

Poetry Series

**Sandra Kavanagh
Josefsson**



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Irish woman living in Stockholm Sweden.

I hope you enjoy my poetry. It is mostly about nature, animals, love, romance and heartache. It is about the divine and spiritual matters. A mixture of everything.



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We Are The Seekers Of The Truth.

There was a time, not so long ago,
where people lived a simple life.
They had their chores,
They had their loves,
They had their amount of strifes.

And as time went on and things developed,
And we became this super race.
The depth of pain and loneliness
increased and took its place.

For we increased our wealth, but not our wisdom.
We extended our opportunities, but not our hearts.
It is a cold, cold place
when those in higher places
want to control and run this race.

But there are those who seek the truth.
There are those who shine their light.
They are the ones who lead the way,
for a new world to come one day.

A new world of changed policies,
that work for ordinary souls.
Where truth and love reign.
Where people once again can feel whole!

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20210915

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Out Of The Dark Comes The Light.

Out of the dark comes the light.

In the darkest hour,
there is always a flicker of light,
strown on the earth,
from the dimmest star.

A Star one can hardly see,
but its light still hits the earth for those who pay attention and for those who just
be.

We often live in this protective bubble of what we believe to be the truth.
We do not see the real root of all our troubles.
It is there in the mass of lies, told to steer us from really seeing,
what they want to hide.
Their hideous games, they think they are taking us for a ride.

But somehow the universe protects us,
for it always sends a glimmer of hope.
It always provides us with what we need and it gives us the tools to somehow
cope.

We have that ability, if we look inside.
If we do not fear the darkness of life.
For us to enjoy the light, we must also live with the shadows.
But we will not kneel to evil or bow.

Out of the dark comes the light.
Out of wrong comes right.
Out of not seeing comes sight.
Out of the awakening comes the fight.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Magic Of Nature.

The Magic of Nature.

When I disappear on my woodland walk,
and I blend amongst the trees,
all the little things I see,
all these do please.

I soak everything in,
including the sun.
A light breeze sways by,
whilst I am having fun.

The leaves of the oak,
hold a few drops of glistening dew.
A squirrel scurries slowly down
and stops to view.

The moss under my feet is so soft
like an old carpet,
and all kinds of wild mushrooms
mostly surround it.

At last I come to the stream.
The sound of running water
is pleasing to ones ears.
The salmon take a leap
And with it brings much cheer.

The magic of nature surrounds me,
what would I be without it.
It would be a very cold and dark place
to live.
Nothing could ever replace it.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Algol.

Once you were a beautiful maiden,
living freely in the palace.
The God of the sea saw your beauty
and so he did you malice.

Minerva, the Goddess of war,
saw your plight,
And so to protect you,
she gave you a power,
that killed mens might.

And now your time has come again
with the eclipse in a Taurus moon.
You join them at 25 degrees
And with it bring some doom.

As you turned men into stone,
who crumbled into ash,
your stare will take the throne
once again and take out any trash.

One by one they will fall
as the clock strikes twelve.
Not a sound will be heard,
Not even a bell.

And so when your deed is done,
you are free to roam the Earth again.
As you were before,
So you will be, a beauty amongst men.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20211109

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

You Say You Know.

You say you know.

You say you know,
whats really going on.
You say you see the real me.

But I know in my heart and soul,
you dont want to feel,
you dont want to be.

You are living in a dream world
where the energy is high.
Where you never have any lows
And where everything passes you by.

And whenever I want to get close,
you push me away.
Is this the way it is going be?
Is this the way we are going stay?

You say you know,
Whats really going on.
You say you see
the real me.

But I know in my heart and soul,
You dont want to feel,
you dont want to be.

Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20210818.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

You Face Your Fears.

You face your fears.

You face your fears
with every step.
The unknown
with every grip.
The unfamiliar
with every gaze.
The puzzle
within every maze.

Whats to be,
will be.
For no one knows their fate.
And sometimes the wrong path
is taken and not realised until its too late.

Who is to be trusted.
Who will remain loyal.
Who will stand beside you.
Who will not stain your toil.

These are the risks we take in life.
Nothing ventured, nothing gained.
You still face your fears.
You still remain sane.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20220716

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

You Are My Salty Running Tears.

You are my salty running tears.
My valley of wild flowers.
You are my far begotten fears.
My rainy day of April showers.

