: 12pm

Melvina Germain

# My Father, My Hope, My Light

My Father is my guiding light,  
He loves me unconditionally.  
When I'm down, he picks me up.  
When I'm lonely, he comforts me.  
When I'm hurting, he delivers me from pain.

My Father gives all that I need in order to  
survive..  
Love, hope, self esteem, strength and  
when times are tough, the courage to stay alive.

My Father is a loving Father, a caring Father. He  
Is the king of all Fathers, no one can compare.  
He lives in my heart and soul, He is my spirit, my  
comfort zone, my whole.

My Father has so many children, He loves them all  
the same, all we have to do is remember to call on  
His name.

My Father is the Sovereign of the universe who gave  
us a special gift, the gift of his son Jesus who died  
so that we could live.

Today, I give tribute to my Father, I give him all  
the glory, for He is my joy, my comfort, my everlasting  
story.

Father, from the bottom of my feet to the tip of my  
head, I'm filled with your Holy spirit, many tears I have shed.  
Tears of happiness, tears of joy, tears to celebrate your son's birth.

Father God I'm honored and grateful to have been  
given the opportunity of living on this earth.

Here's to you Father on your special day.  
You are at the helm and that's where you will stay.  
Happy Father's Day.



# My Goddess And Me

Yes, I saw her, sleek and shine. this  
beautiful Goddess of whom I call  
mine.

My dreams were plunging like bayonets  
into the deepest, darkest, wildest  
depth.

No inhibitions flowed to mind but the  
tempest's throne held soul O so  
divine.

She jingled and jangled in barefoot  
steps. Her belly glistening to the beat.  
Yes, I wept.

My goddess fluttered like a whimsical  
bird while batting her clever eyes, a  
delicate and delightful surprise.

My groin began to twitch to the cadence  
of her rhythm. A slow, enticing modulating  
prism.

There I sat erect with fire, captured by the  
heat of my goddesses, wildest and  
promising desire.

She tamed me, O a whip upon this wild  
beast. I succumbed to her undulating power,  
begging, don't let this night cease.

Every vibrating part of her erotic moves, took  
me deeper and deeper into the sea of erotic  
pleasing.

To the royal sink of intoxication, I saw my  
semen float. Together we held tight in that  
invisible boat sailing through the ocean of

infinite pleasure.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Feb.8/2015

Melvina Germain

# My Heart Song

Tonight sleep escapes me, you are tugging at my heartstrings and I reminisce our last chapter.

We came to that place of understanding, knowing each other inwardly. Sometimes speech was not necessary, our eyes asked and answered questions as we dipped into silence.

Your pain was excruciating as the tears welled in your eyes. Past experience taught me to keep my distance and offer a look of compassion. Helpless, I sat in silence night after night, knowing the inevitable was near.

No harsh words found us the last few weeks, our conversations were elevated with loving words and kind gestures.

I remember your fingers well and the warmth of your embrace. Your soft spoken words captured me as I lay against your chest, listening to your heart beat. I feared the ending of the drums was near.

Tonight realization visits me again and trudges on the fabric of my space. My mind devoured with sad, longing thoughts of you as the tears wash my face. You are gone, you crossed over and my solace is in knowing you suffer no more.

Each night, I seek you in the quiet of darkness and reach for you in thought. Your scent permeates my space and I indulge in the ecstasy of imagination. We slide into that moment of unspeakable pleasure as I touch you once again and feel the warmth of your body on mine. You are my heart song, you live within me.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: May 7th/2011

Time: 1: 31am

Melvina Germain

# My Lord-My Redeemer-My Light

You are the bright star that shines through cloudy skies.  
the ever blooming flower that never dies.

You are the soft green grass that cushions my step,  
the light wind that caress my neck.

You are the sweet scent that permeate the air,  
the beautiful petals that open with flare.

You are the soft whispers that come in the night,  
you are My Lord, My Redeemer, My Light.

(June 29,2007)

Melvina Germain

# My Sad Soul (Dedicated To Donna Lohnes)

Doth thou not have validation, can thee not stand alone.  
Such questions cry out from deep within as I cower  
from pricks of thorns. Weary legs trudge along while  
truth peers back at me. O I retreat far within, no  
face doth thou see.

Distraught my eyes paint ruby red, rose held thy  
skin appears. My tongue thick like a drunkards wretch,  
I can not clearly speak. Narcissistic words beget my  
mind as his words came tumbling. No value do you  
have, no value can't you see, no value my dear girl, no  
value to me.

Shattered thoughts, innards sliced and torn, my heart  
ripped from my soul and crushed within his hand. Thy  
foundation crumbled with no mercy as he held a royal  
Flush. There I was, matured in years as youth died a  
lonely death.

Let the image of old partners rummage thy thoughts  
whilst tears cascade my sad soul. Through stained  
windows I see life's sorrows toss dust all over me.  
See me lay across my bed, heart thumping feverishly.

Lonely days, I'm still a pondering, where did the  
years go. Living in a hot, one room shack, I truly  
want to know. Praise God for His Blessings, Praise  
Him for His Holy word. Without God in my life,  
Only He knows where I'd be, but the shield is  
dissipating and finally I can see.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: August 7/2014

Melvina Germain

# My Sin

What's done is done in the midnight sun.  
Dreaded thoughts, I wish my heart to run.  
To hide deep among the ashes grey,  
to cover from evils heat.  
I stand naked in the eyes of want and weep.

Thine eyes fill with dread and pain.  
Fear not  
my sin,  
I do refrain.

Written: Sept.19,2008

Melvina Germain

# My Thoughts (A)

Sharing my thoughts with all of you

In The Present

Many years ago I found myself living life in what I refer to as the fast lane. I'm not speaking of a wild lifestyle though at one time, that too was true. I'm relating to doing simple tasks as fast as I could and doing more than one at a time, commonly referred to as multi-tasking. I remember my husband asking me on more than one occasion, what are you doing? You haven't finished the dishes and now your making the bed and a bucket of water is sitting in the bathroom, Melvina what are you doing? Oh leave me alone, I'm multi-tasking, can't you see that. He couldn't take it, he would leave. He knew he couldn't help me because if I started the task, I had to be the one to finish it, that was my rule so he took advantage of that and went to the coffee house and chatted up his buddies. Later he'd come home and tell me what an amazing job I did and that was the way I did things.

As the years went by, I had no choice but to slow down due to health issues and though that was a harsh time for me, a lesson was unfolding. I learned to do one thing at a time and be happy when one task was finished, stood and enjoyed the finished project. I was in the present with what I was doing and actually enjoying it. I didn't consider it a task, washing dishes became a pleasant time for me. It warmed my hands and took my pain away so I washed them slower and enjoyed the comfort of washing dishes. I often washed dishes at my friends homes. Though I had to slow down out of necessity it was a beautiful time for me.

I also learned through these slow periods that no one can take anything I truly love away from me. They can remove something or someone from me but because my mind has absorbed that which is taken, the essence, the love and the warmth remains with me as if nothing has been taken away from me at all. I think that's why my outlook on death is perhaps different than many. I do grieve and I do miss that flesh body but the spirit is vividly there with me and at will I can feel the warmth of the person who has moved on. It was a slow learning process for me over the years but I'm thankful I was open enough to grasp the beauty of it all and I thank my Father in Heaven for all the amazing gifts he has given me and for all the time He stood by my side uplifting me, teaching me and soothing me.

It is written that the Zen way of life is the way to be and I for one love Zen, I

love the peace, the calm and the tranquility of it. I love to bask in my Zen moments enjoying the all. Perhaps I'm a little greedy though, you see when I walk now, I'm doing more than walking, I'm observing, I'm listening and I'm feeling. I call it my Zen Plus.

My Zen Plus walk consists of trees that whisper, birds that sing, flowers blooming, and maybe I'll spot an ant taking a carcass home. I'm in the moment caressed by the wind.

My feelings are soothed, you see it's my walk with me. I'm alone in the field of tranquility.

I'm so enjoying this time of my life, I've learned to let it be. I don't move toward competition, you see it doesn't matter to me anymore who loses or who wins. I learned that beauty isn't the make-up I put on face, nooo true beauty comes from within so I can open the door with my braids or curlers in my hair and smile large at the delivery man.

Each day, I'm trying more and more to be in the present and enjoy what is, not worrying about what was or what will be. Enjoy each day of this life to the fullest everyone. Blessings to you all...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# My Thoughts (B)

## My Thoughts (B)

Have you forgotten or do you remember, I wonder. I do remember as a wee girl smiles and jubilation of relatives arriving from the West Indian Islands. They were so happy to be here. I'll never forget that day, it seemed a burden was lifted from my Grandparents when our relatives arrived knowing they would be happier here and have a chance at a good education and be able to start their own business. It was a beautiful day and we were all basking in that joy. The love my Grandparents poured their way was phenomenal.

My relatives, I don't believe had to walk miles hoping for acceptance, they were fortunate enough to have sponsorship here and they came into a home of love. All worked out well for them, one gent is now a Scientist here, well maybe he`s retired by now, one has experienced the wonderful world of TV, another became a Principal etc. Some are retiring and their children are enjoying the gifts of this land. Do they remember, I can't answer that question, fact is they were given the opportunity to excel and all suffering they may have had prior ceased. My Grandparents had their own story to tell as they were the first ones here. I was fortunate to be born here in Canada and I say, Thank you Jesus.

This morning I rose feeling great again and sat realizing how fortunate I was to be a Canadian citizen, to have had a relatively smooth life, Oh yes many rough spots along the way. However I did not have to walk the streets allowing people to rub my head and pay out a few cents to satisfy their curiosity of what my hair felt like. No sometimes they did that anyway. More importantly I wanted for nothing, my clothes were made for me by my Grandmother, food was provided by a hard working Grandfather and love was shared by all. We were at peace, you see that`s what I remember, that beautiful sense of peace.

Hmmm we could leave our doors open then and not be afraid of unwanted intruders. A happy and peaceful life on Canadian soil. We lived in a mixed community, different races and religions and we all got along and helped each other, I remember the laughter and the welcoming of strangers, the hugs and hand shakes, great food and huge gatherings at the Melnik Hall on Tupper Street. Wow! Those were the days my friends.

I remember my Aunt Mar standing on a tall ladder putting shingles on our home, and I laugh when I recall an incident of an old geese beating up my Uncle Ben. Oh my goodness, my Uncle laughed so hard a few years ago when I told that story and I have many stories to tell all because of the safety and peace of this

wonderful country. We of course can also share our issues but still this was the place to be.

This morning it hurt me greatly when I read an article of a pepper spraying incident. Refugees have been welcomed to this country and are here for the same reasons, to have a better life for all. To see their children smile and play without worry, to know they will be fed and to be able to enjoy so much of what we already take for granted. We Canadians worry and we complain due to the influx of so many coming into the country, I know we do, but do we remember when our forefathers wanted entry to this country.

I watched these people walking and walking with their hands full, some carrying their children, toddlers lagging behind crying and I wonder about the pain felt in the adult bodies and in the little legs of those babies. I watch the women barely able some of them to place one foot in front of the other but the mind is working overtime. Can you imagine the rumbling stomachs filled with pain due to hunger, can you believe it's possible for places to put up walls and not allow humans to enter. How many days can a woman walk without pain, does she have the necessities to take care of her hygiene, is she pregnant, is she about to have a miscarriage, is blood running down her legs. Can you imagine the ugly of being not wanted when your hungry and in pain. And the poor men, the heads of the family, lacking that ability to provide for their families, watching their wives and children cry out for help. What man wants that for their family, I shake my head wondering how they must feel.

We are Canadians dang it, this is the place that gives us at least a little hope. Don't let hate pour onto this land, we've always been an accepting and peaceful country. At one time we rode high on the ladder of peace.

The pepper sprayer is one person who acted out and I'm hoping not to see any copy cats. I hope that person sits down and really thinks of what he or she did and tries to remember. Most of us are immigrants to this country, I say most because we know the story of the Aborigines. Let love come from our hearts and soul and treat these people with respect, it is human to want the best for your children and wouldn't we all walk miles to get that. Let love be the answer folks...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

## My Thoughts (C)

We are amazing human beings created by that which we truly do not know. We can kneel and pray to Jehovah, Allah, Yehweh, and so forth, that invisible force we encompass in all to be God.

Some may call out to the universe, that massive force of energy, gaze toward the sky enjoying fallen stars. It is said by astrophysicists that we are stardust as such is found within our bodies. With such knowledge, scientifically speaking we are in fact a part of the universe. Hence when we die that stardust within our bodies goes back to the universe as our flesh becomes dust, but do we really die meaning nothing more or is nothing everything.

Our minds and souls never die, they too are invisible. God is invisible, our souls and minds are invisible. You can not physically touch our minds though the brain is clear to see and can be operated on. Food for thought perhaps but I think still explainable as the mind might move on prior to the failing of the brain. The soul which is the 'you' also can not be touched, it is not flesh so in fact it too moves forward. We become that infinite energy that soars the universe, that spiritual, supernatural, that unexplainable source which keeps the human mind embraced in a phenomenal query.

This in its simple form tells me without a doubt, it is impossible to die. Death is a mere process that takes us to our home of eternity. Man with his morbid outlook has turned death into a dark, dismal and negative experience when that ought to be the time we begin our celebration. My friend Sue Gaddess understood that very well, when she was preparing to leave us, we joked, we laughed and we shared. You see we began our celebration while she was physically still here and we carried on that celebration with her presence in spirit afterward. I became her host, O I know some of you are having a problem with that one, however that matters not, let the truth be told. She orchestrated her own celebration of life on earth through me and I was delighted, uplifted and Blessed to do so. A tremendous and remarkable experience unfolded. That amazing experience once again instilled in me that we do not die. A transition takes place and we move beyond.

Sometimes children come into this world for a very short period, I call them Angels passing through. They are momentary gifts in the physical that go back to the spirit quickly. We are to absorb as they pass through this universe, they are a true Blessing who touch us inwardly forever. Their short lives were for a reason but as our minds have been hindered and affected by mankind's inability

to comprehend what is beyond, we are left in a place of confusion, a darkness suffering depression instead of rejoicing the non suffering of these visiting Angels.

Evil has found its way into the portholes of weakness often perpetrated merely by a few, and the masses stands in fear afraid to die, afraid to pass through that beautiful place of peace.

If we took time away from evil, away from the fear of evil mongers, away from fighting, away from the darkness of depression and all the pain thereof and concentrated on the truth of who we are and what we can do in regard to the power we hold within and realized that we can overcome. Think about that, we then would have ample time to learn what our uniqueness can accomplish. In this massive world no two individuals are alike but we find groups, we find clicks and conjure up reasons to fire bombs and hatred at difference, the difference of race, the difference of religion, the difference of gender preference.

Folks if we were meant to fight our skin would be comprised of metal fragments, we would have a hard exterior in order to fend off weapons. Is it that difficult to believe that we were created to love, honour and respect each other, to help and protect each other, to see each other for who we truly are, to enjoy the greatness that surrounds us.

Man has become a beast, can we tame that beast, remove the weapons, heal the wounds. Reach out, learn and experience from our generous surroundings. Truly we are encompassed in the wonders of the universe, every inch of us is embraced by the supernatural surrealism of the universe.

We lose so much and gain so little as we allow ourselves to be taken in by temporary fixes. The solution to all the pain in this world is to realize, no matter who we are, what race, what religion, what gender, we are all connected and our time on this earth is very short. With that thought in mind, we must realize there is no time to fight, no time to hate. We ought to be preparing ourselves for that marvellous journey beyond knowing we will become the stars that the new generations reach out too.

My thoughts ladies and gentlemen, take what you can use and leave the rest...Melvina Germain.....

Melvina Germain

## My Thoughts (D)

To delve into the reality of life perhaps one must visit the valley of pain, skip through fields of smiles and laughter, swim the sea in tranquil bliss and dance in the river of happiness. I stand on the shore skipping stones in a long white shimmering dress, smiling large. Have a beautiful day everyone.....

Melvina Germain

# My Visit To Hell

There I found a tattered gate leading a long path of cruelty abounding darkness all the forefront as far as one could see.

Magenta light bounced in scarlet beams leaving sparks upon unholy ground, pale covered fields projected flames where hunter green blades once grew in abundance.

Hillsides cracked dry and thirsty, quench not thy thirst one fears. And the mountainous terrain grew steep and smooth, only red goats walked there.

Where am I screamed my inner voice for my tongue was heavy and sore, the atmosphere crushed heavy upon me as my mind took me back to a time where choice was of two doors.

Twas the diamond glitter of which I chose whilst a poverty stricken man took the other. Behind my door was a place called Sadon-ridge and it sat in the midst of hell.

Over-fed beasts romped in squalor bathing in a filth muddied slew. My throat held back thy vomit prompting me to believe my life was through.

Surrounded within this cavern of darkness no stars shone upon me, but saddened eyes sunken in sockets deep in abundance cowered staring me down.

There was no mistaken this inasmuch as I could see. Yes, deep in the valley of hell is where life has brought me, but why my mind held torment for a good person I tried to be.

Anguish begets torment whilst horrendous fires burn, firearms built a mountain high, which once cloaked warriors held in arms. With all my observation, I realized my feet walked above ground in a cloud like mass I swept untouched by hell's anointed found.

To the north a muted view, very little could I see but to the East I approached a valley deep and rough overcrowded with beings walking bent and naked harbouring the pain of their once earthly life.

Sinners, sinners a voice yelled loud, sinners of the worst kind. Look yonder at heavens, men and women throwing up an endless tormented scene. Look over

there and see what you find. This is hell my dear, nothing shines, nothing soothes the day. Look there! look there! he's held in place, you see the steel rods, don't you see. This is the place a payment must be made for the sins not paid on earth and when all is paid in full, a body bag will submerge the sea and that filth of earth will violently cease to be.

O I know, yes I know these perverts, rapists, pedophiles, terrorists will all wish they made that change. Awww but arrogant minds with narcissistic values begat a being excruciatingly deranged.

Don't worry my dear they will burn in a place called Gangess deeper than the sea, a place never heard of on earth, the darkest hole in hell you see. All the truth of real sinners will be dealt with appropriately and the poor people lied about we'll lovingly send back but the liars will take their place in the ditch close to hell's railroad track.

All real sinners must stand in line expecting to pay their dues. It's something you'll never hear on earth whilst listening to the evening news. This is hell, I repeat this is hell, this is hell, this is hell and the voice kept repeating those words as it soon faded away.

Why do I not cry out loud joining the screams of these wretched men. O my memory unfolded and the scenery held bleak, twas the black cloaked men of earth carrying rifles and much artillery. As such men died they found Sadon-ridge, a slap in the face one might say for the promises made of beauty and diamonds in the sky in payment for ruthless acts was not to be seen in this gloomy space.

A crash of wind slapped hard the rugged mountains, soaring fast above me and below me, enveloping me tight within. Through the moistened grey my body grew wet and my feet felt stiff and cold. I moved quickly within that wind and luminous lights bathed gold.

Passing by hills, mountains high, old castles illuminated in my view. Colors reigned bright and beautiful whilst rainbow painted structures gleamed predominately blue. My face grew smooth as my smile stretched long creasing from ear to ear. My body temperature returned to norm as I soared along, could Heaven be the where.

Why, I questioned, why did I visit wallowing filth soured in the depths of hell. A voice called out sweet and soothing answering my question in the greatest detail, upon such learn-ed information my eyes welled full as I wept.

You rest here awhile and consume the beauty of which you must never forget.  
The morrow begins your travel back but hell you'll never visit again. Share your  
experience of what you have seen, share it willingly and true. You are one of the  
chosen to bring forth peace, now I leave it all up to you.

I settled in for that well needed rest smiling large all the while. In praise I  
thanked my God for caressing me His earthly child. Tomorrow I'll join my  
brothers and sisters and will soon begin to spread the word of peace.

In a new day a luminous light shall cover all like a silk glove and we'll live in a  
promised land acknowledging the value of true love.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.18/2015

Melvina Germain

# Naomi Green

She arrived with ego, pride and chutzpa,  
shouting out new rules and kicking butts.

Naomi Green, was a brute of a woman,  
but she knew her business, she had the guts.

She spoke the crucial language of gold,  
and knew power was never to be sold.

A Negotiating maniac in a boardroom of men,  
respect she owned, no whimpering like a hen.

Naomi called the shots, like a soldier she fought,  
No tears begat her cinnamon tone, solemn face.  
You'll never see her sit saddened and distraught,  
she had to be in the front line of every race.

We hail the memory of this Naomi Green,  
she went to her maker as a King and a Queen.

Resilient, powerful, exceptionally strong,  
sharing strength with her sisters, her whole life long.

I love you Naomi.....

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Jan.4/2015

Melvina Germain

# Nature's Bliss     Haiku

Soft colored rainbows  
arch God's blossoms of beauty  
earths royal delight

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date:        Nov.13/2015

Melvina Germain

# Nature's Juice

Roaring sounds  
resonate,  
drums beat,  
earth's music plays.

A syncopation in nature's rhythm,  
so far away, God's symphony shares.  
Soothing, enchanting universal blues,  
present a monumental concert everywhere.

Shake to the beat of cosmic bliss,  
move elegantly in sensual flare.  
Swirl with passions emotional tease,  
feel the winds of nature's breeze.

Love worn vividly upon our sleeves,  
desires never long or grieve.  
Dark sky's drink crystals thirsting for more,  
a pleasurable dance upon earth's floor.

Rain pours steady over jaded fields,  
whilst obedient sounds come pounding through.  
Sopping wet lay blades so green,  
lying side by side, longing to be seen.

Young and foolish,  
old and wise,  
shall one day drink of the royal fountain,  
infinite fruits of our land,  
Let nature's juice drip from thy hand.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Nature's Miracle

In the month of April, true spring is not far away.  
The days grow longer, the robins sing and play,  
why beauty shines through with each coming day.

Trees stand naked, undressed by fallen leaves,  
yet beauty remains, soon nature's reprieve.  
Branches dance and snap with the kiss of the wind.  
New growth, oh yes new growth will begin.

The sun lies hidden behind God's great clouds,  
while rain showers boldly sing out loud.  
A symphony of birds-song..... sweet voice  
a concerto composed by nature's choice.

A miracle, a miracle seen each year  
We touch, see and feel, yes this miracle  
is oh so very real

Written: April 26/2008

Melvina Germain

# Nature's Remedy

Presented here are  
tomatoes rich in colour  
housing nutrients  
powerful enough to kill  
horrendous cancerous cells

Melvina Germain

# Never Grow Old

Some say age is merely a number,  
perhaps your mind will tell it true.  
Age is simply the way you  
think of you.

If you stop dreaming and forging  
ahead, stop reaching out, wanting  
to sing a brand new song.

If you stop looking at all the beauty  
God gives, and your enthusiasm lacks  
in the life you live. Perhaps you can  
call yourself old.

But if you dream and continually set  
goals, take all the love and let it  
beautifully unfold. Embrace new  
friendships with open arms, hugs and  
kisses delight with charm.

No matter what the year, your birthday  
brings, nor what songs you choose to  
sing. The light of youth will remain, it's  
true, and all will see that light coming  
from you.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 22/2014

Melvina Germain

# Never Look Back.....I Disagree

It has been said, one must never look back, move on, push toward the future. Yesterday is gone, old news so to speak. I disagree and believe the opposite. One must look back and remember the atrocities of yesteryear. Never forget our forefathers who died, cruel deaths. Don't forget the past, if you do then these poor people have died in vain.

We must always look back and remember that Holy man who died upon the cross, yes his name is Jesus, we must never forget what this precious man did for us and in order to do that, we must look back.

If we suffered as a child, we must look back and remember in order to save another child of the present and future from suffering the same. We must be able to prepare our own children and teach them how to protect themselves, by staying out of harms way. We do that by remembering and looking back.

Look back and remember the fields of lying dead, yes the dead of world war one and two. Without these people, we would not be enjoying the freedom we have today. Look back and remember.

We look back and remember all the old songs and music of the 60's and 70's and remember dancing in school washrooms on cement floors, laughing and smiling wanting more and more, we do that by looking back at all the pleasant memories.

I say, look back, reminisce, enjoy the good memories, learn from the bad memories and gain strength from the ugly memories.

Look back, don't be afraid, look back.

Written for the challenge: Never Look Back  
Moderator: White\_Diamond

Written: August 28/2008

Melvina Germain

# Never Say Good-Bye

It is the motion in the moonlight  
and how I felt after we kissed.  
It's the sparkle in your eyes  
when we held hands like this.

It's every waking moment of  
melancholy blues, and the whispers  
at midnight sharing blessings in the nude.  
O it's that unconditional love that comes  
from so deep within.

When I dance that silent dance  
and only shadows appear, well that's  
when I realize your flesh body is no  
longer here.

O it's the songs that we sung when we  
danced the night away, and the laughter,  
such wondrous joy, shared night and day.  
It's the warmth of your body, how I miss  
those snowed in nights.

It's the sound of thunder resonating through  
the air. It's your deep rich voice that I so  
long to hear. It's the prayers that we  
shared while waiting on Deerfoot Trail and  
it's the trust you placed in me, every story,  
every tale.

May such memories never fade as the years  
come upon my soul. For your image vividly lives  
beneath the curtain of my eye and I see your arms  
wide open waiting to embrace me, never saying  
good-bye.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 14/2015

Time: 1: 32am



# Nirvana

I want to soar above mountains, beyond the highest peak. It may seem an impossible task but I know what I'm aiming for.

Let me take you there when I close my eyes, I see it vividly in my dreams, O it's better than the gentle flow of a quiet rivers stream.

Come now, come with me where desires have left my soul and suffering lost its grip, enlightened in spiritual bliss. Smile with me, I'm one with the fullness of the universe, aware of every conscious level of my being. Take my hand and free yourself of all confusion and may delusions have no place.

Anxiety no longer exists, our minds enlightened by the highest star in the universe. The insurmountable peace that steals all pain and removes the clutter of the mind. The driving force to total serenity...Nirvana, the pinnacle of infinite peace stirred by Heaven's tranquil light, surrounded, enveloped in a surreal happiness...Nirvana...we're home at last.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.15/2015

Time: 12: 17 am

Melvina Germain

# No Camoufalge Here

I watched the news and heard that another Black man was shot to death in the United States and these words came to me. I wasn't going to share this one since I'm writing a new book about this sadness but here it is...

No Camoufalge here

To the marsh filled fields  
Sinking sand exists  
A buzzard observes  
Whose next on the list  
Wild fruit aged in pain  
Hanging loose branches  
Wither away again  
Hoodless beasts,  
arrogant pigs  
replace the noose  
steel pebbles fire  
in groups an army  
hit men for hire  
deep words, old wounds  
from the pits of hell  
mark them dark  
a genocide dwells.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Jan.13/2016

Melvina Germain

# No Debutante Pictures For Me

No debutante pictures for me  
I'm the cast out of family.  
No silk white gown or wringlet curls,  
deep skin of ebony, the darkest girl.  
No fine young beaus, no picture shows,  
I'm the dark shadow no one sees.  
No debutante pictures for me.

Written By: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# No Doubt I Shall Return (Sharing A New Poem With All Of You)

Trudge this earth, longing to be one.  
Ive passed here five times before.  
Tis genius that begets thy soul,  
such knowledge you do abhor.

Tis such I hold in high esteem,  
and thou shalt share abundantly.  
For mortals whilst upon this earth,  
can not fathom truth or equality.

