

Poetry Series

Rebecca Navarre

- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Rebecca Navarre()

My poems are of old, and of new. Some are for me and
some are for you. Some are to vent...and toss to the
seas's. Some are meant for Someone, whose Soul... is
in The Breeze!

Love to write, slow reader
But Love to read! ! !
song, We Are One In The Spirit! ! !
real name Navarre side, Muczynski
real name Bilder side, Stekar

In times of sorrow, loneliness, pain.. Praise
God! .. Praise His Name! .. In every thing! .. And for the Song, If
he hung the moon! .. By Collingsworth Family. This is the
most, Heart Warming and Comforting tune! .. May God Bless and be with all! ..

Then, Forever, And Always...

Love stronger...

Dream deeper...

Pray longer...

Cling to God tighter...

And don't ever, ever let go...

Rebecca Navarre



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The Beauty Of God

As I gaze out at all the
beauty of the world, I ponder
on all the beauty I haven't seen.
And all the beauty I have.

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Thoughts Of You #2

A single pink rose,
surrounded by glass.
To preserve, cherish and
make last. Memories of
you to hold, and never
let pass. Oh, Dearest
pink rose, my Love
remains steadfast.

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Always There

Crawl into bed, with
a heart full of prayers.
Lifting up to the Lord,
all of my cares. Knowing
his love, is always there.
And our hearts, he loves
to share.

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Tomorrow...

Monday all I could do
is cry. Tuesday I wondered
why. Wednesday I watched
the stars go by. Thursday
I smiled with a sigh. Maybe
tomorrow? ? ? ? something
new I should try.

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I Am #2

I am a tiger, young
wild and free. I am a colt,
running along side the sea.
I am a lion, with a roar, so
strong and deep. I am a fawn,
through the meadows, I play
and leap. I am a child, timid
and meek. I am an elder,
looking to the skies, for
heaven I seek.

Rebecca Navarre



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I Am

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heaven I seek.

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Heart Of Autumn

Such a tranquil time
of year, yet solemn but so
dear. As reflections dance
upon the winds, and then
disappear again. Moving in
beauty and in waves, the
heart of autumn as she fades.

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Inspirations

So inspired by the words
on the page. So grateful my
heart knows, they won't ever
fade. Just like the way, on the
palm of Gods hand, his Love
for us is engraved. Written in
the stars, carved in stone, his
love so great, will Always be
made known!

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Keep Sake

The last days of fall, and a mighty
oak stands, looking so bare and tall.
The last leaf holding on so tight.
Clinging with all of it's might. Clinging
as if it knows, it's fighting for it's life.
Against the harsh wind, against the
cold, against the inevitable. Till finally,
it let's go. Falling and falling and then
tumbling along, feeling alone and lost.
Recalling how all it's friends, surrendered
to the frost. When suddenly a child picks
it up and says Mommy look, and the mother
says how beautiful, let's keep it and press it
in a book.

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...Flowers... #2

Lavender, pink, white
and blue. Yellow daisies.
And butterflies too. All
bring me closer, to the
heart of you! ..

Rebecca Navarre



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...Flowers...

Lavender, pink, white
and blue. Yellow daisies.
And butterflies too. All
bring me closer, to the
heart of you! ..

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Imagination

Sitting out under the midnight sky,
watching the clouds go by. There goes
Owl and Eeyore. There goes Kanga
and Roo. And oh look now I see, there
goes Rabbit and Piglet too! Ohh, but
where is Winnie? That lovable Winnie
the Pooh! Oh, of course! Now I know.
He is as safe as he can be, in the arms of
Christopher Robin, up in the honey tree!

Notes,

And not forgotten the loveable Tigger too! Who
wasn't introduced until 1928 in book, The house at
Pooh corner.

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Remembering Papa

Our backyard was like the hundred
acer woods, where I played as Daddy
watched near by and stood. Daddy also
lived out on the sea, where together we
caught all sorts of fishies. And at night
after the rains, we'd search for worms
and laugh as they made Mommy squirm.
And at night he'd tuck me into bed with
the stories he made up in his head and told,
until at last my eye's finally closed. Other
times he'd play an instrument and sing out
his favorite lullabies so softly and yet so bold.
And best of all were his big bear hugs, as he
held me so tightly making me feel so safe
and snug.

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Guardians

The rain clinging like dew,
in the morning sun. The cool
breeze in the air, telling us the
summer days are done. As soon,
the brightly colors of autumn will
unfold one by one. And the flowers
will bow their heads, as the changing
of guards has begun.

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Oh Jesus! .. #2

Another missile lights up the sky, and
I cry out, oh Jesus! .. Another bomb goes
off in a school and numerous children die,
and I cry out, oh Jesus! .. Another thief
stabs someone in their side, and I cry out,
oh Jesus! .. Another gun goes off and kills
innocent people standing by, and I cry out,
oh Jesus! .. Another serial rapist, another
serial killer, so many violent crimes, causing
people to lock their doors and hide, and I cry
out, oh Jesus! .. Oh Jesus, why do people have
so much hate inside! .. Another teenager O.D.'s
trying to get too high, and their parents cry
out, oh Jesus! .. Why? ..

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I Wonder...

Where have all the poets gone, are
they writing a song. Down by where the
rivers talk and sing along. Or are they
painting a grand master piece, out
amongst the fields of golden wheat. Or
are they sitting by the silvery sea's alone,
writing a golden book of poems. Or are
they visiting the mountain tops high,
capturing the beauty of the starry nights
as they pass by. As I reflect on their poems
and go over their poetry list, I wonder if they
know they're missed. And that Blessings and
joy, upon them are being wished! ..

Susan.W.

Sylvia.F.C.

M. Asim.N.

Geeta.M.

LeeAnn.A.

Unnikrishnan.M.

Richard.W.

U.S.

Bill. C.

Varsha.M.

And of course, Kumarmani.M.

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..Free.. #2

How am I supposed to get by alone.
When your hand is the only hand I've
known. The only heart that has shown,
me the way. To get through each day.
To survive and be okay. Your eye's are
the only eye's that have seen, all of me.
When I didn't know me. And yet you taught
me, to just be. When I didn't want to be,
just me. You showed me there was more,
then just what I saw, behind my own locked
doors. You gave me the keys. Squeezed my
hand and told me, to let God lead. I promised
and agreed. But it's just that, , , without you,
I didn't ever wish to be free.

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Unworthy And Yet...

I went under and arose, and
in a new beginning I was clothed.
His love ever so great, erases
and forgives my mistakes. How
wonderous, how glorious his love! ..
His death, so we could be with him,
in the Heavens above. Unworthy
we are. And yet, he offers us a beauty
more wonderous than the stars! ..
.....Mathew 3: 16-17.....

notes- **What he has to offer, is Greater than
anything this world has! ..**

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Mystic #2

Over the moon, the clouds
so mystically roll. High above
the trees, it peaks out and shows.
As so strongly, the winds blow.
And an owl who speaks out, as
if he knows. The answers to our
soul.

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He Speaks

The voice of God, is like the wind.
Or the strong waves, as they come
crashing in. Or the sound of the choir,
as the gospel they sing. Or in the
sound of the thunder, as the lightening
flashes and claps, echoing. Or in the
sound of many seagulls, as they take off
flapping their wings. Or in the rivers
mighty roar. Or the light, from the light house,
guiding ships to shore. Or in sounds that are
so harmonic, to the heart and soul. The sound
of the church bells, as they toll. He speaks to
us each in many ways. Each and every single
day. Maybe in a whisper, or the suns morning
rays. And of course the bible, with what the
verses say.

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Let It Show

When you've lied, he knows.
All that you've tried to hide, he knows.
When you've felt jealous, he knows.
When you've been rebellious, he knows.
When you've been ever so vain, he knows.
When you've felt ashamed, he knows.
Every sinful thought, he knows.
Even when you think you weren't caught, he knows.
When you smile, he knows.
When you're facing trials, he knows.
When you cry, he knows.
When your heart truly tries, he knows.
When you regret, he knows.
Your every secret, he knows.
And yet, He loves us ever so.
So, let his Amazing Grace show! ..

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Reaching...

Where are you?

I can't feel you.

I can't hear you.

I can't see you.

I need you.

And I'm reaching out for you...

Can you see me?

Can you feel me?

Can you hear me?

Are you near me?

Do you still need me?

Are you reaching out too?

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Childlike Prayer- Haiku

Dear Lord, I need you.
Please, let your sunlight shine through.
I'm weak, you are strong.

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In The Early Morning Sunshine

Sometimes I feel like I've lived
a million lives, and died a million
times. But I guess it's just my mind. But
sometimes I'd swear, I see you standing
there.. In the early morning sunshine.
Then I blink, and not even your shadow
can I find. I whisper I love you. And open
the curtains all the way to skies so blue.
Slip on my old slippers and lightly touch
your picture. Then turn to start another
day, new.

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Cozy Night

So peaceful the streams,
like a river of dreams. As
the rains keep pouring down,
and the thunder sounds.
Fire place burning bright.
Music soft and light.
Grab my favorite old quilt,
and snuggle in tight. Giving
Thanks, for this cozy,
cozy night.

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Counting The Ways... #2

Somedays feel so gray. As I turn
off the tv and wonder how, can this
old world and life ever be okay. But
Dear God you amaze me in so many
ways. The lighthouse's ray's that
dance across the bay. The flowers
that spring up so brightly in May. The
towering tree's that so gently sway. The
horse's in the field, as so peacefully they
graze. The baby bunnies under the fern's,
that shyly peak out at me, as hide and
seek they play. The song from the radio
Come Jesus Come, just as I stop to pray.
And as I take a deep breath, I think Thank
You Dear Lord, for the countless beauty
you paint into each day! .. Oh Thank You
Heavenly Father, that just like the stars even
when unseen, your love will Forever surround
us and always stay.

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Unchanging

All things that are pretty,
they won't last. For everything
beautiful, will sooner or later
pass. The one thing that won't
change, that stands strong and
remains. Is Jesus's words, and
the Love behind his name.

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An Absolute Must

Christ Jesus, oh Heavenly Father,
who sit's at the right hand of God. You
listen to our cries, you hear our sob's.
You intervene when time's are hard, you
have our stories written in your heart and
written on card's. You've seen the betrayal's,
the abuse and the heartaches. You've seen
our joy's, you've seen our love, you've seen
our moment's small and great. You've prayed
for your disciples, and you pray for us. You
offer a shoulder and ask us to trust. Yet child
like, we whine and fuss and sometimes we even
cuss. We've watched buildings crumble, flowers
die, time fade and steel turn to rust. And yet we
stand there on the edge, we stand there on the
cusp. Until we finally realize, to receive your love
and to love you too, is more than a gift! .. It's an
absolute must! ..

Rebecca Navarre



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More Than A Dream...

Pine's taller than the tallest tree.
Water's purer than the mountain's
river stream's. Broader and greater
than anything we could dream.
Flower's and color's more beautiful
than we've ever seen. Field's ever so
golden, with valley's so lush and green.
Where together the wolf and the lamb
shall feed. These lands he has waiting
for you and for me. With a love ever so
powerful, deep and freeing.

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..Love Birds..

Your long blonde hair, with your
eye's cornflower blue. As you step
out of the shower, your skin sparkles
like dew. As I stare, you smile with
a heart so true. And I can't help being,
so in love with you....

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Destiny

Twinkle lights, sparkling bright,
setting the atmosphere for the night.
So beautifully shining, for lovers
pining, maybe the timing is right. Her
eye's are hopeful.. His eye's are soulful..
Maybe Venus will show from the heavens
tonight. Hearts that are searching, may
end up courting, and maybe a flame will
ignite. For underneath the stars, love
doesn't seem that far, as two hearts touch
and unite. Inseparably for life.

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Lake Shore's

Then, now, and maybe, I don't feel
so crazy. When the skies turn so pink
and life isn't so hazy. When the oriole
sings, and then spreads his wings,
such beauty and heart he seems to
bring. When the tall grass waves and
a melody seems to play. As I drift back
to the days, we were young, free, and
brave. Now I'm old and gray, but when
I look into your eye's, I'm still surprised
at the love gleaming inside. For this old
heart of mine, couldn't stop loving you if
I tried. No I wouldn't change a thing. Just
every now and then I feel the pendulum
swing. But I guess that's okay, as long
as I wake to you each day. For together
we can watch the sunsets and stars fade.
So grateful in each day God has given
and made. And it's not ever too late to be
child like again, kick our shoes off and
along the lake shore we'll wade.

Rebecca Navarre

Praying For Hope...

Trying to get up, on my feet to stand.
Sun streaking down. As I'm praying for
our countries, praying for our lands.
Praying for our Lord to touch us, and
reach down his hand.

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Emotions

Big breath, blue skies, deep sigh.
Can't really say why.
Yet, so green is the vast and towering
mountainside.
Where so beautifully the yellow daisies
nod their heads and reside.
With a river so blue it makes me cry.
Tears run down and are lost to the tides.
While in formation so majestic, the geese
circle over my head, and fly.
Almost as if to say, hello, -bye bye.

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Song Of Tranquility

Oh, beautiful redbird, what's
the words you whisper to me?

Peace, kindness, honesty,
compassion. These,

will set your heart free.

Oh, precious redbird, you
sing of God's love so beautifully! ..

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The Whispering Trees

Oh, whispering trees, whispering
so quietly in the breeze. Speaking
with such great wisdom and soul.
Branches hanging oh so low.
Sheltering the animals that stop
to sleep below. Even the birds sing
of you so. For they know... Oh great
armed, protectors of all. A gift from
God, a comforting friend, a draping
shawl.

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Precious Love. Haiku

Redwoods and daisies.
The sunshine's through so hazy.
My heart goes crazy.

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Dreams Of You. Haiku

Cottonwoods, and pines.
As my heart drifts back in time.
These dreams may I find.

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Care

Underneath the whispering trees,
the heartaches of life can begin to
ease. As nature begins her symphony.
The butterflies dance, and the dragon-
flies tease. Almost as if to say, come on
and play. It'll be dusk before too long,
won't you join us in our song. There's
magic in the air, and beauty everywhere...
Set your heart free from the despair. You're
surrounded by so much care! .

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Reasons Why

Someday's it all goes through my
mind. Someday's it comes through
in waves at time's. Maybe that's
okay. I shouldn't forget the lessons,
I learned along the way. Even though
so much has changed, and life has
re-arranged. And the years can seem
so far behind. Yet that's all the more
reason why, I shouldn't ever trust again
so blind.

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Quiet Time

Quiet time I love to spend,
sitting down around the rivers
bend. Where the tall grass
whispers, and the crickets sing
out so chipper. As the fireflies
dance from leaf to leaf, and
branch to branch. Putting my
heart in a trance. Moonlight
shinning down. And in my mind
I know, it's at least 18 miles to go.
To the nearest town.

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..Heavens Gate..

One day heaven will
return what life did take.
For someday we all, will
truly wake. And our hearts
will meet again at heavens
gate. He suffered, He
mourned, He died... For
our sake. And on us, God,
and our loved ones patiently
wait.

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The Greatest Is Love

Caught between
heaven and earth.
But Yet, , , (Love)
is the greatest
worth! ..

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One Star Away...

Only one star away. And
with each night that passes,
the morning brings me
closer everyday. For I know
you're there, and you're
looking down at me with care.
And one day my time will
come, and again we'll be one.

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Just Stay

Won't you stay with me
tonight, hold my hand gently,
yet tight. You don't have to
say a word, anyway there's
nothing I haven't heard.
Everyone has meant well,
but it was my own fault that
I fell. Give it time I'll be okay,
but won't you please, , ,
just stay.

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It Has To Be Whole...

People come and go, tears fall
fast and then slow. We write and
keep in our hearts, what we don't
think we can show. But it just isn't
so. We have to live from our hearts,
true and whole. That's the only way
love has a chance, to last and grow.
And if they walk on past, at least
we know... We gave from our soul.

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A New World

Voices surround, but I don't
hear a sound. A strong wind
blows, and through the clouds
the sun shows. Life awakens
and unfolds. With so much
beauty, so much heart to hold.
Little cardinal stops to sit by me,
so bold.

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Oh, So Great His Love... Haiku

In Gods thoughts we dwell!
Out numbering grains of sand.
And Yet, , , his love stands! ..

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The Heart Of Another.

Put your heart in the heart, of
another soul. A passer by whom,
you don't know. Can you feel the
wounds, that just won't close. Can
you feel the weights, that they carry
and hold. May Our Compassion,
Deepen And Grow...
May the kindness of Jesus show...

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An Endless Ache For Home...

haiku

Deep inside, each heart.
There's a yearning, to be part.
Of Heavens, great chart.

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In Passing

Bluebells, life stops, time
dwells. Eyes open, beauty
spouts, love surrounds. As
such heart and magic, are
now found. And suddenly
life feels, so much deeper,
and profound.

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Journey

Walking down an old dirt
road, don't really know where it
goes. Fields all around, skies so
gold. Broken pocket watch,
sentimental, hung around my
neck to hold...

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#2 Papa

See the smile upon your face, with
a heart so full of grace. Look into his
deep blue eyes, feel the warmth of
the sunny skies. With a love that only
Daddy knows, as he takes the small
hand of his child to hold. Showing all
there is to show, as he teaches us all
he knows. Feel all the love he shares,
as he speaks with such tenderness and
care. To each of his children standing
there, wide eyed, fascinated they stare.
Such a love that's felt, adult to child,
child to adult. And through the passing
of years, love grows even more and
more dear.

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Presence

Glancing out the window all seemed
so gray and bare. I wanted to crawl back
in bed, but so much needed care. Then as
I opened the window I found such a sweet
breeze blowing in the air. As I walked out
to the garden I saw the crocuses starting
to sprout and blossom everywhere. As I
wrapped your blanket around me tighter, I
smiled for I knew your presence was there.
And all the memories yet shared...

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Again And Again

He hears your tears fall. He hears your
whisper, he hears you when you can't speak
at all. He hears your heart beat. He knows
you feel so lost and weak. He knows the rains
are pouring down, and it's shelter you seek...
But what we don't see, is his arms are around
you and me. His Love forever surrounds, and
he won't let you drown. Keep your heart focused
on him. And don't let the persuasion of this old
battered world in. Again and again, , , Turn And
Focus On Him! ..

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Papa

See the smile upon your face, with
a heart so full of grace. Look into his
deep blue eyes, feel the warmth of
the sunny skies. With a love that only
Daddy knows, as he takes the small
hand of his child to hold. Showing all
there is to show, as he teaches us all
he knows. Feel all the love he shares,
as he speaks with such tenderness and
care. To each of his children standing
there, wide eyed, fascinated they stare.
Such a love that's felt, adult to child,
child to adult. And through the passing
of years, love grows even more and
more dear.

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One Day... #2

Listen to the rustle,
of the leaves in the wind.
Listen to the birds, singing
again. Listen to their song,
feel it deep within. And know
one day, you'll fly away like
them.

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One Day...

Listen to the rustle,
of the leaves in the wind.
Listen to the birds, singing
again. Listen to their song,
feel it deep within. And know
one day, you'll fly away like
them.

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Faith, Loving Embrace! ..

Hold on just a little bit longer, come on, be just a little bit stronger. Fold your hands in prayer, and know that God is there. The morning light will come, and another night will be won. Each day'll take time, but one morning you'll wake and find... The tears will be done. The storms have succumb. And a new beauty will shine through, with a deeper meaning too! As God shines his face, and lovingly embraces, You!

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How Far...

Looking out onto the horizon,
where the waters meet the sky.
Wondering how far is Heaven,
and Dear Lord how high. How
many more seasons, how many
more tides. How many more days,
will the sun awake and rise. How
more eclipses, will my heart survive.
How more tear drops still to fall, as I
close my eyes.

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Silently

Sun setting amongst
the tree's, with such beauty,
such peace. As so silently life
whispers, and speaks...

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Once Again... #2

Just like a child again.
Looking to the sky, looking
to the wind. To feel you
within. As time stops for a
while, and then begins...

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Once Again...

Just like a child again.
Looking to the sky, looking
to the wind. To feel you
within. As time stops for
a while, and then begins...

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A Sweetness

Every now and then, I go
a different way than when.
Just to see, what could be.
Maybe a little mystery, or
some new found beauty.
That makes my heart skip
a beat. Brings a smile, and
makes me whisper... Dear
Lord, life is precious, life
is sweet.

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love

So cautiously looking around,
searching for a step that's sound.
Don't wanna fall, when I'm already
down. The sun is shining so brightly
on the ground. It was a lifetime ago
I looked into your eyes and knew my
heart was found. You reached out
and took my hand, but now the skies
forever hold your crown. And I know
no matter how many days I walk this
earth, I won't ever find. The kind of
beauty your eyes held when they
shined, so golden brown.

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Dreams

Snow falling oh so white, don't
know what I'll dream tonight. Maybe
I'll be Cinderella at the ball, or maybe
I'll be gazing out of a window from a
castle, way too tall. Or maybe on a
cloud I'll drift away, back into yesterday.
Where Mommy and Daddy held my
hand, while down by the river I'd be
playing in the sand. Our own magical
lands. Underneath the sun's golden
rays, back when I thought those days
would stay. And nothing would ever
change. Love was love, and in our
hearts it'd always remain. Or maybe
I'll dream one of those dreams where
as I'm falling, I scream. Or maybe I'll
wake and find you, and you'll make
all my dreams come true...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...Beyond The Years...

How precious the sound of the organ,
is to my ears. How precious the notes,
you taught me so dear. How sweet a
melody the heart hears. When love flows
from generation to generation, through
out life, through out the years...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Through The Ages

Pain and sorrow is all
I see, when I turn on the
tv. Hope is all I feel, when
the bible I read.....

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Gentle Breezes- Haiku

Clouds have parted now.
Pray, the sun may shine somehow.
And the mountains bow.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Treasured Moments

There's an empty photo album
on the floor, but one page at a time
I'll fill and restore. Memories with
joy, memories with pain. Days of
sunshine, days of rain. Faces of love,
faces that change. Yet, deep sentiments
just the same. Pages turn through out
the years. But the heart in life, the heart
of all remains, so dear.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Shine Your Light For Jesus

Shine your light for Jesus.
He's our soul, our life. And
when the skies turn so gray,
so dark. He's our beacon, he's
the light in our heart. And when
the days are bright, filled with love
and laughter. And a beauty that's
almost heaven like. Shout out
praise with all of our might. For
Holy is his name, who grants our
hearts sight. So shine, shine your
light... For Jesus! ...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Through Tears Asking Why?

As again, a child kills another child. And
time stops and freezes for awhile. Anger,
hate, pain, then eventually shame. But the
sadness, the deep sorrow left, remains. And
the questions of why? Though the answer
doesn't justify.

Was it abuse?

Was it rape?

Was it jealousy?

Or did they just break?

Did they not know of our Lord?

Were they feeling battered or ignored?

Did they not know compassion could be found.

But now, it's too late the gavel and the closing of
a cell door, are the only sounds.

And another family is torn and shattered.

Bottom line,

(In Gods eyes, all tears matter) ...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Our Only Light...

Skies are silent tonight.
Without a star in sight. Holding
onto hope so tight. Praying, all
will be alright. Trying to hang in
there for the fight. Because I
know sometimes, , , God is our
only light.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Out Of Love...

As the fog come's down, and
sorrow rise's. The word's of Isaiah,
echo so deep. A man of sorrow's, a
man acquainted with grief. For on
his knee's, Jesus did weep. And yet,
many did not want to see. (And Yet) ,
out of Love Christ did lead. So that
in the end, light there shall be. This
gift of grace from his heart, he still
offers to us... Free.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

A Wonderful Life

Up and down the streets candles are
lit, to guide Santa's sleigh. While, It's
a wonderful life, on tv plays. Children
tucked in their beds, their Christmas
list's already made. Strings of popcorn
wrapped around the tree, and ornaments
placed so carefully. A string of lights and
a star at the top glowing ever so brightly.
Stockings hung by the fire and all feels
so very warm and cozy. While eight little
children peek over the stair railing to see
Santa and his cheeks so rosy. As Momma
casually says to Papa, Santa won't come
if their are any children awake and nosy!
As the patter of little feet dash back to bed,
I stop and turn my head. To look back just
in time to hear Papa say, it really is a
wonderful life, just like Jimmy Stewart said! ..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Small Town Ways

God, how I miss the simpler
days, and the small town ways.
Small grocery stores, and the
corner bakery. Where you could
sit and have a piece of pie, and
a cup of coffee, and everyone is
oh, so friendly. Christmas values,
with a Christmas spirit, that seemed
to last the whole year through. Christmas
eve mass and carolers too. Though so much
has changed I'd still like to say, Merry
Christmas to you! ..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Here On Earth...

Snowflakes falling outside the window,
ever so gently. While curled up with my
blankey, and a hot cup of coffee. Snuggled
in with so many beautiful poems, in front of
me to read. Beautiful lights, dancing upon
the Christmas tree. With the manger and baby
Jesus underneath. Holding even yet, more
beauty, than we could comprehend... Or here
on earth, visually see! ..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Dear Guardian, Dear Guide

Dear guardian angel, may
you guide. Keep me at Our
Lord's side. When I wander
off too far. When I'm chasing
after that star. Open my eyes
to see, all I need is right in
front of me. If I just let my
heart believe. If I'd just let the
Lord lead.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

War Without Peace

Listen to the heart beat. As the
winds howl so deep. Listen to the
stars speak. As their glow becomes
more and more weak. Listen to the
earth as she weeps. As into the
ground our blood seeps. And tears
pour down, Our Lords cheeks. As
creation lies in ruins under our feet.

Now listen for that atomic bomb,
as the sunlight is now gone.

Mother's and daughter's.

Father's and son's.

Left now, , , are none.

And the war has won.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Ever So Great...

Moonlight shinning down
through the leaves. The who,
who, who, of an owl echo's in
the distance, on the breeze.
Starlight dances serenely across
the lake. And I reach my hands
out to the heavens, in awe of all
Our Father did create. And I
realize in all I see, his presence
surrounds us endlessly, and is
ever so great.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Shadowlands

Running from what used to be.
Looking/searching for a way to
be free. Walking quietly in solitude.
Never in pace with the way time
moves. And the years can't be erased.
You were a part of me, and I'll always
see your face. And I still don't want to
believe. And I don't understand. And
I don't know why. This illness has to
be, passed from hand to hand.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...Unending Love...

Reflections of you... In a
near by stream... As a leaf
drifts by... And sets my
heart to dream...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

..Autumn Blue..

The meadows are turning
gold. The river is, ever so blue.
Colors, of the autumn leaves
so bold. And my heart is
missing you.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Free

Watching the squirrels and birds
at play, with winter on it's way. With
so much to be done, that they just
had to stop and have some fun. On
this warm sunny, breezy day. It is fun
to me, to watch them bounce around
so gay. Up and down their trees
chittering away, with such spirit and glee.
Free.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Seedling...

An emotional wave, as the summer
fades. And the color of the leaves
turn so bright, underneath the sunsets
golden light. As the geese begin to take
formation in flight, before the cold, cold
winter nights. Before the snow flakes
come tumbling down, before winter turns
everything around. Into a frosted play
ground, and nature falls asleep so sound.
Until the first seedling of spring is found.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Halloween Humor...

I'm on my way to the
moon, riding on my broom.
So if you see me pass by,
be sure to wave hi. But, if
you hear a sudden crash,
please come check on me
because I probably landed
on my - - -.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...Trust...

Crawl in bed, and shut
your eyes sleepy head.
Let go of all the fears, the
worry and the tears. Pray
with all your heart, and let
God do his part...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

A World Without God

Something is broken that can't be
repaired. Something is missing that
can't be spared. Like the earth needs
the sun and the moon. Like the flowers
need rain to bloom. Like without oxygen
we couldn't breathe. Like without nature
and the oceans life would cease to be.
Like without a heart there'd be no love.
And without gravity there'd be no stars
above. Without wings the birds couldn't
fly. And without the Holy Spirit, the soul
withers and dies.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Unchanging Love

I try to get my wings to fly,
as I look up to the sky. But
instead, tears fall from my
eyes. As my heart breaks
inside. So I'll just lay my
head on the shoulders of
God above, and rest in his
unchanging love.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Dear

If you were only here
my dear, and we could
re-live those years... I
would hold you tighter...
Kiss you longer... Love
you stronger... If you
were only here.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Starless Skies

Which way shall I go, when I'm
barefooted, and the river is so shallow
and low?

Which spot on the mountain shall I stand,
when the mountain is a mole hill, and my
heart is in my hands?

Where in the meadow shall I stray, when
I feel so lost, and the clouds are so dark
and gray?

When the forest is silent, thick and deep,
and I feel so ignorant and weak, which
star should I look to, which star should I
seek?

When I'm in tears and on my knees to pray,
with a mind that's in disarray, and my heart
is at a loss of words, oh, Dearest Lord, what
do I say? ..

*But, at least I know, you know my heart, and
love me anyway.

Rebecca Navarre

Loss

A million miles away, stuck
in blue grays. Raining down.
Feels like the sun will never
come around. Trapped in a
melody that has no sound.
Unsteady rhythm of a heart
as it pounds. Shadows dance
across the wall. Couldn't tell
you if it's spring or fall. The nights
taunt and the darkness calls. While
the winds screech, and then howl.
Underneath moonless skies. As I'm
left with whispers of goodbye...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...Lost...

My heart was changed by
you. When we met, suddenly
there was such beauty in all
I viewed. And every time I
looked at you, I just melted too.
Now tell me what am I supposed
to do? For even the moons tears
have turned blue.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Broken

Spring is gone and summers
here. But, my heart is broken
and I'm in tears. Sun has gone
down and fall is near, and I'm
filled with such emptiness and
fear. I look to the skies, I look
to the stars, but even the Heavens
feel so far.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Blessings Of Life...

(Faith) - Is where it starts...

So (Love) - With all your heart...

Cling to (Hope) - With all your might...

For (Patients) - Brings insight...

While (Compassion) - Brings great beauty and life...

And (Forgiveness) - Makes our world shine so bright...

Because (Kindness) - Kindness is pure light...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Love Endlessly Surrounds

Hair is growing whiter everyday.
As time goes passing away. Sands
of time drifting down. Everything is
changing all around. What was, now
can't be found. But true love of heart,
remains steadfast and bound. Just
listen, , , for in each memory... Each
heart beat... You can hear the echo,
you can hear the sound...
... As love endlessly surrounds...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

In Fields Of Gold

Streets that go nowhere...
Endless sky... I don't know
where I'm going, but I'm
going to try. To find those
fields that are, ever so gold.
And a rainbow that I can call
my own, to hold.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

I Draw Close To You...

I draw close to you, it's all
I know to do. Through tears,
through pain. Through sunshine,
through rain. I draw close to you,
may you hold me too. During
seasons of sorrow so blue.
During seasons of such bright and
beautiful hues. Oh Lord, I draw close,
needing you most. In every moment
I'm awake, , , oh Lord, my hand may
you take. Don't let me fall, on you my
heart calls...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

You/Me

How can life go on without
you? How can I walk, how can
I talk? How can I breathe. How
can I, , , still be..? When you're
such a part of me! ..

And, In heart you'll always will be...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

#2...Candles Are Lit...

The angel light is on...
But, our angel is gone...
Yet, Love lives, , ,
...Ever so strong...

Now, (In Gods Loving Arms)

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...Candles Are Lit...

The angel light is on...
But, our angel is gone...
Yet, Love lives, , ,
...Ever so strong...

Now, ***In Gods Loving arms***

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Spiritual

Little red bird, are you watching
over me? Every time I turn around,
it's you I see. Looking down, twittering
your beautiful song. Even though, you
don't stay long. My heart skips a beat.
And I can't help but wonder, if in another
time, did we meet?

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Days Of Gold-Haiku

Sun setting orange.
Behind, endless rows of corn.
Farm house glows, so warm.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Strange...

Standing out in the middle
of this darkened road, houses
all in a row. Orange street lights
down on the corner, still a glow.
Seems like everything is still the
same. But no, everything has
changed... Thirty some years roll
by, but nobody'd know. The stories
told, what time's erased. With nothing
replaced, same old face. Nothing new,
just a different point of view. That breaches
from me to you. Yet, everything seems so
strange. Shut my eyes, blink twice, nobody
knows my name.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Scarlet Skies

Oh, little hummingbird, whisper to
me your words. Tell me what you've
heard. Up above the trees so high,
out across that scarlet sky. Tell me
what beauty do you see? With your
wings spread oh, so free. What
treasures do you find, underneath the
heavens skyline? What secrets does
your soul, so silently keep? What
treasures of the heart, to you, do the
skies speak?

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Photograph

I was sitting at the playground watching
the merry go round, go round. Then I saw
a little girl looking afraid, clinging tightly to
her horse as it went up and she looked
down. She reached out for her Momma,
but her Momma just waved. Suddenly the
little girls eye's lit up and she smiled back
so brave. Her Momma took a photograph
to treasure and save. While silently fearing
her little girl, will grow up too soon, one of
these passing days...

Holding tightly yet to the flowers I bought,
I quietly walked away.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...Our Lords Hand...

When we are on our knees... When
our hearts, cry out soulfully in need...
It's his hand, that will lead us through
the darkest night... It's his hand, that
will lead us when this world is gone
from sight...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...Your Hand...

The night is beginning to fall.
Somewhere in the distance a
train whistle calls. Searching the
sky for the man in the moon, but
it doesn't seem he wants to shine.
Not a single star can I find. Something
out there in the night is stirring. As the
fog starts rolling in. No sense in hurrying.
The candle in my window shines bright.
Might as while wrap my shawl around
myself tight, and roll with the movement
of life. There's no threats on the horizon.
No reason to put up a fight. Pillows are
still damp. But something tells me it'll
be alright.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Days Of Mist, Fields Of Dew...

They gave me meds, to help me
not feel so blue. But there isn't any
kind of medicine that can get me over
you. The days go on, and so does life's
song. I'm alright, but to my heart, living
without you feels so wrong. That's
something I just have to face. Because
your love, just can't ever be replaced.
The skies turn pink, the skies turn blue,
and sometimes a purplish hue. But no
matter what color they turn it feels like
I'm looking through, a misty fog where
all I can see before me are endless
fields of dew. But maybe someday, , , I'll
find a rainbow too.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Ever Winding Roads

Dusk to dawn, as eternity
goes on. Day to night, as we
do our best to live out life.
Through tears and hope, each
heart writes and finds it's own
song. With Jesus's light, we
struggle to find a road that's
right. Making amends, as we
learn through grief and strife.
And the road bends, as we
slowly begin to find new sight.
As God molds us in a image,
that's to his will, his might. Until
he whispers, come on home.
Long enough you've roamed.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Unspoken Words...

Listen to the earth as it
speaks. The flowers and
the trees, the tall grass
blowing in the breeze. The
night rains as they fall, the
birds as they call. The rivers
and streams, all of these...
Hold messages for you and
for me. From the one who
created, all that we see...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

..Storms Of The Heart..

How do I fight the night. When
my heart slams into my chest with
a pain so sharp and strong. As I
gasp and reach out for you, like
you're standing right there reaching
back too. But, then my mind says
I can't hold onto someone who's
gone. But, my heart screams out
you're wrong! .. While the thunder
crashes and the storms just go on
and on. And the night, can feel so
long.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...Loving Embrace...

I'm not who I used to be, I didn't
want anyone to see. The shame I
carried around inside. I just wanted
to hide. Till he found me. Down on
on my knees, as I cried. In my darkness,
he was by my side. Though I couldn't
understand why. But, he shinned his light
on me. Wanting me to see, his love, his hand.
Wanting me to rise again and stand. To see
his grace, his caring face. As my regrets he
did erase. And all he asked, , , All he asked! ..
Was my Loving embrace.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Remembering Momma

Watching the puddles on
the ground, as the rain comes
pouring down. But, a slight
smile comes to my face, instead
of a frown. As I recall, you, me
and Papa, we were dancing
around. You were singing a song
of raindrops. And there was such
a joyful, peace found. As our three
hearts linked, and became bound.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...Hold...

Oh Dear God, Oh Lord...
May You guard and guide,
my heart, my soul... For
when I hold my cross in awe,
my heart feels whole...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...Butterfly...

Oh, Dear beautiful butterfly,
I love the way you catch my eye.
Such a miracle to see. Rising
high above the magnolia trees.
Then gone, with the summer
breeze.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Dew Drop- Haiku

Underneath dawns light.
Dew drops sparkling oh so bright.
Mesmerizing sight.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Heart Of The Night

Shadows moving, with the
melodies of the wind. Night
bird, repeatedly calling out
again. Crickets chirping. Moon
peaks out. And the heart of the
night begins. Underneath the
starry light.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...Spring... Haiku

Lilies in the wind.
Robin hopping as he sings.
Blooms, the heart of spring.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Don't Let Go...

Don't slip away, come what the
tides may. Even if the waves crash
over top. Don't ever give up, don't
stop. Grab onto that branch! .. For
he is our Rock, our Hope, our Chance.
Don't let go. No matter the circumstance.
God has hold. No matter how the river
bends. He won't let go. He's our Father,
our Savior, our Friend. Who's Love won't
ever end! .. Don't let go! ..

In Loving Memory of Braydon 2001-2022 who slipped away..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Heartbeat

The sound of the ocean waves crashing.
The perfection of a hummingbirds wings. The
coo of a dove as she sings. The wide innocent
eyes of a young yearling. The awe and wonders
of spring blooming. The love and life of Christ is
seen. His heartbeat, his being.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

A Letter To Heaven...

Dear Lord,

If You May pass this on, Thank You with Love! ..

Dear Momma and Papa,

God knows I miss you so. And this world has changed

so much since you had to go. In everything I do, I still

long to call you. And I miss your voices ever so much too.

You'll always be part of my every heartbeat, part of my every

breath I breathe. I Hope Heaven is all that you dreamed. Ten

times more though, , , but that my heart already knows. I wonder

though do you think of me? Do you still feel as close as we

used to be? I flip through the pictures and memories, and hope

you yet recall all of these. While at the same time I imagine all

the beauty so new, that you now must see. Then at night I'll

dream of you while I sleep, and then in the morning pray that

you had dreams too, so sweet. But, I'll end this letter for now.

With hugs and kisses till the end of time, , , or until I no longer
have to imagine it in my mind...

P/s, I Love You! With UL!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...Midnight Mass- Haiku

Church bells are ringing.
Children are singing, bible songs.
Life so innocent.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

One Day At A Time-Haiku

Golden sun setting.
Time woven and embedding.
Life can't be undone.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

This Time

The stillness I choose, as
the wind blows and my heart
is moved. As the waves come
crashing in, and I guess I'm lost
in reflections again. Making hearts
in the sand, and just for a moment
I thought I felt your hand. Sun is
setting low, wipe away the tears
that flow. Get to my feet to stand.
But, a sliver of the moon begins to
show. And this time, , My heart knows...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

A Wish

Please, oh please Lord, May
it have come like a soft and gentle
whisper in the night. Without darkness,
without pain. Without sorrow, without
fright. Hand in hand, lovingly, leading,
to a greater light. Of unfathomable
beauty and the beginning, of new life...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

The Words Unsaid

Moonlight shinning down.
Windchimes chiming in the
wind. And I'm lost in thoughts
of you again. Wondering if
you're okay... But heaven
knows, that goes without say...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

The Wind...