My last sip of rosy red wine.
The breeze on a summers evening,
The Sun as it sets with its golden hue,
leaves me with thoughts of you while dreaming.

The butterfly as it flows on by, swaying under the sunlight.
The water flowing swiftly on,
caressing every stone.
All these images help me believe that I am not alone.

The sound of the blackbird singing in the old oak tree.
The branches entwining so far that one cannot see.
You are the leaves that fall like gold to the ground.
Not a word is heard, not even a sound.

You are all these things and even more.
You are all that I adore.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20220606

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Passing.

The soft rain touches my face,
as I remember our time together.
You are no more.
Your heart is free of this weight.
Fly to the skies.
Your spirit and body have been washed,
in the wisdom of your years.
The dust had been taken from your heart.

Does not love live in every soul?
Everything but love is momentary.
Everything fades and perishes.
Only love is eternal in this world of ours.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20221026

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



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A Life Without Freedom Is Like A Body Without A Soul.

Where does this need come from?

This need to control another person.

To control what they do, how they live, how they decide?

Is it based on deep down insecurities,
a concept of if I have control,
I can manage things better,
I can be satisfied.

Or is it based on a narcissistic trait of evil,
wanting to make people suffer and wanting to gain from others pain.

If it is based on the second concept,
How do you live with the shame?

Our life on earth is to learn,
so we can improve and understand ourselves.

It is not for the destruction
or prevention of an others liberty.
It is for us all to live in peace and harmony.

The universe gives us opportunities,
which are there for us to take,
not to be taken away by those
whose greed is at stake.

Those at the top
want to stay safe and secure,
so they come out with notions,
which they pass off as the cure.

It is now the time to get back to basics.
Unlearn what we have been taught.
We must align with nature
and stop all the rot.

Time for all this control to stop.
Time for people to live the life they choose.
With this comes responsibility of course,

if we remember this we will have nothing to lose.

A life without freedom is like a body without a soul.
Remember this and remember your role.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20221025.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

How Could I Only Love Your Light?

How could I only love your light?
When there is beauty in your shadows.
You help me to face up to my own darkness,
In these days of the worlds madness.

How could my love for you be conditional?
How can I only love a part of you.
The things you judge about yourself,
I love them all because I see the real you.

How could I forget our connection?
It does not care about the law of the land.
Our souls are pulled to the place they belong.
That is what they demand.

And when I saw you,
my soul sure felt you.
It felt your true essence going back over the seasons.
With this feeling, there is no rhyme or reason.

How could I only love your light?
When there is beauty in your shadows.
You help me to face up to my own darkness,
in these days of the worlds madness.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Freyja

Freyja.

She is the wolf you've been waiting for.
She is the one you love to hate.
She is the shielding circle unleashed by the Vanir.
She is not one to wait.

She is the piercing side of beautiful.
She is the rapture of pain.
She is not what she was or what she will be.
She is now, she is present.
She will reign.

She is the divine messenger with fire in her eyes.
She is a constellation giving birth to stars.
She is undocumented and all colours.
She is a storyteller of scars.

She is your grandmother, your mother, your aunt and your sister.
She is a defender of the innocent.
She is always fierce and watchful.
She is always magnificent.

She is shouting what some ears refuse to hear,
that change is upon us and it is near.
She is a selfless base.
She is all that is dear.

She is the awakening of a world of love.
She is a woman with the intention to survive.
She has the cure for our restless apprehension.
She gives us the will to strive.

She cures our collective broken heart.
She gives us strength in the need of the hour.
She is Freyja.
We wake up the Goddess who empowers.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20221023

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

We Long For Fairytales In A World Full Of Nightmares.

We long for fairytales,
in a world full of nightmares.
We long for closeness,
in a world full of exclusion.
And those who maintain they are
for everyone,
are playing the dividing game
by pointing the finger.

We long for openness
and yet we think our opinion
is the only right one.
We long for empathy
and yet we only have it for
our chosen few.
And the longing for fairytales
lingers.

We long for a clean and fresh society,
but dont mind throwing that scrap of paper on the ground.
We go to a climate change festival,
but the countryside is not left as it was found.

We long for a neighbourhood like
it used to be.
But keep ourselves locked behind closed doors.
We do not even try anymore,
our fears cut to our core.

