

Poetry Series

Monica M Engeler
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:
2026

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Monica M Engeler(05/31/1962)

I have been writing poetry for many years now. I do it for enjoyment. I never studied writing for a major or career just started doing it from one day to another. I haven't written as much in recent years, but try to when there is a moment for it.

I also write and illustrate children books on the side now. My passion and major is in fine arts. Hope you enjoy my work. You can find my artwork online on Instagram.



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Hello To Memories

Hello, how are you feeling today?
You look burdened with your passions
You think nothing will come your way
There is no denying your fashions.

Hello, what are you thinking about?
I am your guiding light in debate
Once you were so happy and stout
Now why are these things not straight.

Hello, we both know lifetime sorrows
Life has many fateful tales to tell
You had one not so long ago
She's smiling in heaven and feeling well.

Hello, you and I both cried with woe
Her suffering is now at rest,
And oh! Her loss is such a painful low
Tomorrow the sadness will end at best.

So, hello, how do you feel now?
I am trying to feel happy once more
I will always recall the memories you know
Can you hear the melodies sore?

Hello, smile you and I are not alone
You can always dream of her past
The next time the sun has shown
Your simper will then return fast.

Monica M Engeler

Just In My Universe

This is in my universe
I live forever in my own world
This is my life in verse
So happy to share my story first.

My world smiles with no outline
Come and join the link of such joy
The chain thrives all in a line
My story continues to employ.

This is my own universe
Come live my story with no frown
You will make me shine in verse
Life is good come follow me now.

Thankyou all for my story
My universe is always changing
Life grows with no real worry.
My story is never ending.

Monica M Engeler

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Perhaps Tomorrows Love

A misty morning sky awoke the day
The air blowed brisk winds this way
The breeze sent time in a maze
Oh! People ran in a craze.

There are times, one wonders why
Then there are notes made to sigh
Why are shifts sad for the few?
Life doesn't wait for the new.

There is a love that sedates
It's a rage that calms ones fate
This voice echoes sympathy.
The law vows to empathy.

Though the world looks for restrain
Others chase to keep lives vain
Lets find a fresh tomorrow
And without endless sorrow.

The sun will set now in place,
and mankind will leave its trace.
Our world will be bright again.
And maybe just not so insane.

Monica M Engeler

Heavens Light

I sit alone by my window side
A candle flickered near me for hope
I dreamt of a beautiful paradise.

My eyes then looked to the skies
I wondered what tomorrow will bring
The heavens showed no afterlives.

The sun, moon and stars glared light
By day the sun burned a radiant warmth
By night evening stars winkled bright.

I felt lucky to be sitting here
Millions of stars showed me the way
There is nothing to fear.

I just kept dreaming of tomorrow
A glowing path knows no wrong
My world will have no more sorrow.

By day and by night I will be strong
I will never let my dreams go
As my candle glows, nothing will go wrong.

Monica M Engeler

Tomorrow's Challenge

Here I sit reflecting of tomorrow.
It will be Christmas day again
Our tree stood tall and vain
but my heart felt only sorrow.

I saw a box under the tree.
It was wrapped in pretty paper,
and tied with a long red taper.
Oh, I grabbed that for me.

The gift reminded me of the past.
I did not want to know more,
So I put the box back in store.
How my heart cried out in contrast.

I sunk down as tears fell to the ground.
Then I saw my piano looking grand
I reached to play the notes like a band
The keyboard made a beautiful sound.

However sleep overtook the day
Christmas is just about over now
And I need to say farewell with a bow
Goodnight is all there is left to say.

Monica M Engeler

Tangled Dreams

I glared at the sunset from my window
The sun was slowly setting for the night
There was a brilliant sky painting a show
My eyes blinked in natures splendid sunlight.

I am watching the sunset in wonder
Mountaintops covered in snow sparkled bright
A majestic castle stood far yonder
The sun dazzled the land with all its might.

Alas everything looked ever diverse
Now I see the world in its splendid hues
It's time to stop living life in reverse
Its crystal clear how things are for the few.

No more constant daydreams that aren't real
It's so right that the sun is ever bright
I gaze out the window whats there to feel
Nothing, the sky shines vivid with its light.

It's time to reach out the changIng sunshine
Tomorrow's world has so much to offer
I see the light and want life to be fine
Yes I am smiling and stand yet taller.

Now I will go to sleep tonight and dream
I hope that my life's answers are now right
The sun has set and I am where to be
My window is closed and my eyes shut tight.

Monica M Engeler

Heaven's Way

I closed my eyes into an empty illusion
Everything appeared dark and alone
Then a light shown like a bright delusion
I clenched the light I called my own.

I drifted in a world that no one knows,
But I didn't feel afraid whatsoever.
I just envisioned my brilliant show,
And no, I didn't lose my notice ever.

As I dreamed in the moments light,
I floated in the mysterious domain
that kept me asleep like night
No, I didn't feel that I was all sane.

Then I went through a gate
The light still shined bright
I didn't care even if it was my fate.
My vision just didn't seem right.

Then, a lady in white stood before me
She just smiled and comforted my soul
Her warm glow guided me where to be
You will return to your world as a whole.

Yes, nearly heaven brushed my way
Only a lady in white told me no.
Don't you know, it was an angel's day?
She drifted with me until it was time to go.

My spirit finally awoke from ecstasy.
Alas, there was no more night
A sign of hope returned in no fantasy
Only a smile brightened the light.

Monica M Engeler

Stand Up And Say Hello

I stand up and search for answers of you
It is so unclear where you have gone
I want to see if those wings are really true
You see, your spirit still lives forever on.

Sometimes I get sad when I am alone
I want to hear you say hello again.
Why? I am not ready to be on my own
My eyes close tight in such pain.

I dream hard to see you smile at me,
but there is nothing but darkness.
I look even further to find only agony
Your grin was full of kindness.

I want to be brave and stand tall,
and call out my name for you.
I will wait until I hear your call
Please then say hello too.

Everywhere I look I see only lost wings
Maybe you're at a better place
You always knew my favorite things
Now your touch is a blank trace.

I raise my arms like wings and say hello
There is no time to say goodbye
The golden gates of heaven may follow
I will stay standing with no sigh.

Monica M Engeler

Forever Strong

When friends see my better part
They think nothing is wrong
You look so happy and strong
How can there be something apart?

Every day I struggle to keep food down
I pray for healing and no sickness
What if a dark shadow clears my illness?
Yet so many sleepless nights and no frowns.

I know deep inside of me I am not weak
I am always looking for better days
There is always hope to enhance my ways
Food gawks at me looking solid yet bleak.

I was normal once and loved to enjoy a meal
My friends would toast a glass of wine
Those times were always happy and fine
My suffering is not in disguise but very real.

I will stand up and be highly seasoned
Gastroparesis will not be my sorrow
Life will go on forever well and tomorrow
Tears will flood my smile for happy reasons.

Monica M Engeler

Good Bye Jack Frost

Inch by inch the snow piles high
The land is blanketed white
Cold air shivers the inner space
There is no grass about of any trace.

Jack Frost struck our countryside
Telling us that winter is outside
Jack Frost go away winter is tired now
We all here want warm air and no frowns.

Swish, yet another storm travels north
More snow, more cold, more, more
The snow banks are so high that it covers all
All the bushes, fences, are swathed from snowfall.

Jack Frost please call off all those whiteouts
You see winter is tired of your bouts
Mother nature calls for warm shadows,
and the wonderful scent of fresh spring Yarrow.

Yes it is time to say good bye to bitter cold,
And welcome Spring from slumbers fold
Inch by inch the flowers bloom from its slumber
Winter is now washed away until its next number.

Monica M Engeler

Don't Be Afraid

I wish I had a sailboat
That I could drift far and away
It would let me ever float
And then take me home someday.

As I flow, I would dream of you
Perhaps I would cry or maybe titter
Maybe smell what is really true
Trailing your image is never bitter.

Maybe it is a fantasy of nowadays,
Or the wind is passing through a lifetime.
How can life change its ways?
Just don't be afraid, it is not your time.

The world is about and someday is here
I will always remember your sweet clear sound
And then I will never live in fear
Sometimes I wish I could float above the clouds.

I don't know if it is a dream
Am I growing old or am I just lonely
Maybe it is a dusk of daydreams
My wish for a sailboat is for the only.

Monica M Engeler

A Day With Gastroparesis

I woke up this morning
Outside the sun was shining
Nothing seemed to be the matter
Yes, I also felt somewhat better.

Then I got up and got my breakfast
and quickly walked to the TV den fast
I ate my cold yogurt, and drank my coffee
And watched the early morning Newsies.

Afterwards I washed my plates
and then left the room to manipulate
My home office and studio was on the second floor
Here I can hide and create behind closed doors.

Shortly after I was in my room,
I had to retreat and dispose of my breakfast
Sadly this episode happens numerous times a day
In between I do try to work in some remote way.

Today my vomits were many I felt sad
After dinner, I climbed on my bed feeling bad
I cried, and cried for awhile and then closed my eyes
My burning eyes woke me and who knows why?

I signed in to my GI patient portal and noted my day
For some reason at that moment the sadness went away
Dejectedly, I have no real contact at all left of this doctor,
but I think my stress of him that was left was over.

Maybe my doctor will phone me and value my pain
Maybe he will not call me and all of my efforts will be in vain
For now, my life appears to be at a loss for words of happiness
Thus far, I puked fourteen times and still I seem helpless.

In a short while, I will turn my pc off for the day
I pray that tomorrow something will bring a smile my way
Please somehow, someday, may my anguish be gone
I know Gastroparesis will not disappear but stay on.

Two Years

I am living with Gastroparesis for two years
Please somebody take on my lonely fears
There are so many times I want to cry for hope
More for understanding to try to cope.

My friends see my imaginary grin
Then tears overtake me in sin
They are watching me slowly fade
No I am like an iron blade.

The world around me says don't give up
My contacts preach, don't give up
Your friends, your family love you everyday
Everyone is there for you all the way.

My strengths are brave and lingering alone
Though I try to walk tall on my own
Yes two years have gone with no resort
My diet alone has little to report.

I am going to let my soul light my way
Medication can't rule everyday
My doctors are not always right
Who says I can't fight.

Somehow I will find answers the right way
Even if there is really nothing today
Tomorrow brings hope and new awareness
Maybe a cure and some happiness.

So take my thoughts today and let me rest
Let's be strong I want to do what's best
Falling for wrong answers and doctors is bad
Show me the way and I will not be sad.

Monica M Engeler

Fighting For Hope

There is a fine line on my ceiling,
It speaks much about my own being,
Yet I doubt myself, and my very own presence.
Time regards around hope, it is an essence.

Yes, it is a sad life with cancer?
One doesn't talk about those orders,
and one doesn't know the way life turns out.
It is good that life goes so round about.

I feel blessed to be part of these years
because tomorrow may have more fears
I might have only one moment to stay
But my force will never leave today.

Right now I just want to come to terms,
search for hope, and pray for just words.
Dreamland is for lost souls, and not for tending
I am still here hoping and you are amending.

No brash word or song will say goodbye.
It is my fight for hope it is not about a lie.
Please don't close your eyes tonight
I see you are wishing to reverse that fight.

It's like my cracked ceiling it wanes in the dark
One only has one life and it's time to make a mark.
Please pray for hope and to be strong
One has to believe that nothing will go wrong.

Everyone has the power to take that life any way,
But there are times when things get in the way.
I have my own fighting call to unlock
Can you hear my say? I have a lot to unblock.

Like the cracked ceiling, you need to make well
And I want you to cry out for hope then repel.
I don't want to bellow about your sickness
Be strong, be you, and beat your illness.

Do you believe, and want to believe?
Like that cracked ceiling, life needs to retrieve.
It is sending a lasting message of hope
You got to care and find the strength to cope.

Monica M Engeler

Wishing For Mom

I sit here listening to some soft tunes
And I am ever missing moms warm smile
I recall you loved classics for a long while.

Those creations were always in tune.
I closed my eyes as tears ran down my face
Playing sweet melodies show you I love you
No sad note will ever change those things too
You are gone but loved at every place.

I am often praying hard for your sound
Oh Mom I don't want to forget who you are
I want to feel your soft hand, yet your ever far
Why can't you be one more time around.

I guess death is a lot like night time
You go to bed and go to sleep for the day
While you dream, the world is ever far away
The moon casts a spirited shade so fine.

I will miss your kindness and your smile
I will miss your special hugs you gave to me
You taught me to give love to others and to see
You were here for us for such a long while.

The harmony is drifting away in silence
here I go away and say good bye with no joy
There is a large world waiting for me to employ
Mom I will ever miss your guidance.

Monica M Engeler

A Simple Gift For Christmas

I stand before our Christmas tree
admiring the beauty of the lights
My spirit is full of joy of what I see
It's the magic of Christmas night.

Sadly a tear drop weeps my face
I look behind me to find my way
Then a new tear falls with no trace.
The Christmas charm is to stay.

The glow of the season summons
Why not, It is the night of glory to be,
But my thoughts are to the heavens
I search for the lights above the tree.

