

Poetry Series

Pari Shumial
- poems -

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Pari Shumial(12 september 1995)

Seeing the world from a different eye is what i do the best,
getting to know me
i know you wont regret
but let me tell you one thing
it's a mystery in itself
i too am not aware
of the things that make me tick
who i am and how my moods change
co one could understand
i am what they call
'a riddle that can't be solved'
i'm just like you all
but then again
i'm not the same at all
so all i can say right now is
Best Of Luck for this
and if there's something you figure out
then inform me of it
as i too would like to come across
a new part of me
who i am, how my moods work?
who i truely may be! :)

Heaven's Not Too Far

Her hair was up in a pony tail
her favorite dress tied with a bow
Today was Daddy's Day at school
and she couldn't wait to go
But her mommy tried to tell her
that she probably should stay home
Why the kids might not understand,
if she went to school alone
But she was not afraid
she knew just what to say
What to tell her classmates
of why he wasn't there today
But still her mother was worried
for her to face this day alone
And that was why once again
she tried to keep her daughter home
But the little girl went to school
eager to tell them all
About a dad she never seen
a dad who never calls
There were daddies along the wall in the back
for everyone to meet
Children squirming impatiently
anxious in their seats
One by one the teacher called
a student from the class
To introduce their daddy
as seconds slowly passed
At last the teacher called her name
every child turned to stare
Each of them was searching
for a man who wasn't there
'Where's her daddy at?' she heard a boy call out
'She probably doesn't have one' another student dared to shout
And from somewhere near the back
she heard a daddy say,
'Looks like another deadbeat dad, too busy to waste his day.'
The words did not offend her,
as she smiled up at her Mom.

And looked back at her teacher,
who told her to go on.
And with hands behind her back,
slowly she began to speak.
And out from the mouth of a child,
came words incredibly unique.
'My Daddy couldn't be here,
because he lives so far away.
But I know he wishes he could be,
since this is such a special day.
And though you cannot meet him,
I wanted you to know.
All about my daddy,
and how much he loves me so.
He loved to tell me stories
he taught me to ride my bike.
He surprised me with pink roses,
and taught me to fly a kite.
We used to share fudge sundaes,
and ice cream in a cone.
And though you cannot see him,
I'm not standing here alone.
'Cause my daddy's always with me, even though we are apart
I know because he told me,
he'll forever be in my heart'
With that her little hand reached up,
and lay across her chest.
Feeling her own heartbeat,
beneath her favourite dress.
And from somewhere in the crowd of dads,
her mother stood in tears.
Proudly watching her daughter,
who was wise beyond her years.
For she stood up for the love
of a man not in her life.
Doing what was best for her,
doing what was right.
And when she dropped her hand back down,
staring straight into the crowd.
She finished with a voice so soft,
but its message clear and loud.
'I love my daddy very much,

he's my shining star.
And if he could,
he'd be here,
but heaven's just too far.
You see he was a hero
and died just this past year
When evil hit the town
and taught people to fear.
But sometimes when I close my eyes,
it's like he never went away.
And then she closed her eyes,
and saw him there that day.
And to her mother's amazement,
she witnessed with surprise.
A room full of daddies and children,
all starting to close their eyes
Who knows what they saw before them,
who knows what they felt inside.
Perhaps for merely a second,
they saw him at her side.
'I know you're with me Daddy'
to the silence she called out.
And what happened next made believers,
of those once filled with doubt.
Not one in that room could explain it,
for each of their eyes had been closed.
But there on the desk beside her,
was a fragrant long-stemmed pink rose.
And a child was blessed,
if only for a moment,
by the love of her shining bright star.
And given the gift of believing,
that heaven is never too far

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