We long for fairytales in a world full of nightmares.
We long for love when we are stuck in the past.
We long for joy when we can only concentrate on what we do not have.
We long for peace yet we do not give it to ourselves.
We long for fairytales but they never last!

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20221022

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Secret Of The Mirror.

There is a secret of the mirror,
A secret long and old.
A story of long passed lifes,
who did not do as they were told.

They haunt this house of mystery
and only come out at night.
And if you listen in silence,
you will hear their voices
as the moon shines bright.

Little whispers of times gone by.
Little creaks of the door.
A breeze from the window
scatters the dust on the floor.

Songs can be heard from the parlor.
The chandeliers tinkling away.
A shadow on the stairway
frightens you each day.

And then a look in the mirror
where you see your unchanged face.
You have been gone for many years.
Yet you still roam this place.

Lost in time and space,
Never to rest in peace.
You once looked in the mirror
the curse follows you with ease.

And no one can see you,
unless they look in the mirror too.
Then they will occupy their days,
Wandering endlessly out of view.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh.

(c) 20221021

So The Darkness Shall Be The Light!

So the darkness shall be the light
And the moon it will shine so bright,
that the shadows will be no more,
and love will be at our core!

The fear will disappear,
the sadness gone in a breeze.
The laughter and joy will be heard,
over valleys, lakes and fields.

The little things in life,
will once more take center stage.
All the fake and phoney stuff
will disappear from the page.

Nature at its best,
Humanity working together.
The energy taking a rest,
making things alot better.

Your worries will disappear,
when you have mind over matter.
Focus on your inner being,
Let your problems scatter.

So the darkness will be the light
and the moon it will shine so bright,
that the shadows will be no more
and love will be once more at our core ?

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20221013

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Fairytale

The Fairytale.

When we are young and not half grown,
We live in a fantasy land.
A dream world where we can achieve
most anything,
Where everything is dandy and grand.

Our imaginations run wild.
We have our pretend friends.
We play and run in the breeze.
Not a worry do we have
and that is not so bad.
We sing, we dance and we dream.

And then we grow up.
The illusion slowly disappears.
Our life is no longer a fairytale.
We learn as we go,
At times very slow.
Sometimes we win, sometimes we fail.

The innocence is gone.
But the hope is still strong,
that we will make it one day.
We look back in time
and remember those days
Of imagination and play.

The fairytale is gone,
and thats not so wrong,
It gave us what we needed at the time.
A protective view of a world
Upside down,
And taught us how to be sublime.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) 20221008

The Swan King.

All you wanted was a world of peace,
a world of music and art.
A place where people could be themselves,
A land where dreams could start.

You loved the nature of your land.
You immersed in all its fineness.
The beauty of the mountains,
and of your peoples kindness.

Wagner you adored.
You tried to instill the culture.
You had so much interest for architecture,
but alas you were surrounded by vultures.

Why is it when anyone who tries to do good,
it is destroyed by evil men.
All you wanted to do was to have peace instead of war.
But in the end there was nothing you could do,
when it came knocking on your door.

So they proclaimed you insane
and locked you up.
As if that was not enough,
you were shot in the back
on your daily walk,
or so it was revealed during talk.

But your people remember you,
your Bavarian folk.
They remember your art, your castles and your gentle ways.
You will be remembered as the Swan King,
till the end of days.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Based on the life of Ludvig the second. King of Bavaria.1845 - 1886.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Pebble.

As I throw my pebble
into the water of the nearby stream,
I see the ripples as they extend
and become wider in reams.

We are like the pebble causing ripples in the water of life.
We have our possibilities, our choices and the consequences that can lead to
happiness or strife.

As our ripples extend,
they touch other souls.
We are witnesses to both cause and that which enfolds.

The uniting is the substance of life.
No man is an island.
Nor neither his wife.

In the waters of the masses,
we are as one.
We are joined together
and shine in the sun.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20220807

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

He Has A Hold On Me For Eternity.

He has a hold on me for eternity.
Nothing I could do to replace
this love.
It is everlasting,
sent from above.

No matter how I try to forget him.
Memories flood back over the years.
Some make me so happy,
with others I am in tears.

Life goes on without him.
Thats the way its meant to be.
Forced to bear the heartache.
For he has a hold on me.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20220805

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



There Is Nothing Hidden Under The Sun.

In this world there are many
who try to hide the truth.
They use all kinds of means
to cover up what suits.