O hear ye, hear ye, Canada boasts,  
ere...the land of the free...  
I dare say, nothing compares to the  
place Ive been, we call Galilee.

Twas a carpenter, I laid eyes upon,  
and His Father, O my vision was  
somewhat marred. But our lady, so  
exquisite standing there, in veil of  
silk and tulle. An image for thine  
eyes to behold with Blessings, so many  
Blessings to unfold.

Perhaps Ill see you there one day, when  
you transform to spiritual realm. O I'll  
snicker and laugh at your doubtful mind  
and return to earth again.

By: Melvina Germain  
Date: May 14/2014

Melvina Germain

# No Mercy Doth Though Bear

In this world we will not share our land,  
for that we raise the higher hand.  
Bulls of hate stand behind human shields.  
Worthless lives die in terrorized fields..  
Such thievery begat the needy and poor,  
gunshot wounds and death abhorred.  
Blood fills harrowed streets.  
Whilst tower dwellers call the shots,  
innocent civilians fall to their death.  
Such killers do not care  
one of theirs is worth a thousand of the rest.  
Strip the streets of the cheapest lives,  
ne're let one survive.

These are the words of the mighty few.  
Paint that picture...paint it true.

.....Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# No Reason To Hide

They told me the river ran cold  
that's what they told me in my dream.  
I heard them cry, I heard them scream,  
O Lord, thank you Jesus, it was just a dream.  
I hear a voice cry out...Baby don't you weep,  
close your eyes and go back to sleep,  
I said, now listen...nooooo  
I'm standin my ground  
I know what I heard  
I know now I'm found.  
I will not sleep nor will I weep.  
I'm goin nowhere while Jesus stands by me.  
O no reason to hide, no reason to hide  
that's what I said, no more reason to hide.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.9/2015

Melvina Germain

# Nubian Sky

Gazing into our nubian sky, with sillouetes moving slowly by and as shadows dance within the moon, I'm wanting to get together with you real soon. To the lovers and those longing to be, may I wish you sweet dreams and the most beautiful imagery...Ni Nite folks.....

Melvina Germain

## O My Dear

O my dear I remember negligee's, see thru tops, motor bikes and guns galore. The splashing of beer and spirits liquified and police sometimes at the door. We partied hardy dare I tell more.

O my dear I remember a lime green bikini and a friend frolicking in her yellow tone bathing suit. Yes we had our fun, we had our laughter, our good days and our pain. It's nice to sit remembering and I'll do it over and over again.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.19/2015

Melvina Germain

# O Peace

O Peace you can not touch  
a wounded brick or save  
old weeping rocks.  
You will not hide scarlet rain  
or rage of earths desire.

O Peace this world rejects  
you like a germ, hiding a  
strange enigma truth machine.  
The wrath of darkness  
holds old souls and peace you  
live only within our dreams.

O Peace reach out and call  
out names. Let mine make  
bold the list. For I, O Peace  
do honor the air I breathe  
and silence without a twist.

And when you find me frail and  
bent, mustering every bit of  
strength I've saved trudging  
through earths pain. Forgive me  
for my darkest thoughts, please  
take me in from the rain.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 26/2015

Melvina Germain

## Oceanic Mysticism- - -(Short Version)

Mystified by the dangerous  
yet soothing musical tones  
of the ocean. Mesmerized  
by it's precarious nature.  
A peaceful essence, sharing  
the glory, in awe of it's  
wondrous mystical style,  
asking oneself what creatures  
live beneath the quiet waves  
that ripple like a tranquil  
blanket of infinite motion.

The powerful suggestive properties  
slowly grab the attention of onlookers,  
luring them to immerse themselves  
within it's enormous body.

Deeply tempted to become apart of it,  
to capture the beauty ride the waves,  
feel the flow, know the mystery. Suddenly  
eyes open wide while taking a step back,  
realizing once again one came closer to  
crossing over.

Melvina Germain

# Old Black Joe

Sitting here pondering  
in an old rocking chair,  
remembering those old days,  
a little girl unaware.

The winemaker in Curry's Lane  
hung wooden barrels on chains.  
His window sill, loaded down,  
officers stayed downtown.

No trouble came to old Black Joe,  
everyone knew his name.  
He shared his brew,  
with the boys in blue,  
that old man played the game.

I don't know whatever happened  
to Old Black Joe.  
I'm sure he died a long time ago.  
But a childhood memory, sparked  
my thoughts. Kind of like those

tiny flowers, ya know,  
forget me nots.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.14/2014

Melvina Germain

# Old Broad Of The Blues

She sat with sadness mulling about in her heart  
anxiety and depression soon became her norm.  
As she used her arms to raise from her seat,  
Millie sat back realizing... this is the midst of a storm.

Years of ups and downs, failures and successes too,  
still toward the end of the road, little to be seen.  
Her reflection added to that harsh and torrential storm,  
folds and wrinkles replaced what was once adored.

Her literary discourse retreated within  
no inspiration, no encouragement left to share.  
One question arose time after time  
what legacy will she leave behind.

Millie lost what she took for granted  
her memory seemed to fade,  
her eyes took long to focus clear  
and her hearing loss... yes all became aware.

This storm perhaps was the most harsh of all  
hence no starting point to begin again.  
No more comforting arms, no reassuring glances,  
no helping hands from old loving friends.

She folded her hands beneath her chin  
and she gazed with a slight smile etched upon her face.  
Staring into the solemnness of her room, she screamed,  
you selfish beast, me you'll not consume.

She'll rise again, this old broad of the Blues  
she'll sing her songs and blast her words  
O you might hear or see her on the evening news  
don't forget Millie's back, haven't ya heard.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 3/2015



# Old Cocks Die Soft In The Mud

Youth standing beside an old rogue  
uplifting dead spirits, bringing them to  
life once again. Dressing an old king  
who indicates he needs a young friend.

Falling in the clasps of a sordid mess,  
an old codger could not pass the test.  
To the pit of horror, his scum released,  
a racist demon unfolds it's crease.

Poor, poor man, years unexposed but  
as time comes to end, before the  
inevitable takes it's place, an old man  
is placed in the hot fire of disgrace.

How do we fare, the youth that brought  
him down or was it innocence who  
threw in the towel and a demons catch  
threw a long home run. A struggle  
begins within the deep seated bowel.

Anger begets a scorned, wretched man.  
His rage is ugly and his words are dark.  
He fires the sword far because he can.  
Words so deep marred with dirt, an old  
man strikes a young woman down.

A bombastic woman with strength of a  
tigress. His sword bounced back and  
left no scars, only a smile etched upon  
the face of venus and mars.

Old cocks die soft in the mud. Jagged  
knives, piercing eyes, crocodile tears,  
wear many a disguise. The betrayed,  
betrayed by an innovative youth awww  
telling it like it is, in the vat of old  
truth.



# Old Cocks Die Soft In The Mud (Writing About A Famous Couple)

Youth standing beside an old rogue  
uplifting dead spirits, bringing them to  
life once again. Dressing an old king  
who indicates he needs a young friend.

Falling in the clasps of a sordid mess,  
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betrayed by an innovative youth awww  
telling it like it is, in the vat of old  
truth.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: May 23/2914

Melvina Germain

# Old Flames

Sound of the rustling  
sound of the dare  
sound of old mattresses  
sound of the wear  
quiet be the sound  
old flames tame the air

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.20/15

Melvina Germain

# Old Friends (This One Is Dedicated To Sarah Meg Marsh) She Inspired This Wee Poem.

Some of my old friends have gone,  
yes they have passed on to the light.  
I hold onto them in spirit,  
though I cry sometimes at night.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Dec.16/2014

Melvina Germain

# Old Man Jess

He was an old man of seventy eight,  
poor old Jess made a huge mistake.  
Diagnosed with dementia  
many of his neighbors knew  
all watched out for old man Jess,  
who was once a maintenance man at the city zoo.  
He loved to play cards,  
sometimes a game of Chess.  
It was on the eve in September 1992,  
old Jess took a walk as many do.  
The neighbors thought he had come back home,  
but old man Jess was out there all alone.  
Well Jess never came home again,  
he was found laying on the side of the highway  
by his oldest best friend.  
A smile etched the face of this poor old man  
as his head laid still in his best friends hand.  
He died doing what he loved to do,  
taking a walk on a cool eve, close to the city zoo.

By: Melvina Germain

Date: Aug.7/2015

Melvina Germain

# Once Again Goodnight

Tonight the night is brimming with love, perhaps the waves are of fluttering doves. May peace be the joy that resonates the air and all who receive be Blessed and compassionately share...Ni Nite everyone...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# One

One moment of passion to fertilize an egg  
One egg to create a new born baby  
One baby to start a family  
One family to begin a new generation  
One generation leads to others  
One pace to start the path  
One path to lead the way  
One way to the only truth  
One truth to the word  
One word to live a righteous life  
One way to start a new day  
One new day is the beginning

One beginning starts an everlasting life  
One love, One word, One way, One life

Written by: Melvina Germain  
July 18/06

Melvina Germain

# One And All

I'm black like coal,  
with deep faith living within my soul.

I'm red like fire,  
not afraid to speak my mind  
or seek my deepest desire.

I'm amber tone, enjoying quiet  
evenings, sitting alone.

I'am white like a river's stream,  
finding happiness within my dreams.

I'm yellow like the bright sun wanting  
freedom for everyone.

I'm brown like the richness of the earth,  
loving all it's gifts and powerful worth.

I'm blue like the precious sky, looking  
forward to peace and serenity, one day  
coming for me and you.

I'm not one colour, oh no not me, I love  
all colours, they are all apart of me.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# One More Day

Lord the day has come for me to say goodbye  
I'm not ready Lord and I must explain why.  
I ask humbly Lord for one more day, yes Father  
one more day to look those I've hurt in the eyes,  
to whisper softly, the word, I apologize.  
Lord, I've worshiped you all of my days,  
through heartache, pain, through tears and strife.  
Yes Lord, I've worshipped you all of my life.  
All I need, my precious Lord is one more day to finish the things I started.  
One more day Lord to tell my loved one's how much they mean to me  
One more day to let them know they made a difference in my life  
Precious Lord, I'm your humble servant  
I will never question your decisions,  
Lord one more day is a mere twenty four hours.  
Time went so fast, I didn't see it coming,  
I took life for granted, now look at me,  
a child asking her Father for one more day.  
Father, I know you are a generous God  
I know you gave of your only son.  
Father, I'm grateful for all you have done.  
I'm asking Lord for one more day to stand on the hilltop and  
take in your awesome view.  
One more day to tell other's about you  
One more day to feel my heart spin.  
One more day Lord to watch my children grin.  
One more day to see the smiles on my grandchildren's faces.  
One more day to take them to a few special places.  
One more day to tell them how much I love and care for them so.  
One more day Lord to do these things before I go.  
One more day to worship with my family.  
One more day to share a final meal.  
One more day to seal all deals.  
One more day to talk to my best friend.  
One more day to spend a few moments with him.  
Lord oh precious Lord, do you hear my plea.  
Father, I'm on bended knee, what will it be.

Lord, give me one more day please, just one more day,

Oh Lord do you hear me, I implore you.  
One more day, precious Lord, one more day,  
that's all I ask, in Jesus name  
One more day, one more day

Melvina Germain

# One More Hour Of Sensual Bliss

One more hour of earth fire, sensual bliss.  
An hour to triumph, loving you like this. No  
more pain within my bones, no heartache, no  
worry scars, no cares of financial loans. Just  
loving you in a freelance zone.

Come take my sanity to heights of escapable  
vanity. Let the power of this lovesick body  
soar, let the inner animal roar. Come, lend  
me your hand to soothe my Angel. Let me  
place my finger on the tip of Mt. Everest. Aww  
may the waters run freely down that slippery  
slope.

May the earth rumble with volcanic emotion, yes  
please forget all prior devotions. Come, please  
me as your silk rain trickles within. Massage  
faint rhythms slowly beneath my skin. Take me  
to heights unknown, I'll meet you there.

Strip the cloth and bare all, come...journey with  
me down memories hall. This one last hour shall  
ne're be forgotten as you and I lay together amidst  
this silk arena. As our bodies visit each other while  
our hearts beat like lonely drums. We harvest no  
inhibitions as we dip in the valley of lusts illusions.

Come with me in this one more hour, let our minds  
merge together as we feast on pure animal pleasure.  
Come with me my wanting Knight. Open your arms,  
embrace my soul, penetrate my being with all your  
might. Aww release the fire, yes release the light.

As Heavens stars trickle ore my body, and faint  
music permeate the air. You breathe the breath of  
a long lost tiger and take me screaming over the  
highest mountain top there.

Now hold me tight within your grasp, let no feather

separate our being. This one last hour is ours to  
have, fulfill the desire of many lonely midnight dreams.  
Aww feel the explosion manifest, feel the power surge.  
This one more hour of sensual bliss was elegantly and  
triumphantly served.

Melvina Germain

# One Night With You (Song)

One Night With You (Song)

One night with you, would make my dream come true.  
Fill my loneliness, and take away the blue  
Fulfill my dream my emptiness,  
Let me share, One night with you.

Pick up the phone, make the call  
I'm waiting to hear your voice  
You are my shadow on the wall  
my one and only choice

Chorus: One night with you...4 times

Don't worry about the people  
Who say it's just not right  
Let their jealousy ride the ocean,  
as we spend one precious night

When the valley is covered over,  
and the rain has ceased to fall.  
I can only hope we've had our evening,  
as we answer to the call

Chorus:

One night, that's all I ask to hold you in my arms.  
To squeeze you tenderly and share all my charms.  
One night to say good-bye to the lonely chill of eve,  
and to please my inner thoughts as I wear love on my sleeve.

Time is of the essence,  
and that is O so true.  
I'm sitting here, crossing my fingers,  
hoping I'll hear from you.

Chorus:

You know the door will soon be open,

and we'll walk that lonely path.  
When we look back at the river,  
we'll realize that night has past.

When the valley is covered over,  
and the rain has ceased to fall.  
I can only hope we've had our evening,  
as we answer to the call.

One night with you will be the answer,  
and I'll know my dream came true  
no more reason to cry a river,  
I've had one night with you.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 21/2013

Melvina Germain

# One Race

We of mind, intelligent and true, enlighten thyself for life is of you. Look not to the outside but find eternal peace within. When all blends together in this perfect place, you'll realize we're all one race...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# One With You

I think of you and I shudder,  
my toes curl while thinking of you.  
Thunder burns in my veins  
awaiting the warmth of the sun.  
Your warmth, your sunshine  
your touch, your breath.  
Your lingering scent soothes my  
soul and I close my eyes  
becoming one with you.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.24/2015

Melvina Germain

# Our Princess Turned Queen

There she was do you remember Rich, our Princess turned Queen. She stood so beautiful directing us to take our places during the saddest scene. Awww sweet, sweet Melody, you are a diamond among jewels. Praise God for you.....

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.19/2015

Melvina Germain

# Over The Rainbow

Over the rainbow,  
a kaleidoscope of colors mingle.  
Reflecting the morning sun.  
Birds fly among it's hues,  
while raindrops dance the ballet  
of spring, a minuet, till day is done.

Over the rainbow,  
the sound of harpsichords play.  
Embracing the radiance of angels  
flying through each brilliant display.  
A ray of sunshine takes precedence  
as it points it's glowing finger to the ground.  
Voices resonate, through iridescent view,  
showering songs of beauty all around.

Over the rainbow,  
the silhouette of Jesus appears.  
Escorted by angels hovering over him,  
he flows through the air.  
His arms extended as he gestures with his hand.  
Come to me my children, come, yes you can.

Melvina Germain

# Pain Of Slavery

Tied to a tree trunk  
a weak woman waits for death  
animals will feast

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Pain Of Slavery Haiku

Tied to a tree trunk  
a weak woman waits for death  
animals will feast

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Painless Be Thee

Whenas methinks thou loveth thee  
beyond the moor much do I see.  
Softest wind blow sweet and comforting,  
remove old pain, goodbye to suffering.

Melvina Germain

# Painstaking Blues (Another Poem Just For You)

If darkness was my wedding dress  
I'd lay down upon gray grass and wait for you  
if pain was my everything  
hand in hand we'll walk dead fields through  
to bask in the afterbirth of ugly  
covered in minds of stupidity and disdain  
old thoughts reap the vengeance  
of a mind pronounced insane  
and you laugh  
yes you laugh  
higher than a soprano's note  
and the world kneels on sacred ground  
waiting for the victory to become unbound

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 27/2015

Melvina Germain

# Paramnesia

She lusted after an icon,  
of whom she deemed a king.  
But paramnesia was her mindset  
confusing everything.  
A distortion of the truth,  
fantasy became her game.

She liquefied the night, and  
the morning after  
poured like rain.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: March 31/2015

Melvina Germain

# Peace

A sense of calm dwells within,  
while one experiences an  
awareness of one's  
innermost feelings. In tune with  
all positive energy. Synergistically  
enveloping an intermingling  
of both the conscious and subconscious.

Allowing one's body to become  
suspended, yet pillowed by the  
softness of a white cloud.

The continued stillness, the quiet,  
the calm, all blend together to  
create a tranquil development called  
"Peace"

Melvina Germain

## Peace (Abc)

Sometimes its the eyes and innocence of the young that enlightens. If we adults would take the time to truly see through the eyes of innocence perhaps we can climb that beautiful mountain and reach the peak of happiness. The place where bliss exists, PEACE...the beauty of peace. Let's learn from the young and live happy...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Peace At The Helm

A keynote to remember in life is that diversity can be rich. The differences of people is amazing, enlightening and often quite soothing. There's so much to gain when educating ourselves with real people in the mix.

Truly no time for prejudice, bigotry or racism ought to exist. With such demons we miss out on an enriching and fulfilling life. Imagine peace at the helm and the only hands risen are hands to help build a better world. The only expression on our faces are looks of care, compassion and happiness. We will stand together supporting each other in sadness and loss and come together in celebrations.

With such beauty in our lives, we then see each other as one, for who we are and with that peace becomes that infinite flow of tranquil life. Ups and downs will still exist but a much smoother path we'll walk and for the most part dance in that rhythm of peace.

What part can each of us take to bring peace to this world. If you don't have an answer perhaps you can ponder on that today.

Be well, be safe, be happy...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Peace...pay It Forward

Stand up for each other, let peace rise beyond all darkness embracing the world. Darkness soars on this earth, we all at some point in our lives experience situations that take us to that place. We endure pain, unhappiness, a great deal of sadness, we grieve, we shed tears in the process. When such situations take place, support becomes the medication, a helping hand, a pat on the back or a tight embrace. This brings forth that calming sensation of peace and we love to be surrounded in such.

When we immerse ourselves in a blanket of family love, friendship love, we become illuminated and absorbed in the beauty of togetherness. We form a marvellous chain of love that no man or woman can break through. Those who cast out darkness, who hurl evil and bask in the formation of pain toward others. Let them remain on the outside looking in and we become the brothers and sisters that send a multitude of glittering stars their way. As they wallow in the sin of hate, may a new thirst arise.

Hate, a putrid decaying of the soul, that painful sword dipped in manure, kept close to the souls of fools. Those who forget time follows no rules and keeps moving forward. Go with the flow or stay locked in a cage of pity dining with hate. When old man river comes to visit and those you spent a lifetime hating you now depend on. But you see it's too late, for your speech is gone, your mind can hear and see but you can no longer verbalize and the pain is excruciating. What kind of slow death is this, the mind wanders and you remember, O yes you remember. Don't let hate take you there.

It is an impossible task to change the world in a short time, but we can be the role models that shine a positive light over and over again. With that continued strength along the path of enlightenment, learning more about the differences of others and delighting in that pleasure, we are then walking a mellifluous path touching and embracing people along the way with words, with smiles and most importantly with our actions.

Pay it forward people, touch someone in such a way that you leave a heart-print and with that heart-print they want to do the same, repeat the action again and again, yes the chain begins. Keep paying it forward, let it become a daily routine and you will one day see the beauty of peace cover this world. Let us begin...

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.5/2015

Melvina Germain

# Peaces Is The Word

Perhaps today can be a new beginning of beautiful thoughts you would like to share. Think of those you've never met but would like to touch today. We are what we think, you've heard it said before so why not think peace and think it more and more.

Reach out to the universe, in thought you'll reach a multitude. All you have to do is think, remember energy travels far. With that in mind, you'll touch those traveling by plane, on foot, by car.

Realize there's nothing you can't do if you want it bad enough. Grab ahold of peace with all your heart and soul now spread it to the world, open your arms wide, let it go, let it go, let it go.

Now take a deep breath and smile large to yourself, you have touched many and did it very well...Melvina.

Melvina Germain

# Pick Me

I woke up this morning with the most beautiful words embracing my mind. Intensely holding me so close and whispering, pick me, pick me, I want you to take me and flow with me, wine and dine me. Fly with me to the highest mountain peak, feel the wind splayed on our backs and move to the rhythm of earth vibrations. Let me be a part of your surrealism, your infinite flow of sensual desire...pick me, let me be the one to climb much higher, twisting, turning, thrusting so...pick me, I'm the word and the word is me, let me be your philosophy...won't you pick me

Melvina Germain

# Picture Of Love

Picture this romantic sunset glowing,  
in the warm breeze of spring.  
We bask together in the waters blue,  
gazing at each other,  
you loving me.. I loving you.

Dazzled by the shimmering sea,  
calmed by it's tranquility.  
Our eyes meet, our cheeks glow,  
our moistened lips move very, very slow.  
we kiss, a soft, prolonged, intense kiss,  
living in the moment in a state of bliss.

Serenaded by the winds song,  
mesmerized by the sea,  
amazed at life's rich quality.  
Our love so strong, no tears of blue.  
we stand together as true lovers do.

Written: Sept.13,2008

Melvina Germain

# Pity Me

Pitiful, pitiful, pity me,  
how sorrowful life can be.

I live my life as I see fit,  
for I dwell in a bottomless pit.

Pitiful, pitiful, pity me,  
I have no money to eat you see.

I'm homeless live on the street.  
In back alleys under bridges old car seats.

Pitiful, pitiful, pity me,  
I have a face you can't see.

I'm weathered, torn,  
wish I'd never been born.

Pitiful, pitiful, pity me  
alas the darkness hovers over me.

My time has come I'll soon be free.

No more pity, no more pity, for me.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: April 23/2007

Melvina Germain

## Please (Acrostic)

Please take me by the hand  
Lead me along the path of glory  
Ease the pain of horrid past stories  
Abolish the evil I feel within  
Sinister thoughts of gloom and darkness  
Erase the past, let the light of love begin

Written: Jan.12,2008

Melvina Germain

# Poetry's Rage

Through torture and trigger  
thy soul doth roam, sullen groans,  
dark cave voices scatter round,  
Psyche's love cast arrows and pins  
abound, whilst the vespers sparrows  
circle the wind.

Sulfurous pits insatiably burn, wild  
flowers dare dance a sacrificial  
tease. O the midnight wind holds  
strong a pungent scent, whist the  
ultimate climes sets forth her own  
rage.

Headless be thy anger scorns, shriek  
horrid sounds of vultures impatience.  
Eyes so bold pierce through eyes  
blackest night where poetry dies  
beneath wedge soaked heels.

A writers rhythm hit far below the belt,  
when a dark pen found mind and soul.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: April 24/2014

Melvina Germain

# Poets

A plethora of poems coming our way,  
writing of love, hate abnormal days.  
We see them and read until our hearts content.  
Taking in, digesting, time well spent.

Some poets rhyme, some write free as the wind.  
Some wait for a message before they begin.  
Some quite diverse, writing all over the place,  
painting words of inspiration, compassion or  
poetically writing of God's Grace.

No matter what the reason may be,  
these poets write for the joy of you and me.  
Take a moment, feast your eyes,  
on the words of poets, young, old and wise.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

## Political Haiku (10)

Politics corrupts  
the honest and the willing  
good hearts die in pain

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.21/2015

Melvina Germain

## Political Haiku (2)

Justin Trudeau leads  
may compassion fill your heart  
yet lead like a king

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

## Political Haiku (3)

He can make a change  
the door is wide open now  
Canada is young and old

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

## Political Haiku (4)

In celebration  
they raise their arms to power  
the truth must be told

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.21/2015

Melvina Germain

## Political Haiku (5)

Let the young rise up  
and take us from sinking sand  
to a promised land

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.21/2015

Melvina Germain

## Political Haiku (6)

Sharpness of the foe  
that pierced the hearts of many  
bids his flock goodbye

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.21/2015

Melvina Germain

## Political Haiku (7)

A Blessing appears  
Awe tintinnabulation  
revive Canada

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date: Oct.21/2015

Melvina Germain

## Political Haiku (8)

From East to old West  
our people vividly spoke  
in silence they vote

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.21/2015

Melvina Germain

## Political Haiku (9)

Now we say hello  
to a new Prime Minister  
reign now with honor

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.21/2015

Melvina Germain

## Political(1) Haiku

Canadian's look  
Justin Trudeau wins  
we now know he was ready

Melvina Germain

# Politically Correct

Politically correct  
Not me  
I'm a big ole girl from Sydney  
If ya want me to babysit  
Or tie your dang shoes  
You come to the wrong place  
Baby I'm worse than the evening news  
I'll put it on the table  
Bold and clear  
You can believe I'm able  
And I surely don't care  
Tell it like it is  
That's the motto I live  
If ya don't want the truth  
I'm not your girl  
There's enough jerks  
In this big ole world

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Jan.16/2016

Melvina Germain

# Poor Working Stiff

Everyday the same routine,  
following orders, part of a team.  
Roll out of bed around four,  
shower, have breakfast and out the door.

Facing traffic, swears and sneers,  
hurtful feelings, ah who cares.  
Drivers on cell phones, giving the finger.  
music blaring, powerful singers.

The closer you get to the office door,  
that feeling of dread hits you once more.  
You look across the crowded room,  
observe the faces of doom and gloom.

You say to yourself, I want much more.  
I need the strength to walk out that door.  
Reality steps in, you know you can't win.  
Tomorrow you start all over again.

Inspired by my friend "Sig Lemke"

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 25,2007

Melvina Germain

# Power

Seeking power may be detrimental to your soul. You might lose yourself while searching for what often ends up being a pocket full of dollars but a soul full of emptiness. Love and people are the only answer to a truly happy existence and balance is crucial. Love of family, love of friends, sharing happiness, enjoying peace and contributing to society in a positive manner, giving back and receiving with delight. Enjoy your passion, never allow dollars to take that from you. When the dollars are gone through no fault of your own, true love will always exist...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Praise My Jesus

He is the Son of God, He laid down his life,  
He gave of it freely so that we could truly live.  
My Jesus never once complained.  
Let's praise his precious holy name

Chorus

Come sing and praise my Jesus,  
Yes, worship him with me.  
Come kneel down beside me,  
and sing of calvary.

They beat him without mercy.  
Placed a crown of thorns upon his head.  
He said- Father please forgive them  
for they know not what they do.  
He died upon the cross that day.

He died for me, He died for you

Chorus

Come sing and praise my Jesus,  
Yes, worship him with me.  
Come kneel down beside me,  
and sing of calvary.

Jesus rose on the third day,  
A special gift from God above.  
He's not a selfish Father,  
He gave us his only son,  
with his bless-ed Love.

Yes God gave him with His love

Chorus

Come sing and praise my Jesus,  
Yes, worship him with me.  
Come kneel down beside me,  
and sing of Calvary.