Like a ghost in the wind,
she's here and then gone
again. Yet the song, still
remains the same. Time
doesn't really end, it's just
changing again. And the
Love, , , the Love has always
been.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...Blue Gray...

Watch the petals
fall, caught in the
wind and all.

Drifting away, maybe
in search of a brighter
day, who's to say?
When flowers are
blue and skies are
gray.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

His Sunshine

Through the stain glass
windows the sun shines.
Like a calming river, refreshing
the heart and mind. Reflections
of Gods grace, so amazing, so
kind. So Much Beauty And Love
He Longs To Share... If we'd only
take the time. There's so much
depth and wonder to life out there.
Beyond our windows, beyond our
back stairs. So much peace and
serenity, he longs for us to find,
...Under the sunshine..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

I'm Lost Without You

Like, stars without a moon, a
instrument with no tune, flowers
that don't bloom. My heart feels
like an empty room. A window
without a view. Like a song that
ends too soon. I'm lost without
you. A locked door without a key,
a story with no mystery, without
you I cannot see. Without you, I
just ain't me. For it's true, I'm lost
without you! ..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

? If You Enjoy Reading Books...

Author,

Nicholas Sparks with, A walk to remember,
will change your heart. And, The Notebook,
will make you cry. But, these you really
should try. For the undescrivable beauty they
hold inside...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...Path...

I whispered to her, that I love
her, and in my mind I kissed her too.
And I said I'll see you tomorrow...
And now, it's up to me, , , for
tomorrow to someday be.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

The Little Church In The Woods.

On a dark, cold and snowy night.
There is warmth and light. As voices
sing out so strong, with such heart
and might. And His Love shines so
bright... In the little church, in the
night.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

If I Reach Out...

It is strange how sometimes the yesterdays
can seem so clear. Almost like looking at the
reflections in a mirror. And walking through the
day, is like walking through a fog, of yesterdays
years. With images and feelings so very strong
you wonder if today is really here. Or if I reach
out to you would you appear? Would you take
my hand so gentle and dear, and then together
as the clocks unwind, we step back through time,
and disappear...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

This Holy Night.

Though it may not be snowing, the
Christmas tree is still glowing. Such
a beautiful love, the manger is showing.
As baby Jesus, Mary is holding. And
all feels so hopeful and bright. As we
celebrate, Jesus's life. On this Oh, so
Holy night...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Today's Tomorrow

Tomorrows a new day, it might be
bright, it might be blue. But, the
moments belong just to you. With new
memories to be made. And cherished
old ones, to reminisce, smile, and save.
But, which ever path life takes, and what
ever we may have to face. Make sure
today the tomorrows, are laced with love
along the way.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

A Beautiful Magic.

Such beautiful glitter falling all around.
Turning to snow as it touches the ground.
As once again the magic of winter surrounds.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Surrendering #2

On my own i've been trying so hard not to
let the darkness of sorrow shine through. Even
though the pain and fear has been making me
feel so blue. But, I know your loving light is always
shinning oh, so bright. And the compassion from
your heart just flows, like a river to our souls, if
we'd only let go. For alone we are spinning, we
are crying, we are trying to hold, onto all we know.
But, without your light we are always going to have
to cross that dark road. And oh, Lord we need your
guiding hand to walk with us so slow. When we feel
so lost and all feels so strange and we can't find any
light on the road. Let your heart show, when we feel
so blind and we can't find that line. Let your heart
shine, constantly reflect, constantly remind... You are
the way, you are the sign. If we'd just, if we'd only,
surrender our hearts, surrender our minds...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...Faith...

Kneeling in prayer.
Clinging to God, know he's there.
Holding all, with care.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

May You Lord...

May you help me to focus on you,
when i feel so afraid...
May you help me to focus on you,
when i don't know what to say...
May you help me to focus on you,
when the fire goes passing by...
May you help me to focus on you,
when i feel so blind...
May you help me to focus on you,
when those dark thoughts haunt my mind...
May you help me to focus on you,
when i don't know which way to turn, or what to do...
May you help me to focus on you,
when i feel so lost and like i can't find you...
May you help me to focus on you,
when i feel i can't face the day...
May you help me to focus on you! ..
Oh, Lord May you help me to pray! ..
In all circumstances, Always! ..
And to Listen too! ..
...Gratefully to you! ..

Rebecca Navarre

Lavender Dreams

Underneath a lavender moon,
love ignites and blooms...
Time and life seem so distant,
so concealed, when walking out
amongst lavender fields.
A little girl sits underneath lavender
skies, teardrops falling from her pale,
crystal blue eyes.
A little boys heart fills with dreams, as
he finds a single red rose, down by the
banks of the lavender streams...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...Free...

Down by the rivers,
down by the streams.
The heart is truly free
to dream...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Evenings Calm

As the autumn wraps
around, gently whispering
it's sound. Silver leaves on
the ground, as the moonlight
begins to shine down. With
an ambient calm.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Autumn Days

I love to watch the clouds roll,
the autumn's colorful flow. The
deer out at play, as life seems to
have so much to say. On these
brightly lit, autumn days.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Calling Jesus

Talk to me Jesus.
Teach me to hear. To
you, I long to be near.
To me your presence, is
so dear. My heart fills with
love, my heart fills with fear.
I look in the mirror, my eyes
fill with tears. Won't you walk
with me Jesus, and hold my
hand dear. Oh Precious Lord,
to you, I long to be near...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...From The Heart Of Christ...

On this cold and frosty night,
I can see my breath, can you
see yours? That breath is our
life, to cherish and adore. It is
a gift, a precious gift from Christ! ..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...Deep With In...

All the songs you used to
sing, all the things you used
to say. Keep coming to me in
the wind. All the memories of
yesterday. As I watch the birds
bathe and play. The squirrels
tails, as they wave. I gently turn
your ring. And feel the autumn,
touching my heart again... With
the words I love you, held deep
within.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...Care...

Light a candle, say a prayer...
Somebodies hurting, somebodies
in despair... Somebody desperately
needs our loving thoughts, sent
with heart, sent with Care...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...Heart...

I sit alone in the dark with such
gratitude in my heart...

I sit alone in the dark with such
sorrow in my heart...

I sit alone in the dark with such
gratitude in my heart...

I sit alone in the dark with such
fear in my heart...

I sit alone in the dark and look up through
the trees, at all of Gods Great beauty! ...

And i feel so small, like i'm nothing at all...

And I sit alone in the dark with such love in my heart...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Those Words You Hold...

Words so bitter, words so cold. I don't really
wanna know. As it is, life goes fast, life goes
slow. And carrying all that hate is such a heavy
load. All that blackness that you hold, do you
really wanna throw that stone. The world is already
hurting so! Rocks can really break a bone, can't you
just let it go. When restoration is the seed, if only we
would grow. Broken sticks can make the heart bleed.
Is that the path, we wish to weave.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Longing...

I saw your face, in a strangers
today. And for a moment I felt the
sun's warmth and ray's. And my
heart flooded with all I longed to say.
But, then the clouds passed and took
you away. And I was left standing in
a daze. Watching the autumn leaves
dance and play.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

..Signs..

I've been walking blind, searching
for sometime. But, this feeling just keeps
hanging on. Feeling like somethings wrong.
I can hear it in the breeze, kinda like an old
love song. I can feel it in my heartbeat, I can
feel it so deep. This endless calling need,
that only you can please. Oh, God it's (You) ,
that I need! And I 've been away too long.
You've been calling out to me, and without you
I just ain't me. Without you I can't even breathe,
Oh Lord I've been away too long. But, when (I)
finally stop to look around, I know (you've) never
been gone...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Shadows Of Light.

May the shadow of the Lord always be
your guide. May the shadow of the Lord
always be by your side. And when you feel
you just couldn't handle another tide, may
the shadow of the Lord lift you ever so high.
May the light of the Son always shine on you.
And through your heart, may his spirit always
shine too. And may love always be the reason,
for all the things that you do. And with every
smile you send, may they always be returned
to you.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Him/Her

His eye's hold yet a deep brown. But,
in everyday life, he feels like he drowns.
He glances at her without a sound, though
his heart longs to place on her head, a
golden crown.

Her eye's are blue, her hair is long. Two
worlds away but, both their hearts play the
same love song.

Each night she write's about him with feelings
so strong. As time moves on, he looks to her,
she looks to him. Each night they pass in the
hall, their hands barely touch, no words at all.
Hearts lock...

As he thinks, God I love her.
And she thinks, God I love him.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Ocean Of Tear's

Watch the wave's come in,
then wash away again. But,
I know through the Glory of
Christ, death won't win. For
under a new rainbow the
Heaven's will sing, and new
life will begin.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Day's Of Heaven

In the raindrops on the ground.
In the sunbeams shinning down.
'Life And Love, ' is found!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Mine Did Too...

In my heart it feels like all the
angels, must be crying. For it seems
like all the stars, are falling and dying.
The moon has turned the deepest shade
of blue. And the wonder of the earth's
mystical hue's, have slipped from my reach,
faded from my view. For when your heart
stopped beating, mine did too! ..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...Dream...

If angels were butterflies...
That sat by our side, sent to
comfort, sent to guide. How
peaceful and beautiful life might be...
And one day Heaven, we all
would see...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Turn Your Eye's To God...

When your afraid of the moon
and all that's blue, and darkness
is all you see. Look to God... For
'he's looking' and 'reaching' out
for you! ..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Comfort In Our Lords Love

Been stumbling around in the dark, trying to follow the light in Gods heart. Fear and confusion can get in the way, and so many mistakes I have made. But, Gods love has always been... As sure as the light of day. And his love, will always stay...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

A Golden Halo

Dear little blue bird, it was your
turn to fly. May you touch the Son,
may you touch the sky... May the
many arms of love, embrace you
tight... You've always been this
shinning star in our lives. From our
hearts sorrow flows, though in heaven
you're wearing a golden halo. To us the
timing may not seem right, But God
must of wanted you as his light...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

We Haven't Ever Believed in Goodbyes...

... Those words didn't ever come to mind.
Those words were too unkind. So now I
whisper with love, hi... And then Pray and
Hope so, , , to see you on the other side.
Time to break. Time to cry. As I still search
desperately, for your eyes. Oh, to look into
them again, with all the depth, with all the
love within. Oh, to hold, oh, to touch. From
the beginning through the end, the words
goodbye haven't ever been. So as the stars
appear in the skies. I say nite nite, and my
heart, , , I send... For I know that you will hear,
and you two hold me yet, so dear...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Ageless Heart... Haiku

The good Lord above.
With an old fashioned Christmas.
And, old fashioned love.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Blessings Of Christmas, Blessings Of Life...

Carolers singing, church bells ringing,
sleigh bells jingling. Snowmen and sleds,
children giggling. Their hearts full of hopes
of the Christmas lists they wrote. Tree lights
twinkling, star lights blinking. Oh, what a
night, filled with such hope and delight. As
we look to the manger Thanking Our Dear
Lord, for sending us Jesus, for giving us life! ..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...Peace Love... Haiku

Christmas snow falling.
May there be such peace to all.
Christ's love, beckons, calls.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

He Loved...

...Waking to a new dawn, he loved the
mornings songs. He loved the fields of
grain, he loved the dewdrops and the
rain. He loved his Ma and Pa, he loved
fishing and to draw. He loved poems and
a melody, about natures beauty, he loved
to dream. He loved babbling streams,
wasn't crazy about the seas. At home he'd
rather be, with his wife and family. So deeply
in God he did believe. He loved rainbows
and climbing trees, watching the falling leaves.
Snow was always a mystery, like the storms,
the crickets and the bees. He loved to tell of
the wonder and awe, in everything he did see.
And is Loved, ever so dearly! .. He told me God
is in the stars, holding all whom we love... So
love isn't ever far.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

The Pulse Of Life...

Wake up to the golden sun shine,
a little cardinal singing out on the
vine. Daffodils swaying in the wind,
nodding their heads as if to say nice
to see you again. Apple blossoms on
the trees, a chipmunk peering out so
curiously. Rhythmic waves touching
the shore, and the pulse of life calls
to me once more. As I feel my heart
skip a beat, , , but, then turn as the
tears stream down my cheeks.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...Remembrance...

Whether we feel it or not,
love isn't ever very far away.
For we are surrounded...
By Love... Everyday! ...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Light A Candle Of Faith...

As autumn touches the skies,
and the winds stir inside. Let your
heart sing, let it cry, so much has
changed over night. Time gives,
time die's. And we don't always know
which road is wise. But, there is a
candle burning bright and his unchanging
Love is the light. For his footprints are our
path... And each step we take towards him,
we can be assured, the darkness won't last.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Oh World, Oh Heart...

When it seems like the world is falling
apart. Do not give up, do not lose heart.
For in one way or another, For all, the
Lord is building a new start. With a world
so fresh and green, blue rivers and babbling
streams. Endless forest, filled with nature so
serene. And a love and light beyond anything
imagined, or anything we could dream. So
cling tight to him and just believe... In all he is
holding, and all we can't see. His Promise
Is... And Yet Will Be... For you, and for me.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Melodies Of The Night.

It's the heart of the heart, the soul of
the soul, that reaches out and just grabs
hold. It's like the song of the winds, that
beat deep within. Knocking at the windows
and rattling them again. As the shadows
wave saying come let's play. Come dance
in the night, underneath the starry light. With
no one around and no one in sight. Let your
heart just feel, all that's so real. Like a leaf on
a stem, of a branch as it bends. That sways to
each movement as it begins, and knows just
when the song will end.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Your Smiling Face...

As I sat by your gravesite filled with
sorrow and pain, and I let my finger
trace over the letters of your name.
Reflecting on how sad and empty life
feels without you... And then I slowly
began to look around me too. And saw
all the greenery and how the sunshined,
and two blue birds chasing each other
around a young pine. Then an inchworm
crawling across your stone, caught my
eye, and all the stories you told me came
rushing back through my mind. And the
times we walked together your hand in mine.
As you'd point out all the nature that did surround,
and the inchworms and caterpillars too we found.
And I saw your smiling face. And I recalled
you saying by how Gods grace, that caterpillar
or inchworm will someday fly. Turning into a
beautiful moth or butterfly. And I thought how
you too, have left your cocoon, as you said one
day we all will do. And how you are now touching
the stars you talked of and dreamed, and the flowers
you so love, as they bloom. And as I still couldn't
help but sit and cry, I felt a peace, yet though inside.

Rebecca Navarre

Choosing Love, Choosing Life

Deep in our hearts, deep in our souls,
love grows. With so little time in life to
learn, how to let that love show. In the
blink of an eye, if we choose to hold it
inside. The time could just, suddenly be
gone, you know. Just as quick as the
snow can fly, on a cold autumn night. So
can our lives, yet we lock the door tight.
So we aren't exposed, even though the
weatherman said, no chance of snow.
Skies will be clear tonight, so we for hours
snuggle in, and then the storm howls and
cries, outside our windows. And in that
moment of time we find, there's no way we
can go. No way to change the song we chose.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

The Simple Things

The wonder in that little birdies
eyes, as he stops to say hi. The
excitement of that little squirrel, as
he and his friends, play, dash and
twirl. The love that's sparked between
those two little bunnies, hearts. And
as a sliver of the moon begins to rise,
and out come the fireflies. And our
minds began to reflect upon, the
simple awe of things. How precious
they are and the joy they bring, to life.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Drifting Along, And Pondering On...

How high is that mountain?
How high are those stairs?
How high are those clouds, in
the distance over there?
How deep is the ocean?
How deep is that well?
How deep is the love, into
which I fell?
How wide are those meadows,
which seem to go on and on?
How wide is that river, and
what is it's song?
How far is that star, which we see? How far will
time, continue to reach? For how long will our
hearts, continue to beat? How long until the
heavens, and the earth meet? Will our hearts be
ready, when our name God seeks?

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

... If I Were Told...

Yelling on Monday, gone
on Wednesday, without even
being able to speak. On Tuesday,
I couldn't reach. And on Friday,
the Heavens and earth did meet.
I would of never imagined.
I would never of believed.
Oh, my Beautiful butterfly, so
fragile and frail. You left this world
upon, such a strong and emotional
gale.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

A Deeper Love...

Keep them in your heart, so they
may always, be a part. Keep their
memory alive, they'll be there with us
through our falls, and through our rise.
Through the changing of the tides, the
changing of seasons. They'll be there
through all, even when Our Lord calls.
And you will find, they will walk with you,
when it comes that time... To cross over
to the other side, and look our loved ones
in the eyes, again. As Our Lord welcomes
us in, and a new kinda, deeper love begins...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Re-Turn.

We all need to return to Jesus, we all
need to get down on our knees. We all
need to return to God, because at some
point, we've all wandered to far. We all
need to return to a child like heart, like
in the beginning, like in the start. Back
to when we believed, oh so faithfully, oh
so complete... Kinda like when we were
say, three and we sat oh so patiently.
Searching for the heavens, looking to the
stars. Waiting to see what would happen,
and if Jesus we could see. And wondering
if to us, Our Lord would speak. But now
days we can rush right through the day,
without barely to him, a word. When all day
long he whispers I love you, and wonders if
we've heard. And he waits oh so patiently
for us, to open our hearts again. And to look
to the stars, in search of a way to return back
to then... In search of a way, to return back to him.

Rebecca Navarre

Autumn Blue

There is a blue moon outside my
window, shining on the river so
bright. Hear the lonely cry of a night
hawk, before he takes off in desperate
flight. The wind rattles through the
trees, with such little mercy. A coldness
seeps into my bones, and I wrap my
shawl around me tight. As I watch the
last leaf fall from the oak, on this chilly
autumn night.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Someday, Under Sunsets So Gold.

Searching for some kinda norm again,
but don't know where to begin. God I
miss you so, I look for you in all I do you
know. Longing to hold you tight, but you're
gone from my sight. I know the Lords angels
are always right, and my heart has nothing
to fight. But the rains beat down so strong at
night, and the winds cry out so child like. And
I know I've got a long, long way to go, with
many rivers, hills, and roads. Before we can
walk hand in hand again, under sunsets so gold.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Heart And Memories

The hills, gently whisper their songs
still. The roots of the trees, tell their
stories. As time weaves, a history
that we can't see. What once was
there, now is gone. But yet always
will be, written on the breeze.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Winnie

Oh, for the love of Pooh,
Christopher Robin, and A.A.
Milne too. For all the wonderful
stories wrote and all the inspirational
quotes. For all the days that felt so
blue, and hope and inspiration were
found... In the simple days, the simple
ways, of the lovable Winnie the Pooh.
May our hearts not ever out grow, nor
may we not ever consider ourselves too
old. For the wonderful adventures and
stories told, of Pooh.

Notes,

Christopher Robin Milne was born, Aug 21,1920 and passed
away, April,20th,1996. Christopher Robin received the bear
for his first birthday. His stuffed animals, Winnie the Pooh
and Pooh's friends are on display at The New York Public Library's Treasures.
Christopher also published many stories
as well.

Rebecca Navarre

Hues

Learning all about the tree's
again. And how their leave's
began. About their root's, and
how they could end. The darker
shade's of blue. And how to
blossom new... With such a lighter,
and more brighter, beautiful array
of hues.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

The Days Of...

Walking out in the woods, where
the raspberries grew. Picking
mushrooms and blueberries too.
Oh how I cherish, those times with
you! .. Under the skies, of such
beautiful hue...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Seeing...

God doesn't see colors, only souls.
And he only sees hearts, not pockets
of gold. He doesn't judge us by our
looks or our clothes. He doesn't see
rank, class, or position. But he sees
our spirits condition. Are you patient,
honest, kind and giving? Are you
revengeful, or forgiving? With nature
are you gentle and caring? With love
are you abundant in heart and sharing?
How do you want people to see you?
Is it the same way you would want God to?

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Evenings Sights

Raindrops with the suns rays. Baby
bunnies in the grass at play. Baby birds
in their nest chirping away. Baby squirrels
running up and down the long arching
branches, of the trees. A gentle breeze.
What a wonderful, , , wonder filled, world
to see! ..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Lavender Green

As I danced and sang to Lavender
blue dilly dilly, you laughed and called
me silly. But yet my heart dreams, of
lavender green... Hills of lavender
flowers and trees so green, in all that
can be seen. The sun beaming down
through the curtains a beautiful dandelion
yellow. You and I going for walks hand in
hand, with my heart so grateful you are my
fellow. Tell me is it silly to dream such thoughts
as these, as I lay my head on my pillow. Or is it
all black and white, and we are as different as
the day and the night. You don't have to say a
word, just lovingly squeeze my hand tight, if any
of my dreaming you like. If not just leave me with,
a soft and gentle kiss, goodnite.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

If Only.....

Dear Lord, the whole world needs your healing hand, so in your love, together they could stand. So many broken hearts, so many tears, so much trauma, so much fear. A slam here and a knife there, when our hearts should be filled with loving care. For each other, nature and creation alike, for ALL is precious in your sight. If only all could see, how beautiful a world without hate and greed could be. If only all could think twice, and treat each other as we'd like to be, treated in life. If all could only live from a love so true. And when in conflict ask and reflect, what would Jesus do. If all could only feel through your eyes, if all could only try... If all could only, , , Believe in you!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

If Only....

Dear Lord, the whole world needs your
healing hand, so in your love, together
they could stand. So many broken hearts,
so many tears. So much trauma, so much
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For each other, nature and creation alike,
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live from a love so true. And when in conflict
ask and reflect, what would Jesus do. If all
could only feel through your eyes, if all could
only try... If all could only, , , Believe in you!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Timeless Memories...

As the music box plays, I see
your face. As in the shadows we'd
play, on bright sunny days. As dusk
became dawn, and the memories
went on. Now and forever, embedded
in heart and song.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Angels Sing Songs Of Love...

Listen to the songs of the heart
that play. Listen to the night, listen
to the day. There is so much music
that surrounds in so many ways. Even
the silence can have something to say.
Melodies of love, life can bring. Melodies
of the earth and skies, echo and ring.
Whether carried on the wind, or carried by
wings. If we just open our hearts, we can
hear them sing. And if we close our eyes
we'll feel them deep within. This is a gift of
love, that to all, God has given. Praise be
to him...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Walking Down Heavens Roads.

She's a spirit in the wind, free
and child like again. Running up
and down the shores, as her heart
soars. As she turns and spins, so
full of life within. Tears of joy flow,
as she's surrounded by the warmth
of Gods loving glow. Walking through
fields so gold, amongst a beauty greater
than the earths below. Angels welcome
her so, as she reunites with loved ones
she knows.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Heart Songs

You've been on my mind, as I
search for you in all I see and find.
Every song I hear play, reminds me
you've gone away. But even though
you're not here, I know you're near.
My heart can't deny, this feeling inside.
When I look to the skies, there's this
wave, there's this vibe. Telling me, , ,
love will always keep us tied.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...Precious One...

The storms didn't ever pass.
But, last night the angels came past.
Lifting her heart and soul, into His
loving arms at last.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Waves Across The Sand

She's afraid of living, she's afraid of
dying. God I miss her smiling. I miss
her laugh, I miss the days gone past.
I hit rewind, but I can't find, those eyes
that once used to shine. I miss you,
where are you, I'm still here. Reaching
out, but you're nowhere about. It's okay,
maybe one day... Just know here, I'm
going to stay. Just reach out your hand,
and there I'll stand. And once again we'll
watch the waves, fall across the sands...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Love Will Always Recall...

Even though I won't ever hear your
voice again. I'll hear it when the willows
sing. And when the whippoorwills call.
And when the breeze blows through the
grass so tall. And when the flowers nod
their heads and all. And when the moon
light shines and I feel so small. For a
moment life will stop and stall. While
memories flash and my heart reaches out
to grasp, ever so gently clasp. Even when
my mind is slipping passed, the heart will
always recall.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Seedlings

The heavenly Father is at work in
you, whether or not you believe it's
true. There's the birth of his son, there's
atheist's, there's evolution, the big bang,
there's faithful devotion, it's all in God's
name. We may wrestle in heart, but one
day see how much he's a part. From beginning
to end, his love has always been. From when
we close our eye's at night, till the early morning
light, we are always within his sight. For the good
of life, for the good of him. One day this realization
he'll bring. In our hearts he is the seed, he is the
stem, in which he cultivates and tends.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Heart

The sun is peeking out, then it hides it's
face. Almost like it's playing tag. Will it rain
or will it shine, will it find this heart of mine.
Will the birdies sing, cheerful thoughts of
spring, or will they hide their heads, under
wings, ducking from the day's chilly winds.
Will the rivers rage and roar, or gently sparkle
and kiss the shores. Will the willows bend and
weep, or of awe and beauty speak. Will the
moon feel distant and far, or will it smile bright
and dance amongst the stars.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Through Love...

Walking down these country roads,
underneath the moons glow. Stars
sparkling in the sky, the smell of
clover in the fields near by. All's so
quiet and still, almost as if unreal. My
mind starts drifting back in time. I reach
out for your hand, as if you were standing
there by my side. In a quick glance I turn
to find, , , you're here in heart, through the
love that binds...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Under The Suns Light

Up above the sky so high. Reaching
out to the clouds drifting by. While sitting
here on the mountain side. With golden
sunflowers down below. Grateful to let
time move so slow. Watching the cotton
as it floats across the sky, glowing in the
suns brilliant light. Catch it gently within
my grasp, close my eyes tight. Make a
wish with all my might... And let it go, out
amongst the winds that blow. What it'll
touch, where it'll land I do not know.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

A Walk With God

Take a break from life today. Pick a flower,
or kick a stone along the way. Even though
the clouds are dark and gray. It's okay. God
knows the tears are falling. Do you hear the
sounds of the river calling. Winds are howling.
Listen to the lullaby natures made. Watch the
trees as they sway. The song the leaves play.
Let the pain fade even if only for a minute stop
and breath, it's okay. Let the tears fall into the
bay and let your feelings go where they may.
Scream, cry, shout, pray, then in Gods arms lay
all that you can't say. No matter what you do he
knows... And right there by your side, he'll stay.
Even if you say no, he's just Not going to let you go.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Between The Dusk and The Dawn.

You are my star, you are my night.
You are my sunbeam, you are my
light. I have your love locked within
my heart so tight. Your voice, your
kiss, echo's through me as the thunder
claps with all it's might. Heaven knows
lightening did strike. Your touch is like
a cool breeze that touches me just right.
Just one smile and my heart ignites, if
you look into my eyes you'll see the flame
burning bright. Oh, don't you know you are
my life.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Faith...

War is not in Gods name, the
ten commandments remain the
same. God's tears fall when hate
and violence arises. When we
walk in peace and kindness, cling
to faith and believe his heart is
beside us.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

How Great His Love

Forgiveness is the love of Christ.
Repentance is our love for him. And
he so loved us (even) before we were
born. Even before he made the world.
Inspirations from Ephesians 1: 3-10

He knew us before we could even see,
he knew just what color our eyes would
be. He knew just what thoughts we'd
weave, and what now days, we'd believe.
And he knows just what he'll achieve. And
every single mystery. He knows every creature
of the sea, and he's touched every star personally.
He knows everything that we wonder, he knows
us, our name, and what's in our hearts deep down
under.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Eternally

One of Gods greatest gifts is the
soul. Time moves on. Trees die and
others will grow. The heart bleeds
till eventually the hand grows cold.
But love, shared with another, the
love of life and nature that blooms
from a single seed down under. The
love of the stars and Gods great
wonders. The love of music, songs
both new and old. That move through
the heavens and the earth below. The
acts of his spirit and words of his love
spoken. The soul eternally holds.

Rebecca Navarre



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Life's Compass

It's important to follow Gods roads.
No matter how strong the winds blow.
Whether it's warm, or it's cold. For I'd
rather walk it with him, than go it alone.
...Into the uncharted, the unknown...
When his heart, his life, is a compass
unchanging, always showing.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Path...

The trumpet played out so sweet and low, with such empathy and sorrow. The big brass band seemed to understand, just which way the song would go. Up through the skies the song did flow, but deep into the heart it was sewn. Now embedded and part of life's new path... To learn to walk, in a new and gentle knowing. With the touch of Christ's heart, once so deeply held and felt, but now forever showing...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

At Times I've Imagined...

The maple tree as like, a subtle artist it's
arm's a paintbrush reaching high, to paint
colors into the back ground of the skies. The
birch is timid and bright, yet gracious in it's
strife, as it shares it's bark, for writers to write.
And the willow like a child, tender, shy, longing
to be needed, and mild. The heart filled towering
pine, spreading it's protective arms, to shelter
smaller animals of all kinds. The apple tree growing
in it's gentle beauty and splendor, sharing it's fruits,
with her attender. The elm tree kinda like an umbrella,
romantically branching over a gal and her fella. The
catalpa tree as an elderly woman or man, with so many
stories to tell, all so very grand. And last but not least, the
mighty oak like a mindful chief, standing strong watching
over the forest, as all peacefully sleeps.

Rebecca Navarre



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Winter

Oh to see the sky with just a touch of
pink, that sets the heart to dream, and
your mind to think... Of the scarlet flowers
down by the road side, the yellow daisies
and the carnations so vibrant, as if dipped
in bright multi colors of paint or ink. And a
nip of honey suckle to taste, with some
spearmint tea to sip and drink. Sitting out on
the porch swing glider, along side the sparkling
creek, listening to the redbirds soulfully singing
and the chickadees, merrily tweet. While watching
the robins hop along, engaged in their own dance
and song. The mesmerizing beauty of life, , , the heart
reflects and ponders on. As the mind thoughtfully hopes, , ,
Maybe spring will be, in not so very long...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Sweethearts

Let me call you sweetheart he
sang, whole heartedly to her. As
he'd take her by the hand, bow,
and round and round she would
dance. Up on her toes and down,
and then into his arms she'd collapse.
As they'd look into each others eyes,
so starry like and mesmerized. Then,
he'd start out again, let me call you
sweetheart, as she'd blush and say,
she loves him.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Releasing The Heart

But the beauty of the meaning, and the
beauty that it holds, as the pages, slowly
unfold. Capturing the images, capturing the
heart, as each moment you feel so a part.
The sunbeams, streaking down through the
golden leaves. The scent of the forest, drawing
you into it's dream. The feel of the breeze, as
all is so quiet and serene. The only sound is
nature, as she so deeply and yet, so softly speaks.
As the harmony of the spirit fills you, with and
indescribable peace. And the pages, of tomorrows,
you stop, and release.

Rebecca Navarre



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Night Forest Melody

Through the forest so deep, a little birdie
starts out a tweet. Singing songs of love,
songs of peace, oh so tender, soft, and meek.
As his friend the owl joins in, drumming with
his wings. He beautifully keeps the beat, and
together their harmony is complete. With
lullabies quite unique. All so serene and sweet,
each night this does repeat. So the other forest
animals, may oh so cozily sleep.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Tomorrows Roads

Relax thee oh, soul. Just close your
eyes, and let him hold. He knows the
minutes, the hours, the days. He's
already written every page. He knows
our hearts, our woes, our joys. He knows
our thoughts, our whispers, our voice. And
just what we long to sow, and just where
we need to grow, and just when again, the
the sun will show. So just cling to him, and
let go. Through blind faith in him, he'll guide
us down, each and every, winding road.

Rebecca Navarre



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Our Shepherd

A Christmas child, born onto us, so gentle and mild.
Born to Mary and Joseph, in a manger filled of straw,
this image God himself did draw. Born amongst angels,
shepherds, and animals, to gift to us, miracles so impossible,
so unfathomable. Born underneath the brightest star, but
the light of his heart, would touch so many more by far.
Born to be the savior of all, this is his meaning, this is his
call. To share his Fathers love, so we may be with him, and
share in the glories of above. What he suffered, and what he
felt, when in tears, and prayers, he knelt. (Yet) , when they
rolled away that stone, he reassured us, we wouldn't ever
be alone. Oh, the beauty of his soul, is beyond anything we,
could ever know. (And all this) , just so he could hold us, and
love us so! ..

Rebecca Navarre



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Daunty And Juniper

Watching you and Daunty ride, I feel so
breathless inside. As Juniper and I, watch
from the shadows near by. And suddenly
you're along side of me, and I can feel my
own heart beat. You look at me and smile,
and my heart just goes wild. And I wonder
what you see. And I wonder if I'm in a dream.
As you dash off across the night Juniper
whinnies, and follows your flight. As we began
to catch up to you, Daunty lets out a whinny
too. Gently patting Juniper, as I whisper,
please may this be true. Moon glowing oh so
bright. And my mind wonders if the moons light,
has casted some sort a spell, under which the
four of us fell. As you get down, turn and reach
up for my hand, the alarm clock goes off, on my
bed stand. As I blink my eyes and wake, I look
up to see your smiling face. And once again my
heart does race. As I smile, and reach out for your
hand, to take.

Rebecca Navarre

Times Of Gold.

Out where the wildflowers grow, and time
comes to a slow. And the skies turn to the
color, of a soft pinkish gold. With the babbling
river streams, sparkling in the light as they
gently flow. And the lush green moss on the
tree branches, hang low. With the winds
singing a harmonious melody, as they so softly
blow. And a buck steps out into the grassy fields,
nods his head and says hello, to a shy passing
doe. As all nature becomes one and the Spirit
fills the soul. What precious moments God gave
us to cherish and hold.

Rebecca Navarre



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More Than A Christmas Glow.

In the darkness of the night, light a
candle in his sight. Let the world shine
so bright. With his loving light. Let his
love be told. Let his kindness and
compassion show. With tenderness we
can sew, a blanket that warms the soul.
So keep shining on for him, and when
Christmas comes to an end, don't let
that light grow cold or dim. Encourage
one another. Help each other to remember
and discover. Each heart has a glow. And
when we stand together it's even more
heartwarming and radiant, you know.

Rebecca Navarre



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Loving Light...

He is the light of our lives.
Through the the day, through
the night. Opening our hearts and
bringing us sight. When we've lost
our will, when we've lost our might.
His arms hold us tight. Singing over
us in delight. As each tear he wipes.
He fills us with reason, he fills us with
life, and a love to share, that's deeper
than any words can write.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

In Candles Light

Raindrops on the windows,
leaves are falling down. Sitting
back, listening to the sound.
Don't know where time is headed,
don't know where it's bound. But
in all, and everything, I hope that
Christ is found.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Return To Shady Glade

Watch the ripple of the waves,
but time is gone and I can't turn
back the page. I see your face,
but you seem so far away I play
the notes you used to play and
pray to God, time won't let your
voice fade. In the distance I can
hear you yet, reading from my
favorite book, farewell to shady
glade. You and I curled up and
and you looking down at me
with that, oh so loving look. And
I'd be looking up at you, with such
love and admiration too. Oh God
how I wish we could relive those
memories we made, turn back those
days and hand in hand return to shady
glade. Where underneath the willows
this time, we'd just stay.

Rebecca Navarre

In Between.

When ever I see you, I feel like
I'm age two. When ever you speak
to me, I feel like I'm age three. When
ever you knock at my door, I feel
like I'm age four. When ever I see
that sparkle in your eyes, I feel like
I'm age five. When ever I see you
out amongst the mix, I just can't get
past the age six. Funny how love
can leave you feeling, so betwixt.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Please!

Oh, won't you please, , ,
care for the earth! .. It has
so Very much beauty, , , so
Very much worth! .. And it
takes care of us! .. If, we'd
only take care of it! ...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Please!

Oh, won't you please, , ,
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Very much worth... And it
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only take care of it! ...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Surrounding All...

To walk amongst the trees,
touch the willows, feel the breeze.
Count the butterflies, fall in love
with the golden skies. To listen to
the babble of the stream, watch the
clouds drift, and dream. And yet so
much beauty unseen. Felt there in
his love, in his being. Surrounding
all... With such heart, such unfathomable
meaning.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Smiles

You and I and a fishing pole,
going down to the old watering hole.
Spending the summer days, fishing
under the sunny rays. Watching the
cat tails wave, as the fish teased and
played. Talking of nature, God, and
all he's made. And how moments
like this we wouldn't trade. And even
as the sun began to set, we didn't
want to go in yet. But, Mom would soon
be on the shoreline, to let us know dinner
is set. Standing there smiling even if, we
came home with an empty net.

Rebecca Navarre



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By Our Sides...

Deep colors of the sky, slowly move
and pass by. Whether it rains, or whether
it shines. You can be sure, there is love
inside. Whether autumns warm colors glow,
whether it's stark, gray and cold. Whether it
storms or snows, if you look to him, his love
always shows. Whether it's the dark of the
night, or whether it's mid day and bright,
we're always there, within his sight. Whether
life grows, or if it dies. Whether time makes us
laugh, or makes us cry. Whether life seems to
be mocking, or teasing. Whether seasons come
with, or with out reason. Don't fear, his love isn't
leaving. For us he died. And his heart always
will be, and is, by our side.

Rebecca Navarre



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Thoughts Of Wonder...

Imagine what the world would be...
To truly love fearless and free. Deep
as the river, deep as the sea, deep
as the heart does bleed. Deeper than
the earths deepest seed, deeper than
the skies reach. Deeper than the soul
can see. Like Jesus does, you and me.

Rebecca Navarre



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Through Out...

Your smiling eyes always brought
such light to the dark, and joy to our
hearts. In all you've done through out
life, you've shown Gods a deep part,
and through the deepest waters he's
been your chart. He's the root of our
lives, he's where love and life start.
Yes, you've always shown God is your
sail, God is your spark.

Rebecca Navarre



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You Made...

You made the stars in the skies,
bringing wonder to our lives. You
created the morning sunbeams,
painting the most beautiful scenes.
You made the forest and nature with
such heart and meaning. You created
the moonbeams, that set us to dream.
You made the waters so blue, refreshing
and freeing. You created all being, you
hold all, that's beyond seeing.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Moods

Feeling down and blue, doubting
the sun will shine through. Don't feel
like talking, or getting off the couch to
move. Maybe you could turn to a book,
or a poem or two. You never know what
you might find new. Something of beauty,
something of truth. To reflect on, and inspire
you. Touch your heart, and brighten the moods.
And just maybe the rains will have passed, and
the sun will have peaked out too. But either way
you could end up with something, to hold onto.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

September Eve

These golden evening nights, with
their golden evening light. Bring such
stillness and heart to life. Without a
whisper found, just silently left to listen,
to the beauty of natures sounds. That
are softly speaking, all around. Oh, how
I wish for awhile these times would stay,
before the chilly winter winds take
them away.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Desire...