And they do this because they want to control.
They do not want the masses to know whats really going on.
They play their role
whether its right or wrong.

But there are a few who see directly
and do what they can to reveal,
all the hidden agendas
And everything the liars want to seal.

And the liars will pretend its in
everyones interest.
That they are doing it for everyones good.
While they are counting their gold
While they are pretending to be Robin Hood.

But there is nothing hidden under the sun.
There is nothing that will not be disclosed.
What is done in the dark will come to light
and everything they do or say will soon be exposed.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

When Will These Dark Clouds Lift.....

When will this darks clouds lift.
When will I hear the birds singing.
Empty are my thoughts.
No joy are they bringing.

Lonely is the night.
Not even the moon delights me.
Waiting for the first glimpse of daylight.
Tossing and turning endlessly.

I do everything to take my mind of it.
Keep myself busy doing loads of chores.
But I cannot never escape it,
as it creeps finally through my door.

It haunts me at every chance it gets.
Suffocates all joy.
Pulls me into the depths of the unknown.
All I want to do is cry.

But someday I will overpower it,
Control it, like it does me.
Then my dark clouds will disappear.
Then I will be free.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) 20220615

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Nothing Haunts Us More Than The Things We Dont Say.

Nothing haunts us more,
than the things we dont say.
Thinking we had more time,
there is always a delay.

Afraid to say how we really feel.
Ego plays a part.
The little games we play
right from the start.

That emotional closed of wall
that we build brick by brick.
Leaves a lump in your throat
thats hard to kick.

And words that we really want to say,
are left unspoken.
Never to be heard, never to be again woken.

Nothing haunts us more,
than the things we dont say.
Thinking we have more time,
but there is always a delay.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20220610

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Only The Moon Knows How Loud I Cry.

Only the moon knows how loud I cry.

Only the moon knows how loud I cry.

Only the moon knows the pain in the depths of my soul.

Only the moon hears my whispers at night.

Only the moon sees my shadows and my light.

And in the long hours of evening,
when everything is silent and all you can hear is the clock ticking in the hall,
it shines its light through the window
so you can see its shadows playing on the wall.

Only the moon can feel my sorrow.

Only the moon can see my aches.

Only the moon can hear my whispers

Only the moon sees whats at stake.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20220610

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Freedom Of Our Minds.

The thoughts we have
that come each day.
The thoughts that no one
can delay.

The thoughts that whisper
think of me.
The thoughts that fluster
galantly.

The thoughts that wander
over many years.
The thoughts that bring
neverending tears.

The thoughts that bring
a smile to ones face.
The thoughts that one
forgets and leaves no trace.

Those thoughts they cannot
know or control.
Those thoughts are yours
and they play a role.

They can take away the books.
They can censure what they want.
Our thoughts are ours alone.
They are not theirs to own.

The freedom of our minds
is for us to think for ourselves.
Our thoughts are ours alone
And not for their locked up shelves.

Based on Virginia Woolf's quote.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) 20220319

Yield To The Night.

Every crack in the ceiling,
I could see.
Every mark on the floor.
The light was always on,
My bed beside that door.

The matrons were playing
their daily game of chess.
One lit up a cigarette.
I had no interest in anything.
Everything was a bore.

And when the night came,
It was full of dark thoughts,
and nightmares.
Reminiscing of the life I had before.
Left me bitter and sore.

Weekly visits from my mother
and brother did little to appease my grief.
I wish they never came,
It would be a relief.

Back to that room with its old furniture,
and barred windows.
The light gleaming through the cracks,
Didn't make it anymore appealing.
Inside I was squealing!

And what was my crime.
My crime of passion.
My lover had died.
I needed her to feel
my pain, his pain.
Nothing would ever be
the same.

And here I await my fate.
Everytime I hear those steps

in the hall,
My heart feels like a slate.
Time goes by so slowly,
For life I am always late.

I fear whats coming,
I really do.
This waiting day in, day out
Leaves me drained and depressed.
I wish it was over.
That would be best.

Every crack in the ceiling,
I could see.
Every mark on the floor.
The light was always on,
my bed beside that door.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20220219
Based on the film: Yield to the night 1956.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Introvert.

Piles of books on the floor.
Darkened curtains hanging on the rails.
Cups of half-drunken tea to be seen.
Drops of water dripping into the pails.