# President Lincoln      Haiku

Try and try again  
Failure wrote upon his soul  
Lincoln succeeded

Melvina Germain

# Pretty In Pink

Here I'am so pretty in pink,  
with not a thought in my head,  
for I dare not think.  
Those who adore me know the reasons why,  
I'm just an object, preparing myself to die.

pretty in pink, so pretty in pink

Barefoot and pregnant,  
in the kitchen I stand.  
no one beside me,  
to give me a hand.

Covered from head to toe, no skin must I bear.  
Shackled in invisible chains, I'm aware.  
My discourse is empty, my opinion in lack.  
Enslaved in infinity laying on my back.

pretty in pink, so pretty in pink

Born without purpose, I stand disillusioned.  
yes, the bearer of life's great confusion.  
What I have between my legs,  
present me a disgrace,  
I'm dieing inside, take a good look at my face.

Pretty in pink, so pretty in pink

My body is raw from torturous abuse.  
I'm so happy, this is my muse.  
For many in certain places,  
this is the truth that lines their faces.

pretty in pink, so pretty in pink

Awaiting the day when freedom calls,  
released from subservient behavior within four walls.  
I stand at attention, so happy I be.  
My God, I'm glad you've come for me.

pretty in pink, so pretty in pink

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: May 20/2012

Melvina Germain

## Question

Good Morning, Good Afternoon, Good Evening...Smile lots and be happy all through the day...

I woke up this morning sat at the edge of my bed at about 6: am felling refreshed and smiling. Words began of course like little children hopping and skipping along a beautiful path tossing out thoughts and like the ball catcher, I reached up and grabbed them quickly in the air. Well here they are this morning.

What does Jesus think as he oversees evil spilled violently upon those He unselfishly prayed for. Does the son of God still believe God's children know not what they do?

Are the few pedestal dwellers clothed in dark cloaks following the white cloaked untouchables to their inevitable demise. Those of disbelief who yell blatantly 'death is the end' fear not! live now, rob now, take it all, live high, let the lowly not survive.

O the temper of my pen may be rough with harsh words clotting the page. But the river of pain must run dry so the life of the ocean can flow abundantly again...

And that's all she wrote..Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Racial Peace

An intermingling of the races,  
coming together, holding hands  
with smiles and laughter.

Enjoying all differences.

Sharing, loving, showing  
respect in so many ways.

Living in harmony, realizing  
although our religious beliefs  
are not the same, we are still  
people and we have feelings,  
we hurt, we cry, we grieve,  
and the inevitable, we die.

Not wasting precious time here  
on earth, we are all God's  
people and we all have worth.

When we can join together as  
one, until our earths work is  
done, then we have achieved  
what was believed to be the  
impossible. We will have  
achieved. "Racial Peace"

Melvina Germain

## Racist Haiku

Annihilate them  
Injections, poisoned water  
Doctor Death is caught

Melvina Germain

## Racist Dogma (Haiku)

Many made it through,  
that cold, segregated door,  
and their next step was?

Melvina Germain

# Racist Dogma Haiku

Annihilate them  
Injections, poisoned water  
Doctor Death is caught

Melvina Germain

# Rain Or Sunshine

Thunder burns in my veins,  
while I await the coolness  
of the rain...

A question arises,  
Are you my rain  
or my sunshine

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.1/2015

Melvina Germain

# Rapist

Inner raging maniac  
cowardly expressed  
preying on the weak  
impounding much duress  
a monster seeking power  
a narcissistic bore  
enthusiastic predator  
evil to the core

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.1/2015

Melvina Germain

# Reach Out And Touch

If I could reach out and touch you, feel the warmth of your skin blend with mine, perhaps I would give credit to the amazing gifts of the great divine. As I sit and ponder, my thoughts mingle as they do, I have some words I'd love to share with all of you.

May I caress you all with a gentle embrace and a smile etched upon my face, no matter who you are or what color you may be. You are all people of this phenomenal human race. I'll close my eyes and squeeze you slightly bringing you close to me and release the love that comes from the soul sharing with you abundantly.

That's how I feel this morning people...Walk safe, smile large, may peace be the blanket that covers you...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Reading...There's A Clique In My Neighbourhood

This is a voice reading, I'm not sure if this is allowed here, if not, I'm sorry.....

Melvina Germain

## Real Love (B)

Love is Magical  
Love never ends  
Love never fails  
Love is the language of God  
Love is pure

Never let true love walk out the door

I'm so impressed with this quote, I want to share it with you.

(To keep your marriage brimming, with love in the wedding cup,  
whenever you're wrong, admit it, whenever you're right, shut up.  
(Ogden Nash)

Melvina Germain

# Reality

I held an egg, then realized,

how fragile life must be.

To see the life of a baby chick,

taken away so easily.

Here it is in my hand,

a simple crack away.

A baby chick, could have been sitting

here this sunny July day.

Oh well, back to breakfast.

Melvina Germain

## Reality (Number 2)

In this complex world of power over the meek, intimidated by gold, cast aside by diamond seats, realize the mind can be your bullet, your weapon over the sea and others will stand in awe while you create your legacy. What we hold inside may gain us the seat at the mountain peak. Believe and do the work, that's all it takes to succeed.

Melvina Germain

## Reality (B

In the ephemeral  
of my youth,  
time slipped away.  
Now I've reached  
the golden years  
and treasure  
everyday.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.30/2015

Melvina Germain

# Reign Again

Though the whispers come and the nods do see  
I wonder what displeasure looks down on thee  
May the crows cry out and ravens die  
and all perfection never tell a lie

If the holy ghost was that muted fence  
an object invisible with no priority  
would the wicked see what good stood for  
of all who stand still in democracy

Do you hear the call of the darkest flock  
who once towered upon the highest throne  
where pain struck and swords flew wild  
and bellies groaned while hearts moaned

What will we do when red day come forth  
and feathers rise to reclaim their own  
let the bells toll in the steeples high  
and all monsters whiter and brutally die

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 27/2015

Melvina Germain

## Reignite (2)

This I say to you, my prince so  
fresh and new. I'm inoculated in  
melancholy bliss, stimulated by  
your softest kiss, gazing at life's  
intense glow, and dreaming dreams  
only we know.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.12/2015

Melvina Germain

# Reignite (A Wee Bit Of Sensuality)

Betwixt an emotional confusion,  
love and like, smothered by an illusion  
of a lovers game. O I'm dazzled with  
this smooth, charismatic man, longing  
once again to hold his hand.

I see you peaking around corners,  
making your presence known. sifting  
through new pictures there all alone.  
I'm smiling from ear to ear, I always do.  
You're watching me, yes I'm watching you.

Come delight my soul between our soft and silk.  
Let your imagination soar as you wince and perspire.  
O I'll take you higher than you have ever been.  
dip in life's amber valley of the sweetest sin.

Yes, I remember very well, how to light  
your fire and watch old flames burn. Come  
now, let me reignite and take you back, where  
you've been before. Shhhhhh don't speak,  
take a deep breath, now let it happen, ask  
for more.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: May 17/2014

Melvina Germain

# Rest My Angel Rest

Wail your way unto this earth,  
A new babe upon the scene.  
Your presence served as a Blessing,  
a miracle of life, a precious being.

You painted many beautiful images,  
and sang that carib. song.  
O you danced beneath rainbows,  
and lived a life so long.

Today you smile with glistening eyes  
as a tear gently hugs your face.  
and I know, you're waving goodbye,  
while the inevitable slowly takes place.

It's time to close your eyes, in silence,  
let freedom be. You've given your all  
by Blessing so many of humanity.  
Rest, that peaceful rest, embrace it with  
your soul. Return as a child of God,  
let earth keep the flesh of old.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 15/2014

Dedicated to: Orunamamu

Melvina Germain

# Rest My Angel Rest (For You Orunamamu)

Wail your way unto this earth,  
A new babe upon the scene.  
Your presence served as a Blessing,  
a miracle of life, a precious being.

You painted many beautiful images,  
and sang that carib. song.  
O you danced beneath rainbows,  
and lived a life so long.

Today you smile with glistening eyes  
as a tear gently hugs your face.  
and I know, you're waving goodbye,  
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It's time to close your eyes, in silence,  
let freedom be. You've given your all  
by Blessing so many of humanity.  
Rest, that peaceful rest, embrace it with  
your soul. Return as a child of God,  
let earth keep the flesh of old.

Melvina Germain

# Return The Pain

Your pain condemned by the powerful few  
no one standing or caring just for you.  
Demeaned in character, a valueless being,  
that was the shell the officer seen.

Screams echo while piercing the air  
weeping like willows you lay in despair.  
Haunting breath breathes the rage of a man,  
power hungry, ruthless heavy hand.

God's chosen being, the creators womb  
brutalized by a sinners need to consume.  
That lonely night, a highway nightmare blues  
no account covered on the evening news.

Why must woman who populates the world  
bleed profusely as horrific insults hurl.  
How much pain must females endure  
while raging lunatics look out for more.

Darkness will unfold in a slayers poignant doom  
as his blood flows violently in a soundproof room.  
No compassion or remorse shall find the face  
of a killer who believes he has God's grace.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 20/2015

Time: 5: 32am

Melvina Germain

# Return Thepain

Your pain condemned by the powerful few  
no one standing or caring just for you.  
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of a killer who believes he has God's grace.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 20/2015

Time: 5: 32am

Melvina Germain

# Riding Bareback

Riding Bareback

Jerome's lithe movement  
An amazing sight to be seen  
A starry night riding bare back  
Aww in the midst of a midnight dream  
His eyes shone ebony beneath the amber moon  
A delightful, rapturous pleasure  
To observe in the month of June

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.30/2015

Melvina Germain

# Romance Haiku

Flambuoyant rhymes dance  
with syncopated rhythm,  
romance me, beauty.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.13/2015

Melvina Germain

# Romance Of The Deep

Peace...the gem I embraced in a crowded place of silence,  
danger ignited an excitement deep in my heart, deeper in  
my soul and rests in the garden of my mind.

I longed to surrender to the crushing power of Niagara falls.  
Mesmerized, hypnotized standing in the midst of moist  
tingling waters. Embraced by silk fingers touching me,  
exciting me, introducing me to that place I've never been.

Climbing into its belly of tremendous strength I begged in  
a silent roar within. Take me, take me deep, let me taste  
the fresh water and float vigorously in rippling waves bound  
to be free.

And if I die, I will die with you, with an unfathomable  
power soothed by the opium of the sea, enjoying a  
surrealistic adventure between nature and me.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.15/2015

9: 44pm

Melvina Germain

## Romantic Tease (Impromptu Poem)

I met him here,  
in this crowded place.  
When I see him,  
a smile stays etched  
upon my face.  
Though I can't touch him,  
or run my fingers through his hair.  
My imagination soars,  
as I make love to him  
everywhere.

Melvina Germain

## Sadness Appears

## Haiku

Women stand barren  
no future for those to come  
shall birth disappear

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.13/2015

Melvina Germain

# Sadness Reigns

Sadness reigns in this world and all the people matter. It's unfortunate so many still take the time to judge people and their differences instead of taking the time to learn about each other, embrace and love one another and leave the darkness to the raging beasts of wickedness who will soon fade in the depth of their own darkness and die. When all that is sought after has become worthless perhaps that will be the day of realization that true wealth was in the souls of good people...My thoughts...Melvina Germain.....

Melvina Germain

## Sadness Reigns (2)

Well it's gloomy outside, I suppose that goes with the day as we are not happy here in Canada. However, I say to you, have a beautiful day and smile as much as you can.

Here's some words that quickly came to me after reading this morning news...

### Sadness Reigns

Today sadness reigns  
in a small community,  
(La Loche, Saskatchewan)  
in Canada, we cry out in pain  
for the whole world to see.  
Please pray for our families  
as we've often done for you,  
it is now our time to weep  
may God see us through.  
We'll remember this day  
while awake or when we sleep.  
We will deal with the horror  
praying day after saddened day,  
but we'll never understand  
the devastation made.  
Children never allowed to soar,  
never to come home again.  
How does one deal with such pain  
of family or a friend.  
We bow our heads in prayer  
for those we may not know  
and we ask God for a healing  
to be placed upon this world.  
To cover all the victims and  
perpetrators alike,  
for we know not why such tragedy  
must come forth day or night.  
From a smiling happy face  
to a raging monsters act  
killing for no reason,  
moving forth with a brutal attack.

No confrontation, no fight,  
yet raising arms against the innocent  
with all of his might.  
Why we ask, why must we endure  
such an evil act, this we know for sure.  
What lies beneath this mask  
only a silent killer knows.  
Help us Lord to find the answer  
before this epidemic grows.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Jan.23/2016

Melvina Germain

# Sadness Tastes A Rose (Tanka 1)

Heartfelt sympathy,  
embraced in blue shadow light.  
Black rose bleeding red,  
tantalized in silent song.  
True love captures the moment.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Sal Completed His Soul      Tanka (3)

Tanka (3)

Sal Completed His Soul

The lure of sunshine,  
filled his empty heart with love.  
Worn eyes took her in,  
as his heart gave up the stone.  
No more will Sal stand alone.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Save Them Haiku

A murderous hell  
pray for the little children  
whose parents are dead

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.13/2015

Melvina Germain

# Savour The Moment

Ahh the blossoms wake in the morning light,  
the faint aroma of roses grace the air.  
You are a blessing to my eyes,  
I touch you gently with my fingertips.  
Your skin glows with the slight moisture  
from the evening's rest. I place my hand  
gently on your breast, beautiful, soft and oh  
so sensual.

How deserving am I to be blessed with a beauty  
such as you. Your body lie quietly sleeping and I'm  
in awe of every move you make, every breath you  
take.

For the rest of my life, I will savour every moment,  
every hour, every sweet embrace, I will treasure  
the smile upon your face. You light up my life  
I'm so glad you gave me your hand and became my  
wife.

Melvina Germain

# Say Goodbye

Come share my poem  
this golden autumn day  
listen to whispering leaves  
say goodbye to summer days  
hear poignant words resonating  
in tireless wind, get ready  
for the oncoming of a winter  
blanket again.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.1/2015

Melvina Germain

# Say Goodbye To Darkness

I trudged through harsh storms,  
thick waters tried to drown me.  
The river ran quickly knocking  
me off my feet.

As I laid on my back on that sandy  
shore, I knew there was only one  
way to go, yes I knew that for sure.  
Facing the sun  
Facing the sky  
The only way is up and to darkness  
say goodbye.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.10/2015

Melvina Germain

# Say Goodbye Too Darkness

I trudged through harsh storms,  
thick waters tried to drown me.  
The river ran quickly knocking  
me off my feet.

As I laid on my back on that sandy  
shore, I knew there was only one  
way to go, yes I knew that for sure.  
Facing the sun  
Facing the sky  
The only way is up and to darkness  
say goodbye.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.10/2015

Melvina Germain

# Saying Goodnight

It's actually been a very quiet and peaceful day. I shared a few words and hope someone out there found a little comfort while reading through. When you lose someone and a friend or associate tells you, you'll get over it in a year, don't believe them, that's not true, we never forget those we love. We move forward, we make changes and we live on but the memories are always there and often we find solace in remembering.

A new partner who truly loves you will always give you that space and never allow jealousy to enter in but with that there must be a balance. Enjoy your memories but enjoy what you have in front of you on this earth as well.

Have a beautiful evening everyone, peace, love and light to all...Melvina Germain.....

Melvina Germain

# Scattered Memories

Scattered memories sifting through the landscape of thy mind, taking me back to those I left behind. Laughter rages and skims the valley dark, a mirage of peace blankets or'e the plane, yet its sour odor must still be claimed.

Images cast as shadows upon the wall, drifting forms slight, obese and tall. A child's voice snicker, a naughty spell, as an adult cautions shhhh you must do well.

Wicked bellows of riled and torturous reign, those who hurl life's forbidden pain. People stripped and strewn to the ground, screaming, Father God, do you hear our hurtful sound.

Whips of power, scars bear deep to the bone, hunger and thirst cry out please don't leave me alone. May I drink from the rivers of free running water and snip apples from God's tree or must I live the ravage and the wrath of life's great travesty.

Memories, scattered memories...stop the images that penetrate me still, give me peace and grant me that of will.

End the pain, of thy weeping wounds, piercing knives, broken edges, death to come soon. A young girl quickly passes away at the hands of a youngster whose mind has gone astray.

Praise thee Lord for those of ruptured hearts, those whose lost feelings left their mark. Do we blame the rigid and the torn, the weak and the worn or has evil found a resting place, behind the mask of a handsome face.

I pray for the innocent, I pray for the weak, help me pray dear Father for those who evil seeks. Those who roam the streets at night, those who pierce their veins and drench their body with black wine, those who search and rummage through the tunnels of despair. Evil finds them Father everywhere.

Memories, scattered memories, Death is the only conqueror... yes shiny quarters so smooth and sleek, from the hands of dishonour, the master of deceit. Open your legs and part those smooth voluptuous

lips, feel the tenderness of my wandering fingertips. A lesson my dear, a life lesson just for you, this is your station in life, remember your place, you're just a pretty face.

Close the door, do as your told, lie stretched upon thy bed. Wrap your hand around my throbbing head. Remember no one will believe a word you say, mine you'll be in every thinkable way. This is your calling, this is your world.

Come, come little girl, another plate of food from momma across the street. Such precious gifts from your momma, she's so kind and sweet. Come in little girl, today a new lesson just for you. Come and kneel upon the floor, today you will learn so much more.

Memories, scattered memories, screaming anger ripping through my veins, I hate the world for its absence. In my prime so full of pain, at my hands now daggers strewn and I take the rule. Kill or be killed, my motto lives within, and those I buried surely paid the debt. Yes many lessons in my darkened past, and yes I lived up to the task.

Pedestal dwellers, whose absence left a bloody trail. In irony, I live to tell what most believe a tale. Orders from the throne, cover it up, dig it deep to the core, level after level, and cover it some more. I stood and laughed as progress moved on, knowing my dark secrets would never be found.

Beneath earths heated core, lay bodies of pedophiles who disappeared many years before. Perhaps a favour was granted this world, ridding it of the sludge and the scale. Though many are dead, others still live and much pain they too have to give. I'm watching through the corner of my eye, not a pedophile will get by.

Memories, scattered memories, doth thou see the truth of thy word, or do the graves I speak of seem absurd. A decent, clean and beautiful mind, need not fear the daggers I thrust from behind. Those whose blood lay smudged beneath steel graders and tar, boiling waters devoured hot flesh from afar. Sot of coke and coal dissipate and all remains of human bone and flesh shall reach its bottom and finally disintegrate.

Memories, scattered memories

Robbed of fantasy and child's play, feared the rod night and day.

Written By: Melvina Germain

Date: August 3/2012

Melvina Germain

# Scorned

Evil's dark, sinister candle,

takes me hostage in its light.

So much despair to handle,

while traveling in the absence of sight.

Not a word, Not a whisper to comfort me.

My pertinacity instills that hope of survival.

Though I'm whipped by the curse of society,

and the continuous drones who grant me rival.

Hear not of thy speech or give me hope.

Fear, I have tasted in the valley of sin,

and though my neck shall not feel life's rope.

I'll stroll by the river where no man has been.

I hear your words and dodge your daggers.

I will not stand on quick sand that buries deep,

and those who walk with a confident swagger.

Your time will come during a midnight sleep.

Though I face such grave discord in life.

My reproaching soul shall grant me strength,

and the iron giants of dastardly deeds,

shall not see the rebellious last of me.

Written by: © Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

## Scorned (2)

She merely wanted to hurt him  
she didn't care who else felt the pain  
her daggers were strewn  
wanting to drive him insane  
but the ricochet of pain  
plagued the innocents heart and soul  
she pulled a dark veil  
from the valley of 'I don't care'  
wickedly smiling  
to hell with all of you there  
when you cry, he cries  
and she nudged the fingers of pain  
deep into the soft spots of ones heart  
and delighted like a raven mistress  
as the raging love was sure to depart  
I'll keep hurting you over and over again  
one might ask, what will you receive  
when karma finds you late in life  
you might recognize the evil laughter  
the uncaring words  
that once was your true delight  
what you give, you receive  
in the light of day  
in the black of night

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Scream For Peace In Silence

Will you make a resolution to create that change in you, or will your change be a new lifestyle resonated coming through. We are about to dive into the New Year and you'll hear many speak of their New Year resolution, perhaps that's merely a wordy contribution, a temporary solution to an addiction faced. These are the people who speak loud and clear. You'll see their radiant smiles beam from ear to ear. It's a time they create that makes them feel so good inside but short lived, such words never seem to abide.

When a change is truly made within you, you become that illuminating light and all who surround you, will see you glow both day and night. It's a beautiful illumination only the inner eye can see but its beauty is the creation of the master of our universal sea.

You won't be an illusion nor put forth great confusion, you are the beauty of love beaming from the inside out. Others will want to, follow you, wonder what it is about you. In your presence they come alive realizing they too can survive.

You don't have to be loud, you can be silent in a large crowd. When others observe your face, they'll realize you're full of grace. People will gravitate toward you, want to touch you, stand beside you, listen to your words, in silence you are still heard. It's your actions that speak loud and clear, your smile comforts from ear to ear with a train of smiles to follow.

When some stand in awe wondering who you are, it is the Zen within you caressing them from afar. We don't have to shout for peace, cry for peace loud and boisterous with our words. We can scream for peace in silence and those we touch will hear every word.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Dec.28/2015

Melvina Germain

# Seduced By Thought

Seduced by the rich blanket of night,  
warmed with the remnants of the days sun.  
Ones memory touched by the blush spread  
across the blue sky. No moon shall unveil  
itself tonight.

Hidden by vapors, shadows and cloud like  
masses. We will dine as fading gray shadows  
dance, dipping into darkness, holding us firm  
within the tunnels of loves zone.

We are stretching ourselves thin, resting on  
emotions yet to evolve.

I cry for the comfort of mommy's moist womb.  
Placing myself in its enabled luxury,  
a space made for me alone.

Sorry, I can not take you there friend.

Melvina Germain

# Sensual Dance

She slipped through crevices of my soul,  
a blessed memory, longed to hold.  
Twas not a fortnight since we shared,  
in blissful pleantry, sipped and dared.

My fair maiden, blush and supple skin,  
long glittering hair against the wind.  
Allow me to imbue, mellifluous words,  
and sculpt your image deep within.

An Irish lilt beholds thy treasure,  
so deep and soothing, she pleases me.  
I'll not conform to idle leisure,  
but yet wilt consume all of thee.

Erstwhile we laid, jaded in moonlight veil,  
silk blades shimmering along a redolent dale.  
O maiden of life's sweet opulent juice,  
this felicity serves a royal muse.

Dance fair maiden, beneath me still,  
soft rhythms of delicate nature be.  
Thou art divine, my youth of love,  
let me feel your essence cover me.

Your heat my energy doth absorb,  
as I reach the pinnacle of this moment.  
Join with me, fair maiden so sweet,  
from the top of my head to my quivering feet.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Jan.13/2014

Melvina Germain

# Sensual Delight On The Telephone

You said, talk dirty to me,  
I said,  
oh I can not say  
such nasty things.  
If you say,  
talk beautiful to me,  
in an erotic tone,  
I can drive you to the top of Mt. Everest  
and bring you slowly back home.  
Ask me again,  
in a soft mellow tone.  
Perhaps I'll take you to the rough and wet,  
steamy falls.  
Press my fingers  
against your supple skin  
and squeeze until you wince.  
Talk beautiful to you,  
in the midst of a cool nights breeze.  
Whisper words,  
gently as your hot lips caress my ear.  
Take a deep  
breath and sigh,  
a heavy sigh as your body shivers sweet.  
Ohhhhh don't hang up the phone,  
I have a whole lot more to say.  
Talking beautiful is certainly  
my forte.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Sensual Journey

Your tantalizing scent excites me.  
I long for your touch in every fleeting moment.  
Join me tonight my darling.  
Come to me with open arms,  
let your feelings soar.  
baby, ask me for more and more.

Ignite my passion, deep within,  
release the fire, take me high.  
You please me sir, your body soothes me.  
As I gaze upon you,  
my dreams have boldly come true.

Like a warrior you stand before me,  
proud and ripe, a precious sight.  
As desire builds within my soul,  
I'm ready to have and hold.

Ahh the feel of your warm flesh on my fingertips,  
so beautiful as time slips away.  
Your manly hands splayed across my back,  
squeezing me, bringing me closer until we are one.  
Hungering for pains of insanity, I feel your breath  
devour me.

This journey of love, this sensual bliss,  
whispers, soft and sweet,  
kiss me long and lingering,  
sweep me off my feet.

The sweet taste of you intoxicates me,  
as my heart beats heavily.  
Enchanting moments spent with you,  
are moments never forgotten.  
close your eyes and think of me,  
together we'll build memories.

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date: July 27/2011

Time: 1: 10am

Melvina Germain

# Sensual Thoughts

While fireflies light the darkness of night  
shimmering shadows dance.  
Pale blue sequins delight mine eyes,  
I find myself in a sensual trance.  
Come here my beauty,  
let me wipe the perspiration from your breast.  
Allow me happiness, my head to rest.

I will close my eyes and think only of you,  
for this eve we'll make love all night through  
Bathe me in your aromatic beauty,  
savour the taste until the end.  
Be my lover, my companion, my friend.

Melvina Germain

# Sensual Thoughts (Sharing A Sensual Delight For All Of You)

In an evening's bliss beneath sky's midnight blue,  
my darling my thoughts are intoxicated by you.  
Will you delight your mind, and always appreciate me  
bathe in my sweet aroma, dance in my royal sea.  
Precious words my dear, I'll pen the wildest letter  
send a blaze of fire, perhaps you'll like that better.  
You can call me and listen to sensual lines on the phone  
during cool nights when you're sitting quiet all alone,  
or you can touch me beneath the amber light of a tranquil space  
invisibly see the glitter in my eyes, the sensual smile on my face.  
Delight me, my sweetheart by gazing intently at my being,  
while softly echoing, O baby you're the best I've ever seen  
O let your mouth lie as much as your tongue will allow  
as I kiss you sweetly on your soft lips and your brow.  
Explore me in the deep valley of my longing flesh  
may this Heavenly night continually refresh.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Aug.15/2015

Time: 11: 41pm

Melvina Germain

# Shades Of Gray

Starlit colors  
were that of bright blues,  
with flickers of crystallite silver hues.  
As time progressed,  
life's radiance faded.  
Shades of gray, danced over the  
brilliance of the universal aura, creating  
a systemic embolism, penetrating deep  
within it's core.  
Lush greens, fertile lands,  
lost forever more.

(April 25/2007)

Melvina Germain

# Shadow

S  
H  
A  
D  
O  
W

Loss  
Hope  
Faith  
Today so dark,  
heavy sheets of rain  
My mind tis bemused,  
Filled with agonizing pain  
The rooster hid behind the hay  
The crow flew circles around thy roof  
The magpie, no mischief came from her  
As she perched on a branch of a poplar tree  
This day, O form, a bridge to cross over  
Let the pain of loss fade slowly away  
I've lost, my spark, my zest  
Failed life's brutal test  
Oh pray, for me,  
Angels of sky  
Blue  
Calm  
Peace

Melvina Germain

# Shadows After Midnight

Shadows After Midnight

I've made it through the day,  
everything seems fine. My problems  
only come in the evening time.  
my head lay quietly to rest, put my  
mind to the test.