Then I stare at the star on the tree
It shines gold and ever so brilliant
The light sends hope for all to see
Tomorrow the day will be radiant
.

There will be gifts under the tree
Do you recall what you wished for?
Maybe one gift will be for me?
A simple gift is better than more.

I wished for a gift of moms smile
It is a small wish for me to obtain
I want to remember her for awhile
Then let it be a smile for me to attain.

A plain gift is sometimes bright
And sometimes a gift is just a grin
Christmas is for hopes starry night.
It's for the memories with no sin.

Monica M Engeler

Alone

I sit here typing how I feel
Life around me doesn't look real
As my creative desk stands adjacent,
A painting lays openly constant.

I glance at the work and admire it
The bold, bright colors are all perfect
Yes I plan to finish the image in a short time
I am just flooded with empty rhyme.

My world is alone that nobody grasps
I drift further away from everyday tasks
Where do I go from here and deal with reality?
Can somebody answer this uncertainty?

The word alone means so many things,
but right now it channels out a painful sting
I am without much help and suffer mutely absent
My bedroom door remains endlessly intent.

When the sunlight finally goes away,
I am happy that I can mark my calendar day
How many times did I end up throwing up this day?
10,12, or maybe 14 times if I am correct today.

I suffer in silence with my stomach issues
because nobody understands my painful views
Gastroparesis there is not enough data or awareness
There is so much suffering and little fairness.

Goodnight, and let hope shine bright
Tomorrow is another day and let it be right
My eyes are closed now and my tummy sleeps
I pray for happiness caring and not to weep.

Monica M Engeler

Jack Frosts Winter Snow

Inch by inch the snow piles high
The land is blanketed white
Cold air shivers the inner space
There is no grass about of any trace.

Jack Frost struck our countryside
Telling us that winter is outside
Jack Frost go away winter is tired now
We all here want warm air and no frowns.

Swish, yet another storm travels north
More snow, more cold, more, more
The snow banks are so high that it covers all
All the bushes, fences, are swathed from snowfall.

Jack Frost please call off all those whiteouts
You see winter is tired of your bouts
Mother nature calls for warm shadows,
and the wonderful scent of fresh spring Yarrow.

Yes it is time to say good bye to bitter cold,
And welcome Spring from slumbers fold
Inch by inch the flowers bloom from its slumber
Winter is now washed away until its next number.

Monica M Engeler

Merry Christmas Everyone

Hey everybody its Christmas time
Why because Santa is standing on every turn.
All the stores are decorated in holiday patterns
The spirit repeats itself in holiday rhyme.

Hey everyone it's a wonderful Holiday
Let's all gather at the Christmas tree and sing
The crowd started humming We Three Kings
and then they began rockin in a jolly way.

Why is everybody so happy tonight
It must be the night Clause comes to town
Only happy faces, cheery smiles, and no frowns
Open hearts and so much to give this night.

Everybody knows it's Christmas Eve
They know Santa is coming with many presents
Yes, Christmas is here with all its embellishments
The stars are out shining bright this eve.

It is also a holy night that is divine
Remember to stop and give thanks and grace
So much has been given to others with little praise.
The evening is now calm and fine.

Merry Christmas everyone
It is Christmas time again in all its admiration's.
Sleep in joy that tomorrow will come with speculations
Merry Christmas everyone.

Monica M Engeler

I Pray For Answers

I was given a life to breathe
I may smile to you,
but inside I cry to be free
In spite I find hope that is true.

I search for substance to last
But not even liquid stays
I am not so scared of the past,
yet I aim hard to hold on every day.

It is hard not to be nervous
I grip to my ways,
And I look not to be serious
I try not to seem frustrated today.

I strive to the future for convictions
My wishes aren't genuine
Only problems, and no expectations
My healing is not coming out really that fine.

I pray for faith from my voice
That research will come,
And a cure will shine and rejoice
For now I will continue to smile for some.

Monica M Engeler

Just Hold On

There was a time when things were normal
I would go out for dinner with family
And go to places was just likely
Now those things are no longer formal.

I pray each day for something fine
Just smiling is already brighter,
but I cry away a fighter
Because I know tomorrow will be mine.

You are not alone in your lonely fight.
As one, we will face and endure
I will be by you I will ensure
Even if it feels like a final night.

Just hold on tight, and let's be bold
Tomorrow will be another day.
You are not alone today.
Together you and I will grow old.

Although Gastroparesis will not go away
Your strength will make you stronger
Please don't cry in anger
Let hope guide you the right way.

Monica M Engeler

Santa Claus Comes Tonight

Down the chimney climbed Claus
He chuckled with such delight
HoHOHO he cried by night
His jolly work doesn't pause.

.
You see Christmas Eve is tonight
And all through the great land
Children wait for one man
He travels in a swiftest flight.

On Dancer, on Vixen, and Dasher
and Rudolf will you lead the way?
Up, up, up went Santa's sleigh
It disappeared in a sudden dash.

First stop was off to the right
A town where only good
boys and girls stood,
Down came Santa's flight.

Santa's red suit looked so upbeat
Even after each child's hand out
It must be magic no doubt
Claus never looked this sweet.

The starry night was still awake
Santa cried out to Prancer
Let's go Cupid. and Dancer
There are more deliveries to make.

Merry Christmas to all
And may it be a good night.

Monica M Engeler

I Am Not Alone

I stand alone battling my sole
It is my aim to be on top of the pole
I endure each day with faith on my side
I don't care I am still standing in pride.

I have my eyes guiding me forward
I try to keep my joyful spirits onward
yet I feel so tired at times and want to cry,
But I tell myself not to close my eyes.

I have to go and find myself in a new light
You need to see my picture when it is bright
I am crying inside my solitary and waiting to see
who will come back in my life and me.

I feel sick, tired, and nervous all the time
I ask myself daily when will things be fine?
Please lie to me and say it is going to be okay
Look me straight in the eye just today.

No I will not turn away from reality
I search deep into my sole in formality
It is a positive truth and goal to maintain
The noise in my head is not in pain.

Monica M Engeler

One More Time

What would you say
I have been gone a long time
and returning and feeling fine
it is just routine this way?

I'm drinking a cup of tea,
the stars are shining bright,
and I am whistling into the light
you see I am feeling free.

The music tells the sincerity,
my words rhyme like a pipe-dream,
and the chords strum alive in a dream
Life is well for me and satisfactory.

It is like a new nursery song
I am starting life over and better
in the morning, I dress neat all over
so the final key can't play wrong.

No, it is not make believe it is fit
I was away a long time and am back,
maybe my words sound quirky black,
but I'm killing time only for a bit.

Monica M Engeler

The New World

I circled the world in a point of time
And I discovered the story
Of Christopher Columbus's lifetime
You know, he was born in Italy in 1451?

Young Chris sailed the seas as a felon
Attacking the ships of Moors,
But sadly his vessel was a sunken
Luckily he knew how to swim ashore.

Chris and his brother joined together,
And then he married happily
His wife's father gave him registers
That all positioned toward the Atlantic.

Dreams for new lands were not far away
Across the seas they would set sail
To see worlds that would be new that day
And bring news that would change humanity.

First permissions were reject for the Indies
Then loving eyes died shortly afterwards
Leaving a son, so he sailed for the Spanish seas
And once more nobility refused his traveling ideas.

There was another wife and yet another child
In the shadow of time were more denials
His needs for finance seemed lost and wild
When a priest put forward for his sake and won.

Chris found his way together with his sons
And three ships that set sail for the Indies
Santa Maria flowed proudly in the setting sun
The Pinta, and The Nina followed closely behind.

The final voyage with vivid eyes showed the way
In 1492 Columbus sailed to the Canaries,
And the Sargasso Seas guided false passageway
Mutiny, anger and violence almost ruined the trip.

Alas the ideas of India and China came into view
Though the Santa Maria sank into the sea
The New World had been discovered by the few
It is now time to go home and spread the great news.

The journey has found a new world for the future
And the human race will now circle the globe
Ships will come and develop a land that is ever pure
Together the new lands will stand fourth as one big world.

Monica M Engeler

Angel Dreams

There is a dream waiting to unfold
It is burning like fire in the air
Bright eyes share the story to be told
Are the words really fair?

Angel eyes are watching over you
Waiting for the words to be said
They will show the way for who is true
Remember there is nothing unsaid.

In the distance there is glee
It cries for hope and praise
You see it sails across the sea
Can you hear the phrase?

Home again across the lands I dream
Waiting, wishing, and praying for angels
The words are ever so vague and free
Do you see angel eyes flying the angles?

Angels touch the blue skies
Answering questions of render
Or maybe of hopeful times
Then there is a time for the sender.

There are times I wish I could fly
And then I wish I were an angel
Then visions would not cry
Sometimes I dream of being an angel

Monica M Engeler

Come Home Mom

Life is joy when I hear your voice
I don't want to forget you
Loving you was my only choice
What could be truer?

When I hear your cry,
I remember your day
I don't care about why
You have a special way.

I will dream for you always
Please be alright tomorrow
I miss you forever days
I want no more sorrows.

Come home and all will be fine
Your wounds shall be all right
And my spirit will shine
I love you Mom that is so right.

When will you be coming home?
Soon, I will be there I assure you
I am healing slowly, but I am not alone
Your voice reminds me that is true.

When I come home, we will rejoice
together that everything is now right
I comfort you dear with that choice
So go close your eyes and a good night.

Monica M Engeler

Tugboat Chaos

I walked along the city harbor one day
When a bright red tugboat anchored ashore
The captain unloaded supplies from aboard
"Ahoy, Where is the shop Salt Away"?

Around the bend captain and down a tad
They have fish and bate all you need
"Thanks mate and so I will go see"
Promise you nothing in the store is bad.

The skipper took his supplies to trade,
And then he returned to his red tugboat.
Good bye my mate and drifted afloat
The pier looked bare and almost afraid.

I continued to walk along the dock
And I watched the red tugboat sail away.
Shortly three tugboats hovered this way
All traveled in single line creating a block.

No other ship could go through their line
Suddenly one craft sped away,
And it created such a large sway,
The other vessels just drifted out of line.

The wild wave swelled so far that the red boat
Rocked back and forth creating a big splash
"You crazy seaman" cried the captain in a flash
And so the tugboat cruised on in a slow float.

The sun slowly went down to end another day
And the tugboats were now far-off from the port
There was not a lot of activity around the seaport
I am just glad all went safely on their way.

Written in story like form for children in mind.

Go Fly A Kite

Once there was a young boy
He sat on the floor playing with his toys
How sad he looked in his eyes
There was nil that could relieve his sigh.

Then his eyes caught the attention of a kite
It was a grand kite and just waiting for flight
Red and blue colors favored all and its tale
How wonderful it would be to take it for a sail?

The boy got up and looked out the windowpane
He saw a scenic landscape decorated the outer pane
It was a play world waiting for kite flying that day
So the boy grabbed his colorful kite and went on his way.

Now all his kite needed was a gust of wind to take to the air
He took the string and ran swiftly forth with no care
The kite soared up in to the sky like a theatrical display
A smile painted the lads face as he continued to play.

Hours passed by as he enjoyed watching his kite
It danced around the skies like a bird soaring in flight
Then a sudden lack of wind caused his kite to sail low
So the lad ran as fast as he could so his kite couldn't slow.

One more time the lovely kite climbed up into the sky
The wind speed swished it back and forth to fly
How, the boy never wanted to see the sight come to end
Alas, all came to a stop at the corners bend.

Slowly the breeze died and the kite fell to the ground
The boy just stood and sighed without any sound
Sadly it was time to lay the grand kite to rest for today
He was tired and had no more energy left to play.

Monica M Engeler

It's Christmas And I Am So Very Happy

I am so happy, oh yes I am so happy,
And I don't care what anybody else says.
I put a little Christmas tree on my shelf today,
I decorated it with bright shining lights,
And I hung ornaments on every branch available.
Yes my friends Christmas is coming faster and faster
And I am happily enjoying the moment with all its cheer.

I am just so happy and singing falalalala falallala,
And how I am laughing merrily crying hoohohhohoho
Christmas has come with something big and joyous to say
It's the most wonderful day around the world
How can anybody shed a tear on such a day or even frown?
Blessed to all and give thanks for all who celebrate the day today
Christmas is here, and I am so happy, what is there to fear?

I am so happy yes; I am so very happy I could almost cry,
But I won't do that unless I have a reason to, I tell you that won't be soon
You see my story of the Little Christmas tree continues to live another year
I have it back on its stand and bringing such joy to all about.
Christmas music plays in the background singing choirs of angels to all to hear
Oh come now and rejoice the season Glory to God in the highest and peace to all
It's Christmas let's bring out the Champaign and celebrate the moment with
someone dear.

Merry Christmas! Oh Merry Christmas and a Happy New year one and all
Let's pray that the New Year brings a new message of hope and change to this
world
I think everyone needs a miracle at this time of the year whatever it is it will be
great I am sure
Maybe peace on earth and bring our soldiers safely home,
Or maybe find a cure for a painful illness or disease
Christmas is here and I am so very happy and hope a smile can make an
unhappy child laugh
It is a wonderful day and the entire world has time to celebrate and forget the
past year.