A walk in the woods on a winters
night, underneath the glow of the
moons light. A hazy blue. The sound
of the winds echo through. The smell
of smoke and distant glow of the cabins
fire. Oh Lord how you stoke the heart,
and re-inspire. A walk with you, such
solace and contentment you bring, when
I feel so scared and lost within. And when
my soul feels so weary and tired, in search
of things that only expire. You show me that
sharing love, should be my only desire.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Counting Ways...

The ways of the Lord teaches us
to adore, all that is good. And to walk
in the ways that we should. And to share,
be kind, gentle and fair. So much beauty
and love, in the hands from above. Counting
the ways, he works in lives everyday. Chases
away the clouds of gray. Bringing new heart
to those all around, by the many miracles
found.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Like One

As he guided my fingers, he said let
the notes linger, till you feel it with every
heart beat. Right through the soul let the
melody flow. And don't worry so, about the
timing or mistakes as you go, he'll guide
you I know. Just draw him close, the Father,
the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Just close your
eyes, you'll feel it deep inside. It's just you and
the Lord, and this time together, he adores. Just
like me, and when I used to bounce you on my
knee, till you fell asleep. These moments we
need, so we can reflect on sweet memories,
that won't ever leave. Even when the songs done
and the time for parting has come. We'll always
be, like one.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

A Silence. Haiku

A tear trickles down.
A blossom sprouts from the ground.
A deep silence found.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Love Surrounds.

Angels follow you around, but you don't
see you're always looking down. Oh, what
can I do to make you see, this is true. Skies
so bright, sun glowing with golden light. But
all you do is see blue, the road behind is so
dark to you, and the road ahead is filled with
such dread. No, no, this isn't so. How can I
reach your heart, get into your head. Angels
follow you around, if you'd just stop and listen
to the sound, such a love surrounds. What you
feel was once lost, has long ago, been found. I
know you feel you paid a cost, but you've been
freed and were never bound. Oh, won't you
release that shadow on the ground. Gods love
is waiting, and there are angels all around.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Silent Beauty.

A silent beauty steps into
the air, as she briefly stops
to whisper I'm not there. I'm
only in mind and if you blink
you'll find, I'm gone. Not even
a shadow to linger on. But if
you close your eyes deep inside
your left with a feeling of where,
her spirit once, so bravely dared.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

A Souls Gain.

Through sheets of rain,
tears and pain. A heart
that felt, so deeply stained.
High over the clouds, a
rainbow came. And instantly
the soul, felt the Lords name.

Rebecca Navarre



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Beauty Of Heart.

Oh, the beauty within, of that
little birdie twittering. On the
fence, and in the grass down
below. He faithfully sings, to
the Lord ever so. Way up high
in the trees, he chirps out so
joyfully. And when he flies, over
the clouds, and through the skies.
It's his heart that soars, at the
thought of the Lord, near by.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Take My Hand...

He said walk with me my child,
the road has many rugged miles.
There is thunder, there is rain.
There is compassion, there is gain.
Not by the way of money, not by the
way of fame. But the kind, that brings
the heart, a tender change. This earth
has felt life's strain, and the moonlight
has seen my pain. But the sunlight knows
my name, and the paths to heaven aren't
in vain. Here, nothing stays the same, but
my unending love, will always remain. Walk
with me through this land, come child take
my hand...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Glory's Of Heaven.

Is there music in heaven? , I'd like
to believe so. Angels with harps, and
their heavenly flow. This is what I was
told, and I'd like to believe so. With God
right there inspiring, every heavenly note.
If you don't think so, just listen to the wind,
and the songs in the breeze. Yes my heart
believes, in heaven there will be, a sweet
melody. A harmony of love, like we've never
heard before. And oh the glory we'll feel when
we walk along that shore, and he calls to us
and opens, that golden door.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Touch Of Heaven.

Oh skylight, you take my heart in
flight. Underneath the beautiful blue,
of the clouds that move. Surrounded
by, the beautiful neon green, of the
sunlit trees, I dream. Multi colored,
scented flowers, all around. I know
these images, must be heaven bound.
With this symphony of nature, that
surrounds. Time feels oh, so precious,
oh, so profound.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Angel Like- Haiku

An evening glow showed.
That stopped the world that passed by.
Touching the heart so.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

The Core Of All Being.

To watch the wind, through the trees.
The dance, of the leaves. And the willows
that bow, so majestically now. With such a
feeling in the air, of Gods Spirit there. A
tranquility deep, between the birds and nature,
as they speak. Can you hear his sounds? His
voice. As time moves all around, even in the
rains, as they trickle down. And seen, in the
rippling of a stream, as the waves seem, to
wear crowns. Bejeweled in the sons light,
that's found. Life holds such meaning. His
love is there, in the core of all being. With a
spirit, so freeing.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Stirrings Of Heart

Morning wind, won't you come to me
and sing. Carry your fragrance of flowers,
within. The brightness of dew is glistening,
bringing a spark to life again. Dear wind, I
know if you want you can, reignite, a fading
candle in the night. And I know, with every
gust that blows, you can, rekindle the soul.
Oh evening wind, won't you let your warm,
echo's of love, ring.

Rebecca Navarre



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A Sense.

Poetry I like to read in the silence of my head, and meditate on the beautiful images that are painted and the words that are said. Poetry of Our Fathers Spirit, nature, and heart, leave such deep impressions, that don't ever part. Although this is just an opinion, and only you know, what words you like that bring music to your soul, right from the very start. Whatever words you may like to read may they be, words that bring to you a sense of love and light, in times of gray or dark.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Little Birdie.

There's a birdie outside my window, he's
chirping every evening into the night, but to
my heart he brings such harmonious delight.
Sometimes his songs are light and gay, as
cheerful notes he does play, moving his feet
along as if to dance and sway. While other
times he has such a deep melancholy call, I
pray that if his sweetheart is listening, she may
be completely and utterly enthralled. And at
times he tweets away as if he's playing in a band, and
the world is all his, and his greatest yet grandstand. Other
times he sings soft and low, the sweetest of lullaby's, as
if he knows time is getting late, and I should shut my eyes.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Within.

Listen to the deeper sounds
of life. The echo's and the vibes,
the trembles of time. The motion
of the skies, the feel of the tides.
The soul within the eye, and the
heart inside.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Swept Away In Time.

The harmony in the trees, the
lyrics on the breeze. Capture me,
and then set me free. Feel the
heart beat, as the earth and dreams
meet. The soul soars, as time stops.
Life becomes, so quiet, so precious,
so sweet.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Hot Air Balloons.

With such spirit they slowly rise, touching
the heart, touching the skies. Such a beauty
to our eyes, such a sweet surprise. To watch
their dreams fly... As through the clouds they
drift, and we close our eyes and imagine we're
with. Feet off the ground, through dream and
reality they sift. Touching the stars in the night,
touching the dawns morning light. Across nature,
across life. Touching our souls as they float out
of sight, such a gift.

Rebecca Navarre



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Loving Care.

Wake up, Thank God for his love and
care. Get dressed, brush your hair. Dry
your eyes, reach out your hand, he wants
to share, all the burdens that you wear.
Come to the garden, feel the sun shine
there. Release your heart, he already knows
your prayers. And his guiding love, is everywhere.
So dry your eyes, a shoulder he does bare. As he
wraps you in, his loving care.

Rebecca Navarre



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Breathe

Take this day to breathe, just let go,
release. He's watching over you and
me. Count all the beauty that you can
see, and the reasons to believe. Count
the flowers, the trees, count the dew
drops on the leaves. Count the melodies,
drifting along on the breeze. Count the
sparkles in the stream, just let yourself
dream. And your soul feel free.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

His Vibrations

The music wove, through the heart,
through the soul. From the stars, from
the night, from the dawns early morning
light. Through the times of dark, through
the times of bright. Through the silence,
through the sounds of life. A melody that's
weaved, through the wind, through the trees,
through the motion of the seas. From he who
taught us to believe, taught us to feel, taught
us to see. There's something so deep in his
mysteries, and he longs for us to hold the keys.
From the heavens above, through his creation,
from his love. All around us the echo's of, his
vibrations.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Miracle Of Seasons

All that's left is just a spot of glistening
snow. Where the green grass is beginning
to sprout and grow. The miracles of winter are
beginning to fade, life is miraculously recultivating.
And the miracles of spring are beginning to show.
The buds on the trees are telling us so.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Even When...

The beauty of the skies. And
the heart in your eyes. Wish the
world could see, the tears that
you've cried. And the love you
wish them to find. Even when,
the storms arise. And even more
then, he's by our sides.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Timeless Butterflies...

Cross the meadow. On the other side of the hill,
down by, the old watermill. Watching the water swirl,
a little boy, and a little girl. Skipping rocks and fishing,
closing their eyes, and wishing. Climbing trees to
touch the skies, then jumping down, to chase butterflies.
The sun begins to set with a chill, as a little birdie cries
out with a trill. But for them, time has stood still.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Time Dreams...

Blue skies.
Blue birds.
Pretty words.
Nobody heard.
Sung softly.
Sung silently.
Sung deeply.
Between two hearts.
The wind and the sea.
As night turns, and
stars shine so brightly.

Night skies.
Night birds.
Loves, words.
Unheard.
Spoke softly.
Spoke silently.
Spoke deeply.
Between two hearts.
The fireflies and the moonbeams.
As morning turns, and
time dreams.

Rebecca Navarre

The Unimaginable...

Even after we feel we've lost our way, even after
we feel we can't be saved. There is this unimaginable,
that's so much more than we can see. Even more than
we could hope or pray, when we're down upon our knees.
And yet, the unimaginable is beyond what we feel, we
want or need. And it's so far beyond, all that we've, ever
dreamed. An unimaginable love and beauty, so real that
he holds and seeks out, just for you and for me.
Unimaginably and yet, each so precious, and each so
unique. Just waiting there for us, and waiting to someday
be. These are the promises he made, these are the
promises he keeps. If we'd just hold onto faith, if we'd
just hold onto belief.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Storms Amongst The Tides.

I see your tear stained cheeks, your soft green eyes
turn so dark and deep. Knowing I just need to wait with
perseverance, for these stormy times to pass. Watch you
as, your finger gently traces the rim of your glass. Know
the sunshine doesn't always last. But when our hearts
lock, these clouds we can get past. And know again some
day the sun will find, and touch your smiling face. And once
again your eyes'll hold such love and grace. And once again
the pieces of life will fall back into place. Know the rains
can't be hurried, or erased. But know if you'd just touch my
hand, I'd do the best I can to make you feel so safe. Until
then I'll just sit here by the sea, and wait for you patiently,
to fall back into me.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

His Heart, His Life

Branches swaying in the wind, nature singing with them. Waterfalls, falling down, listen to the magic, of Gods sounds. The scent of beautiful flowers, growing from the ground, so much awe, and wonder found. Deep breaths of crisp clean air, seen all around Gods, tender and gentle care. A tranquil paradise, bringing such meaning, such heart, to life. Oh thank you dear Jesus, thank you Christ, for your loving, sacrifice.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Before I Lay Me Down To Sleep.

Am I patient, am I kind? Do I bring peaceful memories
to mind? Am I caring, am I giving, do I reflect God in all
that I am living? Are my words sweet, or are they tart?
Does my heart express all my love, or only part? Can
my loved ones have faith in me, in myself what do I see?
I know occasionally I need, to ask myself these questions before I sleep. To help
me live whole, and complete.

Rebecca Navarre



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Hearts Reflections

These are the times to love one another. Show compassion for each other. These are the times to come together, with a caring heart for our sisters and our brothers. These are the times to live, with a love deeper than the past. Forgive, let go, build kinder, stronger memories, to reflect and last. These are the times to share moments that warm the soul, bring smiles, and make each other laugh. These are the times to appreciate Gods nature, walk his paths, with a light that casts. Spiritually we don't have to wear a mask, and gratitude we should have. Life can move so fast. What kind of reflections do we want to leave if we pass. Don't let time just slip, from our grasp.

Rebecca Navarre



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Heart Cries

My heart cries out for you. The empty echo
leaves such a feeling of blue. Nothing I can do.
Time weeps for you, as the notes play out their
tune. And the little chick a dee, cries out in such
a lonely melody. As the willows and the trees,
bow in the breeze. And it seems all creation is
missing you. The rain fills the river beds, with words
that long to be said. But even the reeds that used to
whisper so beautifully, seem to be crying instead. And
the flowers just nod their heads. As the memories flash,
and I meet the end of the path. Heart cries, left to search
through a book that's already been read. Keep thinking
this can't be, where the author's led. Keep trying to turn
the page, but the winds won't change. But nothings the
same. Steeples stand tall with beautiful, glass that's stained. Pages of the book
all frayed, held and left to stay. With it's bittersweet message, that remains.

Rebecca Navarre



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Oh, Lord.

How precious is life! ..

Like a slow deep breath, in the night.

Like the breeze that talks, amongst the trees. Like the shimmering of dew drops, on the leaves. Like the powerful tranquilizing tides, that roll. Like the dripping icicles, and the melting of snow. Like the stars being placed so precisely, to be hold. Each moment, so preciously told. Like the setting of the sun, as it touches the horizon, and then drops below. Like the budding of a blossoming flower, as it unfolds. Revealing it's heart and soul. Oh, Lord your love, your life is the most precious of gifts, and the purest gold. But this, all the earth, all the skies, all nature knows.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

As Time Lives.

Teardrops and roses.
Life softly composes. As
time blinks, and dozes. In
a flash, all can die. But the
heart, remains alive.

Rebecca Navarre



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Worthy.

Love is the most precious thing
this side of heaven. So God wishes
us to love well then. Loves not in a
passing phase, it's not a trend. It's
something every message, should
send. In a smile, in a wave, in the way
we go about our day. It's not something
to be taken for granted, it's something
our actions should say. And not just when
we're feeling okay. Even when we're grumpy,
we can spread loves rays. With love, Jesus did
pay. So shouldn't we share, this gift everyday.
Then maybe without even knowing we may,
make someone else feel worthy today.

Rebecca Navarre



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Remain.

Jack frost, now on the window
panes. And the icicles hang. But
know, the sun is gonna change.
Know, time is gonna rearrange.
A spring breeze, will soon be here.
And life, will feel so strange. Count
the reflections, touch the seeds, feel
the way, time weaves. But know, the love
won't leave. Dark clouds will come, and
so will the rains. But the roots, will always
show, and remain.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Roads Roamed.

Windmill, glistening in the suns
cold. Fields are froze. The porch swing
in the yard, is covered with snow. The barn,
looks so vacant and old. The sound of a calf,
cries out low. Sit here, looking down the
driveways, winding road. Once again, the
heart shows. But life's already been sewn.
Even though, there's a deep
knowing.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

In Kindling Love, And Kindling Hope...

May we always let the spirit of
Christmas flow, and the love of
our Lord, show. To our loved ones oh
so dear, and the ones we don't know.
May his passion and beauty, ring
out to and fro. May goodwill and an
everlasting warmth, be sowed. May our
hearts, glow. In hope, peace around the
world may, grow.

Rebecca Navarre



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Each Heart...

In whispers and prayers, we pray for
everyone's cares. In the bleak of the
night, we pray for insight. In the times
that surround, we lay our hearts down. And
know he's there. And in his eyes, no one
soul, no one life, is compared. No heart,
does he wish to spare. By faith he wishes
us to share, his love, his word, his grace.
So that someday we may see the tears of
kindness, forgiveness, and compassion upon
his face. And how the stars are placed...

Rebecca Navarre



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There's A Knocking.

Amongst the soft rustle of the winds, God is gently whispering. Don't rush time can have so much to say, if you listen to the hush. Within the children's laughter, he can sing. There's so many echos of heaven he can bring. In how a sudden sway, a branch can seem to be lifted by angels wings. Or at times the stars can seem to dance, to a song deep within. Or maybe through the voice of an elder or a kin, his message can kindly ring. Or with in the flicker of a candles light he may spark, a sudden feeling that brings such a peace to a night so dark. In so many ways his love he does send, if we just open our hearts he longs to be our friend. He's knocking, if we'll just let him in.

Rebecca Navarre



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Thank You! ..

To those whom been so truly kind! .. i'm not even able to get to the poems i've read, and am having much difficulty with things working right...

May God bless! .. And please take care! ..

Sincerely,

Rebecca

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Picture

Out where the music flows. Out where
the sun sets gold. Out amongst the stars
so bright. Out where there's new life.
Out where the fields glisten with dew.
Out where the water's reflect the skies
pink hues. Out where all the animals
come to the rivers to drink. Out where
the moon smiles and winks. Out where
the forest dances with fireflies. Out
where the mountains stand so high. Out
there where the birds sing such a beautiful
tune. Out there where hearts are so true. Out
where the rainbows can be, any color imagined
too. I picture you.

Rebecca Navarre



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Collide

Patches of blue, amongst the clouds
move. With glimpses of the sun, that
every once in a while break through.
Out amongst the mist, reaching out
toward, beyond, all that exist. With
out a clue, if you're out there reaching
back too. But, I keep looking to the
sky, not sure why. Or what i'm trying
to find. Maybe it's that sparkle of
your eyes. As life and dreams collide.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Intercession

Pray for intercession of
spirit and heart. For a
world that's hurt, angry,
and torn apart. So love,
compassion and peace,
can once again start.

Rebecca Navarre



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Breeze

As the autumn breeze's in, and the
leaves on the trees, are changing again.
And the golden sun seems more deeper,
than then. As the wind whispers, and
another life began's.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Someday Again

Woke up in yesterday. The yard
was filled with colorful flowers,
and the sun's rays. Children down
the hill, out at play. A harmony
so peaceful and gay. And best of
all when I saw your face. I knew
your smile wouldn't fade. Oh, how
I hope again, I'll wake up in yesterday.

Rebecca Navarre



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Heaven'll Make A Way

Heaven makes a way. Through the darkest
and grayest of days. Even though the heavy
rains, seem to have settled in to stay. And
you wonder if, again you'll see the sun's rays.
Feeling so lost and afraid. As the heart cries
out, in dismay. With love, his path is paved.
Close your eyes, and hold onto faith. Out of
the palm, of his hand you were made. And heaven
will make a way.

Rebecca Navarre



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Early Morning Road

A slow carriage and a road,
man and horse go. Through the
winding of the trees. With a crisp
chill in the breeze. On their early
morning routine. Bonding in what's
felt and seen. And the magic that's
weaved. Between two hearts, such
as these.

Rebecca Navarre



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Something So Deep

There's something so deep, in the way
the grass moves. The earth's colors and
the hues. Something so deep, in the note's
that play. Something so deep, in the momentum
of the wave's. There's something so deep, in
the breeze. The flower's and the tree's. So
deep, the spirit moves. So deep, if you listen
too. Something so deep in the song, the birds
choose. There's something so deep, between
me and you.

Rebecca Navarre



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Loving

Love with all your heart, though
it may get torn apart. God will
walk with us, in the dark. And will
lovingly light the way, to a gentle
new days, start.

Rebecca Navarre



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May! ..

Dear Lord, May your angels touch
the hearts, of all souls lost in
the dark.. And may your love shine..
Where we fall short, and are blind..
In fighting our own poison vines.. For
you are peace and you are kind.. And
you care so deep, for all your creation
and mankind.. For us you lived and died,
born again.. Eternally your heart, is
intertwined..

Rebecca Navarre



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Candle..

With a candle by the water, I'm gonna
let the light shine. Burn the midnight
oil, till some tranquility I can find.
Open my heart, and let God take over
my mind. Let my reflections drift in and
out with time. Reach out in all, with all.
Because I know his hand, will guide mine.

Rebecca Navarre



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Play

I wonder what they have to say. How
do you do, and how's your day? As they
dart around, seeming to laugh and play.
One bunny, one squirrel. Two different
colors. Two different worlds. Around and
around they swirl. Two hearts that twirl.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Lost

Nature can be so lonely, when there's no
one to share it, by your side. Nature can
be so lonely, when both don't see the beauty
in the sky. Nature can make you feel so
lonely, when the waves of reflection make
you cry. A wilting leaf can be filled with
such beauty, depending upon the eyes. Amongst
nature you may feel so lost, but the heart
God will always find.

Rebecca Navarre



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Spiritually

Oh, how I wanted to share your name,
share that grace.. Spread that peace..
Meet at that gate, and just release..
Our inner souls.. And let time go..
As skies turn from a deepend blue, to
a pinkish gold! ..

Rebecca Navarre



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The Days Light

The beauty of the morning skies.
As at, the gentle pink of the suns
rise. The heart soars, as all comes
to life. While so majestically, the
butterflies glide. Peacefully, along
the roads side. With the distant
sound, of a morning birds joyfull
cries. And so begins, the days light.

Rebecca Navarre



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The Skies

Such a beautiful summer day. Run
down to the stream and play. With
the feel of the wind, as the golden
fields sway. Let the clouds and time
drift away. Let all hurt fall at bay.
Let your heart feel all nature has to
say. Bow our heads and pray, and give
thanks for all the beauty Gods made.

Rebecca Navarre



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New Sunrise

Drinking is like being in a spin,
round and round you go. Thinking your
getting by though, you can't see out,
and you can't see within. It's so much
darker when you can't find the light,
and the soul feels so lost inside.
Destruction brings cries, and death to
lives. But sobriety brings, God's gift
of life, family, love, and a new sunrise.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Forest Mist

I am not invisible, flowers wither,
die, and crinkle. Who am I. As I watch
time fly by in a rush. And sometimes
all I can do is, stand back and blush.
I can cry quite simple. And I can find
a smile in waters that ripple. So serene,
like in a dream. As I sit by the forest
stream.. And drift with the clouds I'm
counting.. Or like someone tossing into
a cascading fountain, their wish. On a
dime, on a nickle, hit or miss.. In heart,
their hope stays with. No one can predict.
Just believe our prayers he does lift. And
through the fields of wheat he walked, at
times like this. Hands out with his thoughts
and soul, to his father, our Lord, to sift.
There is beauty in the mist. And each day,
each mornings light, is a gift.

Rebecca Navarre



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12/13

As she lay in her room. Surrounded
by a million teddy bears, she let go
of too soon. Her agonizing screams,
were like some kinda horror show, or
dream. Mom said, she o.d. And not ever
again the same will she be. She might of
been,13. But she looked, like barely
12 to me.

Rebecca Navarre



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Unique

Once upon a time, a
beautiful blue, rose grew.
And she was always hoping, to
be a beautiful red rose, one day
so true. But, little she knew.
She was already, ever so beautiful
too! ..

Rebecca Navarre



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In Whispers And Shadows... For Mom

Where ever you are, where ever you go.
Please know... I am with you, then some
and so... And I love you, more than words
could say or show... The eagle cries high,
he cries low. Over the waters that flow.
Over the rivers and lakes so gold. Like
his shadow, mine, and yours, together we'll
always soar. Where ever your shadow is, mine
goes. Where ever love, is inter wove... When
ever you turn around... It's there to hold...

Rebecca Navarre



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Combined

Take my heart, my soul, my
mind. On my own i could never
find. You bring the sunshine.
Your love is gentle, and kind.
To all creation, combined.

Rebecca Navarre



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When

Out on the edge of life, stop
back and look twice. At the
winters, the springs, the nights.
The stars, and the twilight.
And thank God! .. For the goodness,
in sight! ..

Rebecca Navarre



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Touch

Out into the night, on to
the stars he did go. So young
in life. But only God did know,
the true age of his soul. And
how we grow, through the time
we sew. As the inner spirit of
God touches and shows. And love,
unfolds.

Rebecca Navarre



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Did I.

Did I, call out to you
with all my heart. And did
you, feel it in all part. And
did I cry, at the look in your
eyes, and the earnestness, of
your reply.

Rebecca Navarre



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Shadows

Shadows so blue, underneath
the moon, move. They whisper
as they play. In the leaves
that are falling, and blow
away. Soon will come the
mornings rays. And into its
beams, they'll escape. Looking
for brightness, in a new day.

Rebecca Navarre



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Forever And A Day.....

There's nothing I don't do, without
thinking of you. Washing a dish or
two. Hear the sound of the kettle's
whistle too. While we had such soapy
fun, outside getting them done. Fried
chickens the best, no contest. To every
one this was proved. Talk about frogs
and whittle away. Trying to keep time
at bay. Pick a blade of grass and play,
a melody that'd, make everything okay.
Watch the sky move, and the flowers
sway. Everything, so precious in it's
own way. And the all heart carebear
that you made. Hold tight. All the
prayers that you taught me to pray. And
all the love behind each one still today.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Trip Through Time

One day my Mom sent me to
the store. To pick up a name
brand, that existed before.
Little did I know. In her mind
it must of been, nineteen fifty
five. And Oh Lord, how I tried! ..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Moonlight

Lay back out by the sea, candle light,
a book and a dream. The oceans air washing
over me. Inhale, close my eyes, breath.
Moonlight falling, on the pages I read. And
I let the images dance so magically. Golden
like, under the moons beams. And it seems like
all of time has been set free. Until a breeze
takes them from me. And with an echo they leave.
Sing songingly, soft, yet assuringly, here we'll
always be.

Rebecca Navarre



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In This Light

Oh, God can you love me in this
light. When my heart is scared and
I can't see what's right. Stand and
watch the golden sunset bright. As I
look to the earth, and to the night.
And silence so deep strikes. Won't
you help me walk through this twilight.

Rebecca Navarre



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In The Stillness

I'd like to take some time with you. Take
some walks and talk too. Share our images,
and our views. Count the stars and feel life
move. Hand in hand, a stillness new. Underneath
the moon so blue.

Rebecca Navarre



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Moment

Lay my head against you, and close
my eyes too. Hear the soft sound of
a doves coo. And the warmth, of a
gentle breeze comes through. As the
sketchings, in the skies, move.

Rebecca Navarre



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Hold

The twisting, winding road. Amongst the
falls colors, so bold. Blue waters run so
cold. Reflections wave and then go. Stop
and watch the sky unfold. Close your eyes
and feel life's soul. As the sun light peeks
and shows. All the beauty around, sparkling
with such a true gold. And the heart has so,
very much to hold.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Echo

As I wake, and the storm clouds
fill my eyes, and I pray for them
to pass by. Wait silently and sigh,
watch the rain fall from the skies.
Listen, to it pattering down. The
sound, as it's hitting the ground. And
the puddles left to ripple around. To the heart
it seeps down, and in an echo, new life is found.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Love....

Where ever the road goes, or
the river flows. All around his
care shows. If one sparrow falls
he knows. He knows each heart,
ten fold. And his love holds.

Rebecca Navarre



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Heart And Gratitude

There are ones out there in the night, that
care enough to think twice. About beauty, creation,
God, and life. With heart, deeper than the golden
sunset, that brings the soul light. When people are
kind to each other nice. Words can be like a song
that strikes, in dark hours. Bringing such comfort
and sight. A match, making the world a little bit
warmer. A little bit more bright.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Beautiful Child

Beautiful child, i've always been
beguiled. Since I looked up at you,
and your bright smile. And felt your
heart so kind, loving, and mild. How
I loved when you'd sit by my side,
and hold my hand awhile.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Through The Joys, Through The Woes.

But still the music, softly flows.
Through time, through fall, across
the bloom of a spring rose. Through
the growth, and through the close.
And endlessly, while we dose.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Dreams Flow

The frosting, of the snow. As
so majestic, it floats. Candles
line the streets, with a glow.
Silhouettes of children, in the
windows. Waiting for Santa, and
his reindeer to show. As stars
hang so low. And dreams flow.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Evening Through Night

See the mist roll across the stream.
As my heart reaches out with all it's
being. To the face i've always seen.
In the darkness, in the moons beams.
In the sunlight, that gleams. In the
silence of my dreams.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Grace And Love

Believe in the good out there.
In the heart. In the night. In
the air. Sun beams wrap around
with care. The mornings light
so fair. His love and grace
are everywhere.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Branches

When I'm walking down by the river,
you're my every waking dream. You're the
heart of the river. You're the soul
down deep. And in the shallows of the
streams, that branches, your love
touches, spreads... And through the
currents'll always reach...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Sounds Within

The beautiful sounds, of the church
bells ring. It's Christmas again.
Hearts sing, in joy of him. Filled
with the spirit, within. Good will
and cheer to bring. To everyone in
passing. Sentiments held, and long
lasting. As night closes, all at
home relaxing. Christmas trees are
all trimmed. Candles are lit, song
Silent night begins.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Dreams Of You And I

Red berries growing on the vines, along
the roadside.

The scent in the air, as you and I walk hand
in hand through, the sunny haze there.

And the sparkle in your eyes, that keeps
me mesmerized.

As the sound of the river, babbles
near by.

My heart stops, and is lost
in time.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Sweet

Oh, what sweet music, this earth
does make. When the winds blow, and
the trees gently shake. The rivers
that grumble and rumble, so loud,
then low. Even the ice, mournfully
breaking. The sound of the snow,
when we walk the path, were making.
The rain that patters out it's beat.
The little birdie who tweets. Please,
treasure our earth, it really is, so
sweet.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Till

Woke with the rain, on a
sunshiny day. While the birds
outside my window, sing and
play. And I light a candle, to
chase away the gray. Till the
flutter of images fade. And
his voice, breaks way.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Lights Sparkling

Laying underneath, the christmas tree.
Looking up at the wonder, and awe I see.
Pine scent, all around. Christmas lights
and ornaments, hanging down. Only this time of
year, can such beauty and magic, be found here.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Music So Soft, So Bright.

One, two, three, four, five,
fireflies. Underneath the star
light. With the moon so big,
full and bright. Wishes in
heart, take flight. As the music
plays across the night. A melody
so soft and low, but yet, so
bright.

Rebecca Navarre



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Tides

When the world stops, and time
seems to have died, And all you
can do is pray inside. As tears
slip to the tides. As we wait,
hands held tight. And cling,
to the ever moving light.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Always And Forever

If that old star is out there tonight
may you shine like, never before
so bright.

Carry away with your light,
hold tight. All my hearts fright.

May the signal, you ignite.
Whisper my plight.

May angels surround, and
guard, their lives.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Snow (A Haiku)

Snows falling outside.
Children sledding, now are tired.
Pjs and cider.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Thanksgiving (A Haiku)

Pies in the oven.
Joyful hearts wait, no shoving.
Season, spreads loving.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Sentiments (A Haiku)

Turkey and a fire.
Children laughing, moods higher.
Moments, hearts desire.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Dreams Of Santa Claus

Little whiskers, little paws. Running
around in the snow, out in the yard.
Searching for santa claus. Round and
round she goes, coming in with a frosted
nose. Snuggling into bed, with a sigh.
One last glance about her, before she
closes her eyes. With dreams, of Christmas
mornings surprise.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Moved

With a oh, true deep beauty
that shines. As majestic as the
most beautiful, evening sunset you
can find. And a deeply beautiful, heart
inter twinned. With the most beautifully
creative, poetic mind. A movement, a
moment, carried through out time.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

The Magic

The unfolding of a thistle. The
unraveling of a vine. The dew drops
that fall, glisten and shine. The
depth in the song, of the moving of
the pines. A little birdie sings,
with all it's heart in mind. Stop
and listen to nature, speak of time.
Let God open our hearts, and the
magic find.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Swings

Kick my feet up high. Lean
back and ride. Reach my hands
out to the sky. And let my
dreams fly.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

The Beauty

The beauty of a firefly. That
lights the souls, and lights the
nights. And takes the heart into
a dream like flight. Under the
pale moon so white.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Mars

Nothing can save me now, you've
taken me so far. I can reach beyond
a star. Bottle the glow up in a jar.
Capture its magic, send it to where
you are. Your my pluto, your my mars.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Rustling Deep Within

Walking along the golden meadows
side. Watching the changing of the
colors in the sky. A deep moon inside.
A night hawk leaves its shadowed site.
Streaks into the light. A rustling of
the wind. Time stops to paint life,
and then begins again.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Today

Today'll become yesterday.
It's only twenty four hours
away. From the tears of
today.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

The Forest

In the mornings meadows breeze, as
the forest drops her leaves. And the
sunlight paints, its canvas with such
ease. The heart stirs, and the child
within is set free. To play, to laugh,
to live, to dream. And to just, be.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Starlight

Starlight and a pen. Long after
midnight again. Lay and listen to
the waves crashing in. Shut my eyes
and let my soul drift with them. Then
open my eyes, and watch the stars blink,
again. Light a candle, sketch a dream.
Into the night, into life, into the wind.
Hold it tight, let it dance, let it beam,
let it breath, whisper gently. Lift it up.
Then, set it free.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Light

See that child. Watch
her smile. She lights up a
country mile. Eyes so bright.
Oh what heart, she brings
to life.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Treasure

As the rhythm of the forest
moves, from day to night. Open
our hearts, to it's sounds, to
it's sights. Open our hearts to
it's life. To its treasure, so
precious, so real. Without
price.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Creation

With a snort and stomping of
hooves, eye to eye they move.
In a gust of wind, down this
winding road and back again.
To where through the forest,
and the pines. A baby colt is
lying. Wild eyed and full of
life, he can't stand yet but,
he's trying. All that surrounds
him is new and shining. He can
feel his parents breath, and is
conscious of their sighing. A new
soul is brought to life. And the
deep feel of love, it's finding.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Compassion

In a world of pain and hate,
it isn't too late. To let
compassion take place. To stop
and look to our Lord. And all
he's done for us before. And
who loves us, so much more.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Soul

Misty eyes, cascading waters
cry. A spirit standing along
side, reaches up. Voices out,
I am alive.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Shine A Little

Shine a little light, lead me down
this path. Cast your love across the
night. Guide me in your sight. Don't
mask the sky from me. It's you, I need.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Already Knows

It's like when your left to walk
with a limp, from what seems like a
thousand years ago. Only it's not the
physical pain, that's ever done scared
the soul. Sometimes time, don't heal
everything, but you try to, your best
anyway, even so. Because you know,
God already knows.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

God's Spirit

May the hill's song's, always sing
and carry the melody on. In winds
so strong. And our hearts bond. In
the earth that's been changing, for
so long. And the season that have
come and gone. In the laughter, in
the whispers, in the spirit, that's
up to us to carry along! ..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Faith

Time keeps slipping. I can't seem to
make it stay. Down on my knees, no
matter how hard I pray. But, I know
when that time comes, he'll show me
the way. When the words won't come
but, my heart has so much to say.
When the dark eclipses the day. And
I can't find the light, not even a
ray. When I feel like I am losing it
all, I know his love won't fade. When
the ocean takes my heart down and under,
with a, benevolent wave.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Is It Day Or Is It Night

Sometimes I feel so weak. I can't
see, inside or outside of me. Don't
know where i've been, don't know
where I'll go. I only know, I wish
God to hold,
me.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Rain Song

It's been raining for so long, as the
storms roll on. Lightning flashes, then
is gone. Winds roar, then hums along.
Trees bend, then stand strong. Darkness
comes, but then the brightness, of the
dawn. Life sings it's course's, but we
all belong. In and, a part of Gods song.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Fall

Gray days make the colors so bright.
As they fill the trees and heart with
such delight. When the fall season
arrives in all it's might, bringing
with it such mystic and beautiful
sights! ..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Smile

You touch the heart of the heart,
my soul, my mind. You light me up,
with a flame so strong, so kind.
You spark the night, and bring the
sunshine. When I've lost the beat,
you put on a song to pick up mine.
When I lose my shadow, my hand you
find. My only wish, is you hold
that passion, that keeps you smiling!

Rebecca Navarre



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Rubble

A little boy and a little girl,
lay quivering at the bottom of
the world. Where at the top of
the rubble lay, there in decay.
The promises of the president,
the world was going to be okay.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Oh, God

When I am two hundred and ninety five,
no one will even know I was alive. That
my soul was once to be. And loved with
every part of me. No, no one on earth
will ever know. But in heaven, I hope,
my spirit will show.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

My Father's Sights

Day after day I fearfully and soulfully prayed. For God to keep me away from the bottle each day. Day after day I charted in my diary each agonizing page, of sorrows, hurt and rage. Where I thought I was drinking my woes away. Only to face them again and again, when I'd wake. Again and again I left my books written of mistakes. Till God finally really woke me one day. When I'd almost drank my life away. He asked me if I was done leaving this destructive path? Are you going to grow deeper in death? , and lose all that you have? Or are you going to give life another chance? He showed me all the pain I would inflict. If I left the world like this. And I felt every word pierce, and stick. As over and over the visions did replay and hit. And he left me with myself to reflect, my choices to come yet. Family, love, life, or bring them death. You'd think I'd of quit right away. But, still though I struggled just the same, still though, I desperately prayed. Still hiding in my guilt and shame. Until the night, that phone call came. My father's life now, may fade. But, I was too drunk to see straight. And I couldn't be there to offer my hand, for my father to take. I felt my heart, I felt the stake.

My father lived that night. Thanks be to God, Thanks be to Christ. From the next morning on, I truly chose family, love, and life. And understood what it meant. From the next morning on, I wanted to be sober in God, in family, and in my father's sights.

Rebecca Navarre

Love Remains

Purple and gray. The clouds
in may. Butterflies in the
fields play. Heart drifts
away. To her voice, of
yesterday. Memories that'll
always, stay. Long after the
storms rage. Winds howl, and
then, fade. Love remains.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Tears

Angels cry. Tears washed to the tides.
Oceans wide. The heart tires. The circle
of life, time will always write. We can
shut our eyes, to what nature is telling
us outside. But, then never experience
the full depths of the spirit, and the
ambience of the moons, comforting light.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Kind

As I ask the Lord to help my words
come out right. As the love in my
heart I write. From soul, to pen,
to paper to sight. A hug.. And to
a bottle corked up tight. To drift
across the waves so light. With a
p/s inscribed. To the angel who's
halo shines so bright, out in the
darkness of the night.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Cord

Echos of days before, can drop me
to the floor. Shut my eyes and try
to soar past the clouds, into the
skies once more. To where she takes
my hand and we walk the golden shores.
And she talks to me of all her heart
adores. As her eyes reflect the Lord.
And she picks a leaf from a branch the
wind has tore. And reminds me to remember,
how nature's roots are woven to the core,
and he'll never cut the cord.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Moves

As the snow begins to fall, dancing
across the forest and all. So lightly
and gracefully, the trees it shawls.
As the moon rises and natures lulled.
As the spirit moves and seasons call.
And the hearts enthralled.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

10 To 10

It's 10 to 10, and i'm lying here awake again.
10 to 10, and the lightnings flashing again.
10 to 10, the church bells are ringing again.
10 to 10, and that old feelings setting in again.
10 to 10, time shouts and then whispers again.
10 to 10, my heart skips a beat again.
It's 10 to 10, and that old familiar branch sways
and creaks again.
It's 10 to 10, and I know dawn will show her light again.
It's 10 to 10, when a whippoorwill cries out again.
It's 10 to 10, that he hushes me again.
It's 10 to 10, till God says when, sleep'll come again. But
till then, talk to me until you can dream again.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Heart Grows

The air seems so alive. As if there's
magic in the night. As the stars come
to life. And his spirit shows so bright.
And the wind picks up with might, and
then lays a leaf down so light. And the
moments, so gold. As time slows, and the
movements brings insight. And the heart
grows.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Drifting

Drifting along in dawns, morning song. So
caught up in the breeze, and it's melody.
With the sway of the wind, and the dance
begins. As the fields and the trees, all
bend and whisper so cordially. And the beauty
of the skies, can't be described. It's just
a feeling, so deep inside.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

His Love, His Grace

Standing in the rain, watch the earth change. As
the droplets play, on petals so bright, and gay.
And new sprouts take place. Vines grow like lace.
And in the puddles birds bath. Chattering and
chirping away. And when the sun breaks, with a
little of it's rays. Such a heavenly display. As
my heart feels the beauty, and my soul does embrace.
His love. His grace.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Country Mouse

Oh, precious little mouse. How I hope you find
your dream house. Out and about the meadows and
the hay, may you ever so joyfully play. And when
the winter starts, to turns your way. Ever so
many, berries, seeds, twigs, and leaves may you
save. And may sunshine, find your days. And when
the skies turn black and gray. Forever may your
house, be warm and safe! ..