Once the lights dim, the room begins to spin.  
I'm sure there's a ghost living within.  
I hear the cracks and the creeks coming from  
The floors. The blowing of wind filtering  
through the door.

I hear rather loud voices not making any sense.  
and the creaking of gates from the outside fence.  
I need to get up to turn on the light.  
My mind is now in a constant state of fright

A surge of light creeps under the door,  
loud footsteps walking down the hall floor.  
My mind says get up, but my body won't move.  
Black shadows are dancing, filling every groove.

The room is like a moonlit dreary dark night,  
with shadows after midnight all in sight.  
I hear the loud voices ring out once again,  
only this time they're calling out my name.  
My mind confused, am I going insane?

My heart is beating oh so very fast,  
How long will this fear over me last.  
Suzanne, Suzanne it's time to get up.  
I opened my eyes, wiped the sweat from  
My brow. A feeling of relief came over  
me now.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 3, 2007

Melvina Germain

# Sharing My Thrills- - -Four In One

## The coal Train (1)

Some call it a rush, I call it a thrill,  
standing on top of coals while the train goes down the hill.  
Rocking and staggering, feeling like you'll tumble down,  
taking those coals and throwing them to the ground.

## Stranger in the night (2)

Sitting in the night with nothing else to do,  
staring at my screen and thinking of you.  
Ahh the thrill is, I don't know who you are,  
are you my neighbour or someone from afar.

## The Greed Of Excitement (3)

Standing in the ring while motor cycles blast,  
smiling and standing, this is my task.  
They whip around me, at awesome crazy speeds,  
I laugh and laugh for excitement is my greed.

## The Tar Bridge (4)

Crossing the tar bridge on a sunny afternoon,  
watching the hot steam penetrate the air.  
I felt a thrill while I was standing there,  
no rails to hold, the tracks opened wide.  
One little slip, I know I'll fall inside.  
The thrill was an addiction, I kept going back for more.  
Now the thrill is over, I live across the shore.

Written: Oct.5,2008

Melvina Germain

# She Chose For Love

A shocking stroke did appear,  
In the prime of love, sad face she wears.  
An old life left in a new wheel chair,  
a young woman trapped in an old man's world.

You chose for love and reaped the consequence,  
a life of longing, sadness and despair.  
Though love is real and loyal you want to be,  
trapped in a body of needs longing to be free.

Long days, long nights, weakness steadily grows,  
Your heart is breaking as he withers away.  
So many years at his beck and call,  
Loyalty told the story, you know you did it all.

Now the hand of death writes the final chapter,  
your honour well bestowed, as you so deserve.  
Feel no guilt, your soul only belongs to you,  
Move forward, live, love, be loved true and true.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.17/2014

Melvina Germain

# Shhhhhhh

Tease  
me  
with your tongue  
of fire  
ride  
the train  
of love so free  
live the language  
of French desire  
I'm here  
awaiting  
ecstasy

By: Melvina Germain

Date: Feb.21/2014

Melvina Germain

# Shopaholic

I get high  
shopping in a huge

department store  
give me shoes,  
yes! more and more.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: March 8/2015

Melvina Germain

# Shuckin & Jivin...come Play The Dozens...it`s A Cakewalk...stop Woffin And Don`t Be A Cooter.....

Shuckin & Jivin is terminology that creates a bit of controversy which dates back and even that creates question whether it's the thirties or prior. Matters not however, it is an African American term which was used by slaves back in the day to create a scene that would diffuse conflict. Shuckin & Jivin, acting the fool, dancing for the man and so on. Also the creation of lies, wearing masks, all sorts of situations could bring on shuckin & jivin.

Due to that offensive implication such today still creates a bad taste for some Black people as they become quite irate when observing such actions by their brothers and sisters. We had a slightly heated conversation yesterday regarding this particular terminology and it was in reference to what my girlfriend, Marlene calls, &quot;The Happy Dance&quot;, hmmm nice title for a poem.

To my friend Marlene, shuckin & Jivin on the football field is a happy dance when a score is being made by either a White person or Black but to some of the Black race it is considered shuckin & jivin. I call it &quot;freedom of expression&quot; I scored, look at me, I'm dancing and I'm happy. What's wrong with that, no no no that's not a good way to be states my friend, he says we ought to make that goal and walk away like a gentleman. Really? No happy dance, why not...

Well now, if you shuck & jive, then perhaps that uppity person renders you a fool, dancing for the man. Let me tell you, I find that observation in itself extremely cruel, judging a person on expressing happiness, what the heck is that. Ohhh and I used the word uppity, ouuu did I really say that. Now I suppose I could be considered shuckin & jivin by perhaps insulting a person who considers themselves ranking higher than most. Should I tell it like it is, nah I`m moving on.

I don`t think we have any cooters here, careful now Melvina, you`re walking on Black ice. I found our conversation very interesting yesterday and thought, we really are hard on each other in our expectations of what to do and what not to do. Why are some people trying so hard to please others, if you know what`s right and what`s wrong, what makes you happy and what does not, why do you care so much about what others think of you. I love myself, I act the way I want, I stopped caring a long time ago about what others think and perhaps I never did care. As a child, I was often asked that question and the answer was always the same.

We have a game, especially in America called ``The Dozens`` usually played by men but now some women also like to play. It`s a game of insults and it continues on until an opponent no longer has a come back. Well now, some most definitely do find that African American game offensive. Why...the game is usually played using an adversary's family member, often a mother or other member. It`s the `yo mama syndrome. Yo mama so big, the cement block tilts when she walks on it, well yo mama so fat, two ton Tesse couldn`t haul her around, oh yeah..yo mama so ugggly, she`s afraid to look in the mirror. You get the idea, I dare say some will find that offensive, but that's the dozens and we own it, I`m smiling large. This game was developed to stop the violence and create verbal sparring instead... woofin. Everybody knew it was all in fun and all that was expressed was a lie about that family member. They walked away with no physical harm.

Sarah Palin referred to Obama as shuckin & jivin, she was calling him a liar and many considered it a racist comment. If one doesn't know what they're talking about, maybe it`s best just to be quiet and leave certain things where they belong.

Canadian Black people are not savvy to a lot of the American terminology and I for one had no idea what cakewalk meant. When I received a note from my Grandson`s school asking me to participate in a cakewalk, I thought that would be a lot of fun. I made up eight ``4 Happy face`` cakes and had my girlfriend make another four. All the cakes were placed as prizes, a fun deal. As of late, I learn that cakewalk was a dance in the late 19th century and performed at a get together where slaves would so call...set de flo...Cakes were the prizes for the best promenade or march. Black couples with the most intricate steps would win a cake.

If you use the term cakewalk, it may also be considered a racist remark. For example, that was a cakewalk for you wasn`t it...in other words it was easy to win, meaning that`s the only way you could win. For the most part, that`s exactly how it was meant in the U.S. but in Canada, most of us had no idea what it meant. I thought it was a fun deal and for us at the school that`s what it was, we were all involved. I know what some thought might be, but I`m not going there.

That`s enough for today, `woofin by the way simply means lying or joking around and cooter means...turtle-slow.....

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Dec.29/2015

Melvina Germain

# Sighing Sweetly

I just said goodnight  
to you on the telephone.  
Now my dreams  
will be complete.  
The image in my minds eye  
is you baby.  
Let me close my eyes,  
and beautifully fall to sleep.

(Deep breath...Sighing Sweetly

Melvina Germain

# Silence Can Be An Insult

Over time one learns it is possible to spin a cloudy web, one that paints a picture that is absolutely the opposite of what an individual actually is. You've heard and I'm sure you know some people who speak without thinking and others take them quite seriously.

Depending on the personality of the individuals, this can cause a turbulent interaction between two very nice people. However once the interaction begins, the rocks begin to hurl and it is now in a place seemingly of no return.

One of the opponents for lack of a better word at this point takes the stand to diffuse the situation by walking away in silence. Thinking perhaps this will lessen the blows and settle the situation down. However it does the opposite and a volcanic reaction explodes, with demeaning words, attacks of foolishness, blame and an absolute display of insecurity rises itself to a place of utter nonsense. The silence continues as no one in their right state of mind would react to such a misuse of the vocal chords.

Having said this, we begin to realize how powerful silence can be. People become upset often for what some consider small reasons. For example, you did not receive a response to an invitation, you didn't return a favour. You called a friend several times, I get this one very well. Your friend never returns the call, that's an area where I need a ton of work. Someone remarked on something which wasn't that bad, but the way they said it really upset you but had no affect on them at all., so they were silent about it. Or this one, your friend depended on you for certain things but when someone else showed up, they totally turned to them for help. Maybe this one.. Someone confided in someone else and did not share it with you and you thought they should have.

All these situations can bring forth anger from the hurt individual and confusion from the individual who figure they did nothing wrong. With all of this, silence is actually an insult and can bring on a fiery response eventually. You know if you apply for a job and are waiting for an answer and nothing comes, you might become very upset by that, you feel unworthy perhaps, out and out rejection might be better, then one knows where they stand and move onward. You don't take into consideration that this person might be working under immense stressful situations and just don't have the time to call all applicants back. We might want to consider that the next time we put forth a job application. How about this one, you work on contract and a particular company always calls you but this time you found out someone else is working for them without explanation to you. This happens a lot in Market Research, though eventually

you will receive a call for something else.

Silence becomes a weapon and a pretty dang good one at that. For the most part, people don't realize when this weapon is in use but once you do, you can decide perhaps to work on thinking before you speak. Softening up your words, stop demanding what is not really yours. Stop thinking you are better than everyone around you, put your ego to rest thinking you are up front and everyone else should walk behind you. When people mutter idiot, bitch, asshole, jerk, these may be some of the reasons why. If you're looking for a blast, stand in silence, it's a huge insult to many.

Power struggles happen in conversations all the time and it takes a hero to end such. However the hero has a responsibility to know how to end it without further reaction. I've found out that announcing that you are in fact the hero is not a good idea either, so don't explain, just do it. Try to agree to disagree, doesn't always work as people who love to argue will dismiss the fact you suggested such. Well when all is said and done, when those people take on the role of silence, perhaps we find ourselves finally at peace. My thoughts on "Silence Can Be An Insult"...Take what you can use and leave the rest...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Simple Poetry

Look in my eyes  
tell me the truth  
may no lies spoil my dream  
is there truth in your image I observe  
or is life simply not what it seems

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.10/2015

Melvina Germain

# Sing To Me

I know my life will never truly end, grant no sympathy to me.  
Save your heart my old, old friends and strengthen my  
family.

When it's time to cross over that proverbial line I know I'll  
leave hurting souls behind. But my wish is that you shed  
no unnecessary tears and celebrate our precious years.

Sing for me, sing me through the end, let me hear your  
voices loud and clear. And if my lips show no smile,  
realize I'm smiling large within.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.19/2015

Melvina Germain

# Skip To Malou My Lady

Skip to malou my lady,  
my thoughts are dancing  
to your tune. I'm frolicking  
in fields of honey as the bees  
are hovering below the moon.

Skip to malou my lady

let the rainbows curve and  
capture you. May the pearls  
of love scatter round you  
with loves embrace, I bid ye  
swoon.

Skip to malou my lady.

Melvina Germain

# Sleep

When wilt ye find thee and  
let your rhythm skip a beat  
above mountains, valleys or  
silence in the midst of a  
crowded street.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.23/15

Melvina Germain

# Sleep Well

This time I'll say goodnight and hope to rise again, to look in the faces of the old and new, the sweetest lot of friends. But if I sleep and do not wake, these words I say to you, rejoice in this life and never have reason to regret all the things you do...Sleep well my friends...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Slow Genocide

Beware my brothers and sisters alike,  
old beasts are soaring as if in flight.  
sharp teeth glowing  
whites of protruding eyes scarlet red,  
traumatic tempers fuze as they  
wish us all dead.

A slow demise of a race so feared  
the entanglement of manipulation  
O you must be aware.  
Stop!  
look around  
listen to the crown.

No, no, nothing an innocent man can do.  
A figure head planted on the oldest stool.  
Pedestals gleam higher in place,  
old feet firmly planted a true disgrace.  
Hecklers, laughing at clowns and fools  
all bringing forth what old men ruled.  
Much work is done by a brothers hand  
a ruination of a people from the oldest land.

Blood for blood we take our own  
financially ruined by kings of the throne.  
Bankers laugh while paupers sing  
lost in the center of a lonely ring.  
Poor wretched man, you've met the beast  
sitting in a cage with no release.

Streets filled with chalk like dust  
white as snow, partake you must.  
Vultures howled in delight you see  
no sight coming forth of prosperity.  
Our future, stolen before our eyes  
performing a slow genocide in disguise.

Lock em up, cart them away  
in fields they work day by day.

A new found slave, legalized pain,  
another ravished human becomes insane.

Street walker, street walker, hoodies stay clear  
gunmen are watching all targets there,  
Death in the streets, yes a Black man's blood  
mocking, jeering, calling good men thugs.

Hurled to the streets  
more families lost.  
The link is gone at a monumental cost,  
Prostitutes born, drug addicts too  
O justice, I'm longing and searching for you.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 31/2015

Melvina Germain

# Smothered (An Impromptu Poem) It's Midnight And This Is What I'M Sharing.....

Sometimes the darkness is thick,  
and a person just can't push through.  
The muddy waters after the storm,  
is hard to bear it's true.  
Tarry not on the shoulders of pain,  
stand not in the roaring winds.  
Move away from dark, pouring rain.  
uplift to begin living again.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Sometimes

Sometimes I'm up,  
Sometimes I'm down,  
Sometime I even wear a crown.  
Of this I know for certain,  
I will be there for the final  
Curtain.

Melvina Germain

## Sonnet #1

Thou wilt silence those this day of small mind,  
Ignorance shall die or soon roll over.  
Introducing evil, life is not kind,  
to the weak, the fragile souls of Dover.

Such proves itself while demons rule doth live,  
within thy flames of blood life's raging fire.  
No wisdom finds a place to spread the word,  
as evil lifts its veil so much higher.

Fear drains thy weak and lusty drowning souls,  
as raging bulls of hell reach long and far.  
No more salvation doth thou soul behold,  
while Heaven's Angels watch the fallen stars.

Open thy eyes and wilt thou glory see,  
let the wrath of evil pass over thee.

Written By: Melvina Germain

Date: January 18/2013

Melvina Germain

## Sonnet #5

I bequeath thee my love O nightingale,  
For ye may be worthy of this thy gift.  
No maiden fair, beyond the pale, wilt sleep  
Nor grant me solace, nor my soul uplift.

O nightingale, beautiful nightingale,  
pure happiness wilt thou beauty grant me.  
Spread your dainty wings, fly beyond the pale.  
O please bring my fair maiden back to thee.

This risk may not be worth such a gamble  
as my fair maiden once deserted me  
far beyond the pale she flaunts her sample  
to such low class snakes of society.

Know who rests his head upon your pillow  
For the slithering beasts may penetrate

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date: Feb.4/2013  
Time: 1: 22am

Melvina Germain

# Sorrow

# Haiku

A paradise dream  
gone with the winds of evil  
demons long to rule

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.13/2015

Melvina Germain

## Sorrowful Life Haiku

Woes of womanhood  
stunt the growth of children  
beasts must pay the price

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.13/2015

Melvina Germain

# Soul Comfort (Dedicated To Connie Mcteer)

An intense morning begins with shards of emotional blues. It's difficult to fathom the sting as I sit here pondering, but life has its ups and downs and today like yesterday I'm smothered in dark terrain.

Yes the harshness of life is thick, such a great load to bear. While my mind ponders on life's abundant and intrusive woes, the river of pain within me wanes slowly as a trickle of light shines to hidden valleys below.

Diligently trying to take new steps allowing wellness to paint my mind, knowing my Father in heaven leaves no child of his behind. Through murky waters He takes my hand and leads me to that light, hence the dark storms of yesterday I no longer have to fight.

As I pull on that golden rope and feel God's Blessings covering me, my strength rises high while my eyes open to truly see. Life's sonorous sound of thunder is the blast I longed to hear. Ahh let my laughter join a symphony in my Father's glorious air.

No doubt God's intervention has a halcyon effect upon my soul. I find myself rejoicing as many Blessings begin to unfold. The rainbows of my years abundantly visit the landscape of my mind and the sapphire of multiple Blessings shines from the great divine.

Written by: MelvinaGermain

Date: Aug.5/2014

Melvina Germain

# South Country Fair

Truly it is difficult for me to find the words to give true justice to this amazing event. South Country Fair for me was almost like an out of body experience. The diverse poetic delight created an atmosphere of intoxicating awareness of energy that flowed from poet to poet.

It was captivating, fun, loving, peaceful. Everyone had a smile on their faces, all sat quietly, feasting on the words of those who took to the stage to read their precious poems. From the soft, mesmerising words of Ian Ferrier, the wonderful chanting blended with layers of musical tones from Moe Clark to the western flair of Ken Sears, the quiet, beautiful words of Kathy Fisher to the strong and powerful Andy Papadoupoulos, the real life poetry of David Rhoads, the energizing words of Dale Heatherington. the amazing witty and creative words of Gregory Betts. A special mention of Blaine Greenwood whose heartfelt words touched my soul. I was Blessed to be among the greats and I thank God for this opportunity. You never cease to amaze me Father.

The winds of Fort Macleod blew cold on Friday evening and my friend Shelley and I shivered as we listened to each poet read while trying to keep their papers in place. None the less, an amazing round of poetry to be sure. Oh yes it was a harsh first night and we were concerned about the weather. The following day however granted us an abundance of sunshine and we had a full and blessed day of poetry. The last day was amazing for me, I had what I was waiting for, an opportunity to read on the big stage. Truly I'll never forget the experience, certainly a highlight in my life. Poetry is taking me to places I could never have imagined and those I meet along this journey inspires me to continue to write and become better and better. I thank you Father with all my heart for this gift of pen.

This has been a great few months of poetry for me, having had the opportunity to help out at the workshops at the Drop-In Centre, reading at different events around town and receiving an invitation to read at South Country Fair. I want to thank Dale Heatherington for his continued support and certainly I appreciate the work Dale is doing at the Drop-in Centre. David Rhoads, you have come a long way my friend, I'm so so proud of you. Andy Papadoupoulos, so glad we met and I so enjoy your poetry. Looking forward to seeing all of you at the Drop-In Centre.

A special thanks to Blaine Greenwood for giving me the opportunity to read at South Country Fair, much appreciated Blaine.

Melvina Germain

# Spellbound

What does it take to realize you've made a huge mistake.  
To step aside and stand with pride, to pull out the stake.

Covered with a blindness, that only others can see,  
living in the depth of darkness, caved in a mystery.

A life enveloped with bad decisions, depression lurks within.  
Quick tempered, hard headed, explosive days begin.

No one knows what to expect when they see the twisted mask,  
for beneath the layers lays a very different cast.

A lover vexed with demonic thoughts and traits,  
find themselves on a tight rope over hells gates.

(July 7,2007)

Melvina Germain

# Spiritual Haiku

Let the candle burn  
as heart prints begin to shine.  
Peace from the divine.

Melvina Germain

# Spiritual Haiku

Reach out take my hand  
Let me lead you through the gate  
A new Angel lives

Melvina Germain

# Spiritual Warmth

The warmth, beauty and spell of spirit...You know when a family member or good friend passes on, I do experience sadness. The only reason I do so is knowing I can't see them in the flesh and won't be able to carry on that same vocal conversation. Well at the same time I smile knowing they no longer reside in the flesh body but have taken on that spiritual existence which to me indicates life goes on and a beautiful beginning takes place.

I've learned over the years that they are only a whisper away, Yes when sadness strikes, I simmer and go to a soft place to rest, usually my bed, lay down and slide into that space of stillness, enjoying the peace that surrounds me and I know they will find me there. Soon a warmth comes over me and I'm soothed from the bottom of my feet to the top of my head, O I smile with my eyes closed feeling that beautiful warmth of spirit and I slip into a sound and tranquil sleep. Call and they will hear, reach out and they will be there. We don't die, we move beyond...Melvina

Melvina Germain

# Stained Images

Tear stained images,  
you place on children's heads.  
wiping their tears,  
with a sharp knives edge.  
Falsely you tell them,  
of a love that's true and kind.  
Reality shows a picture,  
of truly a different kind.  
Tear stained images,  
on their hearts will surely live,  
making it almost impossible,  
an act to forgive.

Melvina Germain

# Stand For Lily

I thank God for this day, to be alive and well, to have eyes in which to see, a voice that can be heard and a working body with all it's parts. I'm thankful that I was granted yet another day. Two Robins visited me this morning as I gazed through my window, watching the trees dance in the wind, one perched on the fence, the other nestled in the tree and the tears began to fall.

I thought of a sweet little baby named Lily that was born needing a new heart. Folks let's stand by Lily this morning and join me in prayers asking God to provide a new heart for her. Please people go to my facebook page and join Lily's group, do whatever you can to spread the word for Lily. Someone can live on in her precious little body, someone who God has decided to take home. Won't you spread the word for Lily.

My facebook page is posted under my name (Melvina Germain)  
Lily's group name is: Support Baby Lily and her family

Written: April 14,2009

Melvina Germain

# Stepping Out

## Stepping Out

Nature, ouuu whimsical, beautiful, fresh and lovely. Yes that soothing place we're told it's true. I'll keep that in mind while I share with all of you. Tripping over thistles and old berries in the wild, I fell like a fragile and often innocent child as all such things serve as a brutal surprise. Emptiness begets my soul while trudging through the density of shame and forest too. Smoke smothering my lungs as vegetation releases its abuse.

I stand silent fixated on a crowded tree with images suspended from a hangmans noose. In the distance blurred and gray, a waterfall flows, a mirage to bemuse the mind and I fall like a puppet on a string wobbling my way there. The fake promise of a fading brain has caught me unaware.

The thick haze grows closer as the waterfall disappears while reality stickes its finger so high in the air. I stand in silence closing my vision to the world and find that place of peace contemplating beauty everywhere. Faint sounds hold a melancholy rhythm while images of ballet dancers elegantly intoxicate the view. I'm stepping out of earths pain and climbing that invisible rope to see family and friends who left the blue.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.7/2015

Time: 1: 07 am

Melvina Germain

# Stepping Out Within

My throat, be it dry to swallow I cringe  
untouched, thy thirst in lonesome fear.  
Wilt thou bring forth a gluttons binge,  
and reign like a Queen in golden-wear.

Imagination be the jealous of many,  
As I sit self smiling in sombre space.  
Stepping out of once the land of plenty,  
Laughter sounds behind thy rigid face.

Dream old dreams, long time doth past,  
A nostalgic remembrance, scenes to sea.  
Peace has come back to me thoughts at last,  
warmth of serenity like a glove covers me.

I return in that miniscule space of time  
though thy thirst has yet to be quenched.  
My pleasure was never meant to rhyme,  
As I sat in the park, on that broken bench.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.14/2014

Melvina Germain

# Storm Of Sadness

Sal lost the battle  
and died deeply bruised,  
his family stood saddened and bemused.  
A lifeless body lays flat on stone,  
tears fall incessantly as voices moan.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.24/2015

Melvina Germain

# Stormy Weather

Severe storm winds crash  
leaving rubble in it's path  
devistation hits.

Melvina Germain

# Strategic Thinking

When strategic thinking is used for the good, we benefit. When it is used to promote evil, we are in trouble. Thinking around the corner is marvelous but to be on top you need to think around the corner and back keeping up with the evil mind that wants to harm you and your family. Things aren't always what they seem and often we may follow a dead trail thinking we are on the right road but in fact we end up chasing what doesn't exist. When something is placed in front of us vivid and clear we need to wonder why and work it out before we put together a force to hunt for what is not... while what is... stands in the background with a huge smile on their face taking the correct road to further destroy... Just saying...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Stretched To The Limit

In all my unhappiness rivers do run cold  
an ancient body tires in a state of old.  
When trials become the worded tale,  
an old woman becomes the pale.

A wretched time of life, rude and cruel  
false promises turn smart people to fools.  
To pause from reality, live in delusions midst  
presents the mark who laid down for a kiss.

Wiped clean a mountain years to build  
took hope and trust away, an old cad's skill.  
Mourn, mourn though death has not occurred,  
worse than death hell happened in a word.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.25/2015

Melvina Germain

# Success      Haiku

Determined he was  
defeated he said no way  
Lincoln succeeded

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date:      Nov.13/2015

Melvina Germain

## Suzie Q (Our Picture Is Posted Below) I Miss This Beautiful Lady.....

There you are in my arms,  
my sweet and precious friend.  
How I wish I could feel your warmth-  
just one more day again.

My poignant thoughts come brilliantly through  
when I harness much emotion thinking of you.  
It was the afternoons of quiet visits  
and the evenings discussing the blue.

In the loneliness of a silent night,  
I'm sure your shadow is standing there.  
Perhaps the shadows are merely a  
semblance of your appearance, I'm aware.

Never-the-less, I hear your voice  
and the sound of your laughter vividly.  
I see you smiling O...! so wide and yes.  
I remember you smiling so beautiful at me.

Suzie Q, you know I love you and always will.  
Your spirit shares such a beautiful glow.  
O yes! I see you behind the curtain of my eyes  
your leaving is like yesterday, not so long ago.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: May 20/2015

Melvina Germain

# Sweet

Let's take a stroll  
on the boardwalk,  
look at the ocean,  
vast and calm.  
Say sweet words,  
sing sweet song.  
Holding hands,  
all night long.

Written: June 2,2008

Note: The boardwalk of which I speak is a  
beautiful place in Sydney, Nova Scotia.

Melvina Germain

# Sweet Lily

I shall woo thee sweet, sweet delicate Lily  
come touch me softly, my maroon lipped fair.  
How can I ever leave thee my sweet, sweet Lily  
after gazing in your eyes, I know I must not dare.

Blushed be my cheeks when you stare into my soul,  
let the love in your eyes pray for thine heart.  
Such beauty you possess, an artist dream I do hold,  
may a fiery bridge or raging storm never keep us apart.

Sweet Lily an intoxicating goddess you have emerged,  
in the delicate light of sunrays and a rainbows arch.  
Through the emerald blanket of the dale my love surged  
and I'll kick up my legs to a proud lovers march.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.20/2015

Melvina Germain

# Sweet Little Lamb

Sweet little lamb, to thee you came.  
Sweet and mild, God's precious child,  
born to Mary, placed in a manger of love.  
Adored by our Father who shines above.

Oh sweet Jesus, that be your name,  
a man, a carpenter, a preacher the same.  
Chosen to grace God's earth,  
given an immaculate birth.

Sweet little lamb, that's what you be,  
a glorious saviour from God to thee.  
Your enemies lurked in the valley of pain.  
Rough waters trudged, true to God you remained.

Carrying the cross on which to die,  
A black man helped you get by.  
He leaned with you and shared your heavy load.  
Forever you'll shine in his off-springs abode.

Though blood spilled from your crown of thorns,  
you weathered through that horrid storm.  
Brutal soldiers nailed your hands and feet,  
thinking, it is death your destiny will meet.

Crying out to our great Father above,  
with compassion and unconditional love.  
Forgive them Father, for they know not what they do.  
This is what came from a man like you.

Sweet Jesus, I call on you again,  
asking that you stand by my family and friends.  
Our losses are many these trying days,  
Sweet Jesus, be with us as we pray.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Aug.15/2012



# Sweet Love

If I could hear your inner thoughts,  
I'd probably use a violin to play that song.  
Dreaming dreams of happy tales,  
inviting Angels to come and sing along.