Monica M Engeler

The Littlest Christmas Tree

As a child I had a tree standing by my window.
I decorated it with lights, garland and ornaments.
The stand was wrapped with a cloth of imaginary snow.

For many years I had my little tree.
It marked the beginning of the Holiday Season.
The tree stood gracefully for all to see.

Later on I designed a stable to the Christmas ring.
I made a stable out of wood.
And the nativity scene stood within.

As I grew older this tradition came to an end.
The tree was stored in the attic for safe keeping.
Over twenty years went by till I would see my tree again.

The Holidays always remained the same at home.
Christmas was a time to gather and feast at dinner.
And yes presents were plentiful on the whole.

Many years have passed by at home now.
My father had passed away in the mean time.
I lived with my mother without a frown.

A chill marked the beginning of another long cold winter.
I needed to find some covers for my bed.
So I went to the attic to find blankets for this weather.

I looked around and saw what I needed right away.
I started to choose the right size blankets.
Then I saw something in another way.

A dirty box lay hidden.
The box had a drawing of a Christmas tree on it.
Could it be something that was long forgotten?

I pushed the blankets and sheets to the left.
Such disbelief was I.
It was something I thought wasn't kept.

My little tree was in the box.
I took it out and placed it on my shelf
Then I looked for Christmas ornament boxes.

I found everything from long ago.
The garland and the ornaments were just where I left them.
I really made my tree look like a Christmas show.

Through the year, I collected many Christmas pieces
I placed my Clauses, and snowmen around the tree
Then I turned the candle lights on and it looked real.

Monica M Engeler

Welcome Christmas

It is getting colder and colder outside
Winter is coming around the corner
and so is Christmas with all its pride
I promise it won't be getting warmer.

The nights are long and silent nowadays
Could Claus be riding his sleigh this night,
Or is there a snow storm coming this way,
Maybe Santa is checking his list to be right?

I looked above in the evening light for the thrill
of Christmas to begin and ring in happy melodies.
Once again, and for a moment I felt the cold chill
Warming me as I heard the beautiful chimes harmony.

Peace enfolded the world with glowing stars above
Christmas has come again with all its amazement
And the magic that brings the hope of course is love.
Welcome Christmas as the world awaits in enjoyment.

One more time, the Christmas tree lights shine bright
Gifts are passed around with words of great esteem
Father Christmas was here once again over night
Merry Christmas one and all and a joyous eve.

Monica M Engeler

Alaskan Dreams

I have seen the mountains in so many ways,
And have traveled to lands looking majestic.
I've been searching for places to pass the days
To live wild and free is the ultimate aim.

My spirit calls for the wilderness to challenge me
In a way no one else can in any city life.
I see myself guided somewhere to the sea
To dream of a place that will be my home.

I guess I am looking for something that is new,
Where tomorrow's ideas are open and call for me.
Sadly there is nothing left here that remains true.
I pray, my strength of mind will guide me somewhere.

The morning sun shone westward to a land far away.
It beckoned me to go to a new place of my own.
Traveling and lost on an unknown roadway,
A force showed me a light that directed me onward.

Alaska wild and free, speaks to me in silent fantasy.
The evening sun glowed along the mountains
Lighting a path of splendor and ecstasy
I tasted the warmth of a fire burning in winter snows.

You see endless rivers run wild in Alaskan country,
With salmon sprouting for bears to catch,
The days are darkened by a time's duty,
I followed my vision to this land wild and free.

I see new sunlight now shining through the trees.
My Alaskan dreams are now awakening,
With great adventures and stories waiting for me
You see, I have found my place to pass the time.

Tomorrow I will be reborn, and forget the past.
I will see the land's beauty for miles and rejoice,
You see my life is full of new wonders growing fast,
And my Alaskan stories wait to be written down.

Cheers To A Good Evening

Tonight I plan to go out and enjoy my time
With some folks of mine that love red wine
There is no reason to say where we go
It could be a bar, or maybe my own home.

I just want to steal away somewhere no one cares
And enjoy a glass of wine that all wish to share
I need a small vacation that lets me relax my mind
Just being alone doesn't let me unwind.

I beg all of you to come and convey this with me
Hello my associates, why are you strangers to be
Come over there is so much to pass around
I want to take your time that was not found.

Maybe a Merlot, a Cabernet, or Burgundy for you
You see I have them all, and they are all very true.
If my home is not good enough, we could go to the bar,
And order a beer or a glass of champagne which lasts far.

Anyway the night is young and my pallet is still dry
I would walk far to have a group of my kin nearby
No, loneliness is not good enough, today and evermore
My wine awaits me this moment more and more.

At last I heard a drum beating far away
A beautiful melody played a song this way
My friends heard my cry and were marching forth
How I smiled with joy and sang along of course.

The song continued to chant well into the night
With many toasts of happiness crossing the sight
My kin called me a lover of red wine filled with desire
It was a heavenly group that I shared with and admired.

When the moment came to an end
We parted giggling loudly around the bend
My wishes of a night with red wine came true
And all who came and left were not just a few.

Good night I will remember my companions well
You gave me a holiday that I can awake and retell
Farewell and goodbye until we toast another time
My lips are wet now and experienced great wine.

Monica M Engeler

Sounds Of Tomorrow

I stand before the deep-sea
And hear the sounds of voices.
Far away guardians cry sad noises.
Where are my angel to see?

High above, they watch over me
Making sure I go the right way
In life and look over what I say
You see, I am all I have to be.

Those calls of weep ride on
While visionary eyes see you go
No matter how I wish to undergo,
The sea continues to move on.

Waves are breaking the show now
Caring me back to another case
Some try to give me replies in place
Maybe love may lift an eyebrow.

Yesterdays echoes are ever rolling by
And those voices are washing away
I also see my angels floating another way
My best years are coming with no reply.

The roll of drums beat and guide forward
Hear the wind blowing yes to tomorrow?
It says thank you and forgets your knows
Fly away and live your dreams onward.

Monica M Engeler

Ride On And Show Me The Way

I stood in front of the finest white horse
It looked at me all energetic to carry forth
Suddenly a new spark of life took its course
As one we rode to a place that is lovingly worth.

Your eyes are so open and ready to go onward
See on and ride with me, you know where to go
The wind is blowing your mane forward
Everything is alright now and in the right row.

As the horse road on I sang a song of joy and desire
I will go with pride and never have evil prevail
I want to know where the answers of love will fire
Show me the road and where replies won't fail.

The horse carried me back in time that was only free
Life was filled with happy smiles and no sorrow
One looked in time and saw only moments at ease
Like a bird that wanted to be solemn and had no woe.

I see loving visions in my eyes as I ride on in time
My wishes are focused open now for only you
I would be so lost and alone if I had no pure sign
And I know my heart can show me the right view.

Now that I have found my way I will stay in this zone
I can never go alone no matter how much I wish to
When I move forward I will no longer be on my own
See me I travel on and I am no longer without you.

Monica M Engeler

Day Dreamer

As I turn around a blue bird hums a song
Of beauty for all to hear and enjoy
It cheers the dreamer that sings along
Oh what can it mean to be so full of joy?

There is no darkness around to cry over
And the shadows of life have gone a dew
Only a world of happiness lives forever
And tears are ever counted as a few.

What can it mean to day dream and be free
Just to hear those melodies of happy cheer
I kept on thinking what am I doing that I can't see
Then I said "goodbye to all that I know and fear."

Hey! Then mercy to the band that plays
Listen to the gang and understand the sound
It is too easy to hear the bird that prays
We were born to search for replies unfound.

Someway somehow time goes on without fate
It was only yesterday that life was new
How I remember when answers were first rate
Maybe it is just another pleasant view.

I looked back to see if the blue bird still sang
And saw that he had flown away
His beautiful song left a mark that ever rang
It was six o'clock and time ended for the day.

Monica M Engeler

The Flute

Faraway I heard the whistle of a flute
Playing a beautiful symphony
It echoed along with the flow of air
I closed my eyes without any care
And enjoyed all the harmony
I studied the songs roots
Then I realized it was from another place
Celtic visions floated dreamy tunes
That I could just sway and dance along
Now I had to just find the words to the song.
Can you tell me and I will share them soon
Only lovely melodies flowed without a words trace.

Hand in hand waltzed the black notes insight
My heart entwined the rhythm of yesteryear
Which was just longing for the togetherness of reality?
So gracefully played the flute that there was no uncertainty
Come friend and together we will cry a joyful cheer
Will you promise me that I will hear things right?
One can only assure that there will be nothing wrong
A long the way and far off the creation grew
The flute whistled endless notes of tranquility
And the blowing wind just purified the tendency
It was almost magic caring a tune that was new
Which just leaves you in an endless dream of song?

Please don't ever stop playing those wonderful refrains
You call music and the world will always listen
The wind will carry the call over and over for you
Dance around a bit and all about will be true
I tell you personally no one will even have to beckon
Your talents for any moment even for an abstains.
A road journeys long adventures waiting for a reply
But a musician listens for the melody to play
In a band or for a solo viewer that will hear him to the end
I wish upon a star for tomorrows to come around the bend
The wind has finally calmed down for a day
And the flute was placed away for another time.

The Secret Of The Rivers Tale

A starlit sky brightened the night
With a northern wind blowing
Hear the rushing ripples flowing?
It awakened the glowing eve light.

At last the river tale unfolds its secrecy
Why do the waters thrill the seeker?
Risking whatever might seem bleaker.
You see a quest is the greatest mystery.

All ventures who dare the waterway
Travel only by moonlight skies
Those sailors are known to be high
So set forth all mighty and don't delay.

Two vessels took about with ease
Only the sailor's cries were saluted
Everything else sounded muted
Just two ships sailing in the breeze.

Ever faster churned the water waves
And those swells seemed to get crude
Alas the sailboats lost the rivers feud
Sadly there was nothing left to save.

Far off the sailor's grieved there way
Both boats were lost by the brooks squall
The rivers tale cried a song to all
And dark shades covered the pathway.

Remember those who cross by night
Only the dark skies light the means
Whatever else can barely be seen?
Onward is all that appears to be right.

Monica M Engeler

Dream Free

I wish to be free like the birds at sea
and see the waves as far as I can see
how I want to fly high and ever long
and hear the winds endless song.

The air whistles the cry of means
Do you hear it? It howls a screech
my dream has no time to anew
I pray to be free even for a few.

Come and see me draw a new line
It is the beginning of a hopeful vine
sadly I weep life's changing story
Tomorrows title will not be in glory.

Hold my hand and never let go
It is true life is spoken to.
I want to be without any charge
No show off crying at large.

The sun rises for another daytime
don't let the tale end in erotic rhyme
Mother's forces beckon real power
My fate will not travel long hours.

One was born to live your legend
Why defy existence for a second
Freedom hopes failure is lost a float
the secured one never miss a note.

Now my vision has come true
I spread my wings that never flew
Free at last like the gulls that fly
the wind blows me onward and high.

□

Songs Of A Winter's Night

Outside the wind is howling ever cold air
No stars can be seen in the heavenly skies
It is just a heartless night without any care
I look below and dream with closed eyes.

So bitter, one wonders for warmth again
My hands shake and shiver for warmth
No gloves to give them sincerity to gain
Only the winter's song cries in seriousness.

A life of white shadows the ground below
It grows by inches as I count the falling flakes
My trances are ever lower and more of snow
The coldness trembles no more chilling aches.

Only the wind cries an echo wishing to be free
There shall be no cost for hope of tomorrow
It sings, it prays, it whistles ever not to see
When will this end, wishfully not in sorrow?

I raise my eyes again and see a fair instance
Nothing has really changed other than time
My life continues all the same with no prance
Winter cries on its song of its bitter nighttime.

Monica M Engeler

Almost Christmas

It is the happiest time of the year once more
Christmas is almost here with all its cheer
Everyone is in good spirits and singing so dear
Hearts are open and sharing love to all of yore.

Bells are ringing in the Holiday season,
Santa's are sitting on every street corner,
Toy stores are ready for many orders,
It is a wonderful time with lots of reasons.

It is a happy time with goodness to all here,
Taking that moment and saying a thank you,
And of course thinking of wishing for a few,
Or giving a special gift of life to someone dear.

It is a time of unique occasions for all to enjoy
Christmas opens stories of an olden time
Turning the page of a book crosses a new rhyme
Smiles shine at the end of the chapter with joy.

It is a time for Christmas trees and decoration
The scent of pine brought in the spice of the year
Mom's cookies aroma traveled far and ever near,
Hungry customers savored the sweet suggestion.

Christmas came with all the trimmings and delight
All gathered around the beautiful Christmas tree
Everyone sang wishes of Merry Christmas to thee
It is the most joyous day of the year this night.

Monica M Engeler

Christmas Wonderers

One starry night lit up the skies
lighting the way for three wonderers
traveling where the snowy path lies.

Whistling winds howled fear to all.
Proudly a deer stood watching about
studying the travelers crying call.

Nowhere to go but forward
was the only answer for the trio.
Home appealed like a reward.