Unfinished projects on the desk.
A dress on the mannequin to be sown.
A plate of newly baked scones,
lying on the breakfast table.
A dog in his basket, chewing some bones!

This is the life you lead,
away from everything.
You say it gives you peace,
not to be the center of anything.

It is not for you this world
of crowds, drama and noise.
You would rather sit with a book,
Or look at a sunrise.

The quiet life is for you,
so you have learnt.
The less people you
have in your circle,
the less you get burnt.

Also its a question of energy,
you feel the vibes so strong.
You sense everything,
and what they have done so wrong.

Life is simpler this way.
Being an introvert is not so bad.
The peace and quiet outweighs
everything else.
No need to be sad.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20220206

Painting: The Introvert by Cynthia Decker.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Two-Headed Eagle.

As I lay here and hold your hand,
the morning has, but come.
I wish our time could be longer,
but it cannot be undone.

You sleep so softly.
Let me look upon your face.
Let me remember your beauty,
before they take me from this place.

Let me remember our last dance,
And us swirling on the floor.
Let me remember Marie,
All the promises we swore.

How I, an Emperors son fell
in love,
With a girl of 17, a baroness,
with the innocence of a dove.

And so history was changed,
just within one night.
The Holy Roman Empire,
was not aware of its plight.

The two-headed eagle would lose
once again,
In 1914 by an assassins hand.
Two would be slaughtered
by one from another land.

Who knows what may have been,
If love was allowed to win.
But I am sure those two souls,
are happy wandering together at Mayerling.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20220127

Based on the Film Mayerling 1936 about Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria and
Baroness Marie Vetsera.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Empty Chair.

The Empty Chair.

Here I sit and look at the empty chair,
where once you sat my dear.
It is so really lonely,
so hard to hold my tears.

It was so really lovely,
when we used to chat away.
Now I find it very hard,
to fill up my days.

I am forever thinking,
reminiscing of past times.
I read my daily newspaper,
as the hall clock chimes.

Everything feels different,
it will never be the same.
My heart is totally broken,
but no one is to blame.

My one last wish,
is to join you.
I am waiting for that day.
When two empty chairs remain together,
And the loneliness has gone away ?

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) 20220126

Painting: The Empty Chair,1947.
Charles Spencelayh (British,1865-1958) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Skyblue.

She said her favourite colour was skyblue,
that was before you.

That was after a time of trauma,
And when everything was new.

A time when she had to relearn,
everything she knew.

A time to get over the past,
All the bad memories she grew.

A flying glass over her head,
a tear stained face in the bedroom mirror.

A babies crying in its little cot,
When things were dull and dimmer.

She had been to that place of deep despair,
where she thought she would never leave.

It took such strength and reflection,
A first step to achieve.

And everyday one step at a time,
She relinquished all her fears.

And soon a beautiful smile would
replace all the guilt ridden tears.

And now she sits on a sunny day,
full of warmth and love.

Just sitting peacefully and looking at
a sky of blue above.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) 20220115

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The House That Was Forgot!

Slowly I climbed the staircase,
and admired the balusters carved by trained hands,
The joinery was so meticulously done,
From the little buds of flowers,
To the angels hair, their strands.

And everything was quiet, except for the occasional squeak from the floorboards.
The carpet had frayed here and there.
The windows with their stained glass,
had splintered and their broken pieces lay bare.

The rain had got in and done its damage.
The wallpaper had come away from its walls.
A picture on the stairway displayed
someone, I presumed, who once walked these halls.

Sometimes I imagined that I heard someone calling out.
There was a coldness in the building,
an eeriness all about.

When I looked up at the ceiling,
in parts I could see the sky.
The birds would sing on the rooftops,
the clouds went slowly by.

There were many rooms to visit
and each had a character of their own.
They held memories of their previous owners
and all their dreams that had once being sown.

Like the sewing box on the table beside a window to give some light,
while a seamstress put the last pieces of lace together on a dress of material so slight.

Or the bowler hat hanging on the end of the bedstand.
Or the walking stick with its carved wooden handle.
Waiting there patiently for its owner to return.
Did not matter how many years would burn.

And then to the overgrown garden, which had started to take over the house.
The statues were covered in ivy,
And here and there I saw a mouse.

But there was also roses, red as ruby lips,
And hyacinths of all colours,
their aroma did much to lift.