Rebecca Navarre



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For You And Me! ..

The stars and the tree's.. All the beauty,
that we see.. That suddenness, of the breeze..
A lonely chick a dee, singing out so strong,
yet hopefully.. The trinity, with the mystery..
The rainbow, behind the clouded sea's.. Is God,
trying to reach out, and comfort you and me! ..

All that he created is to show..
That he loves us so! ..

Rebecca Navarre



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Life's Colors

The colors of the fall, are beginning
to surround me now. The melody of the
trees, playing so beautifully. As a
white butterfly, passing by, catches my
eyes. And I'm so moved by time, and I'm
so moved by life. Wanna hold every
minute, and cherish the precious moments
in it.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Whole

It's one of those days Lord, I feel
so alone. Everything comes out wrong,
even my look, even my tone. Try to keep
smiling, but everything seems like that
sad song, that just keeps hitting home.
I turn around and wonder where, the time
goes. As I watch the night stars and skies
close. And wonder if you could, ever love
me whole.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Child

A pony tail and a braid. A
butterfly in her hair, as she
plays. A half smile up, a half
smile down. She don't know she
could, turn the world around.

Rebecca Navarre



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Beauty, Love, And Life.

God gave us the gift, of words to
sing with, our hearts. Not to tear
each other apart. Everyday words
that are used, like a knife. When
instead, they could bring such,
beauty, love, and life.

Rebecca Navarre



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Shoulda/Coulda

Sometimes I think I live in the
land of shoulda, or maybe it's even
the land of coulda. Sometimes I really
don't know. If this kinda thinking,
leads me into a hole. Sometimes I
wonder if, I keep talking to God about
this. It'll lead to him, restoring
my soul.

Rebecca Navarre



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Boy/Girl

Modern world, and an old fashioned
girl. Wanna hide, wanna curl, up in
a fairytale world. Where the boy,
really loves the girl. But, sometimes
it feels like, that couldn't really be
right. And only in make believe, could
that really be.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Distant

Look at the lighting, down the
hall. Watch how time, moves across
the wall. Life, and how it seems to,
have stalled. As tears fall. And the
sounds, of a distant whippoorwill, calls.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

When There..

When the world is white, when
the world is dark. When time seems
scarce, and nature stark. When there
isn't even, a whisper of a sound.
When you think, not a soul could be
around. In a deep breath, and the beat
of a heart. His hand, his love, is found.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

The Wonder..

Standing in front of me, chattering. A beautiful squirrel, so adorable, and white. With a colorful winged butterfly, on a branch, to my right. A bunny standing in front of me, in fright, but then deciding not to take flight.. Oh God, the beauty of creation.. Oh God, the beauty of life.. On a beautiful evening.. On a breathtaking night.. As the beauty of the moon, touches the earth with light.. And the atmosphere is filled.. And dances.. With the wonder of your sights..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Your Eye's

I believe in you! .., Whether or
not you believe in me too.. There's
nothing I wouldn't do, to in the end,
be with you! .. When I look to the skies,
everything reflects you, inside! .. The
love in your heart, and in your eye's! ..
Always wish to be by your side, you help
me stand! .. Your my love, your my life! ..
Your my light, your my guide! .. And only
with you, can I survive! ..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Whistle...

The train that runs behind
my home, sings a song all
night long. The wheels that
talk and burn, talk of history
that's come and gone. Some of
lessons, no one would want to
learn, and some of a freedom,
hearts have yearned. Some with
a innocents that shouldn't of
been lost, for what was earned.
Some with a beauty too beautiful
to dream. Some of dreams, never
meant to see. Some of landscape
so endless and free. Some yet,
of what's to be...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Blessings

To watch the stars go up,
and the sun go down! ..Look
at, the moon's glow! ..All
around. Listen to the
critters play, in the
distant shadows found! ..
Give thanks to God! .. For
such heavenly sights! ..And
sounds! ..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Evening

What a beautiful evening, it's become.
As the nightbirds, have just begun, to
sing. And, as the hummingbird joins in,
beautiful harmony they bring. As the
crickets chirp along, to the mystic of
the song. And the setting of the sun, my
heart comes undone. In awe of the spirit,
the father, and the son, the holy one.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Hearts Pound

Deep down at the colors of orange
and brown. That spin me around. As
the leaves tumble down, striking
heart, touching ground. As heart
pounds, with the dance of lifes
sounds, and memories found. To our
Lord I bow, in whispers of thank
you now...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Heaven

When I look out my window, nothing
others might see.. But, when I look
out my window, it's heaven to me..
And sometimes I drift and dream.. Off
to what, out there possibly, could be..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Ever More..

Don't wish to slip into darkend sea's..
Only wish, to touch and trust.. In his
mystery.. Know there's got to be, some
kinda life.. In him for me.. Even
though, I look to the stars and I can't
see, no sight, so far.. I'm gonna knock
on his door, again an again. Forever
more.. And ask him to please, open my
eyes, wider than before.. To the beauty,
to the life, the heart does store..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Autumn Clouds

Glass shatters and so do I. Some images may
never leave my mind. Embedded deep inside,
my heart feels born to cry. These are the
days of the melancholy side, when the autumn
clouds and heaviness pass by. And my soul
reaches out, to the stars, the moon and the
sky.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Spirits

As I set your spirit free... I hope
you do the same for me... Into the wind
I release... Wishing, you all the happiness
and peace... Your heart could ever, hold so
deep... For you, may oceans speak... The beauty
of a sunset, may you always see... For his love,
may you always reach... Where ever you are, may
he always be... Amen

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Deep

Deep in the night. Deep in the brush.
When the world is all quiet. When there,
isn't a rush. When the earth moves, with
barely a hush. An the stars stream down,
with sparkly dust. There his soul, finds
us. As we look to him, with trust.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Spark

The evening sun set, as it starts.
Picnics, in the park. Candles, lit
in the dark. The sounds, of the meadow
lark. Are all a secret part. Of the
joyful memories, of my heart. When he
took me by the hand, an eternal flame,
he did spark. Underneath the stars,
he left his mark.

Rebecca Navarre



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Passion

As the skies move across the night,
and passions, flare to write.. Though,
the pen could never truly, capture the
beauty.. Of nature just right.. Yet the
soul over flows.. With images of gold..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Seek...

Oceans rugged and deep... With white caps,
torrent currents... Life's fragile and meek...
Yet, his voice is so powerful, in everything...
He speaks... To our hearts, he'll always call...
His love... He'll always seek...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Listening...

Many times Jesus, stood
by me... When I didn't
listen to that inner voice,
my guardian angel guide...
When I could of been hurt...
When I was careless, in life...
I survived, only because of he...
My promises... I hope, I may keep...
Always! ..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Most! ..

It was your heart, that
I felt most! ..
The Father, The Son,
The Holy Ghost! ..
Living, in you! ..
That brought us close! ..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Rainbow

I can't find a rainbow in the sky. As I watch
the clouds, drift by. There doesn't seem to be,
a storm, looming over the tree's. But i can still,
feel a cold, in the breeze. Hope, the sun is on the
rise.. And maybe someday, a rainbow'll, find my eye's..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

True Morn

Look at the flames flicker. Watch the candle burn.
Watch the seas ripple. Feel the oceans turn. Night,
skies map out, what we really ought to learn..
Think twice.. His heart, his love, will never burn!
Feel the night morn.. True light.. His loves been..
Before we were ever born! ..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Years..

Sometimes, years can slip my mind, as I find,
myself, standing on sandy shores.. Reaching
out for, what i left behind.. back in time..
Somewhere, in my mind.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Stop Now, Breath..

Stop and look, listen, to the tree's. Stop and listen to what, he's whispering. Saying to you, to me. What's going to happen, is meant to be. They were in your life, purposely. Look into the eye, of what, you don't want to see. Messages were left, there for you to read.. Not on how, to make the sun set gold, but, a gentle smile to take hold! And not on how to bleed, but a hand in time of need! Not on how to stand up tall, but on how to crawl! Not on how to grieve, but how to breath! Not on how to talk, but how to walk! Not on how to turn on a light, but how to light a candle! Not on how to survive, but how to exist! Not on how to live, but to die! Not on how to sustain, but how to change! Not on how to mend, but how to start again!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Pieces Of Heart.

Pieces and parts, of my heart. Shattered and scattered
amongst, the light and the dark.. And only Christ knows..
Which candles.. In the midnight hour will glow, and which
i've burnt to low. And only with him, can i be put back
together.. Whole again..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Sometimes..

Sometimes you got to walk ahead, to forget what's
wilted, and dead. To forget, what's left behind..
What's been unkind. Because sometimes, if you go,
backwards in your mind, darkness you may, find..
Instead, of joyful tears, of sunshine. To look
for true light.. You got to look to him, to show
you, new seeds of life..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

The Beauty God Has Made...

Watch the shadows, of children at play.
As the clouds gently, float away. Drifting
off, into another day. Where the mornings
song, does so wake. To the beauty, God has
made.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Deaf

Know i was deaf, that i tried
to say.. But, i Never Felt So
Blind As Yesterday.! Some dreams
fade.! Some dreams of true heart
stay... But, The voice of my song,
the matter of my heart, remains.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Dream...

I saw you there in a dream. Walking the
shores, walking the beach. You turned and
looked at me. But, you didn't speak. Our
eyes did meet. Lock and touch deep. Now
when I glance into, eyes. That compassion
I seek. When your hand reached out, and
moved me. When together, we walked off
into the breeze.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Here

Time whispers near and dear. Golden
skies rise and walk the shorelines here.
As silhouettes appear, in waters crystal
clear. Reflections of hearts mirrored. My
eyes tear. Evening stars in the skies flash
and sing familiar lullabies. Till at last
my shadow, the sandman finds.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Guide

Each day that moves, brings me
closer to heaven, closer to you.
Deeper and deeper into the starlit
sky. Into the sounds passing by.
Deeper and deeper into the morning
light. Deeper and deeper into you,
and you into I. As I close my eyes,
and watch your touch and spirit guide.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Wildflowers

Picking wildflowers, all afternoon.
Evening sun is setting in, colors
beginning to bloom. Someday's, I pray
there's room. I get so lost. And someday's
the winds only play, such melancholy tunes.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Hearts Life

Tell me where do butterflies, fly
on cold and stormy nights. How do
they survive, such strong winds and
rains, with such might's. I know God
holds them precious in his sights. So
he must send angels, to shelter and
hold them tight. Keep them warm,
and bring them light. In their stillness,
and in their flight...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

It

It'll be alright. One day, one
night. Been through it all my
life. Just one day, one night.
It'll be alright. He's always
had you in his sights. He's
always brought the morning light.
Day or night. He holds us tight.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

The Heart Inside

Watch the clouds roll by. Over
the light house. Over the shores.
Over the skies. Think about what
his Spirits like. And the heart
inside...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

To End

Love until our hearts bleed.
Then, turn around again, and
love more endlessly.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

...There' S Care...

I Believe, In... The Power Of Prayer! ..
I Believe, In The Heart Of The Love,
There! .. Just Look To The Cross, To
Where... In His Eye's, There's Care! ..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Blessing...Counting

Skipping stones, skipping rocks.
Down at the shore, by the docks.
Gives me time to think, and pray
alot. Look around, at the blessings
we got. Oceans blue, skies are too.
Constant, his voice moves... That's
alot! For a first thought. And 2nds,
you... Pause and stop. The hours,
on the clock... Then,3 and four,
Grateful, the list goes on ever, more! ...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Share

All we gotta do is, fold
our hands in prayer. Close our
eyes and feel, all his love and
care. In the shadows in the
darkness, he is there. To help
us bare. To lighten and guide...
Our hearts, our nights. So in
the end, were all where, we can...
The most beautiful sunset ever,
share...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Light Lulls

As sea gulls fly so free. Over and
across oceans so deep. Am i awake
or, am i asleep. Is it my own echo's
that speak. Time feels like a dream.
Locked in such grace and beauty. As
all stops, and all moves. Hold my
shawl tight. Trace the sands grooves.
As life calls, and your voice lulls.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Dark Howls

When the winds pick up, beckon
out, howls. Wraps around so cold
and tight, my life feels null.

When the darkness haunts, calls.

When I fall. When I crawl. When
I cannot see at all. Know your
voice'll lull.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Love

As the little birdie sings. From
all his heart within. The wind asks
him how do you know? And the little
birdie replied, a little tearful,
a little starry eyed. I feel it in
my song, I feel it in my soul!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Under Moonlight Nights

The way the stars move in the heavens,
and move across the seas. The way the
earth rotates, and the forests wave, in
a soft and gentle breeze. As if they're
trying to mesmerize, trying to sing and
rock us to sleep. With the cradle of
life. With natures, loving, peaceful,
harmony.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Sight

Oh, God down on my knee's each
night. I pray to you God, forgive
me for my wrongs, and my might's.
As I stare off at the stars,
for your light. Believing you'll
guide me in what's right. Knowing,
your love is all. Your love is life.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Meek

Look at the shadows of the trees.
How big and tall they reach. As
the night skies blanket over me.
And in the distance, there's a peep.
From critters in the deep. As life
moves, i feel so small, and meek.
Lights, movements streak. Spirits
around speak. As in the heart,
he does teach.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Shine

Shine baby, glow.
Set your heart free,
flow. Like the breeze,
that blows. Like the
sunlight, that sparkles.
Let your light, show.
With love, from your soul.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Along

Just tumbling along, with a song,
in the breeze. The whispers, of the
trees. My heart floating, with the
leaves. As the bluebird flies, and
the eagle cries. And everything,
moves me. And the spirit, touches
endlessly. Mountains move, when the
soul steps between, the distance
of you and me. Stars gleam. Life's
fragile. Life's deep. Life's calling.
Life speaks. In your soul, you feel
him trying to comfort. Trying to
reach, asking please. Painting paths
for us, his heart is light, and free.
He wants us to be. With hands of love,
he'll guide, he'll lead. In all you
feel, in all you see. Caritas. Let,
in he.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Everywhere

Oh Lord, Everywhere your beauty
flows. Round every curve, every
road. There is mystery, there is
gold. In all nature has, to hold.
In every flower, that unfolds.
There is essence, there is soul.
In everything, Lord you grow.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

..Inside..

Oh, oh, she cries.
Oh, oh, he cries.
Because neither of
them can fly. Until
they can find, love
again inside.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Strum

On a cold, and windy day.
Listen to the strum of the
guitar play. Let it take me
away. Through the clouds, to
where the sunshine breaks rays.
And for a little while, I think,
I'm just gonna rest, stay. Dream
about the words you used to sing
and say.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Movement

You ask me to forget you, guess you
never really knew me. I never really
asked you to understand me, only hoped
you'd care for me. Wore my heart out on
my sleeve. Let my love run deep. Let the
waves crash over me. Clung to every heart
beat. And even though I crashed into the
oceans seas. No regrets, could ever be.
Anytime love moves me.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Seed

There's only one you, and only one me.
Thank God! That's the way God made it to
be. One shines with blue. One shines with
green. We are all made so specially. Our
own colors, our own hues. Our own heart.
Our own tune. Each of us with our own love.
Within each. A beauty that brings blossoms
to bloom. So unique. And inner twines us in
part of Gods great cosmic conspiracy. Each
a beautiful, precious, fragile, seed. And
one day our scent, our spirit will be strong,
sweet, enough to breach. And in the heavens..
God'll desire our fragrancy.. As Across the
glory lands we'll flow, reach..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Comfort..

Don't let me go crazy.. Don't let me alone..
Don't let these memories and images swallow me
up whole.. God onto me hold.. Don't let me go
crazy.. Don't let me give in, fold. Don't let
me die, in a sea of dreams so cold.. In life,
in dream.. I plead, I scream.. Don't let go of
my soul.. Oh, Lord I cling to you.. And my heart
you know.. And your hand, comforts so..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Ring

Skies are shining again.. So much
life within.. In just the look of
an eye.. Such miracles passing by..
A squirrels silly grin.. The songs,
a blue bird sings.. Leaves shimmering
in the wind.. Sun is setting.. Spirits,
talking.. Whispering.. So much depth, the
moonlight brings.. As all around.. Life's
melodies, ring..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

View

One, two, three.

You and me.

One, two.

Me, you.

What a difference in view.

What a difference a word can do.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Curtsy

I curtsy to you. You curtsy to me.
Round and round we go, under our
maple tree. You smile so sweet. And
my heart leaps. You take me by the
hand. And I'm swept of my feet. As
the sunsets in, an orange so deep. Two
hearts together. May our souls keep. As
we race to where, the skies end and meet.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Air We Breath

In The Eyes Of Heaven He Wraps Us With His
Comfort! .. His Love Is In All That We See..He
Surrounds Us In His Tranquility.. Deep In Our
Hearts, , That Feeling That Awakens And Sparks..
Compassion.. And Dream.. What We Feel Is He! ..
And Ten Times More He'll Be! ..There Always..In
The Eyes Of Heaven, Like Here.. Life Is Greater
Than You And Me! .. Love For Ever Will Be..In
The Air We Breath! ..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

His Hand'll Guide, As..

Even though it seems to take forever,
forever inside. To let the pain surrender,
surrender and fly. Into the thunder, into
the night. Into the ocean waves so tender.
That wash away, salty tears from sight.
Under the stark, of the moons light.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Life

Lead me to the rock. Guide me to the shores.
Know I can get so lost, if on my own I explore.
Standing out here, could be so beautiful. Or it
could be, just lonely darken, moors. With out
you, I'm just tore. Thistles in the wind. Under
the evening sunset can bring, such pleasure with
in. Or it could be a thorn, that leaves you
feeling lost and worn. The dark could shatter the
night. Or to the soul, be light. You bring me
sight. Only with you, can there be life.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Wing

Cry little birdie, then sing. Let it
out, as loud as you can. First comes
winter, then spring. Snow will be
melting. The brooks'll be babbling.
After natures done napping. Life'll
be tapping, ever so. And calling at
the window. Know you won't wanna go..
But, you should feel some better then.
For a moment, I'll look at you, close
my eyes, let the breeze in. And know,
you'll find the wind again..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Cleaning Day Gone Bad..

Outside I washed the
sides of the house.
Inside I washed the
walls. Didn't cry at
all. Started to dust,
began to bawl. Sat
down, and said the
hell with it all..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Whisper

Wake up and face the day. i whisper to
myself. Because the words i can't seem
to bring myself to say. Look out the
window, wanna go back to bed to stay.
But, then i'd have to awake again. From
dreams of yesterday.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

I Just

I just wanna sing a little prayer,
for you. Ask a little birdie to,
carry it to the moon. Cause he can
see farther, true. And has a special
relationship, with you know who. As
all nature will join in the melodious
tune. And the moon, will shine his
beams on you.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Feelings Of..

Woke up lonelier than yesterdays before.
Waves hitting the shores. Morning bird
keeps, singing out of chord. Deeply
echoing. As raindrops, pour. But, Gods
canvas always paints new, ever more.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Lonely Willow

Lonely willow, i lay awake on my
pillow. Thinking of you, wondering
if your thinking of me too. Hoping
your skies are, a soft pinkish,
lavender blue. With an aura filled,
of colorful hues...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

In The Forests Of Dreams.

Snow white, and rose red. Blossoming. Out
picking berries, stopped, and so wondrously
said. Who knows what lies ahead. Flowers
nod, and make their beds. Busily, before
critters tread. As a quietness sheds. Dwarfs
start gathering along, where babbling brooks
have led. Over the dark towering, mountain
heads. To mysterious, hidden castles. Where
gallant princes, under moonlight, wed. Skies
open, and love spreads.. As mother calls out,
Here Snow white, Rose red.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Oh Christmas Tree..

The Christmas tree lit, in the dark.
Ever so, lights my heart. A silent
moment away. To pause, ponder, and
pray. Let the noise of the world fade.
Curl up in his arms, and lay. Watch the
wondrous display. Dance away. Till eye's
close, mind surrenders, and sleep gives
way. Listen to his words. As he stands
over. As repeatedly, he does say. Shhh,
His love, is strong and brave.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Awakens (A Haiku)

Big blue eyes looking.
Heart softens and warms so then.
Life sparks, awakens.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Echoing (A Haiku)

Bee's pollinating.
Flower's blossoming, scent hangs.
Nature's Echoing.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Sparkles (A Haiku)

Snow Keeps coming down.
Life is still, doesn't make a sound.
Moon casts, sparkles, round.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Allure

As the evenings glow, sets in. With
a song, soft and low, on the wind.
Marshlands speak, out ever more. As
sound, and sight, opens another door.
Where life, has this beautiful allure.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Scarlet

Scarlet rivers, times so gold. Spirits
whisper, days of old. Enchanting, the
soul. Winds entrance, as tides flow. Dawn
is rising. Through out the hammock. As the
air, has begun to glow. A peace settles
across, ever so.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Ode To Laugh And Dream

Oh God, how I love Poetry! Poetry, and books!
With different worlds, different nooks. Nature,
truth, And fantasy. Swept away to the desert.
Swept away to the sea. Swept away to the forest,
where critters live so deep. Or, swept away to
the mountains for so much life and wonder to see.
All holding so much beauty! Books of melody with
so much to learn. Books of religion, to guide us,
in life's many turns. Ode to read. Ode to poetry.
Ode to escape, live and breath. Ode to laugh,
and dream...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Fragilely

We all have a heart, right from
the start. Every squirrel, every
bee, every butterfly, every tree.
Every blade of grass, every rainbow
we see. Even in the air we breath.
Everything all around, above and below
the ground, at our feet. A seed. Has a
soul within. Just like You and Me. So
why can't we all just live so peacefully.
Treat each other oh, so fragilely.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Starlet

A dancing star that traveled so far.
Glistening, shinning in the dark.
Spinning circles around a heart.
Riding the wind and the skies.
A starlet is born into the night.
Back to her field of roots she flies.
With a new start in life.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

An Autumn Feel

Leaves, leaves, falling down. Oh, what
heaven I have found. In your colors,
red, gold, yellow, and brown. Such an
earthly feel around. Close my eyes,
and feel the spirit surround.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Giving

A kind smile. Gentle words that guide,
and touch. Taking time. Sending thoughts
with love, and hugs..Means so much. These
are such.. That go beyond miles. Capture
the heart. And make life worth while.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Paint

One day my apartment manager, ask me to paint the parking lot lines. When done, to my horror, to my surprise. They zigged, they zagged, they curved, and the waved, to say. And my boss was not happy with me that day: (But, an even bigger surprise, as the next guy he hired to do it this time.. Was even worse than mine! ! My boss looked at me. I giggled and smiled. He laughed, though yet still shocked and starrng. He replied almost uncaring, he really did miss by a mile. :)

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Scene

Children playing, laughing and chasing butterflies. What an ever so beautiful scene. Oh, so heart warming. Hearts a soaring, exploring. On a beautiful morning. So joyfully. So free. And life feels, a dream.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Lavender Garden

Walking through my lavender garden.
Time sets, and pardons. Life softens,
and unhardens. Blue cascading, rivers
flow. Flowers blossom and grow. Birds
sing love songs, whispering soft, and
low. Where dreams live, and suns set
slow. And awaken, in the nights glow.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Land Of Tir Na Nog

In the land of Tir na nog, children and
fairies hardly nod. Working, dancing, and
playing. Day through the night, underneath
the moonlight. Tunes harmoniously make their
way, across pinkish skies with rays. Some
where over the rainbow, Tir na nog lay.
With deep rippling rivers, fields of grain
that sway. Forests so tall and green, calling
come walk with me. Beckoning every day. Our
dreams await..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Please

Jesus talk to me.. You know through
tears I weep.. Jesus talk to me.. I'm
so hurt and I can't see.. Striking out
blindly.. Talk to me.. Guide my word..
Or, quiet keep me.. Jesus, again and
again.. To you I reach.. Jesus please,
keep me..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

River

I just wanna stare at the river.. For
time makes me shiver.. Wrap my shawl,
around tight. Stay here, all night..
Listen to the lonely, night birds call..
As the moon's, shadows fall.. Casting a
familiar aura to it all.. Thought it was
spring.. But, I watch the leaves fall..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Jesus Hold My Heart

When i'm to weak to crawl. When i
can't stand, and i can't bawl. i
can't see, walls are to tall.
Oh, Jesus. Catch me in this fall.
For i feel like, nothing at all

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Angels Wings

Angels wings, softly ring. With
the lullaby's that they sing.
Softening, the harshend winds, cry.
From deep outside. As gusts pick up
whine and blow. Angels light candles
to glow. And whisper, it'll be alright
you know. Just shut your eye's, Dream..
And let your fears go.. He sees all..
It's alright, for your eye's to close..
He is close, ever so..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Weep

Broken hearts do bleed. Deep as
the deep red sea's. As wave's
wash over me, and the sea gulls
cry their lonesome melody. Time
washes on the beach. Sound of
the fog horn, distant meek. As
the night skies began to speak.
And the moons tears, weep.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Meow

When I feel tired and crabby, I
can be. Fierce as a cat with claws,
you see. With a lions roar, and a
tigers growl. But, my heart would
rather give, a kittens, meow.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Down

When the world is filled with sorrow, and
there feels, there's no tomorrow. Let me curl
up, in the shallow of your arms... Know, your
love is never gone... And you'll, cradle me all
night long... As the crickets play their song...
Till my heart, someday beats again, strong...
Until once again I can take your hand, stand...
And follow, you along... Out amongst the willows...
The ponds... And underneath, the golden fronds...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Dear You..

Where ever you may be.. May you always
feel, Love, in the breeze.. And maybe,
on a starry night, one will blink twice..
And once in a while, you'll think of me..
And as the sunlight approaches the skies,
may your heart always fly.. With the eyes
of a child.. So peaceful.. So free.. So
full of dreams..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Gray..

Gray clouds feel, as if their here to stay.
Not a sign of life, outside at play. Chill in
the breeze, that takes my breath away. Haven't
heard the church bells, ring in days. Clocks,
haven't been working anyways. Everything, is in
this foggy, gray haze. With rains pouring every
day.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Venus

Such sadness in the eagles cry.. Out, in the
middle of a darken night.. Sending out a signal
something isn't right.. Even though there's not
a sign, of lightning in sight.. Chipmunk, scurries
away.. Before, the clap of thunder strikes.. And
makes him feel afraid.. Of the storms he don't see,
but, in the air rage.. On a hellish, night in may..
As the, static in the air.. Betrays, the beauty the
heavens made.. And blackness.. Eclipses, the days..
That, Venus went away..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Mystery..

Running barefoot, down the golden beach..
As I stop to touch, my hand to the ocean
sea's.. Wonder if this, is a dream.. Let
the wave's, wash over me.. Sun setting
behind, a warmth inside.. With a magic,
in the breeze.. And life feels.. Such
a mystery..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Amidst..

Though faces and eyes,
we may never see.. But
In spirit, and dreams..
Hearts do meet.. Far
beyond, what the eye's
could see.. Here amongst,
the beauty, of poetry..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Spring

The gentle feel of spring.. As the
tree's begin, to sing.. Lakes, are
opening.. Smoke, is rolling.. Fires,
crackling.. Turtles snapping.. Birds
hatching.. Everything, is in motion..
Creations, creating.. Interlacing..
And life, is so fascinating.. Worthy
contemplating.. All nature is saying..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Replay..

Let your mind drift away.. In
the shadows, let's go play.. It's
a sunny day.. Grab the sled, let's
go race.. The hill is sparkling and
glazed.. We'll slide back into
yesterday.. Let's go play, we'll
have hot chocolate at the end of the
day.. Reminisce, the memories made..
And tomorrow, hit replay.. With, a
whole new game..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

What He Has To Say..

What do you do, when your afraid.. What
do you do, when the night plays, charades..
And shadows play, in the shades.. As a grey
wolf howls, down in the bay.. And the
lightning, in the skies begins, it's display..
As a night hawk, cries out in dismay..And you
feel so all alone.. As a shiver to the bone,
makes way.. Do you turn to God, and pray..
Then listen, with all your heart, to what he
has to say..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Lavender Sunsets..

Just let yourself drift.. Out
where, time don't exist.. Out
amidst.. Where, dreams are yet..
And underneath, lavender sunsets..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Sunshine (A Haiku)

Sunshine melts, the sky..
Such new beauty, outside, just..
Feel it, heart and eye..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Dat..

Some pieces of this.. And some
pieces of that.. Maybe some,
would consider just trash..
Some left overs here.. Some
polish there.. And maybe, a
bath.. Would bring, the beauty
back.. Either way, I'll always
love dat..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

A Happy Sigh...

Woke again, with poetry on
my mind.. Sit back, watch the
time fly.. And take in, a deep
contented sigh.. So grateful,
your by my side.. Because you,
make life shine..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Midnights Calm

Watch the tide roll in, as the sun
goes down.. In the blue sparkle of the
waters, such a peace is found.. Just
listen to it's sound.. The power of the
sea's, to ease, and calm.. The stirs of
the heart, and storms that come round..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Tir Na Nog

If I could catch a million stars, and
put them in a million jars.. If I could
enchant the breeze, to play You melodies..
Or if I, could talk to the trees, get them
to lay their leaves, in a golden crown, at
your feet.. Where unicorns dream.. Get,
fireflies, to two step in time, across the
oceans tides.. To bring You joy and peace..
To lull you to sleep.. Light the world in
candle light.. Make a wish every night..
That You may always find, magic in your life..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Mood

The clouds in the sky.. The
river rolling by.. The moving
of pines.. The stars, will soon
rise..The evening sets, and brings
such delight.. And the night brings..
wonders, displays, of heavenly life..
With Such Feel, And Sights..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Here..

Winds whisper through the leaves..
Sun sets golden over the trees..
Reds, browns, yellow, greens.. All
fall reflectively.. Mountains stand
tall.. And with prestige.. Crystal
blue rivers run, silent and deep..
All here at my feet..
All, here before my eyes..
A beauty, that can't be described..
All, here, spiritually cries, out..
Here! .. This, is what God, is all about..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Magic

Look at the magic of the
butterfly.. As she spreads
her wings and glides.. So
free.. So full of life..
Into the wind she rides..
Into bright blue skies..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Your Name..

Let me whisper your name.. Through
the thunder and rain.. Through the
fear and the pain.. Always wish you
to be near.. Even when the clouds
have cleared.. And when the sun is
shinning warm, and we are past the
storm.. Wanna shout out in cheer..
Because I'm so glad your here.. Dance
across the sand.. Then walk hand in hand..
With the waves crashing on the beach, and
life touches, ever so deep.. And when the
willow weeps.. I wanna whisper your name..
And when the fields are filled with wheat,
and grain.. I wanna shout out your name..
To the world your love, has been proclaimed..
I wanna shout out your name.. I'm so glad..
You came! ..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Fly..

I just wanna hide tonight..
Under the moonshine's, light..
Over the mountains skies..
Over the rivers wide..
Into the oceans tide.. Where
I'm free inside.. I just wanna
fly..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Spinners

With all the colors of the
rainbow.. Wrapped up within..
These fidget gadgets, really
do amaze, as they spin..
Bringing a calming effect..
And, a peace within..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

River Gold

As the secret river unfolds.. The
book is small, little and gold.. As
it's stories are told.. It dances,
it sings, it rhymes, it brings..
Imagination, from within, to dream,
to live, life again..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Spirit

We're all here for a different
reason. All moved by a different
season. Trying to stay alive.
Clinging to something that touched
us, in life. Yet, in the world has
passed us by. But'll forever, live
on inside..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Blue Waters Sun Set Of Peace

Crystal blue waters,
pounding on the shores..
Rough waters are deep,
but Your love is more..
Tree's and brush so tall..
Banks so steep.. But, your
rivers end, in golden sun
sets of peace..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Grandma

My Momma's always cried, when she looks into
a new born's eyes.. But, I like Grandma's side..
Where you just look into the skies.. To find that
door that opens wide.. To where over rainbows and
golden fields, we can fly.. And up that apple tree
we can climb.. Time, we can steal.. Do a cartwheel..
She said, years and time, and whats on the outside..
Doesn't matter.. Age can only make you feel sadder,
but appreciation, makes you gladder.. Just close
your eyes, and try.. To always live.. All that you
survive, as a child from your heart inside.. Always
take those dreams.. Those reigns, hold tight..and ride..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Savor

One of my favorite dishes, was cooked
in the refrigerator. First we stoked the
wood, and then locked it. To Bask in it's
smokey flavor. As the smell hit the air..
Neighbors joined us there.. And oh, the
fish we did savor! .. But, in the end the
cops wouldn't waiver.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

While, Children Need More

Those small town country roads.. Sure
aren't what they used to be anymore. Too
many cars, too bars, can't see the lake
shore... No woods left to explore... Too
many people, too many stores. While children
need more..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Flowers And Hearts

When deep in the heart love sings. It can
open up, and spread the wings. Of a little
sparrow, or a dove. A child, in need of a hug.
A broken heart. A cherry tree. A willow. Heart
on sleeve. Tears on pillow. Roots don't die,
but bleed. Flowers and hearts, blossoming..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Chilly Days

Woke up, looks dark and cold outside..
Wanna hide.. Curl back up in bed, covers
over my head.. And hope the storms pass
by.. And love survives.. Lord, Amen..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Sea Horse

I'm off to ride on my sea horse. Over
ocean tides.. We'll swim and dive, duck
and hide. Watch the starfish go by. Find
sunken ships, search for treasure, inside.
Be mesmerized, by the beauty inside. Just
drifting slow, dreaming you know.. Maybe
one day.. we'll glimpse, atlantis along
the way.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Heaven And Earth

Been watching, out the window.
Watching, the old north wind blow.
Watching, the skies cover the earth
with snow. And i'd been thinking, about
deep down under, and how, old roots die
and new will grow. And how some, will
live to be centuries old. Yet some will
always be around, and yet there always a
change going down.
Change of season
Change of tide
Change of orgin
Change of life, that's been, on the outside
looking in. And i'd been staring, at the
new star born, and i'd been staring, at that
old hoot owl soaring. Listening, to Papa
snoring. Watching, baby raccoons exploring.
Children playing, heaven and earth swaying.
And i'd been praying...

Rebecca Navarre

Tiny Star

Lay back and look up at the stars..
Some so near, some so far.. Twinkle
twinkle, tiny star, I'll let you
lift me up to where you are..
Leave my mind and body go.. Let
you whisper all you know.. Show me
all the beauty, you have to show..
Let you navigate my way, as through
the sea of stars I stray.. Drifting
high and farther out, as you carry
me about.. Reach out and touch the
moon.. Don't bring me back to soon..
Not until the light begins to streak
the starlit skies.. Not until you set
me down, to shut your eyes... But,
until then tiny star, can I just hang
out up here, where you are... And
troubles seem so far! .. When sailing
through a galaxy of, stars...

Rebecca Navarre

Butterfly

Look out my bedroom window, at the children outside
at play, running up and down the yard. Guess, the game
is tag..I suppose they're having fun. But, I'am all tired
out, from running all about, ... Chasing butterflies...

Reaching out to them, up in the skies.. As they softly glide,
wings spread wide. Maybe, I can catch a ride. Just me and
the butterfly! ..

And Mom said not to go to far! .. So we can only touch a couple
of stars... And fly around the moon! But then she, should be
calling me soon..

And he'll have to set me back down, but every time I whistle
he'll be back around.. To gently lift me off the ground...

And oh, what sights we'll see, little butterfly and me! ...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

From...

Raindrops glistening, in the morning sun. The earth is replenished, the storm is done. All is at peace, the darkness has ceased. The light of the Lord has won. Paintings of a new day has begun... Spirit and earth are one... Echo's of laughter, from beyond the bay. Children are waking, running out to play. And from somewhere far below. Where the rivers creek runs slow. A doe below's out, soft and low. Stops for a drink and is gone in a blink. Sky is turning from orange to pink... So much wonder, to stare of at I Think! .. As a chipmunk suddenly scurries by, and I take in a deep contented sigh... And a rustle of the wind, makes the pine trees sing...a soothing lullaby. And as a branch reaches down, almost cradling around. Look up to the sky, as it softly brushes my side. And I know your there... Feel Your Care... Your love is deep and wide. From none, would you hide. You will always abide. From every star, from every sea. From any shore, You'll stand with me.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Come..

Feel the wind, and let yourself feel
life again.. Don't shut your eye's, feel
the color of the skies.. Deep inside, let
your spirit rise.. Come outside! The river
is high. Come on in. won't you come on in..
Let yourself, float weightlessly again! .. See
the sun streaming down.. Feel your heart, as it
pounds.. Nobody else around, such a peaceful
feeling found.. Lay back, listen to the sound..
Take a deep breath, and let yourself drift under,
come back up.. Smell the rain, hear the thunder..
Let back into your life, the wonder.. Come feel,
the wonder! ..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Dear Lord...

Help, the world survive.
Touch us all, deep inside.
Help, us come alive..Through You!
So much pain out there.
So much that isn't fair, so many
too scared, to try. Let us, feel
Your light, so warm and bright.
Help us see, with your sights.
Waters are cold, dark and wide...
Currents strong, bridge narrow,
and long... Help Us Hold On! ! ! !
Help, us reach the other side.
Help, the world to survive...
.....No Anger.....
...Judgement...
.....Hate.....
Help us reach out, before it's
too late! Hand in hand...
Help, The World Survive! ! ! !
Please! ! ! ! Amen.

Rebecca Navarre

No Fairy Tale!

There's a big bad wolf knocking at
the door, but little red ridding hood
doesn't live here anymore, no, no.
And, I ain't no cinderella, no, snow
white either. There is no sleeping
beauty. And, I'am not your cutie. I'am
not bought, and I'am not sold. Only one
man to hold. All there is to be told.
Your lines really are more than old. So
you can take that fire you know where.
And, I'm sorry, I have nothing more to
spare. I'm just waiting on arm's that
care!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Love Birds.