Far off one saw flashing rays
flickering in the night heavens
something not seen by day.

Oh holy night was calling a song
of peace on earth to all about
the wonderers gazed far and long.

A church stood in the faraway
with skylights shining ever bright
Carolers chanted in words of pray.

The echo of the music traveled away
one by one the trio joined the carol
singing Silent Night in a calm way.

When the hymn came to a pause,
all stood still in warmth of ecstasy
It is time for Christmas and Clause.

May the joy of the holiday night
bring happiness to all this season
and let all your wishes be right?

Monica M Engeler

Music, It's Everywhere

Listen do you hear the music in the air?
It is everywhere
you can hear it in the birds, the wind, and the sea
Can you feel the rap it is all so free.

Listen do you hear the cry of a new born?
It gives life to the early morn
one hopes that growing older will be still
Reaching 21 then will be a thrill.

There is nothing to see without seeing
existing is an amazing being
No point to be with years of pain
Tears are just all in vain.

Play the right tone and sing the tune
Music has a spirit that is immune
I will show you how to listen to the drum
Just hold on and don't feel numb.

I am surrounded by friends taking note
See me how I wrote
Imaging me perform solo rips me apart
although I played the right part.

I can see for miles and miles in the sky
my song has travelled high
Listen my melodies are fading away
you learned the music's way.

Monica M Engeler

Yesterdays Travel

I would like yesterday behind me,
and travel far away from here.
Somewhere there is nobody dear.

I want to see the mountains splendor,
and never ever rush away.
It would be the greatest wonder.

Show me a world that is not alone,
or a home without a lock.
I dream of a time to be on my own.

Now I pretend to be on a journey
without any boundaries.
If somebody calls, I am in harmony.

Tomorrow welcomes another day,
and I thank you for the moment.
I think I found answers on the way.

Yesterdays dreams are now old
it is the little ideas that are good
when life walks by, it will be bold.

Monica M Engeler

Lost Shadows

They say when I was a child,
I was crazy and wild.
Playing baseball and basketball
was nothing at all.

They say I loved to run ever free
like the wind and the sea.
Seeing lions and a tiger was nil,
but a baby crying made me ill.

I don't remember being content
Life was just too dominant
Parents controlled life and order
there was never any disorder.

My pride appeared only downward
there was no freedom going forward.
Dark days rolled only in the moment
to meet destiny was not meant.

I want to live fierce and sizable
my litter years erased from credible
No tears for any painful fears
Shadows lost forever with cheers.

A call echoes the future to paradise
I pray the time will be wise
Remember the past as a passage
with words of a strong message.

They say I have learned many things
those lessons will ever sing
I am no longer a stranger alone
Life and I travel on my own.

Monica M Engeler

Dreams Of Better Days

Day by day I dream of other ways
I wish for the world to smile in peace
and solve the answers of world hunger
how I vision for a bigger and a brighter day?

Oh happy days are not far from here
I dare and challenge the public to be one
No more unhappy thoughts to travel far
Come shake my hand without any fear.

One by one the war makers removed their guns
the good boys all came home from the barracks
Left over debris was cleaned from harm's way
And saddened teardrops are now almost none.

Oh happy day when there are no lost shadows
The heavenly skies have returned to a brilliant blue
Yes there are people in the land who help the hungry
No one needs to remain abandoned and left shallow.

How I dream that these thoughts come true one day
Time remains on your side and it never stops ticking
maybe I will awake from my dreams to a better life
now I dream for tomorrow and another happy say.

Monica M Engeler

Oh My Mother

I wish you would live forever?
No one in this world can ever
replace your kindness you give me.
Your smile makes me laugh so free.

Tomorrow if I cry, you would hold me tight
If I were ill, you would care for me till I was right
Oh my dear mother how I love your gentleness
You give such a joy of strength and tenderness.

I dream you could stay with me for infinity
my words can never express my sincerity
you are my best friend forever this night
the heavenly stars will shine ever bright.

Oh my mother ever so remarkable
that is why my world remains durable
the angels can never take you away
I pray that you will live long ever days.

Monica M Engeler

Sing For Me

Will you sing for me?
I want to hear your voice
People say it is very free
No, I give you no choice.

Do you remember me at all?
Your words recall days gone by
Well, you don't know my call
Can you hum my name, oh try?

I hold my head high waiting
You go back home misgiving
Crying, not singing, but praying
How I want to reach out and give.

You return to barren streets
I wish to go there with you
The music plays with no weep
My love for you is very true.

Why can you not understand?
Time doesn't stand still today
Will you play freely in band?
The keys flow right this way.

Goodbye my friend evermore
I will no longer utter for you
The words are no longer more
Live long and be with the few.

Monica M Engeler

Listen, Hear The Music

Listen, hear that great sound
It is playing freely all around
Rich notes create lots of tones
Together the music is its own.

Oh! how the beat keeps coming,
And the words are just flowing
All about the world plays songs
Schools of joy praise ever long.

My heart sees the joyous harmony,
But never forming with given money.
Hear the robin sing or the winds shrill?
It's in the air, that one tune to thrill.

Focus very hard and rejoice to song
It stages for you and all to sing along
It is beautiful and the lyrics are one
Present for me, and your spirit is won.

Sing high of honor for the airs eternity
The music is here for life's longevity.
One note with many is a gift from birth,
And it grows in value that is self worth.

Monica M Engeler

Oh Happy Birthday, Happy Birthday

I want to wish you a Happy Birthday
It was the day that you were born
Birthday oh Happy Birthday is the day.

Come see all the presents on the table
There is also a cake with many candles
It is a lucky day for all that are able.

Happy, Happy Birthday my good friend
It is a span that comes only once a year
Enjoy the moment till it comes to an end.

You see the lights are still fiery on the cake
There waiting for you to blow them out
Please will you do your part and stay awake

No tears please not allowed on this occasion
I know age grows older on this event
Why I don't know, time doesn't go on vacation

So happy salutes to you on your moment
Cherish the time it will never return
Celebrate, give, smile and try to be consent.

The lights are finally out on your cake,
And all the gifts were ripped open
All seemed to end in a sudden break.

Happy Birthday and hope you enjoyed the day
No more presents and no more wishes
Now one has to grow and see what comes this way.

Monica M Engeler

The Fiddler

I offer my fiddle for your pleasures
My music will certainly be a treasure
Come and dance to the lands folk lore
The beat locks a partner you will adore.

One two three, one two three tap, tap, tap
A step here and a step there is a real rap
The country fiddler's bow plays forever joy
A unique sound concerts the floor like a toy.

One by one the stage filled with artists dancing
My fiddle is a smashing hit for this one evening
When the song and prance at last came to an end,
The listeners asked for an encore of the jazzy trend.

Around the twelfth hour, I played the final tone
A young man bowed adieu and left me all alone
How sad to see such a superb evening exist in
I lay my instrument down and into a secure bin.

When I settled to go, an admirer smiled at me.
He passed me a rose and a kiss for all to see
Thank you for the beautiful melodies tonight
The crowd and I will leave feeling all right.

Your welcome, I promise to come before long.
When I see the floor full of dancers akin to song,
My heart cries to play more tunes for all to hear.
Now I say goodbye and leave seeing no tears.

Monica M Engeler

The Lonely Glass

There are two glasses of wine on the stand
One for me and the other for somebody dear
Time ticks ever slow waiting for him to be near
Sadly nobody seems to be coming at hand.

Outside the sun fades away for the day
Night awakens with the moon and stars
My heart cries unaided for you to be afar
No calls or quests were left from you today.

I empty one glass of red wine for comfort
The solitary cup remains for his return home
One can only wonder weather he is alone
Maybe these thoughts will only be an effort.

Desolately I dimmed the lights in the room
Why can't you come home and be with me
I have been waiting for a long time you see
You left me once, twice would be too soon.

I closed my eyes only to dream of yesterday
You cradled me gently in your arms all night
A whisper of kindness assured me all is alright
When I would wake, your smile came my way.

Gently a soft voice upset my restless sleep
I shrugged it off and kept sleeping sound
Then a kiss forced me to turn around
A man stood before and I could only weep.

The lonely wineglass was now no longer full
Two unfilled glasses stood facing each other
And a couple walked off with one another
Sorry the story has to end, life is no longer dull.

Monica M Engeler

Halli, Hallo Means How Are You

Halli hallo means how are you
Halli hallo to you too
It's always great to give salutations
You never know those expectations.

Hallo! yes come on over all is fine
There are no problems that are mine
Just want to go on and keep cheery
Come on, there is no reason to be teary.

Halli hallo lets go walking and be jolly
Put your arms around me and be dolly
Tonight and today are meant for fun
Won't you steal a moment from this pun?

Now lets start to yodel a carol of halli hallo
We can sing it to all that just feel shallow
Yodel le he ho, and yes we are just joyful
All of you are daring and willing to be playful.

A thousand times of happy thoughts call
Those hallies and yodels are songs for all
Forever we go together singing gestures
Why shouldn't life be full of pleasures?

No more hallos today the day is gone
It is time to say goodbye and move on
Halli and so long is all that is left to say
Tomorrow we can say hallo for another day.

Monica M Engeler

Whenever You Laugh

Whenever you fall about,
You make me smile.
Please giggle more for awhile
Laughter cures my pain no doubt.

When you hoot, the world shines.
Music plays freely with no frown.
It makes me dance like a clown
Singing gaily are your fine lines.

Come with me and make me beam
I want to be content year round.
When you tap and play all around,
You are my joy, and my face gleams.

I am the one who is swinging away
Come and join the bop and double up.
Please don't break the chain and curl up
When you go, let it be only for a day.

Whenever you grin the stars glow
The moon will rise just for you
Your ecstasy will be forever true.
Remember the tunes will always flow.

Monica M Engeler

Return

I sit here looking so sad
No I don't wonder why
My best friend said goodbye
Life is not really all that bad.

My eyes closed into a dream
Memories of old come back
His smile flickered red to black
Tears rolled down in streams.

How I wish time could return
To a better moment in years
The future seems full of fear
I am alone asking for no discern.

So many matters were left ajar
A child was born and left alone
Money is scarce on my own
I ask you to reunite from afar.

My eyes slowly opened wide
A big grin shined into view
My man returned to me anew
I beamed in the most pride.

Here is your new born son
Life is good again for us two
This child of hope was true
Hold him and you have won.

This is fiction only.

Monica M Engeler

A Blank Page

When I look down at a blank page,
I see only white paper and no marks
It waits for my pen to create something
Like a poem or drawing in its final stage.

It's an adventure waiting to be born.
There are so many ideas to design,
But how to start is always the hard part.
Slowly my pencil scribbles some forms.

Those lines just danced round and round.
This time my views weren't made of words
But of a sketch of beautiful snow mountains,
With cows and goats marching the grounds.

When I finally finished my illustration,
I framed it, and hung it in my hallway
For all eyes who wished to see my work?
Praise always waits for the artist's creation.

An artist must present itself for all to see
Not left closed in a portfolio for single eyes
It is a long quest that starts from ones heart
And a clear sheet raises the curtain of dreams.

Monica M Engeler

Believe In Santa Claus

Do you believe in Claus?
Or have you grown too old
Recollect his love and applause
His wisdom will be ever told.

Do you believe in his kindness?
And his giving to one another
Forever recall Santa's gentleness
He has a heart larger than all others.

Where has time gone in these ways?
Have we lost the child in our hearts?
Sometimes the spirit just fades away
A teardrop falls and breaks life apart.

I return to the time when I believe
Fantasies wait around the corner for all
There is forever a place for Santa to be
Thinking about Claus makes me tall.

For eternity remember Santa Claus
He lives within you for all the days
Loving and giving are his cause
He adores the believers in every way.

Monica M Engeler

Christmas Year Round

Green needles decorate kindling
A spicy pine odor fills the room
It is Christmas time very soon
Let's give honor to the holy kings.

Sing Noel to the givers of givers
Thank you for this day of grace
Ding dong merrily with praise
I wish happiness to all lovers.

Let Christmas shine year round
Forests trim the season eternally
The mighty pines stand ever kindly
Only nature's voices create sound.

Nature reminds us of the splendor
It prepares for us the next time about
Those trees await the season no doubt
And each year they are even grandeur.

Life is filled with joy for all to share
Now we can ring in peace evermore
It is Christmas on all sides of yore
A candle remains lit with great flare.

It is time to trim the Christmas tree
Gifts are positioned in holiday lace
We sing the proper words in place
Such a day should last all year.

Monica M Engeler

The Christmas Toy

Oh I just can't wait for Christmas Morn
To see those gifts wrapped under the tree
I know that toy car will be waiting for me
And that if I don't get it, I won't cry or scorn.

Every day I walk to the nearest toy store,
And just look real hard at the red car I crave.
I try to understand that I need to be very brave
Until Clause delivers that one gift I wish for.

At dinner, Mom asked me the same question
"What do you want this year for the holidays? "
And every time she heard the same desire I pray
"It is a red remote auto which is my anticipations."

It was finally the night before Christmas day
And all through the house the thrill grew and grew
The Christmas tree was brought in by a family crew
All the decorations were hung in every possible way.