If I could touch you though you're so far away,  
I would embrace you long both night and day.  
Whispers, yes whispers, my voice would share,  
sweet nothings will come from everywhere.

If I could feel that tranquil peace,  
I know my inhibitions would soon release.  
You are the golden star within my mind,  
what I will do for you is simply divine.

Come sweet love to my awaiting arms,  
come and teach me your ecstasy.  
I long to feel your warmth and see your glow,  
and allow you to ravish me so very slow.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 25/2015

Melvina Germain

## Sweet Love (Sharing A New Poem For All Of You)

If I could hear your inner thoughts,  
I'd probably use a violin to play that song.  
Dreaming dreams of happy tales,  
inviting Angels to come and sing along.

If I could touch you though you're so far away,  
I would embrace you long both night and day.  
Whispers, yes whispers, my voice would share,  
sweet nothings will come from everywhere.

If I could feel that tranquil peace,  
I know my inhibitions would soon release.  
You are the golden star within my mind,  
what I will do for you is simply divine.

Come sweet love to my awaiting arms,  
come and teach me your ecstasy.  
I long to feel your warmth and see your glow,  
and allow you to ravish me so very slow.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 25/2015

Melvina Germain

# Sweet Violet

Come to me my darling violet.  
Lay your head softly upon my chest.  
Find solace while you take a delightful rest.

Listen to the music of my heartbeat.  
It plays a melody just for you my sweet.  
You are the center of my emotions,  
I give you my utmost devotion.

Cool shadow's dance in the evening light.  
Your beauty shines through, an illuminating sight.  
My shining star, that's what you are my dear.  
I'll always love you, year after year.

Your eyes shine like diamonds in an Egyptians treasure,  
stimulating every nerve with great pleasure.  
Basking in the warmth of the evening breeze,  
I reach out with tender kisses and a loving tease.

Oh, come to me sweet violet if you will,  
take my love, give me a romantic chill.  
Dance with my heartbeat in erotic rhythm.  
I'll take you to heights you've never been given.

Now, come to me sweet violet.  
Come lie with me in my bed of ecstasy,  
experience my unspoken desire.  
Come, create with me, an evening of romantic fire.

Written: May 10,2008

Melvina Germain

# Take Hold

Take hold, take hold of dignity and respect  
voices heard far beyond foster no regret.

Take hold, take hold, wither not thy life away,  
let the thirst of hope be a reason you want to stay.  
Walk forgotten streets you knew so long ago,  
dream old dreams, forget demons of deceit.

Take hold, take hold of that strong, infinite rope,  
regain much power of belief and joy of hope.

Take hold, take hold may your grip be a crowning of strength,  
never waver or think dark thoughts in length.  
May your hands of talent bring forth your starry eyes as you  
forge toward that longing passion in your heart.

Take hold, take hold old age has gifted you well,  
your golden years has arrived but no one can tell.

Written byP: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.15/2015

Time: 2: 32am

Melvina Germain

# Take My Hand

Take my hand and lead me away,  
to a place where freedom reigns.  
Where the valleys deep with love,  
cry out, no more pain, no more pain.

Take my hand and lead me away,  
to a place where flowers grow.  
Wreathed with fruits and berries,  
quenched with love a glow.

Take my hand and lead me away,  
to a place of peace and tranquility.  
Where my thoughts fill with the love  
inside, only there for thee.

Take my hand and lead me away  
from a world filled with strife.  
To a place with pearly gates,  
the beginning of a brand new life.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Taleadina's Destiny

My night is dreary, my thoughts are dim,  
I cringe on the possibility of yet another sin.  
Pondering the inevitable soon to be,  
yet wanting to hasten it's oncoming, you see.

I'm teetering on the tip of madness,  
entrenched in the depth of sadness.  
Depression has found me once too often,  
gazing at cold faces laid out in coffins.

Life's blue truth reap soft, sweet sayings,  
as I kneel to my God while praying.  
The rivers calm before the storm lie still,  
as my heart song bequeaths a sudden chill.

Over the rainbow, cast ore the sea, many trails  
to journey, find a glowing light in tranquility.  
A new beginning, forgotten pain,  
let me thrive in the valley of hope once again.

My freedom will nere come upon this earth,  
I'm screaming in desperation for a rebirth.  
Have I squandered this gift of earthly life,  
ready to end it with the steel blade of a knife.

Hence forth, I beg of you forgive me,  
if forgiveness is what must be.

Let me wrap myself in a shimmering veil,  
as I walk triumphantly to the light of a new tale.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: March 5/2012

Melvina Germain

# Tanks Set

## Tanka (1)

### Sadness Tastes A Rose

Heartfelt sympathy,  
embraced in blue shadow light.  
Black rose bleeding red,  
tantalized in silent song.  
True love captures the moment.

Written by: Melvina Germain

## Tanka (2)

### Healing Wounds

Bemused in old fear,  
stroll the hills of rapid pain.  
Uplift your spirit,  
kiss life's blessing as it pours,  
recognize the blackest shore.

Written by: Melvina Germain

## Tanka (3)

### Sal Completed His Soul

The lure of sunshine,  
filled his empty heart with love.  
Worn eyes took her in,  
as his heart gave up the stone.  
No more will Sal stand alone.

Written by: Melvina Germain



# Tear Stained Images

Tear stained images,  
you place on childrens heads.  
wiping their tears,  
with a sharp knives edge.  
Falsely you tell them,  
of a love that's true and kind.  
Reality shows a picture,  
of truly a different kind.  
Tear stained images,  
on their hearts will surely live,  
making it almost impossible,  
an act to forgive.

Melvina Germain

# Tender Thoughts

My thoughts of you are vivid and clear  
as if you were standing here beside me,  
touching my hair, caressing my face  
with your fingertips, holding me close,  
and kissing me with your soft, tender  
lips.

You are the only one I desire, my love  
for you will never tire. I'll hold on to you  
my darling for a life-time, oh I'll not leave  
you, for you are my life-line, my hope, my  
one and only.

Oh darling, the way you move me, makes  
my heart flutter, you create a burning  
sensation deep within my soul, with you  
baby, I'm whole. I wait in anticipation,  
wanting to be with you, in your arms,  
loving, touching, taking you in, oh darling  
let our moments of love begin.

Melvina Germain

# That's All I Want

That's All I Want

All I want is a lover in a man  
who can walk with me  
holding my hand  
cry with me while walking in the rain  
understanding most of my pain  
All I want is a man to be true  
a one woman man  
someone like you  
That's all I want

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 15/2012

Melvina Germain

# That's Me

That's Me

Dancing on the beach

running in the sand  
bouncing in the sea  
clapping my hands  
racing in the wind  
strolling in the rain  
singing happy songs  
feeling no pain  
happy as can be  
that's me

Melvina Germain

# The Best Is Yet To Come

Ahhh you feel so good, when I'm away from you  
I'm not myself anymore, can't wait to walk through  
that door. Find you sitting there as if on a throne,  
the queen of desire. You please me, you make me  
feel so special. I enjoy your scent, it's you I require,  
I'm blown away by your sense of touch. ohhh yes, I  
love you so very much. Without you my body would  
lose it's glow. Ahh you're so good to me, let me  
touch you, feel the warmth penetrate me, let me absorb  
you. I look forward to this every morning, every night,  
it feels so right. Let me place my hand around you,  
and squeeze you gently while pressing the tip of your  
nozzle, ah yes, here it comes, that cool sensation, the  
sweet emollient lotion by fabioley oh yes I only buy  
the best.

Author's Note: Ok, Ok, I know, this has got to stop,  
I'm in one of those moods again, you've been there,  
you know what I'm talking about. LOL, bear with me  
I will get back on track. Ignore this one Mr. K.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.26,2008

Melvina Germain

# The Choosing Of The Bride

Candelabras hang from an elegant ceiling.  
Satin and Taffeta folds line cold walls  
giving them warmth and splendor.  
Silk table cloths trimmed in fine lace  
grace oak table tops, while the  
brilliance of silverware and crystal glasses  
glitter through the sunlight in bright rays  
of Kaleidoscopic color.

Elegant white candles deliver a most  
beautiful aromatic scent softly  
permeating the air, an aroma pleasing to all.  
Large fresh bouquets of roses, lilies and  
Freshia, surrounded by stephanotis and  
babies breath adorn each table. An  
Amazing array of beauty displayed for all  
eyes to behold.

All the beauty held within these walls will  
captivate a very elite crowd. Tonight in  
celebration of "The Choosing Of The Bride".  
Many Princesses shall grace the floors of  
Taudruham Castle awaiting the decision of  
Prince Bounaire. Yes tonight a night not  
to be forgotten, for the handsome Prince  
chooses his bride.

To be continued.....

(June 3,2007)

Melvina Germain

# The Cotton Tree (Haiku)

Cotton trees  
cover our landscape of forest green  
with fluffy white puffs

Melvina Germain

# The Count Of Eight-Boxing Poem

She smiled as she never smiled before,  
A solemn, cold, mean sort of smile.  
A smile that says, hey look at me, I don't care.  
You want a piece of me, well baby I'm here.  
Come get me, I'm without fear.

She took her stand in the center of the ring,  
Cased her opponent with a look that could sting.  
Her radiant form displayed much desire.  
She was about to put the house on fire.

Back and forth she danced around.  
Weaving and bobbing, feet barely touching the ground.  
Her opponent threw a punch, missed for sure.  
She tried and tried but missed more and more.

Dancing and bobbing, a pretty sight to see.  
This awesome lady stings like a bee.  
She takes her stance and moves in for the kill.  
An upper cut to the jaw, down goes poor Syll.

Syll lays still on the canvas floor.  
The referee starts the count, one-two-three-four.  
Syll tries to raise her head, but it's just too late.  
The count is over, five-six-seven-eight.

Melvina Germain

# The Cruelty Of Mean

I'm sitting here watching a TV program and I'm shaking my head wondering why humans are so mean to each other, why do so many reach out to hurt so much. Why is it necessary to lie, deceive, backstab people you are involved with and some you say you love.

How can love be so cruel, I'll never understand it. People in families hurt each other terribly and often it's over that dang money. I know a gent, a very nice man actually and one day we were at an event and a lovely looking lady walked by and smiled at me, didn't give him a look. He said that's my sister and I was shocked, they did not speak and why. Their parents passed away and the parents left her totally in charge. She didn't share anything with anyone else in the family, how absurd is that.

Well I've said many times, parents have a responsibility to be equal with their children. You really can't depend on children to be fair, some will and some won't. If anger for any reason comes into play, there goes the fairness, Do the right thing parents. Their's nothing worse that sibling upset due to funds. Then you have the scammers, the catfish, the identity theft and the list goes on, why hurt people like this. Most of us are struggling from day to day, making ends meet or at least trying to. Some give up and leave this world due to suicide, they can't take it anymore. The cruelty is phenomenal and the young men and women who get involved too early without knowing the person and finding out a whole lot of ugliness soon after. Learn what motivates people for gosh sake before jumping into a sick basket of relentless problems. Pay attention to the signs and don't think you can change anyone, you can't. Believe in words and actions, if he or she wasn't good to their last partner perhaps the same will happen to you, that's not rocket science. Stealing from a sister or brother is another thing, what looks good to you, well now that bag of potatoes might have a whole lot of rotten inside that you can't see. Messed up by previous relationships that might be taken out on you, pay attention.

Bottom line is, stay away from mean people and I'm not talking to one gender more than the other here. We blame men for a whole lot, let me clue you in, women can be just as nasty and sometimes worse and the courts are usually on their side but that's changing and that's a good thing. It's much easier and certainly a whole lot more peaceful without having to deal with mean people, watch yourselves and surround yourself with people who are genuine nice people, caring, loving and compassionate. Life will move much smoother...Take what you can use and leave the rest...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# The Dance

Andre fell in love with her beauty,  
her royal elegant appearance.  
She carried herself proud, purring  
like a kitten, never boisterous or loud.

Stroking her perfect body, touching  
her curves oh so gently.  
He felt like the king of the ball, stood  
handsome and so very tall.

Together they made their royal entrance,  
totally captivating the audience.  
Proud as can be,  
they danced- for all to see.

Screams of elation filled the crowd,  
while this royal couple took their bows.  
A dance performed with perfection,  
no need for criticism or direction.

An applaud broke out, a standing ovation.  
Smiles laughter an awesome celebration.  
The competition ended in glory,  
now on with that fairy tale story.

Melvina Germain

# The Destruction Of Hate-Murder The Beast

Brought up in a prejudice dysfunctional household.  
Took away the heart that once lived within your soul

Fiery eyes of a demon, a prejudice beast  
Live your heart, conjuring up a deploring feast

You've hurt, you've maimed, took education away.  
Took bright eyes and turned them a shade of gray.

Many years took its toils on the likes of you.  
Bad heart, failed kidneys, time to pay your dues.

You reside in a room on the other side of town.  
No one visits, no one cares, you sit wearing a frown.

Time to think and reflect while your body breaks down  
No legacy to leave, you failed all around

The same people you despised, harbored hate for years  
are the people who now console, dry your tears.

Why waste your time in this blessed life,  
to create heartache, hate and contribute to one's strife.

Remember what you give out, you get back ten times more.  
Father time will surely visit, come walking through your door.

Pick yourself up, start now before it's too late.  
Stop the cruelty, the pain, the destruction of hate.

(April 13/2007)

Melvina Germain

# The Drunken Sea

Travelling the road of horrendous abuse,  
after suffering perhaps in the delicate phase of youth.  
Carrying that heavy hand though beaten down by officials brutality.

A barrage of pain ones mind sustains  
whilst standing in the aftermath of a night well drunk,  
blasting words of ridiculous profanity.

Receivers, yes we are a multitude

Mothers, Fathers, Brothers, Sisters and friends too,  
unfortunately it's our children who suffer greatly,  
from a drunken parents brew.

O the temporary superiority rides an abusive train,  
trampling the love of a mother in pain.

Little does an offender care, nor compassion redeemed,  
a few days good and back to a drunkards regime.

They cry!

O yes... crying a river of pain  
Sugar-footin all the way to the valley of disdain  
Long tears  
Emotion full  
Infectious juice brings on that sea  
A sober person listens, feeling bad all the while  
as the offender stoops in the valley of incapacity.

Day after day all live in fear,  
what will happen on the next drunken tear.  
Will one jump onto that blackened stage,  
where a demon takes over, released from its cage.

Hateful words draw tears,  
planting spikes in ones heart.  
A loved one feels hate abundantly sound,  
such scars dig deep as one slowly departs  
looking for a place of peace to rest and sleep.

a place where the alcoholic demon is not found.  
The pain that spills from a drunkards tongue  
kills ones spirit, burning the inside down.

Alcohol brings out the arrogance and  
a drunk refuses to see themselves.  
They witness not what they're puttin down!  
we know darkness is the place...  
where hell is found.

Waking to the blows of reality  
with cuffs and chains restraining thee.  
When the truth unfolds of deaths brutal scene,  
a lifetime changes and a drunk has lost  
all respect and dreams.

Don't scream! You drunks,  
at the invisible which you can not see,  
remember God's love is surrounding thee.  
He sent you gifts, more than one or two!  
He spoke to you boldly your whole life through.

It is you! who must make the choice  
and hear our maker's voice.  
God's love flows "The Holy Sea";  
He touches all, yes You and Me.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Dec.2/2015

Melvina Germain

# The Entertainer

He sang with a smooth sensuous voice.  
Beautiful ladies loved his music of choice.  
As he sung, to a quiet, mesmerized audience,  
his eyes shone and put forth great passion.  
Sweet, flowing music, tranquil vocal tones enjoyed  
by elegant ladies of exquisite high fashion.  
Jealous men did not agree, they preferred  
to hang the entertainer from the nearest tree.  
Later that evening during a half time break,  
he was cautioned, make no mistake.  
Look beyond the ladies, don't stare in their eyes,  
set your focus above them, look to the sky.  
He sang each night as if performing chores,  
then exited through the back stage doors.  
Way back in the days of old,  
black men entertained and sang with soul,  
yet had no choice, but to do as they were told.  
Times have changed since way back then,  
we look, we touch, we make good friends.  
No more exiting through back stage doors,  
or peeing in paper cups, humiliation no more.  
We must remember what happened then,  
so the evil never returns to haunt us again.

Melvina Germain

# The Fat Poet

The fat poet, who never shares,  
how dare he keep the words of beauty,  
stockpiled, hidden in a quiet corner.

Why, words such as these, must be  
shared to those far and near, to those  
we hold dear. Don't vex with me,  
you fat little poet, lift of those pages,  
so the world will know it.

Your words are full of beauty flare,  
all that you have hidden there, will  
spread a bed of literary verse for  
all the world to see and hear.

Melvina Germain

# The Final Walk

Fearing God's decision,  
pondering ones deliverance.  
You ask yourself, did I live my life well,  
was I fair to lonely suffering souls.  
Did I extend a hand of generosity.

Much time to think while taking that  
final walk through the valley of death.  
Doth an angel take your side, or  
will a demon of darkness forever be your guide.

Thoughts remain suspended  
in the landscape of your mind.  
Convinced time is of the essence,  
wondering is it too late to make a change.  
Though fear is prevalent,  
it is freedom one wishes to gain.

(June 2,2007)

Melvina Germain

# The Genius Child

Perhaps the smart ones only stay for a little while, philosophers, strategists and the genius child. To wow the world, boy or girl setting the record straight all the while. We stand in awe of them, sometimes disbelieve in them, walk away from them, shaking our heads, wondering of the difference displayed in them. And then a legacy begins to unfold and all our eyes shimmer the told, we smile that unfathomable smile as the world shapes with the genius child who surpassed the old, creating the new...Melvina...

Melvina Germain

# The Golden Rose (Haiku)

Let us celebrate  
the joy of God's golden rose  
above the mountain

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date: Oct.16/2015

Melvina Germain

# The Holy Spirit

the Lord gave us a special gift, One that feels our pain and speaks to us. One that walks with us and knows everything we do. He gave us the gift of the Holy spirit that lives within us. We are like two people living in one body. Don't shut out your Holy spirit and allow it to live dormant, talk to it, acknowledge it and be thankful for it. The Holy spirit lives within us and we should be thankful for this awesome gift of the Lord.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# The Hoopsnake

The hoopsnakes linger in the ice fields of Canada.  
Fiercely slithering through barren caves forming  
traces of tracks in predators graves. Canada's  
hoopsnake leaves nothing to the imagination,  
it devours quick without hesitation.

In Canada's coldest region, Baker Lake, Nunavut.  
Living among, Muskox, caribou, wolverines, jack  
rabbits, siks siks and artic hares, the hoopsnakes  
fierce and deadly...the king of ice fields medley.

Lone creatures, a tailless lot, eyes of fire, blood sought.  
Wherever the hoopsnake trails along, , bloodied path  
share a gruesome song. Our fore-bearers tried to rid  
the land of it's thirst of blood with tired hand.

Alas Canada hoopsnake lives on in the crisp and quiet

each day. Awaiting it's victims unaware to step in its tracks  
along the way. Beware when you visit our ice fields, beware  
my friends night and day. Our hoopsnakes will find you  
and surely carry you away.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# The Inevitable

Life is a bitch, when old age draws nigh.  
Young people fear you coming by.  
One feels like a pencil without its lead.  
Ahh but soon thy will be dead.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 9/2010

Melvina Germain

# The Inevitable...How I Deal With It...My Views

The Inevitable (How do I deal with it...My views)

September 9,2014 at 9: 16am

This is a long article people, take what you can use and leave the rest.....

I woke this morning with words pounding in my mind. Well the good thing is, I was able to sleep until 6: 30am and came here and read the words of others before settling in to write this message. You see it wasn't one I had to quickly pen to make sure I didn't forget the words as this is the way I believe, the way I live my life knowing. The message this morning is about the inevitable that will touch each and every one of us.

You know the topic and that is 'death'...My my, how this can take us into the field of sorrow, lead us to a place sometimes of no return, pull our foundation out from under us, send us flying into the realm of darkness. Something that each and every one of us will face at some point in this life, some of us allow it to destroy us.

I have a friend that has to be hospitalized several times now due to not being able to come to grips with the loss of someone very close to her. She still sits and cries uncontrollably and needs to be medicated. I have someone extremely close to me who is consumed with sorrow, she lives everyday in the midst of darkness, swallowing up pain and her mental capacity has diminished while her physical body is literally breaking down. These are the situations, I call worse than death. The ruination of body and soul all due to something we as humans can not change.

You really need to see it for what it is and learn to accept that realization. I'm very fortunate, my Blessings came at a very young age. I was Blessed to have an extremely spiritual Grandmother and Grandfather...I learned so much about death as a young child. My family did not hide it from me, I went to the wakes and funerals, I learned to celebrate the lives of people. I saw them pick up their glasses of rum and whiskey, and toast the person laying in the room of our homes. I listened to them sing Gospel songs and heard all the words of love expressed. I visited and played around their bodies as if they were still there and I knew then, that they were there only in another form...yes the form of spirit and that what was laying in the coffin was no longer them, it was their shell. I knew that very well in my youth. I'm thanking my family now for

allowing me to see. Truly a Blessing was given me.

I remember my Aunt Tinsie...'that's not her real name, it's a nickname' for some reason back home, everyone had nicknames...Roy was Chuppie, Marie was googs, my Uncle Sid called me Melou...Hmmm memories eh...she took me into the room where one of my special people lay, the very first time I saw a dead body. She placed her hand on his forehead and then picked up his hand and smiled at me. She said, Mellie it's limber, look, come and feel...I smiled back at her and reached up and touched his hand. She left me there in the room and I continually stared and talked to that person, I knew his spirit could hear me. I had no fear, I stayed there awhile and then went to play with the other kids, we kept going in and out of that room where one of my best male role models laid. This man still touches me greatly even today, he never leaves me. I love him with all my heart...Leonard Grinage...I remember one of the adults crying and I asked why are you crying, he's still here I told them and that person hugged me.

Death is a beautiful thing, it takes all the pain away. It allows us to begin a new journey, the journey of eternal life. A life in spirit and that new realm of life is not one in which we ought to feel sorrow for...no that is the life in which we rejoice. While we are celebrating the life of our loved one who is leaving us, we are also rejoicing their new rebirth back into the spirit world. You see, I believe we had a pre-life...

Now listen...I can't get up, pick up the phone and call my Uncle Roy, I can't sit and listen to the soothing words of my Aunt Mar, I can no longer stand and comb my Aunt Wins hair. I can't run to Aunt Kay and ask her to help me nor can I write letters to my other Aunt Kay, I can't quickly get in my car and run to have an early coffee with my friend Ila before work. No I can't wait for Aleane to come and visit, I won't be able to hug my little Jullian who died far too young. There will be no more walks or long conversations with my husband Richard and I won't see the spirit come forth in some of my sisters at church, who have left us. I won't be going to Karaoke with Richard Morris or listen to him sing the Blues. I'll never see the face of my 17 year old cousin, oh my, the bellowing laughter of my Uncle Ben is no more and the stories told by my friend Orunamamu, I won't hear from her. I do miss all of these people and more and most have left me in the last three years. Yes there's more, my beautiful Anne, a loyal worker and friend, my Bill from head office who always stood by me, My Dylan, my good friend's son, also died way too soon. The loss I've had in the last three years is so unbelievable and I can still go on and on.

I'm laughing now...someone told me, you need to go to grief counseling. I told them... why? I could counsel them but they might think I'm crazy. Are you

sitting down, if not, grab a seat. All of the people I mentioned above, yes they are gone in the flesh but at any given moment, I can call on them and bring them to me in spirit, I'll close my eyes and see their image. My body relaxes and a warmth comes over me, I take deep breaths and sit comfortably on my couch. If I'm in bed, I pull the covers over me and fall into a deep and beautiful sleep. After my partner Richard passed, every night I called him and every night he came to me and wrapped his arms around me and I fell to sleep. I did that for a long time and then promised him to let him go so he can do what he needs to do. Once in awhile I call on these people to come to me and they never disappoint. Spirit is a wonderful place to be. Sometime, they come to you and seek your attention and have ways of coming forth.

You will never as some say get over death and why should you. You merely need to welcome it and know more about it. Before my good friend Sue passed on, I asked her this question in the hospital. Sue if you can come and visit me, will you come to me...Oh my goodness, she gave me the most precious smile and assured me she would come to me. I believe she would but did not expect it would be so blatant, so powerful, so emotional. She came to me on the day of her celebration of life and used me to give her husband a hug good-bye. It was an amazing situation, I really believe the time froze. I walked down the aisle to speak to her husband, telling him we need to get started as we were waiting for one more person who had called ahead. I told him when the clock strikes the quarter hour, we will begin. At that moment, I felt a warmth that took me back and I leaned back a bit and and exclaimed, wouuuu! Ray looked at me and asked, are you alright, I immediately answered, Sue is here, she's here with us and he stared at me. I felt this warmth come from the bottom of my feet, travel to the top of my head, I was immersed in this warmth and I began to cry, shaking and Ray put his arms around me and held me so close, I settled in his arms for a moment and then broke away and he looked at me and said, are you ok. I assured him I was. I then began to walk up the aisle to begin the service. I felt as if I was walking on a cloud, my feet didn't seem to touch the ground. I stood at the front, looked toward the family and Ray again whispering, are you ok. I walked to the end of their row and began to jump and yell...it's a celebration...it's a celebration...repeat after me...it's a celebration.

Everybody called out...it's a celebration. I realized at that moment that I was in control of nothing and Sue was taking care doing what she wanted done at her celebration of life. I was simply the vessel in all of this. Death my friends is amazing, what comes after the initial passing is a continual Blessing and anyone who is taken into this by the deceased must consider themselves very special. I'm not getting into any discussion with anyone, no Pastors, Priests or

any Men of the cloth. It is what it is and I know what I experience.

Whenever the spirit takes me, I feel special, I smile as I'm smiling now. You never know when it will happen. It happened to me while driving, I do not remember getting to point B and it was across the city. I remember talking to God and the next thing I remember was opening the car door at my destination. I've seen the spirit take over my sisters in Christ. My sister Vi, jumps up and kicks her leg while praying, I was in awe and I knew the spirit had her in its grips, praise God for that.

We have not lost these people, they are with us, trying to communicate with us but often we don't understand the signs. At times it can be as simple as a shadow in the corner of our eye, a brush of wind on our faces, a feeling that seems to go through you, an object that is moved though you know exactly where you placed it, a feeling of cool or warm air, a voice you believe you heard. A little child staring and smiling into space, a pet who acts silly while gazing at nothing, a tap on the shoulder only to turn and see no one. Acting silly and you don't know why, one of your hands shaking profusely for no reason as happened to me not long ago and the new one for me was the coming of pain in my stomach while awaiting a passing, O let me not forget my early gift, the scent of a beautiful garden. Usually I receive this gift prior to a passing and it can be as long as two weeks prior. I received the gift at age eleven and it was explained to me by my Grandmother. I still have it today and praise and thank God for it.

There's no need to deny these things, it's a loved one trying to let you know they're ok. Listen, how selfish can we be, we've had most of these people for many, many years, some of them have contributed much to this life and have helped people in so many ways...The body becomes old and tired and needs to go to rest, the shell is finished and the spirit takes over. If we can accept that, we will know then that we do not die, our flesh body is separated from our spiritual body. This is not rock science, it's logical, we can not just die...we become a part of this mass universe and live on people.