Two young love birds, in a
car. Touched a shooting star..
When on a cool and wintery night,
into a snow bank they, backed.
Looking at the moonlight they sat.
Dreaming away... Never to wake..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Impression...

When young, my sister did come over
and bring a guy, and some friends.
From Vietnam, when sirens from the
fire department sailed. They thought
it was warnings for a bomb.. Turned
a whiter shade of pale... High tailed,
under the kitchen room table they went.
The look on his face... Their faces...
The message sent... Fear...And impression
of their country... It did leave, deeply
In dent.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Day,

When I woke this morning, to
the suns gentle rays.. I smiled,
and made my mind up.., just for
today. It's 30... I am gonna stay!
:)

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Aftermath

Sometimes in the heat of the
moment, lightning strikes. And, in
the aftermath, we all think twice...
... Heart and life...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Peaceful..

Dash into the darkness of the woods, that surround...
Feel the blackness, , , as the isolation seeps in all
around... Hear the sound, , , of the crickets, and the tree
frogs that sing... A new peace found, that's settling in...
Distant call of hoot owl, touches the spirit, deep within...
Down the beaten path, a clearing begins... Here in the
meadow, where the moonshines bright once again... Under
the moonlight, all critters come out, to dance and play...
Under the moonlight their intoxicated you could say... Stars
burning brightly, smells of jasmine and hay... Just, simply
lay back, as thoughts go astray... Time passes so quickly,
doesn't ever seem to wanna stay... Open my eye's, to a
silhouette of the sun... Before it turns into day... And the
cry of a night hawk... Before he flies away...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Arms So Vast...

Breath in the sky..
Breath in the sun..
Feel the feelings of
the earth, God, and
nature... Beating as
one... Some times slow..
sometimes fast.. Let the
moment grasp... In heart,
connect and latch... The
meaning it has...
His Spirit...
Reflections...
Always last...
His love so great... So vast...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Blue..

When you're feeling, oh, so
down and blue... Scared, don't
know what to do. Thinking like
it's done. Feeling like it's
through...
...But, tomorrow...
Maybe dreams'll come true.. Or,
maybe, even new...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Through Out Time...

Love, doesn't just die... It's
gentle, it's soft, it's kind.
Even when the heart cry's. Love,
grows inside. And stays, deeply
rooted through out time...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Winters Dream

Let's go for a drive, to see all the
scenery outside.. It's a winters dream..
Everything sparkles, and gleams.. Kids
are shouting, up the hill let's go! Little
brother Tommy, we will tow! Ice rinks are
open. We'll try, not to fall, this time, I'am
Hoping... If you do, no moping! Come on! We'll
have a ball! So much better than the mall!
Then come evening, Christmas lights will be all
a glow, colors reflecting off the snow.. With
trees in windows, all covered in frost. Such
Beautiful paintings, all at no cost. Crystals,
and tinsel everywhere.. No other time of the year
can compare! Frozen raindrops, turn into pearls.
Eggnog by the fire inside, that'll make your
hair curl.. Then hand in hand we'll twirl... And
afterwards we'll snuggle up, all cozy. For by
then, we should be dozy! Then we'll fall asleep,
and dream.. Of Sweet memories, , , that we've seen!

Rebecca Navarre

A Peaceful Night

Dripping wet long johns, hanging by
the fire. From an evening of sledding,
the children retire. Hot chocolate and
kisses, then their sent to their beds.
With dreams of Santa, in their heads.
But, excited and restless, they lay awake.
With whispers of dollies, tanks, and cake
makers. When Mommy creeps in, Crying... Go
To Sleep! For Goodness Sake! And No fakers! ! !
With their eyes all shut tight. Ahh, At Last! ! !
Their Mother said, It Is, A Peaceful Night! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

A Christmas Song

Glistening icicles, hanging from crystal
white trees. Birds all chirping merrily.
Children in mittens, whistling, and singing.
Dancing around, dreaming, and wishing. Squirrels,
and chipmunks, all busily gathering. For the
holiday feast, they'll soon be having. Ice skates,
and snowflakes. While good treats are baking.
Christmas lights, and children's eyes so bright,
Making. It all, such a magical night. And soon
we'll hear the bells, as Santa takes flight. Oh,
goodness what a sight! As Santa's had a nip, and
taken to sharp of a right. Weaving strings of popcorn,
and eating till tired. Company's leaving, throw
the last log, on the fire. Put on our p.j's, it's
time to retire. For it's certainly been, a Christmas
to admire!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Hush

Hush, hush. Take a deep sigh. Now is evening, soon'll be nigh. Carolers are singing, silent night. So get a fire lit, and trip the tree lights. Grab the quilts, and snuggle up tight. The wind is howling, snow falling, light. Moon is shining, so big, so bright. Hush, hush, everything is alright. Just look out the window, such a heavenly sight. Everything so beautiful, so white. Now close your eyes, as angels take flight. They're off to play, catch me, with all your might. Hush, hush, one by one they'll be gone. Hush, hush, if you listen close, they'll sing you to sleep.. With their song...Hush...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Still

Storms blow in.. And storms blow out..
Don't let them snuff, Your Faith. with
doubt! Keep that Flame shinning bright!
Let your soul, be a signals light! To
those lost out in the shadows of night..
Show them there's still Hope, Love, and
Life.. In all that surrounds..
.....In Christ.....

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Choice

To listen without hearing, is like to,
search but deny mirroring.

To look without seeing, is like to,
drive without steering.

To touch without feeling, is like to,
cry out but, refuse healing. Almost
like stealing... You rob yourself of
life, to carved by strife. Leave
yourself to bleed, endlessly without
need.. Grab onto the sun/son.. Let
go of the gun.. Weights a ton.. It's
your choice, pain or none..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Jesus

Christmas snow is falling. Angels
are calling. Come to know.. A love
that glows. Warms the heart against
the bitter cold. Bringing message
and melody to anybody who'll listen.
To creation as she rings. As of peace
and love. A little chick a dee sings.
Can you here it within? Christmas snow
is falling.. Christ is calling..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Autumn Dream

I am a little one. Nothing and
no one. Settle into the wind.
Time and time again to sing.
Touched by the color of autumns
eyes. As I sit and watch the
leaves fly. Browns, golds,
yellows and greens. Off they
drift into a dream...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Dance

Dance with me darlin. Sway with
me moon. I've always loved your
magical tune. Harvest is over.
Winters in loom. My heart beat, goes
bah boom. Stars, and constellations
in skies, bloom. And in melody of
sunrise, a new dance'll began soon.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Every Once In A While..

Every once in a while I
feel you.. Every once in
a while I see you.. Every
once in a while you smile...

So I am just gonna lay here,
and listen to you, for a while...

Rebecca Navarre



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Old Man Winter

Old man winters come. Beating on
the door like a drum. Birds tweet
in the breeze. While distant carolers
hum. With skies a glow, from streets
lights. The night, has just begun. As
kids head out for the hills, for some
sledding fun! Yelling hurray, hot cocoa
when were done! At last, old man winters
finally come!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Lightly..

Walk lightly.. Touch softly..
Speak gently.. Don't fence me..
Just hold me.. Guide me, and show
me.. What you want me to see.. Where
rivers run deep.. Where souls, dance
play and leap.. With Spirits So Free..

Rebecca Navarre



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Look Up..

Look up.. At the skies.. Feel
the warmth, of the sun inside..
Look up.. Don't look down.. At
the cold and bitter snow, below
on the ground.. Look up.. To the
skies.. Focus on his eyes.. Feel
his loving beauty inside.. Across
the skies.. Look up..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Lavender Pink

Skies are lavender pink. As I watch
deep in my heart Gods beauty does sink.
Interwoven in vines, in spring through
winter time. In Shadows. In Sunshine.
If we open our hearts, Gods love, we'll
always find....

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Lord

Please Lord, May Your Words Be Like
Roots. That Seep, Deep Within. To My
Heart. Mind. Body. And Soul. And
Remain, Steadfast, And Bound. Inter
Woven. Like The Wings, Upon The Back
Of A Dove. Amen

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

A Twist In The Woods...

Out in a snowy field Grandpa stood, there
yelling over and over again. Hey stupid
bring the cows in! Dad laughed till his gut
hurt! Cause he knew enough, yelling at a stump
wasn't gonna work! For Papa was watching, as
he brought the cows in from the woods! No
Papa, didn't get his hide tanned good. But,
Grandpa's face sure was red, for quite a
while...As should!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Kind...

When there's hurt you can stop the
pain. Kindness can render it tame.
Before it reaches an angry flame.
Where everyone gets maimed. Only
kindness can change. Just think how
much it can rearrange. Especially
with love, behind it's name!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Golden Skies...

I wanna dance on water... Wanna
drift across time.. Wanna dance
with my shadow, across the oceans
ever ringing deep chimes...

Letting it carry us...

Letting ourselves come alive...

To a simpler place, in our hearts
and in our minds. That only we can
find. My shadow And I, under the
golden pines... And across the
golden skies...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

After The Storms..

Squirrels come out to see the
tree's that lay. Sun streaks
through the trees, to the grassy
wet blades. Children come out to
play. Bunny sits making a funny
face. Cold breeze makes way. But,
Gods music, brings hope in another
day! ! ! ! ...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

For Their Sake's...

Here we go again, touch and go
with my sin. Round and round we
bend. Then lay it down for a friend.
When does it ever end. What kinda
message does this send. When will I
be able to break, this terrible
mistake...Gotta speak up, can't wait.
Before it's too late! ! ! ! It's more than
just my fate! ! ! ! What happens in the end.
If I keep giving in. If I bend.. We both
could break! Oh, Lord keep me straight!
So much more at stake, so much more beyond
just me! How do I make them see... What it
could do to you and me! ! ! ! Do to family! ! ! !
Down on my Knees don't let me take. That
sip of sa-ke. Help me Lord this promise to
make! ! ! ! Remind me how I wish... my loved ones
to wake! Please don't let me partake,
For Their Sake! ! ! !

Rebecca Navarre

Wind To The Willow...

Amongst the distant dying of willow
trees. A seed had been blowing in the
breeze, sprouted out her leaves, and
reached... A willow, who's roots and
vines, never spread and bloomed, quite
right with time. Hail... And icy fingers
of snow. Battered. Wilted. Withered.
Died. Long ago... Now, has a chance to
be born again, and grow...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Beauty...

Everybody's got their own way...
.....With Such Beauty.....
As words dance and sway...
That, sweep the heart away...
With a beauty...Into a beauty...
That's more than words, ,
Could say...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Hair! ! !

For alittle bit tried to drive..
Loved the country side.. But, when
it come to city life..And..the way
it flied! ! ! Curled up in a ball,
cried! ! ! With a ball of hair, by
my side....

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Light...

On a dance in the wind. Heard the
sweetest sounds sing... Lifting up
my heart, over miles apart, over
oceans wide, across the skies... So
harmonic like... Standing out under
the stars on a cold cold night. When
suddenly a warm breeze comes along
and wraps around..So gentle, and light,
whispering it's alright...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Hall

Shifting down to a low gear. Loosing
my grip on the wheel. Settling back,
the roads have cleared. Buckling down
for the long haul.. Turning my cell, off
call. Take sometime for me and all. Watch
the autumn leaves fall. And for sometime,
I can slip away, stall.. Letting my wheels
grip that hill, and crash right through
that, invisible wall.. Taking my foot off
the pedal, now. An slip, in an eight track
of, Tom Hall...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Lets Stay Here Awhile..

Wait a minute baby, dusk is almost gone. There's a shadow of a moon, that'll be full before to long. We don't have to say anything.. Wind in the pines is blowing strong. Little red bird in the tree. Happly he sings along...The river is really talking, lets just listen to it for awhile... There's muskrats, building their dam, down by Stoney Isle... So many stars that need counting, we haven't done that for sometime. Haven't looked up lately, to see them shine. Skies wide and clear, still love ya so dear. Smell the campfire near. All so free and open. Won't you pass over what your token. Let's sit here for awhile, inhale a deep breath, and smile...Slip your hand over mine... Lets just drift with time... Just You and I... Wait a minute baby, lets stay here for awhile...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Ame

A Reverend At St. James Ame. She
Took Me By The Hand, And Told Me.
Close Real Tight, Your Eyes. Click
Your Heels, Three Times! ! ! While
Repeating, In Heart And Mind! ! !

All Evil Go Away! ! ! My Heart And
Soul! ! ! Belongs To God Each Day! ! !

All Evil Go Away! ! ! My Heart And
Soul! ! ! Belongs To God Each Day! ! !

All Evil Go Away! ! ! My Heart And
Soul! ! ! Belongs To God Each Day! ! !

.....

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

All Along

Funny how they come. Some, in the shadows of the sun. Some, in the window panes. Some, you don't know, their name, but, you recognize them just the same. Some in the melody of a song. And the distant wind chimes that ring till dawn. On, days long after the storms been done. While some, come in the middle of the calm. And some, aren't there, but, aren't ever gone. Because they've been around you... And in, your heart all along...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Round,

The beauty of life around. A constant
growing, from the ground. A silken web
woven round. Catch the raindrops that
send sparkles round. With barely a sound.
Then, when the mist clears, and the sun
peers out. Shinning down. Even more miracles
and wonders to be found.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Again

With a soft, and silly grin. He looks
at her and says come in, out of the wind.
She looks him in the eye and melts inside.
And winks back at him. And his heart instantly,
skips a beat, spins. With something magic inside..
They touch.. Their connected by.. Something more
than the night... Something more than the dawns,
early morning light... Something more, They Both,
Hold Deep Within.. Will always bring, them back
together again.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Sail

Catch the sail, catch the wind.
Before it storms again. Catch the
dream, catch the tale. Watch the
skies unveil. The smokey mountain
eyes, in a little child's lullabies.
With Daddy's hand along side. He's
the captain, he leads.. He guides..
Saying, Come sail.. The oceans,
Yours And Mine..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Talk Straight To Me

Talk straight to me. I've been
crying can't you see. On my knees.
You got me. So spun around. Can't
tell up from down. Won't you give
my heart, some sort of relief. And
talk straight to me. In my eyes, in
my plea, can't you see I need. You.
To, talk straight to me. Don't leave
my heart to break. Ain't we worth the
time it takes. To get our messages..
Straight... There's a quiet place I
know, just down the road. Where we can
sit back and watch the waters flow...
And breathe, slow...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

The Gamble

Cards are dealt, as players take
their hands. With a smile some give
little. With a smile some give grand.
Will they fall, or will they stand?
Probably shouldn't be there, (thin
straw) .. And its the devils draw..
In the house of the devil, don't expect
God to keep answering your calls.. If
you lay down, your All..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Stars, Moon, And Dreams..

As the stars blink and open their eyes. The man in the moon, smiles, and says its time to rise. Dusk is gone, and the children have come out to make wishes on. That star, their star. So that they can dream and believe..That there is hope, yet to weave. Some kinda, secrets and mysteries. Fairytails and history. Still yet to be..When all feels dark and bleak.. They look to us to seek..Wish..Hold..And Release.. Pray to existence to exist. Looking to the night sky..To find reasoning, to survive. In the stars light.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Days

Get slammed for being strange. Know,
someday's I can't remember my name.
Blinded by the rain. Question if I am,
sane. Branches hang low. Time goes slow.
Starring out the window, watching the
weather vane. Know, someday its gonna
turn again, change, spin. Like the earth
on an axle, in the wind. The bright side
of life, will come again.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

So Quaint.

Listen to the angels in the night. As they
sing, through our surroundings, nature and life.
Shadowing over us in times of pain and strife. To
be our guide, our light. We can't see them with our
sights. But, just look at the stars, bright. They
surround. They've always been around. Deep in our
hearts, hear their sound. Hear the wind chimes,
ringing soft, and light. Hear the frogs and crickets
chirping with delight. Hear the church bell, in the
distance. Somewhere, at two am, in the night. So
quaint, and harmonic, like...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

So Tenderly..

He didn't create life, so we could
destroy it. He created life so we
could enjoy it. To grow and nurture.
With love and peace...This is the
way, He! Created us to be...! Care
for the earth, animals, nature. One
another, You and me. So tenderly...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

I Don't Know How...

I'd get by without my, daily bread.
Hunger, for what's fed. Its powerful
words and the messages said. Without..
Darkness I did dread..There were days
I thought I wouldn't survive. But, then
I was so touched by..The images painted
inside! God's Love, spread across valleys
and mountain sides! Like, the sun awaking
and warming me. From a deep sleep. Where
I'd been frozen through! Died. Changing
my point of view.. Opening my mind.. And
heart, To.. Such potent, and beautiful
thoughts, to ponder on..True! Maybe this..
You'll find too..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Ufo

Come fly with my airship pink. I
think it don't go high. It glows,
it twink. You can fidget or gidget,
it won't go ker plink. Though i love
that game. Round and round it goes...
back and forth. You can even throw.. I
don't know, but I think...To sit back
and watch it spin..This thing. Really
does Win! ! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Horizon

Slip off into a place, where I can
watch the wind blow. There, I can let
my heart go. Out amongst the willows
and, cat tails. Life awakes under a
golden, veil. With the echoing sounds
of a distant, quaint quail. Out amongst,
where ancient leaves, sail..And the rest,
of the sounds, of the human world, fail.
Out amongst, the enchanted woods, and
endless, trails.. Out where, the oceans
waves, whisper their tales.. Out there..
Out There...Somewhere...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Mentionings Of Heart...

Guess there's this spirit,
that shines within my soul.
That some say, is like a light
bulb, that ever so brightly glows.
Flowing From God, Nature, Poetry,
Love And Life! ! ! ! Maybe seen alittle
strife. Yet My Heart Gets Filled! ! ! !
With Such Joy, Gratitude, Delight! ! ! !
Swept up! ! ! ! Wrapped up in! ! ! ! The
Beautiful, Wondrous, Sights! ! ! !
Twirling And Dancing, Like, , a child,
so freely in the night... Underneath,
the starry moonlight.....

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

A Halloween (Haiku)

Halloween pumpkins, fright? ? ?
Or halloween pumpkins, so nice? ? ?
Think it's pies tonight! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Boo! (A Haiku)

Jack O lanterns light.
Dance and glow in ghostly sight.
A howling delight.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Eve..

As the evening scent,
on the autumn, air.. Wraps
around, with warmth, love, and
Care.. In gentle whispers there..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Our Light..

The candle of life, don't
burn twice. Our souls, our
hearts, our lives.. We don't
have to give up, give in. He
made our sacrifice.. Thy will..
Our might.. Flicker through the
night.. May they keep, shining..
Bright.. May Your love, our hearts,
ignite.. Whats growing dim, losing
fight, within. Don't let the darkness
snuff out, all sight.. When we see
someone battling.. Help them to find
again.. Their breath of life.. Their light..
Because, once gone for good, don't come
twice.. And nothing, and no one can, put
a price. On the inner candle of life..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Autumns Sigh..

Hear the chimes in the distance,
somewhere outside. While watching
the leaves in the sky. Twisting and
twirling, as they fly. A cool wind
rides. Curl up with my quilt inside.
As the big oak near by, bends his
branches, letting go, the last of his
leaves, with a sigh..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

The Haunted Kingdom...

Hear the howling, of the winds. Through
the empty halls of your kingdom. So you
had to be king, cold and controlling. With
your orders, never to let anybody in. Insisting,
all dance and sing. No heart, no warmth, within.
You wanted all to fear you, and cringe. Lost
your jester, lost your crown. Now your world is
turned upside down. So now you sit there with a
frown, wondering why no ones, around. In your
mind you know, never again, can she be found.
Killed your queen. With the ropes that lashed,
burned, and bound. Now haunting ghosts and cursing
whisper, are the castles only sounds.

:) 's a spooky Halloweeny parable.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Treat

So it's time to trick or treat. Out
amongst the golden autumn eve. Out on
the streets. Where so many ghosts and
goblins meet. Under where the moonlight
and shadows creep, and banshee's howl
deep. Erie music seeps, over hills and
trenches steep. As all dance and eat,
ever so festively! While the little
children now, sleep.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Seasons...

High above the raging cliffs...
High above the bending trees...
High above the white waves of
the oceans seas... In the eyes...
In the souls... In the breeze...
Let them rise...Let them speak...
Let their hearts be felt, deep...
In the pages... In the seasons...
Messages they leave... In the sounds
of time... And all around you and me...
Colors of the sky, they do weave...
Ever, an oh so, peacefully...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Out Amongst Autumn Trees...

Warm earth tones began to weave... Watching
their beauty... Feeling their worth so deep,
within... Blowing gently in the wind...
As you, heareth the angels sing...
Twisting, swirling, swaying...
Calling come play with me, we're playing
ale all come free... Out amongst, the autumn
trees... And underneath a moon so deep...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Holds

Deep In Our Hearts, Let His Name Be Praised! ! !
Deep In Our Hearts, Let His Name Be Raised! ! !
Deep In Our Soul, Let Jesus Glow! ! ! Show All
The Kindness, That We've Known! ! ! And.....
Believe, Believe, Believe! ! ! That His Love
Does Hold! ! ! ... Believe, In The Love, He's Showed! ! ! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Cinderella

Pretty as a flower. Wild as a rose. Free as
a raven, off into the skies she goes. Dancing
until midnight. Till her eyes tire and close.
Then off into wonderful dreams, she does dose.
Cheerful and bright. A little bit too daring,
compassionate and caring. Her dinners are a
delight. As she slips into her ball gown, her
carriage awaits out under the, moonlight. And
any man would be lucky, to be her knight! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

No Never Been

No the Navarre's aren't crazy at all. We didn't go ice fishing in a blizzard, 2 am, in an ice fishing house we, hand by hand, had to haul. We didn't climb fences, that Dad said can. Though very large warning signs said, can't. We didn't know, that woman in the stores, window pretending to be a mannequin. We never drove out on watery cracking ice, with nobody around, though Dad said, it'd be alright. We never went under a barb wire fence to collect mushrooms from, the meadow and from cattle, had to run! Never has one of us, had their picture painted, on the side of the mall. Never has one of us, accidentally at the foot, of a priest, crawled. Never have we, howled and bark at the moon. Never did we fall in love, with a stars, tranquil tune! Never did we see a ghost. Never was this wrote. Never other languages, have we spoke. Never did we wanna live in a boat. Never has anyone shot off their mouths saying they ain't afraid of no goose. Then only to get chased around by one, for more than a few loops. All the way home as mad as an old wet hen! And, no we weren't surprised on Easter, when the children's eggs we did hide, were found uncooked. We never streaked naked in a brook. We didn't love the two seater, out house. We didn't sentimentally cry when we got rid of our old couch. We didn't dress up, wear hat's, and smoke cigars. We didn't act silly, telling jokes, and playing cards, for fun. And nor ever, did we need a gun, to get our Christmas tree's. No we ain't, never been called, crazies...

Rebecca Navarre

Princess

As beautiful as a princess, she's sitting
there. Out back, on the stairs. Watching the
cars, as they go by. With a sparkle, and a
glisten, of hope, , , in her eyes. She turns to
drift off away, an catch the stars, in the skies.
And dream, that he maybe the guy... Who'll come
and be her, knight...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Story Time

Can see Grandma sitting in her rocking chair.
Grand children sitting in her arms, there. With
a smile a mile wide, and a sparkle in her eye.
Because she knows, for her and them, it's story
time...And as the cloud in the skies...Turn into,
the oceans tide... Suddenly we're...On a pirate
ship, and she's the Princes bride. And Robin hood
and all his friends, are there at Westleys side...
And Peter pan will be coming along soon, with some
fairy dust, and we're all gonna fly...Into any fairy
tale that comes to mind...With always so many adventures
inside... to find. But at the ending of the rhyme, Grandma
insist...Must end in her, and her knight Westley, in a kiss...
Which of course always ends with, the children's reaction to
this...Ewe! ! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Memories From My Childhood.

Well one day along time ago, even before your Grandpa and I met. An old girlfriend of mine from down the street, came over to ask me to go to the county store with her. She needed to pick up some logs for their wood stove.

Of course back in those days, logs cost exactly ten pennies and of course a kiss, for the county clerk. He was sixty eight years old, but still had enough spite in him to carry him off over mountain tops high. That he did, yes sirree, he did...But anyways now, what was I saying? Oh yes, my, girl friend and I were walking down the road. Just talking and laughing up a storm about Tommy Meyers. Oh, yes Tommy Meyers. Now he was the cutest boy in our school. My girlfriend and I both had a major crush on him. But, Lord almighty neither of us dare admit it. Boy's were gross!

Oh, dear I guess I got off track again, didn't I. Well, as I was saying. My girl friend and I were almost to the store. When she stopped and pulled me off to the side. Said she had something to show me. She took me up to the store window and pointed out, the most beautiful golden locket, that had to be at least four dollars! But what she asked me to do! Oh, Lordy I think my Grandma did a flip in her grave! For my girl friend had asked me to go up and take it! While her and the store clerk were getting logs. I started to tell her no. When she cut in, and said I wouldn't be a true friend if I didn't. So we walked on into the store, I swear I was shaking like a leaf. My time came, my girl friend and the clerk started to go in the back. I quickly went up and grabbed the locket and stuck it in my pocket. To my surprise, when I turned around there was the store clerk standing, starring at me. I think I almost jumped out of my britches. I tried, to start to explain, when my girl friend jumped in. She stood there, actually asking me why in the world I would do such a terrible thing. I was so stunned I couldn't even speak. I ended up having to work off the money for the locket. But I do know to this day I am glad that happend. For I learned a very important lesson. A friend who'll ask you to do something wrong really isn't a friend at all. For a true friend wouldn't do or ask you to do something which will harm you or get you into trouble for. So I want you to remember that and maybe you won't have to go through, and learn the hard way like

I did. But, you never know, if your not careful, what you maybe
be telling your grand children.

Rebecca Navarre

Hallows Eve Storm

I was day dreaming. While you were sleeping.
I did pass by. While you were dreaming. I did
see the tears in your eyes. As my heart to cried.
Didn't know how to tell you while you were by my
side. Thought it'd come in time. Swear I never
thought we'd say goodbye. When I said forever,
meant, forever from whole, inside. My Heart didn't
lie. Always praying that, that star will keep you
safe. Somewhere. And be your guide. In all you do,
hope you know it too...You are so special...To life.....

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Crosses In The Skies...

So Many Crosses, Kneel on Foggy Grounds, Across
The Lands. But, In The Clouds, On The Skies, So
Many Stand. Acknowledge Both, So Much At Heart,
So Much At Hand... But Believe, In All, There's
A Plan. Sometimes We All Can, Feel Lost, Scared,
And At End. But God Said, That's When, We're To
Look Into His Eyes. Focus, On The Crosses, In The
Skies... Again, And Again.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Ambient

A new brush stroke. A new summers
grove. With sun light so gold.
Underneath where fields of green
grow. A fawn stands in the hallow.
As the gentle wind blows, and a red
bird sings soft and low. And, ambient
evening skies unfold.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Angels Came.

Flood gates gave way. As the
angels came that day..&They took
his young body away. They, sang
out his name.. As he'd hung his
head, and was hanged. The Bells
Of Heaven, Rang...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Edge Of Winter

Watch the waters flow. While the
crystal white snow, falls down upon
it. So Softly on it. Shut our eyes, &
hold... Then let it go... Into the
waters that flow... Because tomorrow,
like a blanket in the night, it'll be
covered by daylight... Sparkling an bright...
Creating another life... and dreams so white...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Glenn Hills

When camping, at Glenn Hills. The Rhinestone
cowboy, I got to know. We'd meet every year or
so. We walk the trails and to our favorite rock
we go. Although everything that glittered wasn't
gold. He was a bit bold. But, I cared for him
more than told. For he was my first kiss, as we
held hands. Around age 4,5, or so.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Nightmares

Boys will be boys, or so they say. Now
what remains! With arms of steel, over
powering me. Taking away all that was so
pure to me. Innocents torn away, tossed
into darker days! Leaving me trapped with
in my mind. Scorned to see through eyes
that have been blinded by what they've seen.
No comprehension, no understanding..Just left
to wake to the same dream day and night! CRY
out to the Lord to take it away. Don't think
he hears anymore what i have to say. Holding
me down, trying to scream, claw, but can't
find my voice, can't even breath. Swimming in
a pool of words, to nasty to be heard. Floating
empty away, silently into the pain. Now to
worthless to explain. Anger, fear hate, locked
up, permently caged. With ghost and goblins,
burglars and robbers, all snatching hope away...
Reminders again and again, what you long for is
gone. Never to be replaced, Never to be given
away! Reminding you the price you paid.The cards
down, whats been laid is laid.Not ever! Will that
change. All the is holy, all that is true, dances
around, mocking you. Fear guilt and shame, it's
all for you, for you're to Blame! ! ! Hang your head,
you belong in chains. Your what memories remain.Now
left slowly to die, slowly trying to claw your way
out, of the blackness inside. Till nothing remains!
Nothing remains, Nothing!

Poem,80's.

done by, Becky Navarre

P/s. God Heals, All! ! !

God Loves! ! ! God Forgives! ! !

It's Okay To Be True! ! !

It's Okay To Be You! ! !

Oh God Please...

Oh, God Please! ! ! May Every Man,
Woman, And Child, Have A Safe Place
To Lay Their Heads! ! ! May All Have
Clothing, And Be Fed! ! ! And Every Critter
Too! ! ! Please Guide And Hold, All Who, We
Know, And All Who, We Don't! ! ! All Who Are
Afraid, Lost, And Alone! ! ! All Who Are In
The Dark Of The Night, Searching, And In
Need Of Your Light! ! ! All Who Don't Know
Which Way To Turn, All Who've Been To Scared
To Trust, From Lessons Learned. Heart, Soul,
Body, And Mind, Please May All Find, YOU! ! !
And Your LOVE! ! ! Heart, Mind, Body And Soul,
Please May All Come To Know, You! ! ! So All Can
Live Whole! ! ! And Share! ! ! Your Love So! ! ! ...
All Can See...The True Love And Beauty! ! ! That
Surrounds You And Me! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



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Outside...

Watched over time, how time, has changed
the land. Little trees to tall trees. All
in Gods hands. Stars stretched out across
the sky, as far as you could see. Moon light
reflecting off the pond, mystically. Then dawn
bringing a light, that sparkles golden. As it
shines down through the leaves. With the scent
of lilac strong. Blowing on the breeze. Count
the dreams, count the stars, count the lightning
bugs, released from their jars. Watch the sands
sift down, over the waters tide. Watch life blossom,
and then die. Felt the Lord, felt the wind, felt
everything deep within...Can't hold on, Can't let
go. Can't stop the currents flow.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Frost

Frost is on the window pane, leaves
have already changed. Gray clouds have
settled in. Seems i've missed the ball
again. Words and rhymes play through my
mind, but the music in my heart, I can't
seem to find. Seems everything is out of
line. Gotta find a new song, and just
hang on. Get out of the dark and into the
dawn. Know I never been up to place, but
I ain't ever felt so out of the race. Can't
keep going on, the way I'am going along.
Gotta find that song. Don't know how long
it'll take... But gotta, for my sake.
Leaves have already changed. Frost is
on the window pane.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Night Garden

There were night fairies in her garden.
They watched her, as she gently touched
and cut the vines. They could feel her
magic, and knew that she was kind. In
everything she did, , , she left a path of
love behind. And the fairies watched over
her for quite sometime. As they watched
her grow. From time to time, they whispered
songs for her to hold. Dancing around in the
garden at night, they'd let their souls glow.
Sometimes landing on Willies nose. While
groggily he'd dose. Making her laugh so...
..And the light in her heart, would ever so
brightly show... Because secretly in her
heart, she did know... They were there, so..
She'd feel loved and not so alone. And they'd be
there for her, till the time comes to bring her
home... And he sent them... Because, each one of
them in her time, she's always known...

Rebecca Navarre

For A Moment In Life...

As I sat on the hill and waited for the darkend trail through the woods to once again become a moon lit path. I pondered on the stars and the thoughts of my Fathers words, of feeling safer in the woods at night with the critters, than in the city around people. The critters are more afraid of us, than we need be them. As the clouds passed and the moon began to slowly reveal it's self. You can't stand still..The words echoed through my head. When the sorrow over whelms you an you feel like you can't go on. You can't just stand still, Dad said. Standing at the top of the now, fully lit path. I ran down through the woods as fast as I could, wishing I would never stop. Slowing as I reached the clearing to the fields, then beganing to pick up speed again, through the fields, over the hills, cross the creek. To the large hill over looking the pond. Where I collapsed, laying there gasping for breath. As my heart slammed into my chest, half from the run, half from the thoughts that raced through my head. Laying back, I looked around desperately trying to absorb my surroundings, and black out my thoughts. I let out a scream, that sent the birds reeling in a flock of fear and annoyance. That came echoing back to me across the pond and field in an almost unrecognizable voice. Closing my eyes, I inhaled deeply, imagining I was inhaling the earth, the stars, the sky, and then lay there feeling ashamed. And began concentrating on the soft cry of a night bird near by. Who in it's braveness returned to see what kind of creature was making such a commotion in his or her woods. Clouds passed again over the moon, leaving me in the complete darkness that surrounded me. As well as a moment of silence too. As the night bird became still. But, only for a brief moment before crying and shrilling out loudly into the black of the night. I listened thinking perhaps it's mate will answer back. But, there was no response. I tried to make some shrill sound and cry, and the bird flew away in quick, what I assumed was definite annoyance, this time.I loved when the moon light lit my surroundings and luminosity reflected off the pond with a florescent glow. And the slightest breeze would make the shadows of the trees dance around me. But, since the moon was now still covered I did not mind the darkness, thrived on the smell of the earth, and was lost in the melody of the sounds that surrounded me.

Mom said, You can't run forever, this is true too. I watched as my sisters and brothers tried. But, here amongst the woods, I could

breath, and here I had a feeling of oneness with nature. I laid and watched the clouds pass over the moon many times. Here then gone, here then gone, but always to return. Unlike life. But to never experience life, never experience the moonlight. The heart surly would die. I lay there till the rising of the sun, and the crickets no longer had any thing to say. For the morning birds began to wake..

Rebecca Navarre

What Doesn't Belong To Me...

The empty streets and whipping winds. That old feeling is settling in again. Dimly lit corners, meaningless, street signs. New awareness creeps into, deeply entangled vines. Mind wanders aimlessly, heart surrenders to what ever's meant to be. Tilt my head back to face the sky, and let from my body escape a deep sigh. Feel the raindrops on my cheek, blending in with the tears that had been waiting to weep. Snuggle down into my coat, close my eyes in search of peace and hope. Awake in time, to find. The edge, I've reached. Scream for a moment as I hit my knees, surrender my life over, fears and all, to thee. Trying to except what'll be. For I can't cling forever, to what doesn't belong to me..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Storm

Dam it Storm! ! ! You took them
away.. I was there for you that
frightful day! ! ! I was there for
you alot! ! ! But, I forgave you,
because mine they were not. I
was there the day you took them
to the sea. I was there! ! ! Because
you took part of me! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Rainbows And Roses

Hear the sounds of laughter, as I
look at the faces that surround. Hear
the ticking of the clock, as I watch
the hands keep spinning round. Everyone
rushing through the day, pushing and
shoving, you do what you have to they
say. For tomorrows a new day, with a
brand new slate. Don't look back at
yesterday. Past is gone, future is the
way. But, it seems that time just rolls
away. While all my heart does is cry out
stay. Remembering values of the old, and
the stories our Fathers told. But, nobody
walks those old roads, anymore. Put up a
mall, put up a store, all we want is more...
What do we need rainbows and roses for...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Time

Time slipping from my grasp.
Still in the days before last.
Reaching out to tightly clasp.
My Fathers hand. Yet, here i stand.
In a frozen state. Watching the different
roads time takes. So afraid to fall asleep.
Yet, so afraid to wake.. Mother, tell me
is this real.. On my knees i do kneel..
Desperately grasping around to feel, all
that time has come to steal.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Dark Lands

As grass turns from green to brown, and a
translucent moon shines down. A silent note
turns to a sound. But, nobody is around.
Ocean waves crash in and then roll out. As
the earth turns all about. The evening skies
turn a lovely hue. The corinthians are blossoming
so fresh and blue. Days of innocents and youth are
few as time passes all around you. There's an excited
look in a child's eyes, at the first snowfall outside.
Filled with wonder and a new, the child turns to share
his view. As he reaches out to you. To busy, to much
to do? To quickly you say, this child grew. As dolls,
and toys drop from the child's hand. Slowly he places
them forever on their stand. Washed away are the castles
in the sand. And forgotten is the seed that born from,
the land.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

The Reason

How many times must I die,
before I can live?
How many more tears can I cry.
Before there's nothing to give.
How much more shame, must i hide.
Before i forget the word, pride.
Lord, I know there's a reason why.
Don't let me be overcome by the tide.
Don't let my body, heart, and soul
subside. Keep my mind from the darker side.
I can't forget, can't give up. Got to try.
Just seems like the world, is a lie. Its
evil I'm blinded by. Lord don't give up on me,
show me the light. Help me believe. Please
let there be a reason for me, even though I
can't see. Don't let forever be, a lock with,
out a key. One more brick, there'll be, no
more blood. Left to bleed...So, Please take
my Soul, and Help me to hold, onto the reason.
I don't know...

Rebecca Navarre

Broken Vase

A prince as white, as the night. A romeo, who seeks
the devils sights. Come to except all these twists of
fate, or learn to live with the lies, no escape. Seeking
out what is real, to blinded by all i feel. Screaming
inside, can't tell whats in disguise. To many, friends
turned out to be foe. Taking pieces of me that made me
whole. Close my eyes try to sleep. Dreams of fears, that
overly repeat. The past dancing on in front of me. Got
to turn around, over come. Can't let myself be undone.
Got to wake, but cannot see. What's the truth, what is
fake, look to God to see his face. Could anyone really
love a broken vase. With pieces that, can't be replaced.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Gods Always Said...

As You Wish...

As You Wish...

As You Wish...

And No, Translated...

...Because...

Love, Love, Love...

You So! ! ! ! ...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Grow...

As the sea reflects such gold, and the
moon does bestow.. Such beauty deep, and
the nights stars glow.. Dancing across
the heavens so.. His beauty reflects,
shows.. In his love we are always clothed.
Seeded in heart, united with earth. His
Love Grows...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Asap

When I had finally finished
sweeping, the hall. Should of
Sighed a sigh of relief and all.
But, instead just wanted to bawl.
Because, , set the dust pan on a
spare bed, and when grabbing it
dumped it on my head..Rough week..
Reward, , Definite shower, before I
sleep..Or, More like, Asap! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Just...

Just a country bumpkin, mouse.
In a country bumpkin house. Watch
the geese fly south. While knitting
a blanket on the couch. With a candle
burning bright. Curl up an, watch the
stars all night...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Maybe..