One heard carolers singing on every doorway
Silent Night and Jingle Bells were the best lyrics
Apple pie and pudding were eaten with no relics
Christmas came and no one could stop the gateway

High in the sky one special star shown ever bright
It was the North Star sending a message for all
May all man kind stand forever bold and tall?
Let one share all the good things there are tonight.

When morn finally came, a package lay under the tree
Santa remembered my one desire I wished so hard for
I took to the box and ripped it open like never before
There it was that red shiny car I so badly hoped to see.

Wishes can come true for whatever it is you yearn
Remember to give thanks to the giver that night
They will recollect the praise in the next light
Let the festivities continue all through the year.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

Monica M Engeler

The Witches Hour (A Halloween Poem)

As a mysterious colored moon glowed above,
Fog blanketed the damp marsh ground below.
Thick white images swirled about the cove,
And haunting sounds echoed frightful woes.

Swish, a group of bats flew over the meadow.
That creepy, batty noise pierced a pain of fear.
For, it was the night of the witch's marrow.
No one dared to venture without someone dear.

Pumpkins and goblins decorated every lawn.
The tales of Jockey horror tapped on each door
Children cried trick or treat until early dawn
Candy filled their sacks quickly and more.

The darkness remained ever young to all.
Will Linuses great pumpkin rise tonight?
Then one wonders, how evil demons call?
Only on Halloween is there such a fright.

Once it is past the ghoul's hour of midnight,
All mortals of foul revert to there place,
The moon above returned a normal sight,
And the smog lifted from any kind of trace.

Monica M Engeler

Tomorrows Dreams

A white peak of snow,
Green grass below,
Trails waiting to wonder,
Shall I climb yonder?

Blue skies blanket the heavens,
Flowers garden the seasons,
There is a fragrance in the air,
Nature glows with grace and flair.

I wish to challenge every hill top,
Run in the grass with no flip flops,
Sing songs that make me feel free,
Oh what a wonderful place to see.

Far off bells ring for all to hear,
Happy travelers express no fear,
Birds sing joyfully all about,
There is no misery know doubt.

Here one can find every vision,
And find answers for future decisions.
Venture where there is no shame,
Or a boss who cries stiffly your name.

Peace, tranquility, freedom is all here,
Where is this place of great cheer?
It is an empire that is not hard to find,
Life will always be rewarded and kind.

I hike mountains to find this space,
It is my life's quest to seek this place,
The realm around shines a rainbow,
For I attained my instructive shadows.

Monica M Engeler

A Rings Quest

A square shaped entity lay on the table
It had a lid that appeared to remain hard
The texture of the box was old but able
Maplewood held the framework as one.

One wondered what was inside this object
Maybe something from another time in life,
Or an old forgotten relic one wants to reject
I know how to find the answers to this quest.

Nothing can stop me from fixing my hunt
This pack lay oddly on my counter alone
There may be a secret that lies in a blunt
Life has too many unsolved obscurities.

The bit just waits for me to undo the face
Slowly I opened the top with deep curiosity
A radiant white light sparkled a rigid trace.
Oh great thing had to be inside my wrap up.

Inside the glowing box was a golden loop
The flickering shine vibrated a single power
Rounded and individual for one fingers hoop
Someone left this gift for an idea of kindness.

I picture why this was left standing unfound
The wrong owner was parted some time ago
That had to be the answer to this lost sound
Then one has to think who it will go to next?

A ring implies love, loyalty, and togetherness
How I wish that this devotion comes to me soon
This cunning band has to be given forever ness.
Are you the one for me that will harness my life?

My eyes open wide seeing brighter tomorrows
There is a life of clear happiness waiting nearby
This sphere has unfastened my future morrows
I wish it to me my very own and share it forever.

Return To Me

Where have you gone these days?
I miss your smile every first light.
You need to show me your ways.
No one else matters or is ever right.

Where do we go at the moment?
There is nobody left to share awhile.
I think I will lose all my judgment.
My feelings are going numb, no lie.

The magic that was all is gone.
Crying voices beckon your heart.
Talking to others is not all on.
It seems like we are forever apart.

Come on it is time to return home.
The calling in your eyes is waiting.
Minutes tick away when both alone.
There is no more wasting or belating.

It is Saturday and romance calls us both.
The night is young and ready for fighting.
Return to me, and we will unite the oath.
What ever there was is now alright?

Hold me close anew and say your mine.
Never leave me for someone any more.
The morning has ended for all is fine.
Together we go with an ember of amore.

Monica M Engeler

Life's Travel

My eyes see clouds drifting by,
And an ocean swelling alongside
Life travels endlessly with no lie
Only time expresses the high tide.

Let new paths show their ways
With new hope for the morrows.
Will I see future desires today?
Or perhaps seek free tomorrows?

Come guide me to what will be
Time is of an essence so dear
I pray for greater things to see
Life, love, happiness is mere.

The moments are now okay,
And my risks peered aground.
A bright day floats away.
There is no site left unfound.

I recognize all life's riches
By cherishing each instant
Only fools depart wishes
Which might last a moment?

One dreams a lot of visions
But to venture them is gold
Grins dissolve hard decisions
That appeared sad and old.

Now I end this quest for travel
Because it is time for reality
I stand proud at the first level
For now I have found loyalty.

Monica M Engeler

Forever One

I wish my heart to you
Do you really love me?
Are your tears ever true?
I lurk replies from you.

Tell me you're mine
I wait till you show me
that you're alter is fine
my care is forever free.

No cries of lost love
the hunt will end now
you are the one above
I no longer lift a brow.

My thoughts are real
Ideas are sadly gone
Come knot the seal
Time is floating on.

I care for you always
why can't you see?
Feelings flow this way
Anger glides to the sea.

Relax; tell me yes
Will you marry me?
And you will confess
Together we will be.

A stain runs down
Flushed rosy cheeks
then a happy frown.
Will it be weeks?

Today I will bow
Forever we will be
come let's go now
the bells ring free.

Joy, happy, love
No longer alone
One and one above
Together we own.

Monica M Engeler

The Dark Forest

The light around disappeared before my eyes.
A dark forest awaited the path I wondered forth.
Early sounds whistled the entrance shadows.
Does the road have any other mysterious ties?

Forward was the only answer I think, should I?
I see the pathway with many dangerous creatures.
Foxes, bears, lions, and maybe tigers entrap me.
The adventure tells a story, I will not let it go by.

Like magic, I hear a song calling the kindling track.
It is raining, It is pouring onward I am going.
No end to go, but ahead and all what is unknown.
The further I go into the woods all I see is black.

Imagine me lost in this desolate site I travel.
The wind may change, but it will not take me away.
Then a shine in the distance showed me the way to go.
It was like a firefly flickering intensely along the gravel.

Hence a people hidden from the life I knew entered about.
Magical fairy like to the believer who wants to understand
A rainbow sparkled a means of riches unknown to you.
I don't value why these beings are soaring here and out.

It is too late, they have taken over the land I journey.
Let me see what happens when one wakes in a fantasy,
The balance of nature changes the course of existence.
A web trapped outsiders from ever leaving the valley.

This gate was like a powerful force scheming pain.
Those glittering lights tainted into angry beasts.
The fairy like ventured leaving hatred all around.
Please leave this place and make it once more sain.

The dark wood I entered has altered into a fright.
I leaving the surroundings was the only answer.
A sign pointing south lead me back to sunshine.
Behind me the lightening flies vanished from sight.

Purity returned to woodlands, plagued by mystery.
Spirits no longer howled and merry shines all over.
The drifter has left the terra leaving everything alone.
For I was the one who deserted the great land in a hurry.

Monica M Engeler

A Journeys Passage

My plane soars higher and higher in tune.
I travel north somewhere overseas soon.
To a place I love and can forget my trouble
This is a land where I will not struggle.

I am flying about inspecting the view.
My journey lets me feel free for a few.
Here I search for the answers to life.
This path continues to grow wide.

My eyes see blue skies far and away.
Majestic waterscapes pass below this way.
I cry for the scene, don't let it terminate.
It is the key to my future and my fate.

The venture has come to a conclusion.
You see, I have reached my destination.
It isn't really that long, as it seemed to be.
Here I will make keepsakes to last for me.

I am alone and wondering along the road.
What will I take home that isn't a load?
Maybe a response to many of my queries,
Then I will finish another long series.

If I can, I will go wherever the wind blows.
A journal will be my picture that flows.
When the book ends, I will be back stateside.
I plan to keep my diary busy for many sides.

I am not ready to return to my country.
The world around questions my entries.
Let the sun continue to shine down.
When it sets, I will no longer frown.

I am home again with many memories,
And free from life's difficult inquiries.
No longer alone from empty voyages
The why of things are no longer of age.

What Is The Name Of The Game?

I never watch much TV at night
My thoughts are on other things
TV is a waste of time each evening
Playing videos just seems right.

When I control the games
I feel nothing is going wrong
My mind is blank and free
There is no one and no shame.

So what game do you command?
I don't know, maybe the name is chess
If I lie around I would forget all
Continue the moves and don't demand.

Checkmate the PC won the match
Maybe tomorrow I will win
How come the PC never loses?
Who knows that might be the catch.

I need somebody to defy today
Maybe someone who doesn't like PC's
Celebrate a good time tonight with me
If you care, then come my way.

I am going down and I am not returning
You won't catch me, no you won't
The chances are over and still don't understand
I turned the video off, and I am not crying.

Monica M Engeler

Courage

I look faults face to face with no fear
My soul never runs away from failure
There are always obstacles to encounter
Then promise to send me some cheer.

I will show you that there are tomorrows
Your heart will be open to dark shadows
Let it be your journey to discover your way
It is with in you that there will be no sorrows.

I wonder what we dream of when things don't follow
Visions disappear before one awakes from darkness
Yearning foreshadows beckon those lost foreigners
It is time to wash away those ghostly shadows.

Tell your friends that you're strong and free
Please don't look back to what you left behind
Sail away to a life that is powerful and open
I pray for that one day you and I will both see.

The evening star shines brightly guiding outsiders
Time drifts away endlessly with fantasies fading
Remembrance will not close the doors for others
I was raised to stand tall against all strangers.

High spirits float in the air erasing the ever blues
May this be the vow spoken to fortunate encounters?
Morning raises promises that are with in you
I am the dreamer of hopes that one-day may be true.

Monica M Engeler

Hard Ache

So many times I have waited your way.
I recall the good and the bad times.
Now all I see is so long and farewell.
How could I have seen life this day?

No more tomorrows to face hard aches.
The answers are now final I no the future.
Everybody sees the consequences to come.
I have to let you all know that there is no pain.

The sweat runs down my face profusely.
Society needs to face me back into reality.
One eve in the wild city nights might help.
Moments fly when walking ever uselessly.

I am no longer waiting for you to come.
The key was taken away for the next face.
I don't regret what has happened in this life.
There are always changes occurring for some.

Maybe I am not the best at what I do.
You see I never run away from my fears.
Always be careful for what you wish.
It might come true very, very soon.

My life has been chosen though not with you,
But I wait for the next person standing in line.
Always travel the right direction to succeed.
And don't leave it in a memory that isn't true.

Monica M Engeler

Scrambled

I have been away for a time
Trying to discover other ways
But I am not having any fun
Because of you I'm in rhyme

Words are scrambled up inside
I crave to unlock my mind
And find the right beat again
I cry to find eyes on my side

Help me get out of this tunnel
That has kept me lazy up to today
I would like to be a favorite gal
Maybe you will turn the channel

The clock is ticking away you see
People want to know where I am
I don't know why I went elsewhere
Yes I am here for you and I am free

I will give my heart to return for all
Give me a period to find my soul
I think I can do better in the future
Believe that the worst stage will fall.

I didn't shed one tear when I was gone
A smile enforces that life is now okay
There is more coming soon I promise
The fire is burning and life just goes on.

Monica M Engeler

Miracle Workers

There once were four young hounds
All were caught by a canine catcher
Cages locked them for future termination
Only a youth saved all from the pound.

This lad saw the pet's needs and abilities
He wished to find them special homes
But the boy had to do his plans secretly,
Adults would return them to pet facilities.

These canines shared unique trends
Partaking a snuggle shaped miracles
But there talents weren't tested yet,
There mysterious gifts remained silent.

This young boy took all pups to a clinic
And concealed them in the basement
The tenant offered to care for them,
Those tykes wiggled free with no mimics.

All four trampled down the hospital halls
Every open portal invited a canine visit
Terminal patients lay helplessly before
A gesture from the pups brought on awe.

Night after night these events took place
Who were these mysterious guests?
Doctors and nurses looked and guessed
Such wonders continued with no trace.

Then one eve, the cellar door flung wide
It was too luring for the pooches
All four ran swiftly through the passage
Oh where to go, and what floor to hide.

Those Devine dogs just took to any door
Leaped on the bed and fondled happily
Just too many pets ran wild in the hallway
One two three four removed from the floor.

Sadly they were returned to iron bars
Fortunately not for a long time
A good Doctor rescued the canines
And he brought them home from harm.