I'm laughing again...you hear so many people, go on and on about the life thereafter. We know, O yes we know how great it is on the other side but the same people will go far trying to cling on to this life on earth. Look around you, look at the devastation, look at the poverty, look at the evil, look at the homeless, look at the pain. Well let me tell you this, when someone dies, I'm saying hallelujah...good for you, you've made it through and I will celebrate. I will miss them and I may cry but at the same time, I'm relieved that they are no longer suffering. If you truly believe we go to a better place, a place of solace and extreme peace, then sorrow is not necessary. Missing them... a little

crying... a time for grieving is natural...be happy for them, rejoice. Let them go in peace and you move on doing what needs to be done until your turn comes to close that curtain. We're all going down that road, it's just a matter of time.

What we do have to remember is this...Life is for the living and we must let the earth body of our loved ones go and learn how to enjoy them in spirit and that is through memory, through our stored images and through thought and if and when a message comes through, don't deny it, embrace it.....

Praise God and our precious Jesus...Amen (Melvina)

Melvina Germain

# The Meddler's

Wilt thou not allow me solace,  
a place of peace to resonate,  
in the confines of innocence.  
Thou discounts the probability  
of friendship and paint a torch  
of a burning flame that has not  
ignited.

Thine recognition fears the intervention  
placed upon me as I sit between and betwixt.  
A fear that should never have birthed.  
I was in the womb of comfort and ripped  
like a berry from a vine.  
An ugly violation stabbed from behind.

Sitting laden ed with distrust, gazing  
through a window pane, watching the  
rain drizzle as the breeze of harmony  
no longer exists. Society with it's  
sociological disorders impedes the innocence  
of ones intentions. Hence becoming vengeful  
toward loved ones and friends.

So many color's of life intervene as they  
integrate many scenes. We may see red,  
as the burning torch of meddlers who tear  
down a happy interlude, a minute joy, a  
place of solace for true friendship.

Charged, I return a no guilty plea as I  
will not stand accountable for ones imagination.  
No I stand steadfast and shall bask in the  
lonely temple where no one can infiltrate,  
where I alone have the power to lock the gate.

I say to you, who dare to trudge beneath the  
veil of truth. Choose your words well, think of  
the heart song and speak not of fabrication but  
yet etch the words of truth upon the wall. Fear

not what might be, rest in peace of what is.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 1-0/2012

Melvina Germain

# The Mummy

The Mummy

Subconscious embodiment  
Illustrious illumination confining  
flat lined on destiny's edge  
excruciating blindness  
banished ghosts moaning

hieroglyphics floating  
whilst old rocks cry out

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.20/2014

Melvina Germain

# The Night Sky

Now it's time to sleep as moonbeams cast shadows over the night sky. Place your hand in mine, say good-night my friends, let it be a long time before we say good-bye...Sleep well folks...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# The Party Is Over

Walking along the sun burnt blades, sucking in the night air. I felt a tingling in the pit of my stomach, something about to cross my path. A faint hissing sound seemed to permeate my space and I cowered wanting to find a safe place to rest my weary feet.

Whispers, faint whispers took the airway and I choked back the need to cough. A cramp held tight in the back of my leg and a dull ache caused me to limp while pain increasingly climbed toward the rear of my knee.

My chest burned as if on fire and my body trembled in fear of the growing stillness around me. Tired and fearful, I quietly quivered. Alas a trickle of light appeared in the distance and hope of encountering friendly people was plausible.

Standing still, breathing deeply, I slowly pulled in that soothing warm air, taking the deepest breaths possible as if adhering to a doctor's instructions. It was then, I heard a scratching sound and a whistle, almost simultaneously. In amazement, I hung in my space holding on to a branch of a poplar tree, that grew massive in height, bent slowly to the side as if ready to topple to the ground. I held tightly to its offering hand.

Voices, muted sounds of voices swirled through the air. I wondered, how many voices linger here. Perhaps a choir of Angels abound. A humming sound entered the symphony of the wind and the sound of rustling leaves added the background. Quite a rhythm coming forward and I... well I was the only audience, that is, me and the blinking eyes of a white owl boldly perched on the strong arm of a tree branch. Her eyes glistened that diamond flicker in the moonlight. She was fixed with silent emotion as she blinked often and covered me with her curiosity.

I felt someone tugging at me, they seemed anxious and became more and more aggressive, shaking me, rubbing my arms. I can't see them, the darkness is full bodied and now that trickle of light dissipated. Oddly enough the voices became more apparent, and I recognized them. The words were strong, wake up, it's time to

wake up, you must go home.

The aftermath of a night spent consuming numerous concoctions of  
that dang fire water. Wobbling on the line of insecurity and wavering

on the bridge of innocence. O my head, a throbbing mess. O my  
it's morning, the party is over and I have to face the day.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 6/2013

Melvina Germain

# The Powerful And The Ugly

Stepping up the ladder of success  
seemed so smooth, so smooth for Mr. @#\$.  
He was grinin and laughin  
Shuckin and jivin,  
had no time for you and me.  
He found himself the elite  
dancing on easy street.  
But the masked dove watches the raven  
and the old crow has a place to hide.  
O you were havin fun in an arena  
you ought never abide.

And nasty trails you left  
along with your deceit.  
Ya tossed around the pretties  
like sappy blood and ravaged meat.

Your SpokenWord was harsh  
as it hit below the belt  
and your people knew they lost you  
in the ramblings of the spell.

You plucked a little more  
than the masked dove wanted you to do  
and the terror of the hand  
came pounding down on you.

You stepped beside the privileged  
in that stiff rhythm you thought would last.  
When ya grew to pass them at the finish line  
They pulled from the bottom of the flask.  
The clock was slowly tickin  
Success would have been bountiful  
But ya left a trail of nasty  
and laughing eyes had lots to pull.  
They slapped you in the face  
reminded you of your race.

Ya can walk side by side with them

ya can kiss their mighty ass.  
Ahhh ya can think you're just as good  
and excel at every task.  
You can play their games at will  
but when you arrive at the finish line  
you're the one to take the kill.

All that you worked for  
All the glory and the stars  
The monetary gain  
The respect from earth to mars  
Plucked from the hand  
Like taking candy from a babe  
And ya sit with eyes like saucers  
Wondering what happened  
To the person they made

Let me tell ya  
you can walk in every step  
side by side, O yes you can  
but you better be clean as a whistle  
so no one has the higher hand.

Written by: Melvina Germain  
(c) Above The Rayne Volumn 4

Melvina Germain

# The Real Deal

The Real Deal

A one woman man, that's what she wanted.  
He wanted to have his cake and eat it too.  
Addictions seem to grant him somewhat haunted,  
and brought on tears of misty blue.

How soon we forget the best things in life,  
are hours spent with those we love.  
But the snake creeps in causing strife,  
with sordid gifts of alcohol stew.

Your heart boils, your stomach churns,  
that insatiable need to share the blues.  
Your mind set ablaze and continually burns.  
watching shadowed images on the evening news.

With an empty shell, harboring far away eyes,  
waiting patiently with poisoned juice.  
Far away beyond the limits, and no surprise,  
a deadened body waits, hanging loose.

Though the love is real, addiction steals,  
the happy hours of one so true,  
honesty slips far, while the mind reels,  
lies and deception become apart of you.

Gifts given of ones own free will,  
now held hostage in that red earth mind.  
Turning tables to free oneself,  
in the hope to be painted generous and kind.

Those who smile and of closed mouth,  
view the tainted in their truthful manner.  
It takes a great actor to fool the wise,  
false smiles and lies display the banner.

Until your ready, stop playing the game.  
The hearts you pierce are fragile and real.

Though we're different, we're all the same,  
Everybody wants...the real deal.....

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: April 29/2013

Melvina Germain

# The Revolution Has Crumbled

The Revolution has crumbled (Published)

A curve ball came hurling through the air, a dark Angel in fine clothes appeared, his heart was beautiful but his eyes didn't see what was behind such a royal, yet painful opportunity.

The revolution ne're be born, not on red fields of destruction, where corruption envelopes the whole human race but pain and fear shall grow upon a commoners face.

The gateway to seduction has opened wide, there in the midst of darkness, Satan's shield of evil shall abide.

Those who reign the towers high, show their tongues of fire, Their eyes of rage, thrusting stones, digging graves, forging higher. But the figurehead takes his seat in the aftermath of much deceit.

Room for the mighty and the gallant bombardiers who fall to their knees as orders strike their ears. See them roar through the wind in the universe's vast open sky, dropping bombs on the innocent as they violently fly by.

Watch the meek and mild fall to the ground, and their belongings disappear and can ne're be found.

The revolution has stopped in its tracks as the reaper raised its deadly axe, humans turning on humans, bringing each other down, like the false laughing, mean, old clowns.

Crocodile tears will drown the forest red and the flesh of mankind will become what you dread.

Don't blame the figureheads at the helm for they are pawns in the quandary of the unknown, once elected to the fate of no return, they will age, crumble and in their hearts burn.

Disbelievers will flock like raging fools, in auditoriums, in closed schoolhouses basking, where lies and manipulation rules.

The revolution can not come forth, as the money tree is rooted deep,  
and the family of the oppressor refuses to die, their lineage, rock  
hard, raises high.

You can no longer hide in houses of the Lord, for the barge of evil  
will boldly appear, reeling swords to slice your bellies raw, shooting  
guns through the day while you pray, not a care, nor tear, only fear  
shall abound. Religion against Religion, tells the story true and all  
evil users will triumph over you.

O the revolution has lost the battle, and people line up in crowds like herds of  
cattle.

Paradise may not be what its portrayed to be, and suicide may be a fools  
paradise. Before you slit your throat, or shoot yourself in the head, laying your  
lifeless body to the ground. You better take your place on the side of the good,  
stand up and battle to the death like everybody should.....

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date; May 4/2013

Melvina Germain

# The Silent Killer

Darkness fell at a most inopportune time to a woman who thought she knew it all, but that wasn't the case. Possessed with a character, stubborn and fixed, hardened to the core. Casual warnings from caring family and friends, dismissed. It was that dreaded, horrid day on a busy Monday morning when perspiration drained and covered her brow, while traffic backed up for miles along the trail. Nerves jolted far beyond compare. It was when karma showed its face and a revelation was about to unfold.

Fragile lungs fought for air, while dry eyes lost its lustre and fell deep into despair. The pain, the indescribable pain struck close beneath the breasts. Thrusting hard against the ribcage as if looking for a place to rest. Her legs danced the St. Vitas dance and wouldn't settle down and the Charlie horse founds its place in the calves burning the muscle deep. Embarrassment was not the focus for there was nothing she could do, while the bladder emptied like a faucets broken valve and became a dead man's sack draped violently against the front seat of a borrowed car.

Silence like an un welcomed guest filled the realm of darkness still, and you were surrounded by a mass of people pounding against the cold, hard steel with eyes of panic moving lips which echoed a soundless wave. You knew within that deep found darkness that your heart was fighting hard, but you wondered, could your life be saved.

Suddenly a cascade of light shone bright and filtered through. Help was present and working hard to get to you. The door opened and caring hands pulled you gently from the car, placed you in an ambulance and drove with speed so far.

Now you sit in a wheelchair in a home up on the hill. Though you can not speak your mind is thinking still. You wish you took the advice of those who truly cared. A simple thing like a blood pressure test could have saved you all this pain and you know you would listen now if you could do it all over again. A stroke has left you paralysed and your voice it stole from you,

and the tears fall every night and day as you sit and think it through. Dead without being dead is not a good quality of life, but you may live out the rest of your years in hardship and self inflicted strife.:

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.24,2008

Author's note: When was the last time you checked your blood pressure. Mine is 117 over 78 at the moment, please check yours.

Melvina Germain

# The Time Will Come

Roaring thunder painted black and blue  
when all is reaching the apex of calm.  
No daggers tossed, no guns explode  
emasculating the possibility of a bomb.

Restless body, mindless thought  
heed not the worry of those who care.  
All around you with love in their hearts  
weeping eyes so much pain to bear.

Give up? O no! that has no place,  
no time will come when we'll give up on  
you, but the ball rolls and the pins will fly  
when the jubilant sounds of freedom  
comes triumphantly through.

Written by: Melvina Germain  
June 2/2015

Melvina Germain

## The Train's A Comin (Part 2 End)

Imagine, here we are three happy black girls up from Canada, two light skin blacks, one visible black that's me and one poor Italian young man who doesn't know what he's in for. All standing at the side of the road wondering what comes next.

Walking the streets of America, a whole new Country ya see. We're walking the streets of America way back in 1963. There was a thickness we didn't understand, a thickness we never knew. We left peace across the border and began to walk in complicated shoes.

I felt the heavy hands of white power as he picked me up from The pavement headed t'ward the sky. Marry me miss, marry me today, laughing while walking away. We all stared at each other, wondering what the heck was that. I felt an uneasiness I had never felt before. The sooner we get back home, the faster we can close this door.

It was that segregation we felt deep in our soul. We weren't separated only by gender ya see, it was the color coding, almost like counting one, two and three. You could see the wide opened saucers as we walked almost hand in hand. Both black and whites were appalled until we opened our mouths and they heard it all.

It was a sigh of relief when some heard the accent coming down, Awww you all from across the border, it's a whole different world over here sistah and the advice began to pour. I thought my heart would stop beating when I picked it up from the floor. Ya see it was as if it was trampled by a thousand elephants or more.

The pain tugged at my soul and I fought hard to hold the tears back, reality was cruel as it began to unfold. That poor little Italian boy, well he didn't know what to do and he begged us to come back home with him but we kept walking in those complicated shoes.

The white only signs was a dagger in the heart, all things

changed, where did it end, where did it start. It was like walking through a museum gazing slowly at passers by. Nodding heads, half smiles, red eyes, hate trickling through. I knew we were protected by a power some of these poor people had never met and I would share this experience through life with absolutely no regret. The reality of the beast is a hard blow to bear but the juice of freedom I knew awaited me over there.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Mar.7/2016

Melvina Germain

# The Train's A Comin Nostalgia Poem

Once I heard the whistle sound quickly hurling through the air  
my eyes lit up, my lips parted smiling from ear to ear.

Well you know it was another one of those early Saturday  
mornings waiting for a free ride. I was ready to soar and  
there was nowhere left to hide.

Our car broke down about a mile or two back, but I'm never  
lost as long as I can find me a railroad track.

I yelled get ready girls and boys we're going to jump the  
train, heading onto Buffalo. I picked up the pace running  
side by side. Grabbed hold of that hot steel rail and flung  
my body way up high.

I can taste the breeze while this story is coming down and  
I'm burning with desire wishing I could relive those early  
days. I know it's not feasible but still I'm happily amazed.

Nostalgic memories always brings forth a smile, one or two  
and those listening ears and full eyes will always find  
themselves dazzled with past memories that were tucked so  
far away from me or you.

Written by: Melvina Germain (To be continued)

Date: March 06/16

Melvina Germain

## The Wild Orchid (Haiku)

Wild orchids call bees  
come, sit and pollinate  
natures umbrella

Melvina Germain

# There's A New Man In Town

I saw dark shadows, lurking around corners.  
Feared my dreams, slipping and sliding.  
Heard my name crying out from hell,  
that old time man tried to drown me in his spell.

There's a place where I'll never lay my head,  
beside that old time man, beneath the sheets in his bed.  
Now don't yall worry, I'll commit no crime.  
There's a new man in town, know it baby, he's all mine.

I see dark shadows fading and light coming anew,  
I hear horns a blowing with the Blues coming through.  
Well tonight, I'm dancing over rainbows, and screaming in ecstasy.

Ahh there's a new man in town, I want the whole world to see.  
His eyes are cobalt blue and his skin a vanilla tone.  
I melt when I hear his voice, so sweet on the telephone.  
I'm walking on a cloud, singing in the rain,  
heartache never visits me and I'm feeling no pain.  
I want you to know world, I'm surely in love again.

There's a new man in town, smiling all the time,  
I'm his lady, and I'm feeling so divine.  
A third time Blessed, could this really be true,  
I don't want this time to end,  
baby, I'm spending the rest of my life with you.

Written by: MelvinaGermain

Date: Dec.14/2013

Melvina Germain

# There's Gonna Be A Partae

There's gonna be a partae  
gonna be a partae  
it may not be today  
O it may not be tonight  
we'e gonna celebrate  
when the doves come  
I'm gettin ready to take flight  
Yes there's gonna be a partae  
That's right! ! !

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.15/2015

Melvina Germain

# There's No Time In Heaven

There's no time in Heaven  
don't worry about getting  
from 7 to 11  
ummmmm no time in Heaven  
no time in Heaven

There's no time in Heaven  
relax and go with the flow  
smile all day long  
enjoy the blissful picture show

There's no time in Heaven  
day and nights are the same  
sing songs with God's Angels  
play midnight to dawn early games

There's no time in Heaven  
everyone knows your name  
come as you are  
no clothes need appear  
no one will discipline you  
nobody cares

No no no no no no no no  
No time in Heaaaven

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date: Oct.15/15

Melvina Germain

# These Words I Write

These words I write,  
come from deep within my soul.  
They come in the middle of the night,  
a gift of God's console.

These words I write,  
are precious, true and dear.  
reminding me of special moments  
spent with you my love,  
when you were here.

These words I write,  
a constant reminder  
of your last wish for me.  
To write from the heart,  
and there I'll truly see.

These words I write,  
will help me never to forget.  
The love I still have for you,  
is a love I'll never regret.

These words I write,  
will keep my mind secure.  
we will meet again my love,  
on God's Heavenly shore.

I Love You Richard

Melvina Germain

# They See Ya Comin (The New Technicians)

They see ya comin when you drive through the door of the quick fix change transmission fluid store.

They see ya comin when they spot your gender, for they know they are the knowledgeable vendor.

They see ya comin when they see your gray hair knowing for certain you are not aware.

They're young, deceitful, fast talking too, lot's of smiles and chuckles to deceive you.

Be aware of the new technicians in town, remember they're wearing no crowns.

An easy buck is there for the takin, those new technicians are there for the makin.

Now you may have a smile on your face and entertain a chuckle or two, be careful of what your thinking, what happened to me could happen to you.

(Sept./2007)

Melvina Germain

## Think About 2

The philosophical gathering of thoughts relating to the destruction of others due to irrational behaviour ought to be sorted out, placed in the proper perspective, strategically expressed and acted upon.

Delay in reacting to a crucial life threatening dilemma could be devastating to all and result in worldly disorientation. In such a situation we very well could experience the coming together of one commonality to gain abounding strength against the enemy.

Toward the end we learn a huge lesson...That long awaited blending of difference may prove to be the missing link which adds strength binding the force tightly woven against a force arrogantly thought to be unbeatable.

One race, one force, one army, we overcome, we soar and we conquer...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Think About It

Release the mind of brutal toxins, expelling darkness from deep within. Reach for the highest peak of that smooth mountain, let tranquility become your glove. Enjoy the essence of perfect peace, nirvana, a universal love. Think about it folks, just think about it and it will be ours...

Melvina Germain

# Think Peace (1)

Perhaps today can be a new beginning of beautiful thoughts you would like to share. Think of those you've never met but would like to touch today. We are what we think, you've heard it said before so why not think peace and think it more and more.

Reach out to the universe, in thought you'll reach a multitude. All you have to do is think, remember energy travels far. With that in mind, you'll touch those traveling by plane, on foot, by car.

Realize there's nothing you can't do if you want it bad enough. Grab ahold of peace with all your heart and soul now spread it to the world, open your arms wide, let it go, let it go, let it go.

Now take a deep breath and smile large to yourself, you have touched many and did it very well...Melvina.

Melvina Germain

# Thinking Of The Great Divine

May this day shower you will Blessings you never expected to receive. Know that we are never alone and Jesus is right beside us. Isn't it wonderful to know that we are loved unconditionally by our Father in Heaven, to know that He will never leave us even in our darkest hour. So many say, where is God, well He is right there within us, always with us, giving us the strength that we need to survive. He helped us get up and move forward, he shone that light though some refused to see.

Our Savior held his arms out many times welcoming us into His arms. God spoke to us through many voices we refused to hear, and comforted us so we could sleep yet we were not aware. Don't ever give up on our Savior, Jesus Christ, remember He did not give up on us and suffered tremendously for us on the cross.

Don't give up on our Father in Heaven, God would never walk away from us, it is we who with little patience, walk away from Him. Some of us fail at what we aim to have, our dreams and our goals may not be quick enough to unfold so we blame God. Yet God, the great Father that He is, believe it He is not an enabler, He allows us to walk through those experiences but He never lets us walk alone.

All ya have to do, is open your heart, unfold your arms, pick up your feet, keep your eyes opened wide and listen intently and then perhaps you will find him right there within you awaiting your response. Remember, God is our light, Love is the answer and God is love. We look around us and we see the wondrous gifts so abundantly given to us, the beauty of that huge blanket of green, with delicate blades rustling in the wind, the beautiful yellow buttercups, reminding us of our glorious sunshine, the falling autumn leaves and the oncoming rust colored forests.

We see huge glowing eyes peaking around trees, and the scampering sound of wee feet among the most beautiful weeds. Yes we stand in awe, while gazing at all of these wonders and yet we question our dear Father in Heaven. What does God have to do to encourage you more. I think He has done enough and it is you who must open that door.

Blessings to you all this morning Prayer Warriors and to all who visit and silently view. Perhaps some of these words will touch a few of you.



# This Man

Sadness unfolds within my heart  
thinking of a man pristine and fair.  
His words were powerful  
sometimes his words were dear.  
Like a fading moon  
his words soon disappeared.  
Who knows what will become  
of this mountain of a man.  
Who will stand with him  
when the inevitable comes,  
who will love him to the end  
and beyond even more.  
My love for this man will never die,

I hope he calls my name  
before he says good-bye.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 25/2015

Melvina Germain

# This May Not Be Poetry

Good Morning, Good Afternoon, Good Evening folks, just stop for a moment and take a deep breath, in long and out slowly, smile and tell yourself this is going to be a great day, I know it...you know the phrase, we are what we think. Have a super day folks and be Blessed...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# This Morning

The morning sun is peaking through voluptuous clouds slightly covering a blanket of blue. And so I say to myself, let this morning bring beautiful songs of peace for all to sing. May this day unfold with smiles and jubilation and caress your mind and heart with the illuminating beauty of all creation. We are dazzling stars who bounce and sing, cmon let this day begin...Have a delightful day everyone...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

## This Morning (2)

This morning I rose and gazed through my window to the darkest sky. No questions came forth, no reason to ask why. There in that moment I knew I was surely Blessed. My body felt good from a beautiful nights rest. I took a deep breath and slowly released, this time is mine, the tranquility of peace. With this privilege of living another day, I can think, I can enjoy, O I can kneel down and pray. Enjoy this morning folks and carry the joy through the day...God Bless you all...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

## Thomas... Last Breath (B)

Sucking in air for the last time  
with fear, Thomas crossed the line.  
Where will his spirit rise,  
we pray to the great devine.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.1/2015

Melvina Germain

# Through Love, We Enjoy Peace

Uplift yourselves, open your eyes,  
see that peace is right there under  
God's vast azure sky.  
Waiting people... Waiting...  
for us to tap into its glory,  
the freedom, the solace and the serenity.  
Together on this earth,  
we can enjoy all of God's gifts.  
We can hold hands and rejoice,  
in the beauty of our great surroundings.  
Yes we can,  
Together we will create that freedom.  
Freedom to reign beneath the beauty  
of colorful rainbows.  
Rainbows that illuminate with change,  
as they become Blessings, within our souls.  
Hold hands, walk free, be Blessed  
within this amazing universe, abundantly.  
We are here as all people,  
let us see no color, as a reason to hate,  
no reason to fight or discriminate.  
Let us learn to embrace the differences of man,  
rejoice, enjoy, we know we can.  
You see it makes no difference what religion  
we follow, nor whom or what we choose to worship.  
What matters is that we choose love over  
hate, compassion over judgement,  
acceptance over tolerance and Peace over destruction.  
Continue to learn to love people  
for who they are, learn to agree to disagree,  
learn that war has no place among humanity.  
No one needs us to validate them,  
nor fix them, we can't fix others, we can only  
fix ourselves and keep our minds open.  
All of us as a 'Human Race' only need  
the beauty of 'Love' to so embrace.  
With that we hold all the tools within us,  
and the major one is the truth of love.  
'Love Is The Answer' and through love,

we will enjoy the phenomenal blanket of  
'PEACE'

Melvina Germain

# Tidbits Or Snapshots

## The Fisherman

While the river flows gently, he stands silent.  
Boots up to his hips, face darkened by the sun,  
with hands wrinkled like that of a farmers  
neck. Standing mesmerized by the hypnotic  
movement of the rivers stream.

## The Dreamer

Living vicariously through the success of others,  
smiling in a mid afternoon dream. Wishing, hoping,  
bursting at the seams, only to awaken and find  
everything is as it was before.

## Submerged

A whore, who has been around the block a few  
times plus once more. Turned to look back at the  
innocence she had a long time before. Perplexed  
in her thoughts at what she had become, left her  
feeling less human than the lowest class bum.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.25/2008

Melvina Germain

# Tidbits Or Snapshots (The Fisherman... The Dreamer... Submerged)

Tidbits or Snapshots

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Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.25/2008

Melvina Germain

# Tiny Daggers

I fear the dagger you pierce within my heart.  
Let my blood come forth by a blade of steel.  
Keep your words, please let them not impart,  
for the pain they reap, I will surely feel.

Melvina Germain  
Oct.16/2013

Melvina Germain

# Tis Love

Tis Love

He glows the presence of a King  
in sunny climes and sparkling skies.  
From above the cymbals quietly ring  
and joy comes to passers by.

Beauty rests within earths bosom  
whilst creatures scurry day and night.  
And he finds a place to clap the rhythm  
for his signs of love must be just right.

Night shade has fallen less the day  
he stole the fantasy of a kiss.  
A sleepless night cast on the hay,  
no lovers waltz felt like this.

Old lovers he thwarted, come thee not,  
I'll harvest not a trifle of pain.  
No feelings shall I bear thee fraught,  
in the aftermath of lovers disdain.

Melvina Germain

# Tis Words Of The Wizardess Or Words Of The Wise

A world of honey painted (field after field)  
No use to complain  
No choice shall you yield

(Numbers) become abundant winners  
Gambling... tossed aside  
Strategy... a slow ingredient  
Reaped blossoms mega bloom with pride

(Lilies) who dare to complain  
No longer do we have room  
In parlours and castles beneath find your doom

Ebony...Honey-tone...Fair I say to you  
If you stand in the sea  
Lacking (conformity)  
Drown beside the fish  
Wave good-bye to your new (Reality)

These words may seem redundant  
To the blind and bemused  
But as rain trickles down nourishing world's (oldest roots)  
And as the (rear) feels the blow of brilliant (ancient boots)  
Hands that once seemed... O so far away

Stand before you in the twilight  
(Ready) to rule the day

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date: Sept.28/2016

Melvina Germain

# To Blossom

Squeeze gently that cherry blossom fine  
so tender the silken touch divine  
where parting releases the sweetest of the juice  
amazed by the innocence of blinding truth

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.20/15

Melvina Germain

# To Have You Here With Me

We have never touched  
or shared a quiet eve  
we never danced across the floor  
or cuddled beneath an old oak tree  
I feel you in the words you share  
and see your eyes gaze long at me  
one can only dream of what  
togetherness might have been  
I long to be within your arms  
or share a hot cup of tea  
no matter what you say or do  
I'll be happy to have you here  
with me

Melvina Germain

# To My Sisters

It is 4: 07am, well I was hoping to sleep a wee bit longer but it is what it is. I woke with a beautiful young lady on my mind. I met this beauty yesterday, tall, Black and gorgeous. I admired her looks, her smile and her fabulous ebony skin. She carried herself with confidence and that brought a smile to my face. Her image is bold within my mind right now. I also met a very vibrant and O so friendly Latino lady, we chatted only a moment or two, I felt Blessed to have those moments with her. Moments later, a very pretty tall blonde woman in red walked by in her amazing high heel shoes and I stopped her for a hug, she was lovely. Another woman took my eye and we gazed at each other for a few seconds, I told her, she was beautiful and she reached up to my ear and told me the same. We spoke for awhile about how women should continually support each other and we both agreed that we need to work on that a lot and get over this jealousy some have within them. I'm uplifting all of these ladies in prayer this morning.