Here it stood the house that was forgot.
Its ghostly inhabitants did not care.
They continued as they have always done,
Come and visit if you dare!

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh 20220109

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The New Year Has Come.

The New Year has come.

The New Year has come,
It has finally arrived.
The snow is falling softly,
another year has died.

We usually have great expectations,
but I think after the last two years.
We have learnt to wait and see,
what enfolds will soon be!

The stars were always ours.
They shine so deviously.
They have the power now.
They lead the way, enviously.

And those who think they have the power,
will have to learn the hard way.
Not everything goes,
their crooked way.

The energy is shifting slowly,
through the True North Node.
18 months in Taurus,
will bring us abundance and
what we have sowed.

Scorpio's South Node will eventually reveal,
all the secrets they would hide,
all the things they would seal!

So 2022 is here,
May it be a year of plenty.
May you get your hearts desire,
And may your days be lengthy ???

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20220105

The Other Side Of The Mirror.

The other side of the mirror.

What does it look like on the other side of the mirror?

The side you keep strictly to yourself.

Sometimes I see little glimpses,
like an extruding page from a book on a shelf.

What everyone sees is not what you see.

How could they begin to understand the mystery of you.

All the secrets you hold
and why you do, as you do.

The mind that takes the time to observe,
the overall picture,
instead of just black and white,
has an analytical insight,
into what is really wrong, what is really right!

Yes the mystery of you will remain,
Why take away the depth.
The mirror shall not be broken,
Not even in death!

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20211210

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Truth.

Truth.

Where does the truth lie,
the truth you want so much?
Can you differentiate when you hear it,
Or do you use it as a crutch?

Can you tell when someone is telling you the truth?
Can you see the lies in the flicker of their eyes?
Or you dont care anymore,
Its all got too much.

Illusions are great for awhile,
But as they dwindle in obscurity
All you are left with is your true reality
And that dont count for much!

And as the veil slowly reveals
what was cloaked from the beginning,
You see all their lies and all their sinning!

Where does the truth lie,
The truth you want so much?
It lies in everything you face
truthfully,
In your inwardly touch.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20211205

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Forces Of Good Versus Evil.

Just because something is not seen,
does not mean,
that those of the light
are not working in the background.

Everything takes patience and time.
like the game of chess.
You play the game of bluff,
until you know where you are bound.

And sometimes evil has the upperhand,
and afterwhile its loses ground.
The minority becomes the majority
and it all happens without a sound.

There are things in this life,
seen by a chosen few.
They lead the way in the darkness,
for they can cope with what they see,
while others bask in the madness.

The forces of Good versus evil
silently play.
The Good always wins,
even today!

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

I'm Alright Jack!

I'm all right Jack!
So they believe.
Until one day,
It comes knocking to their own door.

They have complied and
followed all the rules!
They will do all that is asked
And even more!

They will even start pointing
their fingers at,
those who think for themselves!

They believe everything
the Government says,
until there is nothing left on the shelves!

And what are they going to do
when they have nothing left.
When all their freedoms are gone
And they are left bereft!

They have been told
so many times
And yet they still believe
the ones who always take away
And always did deceive!

I'm all right Jack.
I don't care.
I will continue to stick my head
in the sand,
Sure it is way better there!

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20211113

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

East Of The Sun And West Of The Moon.

In a faraway place, there lived a man
and his family and they were very poor.
One day a white bear came and asked for the youngest daughter,
and in her place would be given riches,
as much as they could endure.

At first the daughter said No.
With them she would stay.
But when the bear returned,
they both were on their way.

After a long journey through mountains deep and snow,
They came to the bears home,
A palace all a glow.

And here she would pass her days
until one night she saw,
a sleeping handsome prince
instead of the bear with the giant paws.

But in her excitement she dropped some candlewax,
And he awoke and was in dismay
And told her if only she had waited just one more day.

So she must leave and on her way she met three hags.
One gave her a golden apple, another a golden comb, the last a golden spinning
wheel
And then she was left alone.

And so she travelled to
the Castle East of the sun,
West of the Moon and
A long nosed Princess was her ruin.

She wanted the apple,
She wanted the comb,
She even wanted the spinning wheel.
All were given so the daughter a moment with the Prince did steal.

And when she was able to break the spell, by washing his shirt white
All the trolls disappeared and there was great delight!