Patients smiled and wanted more cuddles
Whining pups embraced in there arms
Pulses returned to normal with each hug
Miracles happened all in one big huddle.

I based my idea on the movie Miracle Dogs.

Monica M Engeler

Good Morning Christmas Day

Good morning it's Christmas Day
All about the world celebrates
As one kindly passes gifts around,
It seems time stands still for today.

Yes families rejoice with great joy
When that first package is open,
One gives thanks to the provider
For that one gadget or toy.

On all sides carolers sing grace
Our anger is put aside for now
As we unlock our hearts in praise,
Beliefs of care are sent in place.

A spirit floats around in hand
Christmas is like a constant calling
The melodic melodies never end
Ever smiles grow like a band.

When the sun goes down,
The music still plays on
Colorful lights shine bright
There are no unhappy frowns.

Well, Christmas is barely more
All the boxed gifts were untied
Grateful regards of joy set about
May it be Christmas forever yore?

Monica M Engeler

The Ring (A Christmas Story)

It was the night before Christmas Eve,
And time to put the pine up in the living room.
My brother and I always took care of the tree.

But first the stem needed trimming.
Our space was almost 8 feet tall.
A few inches of bark desired cutting.

Now the tree was ready to be carried inside.
Pine needles and grass covered the ground.
It was a nice sloppy mess to clean up all right.

Alas the pine tree stood tall in the main room.
We gathered all the ornaments from storage,
And all of us garnished the tree very soon.

After the entire decor was done,
We lit the lights for a final sight.
How beautiful it looked standing alone?

Now we closed the room until Eve night.
Family customs prohibited any kind of view
The doors will reopen once again at five.

All day one smelled spicy baked pies
These treats are always special goodies.
One sensed great excitement inside.

It was five pm, and final sorting was underway.
The table ware was prearranged for dinner.
Then everybody dressed neat for the holiday.

Distantly a bell rang a Christmas song.
Saint Nick has arrived with all his essence.
The festivities were about to come along.

We all went to open the living room door.
A beautiful laced tree shined its glamour.
Happy smiles danced around the floor.

So many gifts lay under the Christmas tree.
Large and small boxes were arranged for three.
One small package lay near the holy cribs piece.

The tag on the package had no byname.
It was elegantly wrapped for someone.
How curious? A box set with no name.

Finally all the gifts were untied by the tree.
Only the small box lay near the manger
I took the item and realized it was for me.

Inside the packet was a very tiny object.
It was perfectly rounded, gold, and cunning.
I placed it on my finger till it wore correct.

The family crest crowned the display.
It was such a gracefully crafted jewel.
Everyone eyed at the gem in great praise.

This family ring was a gift of reflection.
The memories encircled are priceless.
How can one thank for such compassion?

Alas, the gift giving had come to a conclusion.
The lighted tree continued to shine for all to see.
It was Christmas and time to share ones appreciation.

Monica M Engeler

Perhaps Tomorrow

Today, I left yesterday behind.
A force pilots my new morrow.
I have a spirit that has no sorrow.
There is nothing that I can't find.

I look above the clouds for ease.
There the hours are inane and long.
It is just like singing a sad song,
But I can not find words to please.

Life is a path of finding knowledge.
I am always asking myself why,
But my answers only seem to defy.
Then a wind blows a smiling pledge.

Someone always knows this track,
You see my trail has a guiding light.
A voice tells me which way is right.
My life no longer looks sad or black.

There was a stranger inside long past.
It searched for happiness and friends.
Perhaps love brought this to an end.
My dreams are coming true at last.

I welcome tomorrow for new eyes
It is then I will face new reforms.
I see my being unlocked from morn.
Let me be alive with out any sighs.

Monica M Engeler

Pillow Fun

Back when I was at the age of ten,
I loved to jump up and down on my bed.
It was best when mom and dad were away.
There was nobody to tell me how to behave.

I really adore both my parents ever so dear,
But when the sitter came, there was no fear.
That cot in my room stood there staring at me.
I looked forward to hop on it and play, you see.

I shut the port and turned up the stereo sound.
Then dashed on my bed and set out to bounce.
At half past 8 my brother entered the bed game,
And the rest of the evening went wildly insane.

At the end of a cot, lay two fluffy down cushions.
Can you guess what arose with two imaginations?
Both of us bang a ranged with those big pillows.
The fluff flew all about the massy bungalow.

Only empty cases remained at nighttime.
Holes punctured through the satin white.
My place was no longer a soft neat flat.
Not much sleep tonight for us at that.

Sheets and blankets twisted out of line.
I found myself all twined at midnight.
A sudden chill filled the frazzled environ.
No longer did my comforter lie around.

When my parents returned to our place,
They found my room a messy space.
I lay over the uncool white bed sheets
And feathers were all over my bare feet.

The babysitter sat in the living room crying.
Both kids blasted music and were pillow fighting.
Sadly there was no place for her to baby sit
She just sat and watched with a fidgety fit.

Well if I ever wish to pillow fight again,
I'd create the game exactly the same,
Hide away from the sitter that night,
And disobey orders of any kind of in sight.

Monica M Engeler

Country Mischief

The days have gone loud and crazy.
I am always searching for a tease.
No day goes by with out a weep,
But causing trouble was my fancy.

When I was at the witty age of ten,
My family went on a drive outside town.
A ride in the country can make you frown.
There's nothing to do but lay in the den.

I wish somebody would come and play.
Maybe throw a baseball or a basketball.
My brother and I had each other for ball.
I sat musing about fun things for that day.

Life in the realm was diverse to me.
Please, I don't know how to milk a cow.
Somebody show me how to use a plow.
But the land was ever beautiful and free.

Looking for amusement wasn't hard to find.
My brother stood by his bed staring at me.
A loud giggle turned into hysterical screams.
I picked up the linen and threw them high.

My brother joined in the crazy bed game.
Then the wide open window looked so great.
I took my sheets and threw them out the pane.
I chuckled louder and louder, oh to shame!

A defiant brother and a wild sister are sporting.
There were two unruly siblings in one room.
Both were laughing and snickering until noon.
It was hard to figure neither ended up snorting.

The afternoon shades turned to darkness.
And still there was disorder in our space.
The fun somehow didn't end in this place.
Then father slammed the door in soreness.

There will be no more hurrahs for today.
Oh! What a troublesome little girl and boy.
There were spread cloths, towels and toys.
And where were the bed sheets to say?

Runny eyes directed the where about.
Torn sheets tangled out of the bay.
Blankets lay outside on the roadway.
Suddenly a little laughter cried out.

My parents ended up joining the pun.
How can two little kids create such a mess?
Both my parents stared with a sigh at best.
Oh please forgive, we were just having fun.

Monica M Engeler

The Incredible Journey

Europe was at the end of a war.
Whole cities crumbled to nothing.
There was nothing here to live for.
I reflected why should I stay?

One day I bagged all into a case,
And I waved so long to my parents.
Tears rolled down their faces.
They were afraid of losing me.

Freedom awaited me in my new home.
Life in America will offer a new destiny.
This journey was an important goal.
Turning back meant living in poverty.

I closed the door to old existence behind.
The pathway promised to be bright.
I pray I will discover what I want to find.
The sun will rise and along a new light.

Around the corner was a busy harbor.
A ship was anchored and ready to sail.
I embarked it and didn't look to shore.
I was on the way to new encounters.

A horn blew and the boat set out to sea.
Many days and nights will pass by.
Time appeared to stand still.
It gave me a span to think and sigh.

Suddenly I realized that I was alone.
The world I once had was far away.
Where will I go in the New World?
A new venture arrives in a few days.

I will have to find answers on my own.
Realism has many hard expectations.
My voyage is only now beginning.
I am not sorry that I left my foundation.

Slowly the stars shined high above.
Dusk overshadowed the deep sea,
And a cold chill dampened the air.
It was time to go inside for a sleep.

Silently the boat sailed its compass.
A southerly wind blew over night.
The waves broke the ships pass.
Then the water shifted into a fright.

Rain drummed on the ships deck.
The cruiser rocked back and forth.
Their just seemed no end in sight.
Finally a glow shined about of sort.

The sways returned to normal.
Dark clouds dissipated ahead.
The moon gleamed in the sky.
At last the air was still a forehead.

Forward the guide charted the ship.
No more storms bowed in our byway.
At sunrise the ship will lay anchor.
I pray all will be fine this day.

As I left the ship, I am alone.
I am lost in a crowd passing by.
Life in the city will be a new story.
Now I walk about solely in mind.

Maybe one day, I will find a comrade.
Now I search for my own shelter.
Already the future appears brighter.
I say adieu to the life I left there after.

Monica M Engeler

Ring Christmas Bells Give Peace A Chance

It is Christmas time again
Parts of the globe are in warfare
Perhaps peace will come our way
T's the time of season to share.

Many families lost loved ones
Soldiers please come home soon
And our land then will have won
When the fire dies, so will the wounds.

Merry Christmas and Peace to all
If all could just give peace a place
But amity today is a wishful call
Ring the bells and give liberty space.

And so it is Christmas again
It's time to toll in another year
We can start fresh over again
Let's toast to a Happy New Year.

Monica M Engeler

Lost Love

Weeping, lost and alone looking for comfort
Only to find shorn memories and feelings
Whispering voices remember laughing
With shadows reflecting easier efforts

I can't grasp what happened to our space
Everyday is now an ever challenging play
Searching for a vacant shoulder each day
How I wish to kiss the tears from your face

Come home to me and dance with delight
Friends think of each other when blue
It's been along time since thing were true
Your spirit lives forever with a golden light

I never stopped missing you all these years
My dreams don't cost much to respire
You see I have met many others with desire
But you had a heart that had no fear

Maybe if I keep yearning you will return
It is too difficult to think another day's absence
Perhaps a depleted need will restore credence
I have learned that love has to be earned

Please help stop the flow from reuniting again
Forever and ever I wish to hold you tight
You see I am the one you long for tonight
I can fill a world that has no harm and refrain.

Monica M Engeler

No Boundaries

Endless blue skies blanketed the heavens
With wide open space coating all around,
Freedom beckoned with every type of sound
No four walls to hinder at half past seven.

Only long and warm days ruled the land,
Unmasking territories at every hidden corner,
Peaks, waterways and valleys waited in order,
Spiritual callings were in reach of every hand.

How I search for seemly places in the world,
For the stupor memories to recall and share,
Sometimes the small spots do not compare,
But journeying home is the best point on earth.

Strange how wisdom matures with no end,
I brave defying challenges at every mound
It puts me face to face with nature's ground;
This enduring essence has a powerful blend.

Then I question my enduring adventures,
Are climbing mountains a daring resource?
The entities around search missing sources,
How beauty meanders in mysterious ventures.

I must say that rippling rivers never die,
Underwater sea life bubble patterns all about.
Dark shadows line wildlife with out a doubt,
It's the grandeur and desolate niches that lie.

But when I see a rose's petal fall off its prow,
I cry that something so beautiful is now lifeless.
It's like the birds in the air soaring so breathless
And collapsing in the night air to no more flow.

It's the air and gurgling tides that surround me,
A risk that only expectations can take you to,
The summits and the streams are beautifully true,
But it is good to be home again at peace and free.

Far And Away

When I was young and restless,
I dreamed of adventuring far away.
Somewhere nobody could find me,
And life would always be fruitless.

Those wishes never appeared to come.
So remotely crazy were these yearnings.
It seems like ages ago of those visions.
I still have them, and then maybe some.

My eyes imagined desirable possessions.
I wished for some happiness and comfort,
And that I wouldn't have to cry for hope.
If I search hard, I may find my obsessions.

Well, I guess I would rather be at home,
And my ideas don't get me into trouble.
I have learned much from my wonderings.
Here, I share my memories with some.

My friends are around sharing with me.
The roving road is a lost time for awhile.
Now I dance joyfully with my companion.
Those needless ideas are forever free.

Monica M Engeler

Ode To A Summer's Rest

I've been away for awhile enjoying life with no care.
Performing sports minded acts besides my scribbling.
Maybe I will play a set of tennis whenever possible.
Readers who know my style will understand this affair.

Stroking those yellow balls cleansed the cluttered mind.
Each forehand swung might start perhaps a new idea.
The sun didn't force the intellect to always think right.
Executing down the line was sometimes one of a kind.

And then the temps climbed in constant progression.
The AC in my room no longer kept the air normal.
One hundred degrees saw the onset of rising humidity.
Sadly the cooler went under a disastrous commission.

I ordered a fan from Brook, but it didn't get here yet.
Purchasing online might be faster but not always.
Instead I suffered another time for the relief to arrive.
I focused on my PC whining and getting sweaty wet.

My erotic erodes on the screen remained ever vain.
Black ink appeared to just dry out in my Epson printer.
These sizzling degrees were not meant for creating odes.
I turned the PC off and said, "This effort was insane."

I contemplated to myself my rhymes will have to wait.
My phone keeps ringing requesting me to play doubles,
Or just go out and practice hitting balls with a friend.
Summer is a time to rest my craft for another day.

Monica M Engeler

Jealousy

There are spans when I am mad.
Emotions show in my eyes.
I can hear the beat of my heart.
Then I cry because I feel sad.