As the sounds of the winds, fade
in and out. And deep in the brush,
it stirs all about. Squirrels are
hiding. No ones at play. Birds are
quiet, seems they've gone away.
Think it's gonna storm, on this, ,
hot and muggy day. But, not a sign
of rain, in the clouds per say. Or
maybe, that was yesterday...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Little Boy In The Window...

Little boy in the window, who looks so blue.
Little boy in the window who's, Mother won't
let you, out until the rain is through.. Little
boy in the window, asked for galoshes and rain
coat new. But, reply was short, words little an
few. Roof is leaking, bills past due. Go and find
yourself something else to do.. Little boy in the
window, I was once like you... What can I say, have
to chase rainbows another day, inside you must stay.
But, if you just close your eyes, and think.. Gray
skies, to pink..Wipe those tear drops away, an paint,
a brighter day.. Or, play spin the top, make it dance,
make it rock. Grab a matchbox car, jump so high, drive
so far. Pull out light bright, putting stars in the
night. Shooting marbles and jax, no worries about backs.
Jump in the tub, play boat, play sub. Dive for the plug,
make bubbles.. Give Mom a hug! Put on Dads shoes, maybe
they'll laugh too. Crawl in bed all snug, say your prayers
don't shrug. Maybe tomorrow will be the same, and you'll
have to find yourself a new game...Or maybe tomorrow, it
won't rain! ! !

Rebecca Navarre

Dream

Oh, how the green and golden
brown leaves, have always casted,
a spell on me.. As their colors,
dance to the rhythm, of the breeze.
Hypnotized.. An arrow to my heart,
it weaves.. And I'm captured in it's,
dream.....

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

At Times...

Feel I'm walking this thin
line. Between darkness an rays..
Try not to loose my mind.. But
know it's gonna be okay.. Because
every where I look..There's reason
to sing God Praise.. In his holy
name.. I maybe on my knees..But,
my arms are raised.....

Rebecca Navarre



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Golden Reasons...

He's the yellow in the sun. He's the
amber in the skies. He's the blue in
a new born babies eyes. He's the red
in a red birds wing. He's the scarlet
in the robe, of a king. He's the white
of the moon. He's the silver in a spoon.
He's the orange in the fire that burns.
He's the tan in the milk we've churned.
He's the brown in the bark of the trees.
He's the pink in the frosting we eat.
He's the sparkle in the sand at our feet.
He's the green in a blade of grass. He's
the colors in a rainbow. His Love Lasts.
He's the black in the night. He's the
peach in the dawns light. He's the gleam
in the oceans calm.... He is nature. He
is life. He's the reason Hope, lives on...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Prayers! ! ! ! ! ! !

Oh God, , , Hear these urgent Prayers! ! ! ! !
Elderly Left, Lost and Scared... Promised
Food And Good Medical Care! ! ! ! ! These Big
Wigs, come in... And left their cupboards
bare... With No more nurses, or medical
supplies there...One woman's voice sliced
through the air...You Are Heartless she
Cried! ! ! ! ! As the big wigs just stared, and
Passed her by...
Lord Help, , , Their Hearts, , , Their Health, , ,
Their Homes....Survive...
PLEASE! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !
Don't let these big wigs, put them Outside! ! ! ! !
Amen.....

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Bright...

Wish we could hold, that
moment in time. When the
suns evening skies, turn
everything into gold...
And the stars twinkle,
endlessly, in the night...
As the moons beams, give
the earth, light... With a
touch, deeper than, sight...
And, Giving us... That moment.
To forever hold, , In our hearts.
...Bright...

Rebecca Navarre



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Minecraft

In my world where cobblestone paths and
bridges lay. And from the bluffs waterfalls
cascade. There's moss hanging from trees. And
underneath, sheep, horse's, rabbit's and duck's.
Flap and play. Everything so green, and all
around such beautiful flowers seen. And golden
skies dream...

Rebecca Navarre



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Raindrop

The tiniest raindrop. That I ever saw,
clinging to a blade of green, grass so
small. Gently shimmering in the wind...
Nearly invisible, to all. Until the sun's
light touches it just so, like a prism,
crystal ball. And the mystic of life's,
call...

Rebecca Navarre



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This..

This secret river, that I've spoke of
before. This secret river, runs within
your heart, for ever more. This secret
river, opens another door. To the child,
hood, you longed before. This secret
river, runs within your soul. This secret
river, has no end, you know. As long as
you, , let your, imagination go. You can,
climb any rainbow. You can touch, any dream.
You can see anything. Or, that you haven't
seen. As long as you believe. It's there
for you! And me. As long as you want. You
can set yourself free...

Rebecca Navarre



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Angels Voice..

You don't have to
believe me.. But I
know you know it's
true.. You don't have
to believe me.. But I
love you more.. Than you
could love you...

Rebecca Navarre



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Moments...

Listen to the rains,
strike the leaves..
Listen to the heart..
Listen to the breeze..
Feel the movements..
Flow deep..
And the sounds of life,
speak..

Rebecca Navarre



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In All That Surrounds..

You are the stars in my eyes. And
when I wake you are my morning skies.
You are the golden evening sun, as it
touches the ground. Your the magic all
around. Your the reason my heart pounds.
Your the awe, the comfort, the peace,
found. In a whippoorwills sound...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Boat.

Down golden rivers we would float.
Just Dad and I in a boat. He'd laugh,
joke, show off and play. Say, how for
ever out here, we could stay. We could
be just like, in River rat..Take a raft,
down the river to where ever our hearts,
may..Then feeling a little cocky, feeling a
little brave. He gunned the boat, and there
on the stump, most the night we stayed..Till
someone came and towed us away. And that's
how our adventure ended that day...

Rebecca Navarre



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Under The Willows..

All my life, I've watched the willows
in the yard...From day to dark...
In my heart...
We climbed...
We danced...
We sashayed...
Through the golden suns rays. Your
leaves laid, , a path to where my
dreams were free, to dream away...
And when the pale moonlight came, to me..
Your lullabies you, sang to me..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

The Light In The Heart..

The light of faith, guides us
both night and day.. Let his Love
lead the way.. In his heart..Our
hearts, always stay.. With a Love,
no words could ever say...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Release...

A foggy morning mountain stream.
Suns rays of peace. Such a feelings
of God it leaves. See and feel him
speak. Even through times of solace,
times of grief. He'll be your comfort.
Your Release...Feel natures ease.. As
slowly the fogs lift, and cease...

Rebecca Navarre



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Thank Yous...

Thank You for the blessings about
to be received. Thank You for the
blessings you bestow, upon all we
see. Thank You for holding the
child with all your might. Man and
woman, alike. Thank You for the stars
in the sky. Thank You for the sparkle
in a critters eyes. Thank You for each
night, the world can quietly breath and
sigh...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Goodnite..

Deep in the shadows. Deep in the
night. The moon unveils it's heavenly
light. Casting upon the rivers and forests
so bright. Revealing it's mystical life.
Willows so tall, sway and bend. Whippoorwills
talking with their friends. A grumpy raccoon
down below..chatters to another, they're too
loud! ! ! You, know..A squirrel laughs in disbelief.
Darts off up his tree. To his nest and family.
A muskrat gets in the water slow. Muttering
something about being cold. Deer turns away,
running off with, the others into the meadow to
play. While the rabbits just want to quietly graze.
Lightning bugs start dancing, to the song in the
breeze. So harmoniously. All joining in, together
they sing.. In delight. Until a couple of drunk
badgers get in a fight. Having a little too much
moon light.. As the chipmunk smiles, and scurries
off fast. He stops and whispers, quietly back...
Goodnite..

Rebecca Navarre

These..

As endless as the winds of time...

Flowers..

Rainbows..

Stars that shine..

Poetry..

Nature..

Whippoorwills cry..

Winds sigh..

Rivers roll with the tides..

Such feelings inside..

Will always stay within..

My heart...My Mind...

...Within Me And I...

Rebecca Navarre



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Pooh..

You looked with a stare..
Into my eyes..And I felt yours
within..Knew you felt me inside..
As into my arms you did subside..
And I felt my heart..My life..
...Began...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Darkend Days

For a little bit I felt pretty,
for a little bit I felt I wasn't
me. For a little bit, I felt free.
From the face in the mirror I see.
From times when I feel that frozen,
child inside of me. From those who
haunted and intimidated me, with an
impact they did leave. With a heart
full of, life...I breath..

Rebecca Navarre



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In The Skies.(A Haiku)

Lightning bugs, pass by.
In the night, under moon bright.
Love the way, you fly.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Oceans Beauty. (A Haiku)

Under, oceans blue.
Fishes, swimming so deep down.
Wish I had, your view.

Rebecca Navarre



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Golden Brown.

Soft pink petals blowing in
the breeze. Falling down,
surrounding me. Sun setting.
Can't keep the tears from,
falling down, in streams.
Heart pumps.
Rapids, pound.
Dreams, dream.
Sometimes without a sound.
Seasons change, their
melodies around. The
leaves, falling now. In
tints of light, are
golden brown.

Rebecca Navarre



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One Golden Evening Sunset.

When October lets her leaves
fall. Strong winds will blow,
and call. Sands will slow, and
stall. And then I am, where. I
was once again. When on this path
I find. What was once, pushed ahead,
now steps behind. Clocks stop, and
her hand unwinds. To relive again,
this age in time...

Rebecca Navarre



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That Night.

...On a stormy winters day.
A rose, of a rose was laid.
As winter took her away. An
imprint, was left that day...

Rebecca Navarre



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In Creation.

Everyone Is Beautiful.
Inside.
No one should ever have
to, hide.
..Love that shines..
Every man, woman, and
child. No,
light should ever be,
dampened, or dimmed.
For all hearts are,
..Golden, Within..
I know because,
God Made Them! ! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



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Little Ones.

From light to dark they
fly. Touching the ground,
Touching the sky. These
little, white bugs. That
in the wind ride. Leaving
my heart, with Awe inside.
Oh, How Gods Wonder...
Never Subsides...
Close my eyes tight...
Sing Praises High...

Rebecca Navarre



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Anger, Hurts, Peace.

Anger is the devils tongue.

Only Hurting Every one...

Wicked stares... Hate only

Snares... Taking Us...

D

O

W

N

From there... And before You

know it satans won... He's

Killed, , , Everyone...

Kindness, Compromise, Compassion.

Is The Language God Speaks...

For Peace...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Souls

Up upon the steep cliff, a mansion high.
A barren road that runs, near by. In the
back ground, the dark colors of the sky.
Telling the aura, of the castles time. Down
below.. The waves crash and flow.. To the
rhythm of the songs played long ago.. Dancing
on soft, and slow..The shadows of the stories
told..Open our hearts, , hear their souls, , and
feel what they know..

Rebecca Navarre



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The Leaves

I just wanna be, lost in a
maze of leaves...Walking...
Laying back...Feel the breeze...
The sun shinning...The way it weaves...
....So golden...through these....

Rebecca Navarre



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Even Me

Thank You God! ! ! ! The way your heart flows...
Through the breeze...Your love shows...
knowing...Touching...Every, leaf...Flower...
Tree...The rivers...The seas...The birdies...
And even....me....

Rebecca Navarre



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Convey...

Try not to be loud, boastful, or
proud. All I know is the way...He
makes me feel inside my heart, each
day...Wish I could give this away...
All could share today...Hold...And
convey...

Rebecca Navarre



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Listen Silently...

Let us breath in he... He surrounds
you and me...He is all that we see...
He is the beauty that weaves...Love...
Into the breeze...Through the skies...
Through the shores...Through the seas...
Listen Silently... Feel Him... Speak...

Rebecca Navarre



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Out Where Flowers Grow Wild...

Sitting out where flowers grow. Still
don't know.. Where to go. Which way to
choose, or what to do. Feel so lost, so
scared, so blue. Don't know how...To
walk, talk, or even, move...Turn to God
and i just cry...Help me with all inside.
She was a life, A soul, A child.
She fought to stay awhile. Didn't make
the trial. But God did smile... Handed
her the key...Now she's free, to run, to
soar, to be... Playing amongst the leaves...
Singing mild, singing tenderly... God did
release. Her tears, her heart, her inner,
child... Out where flowers grow wild...

Rebecca Navarre



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He Does Care...

When all you can do is sit
and stare...Turn to God in
prayer...He's waiting there...
Your heart you can bare...
...He does care...

Rebecca Navarre



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Shadows Cast

Many black shadows
come and cast. Blacking
every path... But,
shadows never last...
At some, point or time,
Sun's bound to shine.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Don't...

Don't you fly to high...
Don't you soar to low... Don't
you through it all away and
just let go...Don't you give it
up, before your time...Don't go
thinking your all out of line...
Don't you know, your gonna be
fine...He's holding you. In his
heart and in his mind...He knows
right now, the darkness in your
soul...But, if you open your heart
his love will show... He'll never
let go...And you always got a hand,
to hold...

Rebecca Navarre



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A Peace Unknown.

An emotional time...As death
strikes and clocks unwind...
Memories dance across the mind.
You try, but your breath you can't
find. Standing out in the pouring
rain, crying, screaming, out the
pain. Watch the waters wash away.
The world must of stopped today...
Heart cries. Darkness falls. Shadows
seem to crawl. Open my eye's again, to
see the dawn's light, peeking in. But,
wanna hide my head again, and bawl. Only
to lay back and watch the winds, , stirring
in the curtains...As time, Refuses to stall.
I search my heart, with no answers at all...
Except, for her life and soul, he did call...
Home...No longer to suffer. No longer to roam.
But, To finally find a piece, , , unknown.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

The Fall.

You gotta go slow now baby.
You can't go flying off that
wall, no more baby. You gotta
limp, you gotta crawl, now baby.
I know what's going through your
mind...But, you gotta ignore those
kind, , a calls. Drowning yours self
in alcohol. For there's no healing
in that at all. And it's only gonna
worsen, , , the fall.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Darken Blinds

Those who have judge mental minds. Only
notice the cracks in the windows, and the
faded blinds. They don't notice the potted
flowers, or hanging vines. They don't take
the time, to look past the dark...To find,
true beauty, at the heart.

Rebecca Navarre



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Nobody's There

The stop lights still change,
though nobody's there.

The music still plays, though
nobody's listening.

A child cry's a cry for help,
but, nobody hears.

A rose blooms, a sun sets, a flame
dances to the song of the wind. The
night plays a soft lullabye, to those
who'll listen. A child is born, an elder
dies, a shooting star goes by. A tear
falls. But, nobody see's.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Shadows Offerings.

She's as black as the darkest night. Wild eyed
and full of life. Running through the fields of
grain. With the sun shine, ever bright. As her
coat, her mane, glistens in, the golden light...
From a distant hill she'll stop to stare. Watching
you with a cautious glare. For she'll never let
you near, to her you are an unknown fear. She stands
high and proud, and yet alone. With a spirit meant to
remain, unbroken. No harness or human hand will ever
tame. That one was never meant to be named. Look, , ,
deep within her eyes. Can you see the freedom inside?
Do you feel it within her soul? Are you running with
her? As she throws, her head back, and turns to go...
Returning home body and soul.

Rebecca Navarre



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A Beauty Untold.

Watch the clouds close in, across the sky.
As I stand here at the edge, of cliffs high.
And feel the waves rise.. Reaching out, Touching
me inside.. Into their arms I subside. Close my
eyes.. Open my soul.. Time unravels, unfolds..
Colors show.. A Landscape, untouched, unknown,
ungrazed, by man and his road. Where heavens
and angels hold, , a love, , a beauty, , untold...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Feel The Wind.

Feel the wind as it blows down on me. Feel
the wind as it captures me. Whisking me off
into some dream. To where my presence is unseen.
Knowing you when I see. For only you can reach me.
And in the nights, when I fall asleep, it's only
you, who calls to me. Only you, who dances with me,
dances across this crystal sea. To where the shores
are far away. To where a lover always stays. Feel
the wind, don't let me wake..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

I Thought Love...

I thought love, was to kiss the tears away!
I thought love, together growing, old and grey!
I thought love, something you couldn't judge, by
the size, of the rock on the band!
I thought love, compromising, heart in hand, together
learning to stand!
I thought love, hurts but it's worth the price we pay!
I thought love, is finding forgiveness, when you thought
there is, no way!
I thought love, a warm and gentle touch!
I thought love, sentimental and such... deeper than the sky!
I thought love, took patients and time!
I thought love, staying in bed and cuddling the time away!
I thought love, so much more than words could say!
I thought love, I surrender to it, it'd surrender to me!
I thought love, I take care of you, you take care of me!
I thought love, truth, hope and faith!
I thought love, the greatest gift God ever gave!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Someone Like You!

Been searching for so long. For a love that won't
treat me wrong. Someone who, won't take my heart an
play me for a fool. Someone who'll love me like you
do. Share each others thoughts, take long walks. Hold
me tight, through cold dark nights. Share the hard times,
when we come to cross that line. Someone who'll forgive
me for the foolish things I sometimes do. And cares enough
to take the time to talk things through. Someone to walk
beside me, not behind me, or ahead. And when i can't find
the words to be said, you look into my eye; s and you know
what's in my head. Someone who has that warm and gentle
touch. Someone who loves me just as much. Someone who feels
the way I do. Someone, just like you.

Rebecca Navarre



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Nobody

Nobody's knocking, cause nobody's there.
Nobody's feeling, loss, despair. Nobody's
crying, cause nobody care's. Nobody's been
searching for nothing that's there. Nobody's
empty, nobody's alone. Nobody takes the time
cause, nobody's home. Nobody's dying. Nobody's
soul. Nobody's feeling lost and out of control.
Nobody don't know what to grab onto, or hold. For
nobody wishes. And nobody dreams. but, nobody's
been bought and sold to many times it seems. No
expression or feeling that nobody can see. No
love that's priceless, for nothing's for free.
Nobody can carry, an nobody can count. Nobody
feels the loss, and amount. Nobody screams and
nobody yells, but the agony and suffering nobody
tells. Nobody is. Cause nobody was. Nobody's here,
for nobody's there. So nobody's anywhere, but near
nobody.

Rebecca Navarre



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Two Hearts On A String.

Two hearts on a string, gently blowing in the wind.
Two clouds floating by, softly across the sky.
Who knows where they will go, or where they'll sail.
Together to prevail, together their meant to be,
together endlessly. Two hearts on a string. Destiny
interlocking them. Time and time again. Here on
earth, there in heaven. Keeping them tied. Remembering
when, keeping alive, , , now, what's always been. Two hearts
on a string. Meant to be, just you and me.

Rebecca Navarre



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Heart And Soul Of The Eyes.

Have you looked lately, into those big round eyes, of that little boy standing off on the side? Or that little girl sitting over there haven't you seen her blank stare. She looks at you as if you might be someone who cares. She's looking for a life to share. Haven't you seen it from their point of view? When they speak up and try to talk to you. They get pushed around from side to side. No one hearing their cry. Nobody takes the time. Their forgotten left behind. And as the tears slip from the heart of the eyes. As everybody just passes on by. Their fears are just as great as yours or mine. Turn around take a deeper look inside. It's the heart of the soul, you touch each time. And a child's heart is the purest gold you'll find. It's your words of anger they; ll carry inside. Worthlessness they feel before they even get a chance to try. Have you ever seen the hunger that aches in a grey wolves eyes. Fierce and desperate, starving as he to tries. Growing colder and colder from the way he's learned to survive. Alone, he can only do what he knows to survive. Children learn from the paths we've showed. Now, tell.. Them they don't have to take our same roads! They are the heart and soul of the eyes. The heart and soul of our lives. The heart and soul of you and I.

Rebecca Navarre

Late Evening...

Color of the skies, paints a soft
lullaby. Winds whisper, moon sighs.
Stars twinkling, sounds of crickets,
near by. Out there with the fireflies.
Lay my head on my pillow. Drift away,
and close my eyes... Dream all I see,
and feel, outside! ! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



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Porky's Drive Through.

As a treat, my family loved to eat, at Porky's.
It was a little bit of a drive. But it was, worth
the ride. Ordering onion rings, chicken, and fries.
Hamburgers and coleslaw on the side. Every one went
to bed with a contented sigh... Dad smiling, knowing
everyone at last...was satisfied!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Volumes

Volumes of poetry in my collection,
that I hope to read. When I am rocking
in my chair, at the age of some, ninety? ..
Smiles and laughter touch deep, within my
heart, as soon my memories, are recalled,
sparked...Looking back through all, of these...
Once again I am young...Once again, I am free...
I am.... Any age....I wish, , , me to be....

Rebecca Navarre



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Tony And Rika

Were Two of the kindest people you'd find.
Playing tricks, all of the time. Leaving
toilet paper, up and down the halls. Making
people giggle and all. Always lending a hand,
to everyone around. Although, when opening
our doors you never knew what'd be found. Could
be a joke, or some fake ugly bug. Or Sometimes
just simple, a hug. Always something to bring a
smile, even baked cakes, once in a while. She
knitted, and, crocheted, and bongos did play.
And the last picture she drew, was of the angels
she so, loved too.

Rebecca Navarre



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Dear...

Sometimes I wish I could just
disappear... Into the sound, of
music... My heart does hear. Into
the sound of the words, , , spoken
here... And into the world of
poetry...That's written, and felt
so dear...

Rebecca Navarre



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An Unforgettable Trip (Part 1)

When ever I see the snowfall in the spring. It brings back to mind a very special memory, and the lesson learned of friendship and sharing! It was a late March morning and my girlfriend and I woke in the old lion head iron barred bed in Grandmothers guest room. In my mind the lion heads on the bed were there to protect us from the boogie man and things that go bump in the dark of the night. They kept us safe! And as my girlfriend rolled over and looked at me. She said, whew! That was a close one! But, the lions gobbled up the monsters once again! I playfully pulled the covers over her head as we laughed. Glad to know she shared my thoughts of our protectors! The air of the large bedroom was chilly. As like knowingly the rest of the huge rustic farm house of Grandma and Grandpas, would be. Which made us both slow to rise out of the comfort of the bed. The sound of the milk truck coming up the drive, made us reluctantly get up. The damp musty odor of the house quickly hit our nostrils and awoken our senses and our excitement for our surroundings. as we slowly crept down the squeaky narrow staircase, turning and leading to the living room. The glorious smell of the old wood burning stove, being fed by Grandma, came to us. Grandpa was sitting in his rocker, smiling to him self. As he gazed out at the morning sun, streaking in through the kitchen window. He smiled and sighed as he said. Springtime sure gets me fueled up! And just in saying so, he suddenly passed gas. Laughing away, rocking back and forth. As he did so.

Rebecca Navarre

Twilight Kitty

Down by the cypress tree, that hangs so low,
through the meadow, that does so grow, and into the
towering and winding woods. There the old mid evil
church stood. Not one single soul would dare! Not even
a glance towards there! They say lost spirits, sit in
broken down pews. Waiting to steal your soul from you!
Old legends and stories told, timeless superstitions
that people, still hold. As the sun began to turn gold,
I like to take a little stroll. Houses all lit, their
fire places a glow. Children asleep, tucked in their beds,
I know, and off to the church I go. In awe and wonder of
the beauty around, I tip toe across sacred grounds. Not
a thought to what if the legends were true, I walked up to
the doors and right on through! A brown and white kitty
darted out passed. Jumping and frolicking in the grass.
Paying no mind to me, off it ran, happy and free. I smiled
to myself contentedly, and continued to look around, see
what I could see... Stained glass windows, and the old
rugged cross. Folders, and files, bibles and candles, all
tossed. Laying on the floor, carelessly sad, I thought. But
then something more struck me! Tranced like I turned around,
to the pictures in stain glass and found! A small brown and
white kitten, and a man on his knees, crying, and praying,
it looked like desperately! Closer and closer the picture
pulled me, until I could make out the face, the image was
me! Out through the doors, I ran into the woods, through
the meadows, past the old cypress tree. Into the town,
people who were walking around... Yelled and Screamed, and
pointed at me! ! ! Down the streets and alleys I ran, only
because I couldn't understand! Why were they pointing and
yelling at me? Their eyes glaring all fiery. As if I had
done them harm, raised my voice, or an angry arm. Frantic,
and startled I ran aimlessly, Right into the public library.
There the story did unfold, for hanging on the wall behold!
The same old picture, as in the stain glass window! Underneath
a plaque did read... The story of a man turned into a cat!
Because, the legends he didn't believe! ! ! And in the reflection
of the pictured glass, I did see! A small brown and white
kitten, only this time with a black, tip tail! Where I Should

or used to be! ! ! The plaque went on to read... How the kitten
dipped his tail in ink. So he could tell, the legend to all who
didn't think. To believe his tale, to be true! ! ! Signed in ink, , ,
Kitty! Mew...

Rebecca Navarre

An Unforgettable Trip (Part 5)

We giggled at the thought of boot being lost in manure forever and agreed if ever found we would never wear it! The cows could have it, and we giggled at the thought of a four legged cow, wearing one boot! To our surprise the next morning when we woke, there at the foot of the bed was my girlfriends boot! My Uncle Joey had went out that night in search of it! Grandma had cleaned and dried it out and left it there for us! We thanked Grandma and Grandpa, and of course Uncle Joey, as he stood there with that quirky look upon his face. As we climbed into the car, for the ride back home. We laughed and past the boot, back and forth, pretending it was filled with manure. Saying you have to wear it! No you do! As we learned true friendship, caring and sharing, even in unfortunate circumstances was like! As we both agreed, that was one trip we would never forget! Leaving Grandmas was always the hardest part! Although we always knew we would return soon! For we were true cowgirls now, as Grandma and Grandpa said!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

An Unforgettable Trip (Part 4)

As we began our hike back, my girlfriends foot suddenly and deeply sunk into a dirt like gopher mound, And as she tried to pull her foot out, off came the boot! She hobbled one one leg balancing on me. As I desperately tried to dig in the snow, dirt and mud for the boot. It had disappeared to some unknown place, perhaps China we both agreed. As we believed if we dug deep enough we would indeed reach china. The wind began picking up, and Pretzel was already headed off in the direction of the farm house. My girlfriend began to cry, as her foot began to get wet and colder. She said, she thought it would freeze! And have to be cut off! Tears began to streak her face and we both began to panic. I took off one of my boots and told her to put it on, and we would have to take turns wearing it. As we tried to make it back to the house, we clung to each other. Cold and wet we hobbled, like in a three legged race, but only what seemed a million times slower. Switching the one boot with each other, when the other felt she could no longer stand the freezing wet sock, on the other foot. It was the longest hike we had ever experienced. And as we reached the house, shacking, shivering and carrying one another. There, we saw Pretzel. Already on the stairs of the doorway. Looking up at us as if to say, what took you girls so long, don't you know how cold it's gotten! Grandma was at the door instantly, exclaiming, you girls have been gone forever! We've been so worried about you! Your Uncle Joey was just about to go out looking for you two! Grandmas hot chocolate and the warmth of the wood stove had never felt so good! As we warmed ourselves and told the story of what happened to us. Uncle Joey, laughed as he told us, what we thought were gopher mounds were probably piles of manure. For occasionally they allow the cows to graze in that part of the pasture. But, girlfriend and I did not care at the moment, for we were just glad to be warm and safe inside, and neither of us had to have our foot removed! As we snuggled into bed later that night...

Rebecca Navarre

An Unforgettable Trip (Part 3)

Oh, alright Pretzel, you can go with the girls. You take care of them now. Grandma said half to herself and half to Pretzel. As he looked up at her with his ears pricked forward and his big brown eyes shining up brightly as he gave an excited yip. Ready to go off and show us a thing or two around the farm. We decided to head down the winding, curved driveway, towards the mailbox, and make our way to the creek. But as we walked, and got about halfway down the road, Pretzel had other ideas in mind of his own! He suddenly, very quickly darted off underneath the barb wire fence. And off across the mounds and snow covered hills and threw the trees he went! Sinking in up to his stomach. His short little stubby legs, bounced like a rabbit, as he half fought, and half played in the snow. My girlfriend and I followed, stopping here and there, in awe of the trees, grass and weeds still covered in the frost like snow and ice. Glistening and sparkling in the spring morning sun, with rainbows of colors surrounding us, we barely noticed the cold. Pretzel was digging away at some unseen, buried, hidden treasure in the snow. Coming up for air only occasionally, to shake off his snow covered snout and face. Only too soon to forget his buried treasure, and hard work. As he darted off now in a new direction. My girlfriend and I played and engaged ourselves in a snowball fight. As we laughed and ran, soon Pretzel returned to play and run at our heels. We all stopped to see and hear the sound of the flock of ducks, over our heads, in search of unfrozen water. We pretended to be them. Flapping our arms, making quaking sounds, and preparing to take off in flight, as the ducks would do. Although we both agreed there was no place we'd rather fly off to than here! Lost in our game of make believe, we hardly noticed how far off the farm house seemed to be. We were having too much fun, and it didn't seem to matter. But, clouds had begun to roll over and block out the sun, and we began to feel the cold. We decided we better start walking back. For suddenly the warmth and coziness of Grandmas house seemed a million miles away, and we could hardly see it anymore...

Rebecca Navarre

An Unforgettable Trip (Part 2)

My girlfriend and I crinkled our noses and laughed too, as a different, rotten like odor came to us! Grandma was already in the kitchen getting set to start breakfast. As she said, come on girls, I'll fix something up that smells a whole lot better than your Grandpa! Humpf, was the sound that Grandpa made. Grandmas breakfast on the farm always tasted so much better than the breakfast Mom made in the cities. Although they were pretty much the same. The pancakes, eggs, sausage, bacon, and toast made our mouths water, just at the thought! Although being from the cities, us girls weren't quite used to the fresh squeezed milk from the cows. Hesitant at the tan color, and sweet smell, we closed our eyes and gulped quickly. Grandma would laugh and say, your not going to become cowgirls that way! But, we were to anxious to get out and explore the countryside, to ponder or remark much on Grandmas comments to us. Grandma could tell this, as she said. Now you girls put on your coats and boots, and bundled up. For the snow hasn't quite melted yet, and the air still has a bitter chill to it! As we tried to savor Grandmas breakfast, we still couldn't keep ourselves from woofing it down, in the excitement of going out.. We thanked Grandma for the delicious meal and quickly bundled up into our coats. Pretzel, the family farm dog, sniffed and whinned at us in our excitement. Wagging his short stubby tale in excitement, of going out with us.

Rebecca Navarre

An Old Song.

There's an old song called,
turn to Peace.../Turn the other cheek.
Even if it means your heart breaks,
and weeps. Turn to him and seek... His
Love Stands... His Love Keeps...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Silly One. (A Haiku)

Cloudy days, sunny.
Parting grays, rays, bright today.
Sets moods to, funny.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Poetry, (A Haiku)

The sea of rivers.
Endless, streams of poetry.
Sensations, Quivers.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Time Will Always Recall...

Watch the sun dance across the
wall. As shadows of the leaves
rise and fall. Summer breeze
blows gently, through the halls.
For a moment...Time stalls. When
I held Your hand, My heart gave
all. Wind chimes, sound... And I
wrap around your shawl.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Where The Willows

Leaves have turned to, green.
My hearts been taken on, the breeze.
In forests, golden rivers stream.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Hook

My brother Dr. Hook. To get a tow
you gotta book. He's the junk yard
man. Though I wouldn't ask him for
a hand. Anyone who comes to close
he'll slam. So too near I wouldn't
stand. With Woody on a lease, he's
quick to release. Gnashing teeth.
He thinks he's tough, he thinks he's
bad. But, In his heart, , , I think he's
really...Only, sad.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Darkness To Light

There Is Hope...

No matter what condition you
are in. Happy, sad, drunk, high.

Wanting to hide... cry..

Turn to him. He will guide.

Through the waves. Through the
tides. He's been there. Through
out all time. He's by your side.

From within.

Turn to him. God

won't give up on what he created.

He began. Give your sin to him.

Even if it's, again and again.

He's the only one who can create
a New beganing... He's the only
one who can, , , bring it to an End.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Channel

See the river channel bright...
With the waves in the moonlight...
Echoing back the sounds of
time... And life... As the fog
rolls, , , across the night...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Open My Eyes

Oh, God the skies... With the
pine trees so high... As dawn
does rise... Each morning may
I start... With you... Opening,
... My eyes! ! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Night

Watch the weeds blowing
along the river at night.
As all is glowing so beautiful
in the moonlight. As the moon
and skies, began to speak. Feel
the spirit so deep. As the breeze
picks up..and peaks...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

A Beautiful Fact...

Watch the squirrel on the gate.
As in the garden, he does play.
With critters all around. Running
up the trees, then down...The feel, , ,
the sound, , , As life flashes round...
Every things Gods stage. Natures acts.
Comically... Just to see, the birds in
their baths. As they twitter and splash.
Always making me laugh. So much to give
thanks for that...Will always be a simple,
beautiful fact! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



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Feel

Feel the rumble cross the skies.
From deep inside. As dark clouds
began to rise. Feel the currents
come alive. Before the storm strikes.
The breeze, the air, the life. His
strength, his power, his might.
Displayed before our sight. As the
lightning begins, to light. The
earliest of night. A Meadow lark
Takes flight.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Beauty Is...

Beauty is the sun, as it shut's
it's eye's to rest. Beauty is the
Lord. As he gazes down on us. Beauty
is the a eagle as it's soaring to it's
nest. Beauty is the love he's placed,
deep within each. Of us.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Curse/ Prayers

I can be angry. I can be
hurt. I can be sorry. I can
be a twerp. I could frown. I
could smile, with a perk. I can
hide my head, like a ostrich, in
the dirt. Pray you find your moon,
your stars, your earth. Wish you
joy. And hope much, , , you don't have
to curse... May you always find the
sunlight... May you always see your
worth...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Pendulum

Tick tock. Tick tock.
Watch the pendulum on
the clock. Tick tock.
Tick tock. Back and forth,
it sways, it rocks...Time...
Sometimes it starts...
Sometimes it stops...
Sometimes it's days...
Sometimes it's not...
Sometimes it's whole, sometimes
it falls apart. Pendulums and
 hearts...

Rebecca Navarre

I Can...

I can be deaf. I can be blind.
Sometimes I can lose my mind.
Sometimes I seek, sometimes I
find. Sometimes I'm sound.
sometimes I'm fine. Sometimes
lost...From time to time. And
again. I can say, and do dumb
things I know I can. Because,
in the end. I'm almost always,
saying...I'm Sorry my friend! ! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



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There..

As the sun is setting so fair. A bee buzzes, here.
A squirrel chatters there. One bird chirps out a
song of despair. While another one sings of love
in the air. Under where, Gods Beauty and heart is
shared. With a peace brought...That can't be compared! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Her Words...

Her words are like. Magic coming to
life. She is a candle, she is sight.
And on cold dark, lonely nights. Her
words, bring the world. Joy, warmth,
and light. She is ever so kind. With
always, everyone else in mind. In all
she does, her depths, and beauty shine.
And in my heart, you'll find. Her words
and music chime. Echoing through out,
all time...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Nights

With tikki torches burning bright.
Sitting around the camp fire at night.
A million stars in the sky. As stories,
come alive...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Lady

I watched you everyday. As you made
your way. Up four flights of stairs you'd
climb. Even in the icy, harsh, winter time.
Awe and admiration came to mind! Knowing your
heart, ever so kind. Even though I worried about
you so. You said you were doing okay. Your
husband passed away. But, in your life a
huge part, God did play. And alone, you were
happy to stay. And I secretly hoped/pray. I
might be so brave.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

May Day

She's the Greatest Mom! When May 1st
did come. Baskets, we weaved and made.
Each one with a smilely tag. Hoping
these simple flowers. Could have much
power. For the door bells we rang, and
steps we did shower.

Rebecca Navarre



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Pie

As the ants carried away, my cherry pie
on a plate.. Bring it back, I did say! One
turned around to state. Sorry, to late! So
hungry for pie, that day! I did have to stay.
As I watched, and sadly waved goodbye. To my
cherry pie.: (As it rode right on by.. Under
my nose and out of sight! No cherry pie, for me
that night! ! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



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Summer Fun

Where green grasses, lilacs, and apple
trees grow. Between the leaves branches.
Sun beams and shadows. Time dances, stops,
And glows. Where strawberries, are all planted
in a row. And the birds play, and twitter songs,
they all know. Here life lies, so precious, so Gold.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Round

Feel does amaze me. Dandelions
and daisies. Buttercups so lazy.
Clouds so hazy. Rain beats, tamely.
As a gopher comes out of his hole
bravely. Squirrels chatter away like
crazy. Birds play, do, re, mi. Sun
and moon crown. As the world, spins
round.

Rebecca Navarre



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On Autumn Evening Days

Dandelions and daisies, were the
craze. It maybe sweet, it maybe
crazy. But I was your buttercup,
you were my baby. And oh, how in
the fields we used to play. Then
lay back and drift away. To the
times of yesterday. In the barn.
In the hay. Oh, those sunsets, oh,
those rays. On those autumn evening
days!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Starts

Everything in life. You gotta
take to the light. So he can cast
away the dark. Just give it to the
light, so he can be the spark.
Bring it to the light, so he can
put the love, in our hearts.
Because that's where he/we, start! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



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The Orchestra

As the piano plays his notes.
And the trombone jumps in and
quotes. The saxophone deeply
spoke. As the harp gently
strokes. The guitar hummed and
smoked. As the pen played his
part, and wrote.

Rebecca Navarre



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Mooonlight Nights.

Under scarlet skies. That meet,
where the dark pine trees lie.
And shadows sashay by. A hoot owl
sighs. The whippoorwill agrees in
reply. Talking rivers roll by.
Fireflies try, to keep up in time.
All is so alive. With nature. With
life. On these mystical. Moonlight
nights!

Rebecca Navarre



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Every...

Looking All Around. At The
Wonders Of The Lord Found. He's
In Every Movement. Every Sound.
The Currents Deep Down. The Air
That Surrounds. The Skies As They
Touch The Ground...And Every Heart
Beat, That Pounds.

Rebecca Navarre



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Flower

Please Lord, May she be okay. She's
another child of yesterday. You know
her ways. If she's gonna leave, or if
she's gonna stay. If your gonna bring
her home today. Only you can say. Where
her destiny lay. You know my cares. You
know my hearts there. Won't You, her life
please spare. She never really knew, how
to, her wings use. But, she once let her
heart touch you. Then let the world intrude.
Getting so lost and confused. Now her life
she may have to give. In order to live. Again...

Rebecca Navarre



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Secret River

I know a secret river. That secretly
does flow. All around it. Wild flowers
grow. It is one of the great beauties,
my mind has gotten to know. Many paths
it took me. Many mountains, I did climb.
But this secret river has always been a
friend of mine. It has swans on the river,
Lilies so divine...If you try to find, this
river, it's paths only heavens light can
shine. If you seek this river, your heart
must be purely true.If you seek this river
you must be honest with you. Where this
secret, in golden moonlight, beams do glow.
And climb, leading to a place that, truly is
there for all time.