I went about my business, chatting with many people there, men and women. My friend wanted to sit at a table to eat, they were all taken but a young lady saw us looking and caught my eye and she gestured for us to join her. Moments later I observed her reading a most beautiful piece of writing and I listened to some of the words about our friend Orunamamu. Later she was leaving and I called out to her and told her I didn't want to lose touch with her, and gave her my business card. I hope she will be in touch at some point.

I'm calling out to my sisters this morning, give your sisters support. Give them that pat on the back, a shake of the hand or a beautiful hug. We all have our attributes, strengths, dreams, goals and so on. We all have our own suffering, we share a general fear as our physical strength is not the same as some of the male brutes in society. Most of us share that marvelous ability to create and to bring forth the miracles of this world, we are amazing beings and we need to walk and be proud of the Queens that we are. Instead of wasting precious time with jealousy in our hearts, longing to look in ways that we can't, we simply must realize, we are all beautiful in our own way. Admiration, love, respect and compassion goes a long way and what we gather from that, takes us to a higher level. We will be happy in every stage of our life if we make the effort to become the best that we can be. Support your sisters, be happy for them.

You know life has its curves and I've said many times prior, you never know where the road ahead will take you. With a clear mind, emptied of darkness, that

road won't make the wrong turns but when a person delves into the depth of darkness, the mind is marred and bad decisions take hold. Be well within yourself and love yourself enough to take great care of 'you' so you can walk with your eyes wide open, then only good will await you down that road. Continue to do the things that you need to do with love in your heart, in order to get to the place where you want to be.

A wise gentleman said to me the other day, women are as beautiful as they want to be. I find that a remarkable statement, we create our own masterpiece. On the outside, we can sculpt our bodies to the best of our potential and on the inside we can build strong minds, a beautiful heart and a loving and soothing soul.

Love to all of you this morning my sisters, I love you, respect you and wish you well on your journey of life.

Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# To Thee I Wed

Althia, wilt thou close the door Althia, it's bloody cold in these cramped quarters.

Stop pouting my dear, your Joshua will show up as soon as he runs low on coin.

An unhonoured soul like he shall dance the dance of wicked priest's in want of remuneration and more... noted, he shall shine a fakers fool.

Come Althia, come hither my dear, sit awhile, perhaps pour a spot of tea. Won't you share your magnificent thoughts with me. O I dare say you are beautiful,

soft, fine skin, ebony shines the favourite now of mankind. Your Prince Joshua won't dilly dally for long singing his same old tune.

Be jubilant my dear, jubilant I say, our Mulatto king bears no malice toward your Prince.

You can play with him for a time but make haste and be ready my Althia. Don't miss your royal train, or stretch your imagination too thin. It's almost time to wear the gown of a Queen.

Take a walk on that lap of earth there and watch the Rubrum flowers come into their own to bloom. A royal bouquet shall bless the event and thee shall be the bell of every ball. No Cinderella shall find a home here...O do listen heartily my dear, you worry me so. Althia, are you chilled my dear, why you're shaking profusely, why,

why, are you trembling so, this bosom of love awaits you now in the prime of your natural born life, and many children wilt thou bear.

No misery wilt find tears exposed Althia, such Blessings are few and far. Take this napkin and wipe your eyes, look in the mirror Althia, know who you are and who you were meant to be. A beautiful Princess, ready to marry a rich and handsome Mulatto King from across the sea.

To be continued.....

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# To Whom It May Concern

Once you reach the peak of the mountain where narcissism abides, it's almost impossible to go back. After all you've stepped up the ladder all the way, climbed that mountain to the top, you jumped over all obstacles and buried some along the way, you danced around love breaking hearts with ever step. You crushed many spirits never looking back to say, I'm sorry and you walked cool in your three piece suit with a smile etched on your face never giving a thought to true beauty or the value of grace.

It never entered your mind that your aging years would come, with your body breaking down and no help from a bottle of wine, rum, whiskey or whatever it takes to soothe your soul. Alas flat-lined in a hospital room with onlookers waiting to see their piece of the pie and you still don't realize why no love is standing by...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Today Some Will Die

Today some will die and leave this earthly plain and perhaps sadness within our souls will most certainly reign. Remember to smile for them, have a wee chuckle for them and stand in awe of the peace they`ll gain. Remember to be happy for them as they are now without pain and don`t forget their spirit lives on to soothe you over and over again, be open and hear those whispers, feel that faint touch, see the shadows quickly disappear or the warm breath on the back of your neck, enjoy the scents of flowers, perfume and more, , see the picture change, find pennies on the floor, and many sounds galore. Awww have no fear, we change, we transcend and transform, our energy is always among the ones we love. Celebrate them, celebrate them, yes sing and dance with joy. They are free as the wind, never to be held back again.

Death is a process, out with the old and in with the new. When our flesh is used up, tired and old, we have to let it rest and move on to that beautiful and tranquil place of eternity...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Together We Rise

People of hate fit a rancid minority  
yet their ugly faces all do boldly see.  
The majority often sits quietly bemused  
pitying the horror placed on those abused.

To rid this world of such dastardly deeds,  
we must rise against the infected seeds.  
Let the mighty racist see bold and clear,  
together our strength grows year by year.

We live in a world of the meek and mild  
but the lamb can turn to become the wild.  
Let us march together hand in hand in peace  
snuffing out that fiery pain of racism, let it cease.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.16/2015

Time: 6: 25 am

Melvina Germain

# Tongues Of Love

Aww look! She takes the day,  
Refreshing blossoms of flowers rest.  
She whispers in the wind,  
By day, by night.  
Feathers...delicate flutters blue  
and tongues of love belong to you.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.24/2015

Melvina Germain

# Toxic

Forced...driven into fearful huts, our men were never born.  
Drones protected by raped mistresses who existed filled  
With the horror of scorn. Under lined gloves lived a future  
never to be.

A mundane existence characterized by earths frightened  
wombs, manipulated by venomous oppressors draped upon  
a skirts darkness of light. Carried, smothered and drowned  
with their own life's blood.

Hindered and detained in dismembered religious prisons  
meandering hopelessly, trudging backwards the rope of  
despair.

Jaded eyes, swollen hearts, fearful beings with no zest for  
life while storms wrote the stories of the living dead.

Masters of power stood on teetering structures soon to  
implode sucking up cadavers and spitting out ash.

Found karma, found retribution, destroyed that which  
bled good souls, now...lost in the rubble of empires  
and drones are left to dodge the bullets of paranoid  
minds.

Halcyon days never to rise behind mountains of indigo  
hues. A planet dies and a people's death abused.□

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.15/2015

Time: 6: 32am

Melvina Germain

# Travel To Gaillee

MoLise gazed through Nubian night, where streaks of light beamed spiritual dancing orbs. Her feelings nuzzled tight within, and her face etched with the tiniest grin. Amazed she stood in awe, that spiritual intervention she knew naught, but a feeling as overwhelming as this, could never be ignored.

MoLise began to jump, to free herself of her earthly pain, she reached an inner state which most can only dream to gain. Here she was extended like an elongated finger touching what is unknown to man, and she pondered on her final thoughts, this is not what I planned.

Dazzled with the aurora, the sentimental kiss, immersed in sky's grey ocean on a quiet night of earthly bliss. She turned back the clock of remembering when sorrow wrote elegies in her bones. MoLise knew her gift of creativity in truth was merely on loan.

She pondered on her teachers realizing "solace" was perhaps the best, hidden in the trenches of her mind, painted simmering folklore, blended with old beauty, chartreuse, emerald, cobalt and hues of azure blue. An array of tranquil luminescence settling ones soul in a place of forgiveness and compassion rising to the mountain peak.

Blessings continued to descend from the Heavens above and she felt the torch of fire burning with an abundance of love.

Synergistic-ally blended with her soul, enriching every fibre of her being, darting lights like glowing fingers teased the heart and the earth became a stage and MoLise took the part of a character in the largest scene.

Now she was ready to place her foot across the line, moving closer and closer to the gate of the great divine. Her smile grew large and delighted shone the new, observations so pleasing, gifts beyond the blue. What she knew as a person, truthfully wore a mask of earthy disguise and featherweight MoLise became her own in an eternal realm to be. The final Blessing in truth became the travel to Galilee.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.1/2015

Melvina Germain

# Treat Me Like A Fool No More

I thought you were the answer to my dreams,  
but you kept conjuring up ridiculous schemes.  
You erased my love as if it was charcoal dust,  
leaving me at dawn after a night of pure lust.

My heart was blue with pain,  
I know, I must never see you again.  
When the telephone rang, I heard your voice.  
I tingled inside, once again making the wrong choice.

While waiting in anticipation, my thoughts ran wild,  
feeling I was acting like a foolish child.  
A myriad of my emotions began to unfold,  
while realizing the truth my friends told.

You were a liar and a cheat long before we met.  
No feeling of remorse, no sign of regret.  
Who am I to be such a fool,  
to allow you to demean me and treat me so cruel.

You are lost in yourself with no love to give.  
I must distance myself if I truly want to live.  
Tonight no love making, I'm saying goodbye,  
to a thoughtless, cruel, mean selfish guy.

Note: Just want to let you know, this is my  
muse. Where did it come from, I have  
no idea. I was writing for a challenge.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# True Love

Your words illuminate my soul as they penetrate  
deeper and deeper.

Your love flows like the waves of the sea,  
and your eyes only see me.

Sweetheart, you cast a spell over my being.

I melt when I hear your name.

The fire inside me burns an infinite flame.

Come to me darling, come to me.

I'll wait for you when shadows dance within the moon.

when your whispers become softer than before.

I'll feel you when you quietly walk through the door.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 30/2011

Time: 2; 21 AM

Melvina Germain

## Two Blind Men

Two Blind men were very good friends for many years. One was a Black man and one was a white man. They truly loved each other and met everyday. These two men lived in a very small town and one day a stranger to the town asked them how it was that a white man and a black man got along so well. Silence came over them as neither one realized the color difference...Enough said...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

# Two Old Friends

Two Old Friends

Tyrone was a honey-toned Negro child  
With a ton of curly golden locks  
His Mom and Dad were the mixed couple  
Down the street  
Oh about three or four blocks□

He had green sparkling eyes like the splendid sea  
And high cheek bones, yes he did  
His lips were full and thick ya know  
Yeah he was different and beautiful  
And played hard like the rest of us kids

Tyrone went away to live up-down  
But he always found his way back home  
Well it's been years from back in the day  
And I sure miss one of my oldest friends  
Yesterday out of the blue  
There he was all straight and tall  
With a smile from here to Niagara Falls

I dropped my cane and forgot my pain  
Walking as fast as I could  
We held each other tight as I took a deep breath  
Nestled into his soft, warm chest  
We spent the day reminiscing  
Talking about friends and family  
We laughed so hard when we recalled  
Playing marbles and drinking orange crush  
I still have an ole brown bottle  
Our eyes sparkled once again  
The coming together of two old friends

Written by: Melvina Germainn

Date: Jan.17/2016

Melvina Germain

# Universal Bounty

Treasures of the universe perform an ancient dance,  
through raging storms, downpouring rain,  
the beauty of cosmic explosions.

Phenomenal elegance of soft, glistening snowflakes  
as they spill upon faded blades surge along fields  
swiftly blowing in the cool, cool wind.

Mesmerised by its power, its luminescence,  
we stand in awe.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.1/2015

Melvina Germain

# Until Their Is Light

Out in the darkness I've planted my feet,  
heading nowhere, depressed and weak.  
I knew if I kept moving soon their would  
be light and all hindering me, hence  
will lose the fight.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Until There Is Light

Out in the darkness I've planted my feet,  
heading nowhere, depressed and weak.  
I knew if I kept moving soon there would  
be light and all hindering me, hence  
will lose the fight.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Used And Abused

You took my heart, tore it apart,  
Pretending to love me, there in the dark.  
You laughed as if I were a joke,  
I cried, you mean old bloke.  
No more will I let anyone make a fool of me.  
I'm better than that, you'll see.

Written: June 2,2008

Melvina Germain

# Valley Of Blue

On the road to tranquility we often find ourselves living in the valley of pain.  
Lying to ourselves, longing for lost loves, wishing they would return to us again.

Rummaged thoughts delve deep in the bowels of despair. Anxiety rests in  
tunnels of thin air.

Peppered feelings, we try hard to hold back the pain, but that deep seated love  
pierces our hearts over and over again.

Screaming in agony, we reach out with clenched fists, hollering loud, dear Lord,  
stop the anxiety, don't let me live like this.

A wall we build, keep true love at bay, ne're come a time, we'll not give  
ourselves away. Oh the pangs of pain have crept beneath our skin, with images  
bold and clear. They have become our mortal sin.

As our days grow near we may tell a fib or two, but we'll not hurt another though  
our dreams never came true. Today we say good-bye to love in the valley of  
blue.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.10/2011

Melvina Germain

# Vocaroo Reading...Hush My Sweet

I hope this link works for this reading.

Melvina Germain

# Voting Day...

Did You Vote Today, I Didn't

My heart is almost breaking  
I'm very sad to say  
Today I had no choice  
but to throw my vote away.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.19/2015 (Voting day) Warning...Be in your own province on voting day if you missed the advanced polls...Every day is a learning experience and for some reason some of us have to learn the hard way.....

Melvina Germain

# Waiting For You

Like Kahlua and cream you soothe my mind,  
I relax and think of you most of the time.

A quiet evening by the fire I'll sit,  
with you in mind while having a sip.

I feel the warmth and hear the crackling of wood,  
wanting to pick up the phone and call, I know I could.

At work, I know you have much to do,  
so I'll sit, sip and wait, yes wait just for you.

Written: Sept.14/2008

Melvina Germain

# Walk Away

Many become submerged in a boiling pot of witches stew where your mind, body and soul becomes the brew. Fear held within, bewildered and confused can be the makings of an early grave. Pull your strength from deep within, run away from the weak and become the brave.

Mental illness, that abominable scar infects the world no matter where you are. You Can not help the arrogant glued, they'll frustrate the hell out of you. Protect yourself from fostering such pain, you may be the innocent blanketed in the bluest rain. An empty shell with no ability to care will take you down when you stand unaware.

Ineffable now I stand in lack, reaching out for that mellifluous flow but there's nothing sweet about the dark demon's shield, it will smack you down in the darkest field. You listen, listen to the bombinate within and feel the quivering nerves beneath your skin.

Such pain has surfaced, in oblivion you stand beside the one you love who bears the shortest hand.

Walk away, walk away, walk away, walk away I can not make it any clearer than that. Reach out! Grab hold of that glistening star, remember there is someone out there who waits only for you... with a beautiful heart and a love so true. Let patience be the virtue you wear, surround yourself with family and loving friends who truly care.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.26/2015

Melvina Germain

# Walk Qway

Yesterday I observed a man I thought to be under a lot of stress and was suffering due to such. He continually wiped his brow, licked his lips and eyes seemed to droop. At the same time I realized he might be emotional due to the circumstances, after all this was a situation he wanted for a vey long time.

Well I wasn't surprised to hear about John Boehner's resignation this morning and only hope that this gent is not getting out of the frying pan and leaping into the fire. Is it possible he might be considering entering the presidential race, that remains to be seen.

For now I say good for you John Boehner, hope you enjoy some quality time with family and friends. His resignation inspired a quote...Before a stroke comes to be, seek peace, walk away and enjoy the Blessings of tranquility...Melvina Germain Quote.....

Melvina Germain

# Walk The Narrow Road

Walk the narrow road that leads to Heavens gate.  
Take the hand of an Angel, place your name on the plate.  
The door will open wide and all who deserves a place,  
will find themselves in paradise living in God's grace.

Chorus

Walk the narrow road to the home of Calvary.  
Paradise is there, prepared for you and me.  
Raise your hands in praise and sing along the way.  
Oh walk that narrow road to a bright glorious day.

Walk the narrow road, walk and sing out loud,  
praise the name of Jesus, sing praise among the crowd.  
Walk the narrow road, with Angels on your side,  
Sing sweet songs of Jesus, sing them with pride

Chorus

Walk the narrow road to the home of Calvary.  
Paradise is there, prepared for you and me.  
Raise your hands in praise, and sing along the way.  
Oh walk that narrow road to a bright glorious day.

Walk the narrow road until your name is called,  
Step up to the alter and face your king of all.  
This is the final curtain, the door is open now.  
Today you face your maker, today you take your bow

Chorus

Walk the narrow road to the home of Calvary.  
Paradise is there, prepared for you and me.  
Raise your hands in praise, and sing along the way.  
Oh walk that narrow road to a bright glorious day.

Melvina Germain

# Walking Along The Beach In Nova Scotia

Walking Along The Beach In Nova Scotia  
Walking barefoot in the sand  
on a quiet Sunday morning  
at peace with nature's surroundings.  
A warm sunny day with  
a faint scent of fish filtering through the air.  
The ocean breeze caressing my body,  
giving me a tranquil feeling,  
in this awesome atmosphere.  
At peace with nature,  
enjoying every moment,  
I heard the cry of the loon.  
I saw him standing at the water's edge  
as if to say, good morning.  
He spread his wings to a full span,  
held it there awhile.  
I watched with anticipation  
wondering what was yet to come  
from this magnificent creature  
of the wild.  
He stood like a king looking at me,  
took flight and soared through the sky.  
The sand dollars were plentiful,  
displaying their artistic designs.  
I continued to walk as  
the sand massaged my feet.  
It was a joyous morning  
walking along the  
beach.

Written: August 31, 2007

Melvina Germain

# Walking To My Death

Walking To My Death

I held the truth, deep in my soul,  
my addiction, I thought was just  
a game. I flooded my mind with  
spirits and almost became insane.  
Many nights, I walked the railroad  
tracks with a bottle of gin in hand.  
Waiting for that mighty train  
to help me with my plan.

As I weaved and fell upon the tracks,  
O a drunken fool I was, screaming and  
wailing into the night, wishing I had  
someone to fight.

I waited for death to come to me as I  
slumped in my vomit there. Slipping  
away from life's reality, I heard the  
whistle blow. O dear, it's time to go  
I knew death was coming soon but  
invisible hands grabbed hold of me.  
They threw me in the clear, giving  
me another chance to face reality.  
Here I'am today, writing beautiful  
poetry. So happy was I to know, my  
God in Heaven really loved and  
treasured me. Thank you Father God.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: March 31/2015

Melvina Germain

## Water Nymph (Fantasy Poem)

Water Nymph come swim with me,  
in the deepest valleys of the sea.  
Swim through the eddies,  
flirt with the sea ladies.  
Many treasures here for you and me.  
sirens of the sea waving happily.  
Water nymph, water nymph,  
did you see, they waved at me.  
Come water nymph come swim with me.  
Enjoy the vastness of the deep blue sea.  
There are sea monkeys, sirens, mermaids and more.  
Maybe we can take some treasures back to shore.  
Oh cmon water nymph, don't be shy.  
Come swim with me, watch the boats sail by.

(July 1,2007)

Melvina Germain

# We Are Herein The Now

We Are Here In The Now

We are inoculated by the joy of our phenomenal universe, blessed by its manifestations, surrounded with an abundance of gifts. Held in awe with the intoxication of music and song. The magnificent imagery and the marvel of its revelations, all embraced by luminous beaming of light each day.

Within our hearts perhaps a longing still exists, yes the longing to enter the abode of God, the destination of Heaven need not be such. The longing for paradise, that splendid place across our imaginative, invisible line ought not rob one moment of time. What we long for, we have been abundantly Blessed but have yet to learn what it is we possess.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# We Never Forget Them

Our family pet wasn't really considered a pet, we thought of her as a family member. She was a beautiful white poodle full of love. she was an elegant little lady and she knew it.

Candy had a boyfriend named, Charlie, he picked her up every morning to go for their morning run. Dogs ran freely back then. Charlie and Candy truly loved each other. They were always back within thirty minutes and Charlie stayed for a visit. Like clockwork he stood at the door waiting to be let out, knowing his family would be home soon.

One sad morning, things changed. For some reason they didn't take their normal route and went towards the busy street instead, Charlie made it across but Candy was hit by an oncoming car. The gentleman that hit her came to the door, my youngest son told me the news. I ran to the door and the gentleman was in tears. I saw my little Candy lying on the lawn shaking with little life left. She died very quickly.

I lost a family member that day and to this day I'm still saddened by it. I bought two ceramic poodle dogs and they look a sight now, chipped paint etc. but my daughter and two sons just can't part with those poodle dogs. They like them just the way they are. We keep them in memory of our family member Candy.

Since the death of Candy, years later we were blessed with Finny for sixteen years but we had to say good-bye to Finny when he became very ill. We currently have two black Labs and a cat and they are a joy. They love me so much, crying when I cry and dancing when I'm happy, not the cat of course. What wonderful treasures God gives us.

When the time comes, I'll thank God For the moments of joy I had with them through the years and be grateful for that. The time we spend with them is such a pleasure. Saying good-bye is never easy, but I know Diamond that God knows you did the right thing when you chose to end the suffering. so we do what we know is best just as God knows what is best for us.

Now it's time to reflect on the past, the happy days you spent together, the joy you felt when you watched Mitsy run, the happiness you felt when you chose a name for her and how proud you were when family and friends loved her too.

she will always be in your thoughts and when you look at her pictures a smile will  
Grace your face as you recall the memories. Be happy for Mitsy, she's at peace.

Melvina Germain

# We Stand With Them

# (For Our Veterans)

November fumed with poppies here,  
remember Veterans everywhere.  
Why O why must we wait so long  
to give tribute in word and song.

May bugles sound loud in a celebration  
all soldiers deserve our utmost appreciation.  
Let the departed rest in tranquil sleep  
those left behind, long tears do weep.

Red pressed sedum lines a garden row  
but in Flanders fields our poppies grow.  
Blood red flowers live in autumn peace  
where a world war has long since ceased.

Ahh but poppies will never fade away,  
always we'll remember that saddened day.  
We bear within our heart and soul,  
all of our Veterans, young and old.

Memories of relatives who lost their lives,  
in sorrow we lost husbands and wives.  
World War 1 and 2 have come and gone,  
In Vietnam our tears grew fiercely long.

We stand free men and women today  
for the Veterans who have passed away.  
And those who stand still to remember  
we stand with them this month of November.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.16/15

Melvina Germain

# We Will Survive

A country as rich as ours,  
must stand guard as we pray.  
For there are those who would love,  
to take that freedom away.  
God must always be in our midst,  
each and every day,  
in each and every way.

Suppression sometimes stands in the way.  
Depression slows down the coming of a new day.  
Oppression will never be our saving grace.  
So we must concentrate on God's precious race.

Living with fear is near,  
for we know not what to expect.  
God is truth and grace,  
for he will take care of the human race.  
If we keep Him first in our lives,  
we are certain to survive.

Written: July 3,2007

Melvina Germain

# Welcome Our Refugees

No matter how we feel, how much fear we bear, the worry of lost jobs, we still have to care. Today we face the refugees coming forth to be saved, tomorrow it might be us facing the barrels close to the grave. Maybe those we save will come to our side, we know not what the future brings but today we must decide. Do the right thing, welcome men, women and children with open arms. You can still have your questions and all of your concerns but the bottom line still rests in the safety of the new. We are a peaceful country remember in the land of the free. Let's stand tall and welcome our refugees...Melvina Germain.....

Melvina Germain

# Welcome To Paradise

Thou shalt not die, this truth I know, for he who  
maketh me wilt not de neigh, my life is eternal, my  
bliss to come. Fear not this wrath upon earths doom,  
thou wilt not rest in the depth of a tomb.

My spirit one may try to defile, my flesh one might  
devour and mutilate, but my soul, my soul shall  
remain in tact and I'll proudly walk through God's  
eternal gate.

Fear not this blackness or a shadows dance. Weep  
not upon thy black widows pillow. Uplift your  
spirit, let it rise high, live your dreams beneath God's  
golden sky.

Let not the damned dam you, nor blame you of  
their guilt. May their bodies wither numberless  
years as they lay motionless among earths silt.

Tis you who turns the defiling wrath, so foul, so  
impure, as it will be to the wretched fools who  
bow their heads in love with evil entities, O let  
them so endure.

Immortal life comes to those who flee evils will,  
those who work for the good of man shall  
triumph forever still. We tribute them with the  
trumpeting sound, with the glorious harpsichord,  
with flutes and scintillating violins. Only the  
grandest symphony shall appear to welcome our  
people in.

Come and enjoy this profound embrace, this  
pradise reclaimed. Dine in peace, live, laugh  
and love, realize how much you have gained.  
Dreams unfolded, endless love, immortality, the  
truth has triumphed well. Welcome to this new  
world of peace where you will infinitely dwell.

Written by: MelvinaGermain

Date: March11/2013

Melvina Germain

# What Is Love

Love is a precious and most beautiful emotion, which flows like a rivers stream,  
through  
endless tunnels of hopes and dreams. A picturesque view of a sunset new  
capturing  
our hearts once stained with blue.

Love lives within our hearts and lingers within our soul, completing a body whole.  
Through valleys, hills and mountains high, love soars like an eagle as time goes  
by.

Love holds the key that opens the door revealing a brilliant star, shining on  
forever  
more.

True love builds a wall of protection, knocking down all barriers bearing revenge.  
It lacks animosity and holds on to an infinite positive glow, presenting sensations  
of warmth soothing to the soul. Love is for everyone to have and to hold.

An intermingling of joy and happiness, a treasured new beginning, love plants  
the seed to end the pain of travesty's brought on by greed of materialistic gain.  
Love is a remarkable desire to want all that is good for mankind. An act of  
endless  
forgiveness and kindness, Love harbours no grudge, nor cast a spell, nor causes  
the heart to sour or swell.

Like a giant tower, love is great and has much power, it provides a reason to  
live.

Love encompasses all humankind, a oneness sought so divine. Love gives  
kindness  
to beauty and beasts and it's compassion for the earth will never cease.

Love is like a quiet walk in the rain enjoying the scent of flowers in bloom. Love  
carries  
with it a stream of sensual passion, an intimate powerful connection and a strong  
desire to commit to work together as one

Love can be seen in the eyes of our children, it can be viewed by the beauty that  
surrounds us and felt by the power of God. Love is the king of emotions and  
soars  
high within the realm of eternity. Love bears no hate and sheds no fear, it is a

constant  
reminder of what we hold dear.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# What Man Is This

Tw'as a night of bleeding hell,  
when soldiers stood their ground.  
They headed him with deadly thorns,  
and mocked it as his crown.