I want to forget the ever past.
And listen to the future.
Say that things are okay,
And the hurt won't last.

People unfold fear in me at times.
They say I am not fine enough.
Why? And then, what must I do?
Such wraths befall out of line.

Jealousy can shape anyone.
Maybe I am worthier than you,
Or someone else might think that,
Right now I lost, and later I won.

I envy the victor of the dual today.
Right now magic says I can win.
Leave me apart and the ache will go.
Henceforth it will be a better day.

No more outcries and distrust.
You see I am the true knight.
I see the trophy in front of me.
Glory is not won in mistrust.

Monica M Engeler

A Tale Of Three Pigeon's

Every morning at seven I left for the office for the day
And would arrive at the garage twenty minutes later
I always parked on the second story of the lot
Because the trip to the stair case there was a short way.

Anyway when my car was parked in my daily station
I often listened to the radio or a cd for a few minutes
Before I would gather myself and head to my cubicle
Those last moments prepared me for my expectations.

Near by my car was a lot where pigeon's gathered daily
I got to know a particular family of these birds rather well
Each morning a group of three doves gathered in the lot
One homer was highly pregnant and couldn't fly orderly.

It seemed that the lot was a perfect spot for breeding
High above were protective beams as though they seemed
Those birds took them as if they belonged to them alone
The corners seemed warm for a home and feeding.

Up went the parent as the squabs harnessed for the moment
Every day these birds gathered debris from the ground
And restored the den hoping to keep the mother warm
It seemed to be an arduous and difficult assignment.

Sadly one day I arrived at the job to see the cause absent
I wondered what had happened to the little cradle above
Those pouters toiled so diligently to prepare the abess
For a moment in there lives that seemed not persistent.

I saw my answer in a somber way for my human eyes
An egg lay broken in half not far from my automobile
Straw and grass were scattered all around the rubbish
It was ever tragic to see this tale end in a ruthless style.

As time went on, I saw the remaining two birds fly around
But one day, I saw a pigeon squashed along the roadside
I cried for a moment feeling pity for this helpless victim
A car in the lot obviously ran it down making no sound.

First, there were three birds, and now there was only one
Soon maybe none, how somber that would be for that family
One morning, I glanced at the lone survivor staring at death
He looked lost and afraid in the world standing there alone.

When I got out of the car he flew away in fear of me
But when I left the office that night I saw the end
The last of the three turbid lay bleeding on the path way home
I bellowed a moment and said now those doves are really free.

Monica M Engeler

A Cats Life

A thick fur colored black and white,
Painted the frame of my cat Tasha.
Resembling the tint of newspaper lines

Each fuzzy hair was groomed so fine.
Her cleansing was a consistent ritual.
This was considered a busy cat time

Once the bathing was finished for now,
She would stretch her legs back and forth.
Then she tugged the carpet as a notice sound.

She has assertively announced her bearing,
And Tasha was ready for botherly interaction.
Containing lots of tickling that would be daring

Tasha always had the same dreary days.
Early to rise and then timely to bed.
With many undertakings that came her way.

Each morn she scratched by the bed door.
Wishing someone would hurry to let her out.
Those moments lasted forever on the floor.

At last the latch was lifted, and yea! Free.
A race around the house was a great thing,
And right back in front of my bare feet.

The day started with Friskies and Cal Can,
And she drank lots to quench the thirst fast.
Meow! I want to go and frolic now if I can.

Okay! It is time to go outside and play.
Faster than the wink of an eye, she was gone.
Nothing ever seems to get in tabbies way.

The skies outside were inviting for a good chase.
A mouse hid safely buried behind a large rock.
The mouser prepared for the rout to take place.

A helpless victim froze for the sudden fight.
Sharp teeth swished the game for a second.
A wiggly critter shook free, but shaken by fright.

Tasha looked for the next terror, or maybe fate.
Oh look! That pine appears so big and tall.
Up and up a set of claws climbed high away.

Then somebody strolled up the driveway.
It was the mailman singing a cheery song.
"How beautiful it is in the month of May."

Tasha ran down the timber faster than lighting.
To greet her new buddy that always passed by.
She plopped down for the moment to say hi.

"Hello Tasha! How are you today little lass?
Causing no real trouble are you, I hope."
Showing off my cuteness was such a blast.

"Bye, bye till tomorrow my tiny chum.
Be a good kitty cat and don't follow me.
See you on the morrow for some more fun."

Tasha ran to the door and was let inside.
A lazy term was called for the rest of the day.
Under the sofa was the perfect dozing site.

Suddenly a loud sound filled the room.
The TV was playing a sitcom at the moment.
Every second there was a cheering boom.

Then Tasha saw a girl sitting on the couch.
Tasha waited to have some loveable cat woo.
Lazily she rolled her path towards the lounge.

She crawled sleek and swiftly to my empty lap.
Pacing nervously until she settled quietly down.
And then Tasha closed her eyes for a brief nap.

When the noise box was turned off for the night,

I gently wiggled my legs encouraging her to awake.
Slowly she arose from her sleep and stood up right.

It is time to go to your favorite place for the nighttime.
Your dinner awaits you when you get down there.
Another day will be here before you realize the time.

The shadows are dimming for the night my little compeer.
I promise that another day will come with great adventures.
Your life is filled with love and happiness that sees no fear.

Monica M Engeler

The Wonderer

I am the wanderer walking in open air.
My spirit dreams of great times to arrive,
Yet my heart cries alone with no care.
Only shadows of hope keep me alive.

I wish to see a life of only fantasies.
No journeys of desperate adventures.
I am in no mood for these crazy frenzies.
There are better moments to venture.

At last anguished visions drifted far away.
I am no longer standing on a solitary road,
And someone notes I quest a refined way,
Then I will learn the right lane to go home.

As you see, I was never truly by myself.
The drive in my heart returned in time.
My fears were placed on an empty shelf.
Destiny promises to fall in straight line.

When the glowing sun finally goes below,
I won't look back to memories in my past.
An open door will guide me to no sorrow,
And perhaps my spark will return at last.

Let me seek my goals I plan to reach.
My mind floats endlessly in mixed riddles.
Pursuing and refuting the results of each.
I whined on the length I needed to kindle.

My passage was like a yellow brick way
That was marred from rifts on the mend.
I needed to put my feet in the right break,
And repair old scars that want to amend.

There are always answers to questions.
Sometimes cases are hard to apprehend.
Changes are seen as natural new situations.
Maybe one day everyone will comprehend.

Some day a flame will flicker in stride.
The light will direct my stately future,
Then my path in life endures in pride.
Reflections burnish new adventures.

Voices are calling me to my shelter.
My heart beats a notably tired sigh.
It is time to face reality for that matter.
Maybe hereafter I will be a little wise.

Monica M Engeler

Sail Away

I paused before the ocean.
Afar a tall vessel floated by.
With its canvases wide open.

Sways slipped in line of the sailors.
They sailed into the rolling swells.
Masterly they coursed the voyager.

Ahoy mariners! What awaits you?
I watched the fleet traverse onward.
Maybe they seek rich lands to view.

One day, I wish to float away.
To a world that unfolds wiser
Tales will be notable each day.

Yes, I am a dreamer of dreams.
Whispers tell of refined tomorrows.
Legends won't be what they seem.

Forward cruised the gallant ships.
The currents drifted them out to sea.
They navigated at a powerful clip.

Monica M Engeler

And So Let It Be Christmas

I want this Christmas to be meaningful
One that will last a life time
So come home and share my holiday tonight
Let it be Christmas this year, and let it be rejoiceful

Outside the weather was cold
Snow fell all through the land
Perfect for a warm fire to anew your hands
Maybe roast some chestnuts over the coal

Along the journey, one heard carolers singing words of praise
Noel, Noel bring a wonderful birth this way
Noel it is Christmas and a time to pray
The long trip came to an end with out being afraid

Welcome home and let Christmas start with your presence
Let's garnish the tree with ornaments and lights
Wrap all the presents and place them safely for overnight
What a beautiful tree it is now with all its essence

Come let's circle around the tree
It's time to give thanks for this gathering
God bless everyone for everything
Let Christmas arrive with all its glee

The Christmas bells rang its greetings outside
Christmas morn has finally arrived for all
Smiling faces glowed at all the gifts, small and tall
Yes, everybody it is Christmas time

As the presents were opened one by one
Faces of joy sparkled for all to see
The joy of happiness brought tears before me
This was a special Christmas for everyone

Christmas always brings some kind of recurrence
Weather it be this Christmas or last year
Coming home for the holidays and have family near
But most of all, just being well is the greatest importance

Merry Christmas this December
And Happy New Year
Let there be peace on earth and no fear
And with many treasured thoughts to remember

Monica M Engeler

A Christmas Wish

And so it is Christmas time.
Another twelve months are gone.
Where are you this Christmas?
I believe you set off on another life.

I see a glowing smile in my dreams.
My heart is calling you for the jubilee.
Please return home from your realm?
Things don't look the way they seem.

I failed to see you for seven seasons.
A feast would be ideal for your return.
Forlorn eyes above see us having fun.
Come home, the bells toll for this reason.

I am sorry Christmas will be lonely again.
Bursts run down expressing the sadness.
Ring a ling; I have rung the bells anyway.
Rest peacefully with out any pain.

Merry Christmas and best wishes Dad,
And a very grand and Happy New Year.
Let there be peace and riches on earth,
And a new beginning that is not bad.

Monica M Engeler

Dance Around The Christmas Tree

A tall pine tree stood in front of me.
Many colorful rays blazed bright,
And garland wrapped about the tree.
I just gazed at the beauty with a smile.

I wanted to jump all about the tree.
A Christmas tune entered my mind,
And I started to twirl round with glee.
I sang 'Jingle bells, Christmas is so fine.'

A man saw me dance by the pedigree,
And kindly offered his hand in sway.
I accepted it, and we balled by the tree.
The two of us sang while we swung away.

We waltzed near the timber a long time.
Our jamboree chain just grew and grew.
When we ended turning, a group stood by.
My pard and I shared the luster for a few.

It was a gorgeous evening that night.
Not a cloud in the sky could be seen.
The glowing brilliance looked so right.
Up high, the North Star could be seen.

It was just before midnight of Christmas Eve.
If one listened hard, one heard angels near.
They chanted Merry Christmas to all of thee.
Then the mass wished all A Happy New Year.

Monica M Engeler

Looking For The Real Never Land

If you believe in fairytales, clap your hands?
If you believe in not growing up, smile?
Then follow me to find a real never land.

All I wish is to party and play.
No rules to listen too,
And a spot to hideaway

I want a niche with no bullies,
A park that is full of crazy rides,
And great activities

Let's find this magical space.
It's not all that far away.
Listen and follow me to this place.

Close your eyes real tight.
Fantasize something you love.
This will be the guiding light.

If you see a blank grandstand,
Relax a bit further
A curtain opened to your never land.

Castles, toys, and ice cream,
I see it all and much more.
It is the world of dreams.

Flying kites,
Running wild
It is all in my sight.

Open your eyes
Wasn't it a great adventure?
It is an idea you can do all the time.

Now grab a pencil and pad,
And create a tale,
It will be your own fad.

When you have finished the fable,
This will be your never land.
It is a chance shared at any table.

Monica M Engeler

Forever And Ever Mine

If I could, I would look into your eyes forever.
My heart would beat ever faster.
Seeing your smile makes me feel fine.
Please say you will be eternally mine?

I love your touch when I am with you.
There is a gentleness that is so true.
Your breath makes me feel alive.
Let me share your life?

Life is better when you are here.
Your presence brings no fear.
When I look at you from the outside,
My dreams shine in your eyes.

I wish never to say goodbye.
I will wait for you until it is time.
Say you will be with me forever.
I will never depart from you ever

Then why is it so hard to say yes?
Are you afraid of life's mess?
Just hold me can't you feel my passion.
Together we are on a life long mission.

Your eyes tend to spark content.
Maybe tomorrow will be the moment.
I will wait for your answer in my heart.
Don't let the liaison go apart.

Monica M Engeler

I Scream For Chocolate

Do you recall going to the candy store?
The shelves were filled with chocolates.
One wonders, who they all are for.

All those beloved sorts just look so great.
Hershey bars Cookies and Cream, Kisses.
I thought hard, which one should I take?

Right now my mind screams for chocolate.
I see myself eating the biggest Hershey bar.
The rich flavor melts in my mouth like fate.

I am in heaven with that dreamy kind taste.
You wish that flavor would never go away.
Thus an empty wrapper lays there in waste.

Please, it is not enough I want much more.
That Hershey bar was so wonderfully sweet.
My full belly rumbles wildly crying at war.

Those ideas were only a wishful dream.
Before me was a real bar of milk chocolate.
I stared at it for a span, it just waited for me.

I grabbed it and made my fantasy come true.
Slowly; I unwrapped the honey bar and ate it.
Like my image, it ebbed on my tongue like glue.

My desires for toffee were now ever content.
I consumed my lovely bar in a few minutes.
A wrapper lay on the table in endowment.