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Mjk, LLF! MP&AGLS
are intertwined.OGD

Rebecca Navarre

Skies

Sometimes I can wake up, on skies so
blue. But, shortly after, I find myself
trembling through and through. Can't
keep up this world, moves too fast. Don't
know what will last. Don't know how to hold
onto all of meaning. And keep my spirit too.
As I go out into the moonlight to howl a
banshee's howl. The forest lays down in silence
for it knows my piercing call. All critters
act in knowledge, as gentle tears do fall.
They stand there kindly looking.. the
tower is so tall. In wonder, they don't
know what to make of it all. But then it
sadly comes to them all they can simply
do. Is nudgingly give acceptance and
understanding.. To..this strange banshee
who comes here in the night to bawl.

Rebecca Navarre



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Choices

Never Did Have A Masters
Plan. But, I Know If We talk
To God He Understands. And I
Know If We Listen. He Walks
With Us Hand In Hand. Cross,
Barren Land. It's Our Choice
To Choose,
Walk Alone. Or Together Stand.
With Our Choices, We May Suffer.
If We Don't Contemplate, The
Consequences, Grand. But Learn.
He'll Never Shut Out. Or Ban.
For Us He Does Love. And Always.
Does Pan.

Rebecca Navarre



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Seas

Look at the sky. As blue
as the deep blue sea. The
stars blanket and hold,
guiding all in tranquility.

Rebecca Navarre



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Escape The Day

Lay back in a grassy place.
Where I can feel the breeze
across my face. Watch life
float away. Get lost in time.
Get lost in space. As clouds
drift away. And I escape this
day.

Rebecca Navarre



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Flames

Watch the flame. Listen.
May it render you tame.
It's not a joke.
It's not a game.
To be scorched, by
Heavens flame/pain. The
touch/feel. For lessons
in his name. For Sin, Always
ends the same.

Rebecca Navarre



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Voices

Oh, Lord look at the waves.
Sheets of time. That page.
All do sage. Any time, any
day. Let the heart listen,
to what you say. Earth echos,
drums, beats, and lays. With
rhymes that don't fade.

Rebecca Navarre



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Maybe Some Is True

Maybe some I thought, went
out to the skies. Maybe some
I was blind. Tried to hide. Maybe
I saw. Maybe some I lied. Maybe
some wrong. Maybe some right. Maybe
some I tried, to change. Maybe with
some, dejavu came. Panicked tried
to rearrange. Maybe some meant all.
not everyone did fall. Maybe
some walked, that lane, maybe sometimes
every thing was the same. Maybe a
Strange kinda pain. Confronting
the hurt, the shame. In a land
alone that's no game. Maybe Where
goodbye is the name. To me, maybe
fear and darkness reign. On that
deserted train. I carry/take
blame. Don't know how to stay
away.

Or maybe

Rebecca Navarre



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Nobodies Perfect.

1 fights in the ring.
1 fights for her life.
1 little birdie for Jesus
does sing.
1 just sits.
1 pitches a fit.
1 is slow.
1 is fast.
1 is learning to throw.
1 is learning to cast.
1 is here.
1 is past.
Counting the stars.
Heavens list.
His love exists.
He forgives, he forgets.
Because we are all, his
children yet.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Dove

One white winged dove, did
sing, songs of love. With her
own tune, her own ring. Her
own melody she did bring. On
a c-note she came. And my hearts
never been the same.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

He Knows.

Our family has what's called a
nervous laugh. Some teachers, some
students, may have experienced this
in class. It really isn't a gas. It's
terrible as a mask. In life, in school,
it makes it even harder to pass. But,
each day God, I've asked? And his reply
has always come back. His love is strong,
his love is steadfast. Just take your time,
breath, and relax. He knows the road, he
guides the path.

Rebecca Navarre



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Willow

The willows branches are
strong, yet they weep. But deep,
in their branches, secrets they
keep. A black bird whispers here,
and a humming bird whispers there.
And the squirrels are always, , ,
chattering, and scrambling every where.
In the distance a bull frog gronks, and
crickets, chirp replies. As the willow
listens, all he can do, is simply sigh.

Rebecca Navarre



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A Night Poem

Look at the silhouette glow, a
outline of a little child, in the
moonlights, shadow. Starring wide
eyed, , , at the stars, and life that
pass by...Holding onto, , , the reigns,
while so much inside...May all dreams
be free, may all dreams fly...Off into
the night. They soar. They glide.Together
side by side.They touch the stars, they ride.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Teddy Bear

I know I'm labeled crazy, when my
friends here me talking to, a raggedy,
old stuffed bear. Let them call me crazy,
at least I know he's always there. He's
always glad to see me, can't you see the
smile upon his face? He'll talk with me
until the dawn. Until all my loneliness
is gone. He'll let me hold him tight,
through out the whole night, and never feel
tied or choked, the way people, sometimes do.
He'll let the child come out in me, and respect
the woman too. He'll never raise a hand to me,
or say unkind words. Lie or cheat, or run around
and play games on me. He won't break my heart in
two. The way some men do. Then when I can't explain
the tears that fill my eyes, I know his arms will
be open wide. I know he won't say goodbye. My,
Teddy bear.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Nothing

Nothing I can say, Nothing
I can do. Everything, still
makes me a whiter shade of blue.
What can I say, What can I do.
Everything still brings, reflections
of you. Never been so deep, never saw
such hues. Guess you didn't know that
was true. Guess you didn't know what
it meant when I said, me too.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Beyond

Beyond the smile, past the
laughter, deep inside, and
hidden well. So longly held,
kept within. Silently felt, but,
not to be let known. A candles
held, but yet unlit. Though
darkness is feared, it still seems
safer yet. Time for some erases all.
While others it only decieve's. Only
leaving to mislead. Longingness to be
free. The door is open, but fear incages
me. The pain I feel, cuts so profoundly
deep. Still I must keep these feelings
that I feel, inside of me. Locked up
tight. Lost the key. Never allowing any
one to see. Beyond the smile, past the
laughter, deep inside, and hidden well.

Rebecca Navarre



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You Are

You're the stars, that glisten in
the night. You're the sea, and all
that moves, me. You're the love, of
a poets dream. You're the reason the
eagle screams. You're all, that i ever
wished, i could be. You're the matter,
for my every heart beat. You're the
color, in a rose, true and deep. You're
the arrow, in which cupid pierced me.
You're the wind, that blows, through
my hair. You're the greatest, of my
care. You are my love, and so much more,
than anything, I've ever felt before.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Hen

Asked Papa, about a cooked
hen. How long it should be in
the frig, and when. I should let
it go. He said, you know, after 7
days, you really should let him go! ! !
Before he crawls! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



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Before

My brother was, when drinking,
sniffing paint, and doing speed.
Him and a friend, were clocked at
120. When they hit the tree. His
friends spirit instantly did leave.
And my brother they did find...No
longer had all of his mind. Recovery
would be more than a life time, For he...
Would never be, the person he was before,
they got in that, car door.

Rebecca Navarre



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After

After having a few drinks.I
didn't stop to think. When dashing
out into the street, a car and i,
did meet. They said i flew pretty far.
And the consequence left, more, than a
few scars...When i reached out, and tried
to touch the stars.

Rebecca Navarre



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Unending Love Song.

Just a beautiful love song.
That softly plays along. In
the back ground. As time plays,
on. The sound don't stop. But,
the melodies still found. Even
though different beats, beat on.
Winds call out across the fields
the pond. Calling come out and play.
With your hand, just wave. And drift
away...To the song that, carries.
That sways. To the song of love,
that stays...

Rebecca Navarre



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Silly

Star light and gold.
Together mold. And unfold.
A glorious road. Of, stories
told.

Rebecca Navarre



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Wk2

I used to drink and party with
you. Even though I said we couldn't
no more, true...You used to entice me,
with dinner, too. Laughing and partying
all night. We joked how we'd survive.
You, Tom, and, I. If the rest of the
world passed by. Because we were, so
drunk, so high. How could I know, in
the next few days, you'd die.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Timbers

Laying in bed, looking at
the cross over head. Thinking
about, when the dogwood grew. And
how, even before it's first bloom,
You knew. It's blossoms, its timbers,
it's hues. You, Gave It Life! But,
they would choose. And with its roots
deep! Tears and Blood weep. For the
breaking and the giving, of the bread.
The loss. The cost. Words already
written. Already said. The price,
bringing darkness to light. So we could
all, have new heart. New sight. Conquering
sin. All, so we can live again.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

From That World, That Life...

Over, Hundreds of times. A
million eyes, in the night.
Spread my wings wide, and take
flight. With the coming of
mornings light. Distance wide.
With eagles heights. Letting
spirits, take will, take might.
As they whisper, hold on tight.
As we escape, that world, that
life. Don't hesitate, Don't think
twice...Go ahead, , , spread your wings...
For all souls, are free tonight...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Here The Heart Does Keep

Out along the sparkling creek.
Where the waters so often speak.
Out amongst the lillies rooted
deep. Here you'll feel his
soul, , , seeps. As rays of sun
streak. Into the glistening
glades, where little birdies
tweet. Here my soul does keep...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Where

Out along where secret rivers run
deep. Out amongst the banks so steep.
Where the crystal waters flow so strong.
Where rapids sing their songs. That's
where my heart drifts along. Out amongst
natures ways. Is where my Soul, lives,
stays...

Rebecca Navarre

Spot

Tie the boat up at the dock.
Tie and fasten the lock. Sit
back and get lost. Feet dangling
into waters almost hot. Time no
longer has a clock. Life so
precious the rest the world just
stops. Here in my spot...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Mystic Rain

Let it pour.
Let it rain.
Let us dance in
it insane.
In the beat.
In the hum.
Underneath the
rain that comes...
Lift your head,
to the skies.
Don't let the
Moment, pass you by.
Sun is high.
Meadows tall.
Leaves sparkling &
all. Feel the mystic,
of/in...The call...
Of the drops of rain,
that fall...

Rebecca Navarre

PoemHunter.com

Rains Won't Stay

See as time, drifts away.
Standing out in, the meadows,
watch it fade. As skies turn,
from purple, to a darker shade,
of gray. But, know behind it, a
silver lining lay. Somethings, , ,
like that, , , always, remain.
Because God Promised, in tomorrow.
For each, he holds a new day. Even
if it feels, , , each has been the same...
Know, one day, the rains won't stay.

Rebecca Navarre



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May

May that flame, always
flicker, and dance so bright.
On those tender, sentimental,
nights. May the music play...
And, The love inside stay...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Hear The Wind Cry

It's okay. It's alright.
I give myself permission
tonight. Just let the
leaves, blow by. Life slide.
Catch a glimpse of the sunset,
and the moon, as he gently sighs.
And clouds fly. Watch as tears
and raindrops glide, down the
windows. From inside. Spend
sometime, watching the changes of
the sky. I give myself permission,
tonight... Hear the winds, cry.

Rebecca Navarre



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Then, Now, Time Again...

No, no I ain't ever been
no princess...Only in my dreams,
am I. And no, no I ain't ever
seen the country, wide. On, no
white horse, with no prince, did
I ever ride. To his castle high.

Eagles Cry.

But, What I have seen, has opened
my eyes. To what's inside. And the
parts we try to hide. You and Me...
So many heart aches. So many way's
for the soul to bleed.
But, It's good to see,
the sunshine, a smile, the
dancing of a leaf. Sun reflecting.
Reminding me. Every once in a while.
That ballerina, that princess, that child.
Hasn't seen... hasn't been...hasn't felt...
That wild, gust a wind... For a while. That
made her feel alive, with in.... And it's
time, to look inside, out again... Back to
when. She was who, she was then...

Rebecca Navarre

Ever Golden...

Thank You God! ! ! For The
Goodness, That You've Shown...
Even In The Times That We've Roamed...
In The Times We, Are Alone... In The
Emptiness, Of The Dark... In The
 Silence, Of My Heart...
Your Presense Is Felt, , , It Is Known...
Whispering In Time, , , We'll Understand The
Pages, Already Woven... In This Book Sewn...
So Just, , , Reach Out And Hold Him... He
Is Solid, , , He Is Molded... With A Love, , ,
 That's Ever, , , Golden...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

To../..Through...

Ages and ages... Filled
with new, and old crinkled
pages... Stories, that changes...
Views, looks, and language...
Through, the mazes, , , of time, and
the questions, , , of mind. What will
we find...In the days of tomorrow...
And the roads that we follow...
Though out, the different phases..
Ways of the heart...And loves...
Different, stages...When our dreams
come, and we feel stuck, and faded...
Lost in the sea of waves, that play us...
Though, how, , , can we let the darkness...
Surround, , , In cage us? ? ? When, All about, All
Around, Through the haze...Is...His Beautiful,
Rays... Bringing Sight... To Night... As He
Holds, , , A Candle In His Hand... Behind Him...
Shadows Stand...He Holds The Light...
To Our, , , To The, , , Promise Land...

Rebecca Navarre

Deep Down

As the, old music box, is slowly
wound... And I am lost, , , with in...
The carousel horses, , , going round...
A Tranquility sweeps over, and is Found...
Swept away, back in time... To the feel, of
that, , , mesmerizing sound...To where dreams, once
again dance, and surround... In the memories of
yesterday... Still twirling away, , , Deep down...

Rebecca Navarre



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The Call...

Deep in the depths, of the woods near
by. Hear a pack of wolves as they cry.
Moon is full and bright. As one steps
from the shadows, he is of, a pure white.
Reflections, , , glisten, with the light,
shown in his eyes. Feelings of his soul,
become alive. Tonight he is wild, he
is free. As he runs, becoming one... with
the night air's breeze. The moment inhaled,
seized... As winds howl, and join forces,
with him. His hair bristles, at the sensations
under his skin. Dashing into the meadows, the
journey begins... He is filled with the might,
the power... Of the Spirit, that calls...Beating,
living, pounding, within...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Lights Flicker

Saw the down side of Chicago. As on
a late night, into a bus station, groggy,
we hobbled. As faces turned with discern.
Then reflecting, times of hard lessons,
learned. Then going back, to their search,
for a snack. Out of a ragged old knapsack.
As sudden sounds of a child's cries. Echos
from, through out, the inside. From a
family huddled in the corner. Lights
flickered but, I could see the clothes
they wore, should of been warmer. Shamed
At myself, Looked behind. Only to see the
signs, of pain and strife. In the eyes,
of those who yet arrive. As they shudder
from the cold out side... As The door
so slowly closes, the cold wind whisks by. In
the air. The feelings of heaviness and despair.
As once again the lights flicker, and come
down so low. Time stops, and forcefully shows.
There's no where, to go. Shelters are crammed.
It's starting to snow. God Have Mercy... All
People, , , Guide Each Soul! ! ! Pray such Sorrow, , ,
Could one day, be Unknown. And All could have, , ,
A place called, Home...

Rebecca Navarre

Hitching.

Every now and then, a cool breeze
in the spring. Gets me remembering.
Times of hitching. Think about that
man, named Smokey Joe. He became a
good friend to know. But, started
off as foes. When from under the
dash, he did pull and show, a gun.
Our lesson had begun. Luckily he was
a family man, who had a son. He was
making sure we wouldn't take, his
money and run. But, When sticking
out a thumb. You never know into,
what surprise, you'll come. First
encounter, thought death, had won.

Rebecca Navarre



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This Gift...

We all come and go...That's
the way life is, designed to
unfold... Just be grateful for
what we've learned, , , and what
we know... And, the love time
has showed...This gift... God,
leaves us, to hold...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Echos Of My Fathers Mind, To Mine...

Come follow the river, Come
follow the tide. Come fly across
valleys, and mountains wide. Come
soar over Persia, or into Bermudas
night skies. Travel through Africa,
on a camel ride. Climb the glaciers
of Alaska, see the auras bright cast
of...lights...Just don't ever close
your eyes, , , to the sights...To where
you find... your at a point in time...
You have to ask, , , the, Question, to yourself...
Have I let life, , , blow past... To strangers,
has my kindness been vast...Whats left to hold,
whats left to grasp...Has my love left a path...
Has it been enough to make...memories, , , that last...

Rebecca Navarre



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In The Hallow...

To dance in
the hallow...
Fly, with the
night swallow...
Moon lit Rivers,
follow...
As wave sparkle... and
lightning bugs dance...
Spun, round and round...
Under, the trance...
Of the moon lights...
Chant...

Rebecca Navarre



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Inside...

Please Lord, May Your Love
Be Felt Inside... Of Every
Child...Growing...
May It Shelter And Guide...
In Times Of Brokeness...
In Times The Sun, Seems To
Hide... May Your light Always
Find...That Child That's Crying...
May Your Angels, Always Shine...
Comforting, , , And Holding, In Their...
Bleakest Of Times...May Your Beams
Of Love Wrap, , , Protecting... With,
Your Holiness, Divine...

Rebecca Navarre



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To The End...

Feel the sunshine. Know, your a
friend of mine. Feel the stars glow,
whispering, , , all they know. Take
your time, , , the seasons, of the moon'll
shine. Listen to the earthly tunes...
Singing out, rhythms, , , and blues... Lasso
the wind, let it take your soul, again
and again...Let all nature in...As roads
darken and brighten... Turn and bend...
Life, , , Will always guide you through, , ,
to the end..

Rebecca Navarre



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Waters...

I must be walking on water,
waves couldn't hit any harder.
But, when I look in your eyes
I'm tranquilized. And if I glance
away, from your face. Oh, God I
keep sinking farther. And waves
couldn't hit any harder. And as I
keep going down. Thinking I can't
be found. Time keeps pounding the
sound, louder, and louder...
What'll be...Blackness, lifelessly.
Floats at the bottom of the seas.
Echoing, don't you know, it's getting
darker and darker...Crying out to me! ! !
Shouting out...To look up, you gotta be
stronger...Reminding me, Your holding me...
If only, , , I'd let myself remember...
Just look up and see...That when I'm
looking at You...I'm walking on water...

Rebecca Navarre

All Around...

Gods light always shines...For,
All the colors of the world, So
Divine...In paintings of fall, the
wind speaks and calls...Echoing
through trees, swaying in the
breeze...In winters told...If we
look for Gods glow, His love holds,
blankets, from the cold...After
flashing storms of spring,
Beautiful blossoms, He brings...
In summer, meadows of gold...In
All.. His music sings, His music
is told...And in the dark hours
of the night, All around, He
shines Bright...

Rebecca Navarre



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***surround*...**

As The Snow Strikes The Ground...
And Seasons Flash Around...
May Love And Prayers Surround...
In Any Whispers Found...Always...

Rebecca Navarre



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Mountain Man.

My Brother had a masters plan.
Living in a cabin, off the land.
Like Grizzly Adams...Not
Knowing for sure what he seeked,
but, he hope a bear wouldn't
peek. If he had to take a leak.
But, As Kind As He Could Be...He
tried to live so Peacefully, Amongst
the Beauty. Him and a donkey.
Years or More...His
Heart went off to explore. Catching
fish off the shore. Hauling logs
pedals slammed to the floor. He wasn't
ever bored. But, he never found what
he was looking for. Till His Heart
Brought Him Back To His Fathers Door! ! !

Thirty some

I



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Rebecca Navarre

Lavender,

Summer Spice, And Lilacs...
Woke Again, Crying...
Lately, Ain't Been
Nothing New...Stuck
In Blue...There Ain't
Any Lavender, , ,
With Out You...
Feel Frozen, Broken In Two...

Rebecca Navarre



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Through The Mist...

Through The Mist...
And How Time Exist...
Beyond, Golden Fields...
Other Side Of Here...
Feelings So Alive, So Real...
Feelings Of Love, So Dear...
Always, Near...

Rebecca Navarre



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So Much More...

Imagine The Most Beautiful Feel,
We Have Ever Felt Here... Now
Imagine What They Must Be Feeling,
There...All The Love And Care...
Nothing Can Compare...
Nothing That We've Ever Seen...
It's Beyond Our Being...
What Their, More Than Seeing...
So Much More, Than Anything Here,
Than Our Minds, Could Ever Mirror...

Rebecca Navarre



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Whispers.....

Knew A Young Girl, Who
Touched My Heart Inside...
As She Passed Me By, My
Heart More Than Sighed...
She Left Me With.....
Willows In The Wind.....
In My Dreams, She Comes.....
To Me, And Lays It Down Again.
Here She's Always Been.....
Written In The Wind.....

Rebecca Navarre



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Sun Beams

There's A Beautiful Ray Of Sun Beams. That
Right Now, , , Is A Lonely Blue, Corn Flower.
Who At This Very Hour, Dark Clouds Tower....
If I Could, I Would, Reach Up And The Suns Light
Borrow! ! ! ! ! To Erase All Her Pain And Sorrow....
Brighten Her Tomorrows....For Shes Always Held A
Power, To Mold....Because She Was Born, With A Heart
Of Gold! ! ! ! ! And I Hate To See, Her Feel Any Cold! ! ! ! !
And Right Now Shes Feeling So Froze! ! ! ! ! So Many Storms,
Shes Weathered I Know, All Of Them So Bravely, So Bold.
Whispers Of Love, Shes Always Told! ! ! ! ! And Now Her Hand,
I Wish I Could Hold! ! ! ! ! And At Her Feet Unfold.....A
Rainbow.....To Where All Her Dreams, Would Sparkle And
Stream.....With A Warmth That Glows! ! ! ! ! For All Shes Known! ! ! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



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Always...

Always Hold The Child With In.
Pamper Her Or Him...
Let Them, Find The Wonder....
Over And Over Again...
To Truly Keep With In! ! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



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Oops

Mom smiled and said, Oops
one got away, , , Tires squealed,
the back did sway. As the curb we
made...Mom cussed and pitched a fit.
As Dad simply, Smiled yet...
Turned to her, and did say...
I thought I'd better quick, Go
fetch It! ! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Peace

Watch the blue skies,
part the gray, clouds.Sun
shines, out loud.
Evening colors fall, All,
Around.Laying down, a peaceful,
sound....And Love is found....

Rebecca Navarre



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That's All I'm Going To Say.

The leaves on, the
trees. Are cold and
crisp today. One touch,
they turn to dust. One
puff, they go off in a huff.
That's all i better say. I better
Stay, Just thinking, what I may.....

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Sparkle

Oh Lord, It's cleaning day, and I'm
feeling gay. Because it's my cleaning day.
Hip hip, hooray! Grab out the buckets, grab
out the spray, going to scrub, scrub, scrub
away. Grab out the mop, grab out the broom,
gonna turn on some tunes. Dust, and dance away.
So Let the music play! It's my cleaning day!
Gonna make it sparkle, bring in the rays. Bring
in the freshness, of the day. And make my hubby
say, Hip hip, hooray! All sparkles today!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Drift Away

During the day, I Love to
write. Then in the night,
read under the moonlight. As
I play, , , , I drift away.....

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Candle

Oh, The Beautiful Smell, Of
The Candle I Love So, Well. A
Peace Did Swell, As It's Magic
Casted A, Spell. And Into My
Dreams, I Fell.....

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Moons Beauty

The moons Beauty, Runs ever so deep. Its
Wonders Never cease. Changing constantly.
Rivers glowing, Waters flowing. In its soil,
it does keep. Magically it speaks. His shinning
glory, Is so much more than, just a story. Who
knows what else secrets, he does keep. So deep,
mystically, At the core. Gods Always creating
more. Astronauts walking on the moons, shores.
Stars closer than ever, before. Who knows how
much more, will be found, to explore....Let the
winds, of folk lore, soar....As behind the moons,
smiling face. His heartbeat does race. Gifts
of Gods Grace, Are Always taking place....
His Love, You know, , , You Can Always, Trace! ! ! !
Just do a double take, Take the time to look outside,
At Our Space! ! ! ! See His face! ! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

He Was King, And I Was Queen.

I used to Dream, Boy George would marry me.
I was only eleven or twelve, so I could not
see. Why this couldn't come to be. I used to
cry, thinking I would die. He's such a kind,
and gorgeous guy. His music touched me inside.
To watch him made me fly. I used to kiss his
shirt at night. Oh, how my heart skipped in delight.
My friends thought differently, but, I told them
just, you wait and see. Some day In my Dreams, We
will be. And he'll marry me! ! ! ! And he Did! ! ! !
I was his Queen! ! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



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His Song, , , ,

God Lives On In All.....The
Destruction, And Rebuilding After,
Cities Fall.....He's Amidst.....
Shadowing So Tall. Each And Every
One Of Our Heavy Hauls.....He
Carries Us Along.....Even When Our
Strength is Gone.....
He Is/We Are..... His Song.
For Ever On! ! ! ! For Ever More, , , , ,
He'll Lead Us To His Door, No Matter
What's, been before. His Plans Hold More.....
Than Our Dreams Could Ever, Began To Explore.
God Knows The Wonders Yet, In Store.....
Let Him Bring Us Ashore. Trust He, And We'll
See, , , , , He's, What Were Living For. So Always,
Again, Dream Ever More.....Than We've Seen Before.....

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

A New Dawns Beauty.....

When scars run to deep and you can't
find what you seek. And Your down on
Your knees. Just Breath, Just Believe.
He's There For Thee. Through His Doors,
He Will Lead. He Knows, Better than You
Or Me. Through our brokenness we may bleed.
Just Focus on He. He Carries Us When In Need.
Face To Face, Lock On Him! ! ! .. Turn, Again And
Again, To He. And We'll See That's When We're
Holding The Key! ! ! ! He'll Be Our Eye's.....
Lifting Us Cross The Skies.Through Him/
With Him. We'll See, A New Dawns Beauty! ! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



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Remains

Everyone wants to hold the key, be
masterly, leave some kind of legacy.
A tower of big ben, a mona lisa, a
national anthem. A remember me, look
and see, who I used to be... A legacy.
All my friends,
All my fame,
know, no one will forget my name...
But, It's the nameless face, A
stranger in the middle of no place.
It's the out stretched hand, that
helps another stand. It's the homeless
man on the corner, who passes another
a quarter. It's the one who'll take
the time, without asking for a dime.
It's the one who truly cares, when
your down and out in despair, you
turn around, and their there.
It's the stone, you come across.
That simply says,
(We'll Remember the Loss.)
For here lies a kind and gentle soul,
Who only Wished to be remembered as So...

Rebecca Navarre

Patriotic

White scarf, Blue hat, , Red Coat! ! !
I've Never, Woke Patriotic. But,
this is what I did grab quick to
wear, Didn't want people to stare.
Good thing i wasn't going no Place! ! !
Think i Brought a smile to a neighbors
face. Though sure he doesn't know, I'm
not crazy, just lazy. Maybe.

Rebecca Navarre



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Angels In Heaven

Angels in Heaven, one of them did learn.
So Early, So Young, Matches were not Fun! ! !
When from the neck down he was burned. The
Rest of his life he did pay. As the wounds
Never went away. So restless, so young his
Painful, journey had just begun. But, not to
many years ago. The Angels Came Fro & Sung...
For him to Come...His Suffering Was Done! ! !
Thou Our Suffering still Has Rung...Our Cares
And Sorrows, On Gods Coat Rack! ! ! We've Hung! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



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Honey And Bees

Sweet as the honey flows, yet bitter as
gall. Lord knows someday's, we've tasted
it all. Vines of poison can spread amongst
weeds, that grow so tall! ! ! ! As The distant
train echo's, the travelers melancholy haul.
Time and time again, on our knee's we may
crawl. Hell bent, in the dead of the night,
we may stumble, & fall. But, His arm's are
around everything, Holding All! ! ! ! Only He
knows the destination, and when or how soon,
the clock strikes for the ball. After our
battle, In The End, Salvation Will Call! ! ! !
In sweet melody, sing songs. Sing Praise, of
Worship. That reflects his ways. For Life,
and Nature, Whisper All Of Our Days! ! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



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Lessons

Hanging out with the girls next door,
Oh, what troubles we found galore. When
Warnings were ignored. And as we got bored,
drinking was explored. Listening to wrong,
it never dawned. We'd make the boys sore.
Wings got tore. Booze was continually in
store. Till games ended in one on the floor.
When poured in large sum. While finding
others had none. Stripped down to the pore.
Friendships were no more. Seeking solace
and comfort, for sores. Tried other shores.
Violence and life were bore. Though life
may already been cold. A beating, maybe
for told. Unsure, how it came to unfold.
But, death was all that was left, to hold.
The rest of my life, I've implored. To our
Lord, my sins to remove, From the core.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Always! ! ! Stars Embrace...

The Bright Shinning Stars, That have Passed.
Their Silvery/Golden Light, Still, Last! ! !
The Moments Are Held, Strong And Steadfast! ! !
In Time, And The In Past. From A Spell, Long
Ago Cast...In His Love...Bask...Always...

Rebecca Navarre



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No Chains! ! !

A child of dark, A child of light. In
My heart, They both, did ignite. A Flame
that Burned. So early i learned.Trust, Not to
be. Or anyone seen... In Silence, i did retreat.
Locked away, that part of me, that had stayed.
No longer to have the key, , , lost somewhere.
When Left, naked and bare. Because No Human,
Heart, Was There! ! ! When the Devil did Flare. My
heart wasn't spared. But, Herald Angels prepared.
The paths, that were meant to be, Shared. Because
His key, Has Always Been There, To Release. The
weight can be pared... No Chains! ! ! ..Do I Longer,
Have To Wear. We can be Free...If We Truly,
Wish To, Be! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



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Face It With Him...

Oh God, May All Cling, To You! ! !
No Matter What Condition. We're In.
You Paid For Our Sin. We Are Forgiven.
In Pain And Suffering, By Seeking Him! ! !
From Whole Within...Where The Shame Begins,
Is Where It Ends. Sometimes We All, Have To,
Look Back Again. To Let Go, Of Our Sin. You,
Can't Win. It'll Haunt You, Again And Again.
Till You Face It With Him.

Rebecca Navarre



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A Distant Star

A distant star, from a far. Didn't
make no difference to me. To gaze out the
window, is all I wished to see. The one that
touched my heart, no matter how far apart. A
friend to be, and talk to me. Shine a light so
I could see, And Hope, maybe, i could shine, a
little light, back for thee! ! ! Like, two stars
sisterly. Whispering back and forth in the breeze.
Through a star filled, white milky galaxy. I Did
Dream, I did pray. Nobody has to believe. I Whispered
this years ago, secretly...But Shhh, It's just between,
You And Me...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Jasmines Dream

Like a wild horse, running free.
From A whiter shade, of pale, in
me. A purple violet, I'm tired, of
being. A soft pink, flower, of
Jasmine, I'd rather be. With out
battery. Blowing tenderly. Where gentle
falls, the times hours. Where the sunlight,
the moonlight & natures breeze, all cross,
naturally. Where the rivers, And the seas,
All come together, in a Place Of Peace! ! ! !
Just Wish All, To Breathe, In Gods, Great
Grace, And Mercy! ! ! ! .. Just Wish, , , To
Breathe, In All, We See! ! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



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Riding On The Breeze

Horses riding on the breeze, So Powerfully.
So Wild And Free. Like it's Meant to be...
Through the fields, and over the streams.
Ahead of the storms raging, their staying...
Down shores and past the waves crashing...
They are dashing. With the lightning behind
Flashing. Into sun sets unfolding...they are
going, , , down roads unknowing... Up hills
slowing. Stopping to graze again. Before
running off to play, where there wills may.
Another night, Another day, Free They Stay...

Rebecca Navarre



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When Blackness

Those years were such a blur. But, winds
always whispered and stirred. Angels on high
were always heard. Through the sounds of life...
And night birds...Songs rung on, Carrying along the
most comforting words, when Blackness Contoured.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Days Of Hurricanes

Thunder Does Roll through the valleys so low. Lightning
Striking, Powerfully, From mountains up high. Starting
Fires that Blaze! ! ! No thought it pays! ! ! As it Scorches
away! ! ! Stripping Bark From The Trees! ! ! With the Storms
Cold Harsh! ! ! Hurricane Breeze! ! ! Grave Like, Smoldering
Ashes It Leaves! ! ! ..
And God Speaks! ! ! ..
Time be a River, With waves crashing into the seas...
His Mighty Power We See...As Time Stops...Whispering...
Soft, Breathe...Life Will Teach...The way to a Path
that Leads To His, Sanctuary! ! ! In His Loving Care, , ,
His Arms Are Always There! ! ! ..

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Grace...

When We Feel Amazing Grace! ! ! In Thee! ! !
We Know All Heart Is The Best Way To
Be! ! ! Tender And Caringly! ! ! For All
We See! ! ! In The Name Of He! ! ! Who First
Touched Me! ! ! He Calls Through The Ocean! ! !
He Calls Through The Seas! ! ! He Calls
Through The Winds And The Trees! ! ! He
Calls, Through All We See! ! ! He Calls,
Because Hes There For You And Me! ! ! ..
Praise Be To He! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Dancing Lightly...

Into the wind, I Wish To Spin...Throw
Out My Arms, Again And Again...Swaying
From Side To Side, How I Love To Ride,
The Clouds So High. Freeing Whats Inside,
From Which I Hide. Shamed, , , And Sigh, As
Vainly I Try. So I'll Stick To The Skies...
Shut My Eye's And Ride, , , Dancing Away...
Leaping Per Say...Just, , ,
Fay...Floating Away... On The Breeze, , ,
Ever So, , , Dancing Lightly. Into The Sun
Setting So, Beautifully...With The Moons,
Beams Of Light On Me...And Fall Asleep...

Turning And

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

His Love Helps Us Stand! ! !

In the eyes of a child's face, Stands Gods Grace.
In the sound of the raindrops that fall, See and
Hear, the Majesticness of it All! ! ! Through the
deep pine trees, up into uncharted skies, that
lead. At the foot of the shore, down the paths
that lie before, an ones we've walked 10,000
times or more. His Loving Hand, Helps Us Stand! ! !
With all, the weight of sands, against the winds,
pressures and demands. He's Our Rock, He's Our
Island. He'll meet You Halfway, If You'll Only
Stretch Out Your Hand Today! ! ! We Can Let Go,
His Love, Will Show! ! ! ..

Rebecca Navarre



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Ole Toro

Running round in the summer air.
Breathing in all that's there.Saying
Hi To the cow with horns, Playing in
wonder, and care. Lost, in my dream.Boy
did I Scream! As over the fence, she
Came at me! Round and round the tractor
we did weave.As i took a peek, , her
horns behind, her breath hot on me. As
I swarmed around like a bee. Until the
tractor, I could Flee! Grandpa running
out, white as a ghost, Flailing his arms
at my unfriendly Host! ! ! Then ever so
gently, he wrapped his arms around me.
Explaining soft, firm, & yet fair. With
hair so red, Ole Toro, Is All A Bull,
Sees...

Rebecca Navarre



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Light Houses On The Seas...

Your Okay, Just Breath.Under
The Stars That Weave.A Golden
Path, To His Love That Last.
Strong And Steadfast.His Mountains
Are Vast. So Many Reasons, Tomorrow,
And Past. See The Whole Etched, In
Colors Contrast.Painted Memories, Of
Torrent Seas.With His Light On Thee! ! ! .
He Shines In You And Me! ! ! He Loves To
See! ! ! .. The Beauty Of...Lighthouses...
On, The Seas...

Rebecca Navarre



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Musical Tunes

Grandfather really was a peculiar man,
rocking in his rocker after a dinner so
grand. He loved to play, his own musical
tune. In hopes to make, Grandmother swoon.
His own horn he'd like to toot-just like
a magical flute. He really was quite a
blast, a magical spell, he really could
cast. That lingered on, and he'd love to
make last! In it you'd think, he basked!
You'd think, were going to have to carry
him, off in a cart. Because as he laughed,
he So, Really Loved to Fart...And the more
he farted, the more he laughed, and the more
he laughed, the more he'd pass! ! ! Now he
really was quite, a natural, with gas. But,
Boy, He Really did! Make us all Laugh! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



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The Bell

Time ticks, drifting endlessly, through
the aging of the tree's. Rolling water's,
and the sea's. They belong to you, and me! ! !
Gift's from he, who lives! ! ! In all we see.
The flowers in the breeze. The tall grass
blowing, gently. He Speaks... The mountain so
tall. Let Him Live In Us All... His Love And
Beauty Calls! ! ! ..In nature he dwells, come
drink from his well... His songs Of, Tell! ! !
Let us Ring! ! ! His Resounding Bell...

Rebecca Navarre



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Child Still

Brush this nest, get dressed. Oh,
the pressure. Oh, the stress. When
will I ever rest. A sharp pain here,
a squawk there. think I'm going to
loose my hair. Can't let my self be
in despair A wig I could wear. Pretend
to be a princess fair.

Dancing off up on the hill, trip and
occasionally take, a spill. Worth the
thrill. Love To Learn Still! ! ! In
Silence, , , The musical notes sing trill! ! !
From the Mountains and Hills. The Views
give a Beautiful chill. Watch the Waters
go through the Mill. Resounding A Promise
I made! ! ! In Long! ! ! Constant Waves, , ,
Asking Ever In His Name! ! ! Ever Reflecting His
From Each Day! ! ! Gentle,
To Always Stay...A Child At Heart! ! ! From
Yesterday. Swear, , , Forever To Be Still! ! ! No
More Frills! ! ! In Any Way, This Promise I Make! ! !

Will! ! ! Blessings

Rebecca Navarre

In Good Of You! ! !

Oh Lord, Oh God, Oh Father Above! ! !
May All Feel Your Love! ! ! In Times
That Go Wrong. In Laughter And In Songs! ! !
That Rise Up Ever, Above So High! ! ! In A
Cry, Too! ! ! In All Things, In Life,
There Is Joy. There Is Strife. What Ever Happens,
What Ever We Do..All Things Work Together, For The
Good Of You! ! !

Little Babies

Rebecca Navarre



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Trips

Papas road trips never turned out like he thought
they should! But Boy, were they ever good! His turns
weren't exactly right. His short cuts took us, to
motels at night! Mom never was one to get there quicker,
she always Loved to stop and take a picture! Though
sometimes these trips, would cause a fight or bicker...
But, we really did see such wondrous sights, that brought
us all such delight! Giving our hearts a flicker! Putting
and end to all the snickers...

And Dad always knew under which bridge the fish would
bite! That was something he always got right! ! ! And boy what
a line he threw, , , Always bringing home the biggest basket
too! ! ! Cooking the fish till golden they fried. Then the
stories he swore! Weren't a lie! ! ! But, only he knew if
his pants were burning at the time! ! ! With his lovely
wife, as she stood at his side! ! ! We really all had quite
the ride! ! ! Together making sweet memories, that don't die! ! !
To hold together onto inside! ! ! .. Our Hearts! ! ! .. For, An
Eternity! ! ! ..

Rebecca Navarre

He's In Care Of All!

All Around The World He's Done Great Things For You,
And For Me! ! ! All Around The World Is His Depths,
And Beauty! ! ! For Anyone To See...His Kind Mercies! ! !
Because He Loves You And Me! ! ! Always! ! ! Remember
His Victories! ! ! Large And Small! ! ! He's In Care Of
All! ! ! All Around The World! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



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Reflections Of Gold...