Raging whips brought forth his blood,  
still he did not complain.  
He lied upon the cross that day,  
Jesus was his name.

What sort of man is this,  
who died upon the cross.  
He asked forgiveness for his flock,  
although his life be lost.

He is the son of God,  
whispers circled round.  
Some kneeling in prayer,  
while his blood spilled to the ground.

Nailed to the cross, a gruesome sight to see.  
Like daggers were his words, who spoke of you and me.  
Forgive them Lord for they know not what they do.  
He asked forgiveness for all who wished him dead.  
In days to come, he'll rise again and soon his flock be led

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

## What's On The Road Ahead

Good Morning, Good Afternoon, Good Evening, wishing you all a beautiful and Blessed day. You know many of you might be encountering some tough times, lost a love one, a husband or wife walked away from you, having problems with your children or you just can't seem to make ends meet. Well know first of all that you're not alone. Also realize that life changes and often when you least expect it. I know you've heard this before, 'You never know what's on the road ahead. That is so true, there may be something great waiting just for you.

We've talked about failure leading to success, that happens over and over again. We can look back at some great people and read about the darkness they encountered in their lives, yet those people never gave up, they kept forging ahead, taking that slow and steady step forth. Knowing that alone tells us that history repeats itself. The fact is, it doesn't happen only in the lives of great people, people who have made their mark in society, people who are shining at the helm, people who have become famous. It can happen to everybody, it can happen to you and that's what it's all about. It's about you knowing what you want, knowing that you have the tenacity to keep on moving forward no matter what obstacles try to stop you. All you have to do is not let 'YOU' stop you. Voices of jealous people, voices of people who stand in fear of you, voices of the insecure will always try to place that block in front of you, will add that negative note, tell you your foolish and what you are aiming for can't be done.

Let these people go and work hard for what you want, the more they stand in your way, the more you self motivate. When you step up and take that final rung on the ladder, when you reach the top, you can thank yourself and know that all the failures, all the darkness, all the jealousy was a part of you becoming that success. Well then you can take stock and at that point when you look around you will see maybe very few friends or maybe only one friend who stood by you all the way. That one person that helped to encourage you, that one person that believed in you, that one person who loved you so much who never had a negative word to say to you and that's the person that you'll embrace and treasure for the rest of your life.

I have such close friends in my life, I have one in particular who has always stood by me, encouraging, motivating and who has loved me all through these years and I'm fortunate that she is still alive and still a great support. I don't have to mention her name, she knows who she is. She's reading this right now and smiling.

Whatever you want in life, it's waiting for you, it's right around the corner waiting for you to do the things you need to do to grab hold and live your dream. Others may believe you can do it but you need to believe it and move forward and grasp it. Blessings to you.

Melvina Germain

# When Death Comes

When Death Comes

Upon this earth, life's struggle is harsh,  
the waters are murky and bathed in pain.  
Darkness trudges heavy, and those  
once healthy have become quite lame.

Power held tight the meek and mild,  
while the serpent raised it's mighty hand.  
you stood steady, an adult in silent fear,  
so much havoc and hate upon the land.

Let death become my oldest friend,  
O Lord, theirs much worse to cover me.  
Remove me from earth's ugly clutter,  
and old pain from the masks of the free.

Lord, In the sombreness of nightfall,  
or mother earth's morning glowing light.  
Let me leave this place in a quiet sleep,  
while dreaming happily a glorious sight.

When death comes, O Lord, I'll slip away,  
to your valley and hills of infinite tranquility.  
Basking in your radiant diamond river,  
embracing in abundance, a life of the free.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: May 19/2015

Time: 7: 42am

Melvina Germain

# When Love Comes Softly

When love comes softly and the rainbow cradles the open sea,  
I look to the sky and find your face lovingly, looking at me.

When love comes softly and the whisper of the willow trees flow,  
I feel your warmth in the evening wind touching me so.

When love comes softly while standing by the riverside  
watching the eddies play and the seagulls glide- -I think of you

When love comes softly, I picture you dressed in white satin lace,  
rosy cheeks, crimson lips and a big smile on your face.

When love comes softly, I give thanks for having you in my life,  
now I must say goodbye to you my sweet, sweet precious wife.

Melvina Germain

## When Visitors Came

The land was vast, barren yet beautiful in its own right. An old farmer trudged by every morning enjoying his cigarette and gazing upon the land with a strained look on his face. Bothered by thoughts of losing his land, that which he had worked so hard for over the years. The poor gentleman wasn't one to share his problems with outsiders. Most of the towns people referred to him as a rather laconic sort of gentleman. He was never one to ask for advice though he knew he would pay the consequence for his continued privacy.

Tyler Moore shook his head and started to walk back to the house, his legs weary so he walked slowly as if lead were in his boots. His stomach rumbled, but his current situation took away his appetite, eating only due to necessity.

The roaring of a motor heard many miles away caused Tyler to pick up the pace in order to eschew any confrontation with those of authoritative position. He quickly hid behind a gyroscope, an old door and other items gathered in the old barn. Thoughts raced through his mind as he stayed in a crouched position, he thought of setting fire to his property in order to collect the insurance, a thought which was dismissed immediately. He thought of living like a mole burrowed deep in the ground, a silly thought also dismissed. His final thought was of selling his property, although he realized the buyers would expect a bargain price and why should he have to practically give his property away.

He heard the door of a vehicle slammed shut and the bellowing of his name with excited voices, familiar voices. Slowly he walked out into the open and saw three family members, running

toward him, grabbing him hugging and kissing him. He was taken back no one had bothered to visit him before. They walked him toward the house, went in and sat at the table. His cousin Andy handed him an envelope, David and Joanne looked at each other and smiled. Then all eyes focused on Tyler as he shakily opened the letter, inside he found documents that stated his land was free and clear of all liens. Tears began to fall and a crooked smile came upon his face. He had mixed emotions and didn't quite know how to react. Tyler slowly looked up with reddened eyes, while his lips quivered he managed to say thank you, he shook his head and repeated those words over and over. Andy, David and Joanne all took turns hugging and kissing Tyler assuring him that everything is alright now. The following morning while everyone slept, Tyler took a walk, cigarette in hand, smiling all the way, suddenly he stopped reached his arms toward the sky and said "THANKYOU".

Melvina Germain

# Where Are My Aboriginal Sisters

To all who pull triggers, as fun and games O let me  
give you a few of our fallen victims names. In Canada,  
Marlene Bird fought the demon in a Walmart parking lot,  
she lost her face, burnt from the waist down, her legs,  
amputated, yes, this is true...right here in Canada, the  
beast of evil is not new.

Throughout this country, aboriginal women disappear.  
no outrage, no outrage do we hear.. justice is not served  
as loved ones remain enraged.. no body, no investigation,  
perhaps they'll rot in an unknown grave.

O this is Canada, the land of the free, let me remind you,  
that's what its suppose to be...

As of late, the future of a Black man's dream falls to  
the death by hands of racist beings, unrest.It seems the  
crime committed by young Black males be it, the color of  
his skin that lands him in jail.

Melvina Germain

# Whispering Pleasures Of Sky And Sea (I'M In A Mellow Mood This Evening And This Is What Is Coming Forth)

Pleasuring myself in God's peaceful light,  
Dangling my feet in the warmth of the white sand.  
Enjoying the feel of the noon baked sun,  
Dazzled by the lustre of natural stone.

Life's mystical powers of energy flow from sky to sea. Such intoxicating waters Blessed with God's gentle creatures, the healing dolphins of the Larimar sea.

Bring forth this stone of Larimar, let its soothing powers inoculate thee. From light to deep tones

of precious blue rock. A gathering of treasures brought forth to adorn and enhance the beauty in me.

Written by: Melvina Germain Date Nov.16/2014

Melvina Germain

# Whispers

You can't lay it on a slab for me  
bold and harsh  
I see it in the back of my mind  
I hear it when the old story teller speaks  
I live it with limp hand shakes  
and cringe at the thought of sleeping  
you see, it's something you can't run away from  
it lingers in thought  
flows like a river  
and waves through forget me notes  
I can cry, I can scream  
but the whispers, they haunt me  
after midnight in my dreams.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Jan,5/2016

Melvina Germain

# Who Am I

I'am who I'am,

jaundice of the mind might creatively visit me.

Perhaps I'll never learn to pray like you

or swim in the center of the sea.

I make no apology for that

I'am after all just me.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 29/2015

Time: 1: 15am

Melvina Germain

# Who Are They

They are the stars that shine bright when the sun is down.  
They light up a room where darkness is found.

They heal inward wounds with a gentle touch.  
They love us unconditionally ever so much.  
They are our children.

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Feb.11/2009

Melvina Germain

# Who Are We

Far beyond the narrow band of our consciousness, one may interpret the tintinnabulation of bells with the spiritual oncoming of Angels.

Are you prepared to delve into the midst of spirituality, where the subconscious comes forth and presents itself in a most profound state. Blending with the conscious mind, presenting a trilogy to be transformed creatively, with the embodiment of knowledge, imagery and spirituality.

One's gift can encompass all, while the mind is infinitely exalted with an inner beauty which spreads fields of expressions, to include emotional sunsets, spiritual awe and sensual bliss.

All to be captured in the hand of a painter, the pen of a poet or drums, strings, horns and keys of a musician, the imagination of playwrights, actors and actresses, not to dismiss or forget the oral physical beauty of voice. Words sprinkled within the universe, spread upon a nation and digested with delight, by characters who act upon this enormous universal stage.

In awe we stand erect, discombobulated for the most part, yet we grasp the pleasure so generously given and we become special beings, wordsmiths, musicians, painters, sculptors and the like. We are the millions of artists given place within this majestic Universe.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: March 3/2013

Melvina Germain

# Who Wins The Battle

Some may contemplate life at a pivotal time in a reflectory or echoed halls. Souls silently call for help after the deepest fall. Bemused by the manifestation of religion which lays its burden on humanity. Let it be told bold and clear only one gender must prove the illimination of vanity.

Society, the tame, the strong unaquainted with unity more than a million miles long. Segregation baited by the shrewd shower deals only the poor will lose. Deal makers smile pearly white as oil flows and gold wins the fight.

Beware...tender tongues, sweet, smooth as silk, soft touching and discreet. A sage tiger may strike from below fiercely surging forth while landing all pertinent blows. Awww this world stands alert, eyes glued in place. Soon we realize such a tiger may not be everyone's taste.

We fight, O we fight in word and strategy, manipulation soaring for wise minds to see. The great speak of greatness, the intellect spread their wings and the shrewd gives a wink and everyone sings. Lined up like a great, great wall, all participants standing tall.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.16/2015

Melvina Germain

## Who? ? ? ? ?

Who is this person who seeks my eye  
through broken tainted glass.  
What has he done to come unsung  
though long ago has passed.  
Who stole the innocence of little children  
tossed tiny bodies to the ground,  
who pulled them from the wombs of mothers  
and shot "them" cruelly down.  
Who then be you sir who sit and stare,  
an infinite remembrance doth not fade,  
but haunts the mind in crippled state  
setting it up to die.  
Twisting, turning, digging deep  
the bellows of the mind.  
Who ponders deep, dark dismal thoughts  
of memories not of wanting sought.  
Who wants to take back deeds of inhumanity.  
find solace repair one's insanity.  
Who laid a long time ago  
in trenches filled with filth, of horrid  
scent, of urine wet and feces  
not by will.  
Who laid among dieing men,  
crept through fields of blood and tears.  
Who fell hostage to brutally face their fears.  
Who is at fault for the destruction  
created by wars of the world.  
Who takes on responsibility for crippling bodies,  
lost peace of mind.  
Twas long ago in a far away land where  
chaos insued, where the skies  
filled with crimson flames, leaving behind  
fields filled with ash and bloodied stains.  
Lost like fools in satans grasp,  
conquered, caged an unopened clasp.  
You followed like the mighty duck.  
Took orders from the man at the helm.  
You killed, you maimed, you fought, you died.  
While he retained his fraudulent pride.

Who now accepts responsibility for murderous  
deeds and deep hostility.

Who will find themselves in front of the  
firing squads of men, painted as disloyal  
soldiers.

I ask you now, who then do you think  
placed that final order.

(April 15/2007)

Melvina Germain

# Wild Meat

Frog, snake, bat and rat,  
don't tell me I've eaten all that.  
O heck! horse meat, pigs feet,  
lamb and cow. Hey sweet cakes  
bring on the chow.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.23/2015

Melvina Germain

## Will You? ? ? ?

Will you love me when I'm old and gray  
and can barely hear a word you say.

Will you love me when my face begins to fall  
and I'm no longer standing straight and tall.

Will you love me when my words are no longer clear,  
and I slur almost every word you hear.

Will you love me when I ask you your name,  
but depend on you just the same.

Will You? ? ? ?

(April 14,2007)

Melvina Germain

# Winter Butterflies

Butterflies fly on a winters morn  
how beautiful a time to be born.  
Disguised as royal snowflakes.  
Welcoming the coldest days they wake,  
elegantly touching tree tops, branches  
and silently speaking of natures delight.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Nov.1/2015

Melvina Germain

# Wisdom's Feast

O maiden sweet as honey God's gift certainly brings,  
to the vineyards of plenty only the privileged sings  
and Queens who sit jubilant upon earthly thrones  
carry little less than value as do the proudest drones.

Virgins may dance passionate rhythms of earth's moon  
whilst matrons lag behind hoping once more to swoon.  
Poor, poor dears what will the outcome be,  
to cry in a river of pain or come back to reality.

Face up ye women of despair, only you can mend and repair,  
engage not in debauchery or listen to lies you'll often hear.  
Mind, body, soul may your moral eye see only truth,  
cleanse the old and little beyond the ruination of youth.

A tumult of words may pour like rain over thee,  
wade through thick waters, swim through the guish blazing flames that tortured  
your soul,  
raise up the torch of freedom, it's time to be whole.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Sept.26/2015

Melvina Germain

# Wishing You Well

Good Morning, Good Afternoon, Good Evening...May the day flow like a rivers stream, smooth and soft as silk...Smile and enjoy every bit of it...Peace, Love and Light.....

Melvina Germain

# Woman Look In The Mirror...Dedicated To Amara Cruz

I looked in the mirror, what did I see,

a powerful being gazing back at me.

Amazed twas I for that realization,

many argued, I had no such recollection.

I stood in awe at God's amazing treasure,

intoxicating eyes with velvet skin so fine.

A new found truth was my utmost pleasure.

Inspiring spirituality, in thoughts sublime.

God's voice, I heard deep within my soul,

a whispering voice, fulfilling words unfold.

I gave you a gift, miracles you will bring.

Populate this world while my Angels sing.

Beware my child of the dark held hand,

such poison wrought from insecure man.

His daggers though stained with pain,

shall be his wrath during the final rain.

Evil begets evil, reach not the helm,

ascend my daughters to the highest realm.

Take with you those who held you tight,  
say good-bye to the wicked in dreary night.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: April 19/2014

Melvina Germain

# Women

## Born Leaders

Women are born leaders and are feared often by certain male individuals who find it necessary to slap them down as fast as they can, in order to squash their greatness. But women are also extremely resilient and though sometimes left with very little life, will come back and often be stronger than ever before. Strange how some then realize they were leaders to begin with and start to follow that path of strength along with the love and compassion they so tenderly hold inside and are willing to share. Women are amazing human beings and when all of them recognize their total worth on this earth will the earth finally find peace and total love of all mankind. We are suppose to be the leaders, that's why we were chosen to be the creators of mankind. We are God's right hand, He chose us...Without women, people would not walk on this earth. That's how very powerful we are...

Melvina Germain

# Wonder

Are you with me now in spirit

is your energy a part of me

will I see you again

in the land of tranquility

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: July 7/2011

Melvina Germain

# Xenophobia

Definition of Xenophobia: An extreme hatred of foreigners.

## Xenophobia

Burn thy people  
brothers weep and moan  
act out and please thy throne.  
Ruby flames, black blood spills  
O wash down red tears abundantly  
while old beasts at the helm are thrilled.  
Black flesh body, unite with mother earth  
weeping slaves, bend over in the deepest pain,  
observing many children bleed the pungent rain.  
Raging deathly fires burn bodies coloured black blue  
Ridding rich earth of black men yes, who look like you  
Ripping food from a sister and brother's old family table  
taking away the greatest possibility of life's dignity.  
Stripping a homeland from long beneath tired feet  
living in huge boxes beside blood filled streets.  
The world begins to scream in shock, you foster every slur  
for the wrath of pain lacks in the reality of knowledge  
O every last one of your enraged black people knows.  
Black man, I beg you brother, think of what you do  
before you kill another man who looks like you.  
The foundation was well laid so very long ago  
genocide soon to raise fury prosper and grow.  
And the hand that tossed the first deadly stone  
or the axe that sliced a brothers head in two,  
groomed by the beast who graced the throne.  
Dig deep through the crust of hidden knowledge  
See black bodies lay beneath the weeping Boer Bean  
Her arms stretched long and far to comfort your dying  
Black blood warmed old roots as they cringe and scream.  
Yes, Black flesh you've fallen prey to her royal sting  
no one left behind to sing your horrifying song  
No honour shall tribute your new memory  
barbaric stench hangs a generation long.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: June 5/2015

Melvina Germain

# Yes I Love You

I see you clearly like the glints of the diamond sky.  
I feel your soft touch, while watching the doves fly by.  
I want you in the noon day sun.  
I want you when the day is done.  
When your old and gray,  
I'll love you more and more each day.  
When you say good night and close earth's door  
I'll still love you my darling, I'll love you even more.

Written: Jan.12,2008

Melvina Germain

# You Are

You Are (Entered in leather book)

An Angel of love,  
sweet as blueberry pie.  
an eternal influence,  
whose spirit will never die.

Melvina Germain

# You Are Not Alone

## You Are Not Alone

I think when we realize we are our own best friend, we will then love to spend time alone as I do. I love that solace with me and you know, clearly, I love me. I've said it before, there's no one in this whole wide world that stands better than me. I don't care what status he or she holds, they can rise to the top of the mountain and scream how much better than all they are. They can count their university certificates and hold them under my eyes for me to see. They can be the greatest motivational speakers in this world and move audiences, they still are no better than me. We are never alone, we have... me, myself and I...

We stand together and constantly speak to each other, our inner abilities are massive only for us to explore and extend because we are, our only true friend. Surely we realize that at any given moment, we can not stand alone, if we acknowledge the spirit world then we know, we're covered abundantly with that spiritual energy that surrounds us. All we have to do is call on it and communicate in silence, seek and ye shall receive, we've heard that before. I think it's crucial that we learn and accept who we truly are. Those who believe in the Bible will remember, it is said that we are created in His image. If we truly believe that our God has such greatness and He is the optimum creator, then we also believe that we all hold greatness and with that greatness we accept equality of the human race.

If we choose not to believe in God per se, we must still realize there is something still on a higher realm, be it a whole body of energy divided perhaps into sections that circulates the world or one body within itself. No matter what we believe, there is something on a higher plain but as human beings, we are all created equal so no one can be better than the other. Like the fingers on a hand, we point and journey in different directions, all by choice. We accept that we are able to transcend within the universe. Many of us are walking half closed, we are standing naked without covering by choice, that's who we have been programmed to be. When we refuse the brainwashing of society, the do's and don'ts put before us and live for ourselves with a mind wide open, observing, thirsty for knowledge, wanting to learn, preparing ourselves to battle adversity walking toward the smooth and calm, peace. We are connected with the whole of life, with every element in the universe, with light and dark, with energetic forces. we stand in connection. No, we can never truly be alone...Much

love...Melvina.....

Melvina Germain

## You Are Your Own Best Friend (You May Or May Not Relate To This)

This title states, you are your own best friend. However, having said that, we know there are many of us that can also say...I'am my own worst enemy. Sometimes we are the ones to come down hard on ourselves. We look in the mirror and all we see is darkness surrounding us, up, down, all around. We see no light shining through. We are often filled with anxiety, fall into depression, become extremely insecure and may find ourselves in a paranoid state of confusion. We hang on to, low self esteem, we don't trust ourselves and often allow others to do for us. We have developed a situation continually pressing low. Giving up on ourselves is vividly apparent and self loathing has seeped within.

Many say, I believe in God, so I ask the question, does it not state somewhere in the Bible that we are created in his image. Well I dare say, anything I mentioned above would certainly not compare with the image we are taught about God. After all, God is a magnificent being, so where is your magnificence. But you, have become your own worst enemy and fear, anxiety and depression has become a part of your soul for whatever reason. We have allowed our hopes and dreams to stand still as if cemented in a place and never comes forth.

Through all of your darkness, you find time to pray for others, wishing them well, asking for help on their behalf. When did you last pray for yourself, really got on your knees, brought your hands together and took that quiet time to be with your Father in Heaven. When was the last time you did that for you. Let me ask you some questions...Do you congratulate you...Do you smile at you...Do you become happy with you. Do you realize how beautiful you are...Do you love you...Do you realize your power...Are you ready to experience infinite happiness.

One of my quotes states and I wonder, does it fit you...You will do for others, but you never have time to do for you. Is it possible, you rest too much on the negative and your self loathing told you over and over again, you do not deserve the same things you pray for, for others. We have come to appreciate others but consider ourselves unworthy. We worship the ground they walk on but we are sinking in the mud. Well, we have our highs and lows and unfortunately the lows far exceed the highs.

What are we lacking, we do want to be as good as the next person. You know it's really foolish but some think...if I make the other person look bad, perhaps I

will shine and look good to others. Well the realization comes forth when you see that you have dug another hole for darkness to lay in within self. Now your self loathing becomes more entrenched in your soul where another demon shows its face. The demon of vile behavior to others, hurting others, deceiving them, exposing them to danger, you become mentally and perhaps physically abusive. The reality is...it's that self loathing that is coming forth, though you are stringently in denial.

Now you self medicate, it might be alcohol, drugs, street or prescription, one or all. You point blame continually, it's never your fault and only negativity finds your thoughts. To say it boldly, you become a real pain in the ass. Well, I always say, you never know what's on the road ahead and lo and behold you have an epiphany in the still of the night. You get up and gaze in that mirror, taking a long look at yourself, you see the years piling up on your face. You feel pain in your body that you've never felt before, you take your palms and pat the extra flab around your belly that formed from your lack of exercise. While gazing at yourself in the mirror, questions come to mind...Who are you...where did the time go...what have I accomplished...Where am I going and you ask yourself out loud...What have I done to me? ? ?

Through these sober moments, you tell yourself, you want to change and you reach out. Well now, could this be the door opening where you realize you must care for you. Help is on the way, people see that you are making a concerned effort to make change. All that you were lacking is coming forth like thunder. Friends uplifting you, family having a renewed faith in you, pouring their love upon you. A new day, a bright light, you look to the mirror and while standing there, this time words come to mind and you smile while you think of them and voice them out loud. 'I Love You', then you look away and repeat, 'I Love Me'.

All of a sudden, you are jumping, laughing, waving your arms about. This is you beginning a new life, you know the struggle is not over, with fortitude and tenacity, you realize you have the elasticity to stretch beyond and reach for that rainbow. You are deserving, you are worthy and with your new found, love of self, you have truly become your own best friend. Well, there's much to do along the road of success. Now you must be consistent and must become resilient. There will be lows but you will bounce back, you'll fall but you will rise up, you can shake your head, smile and yell, let's try again.

Look in the mirror please, one more time...Ask yourself out loud...Who is your best friend...now answer, I'am...Do it again and again. Now ask yourself, who do you love and answer, Me...Repeat, I Love Me, I Love Me, I Love Me. Remember you are what you think, so you will act accordingly when you love

you.

When you take a look back over time, you ponder. I reached out for help, I cried, I laughed, I celebrated, I fell and I got up and best of all, I introduced myself to my best friend...ME. You have found the formula, that brings you peace, love and happiness. You are walking on solid ground. It took awhile but you built your foundation and now you have what you want to share with others, 'LOVE'...Loving yourself was the answer to all the pain and heartache. 'YOU ARE YOUR OWN BEST FRIEND' By: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# You Don't Walk In My Shoes

You rape me, I scream in pain,  
no one hears a sound I make.  
You brutalize me over and over again,  
my body frantically shakes.

Alone on the highway, with the men in blue,  
I was taught you were there to protect me.  
But evil's darkness came blasting through,  
when laughter answered my painful plea.

My pain unnoticed, my agony silenced,  
no value placed upon my being,  
by authorities excruciating violence,  
I'm a statistic that will never be seen.

Another woman tossed to the valley of pain,  
Walking a bent and crooked road.

Nobody knows where her footsteps have been,  
It is only she who carries the load.

Written by: Melvina Germain  
Date: May 12/2015

Melvina Germain

# You Don'T Scare Me Satan

You don't scare me Satan, I know your strong and powerful too.

I know wherever God is, you will also be there to try and claim what is not yours. I know you are a taker and not a giver, an evil power that will not prevail. You are the darkness that spy's deep in the night, the evil that showers the weak and can't break the strong.

You will not penetrate the Holy spirit that lives within me. You may make me suffer and cry in the night, but I call out only to God and his son Jesus, you will never hear me call your name.

You stood in the way when I took my little one to church, you hurt my lungs and gave me days of excruciating pain, but I still called out to God in Jesus name. You took away the use of my vehicles and thought that would stop me in my tracks, but I said oh no you don't Satan, I'll just call me a cab. Now you try to take my youngest son, but Satan the day is not done. I'll cry to the Lord and his son Jesus and give all my worries and pain to him, I'll trust only in God and leave you in your dark hole, for I will not allow you to penetrate my soul.

I love only God for he will not forsake me, He gave his only son so that I could truly see. A God as good as this deserves what I have to give and that is everyday worship and thanks for all His gifts.

So find your way out Satan, you have no place here, for good and love you will never share.

My Father in Heaven and His precious son Jesus, are the only one's I trust and know will never leave us. So thankyou to God for his precious little lamb and thankyou to Jesus for the power of his love. I'll worship them always through my life, through sickness and health, through hardship and pain, through suffering and healing, I'll love them all the same.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Melvina Germain

# Your Delightful Pen

I don't fall in love with handsome faces, hard bodies and the like.  
the attraction falls much deeper, a most beautiful delight.

The touch of an invisible glance through words I see you write.  
My soul becomes inflamed as a fire begins to ignite.

You are the starlight that illuminates my dreams and I dance for you to the  
music of exquisite violins in the midst of a delicate stream.

Awww you'll never know what I see when your pen flows the page. Realize  
your words are a Blessing, I so desire to engage.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Oct.10/2015

Melvina Germain

# Zanzibar

barrly morning light trickling through life's seams,  
embracing scents and stressing sounds,  
after nightmares in my dreaded dreams.  
Homeless be the wretched, darkness I'm bound.

A lonely soul awakening to closed doors and empty rooms,  
cowering from the brutal and the hands of utmost doom.  
I cringe to tell the story of panic and much pain and find  
myself inoculated in the clasps of the oldest chains.

At the door of no return, I pause while looking at yesteryear,  
Weeping red tears as old dreams were never to appear.  
He painted me with sorrow, a mind confused at best  
and left me in the gallows to reap such brutal tests.

Paranoia took the forefront and crazy became my name,  
stocking like a madman I played a ruthless game.  
Bullets, knives and daggers, weapons of choice  
I killed them fast and easy, no murmurs, no voice.

Written by: Melvina Germain

Date: Aug.26/2015

Melvina Germain