Sad, you never want that good feeling to end.
No matter how badly your tummy may hurt.
Because chocolate is like your best friend

Monica M Engeler

Remembering World War II

Do you remember the era of Nazism?
Hitler ruled the German government.
Abuse summed in concentration camps.

It was a time of Storm Troopers.
They destroyed everything in sight,
And Hitler was there leader.

Socialism, Communism were resisted parties,
and then the disrupted meeting in Bavaria,
which announced the start of a revolution.

It was the time when Adolf held his hand fourth
Declaring he was chancellor of Germany.
It broadcasted the end of all democracies known.

One remembers Hitler's rise of threats in Germany,
and direct orders towards Jews.
Boycott all Jewish stores and banks.

From then on, life for the Jews changed forever.
Restoration stripped them from any civil positions.
Nothing left but early retirement.

Do you recollect the day of burning books?
This act was long forgotten to this day.
Mann, Freud, Einstein all charred to dust.

How can we forget the first concentration camps?
Dachau, Munich, and Buchenwald;
Dachau was by far worst of all.

Anyone political who despised Hitler went there.
Beaten badly for ransom money,
and then maybe set free.

It was a time to cry
a time of fear,
and it was a time to pray for hope.

Remembers President Von Hindenburg's death?
With this, Hitler became the next Furor.
Thus, and The Reich went into affect.

This was an oath of loyalty to Adolf.
A sacred oath at that,
And the future for life.

Remember The Nuremberg Race Laws?
No relationship for Jews of Aryan women.
This was to protect German blood.

Confusion developed on who was really Jewish.
Then altogether the Nazis outlawed all of them.
Grandparents or not a Jew was Jewish.

Remember the powerful force of The Gestapo?
These policemen controlled Jewish persecution.
Mass murder went into the hundreds of thousands.

And yes the breaking of Versailles Treaty.
German troops took The Rhineland.
Strong protest arrived from Italy and England.

It was the beginning of a great conquest.
The first to arrive was Austria.
And then in time was Czechoslovakia.

Always remember September 1, 1939.
As the start of World war 2.
Germany invades Poland.

As time went on, Russia invaded Poland.
Other countries fell victim to the war,
The Baltic's, Finland, and Denmark.

One remembers that the soldiers attacked by air
And by sea,
So many cities were ruined to nothing.

Recollecting the men, women and children

who lost there homes and so often there lives,
They fled there countries for safety.

Many were taken to concentration camps
Tortured and sent to gas chambers to die,
The Nazis had no forgiveness for life.

It was then the United States entered the war.
They arrived in Italy
Attacking until they reached Rome.

It was then that the Allies invaded France.
They moved swiftly
capturing many bridges by air.

At last the Germans seize of the Rhine River.
The heart of the occupation
It marked an end to World War 2.

But one can not forget
Hiroshima and Nagasaki
both cities destroyed by the first atomic bomb.

Over 140,000 people died in the blast.
It forced Japan to surrender,
and the war finally ended in August 1945.

Monica M Engeler

Dreaming Of Wimbledon

Do you remember the long hours of practice?
Hitting those yellow tennis balls over the net
A forehand, a backhand time and time again
Do you think all the work is all really justice?

Did you ever wish of making the big leagues?
At least making it big in your favorite pastime,
Tennis the most frustrating game I can think of,
One day you win big, then you fall to pieces.

Practice, teaching, and more training,
how many more times do I have to go drill?
I dream of the day when I am at the top.
Some days all the effort seems to be in vain.

Occasionally in bed I think of participants,
Agassi, and Federer who were all there.
Wimbledon. Wow! And Center stage at that
I wish I could see the grass courts of England.

But we local players go out each day,
Or on weekends to just have a bit of sport.
It is such fun to get your anger out in a match
whacking that bouncy ball over like replay.

I still yearn the visions all athletes frame,
Winning that big important trophy maybe once,
Or conquering that tough victory for your team,
That is really the final goal having a great game.

Monica M Engeler

Wishing For Summer

Do you remember playing baseball?
Or hitting tennis balls over the net?
Do you recall basking in the sun?
Those were the best days of all.

The warm times are coming back
Sporting baseballs are here again,
And whacking tennis balls for hours.
It is time for hot days to be on track.

Funny, how I think of summer days
Winter's call is still in full force
The snow is falling inch by inch
I long for the sun to shine our way.

I wait for the first flower to grow,
The first robin to begin singing,
And the first butterfly to fly by.
I bide for the long days to glow.

Winter is slowly fading away,
The comfitures are now aside,
And springtime has finally come.
A bright rainbow glowed our way.

Yes, the hot days are back again
Jack Frost left for the winter season
I can finally play tennis with friends,
And throw baseballs all day again.

The sunshine is shining down on me.
How summertime makes me smile.
If I could part a smile with someone,
I would definitely share it with thee.

Monica M Engeler

Lost In The Moment

I walked along the beach in windy air.
My mind was lost in deep meditation.
I searched for better periods in my life.

Sadly no one could share my thoughts.
Loud waves crashed the beaches edge.
The anger of the sea crumbled my display.

I looked at the ocean and reflected to myself.
Is there a reason why I should stop wishing?
Maybe I can sail away with the next current.

I yearn to be free like the dolphins at sea.
Sometimes I wish I would fly away to paradise.
I don't want to hide my pleasures anymore.

I need somebody to show me the right way.
How I venture looking for brighter tomorrow,
And somebody near me to tell tales to live by.

These concepts are vividly floating away.
Everything I explored is a blurred vision.
Maybe my prospects will return someday.

Monica M Engeler

The Dark Room

I am standing in darkness.
I wish for no solitary here.
Then why do I infer fear,
And feel so helpless?

I dream for a companion.
Maybe my Prince will arrive,
And acknowledge I am alive.
Then my heart will see alteration.

I sense the time is mooring soon.
Suddenly my door opened wide,
And a young man entered inside.
"Hello, Is anyone in this room? "

Yes, welcome to my blackness.
I have been longing for a mate.
Come and stay with me for a wait?
Maybe I have found new happiness.

I lit a candle to start our evening.
Together we sat down to chat.
The light danced around my flat
Our night was only beginning.

The minutes just rushed on
We told each other stories to live by
Once in awhile, I let out a joyous cry,
But for now all my worries were gone.

My Prince and I sat in my bedroom.
Who knows what will happen tomorrow.
I pray for ever happiness and no sorrow,
And that a magical light will shine soon.

I am not apprehensive anymore.
A strong comely man is in my arms.
The gloom from long ago seems far.
My life is not somber anymore.

My Dearest

Good morn my dearest parents.
Sunrise is the start of a new day.
Life sparkles in the world today.
How are you doing at the present?

I trust you're mood is fine.
You see I try every where
To find a span I can share.
Kindly don't draw the line.

My ideas excised my flame.
No where am I seeing the way.
I search hard for prayers to say.
Can you both help my shame?

Daybreak has gone far away.
My father had no retort to my wish.
What happened to him with this?
My protector has gone a stray.

I question where can he be?
You see he went to another life,
Where reality has no prime,
It is a realm with no answer for me.

I gather I have to find my own way.
My beloved mother I seek your wisdom.
You brought me to this kingdom.
Please will you show me the right way?

Close your eyes my dearest daughter.
Your heart will guide you in the right line.
All your hopes will follow in the right time.
Now open your eyes my loving daughter.

Breathe a sigh and find your vision.
You will find a beau to keep you warm.
Somebody you can talk to in the morn.
I will never hinder your decisions.

Farewell My Little Christmas Tree (Part Iii)

Christmas has come and gone.
The giant ball fell at Time Square.
2004 is on.
There are new ventures to share.

My little tree still stands in view.
It was moved to a safer place.
Decorative statues are now very few.
Sadly, the holidays are slipping away.

The decors were stored at holidays end.
Open gifts were taken off the ground.
Baked goodies are no longer present.
Family gathers are no longer around.

The warmth of Noel can last year long.
Wearing a coat Mom gave you at Yule time,
or reading a book that your brother found,
And glancing at those photos is always fine.

Christmas may be long gone now,
But my pine remains for all to see.
Time will come soon to take my tree down.
The dirty box lay in the attic awaiting the tree.

The littlest tree had a l story of its own.
My keepsake was redeemed after many years.
It gave a great show.
It is time to say farewell to my tree, but with no tear.

Monica M Engeler

Prince Charming

How I long for a poised chum.
Who emerges ever affluent?
His voice whistles a kept hum.
That is a sweetly toned ascent.

I picture myself gripping his side,
And share a dance in harmony.
Alas, my image dulls from sight.
I shed a tear for my fantasy to see.

In passing, I woke to a shining light.
My waltzing visions left for the day.
I pray my dream will revisit tonight.
So once again we can ball and sway.

In the morn, the call of duty uniformed.
Wipe the dishes, and make the cots.
I think I would rather sing and perform.
Soap and water cleansed all the pots.

From dawn on, I crooned his drone.
I pranced with my swab across the base.
My royal Prince, don't leave me alone?
Nobody will replace your wonderful place.

At half past the hour, I left the site.
I embarked on a path through the land.
Deeper I chanced into a superb sight.
The walk never ended in the timberland.

Far away a horseman stood alone.
He wore a black jacket and helmet.
The rider whipped his horse to go.
The mare galloped with no fret.

The driver chanted off on the roadway.
He sang my beloved dreamy air.
I had to greet this fellow some way.
This soloist seemed so full of flair.

As the figure approached near,
I said, "You sing so noteworthy."
The man jumped down with no fear.
Thank you my lady, you are so worthy.

The gentleman kissed my hand.
Then he galloped away waving goodbye.
I stood frozen with delight on the highland.
My Prince charming arrived in great style.

Monica M Engeler

The Moon

High in the sky a yellow ball glows brilliantly.
One could think it is a balloon.
But it's only the moon.

The world is alive even in its darkest hours of the day.
The stars and the moon show us
the way for evening life.
While many may sleep, others try to survive.

Foxes, raccoons, possums, and wolves come
out and jump around.
The world is safe for them to go about their tasks.
There are so many places for them to track.

Trees, bushes, broken branches,
all hide clues for helpless prey.
The moonlight intensifies
the eyes of the hungry beast.
So cries the prey of the hunters keep.

This floating yellow ball, so called the moon,
has a force all its own.
A weary world prepares to sleep.
One prays that tomorrow will soon be here.

Monica M Engeler

The Wicked Brush

Sadly, I sat down by a pond.
I wished to paint, but I had no brush.
My roller had fallen into a millpond.

My tableau lingered in part for now.
I had to buy a new paint brush.
Tired from work, I put my pad down.

I stared into the dirty fount.
My reflection shined oddly.
A tear dropp dribbled lowdown.

My photo in the water broke apart.
I concealed my face in shame.
I had no brush to finish my art.

Then a drifting man saw me crying.
He asked, 'Why are you so sad? '
I have no brush to finish my drawing.

Is that the only cause you shed a tear?
Here, I just happen to have a pencil.
Finish your picture while I sit here.

The hues flowed ever so freely.
My made-up kingdom came alive.
The scene appeared dreamy.

This crayon is to please.
I can draw anything I want,
And it becomes almost real.

Mr. this brush, 'Where did you get it? '
A famous Artist once gave it to me.
I don't need it now, you may keep it.

Thank you for the beautiful art brush.
The man rose and endured his journey.
Slowly the day turned to dusk.

I got up with all my art supplies.
My oil sticks dripped color along the path.
The dribbling stains created a special light.

The valley revised in an enchanting region.
There must have been magic in that paint.
A polished line surrounded the section.

Then I saw a bed of red roses.
I picked one flower from the garden.
Suddenly the valley changed tone.

The majestic glow faded from sight,
There was no more fine line in the land,
And easily the petals from the rose died.

Something in my hand was wicked.
The stick, no doubt it had to be that.
I returned to the bath and threw it.

I watched the brush sink.
The world restored to reality.
Sad my pen was such a risk.

The brush drew so artistically.
Then, 'What occurred to my print? '
I grabbed my pad quickly.

The image changed outright,
The unreal kingdom was gone,
And a black rose put back the design.

Where was this explorer traveling?
This man gave me the magic brush.
He must have been a spiritual being.

I guess I will never know his home,
It is probably better not be discerned.
I would have said a word to him alone.

Anyway my wicked brush was far away,

The land returned to its normal reality,
And the roving man never revisit this way.

Monica M Engeler

Good By My Friend

Where has time gone?
I wish I knew.
The years are very few.

There is just too much to do.
Time can't efface the past.
I hope the hurt won't last.

Words remain locked in me.
I want to stop your suffering,
But time is pending.

The cancer is taking over you.
I can see right into your eyes.
Your cry is not a lie.

My thoughts are for you only.
Please I want you to be alright
But all there is; is time.

There is never enough space.
Send me back to another life.
I want your flame to show grace.

I'm tending you,
Is It the last moment?
Time is important.

My wishing won't come true.
The cancer has reached an end.
Good by my friend.

Your suffering is now over.
My tears tell the story.
I am just so sorry.

The glowing light will guide you.
The angels will give you a new life.
I will see you again when it is my time.