Got music on my mind, but keys
I Cannot find...Notes will have
to play, some other day... But that's
okay, They're in my Heart to Stay...
Their Melody Flows Anyway...Despite
the tides that rolls...And their constant
toll...Steady and Slow...Against the Suns
setting Glow...Maybe tomorrow will unfold...
A Stillness, With it's Reflections Of Gold...
And All It's Beauty Told...Always, There For
Us, To Hold... In Our Soul...Your Reflections, , ,
Of Gold! ! ! ...

Rebecca Navarre



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He's Already There...

Wish The World To Dance...
Prance...Hallowed Be His Name...
Shout! ! ! Because He's Already Came! ! !
He's Already There...He's The
Whispers In The Air... He's In
The Tips Of The Breeze... He's
Everything Between You And Me...
What Is...Is Supposed To Be, , ,
Just Dance & Celebrate, In He...
Even If Only, In Sweet Reverie- -
Immanual-He Is The Bread Of Life! ! !
If You Just Believe...
Though The Tips Of The Trees- -We
Will Be Free! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



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Secret Keys...

We All Travel alone... And Yet Together...
We Are Birds Of A Feather...Singing Forever...
On The Wings Of A Dove, , , Caring His Love...High
Above, In The Breeze...Songs Of Him, You, &, Me...
The Rivers Flow Deep...And His Love ALWAYS Keeps! ! !
Hes Holding The Key...Hes Holding You And Me...
He Is We...And All Is He...We Are Free In The Night...
In The Dawns Morning Light...We Are Free...Live In He...
His Candle Burns Bright...For You And Me...
He Is The Flame! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



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Live Again...

God Be My Thoughts...
Be My Rock! ! ! .. When i Need
To Fold, .Forgive My Sins, ...
Take Them Away... Help Me To
Find A New Day...I Don't, Wish For
Anything, In The Way! ! ! ! Just
Can't Always, Handle Today, , , And
Yet, , , You Know Me Anyway...
The Son...Washes Away...
..Our Sins..
So We Can Live Again...
Praise Be To Him! ! ! !
He Is Love! ! ! !
Praise Be To Him! ! ! !
Breathe, , , And Live Again! ! ! ! ...

Rebecca Navarre



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Secret Rivers

My Heart Is Filled With,
A Thousand Words..... None Of
Which i Can Began To Say, So...
I Send Them In The Breeze...
In The Moonlight...
Under The Stars... And In
The Symphony Of Life...

:)

The Piano Dreamer...

Becca

Rebecca Navarre



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The One So Loved.....

In Heaven...With Our Lord, Jesus, Christ... :)

Rebecca Navarre



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Just Across The Sky..He Is...

He Is, The Lamb Of God..The Lamb,
Of God, Is Connected To His Sheep...
He Holds Us While We Weep! ! ! !
The Star Up In The Night...That
Burns And Shines, So Bright...
He Is The King! He Is The Lamb! ,
In The Night...He Is The Light...
He Is Every Where But, Not In Plain
Sight...He's In Our Hearts, He Is
In Our Life. He Watches While We
Are Asleep. In Whispers He Calls...
He Speaks...He Is Gentle, He Is Mild,
He Is Meek.His River, Does Flow Deep...
He Is With Us, In Us He Will Be...He Is
Peace...He Is Part Of You And Me...
He Is Part Of All We See! ! ! !
All Is He! ! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



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Across The Stars...

Just Across The Stars, , And Then Love
Don't Seem So Far.. Written In Your
Heart.. Nothing Can keep Us Apart.. When
Its Written In Your Heart, , It's Written
In The Stars... No, Love Don't Seem So Far...
In Our Hearts... You Are All! ! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



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I'am Nothing...

Calling all angels, the moon Is Shinning Bright...
I can't do Any thing without You Lord...And i am
So Grateful..i am nothing.. But a leaf, blown from
the tree..Tossed about on the breeze...Hoping to
one day make it to Your Seas...Where All lies Calm,
With Such Beauty...Know the Storms Beckon and Call...
But I know In Life..Love.. Is Worth It All! ! ! ! Even
when we fall... You Are Worth It All! ! ! ! i am nothing.....

On My Knees, Before You! ! ! !

I Bow! ! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Know Your...

Clocks been blinking for days, but It doesn't
matter anyways...Is it June or is it May?
Is July the next Sunrise? Did June hide. Or Was
it May, that stepped aside.Where am i at.. inside?
Does it matter if time stops or collides..I know
there a purpose for it all..You know i'm at Your
beckon call.. In my eyes You see it All...You Feel
my Heart when i feel so Small...
You know the way the River flows..You know just
which way it'll go..Fast or Slow..
You know i give You my All..
You know i'm Trusting, i'm Hurting, ,
But Your..Love.. Keeps Reassuring..
I'll Find the Sea's, I Know Your With Me..

Rebecca Navarre



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Misty Days..

Through these dark wooded hours..
the light that born the flowers..
i'm finding my way back..To the path..
Through these rain beaten days..And this Heavy
know i'll find my way..i know a lights a blaze..
this misty
maze..But its out there, its a blaze..And
i'll find my way..Through these days..
that the way, the song plays..
On these misty days...

Searching for

clouded Haze.. i
i just can't see.. In

i'll find my way..Ain't

Rebecca Navarre



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Swans On The River, , ,

Sun rises in the east,
sunsets in the west. When
strong winds blow, don't always
know which way is best.
South always has been easy, I
Don't think that's the way to go.
But North has always had so many
Storms And Snow.

i've scritchd and i've scratched,
so long to build this nest. Twigs,
and scraps have always, gratefully
wrapped. Some have broke and snapped.
I Fell at time or two. Got a little
twitterpated. Lost and had to start
a new. Curled up where the caged bird
sings, Took alittle nap for a year or two.

Woke up to a map, that led me to a book.
It's pages alot stronger, it said come,
and take a look. So a peek i took. And,
before i knew it, I was flying along a
brook. Beautifully it flowed, Caringly
it showed, another road. Back, to where
The Secret River Flowed!

Rebecca Navarre

Multiples And Sums, Gratitude.

I didn't know the difference,
I didn't really go to school. I
was living in a different kingdom.
Under another golden rule.*Peace*

I didn't know the sums, the minus or
the times. I guess some could say i
really was behind. Others said crazy,
right out of my mind.

*But, in my world everyone was welcome,
there wasn't any fighting, this didn't
need to be done. For everyone was grateful
to The Father And The Son. Everybody had
smiles, everybody loved everyone.. Yet I'm
always learning, cause learning can be fun.*

.
But, what we choose to learn. it really
should be a right. in order to at all,
gain any real true sight.

There isn't any interest, if our spirit,
isn't free to run. Holding all/ the
school bells rung. Time to go home. Time
to Feel the difference,
the minus and the sum...

Cages of glass, flowers of time..
For now this is the ending of my strange
rhythm.

Rebecca Navarre

Rose

Some say when I was born, I looked
just like a rose. With a twinkle in
my eyes from deep with in, my heart
it glows.

But, everybody knows, a rose is born
with, blood stained color, and is so
sensitive to grow.

Just one freeze or bump,
it shrivels and hides from,
Nature, and all nature can throw.

When picked, if not careful,
its thorns, can prick. And the
rose cry's, and withers more.

Carrying the stains she bore.

Everyone knows each autumn,
A rose can't survive the winters
call. So she must be gently tucked
in and wrapped in blankets. If

she were to survive at all. But,
sometimes she wonders if by spring,
all her petals will fall.. Sometimes
she wishes she wouldn't make the
spring, to blossom..For it's forest, ball.

Sometimes she thinks she won't survive,
if one more storm, picks up and does brawl.

Rebecca Navarre

Realisticly

If I were realistic, i'd acknowledge all i felt. If
i were realistic, I would see the whole deal. If i
were realistic, I'd know just how the cards are dealt.
The rays of sun would not be felt.

I would walk around in a hood and cloak.
Chilled threw and threw, as dying embers
i, futility poke. As i wrap my arms around
tight. My wounds i lightly stroke. Scars from
so long ago a darken source evokes. Embers
would flicker and slowly fade out. As the
whispers on the breeze, played out their
finale note..

If i were a realist,
than this would be the end.
If i were a realist, my heart
would never dance again.

Rebecca Navarre



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Angels Embrace

I have found angels here. From Our Lord So Dear..You may not have seen their face. But, You may have felt their grace. He sent them down to the world around. To Try to keep watch, In silence, they stand their ground..As we sleep so sound. Their Love, Their light surrounds...They Know our inner tone. Every thought our mind has known. They're here for, All! , For all, need consoling. Tears maybe falling, time stopping, or stalling..But The spring of, Forgiveness and Understanding is, Growing.. With Compassion, the river is flowing.. All souls have had their tolling.. Let Gods Angels do the mending, the stitching, the sewing.... Other times, we've seen their face.. Held their hands, looked into their eyes and felt their wholeness so pure..And frailly encased. They are the ones who've left more than their mark. Gentle, but hard hitting, they took their part.In their passing, ..Unknowingly..They left, , they carved, they scorched, they engraved, .. their trace. And their touch can't be replaced. So they left an empty space. But, , If you listen, their whispers will embrace..Us!

Rebecca Navarre



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Again And Again To Survive

Not just pretty words that rhyme, messages with depth
I like to find. Not just glitter and gold, but real heart
to be told. Not just a pat and a nod. When I do that I
feel like such a fraud. But, the kind a hug that really
shows. Real love, truly grows. Threw thorns and thistles
it blossoms. In winter it may wither or die, But seed so
deeply planted rebirths and comes back alive. You may
have to give it a couple try's. But you know if you
do this a few times. You learn how deep to plant, And
just how much to fertilize. For it to return, again And
again, and survive.

Rebecca Navarre



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Golden Rule

May our love always grow stronger. In new light of
You may we ponder. As we learn each day to put our trust,
in You. You teach us the golden rule. As yet each day we
are off to school. Put love and honor behind, Faithfully,
all that we do. This task brings joy and deeper meaning too!
For life to be lived so true.. A kind of treasure that last.
Not just a trinket.. for trade, loansies or cash. If buried,
or banked, no interest can be collected. Without principals,
nothing of true value, or heart.. was shared or invested! On
this we will be tested. And we won't get in trouble in class..
For passing notes, is what Jesus asks...

Rebecca Navarre



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Amen And Goodnight

Run off into the forest night, ..moon so bright.
Hanging low, over the river that glows. Waters
ripple white. In the reflection of the pale moon
light. With a touch of breeze so slight, leaves
sway gentle, with whispers of grace, that they
recite...Time stops, the pains forgot. As heaven
and earth become one. Watch till the stars are
touched by, the sun. And morning has begun. Touched
by the rays of dawns new light. As the fog rolls
threw the thicket, such a holy sight. Surrounded by
such power and might. Shut my eyes, count these
blessings, held so tight. Feel the rush of all I
hope to dream tonight..Thank You Father! Your
assistance in times of plight.Amen And Goodnight!

Rebecca Navarre



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Vast A Sum

How vast a sum of angels that hum,
over your manger at night. Oh, what
a delight, such a heavenly sight. As
angels come down to adore You, ' with
all their might. When You were born,
Love was Formed. For You gave, and
created Life!

Rebecca Navarre



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Etched In Time

Etched in glass, a reflection of meaning from
the past. Chiseled in stone, words we should have
shown. Carved in time, the love we leave behind.
Painted by hand, a piece of heart stands. Words
written in pen, do they cut or do they mend. Spoke
out loud, are they humble or are they proud. Do
they comfort or do they cloud. Are they kind.. the
words we leave behind. Would we find, it would be
okay to hit replay. Because what we say, might echo
again someday. What impression have we made. Is it
joy or is it sorrow, for the days of tomorrow. Can
little ones follow? Whats left...

Etched in glass,
chiseled in stone,
Carved in time,
Painted by hand,
Written in pen,
And spoke out loud.

Rebecca Navarre



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All Walks Of Life

From all walks of life, Children of the light. Gather
round, time is counting down. Come sit by the fire.
All those who are weary, All those who are tired.
Stories of Jesus's Awe And Wonder Inspire...Reach
out in the night. Hold each others Hand Gentle. But,
In Heart Tight. He Is Strong-His Depths Rise Up High..
He Is Might-His Love Tie's..A Silken Cord From Him,
To You, To I..He Is- The Glory Of A Dawns Sun Rise. He
Is Sight-With Compassion, For Us, He Does Cry! ALL
Walks of Life, All Children of the Light.Alone in the
dark. Within You Lies A Spark. That United Together Lite's..
Beacon's That Hark...His Love, His Wonder, His Grace
Does Mark..From the journey, that we embark.And From
which one day, we will Depart...Across the seas, Up
mountains high, past the clouds, the sun, the moon and
the skies..To Where Our Loved Ones Are Waiting To Say
Hi! (And) Where God Says, No Fear Tonight! ! ! Blankets
Are Warm. You Can Snuggle In Tight! ..Your Dreams Await..
The Kind That Won't Fade, The Kind That's, Only Heavenly
Made! ..I Am So Glad Your Home! ..I Love You So Much! ..And
Good Night! ..

Rebecca Navarre

At The Edge Of The World

Stand up, dust yourself off, ride again. Into
the sunset where a new day'll began..Across the
fields so free, so fast. Memories seem vast. Ride
out in the early morning light. Slow up, catch the
snow glistening, such a gorgeous sight. Ride up
ridges, and mountain tops high. Out on the edge of
the world. Where the wind talks and swirls.Lite a
fire, so much beauty to inspire. Stand at the top,
look down, see so much wonder to be found. So much
life glowing below! Now look up to see, all the
stars that show.

To yourself, be kind.Let your mind
rewind, back to all you know..All Of meaning,
All that You Love, .. And Let the rest go. Let
the days and nights pass by. Let your self
come back to life..

Rebecca Navarre



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Heart Beats Gone

As angels brushed her hair, she cried in despair.
Feeling empty, feeling bare. She didn't know they
were there. She thought she had died. Inside. She
thought if she were cut, she wouldn't bleed, couldn't
bleed..No possible way she could be alive.She didn't
know they were standing by her side. The world around
was gone, from outside. Everyone had disappeared. The
wild flowers were gone from the field. The sun was
gone. No more days to live on, time no longer existed
on..She couldn't hear the angels talk in song. She
couldn't feel their care. She thought the universe
must of been ripped, torn in two, completely split.
She didn't exist.There was no life to be, threw.She
No longer Felt You. Heat beat was gone. Only death
lived on..But, The Angels knew she was wrong. And..
Hearts beat on, In Heaven.



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satan deceives, divides, and cuts.
Love Mends, Forgives, and Conquers.
God Is Love.
I would like to Believe there are
Angels All Around!

Rebecca Navarre

Make Me Smile

Just Close your eyes, feel the sunshine.
Like a new sun rise, like a new day born in,
the skies. Wind blows and I'm tranquilized.
Hear the sounds, and I'm mesmerized. Its A
New Day Here And Now, ... Outside! Leaves
swirl and fall, dancing magically and all..
Such a gentle feeling, sends my heart reeling!
Yet Frozen, in this Wonderful feeling. Wanna
Hold this moment in time. Stare off, and lock
it in my mind...So I can Keep it mine... Just
tuck away the key, so I can come back..and be..
Here Any Old time. I could Stay Just Fine... A
million miles away, , From the Darkness of Yesterday.
Think I'm Gonna Stay...
Here for awhile..Where the Sun and the Breeze, the
Forest and the Streams, , , Make Me Smile! ..

Rebecca Navarre



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Connected To You!

Please God Keep Me From That Place. Please
Always keep me in Your Amazing Grace...Know I don't
deserve that space. But don't want no ribbons,
don't want no lace, Just Wish To Someday See Your
Face! I Extend My hand To You! And Know that You'll
See Me Threw. Keep Me From That Darker View. Keep Me
Connected To You! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



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My Shadows

Oh God, save me, from the things I'm so afraid of.

The type of darkness the night can be made of.

So Afraid when I can't see, When I can't Breathe,
and the Feelings won't Leave...Save Me.. Lord I
Know You made me... You Know I get A Chill right
threw, when the winds blow so cool.And images
intrude, , so raw, so crude, and i can't Move.

Reaching Up, Crying Out For You! When I can't come
up, from Underneath this Wave, Where time Stops so
Grave. Won't You Take It Away. Let unicorns and
fairies, rainbows and flowers Stay. Place The Sun
back in the Skies! ...May the darkness be replaced,
with the light of Your Angels All Around, so Safe.

Shame and Fear erased, by the mercies of Your Grace.

The blood on my lips I'll no longer taste..Only
the sweet water from the streams in which I wash
my face.My tears You Take..And From Death You Save.

Enemies fade, , Dawn comes to each Day..Got To Believe

You'll Save! Only You Can Help Me Slay, My Shadows...

Only You And I..As Long as I Don't Hide..Help Me To
Try...Know You'll Always Be By My Side...Help Me To
Stay In The Light Of You! ! ! Know You'll See Me

Threw! ..

Rebecca Navarre

Where Golden Needles Lie...

I Remember when, We ran down by the creeks bend.
The summer days we'd spend. We were playmates, we
were friends..Holding onto each others hand, knee
deep in the stream bed we'd stand. Sun sparkling
down over head. Innocent promises, we said. Only
our dreams lie yet ahead.

I remember when, we'd climb trees that bent
and swayed. Then underneath we played, where
golden needles laid...Your It! Tag! ... Those old
memories don't fade, they're still like Yesterday...

And I remember warm nights in september. A
moon so white, with a smile so tender. All darkness
surrendered, as ghostly shadows bowed, and were
rendered, by their silent contender.

And beams were glowing all around, their arms
casting down. Pointing to a path, showing on the
forest floor. Guiding the way to an entrance a door.
To another world, another realm to explore...With
each night different than before. As a hoot owl
calls out ever more...And a startled meadow lark
soars. Day break hits the shore...My heart feels a
prick...But, My mind ignores. As I pick up my
branch and dark off with my sword! Off to play...
underneath, where, the golden needles lay.

Rebecca Navarre

Pebble

I am but a pebble in the
sand, amongst diamonds so
grand. A rock upon the shore,
Amongst a world so much more..
Bigger than ever seen before.
A grain of salt, in a ocean of
life..Where there's so many
golden nuggets to find..In a
sea, with depths so deep, look
up to see..The sun's golden rays,
catching all, so sparkling, so
bright. Shinning with prisms
rainbows, of light. Dispersing
such delight!

Rebecca Navarre



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Remembrance

Though her coat maybe old and worn,
and the years have turned it gray. Underneath
the embers still burn. Lay and flicker against winds
that bicker. Their howling can wear, and at times
tear and so many times it's been snared! But were
there's a will there's a way, or so that's what I've
heard them say. But she knows someday she'll have to
take off her coat and lay it down, onto the
ground to stay... Forever warm in the blankets
of his Love... The furnace burns brite in the
heavens above. And embers glow in the skies
below. As we look up in the night, We see them
burning brite...In Remembrance of Their Life...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

He's Getting There...

Even a small stone can damage.

A well oiled machine..So it don't
function, and then we can't manage.

All the demands at hand, to stamp
and seal. So now we no longer have,
that well greased wheel... And so we
turn and appeal. But, here's the deal.

Think about All God has got to
handle. Patience is a virtue,
sometimes we may need to light
a candle...Instead of curse...

Stop trying to coerce...

Unanswered Prayers...

Sometimes he too wears... We
got to believe they're in
his care! And he's getting
There...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Hush Now

Be still for a while.

Catch Your Breath,
my child. Rest a while.

We've been traveling for
miles..Up hills and over trials.
Now it's time for some smiles..And
dreams so, sweet and mild.

The sorrow has dispelled..Solace
can be held...Hush now my child.

His Love is in charge...You can
Let down your guard. He's
got it under control.Then and
now, You know..You can let go...

Hush...

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Then, Now, And Always

Sometimes it comes easy,
Sometimes I don't know my way.
Don't know whether to go, or stay.
Give up and walk away. Figure it out
another day..

What ever condition that I'm in, It's
got to be all of me, For all of him!

Filled with fear or filled with cheer,
Wish to Always smile, .. for Him!
His gifts he sends, on him we can
depend...In his Love it's Okay,
To Contentedly Stay..

This is what he wanted when it all began...

We don't have to know the way.

Just ask him and he'd say!

Feel Me,

Seek Me,

You're Okay...

Know Me, Together we'll Walk,

Threw another Day...

Then, now, and Always!

Rebecca Navarre

In Eyes That Twinkle

Reflect on Gods light,
And All the ways he's Worked
In Your Life...
Count Them on your hands and toes,
Oops, There's not enough of those.
But That's the way the story goes.
Child At Heart!
That's where Christ starts, in
In a New Born's Heart!
To be carried along, from,
Generation after Generation, In
A Song! Don't let Anyone
or Anything....Put Out That
Flame...Even If we get Maimed.
Carry on His Name! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

His Lamp

Stage by Stage,
Path by Path,
Step by Step,

God leads Us to his door.
Stone by Stone,
He leads us home.
Even when we roam,
His Love Will lead Us to,
His lamp that's, Always
Glowing!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Play It Again!

Its like holding a note,
So Long...So Sweet...Knowing,
Change is gonna come. But, Ya
gotta grab, onto your seat, Just
to capture the hum...Before the
next note comes.And then the
melody strikes up a beat and it
sweeps you off your feet...
Then gently lays you down... And
in the end, you close your eyes...
And turn around...Pick up the sound...
And Play It Again!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Unlock Our Gates

Write It In Our Hearts,
Say It With Our Souls,
Unlock Our Gates,
Let Gods Love Show!

It Wasn't Meant To Stay,
No....
It was Meant, To Be,
Given Away! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Lets Go Out To Play!

See the clouds etched in the sky. And
the rainbow that, underneath lies...See
the chipmunk as he passes by. With a
Twinkle in his eyes. Take a Deep Breath
and sigh! ... So
much to be found, A hoot owl hoots, another
echo's the sound.
As the night closes all around...

And the stars began to shine,
Twilight and Dusk Intertwine.

So much to feel, So much to do,
Such a Wondrous view...
Now just shut your eyes, Let it..
Feel it..Sink into You..Deep Inside!

Such a Beautiful night to go out and play...
Listen to All..And Hear All..Everything has
to say...

Come! And Run! Amongst the night, Let's
see if we can jump up..And Touch the Moons Light!
Don't let another second Slip Away...
Let's Go Out To Play! ! !

Rebecca Navarre

Beauty Sown

No more for today, take sometime away.
Think about what people say, the message
they portray...
Think about all you've known,
and the things that have hit home.
All the love shown, All
the thoughts, put into a poem...
All the places we've roamed. The
Beauty thats Grown...
Now its time to go Home.
Spend some time alone...
...Reflect on your Heart...
And All the ways, God takes Part!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Long Lost Friend

Thank You my long lost friend,
for helping me began, again.

Don't know where or when, ...

Got so off track, right off the
map. Couldn't see the facts.

Don't know how to pay You back...

Not a thought don't pass, without
thinking of the words I said last. And
what was felt that day, I stumbled away...
So sure I knew my way. Couldn't see
what You were trying to say...

I Always felt You in the Darkness,
Always felt You in the Solitude. Always
felt You in a Ray of Light. Always felt
in all I Do...

Always Felt You in Smiles bright.
I'm So Sorry I took flight.
Running in the night.
You were Right...

Without You there would of been no end.
And I could never of started again.
When I look into Your Eyes, They Mend...
Oh, My long lost Friend,
Wish You, This Message I could send! ! !

To God, Mom, Dad, A, S.AN, B...
I' m Sorry! ! ! And In Loving
Memory of My Best Friend!
Momma Pat

Bring Me Home!

Why do you wanna argue, when you
know I already feel so beaten down.
There's a cloud that surrounds me,
and it just keeps chasing me around.

Feel the snow that's falling apon
us, collecting on the ground.

Feel the chill, that seeps into
my bones... We can seek shelter
together, Why do you wanna face it
alone?

Are you gonna stand out here in this
blizzard? Or are you gonna take my hand
and bring me Home?

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Come Out Of The Dark!

Come out of the dark.

Return to the light.

There's so much more to

Life.

Come out of the dark. Open
your eyes, see the sunshine.

Open your Heart, Come be a
part...It's okay to make a new
start. We've all fallen apart.

Just reach out your hand, let
him help you stand. He's the
one who's been holding you
tight.

Won't You Please... Come out of
the dark. It's okay, it's alright.

Won't you Please... Just Breathe...

Come out of the Dark! ! !

Rebecca Navarre

PoemHunter.com

Late June

There's a fire burning, deep down in my soul. A
fire that burns, for the ways of ole. Everyone trying
to change me, saying those ways ain't got no more soul.
But, I keep saying, they ain't got no ground, What good
is a soul, if there ain't no roots, deep down.
Now Grandma can boogy and Grandpa can Jive. But, if they
both pass away, there ain't nobody to keep it alive!
So I'll dig out those old albums, and put on a tune,
and ain't Nobody gonna see me, till late, late June! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Stay

The stars are falling from the sky. The man in the moon
has shut his eyes. And the sun is gone away. But, that's
okay.

The grass keeps turning brown. Even though the rain, keeps
coming down. But its okay, long as your a round...

Lightning flashes, shadows rise. Everything seems to be
in disguise. But its okay, long as you're by my side.

If the world should become dark and gray,
and the music no longer play. Its okay.

Long as You stay!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Yellow Moon/Black Nite

Sometimes can't tell left from right,
Trying hard to survive, do the best to stay alive.
Need You God to Guide my soul, Your path I wish to
know! So much to learn, can't afford another wrong
turn. One more nip, one more lite. So hard to keep
it from my life. So many excuses, so many reasons,
sometimes even the change of season...Cool wind
blows in, mind starts drifting off again. Yellow
moon/black nite, so hard to keep it from my life...
Time is ticking, gotta change, nobody but me to
blame... Gotta focus..keep my goals in sight..Gotta
let go of whats held me, so tight! Don't wish to be
numb to you..First blue, then black, then Black! ,
back to blue. Then at last a ghostly white. With no
goals reached as they lower me, and Close the lid
tight! No longer to see, a Yellow moon/Black nite.
Got to Change my Life! ! !

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

His Love Don't Fade

When you feel like a sojourner, alone and afraid.

Standing at a fountain with the last penny you saved.

Hopes are lost, dreams now vague. You hold your breath,
close your eyes toss it and pray... His hand is catching
every throw, every wish made.

And somehow each tear that rolls down into streams and bays,
maybe counted by angels before swept away.

Hear the river and its mighty sound, feel the awe of his power
that surrounds. In a sea of waves his reflection is found...

He knocks at our hearts, he compassionately pounds. If we'd
open the gates his arms would wrap round.

Just look at the leaves, see how the wind softly rocks
them down, as he gently lays them on the ground.

With care, each niche, each cranny, each crevice is carved...
chiseled and formed, to create what hasn't yet, been born.

His kind spirit does cloak and shade,
what was once, withered, parched and decayed, now
flourishes, contentedly, under the everglade.

His promises, lastingly kept.

Our cries tenderly...met.

His Love Don't Fade!

Rebecca Navarre

Yesterday...

I was watching the sun pass threw the house, and listening to
the laughter echo about.

I was watching the critters outside at play...Try to figure out
what they had to say...Look deep into their eyes, try to see inside.

I was watching the wind talk with the trees, watching the way
the branches bent in the breeze.

I was watching time come to a slow, coming back to all I know.
I felt the peace settle in my heart, as I became apart...

All that surrounds me, all that I see, becoming one with me.

Then a song came along, and took it away...

Brought me back from Yesterday!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Here It Begans, With

Not a rush in the world, just a boy and a girl.
Up on top of the hill.. with the rest of the world still.
Trees hang down low. Lightning bugs glow.
Just a glance of the eye, makes the stars twirl by.
Heart spins in a whirl. Moon is shining like a pearl.
Just a touch of the hand, to weak to stand. So
satisfied to, just be, at each others side. Time
flies on the wind, but will always, return here again.
Just a boy and a girl.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Between You And Me

Feel you on the wind, time and time again.
Turning back threw the pages and how time ages.
That sages the heart of the seasons, with or without
reason. What ever stage they are in, the lesson begins
with the seed thats sown, between Me and You!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Help Me To Breathe

Oh God, Oh Lord, Oh Father above,
Help me in all that I do. Oh God, Oh Lord,
Help me to breathe in you!
Lord take my hand, morning, noon and night.
Please, don't ever let me leave your sight.
I'm way down here, You're way up there.
Sometimes all I can do is sit and blankly stare.
When I'm down on my knee's and I can't see..Let
me look to the sky, follow the stars, let them
lead me back to where you are...
Don't let me stray to far, or fall behind,
Can You see how hard I'm trying? ? ? Help me to Breathe!
Don't wish to live in a world without YOU! ...

Rebecca Navarre



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In His Daze...

He's in the barn, watching the golden rays of sun
stream down. He's climbing the big, old oak tree, that
he's found. He's running off through the blades of grass.
He's thinking of, that cute, little girl who smiled at him
last. He's full of wonder, young and free. He's imagining
what there is yet to be. He's laying in the fresh cut hay.
He's down by the river, listening to what it has to say. And
as the pearly strands of rain come down. The fields become a
play ground. And in the mist and rain, of a warm summers
morn, a cool breeze blows, and new is born! There, he is, as
he stares off in that glaze. There,.. There! He is in his
Day's!

Rebecca Navarre



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Hearts

On a cold and windy day. Oh, how I love to watch the trees sway.
With not a single soul around, love to listen to the sound...As
the wind whisps the leaves across the ground...I began to slowly drift away,
when I heard something make me stop and stay.

Off in a distance but not to far..a chord, a string and a few
bars. Starting off gentle, soft and slow. Then stronger and louder
it began to grow. Note by note, key by key. Steadfast and constant it came to
me. It caught me hard and struck so deep. I grabbed out
for something, but there was nothing to reach..My mind went blank,
simply astray, something forgotten from yesterday. Coming back to
me like a ghost from the past, a song, I hoped always would last.
It danced and played acrossed my mind...When all in a dream it synced in time.
As the music put your hand back over mine. What
once was lost, now once again does pound..As two heart beats now
are found!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

When...

When the skies turn pink and blue. When the Autumn winds
bring reflections of you.

When the harvest moon is orange and brite. When the fireflies
light up the night.

You're up there and I'm down here, I hope you remember me
dear.

When the leaves are turning gold and brown. Thoughts of you
bring smiles round.

Where the waters river, flows. Where the brush tall and thick
does grow. where the sunlight streaks and hits, just so.

Where the music strikes a chord, strong and deep. There in my
heart, gifts of you I keep. And amongst all of this, you showed me
a Greater life exists. And taught me when, the willow trees sway
and bend. They will whisper to me...You'll always be my friend.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Not Ever Obsolete

Can't stop the seasons from changing. Time just keeps rearranging,
altering the fabrics of life. As threads get worn and slowly torn
from the quilts we wrap ourselves in, at night. And no colorful trend or needle
can mend what the years have been showing, forlornly
knowing, all we've been holding onto so tight, is slowly diminishing from our
sight. Slipping from our grasp...Feeling
naked and unmasked, alone and reaching for the past. Trying to cling to
everything we knew. But nothing is ever really there. A single
piece of ply, within the hearts layers lie. Intertwined. The
pattern maybe old, tarnished and stained, but not ever changed!
Lost or obsolete.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Lifetime

The sound of the tractor, and the old shed
coming down. Watching the plow as it went around.
Theres dew on the wheat, and frost on the ground.
Another season is coming, though it makes no sound.
Deep in the dark, In the light of the day. Time is
here and then slips away. I awake and then close my
eyes and suddenly a lifetime has gone by. Shut them
again, as it sinks in...Like the chill of the wind. As
it blows out the candle..screaming life is sacred..With
time you can't gamble. March turns to April and May into
June, and August is a reminder, change is coming round soon.
And as I reach for September, October went by.. Gasp for a
deep breath and long for a sigh. Lost in the flow...I surrender
to the tide.

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

My Daddy Whispered.,

Don't be so loud, be quieter still. Can you hear that sound of a distant trill. Up over the hill. A jingle, a riddle from an old stradivarius fiddle.

Such wonderous tones,
Brings my heart back home,
Unlike anything I've known...

A sudden flock of geese pass by, their shrill, their cry,
captures my will, my mind, and I'm whispered back, to a slower time.
Where I find, life a little more kind.

Didn't need no specail day or afternoon, together, together
in the sun room.

Where we sang softer tunes, from January to June. And August
threw September, old ballads, we remembered.

And although October carried a harder note.., in alto clef
we wrote. Strings were bent.. weekend..hammered, but not Broke...
Then November threw December, we sang heart warmingly, in tenor.

All so Gently played, the
Harmony of Yesterday.

Now as we pause and reflect, with a more slower, cautious step.
We are left, with a lead, to a more simpler melody. A key to
hold, Moments of Gold, the Memories of then, that take us
back to when, Our Daddies said,

Listen...

Rebecca Navarre

Stay Gold

Memories of, the sun shining in threw the windows, of my
Grandparents bedroom.

The black cat in the barn, howling out his own tune.

The silvery light across the fields, when there's a full moon.

All of these memories, that mean so much to me, got
to get down on my knees, be thankful for these.

The tractor pulling the plow, the milking of the cows. And
Papa teaching me how, ..things sure a lot different now.

But I can go back in time where its all in my heart and in my
mind..Down that old dirt road that winds, and the magic
that I find.

The smell of the earth, the logs stacked by the hearth, is
what gives living worth! ..Wish all could know, such peace
in their soul! Even though, its from the days of old, somethings
Always Stay Gold!

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Somebody Knocking!

Listen to the winds tap, against the window. Feel the rattle
of the pains inside. Shut the door and turn the key, skeletons
dance and hide in the shadows of the trees. Oak and maple, family
and roots. Seedling by seedling, the branches it took. Snapping
and breaking. No thoughts rendered to the emptiness, it's
creating. So the space.. before the next harsh gust blows.. grab
all of meaning.. all that's close.. Or there will be nothing left
of whats meant most!

Rebecca Navarre



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Birdie.

Little birdie, that flies so high, sitting
on the fence near by. With the grassy plains below.
Threw threw the fog the light house, does glow.
As the summer turns to fall, and leaves began
to collect and all. Soon the ridged winds will howl,
and mister winter will not stall.
Painting the world all white...Sparkling and bright.
But it'll make me sad to see you, take flight...
and I'll think of you in the night...
Wondering where you will go, in hopes to see you, when
the first sign of spring, does show!

Rebecca Navarre



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Thoughts Of Time, Life...

Golden years, golden leaves, the taste of honey from bumble bees.

The taste of wine may sound fine, but soon you'll find you've missed out on so much time...Caterpillars, little children and the laughter that thrills them. Aging trees, the way the colors of the sunset, weaves, a quilted pattern for all to see. Stars to gaze at in the sky with a moon that shines, beams of light, that make them dance in the night. Gathering flowers to give away, after a summers day, rain shower. A rainbow that comes up brite, a child's kite. Can make a persons heart feel light. Thoughts and prayers, for those whom you care, can bring to mind the special times, shared. And can lift away sadness on days, you might feel blue. As blossoms bloom on twisting vines, you can find so much beauty true. Bringing meaning to the greatest or smallest of things we do. To stitch a tear, mend a fence, sing a song of six pence. A gentle talk, a simple walk, To share, holding of hands with those you Love, and God above. Brings to heart such Gratefulness, as we look into the faces of whom we share life with and how love and life is such a precious gift, to share with those, whom we so deeply care! To be there to help throw, the golden years, to wipe away any tears, to help them when they fear. To light a candle in the dark, throw a log on the fire or ask what they desire. To lay a blanket on their shoulders or pass to them their coffee holder. Or just to be there, to share the wonderful thing life is and again how much you care! So don't waste a day, or let it slip away. Its such a precious gift to give every day, A gift of love, life is so gold,
to Give and to Hold!

Rebecca Navarre

Blood Of My Blood!

Scattered like the leaves,
caught upon a strong, Octobers
breeze.

Shaken to the ground, the thought
of you not being round.

Look up to the skies,
Crying out goodbye.

Although deep within, a
part of you has always been...

I'm still like a puzzle, with
a missing piece.. that just can't be
complete. But someday in the end,
we'll all be whole again.

In Loving Memory of my Brother.
who was never the same after the
car accident when I was young.

I am Sorry And....I forgive You...

Rebecca Navarre

I'am/ I'am Not

I'am me. I'am myself. I'am all I give of myself, so I have no doubt's, you see.
I'am of the water's, the land and the sky. I'am
of the star's and the dream's on the cloud's that pass by. I'am all, and I'am none
of these. I'am the reflection in the mirror you see. I'am all you hate, I'am all you
love. I'am nothing, so I beg for guidance from above. I seek, I cry, I need, I feel,
I fell... I stand, I crawl, I die! I'am the flame that gasps to breathe! I'am just a
whisper on a cold, cold breeze. I'am a pebble, just a grain of sand. Praying to be
part of the Master's Great plan! I'am but?
And I'am an? I'am just another faceless soul, reaching for a hand. I'am of
hundreds, I'am of none. I'am a voice, I'am silence. I'am of
existence, Here, just like you. Or at least till my time is through. I'am/ I'am not!

Rebecca Navarre



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Lonely Star

In the deepest darkest night, a lonely star survive's. With it's guiding light, I'm trying to make it threw this night. That only star, that lonely star, shinning down, while I stare blindly threw these tears. Wishing that, that only star, that lonely star would guide you here to me tonight. For I need you so, my heart won't let you go. For it just can't seem to understand, that you're somewhere in the deepest darkest night. That only star, that lonely star, is all I see. As I'am standing here with all the love I feel, as I close my eyes and imagine I'am holding you tight. And I recall all our midnight talk's and our long walk's. Your smile that made me feel warm inside. But, then a cold wind blow's and lets me know, I'am here with out you tonight. While that only star, that lonely star keep's on shinning bright, and you're somewhere in the deepest darkest night!

Rebecca Navarre



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Sleepy Bear.

Oh, Sleepy bear, so much
happening and you're unaware.
The deer by the brush, stands off
and stares. As birds, bees, butterflies,
and leaves..Dance and rise before your
sleepy eyes..And the squirrel who thinks
he is smart. Makes his timely dart. To
his home, up his tree, that you choose to
snore beneath so peacefully.

Oh, Sleepy Bear are
are you going to stay
there?

Rebecca Navarre



PoemHunter.com

Wish The World!

Wish the world could say,
no tears today,
doing okay...Lord I pray!
With the sun, feeling fine,
and a peace of mind.
Looking up, looking down,
every where I look, all around,
not one frown.
Count the flowers,
see the dew, everything
fresh and new...
Skies are blue.
And everywhere you find,
smiles warm and kind, even if
Just for a moment in time...
Wish the world could say,
No tears today,
doing Okay...

Lord I Pray!

Rebecca Navarre

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