Come my love to my castle
East of the Sun and West of the Moon.
Come and let us sing,
Let us sing your joyful tune ?

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20211113

Based on the Fairytale: East of the Sun, West of the Moon by Peter Christian
Asbjornsen, Jorgen Engebretsen Moe.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

I Have Not Forgotten You, My Darling.

I have not forgotten you my darling.
How can the sun forget the moon.
How can rainy days in March,
Forget sunny ones in June.

I feel your pain, I feel your sadness.
Our hearts are one in all this madness.
But I must go on, even though my days are long.
Hope springs eternal, when I hear your song.

So sing like you used to, like the Blackbird in the tree.
And when he comes to visit me,
I know he was sent from thee ?

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20211104

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

I Am All I Am.

I am all I am.

I am all I am,
I am all I ever be,
If I cannot comfort the poor.

I am all I am,
I am all I ever be,
If I cannot promise, what I swore.

How is it with each passing day,
Their lies become bigger.
They become greedier as time goes on.
May they be cast down one, two, three.
May their nights be sleepless with the screams of the dead.
May they feel the full force of my wrath.
May they not know what lies ahead.

I am all I am.
I am all I ever be.
If I cannot help the hungry.

I am all I am.
I am all I ever be.
If I cannot make them see.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) 20211021.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Dreams We Have.

The dreams we have
of lost times,
Faraway in the back,
of our mind.
To reappear one night,
When things are calm and quiet.

The nights so clear
of heavenly waves.
Bring forth those dreams
In a mysterious haze.

The colours so fabulous,
of blue azure.
Their energy surrounds us
for we have endured.

The atmosphere is silent
and soft in a way,
the angels would stay
if they had a say.

The dreams we have
of times erased.
Bring forth our memories
of happier days.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) 20211025.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Moon Falls.

The moon falls.

The moon falls a hundred times.
The stars dwindle as the hall clock chimes.
The reality of you without I
This is how my heart cries.

The sky is dark and dreary.
The wind is fast and bleary.
A sole cloud left from todays length,
Has driven me crazy with what was meant.

Lonely I am without you.
Like one Swan looking for their other half.
Searching in every lake and little stream,
Never to be seen.

And as the Swan sings her sad song,
so do I tonight.
The moon falls a hundred times.
But alas, you are nowhere in sight.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20210926

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

A Song Of Love.

A song of love.

A song of love,
I hear you sing.
A song that reaches,
everything.

A song that touches
the sunlit trees
and makes them
shine in the evening breeze.

It touches the hearts
of the lost and forlorn,
and brings peace to their souls.
It illuminates the morning air
and in the fields,
the playing foals.

It lilt through the darkness and
in the shadows
and throws light on them there.
The wild flowers dance when they hear this song, they dance without care.

It brings joy to hardened hearts
those who are forgotten.
It brings hope to those
who are feeling low and downtrodden.

A song of love
I hear you sing.
A song of joy and exaltation.
A song of peace, a song of hope
to ease the pain and aggravation ?

Sandra Kavanagh (c) 20210824

Painting: A song of love by Harry George Theaker (1873 - 1954) .

Lion's Gate 8/8

Lion's Gate the portal to our new world.
The energy of fire and charm
That gives strength to our words
And the dimension that does us no harm.

Forward we march with our swords
pointing to the sky.
Standing our ground
Against the fabrications and lies.

Building our new space
With beauty and truth,
The rot falls away
Evil was its root.

Sirius is shining and the Leo new Moon.
Everything is being aligned.
Everything in tune.

The time of Aquarius is here to stay.
2160 years forward and it will not sway.
Its time for the powers to be,
to disappear, they have become irrelevant,
Thats plain to see.

So building our new world of peace and love.
Where everyone feels they are a part
Of the new evolution.
Lion's Gate is the start of our alignment, awakening and revolution ???

Sandra Kavanagh (c) 20210808

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

There Is A Place.

There is a place.

There is a place,
where angels rest.
They were taken from their Mothers arms,
of people who thought they knew best,
but actually did great harm.

They laid there for many years,
unknown to many others,
except to those,
who thought,
their lives where not worth the bother.

They were used and abused,
by those who should know better.
Those who preached about God's love,
But did the opposite however.

Those poor children of Eire,
whose pain and suffering,
we do not know,
but can only guess
how horrifying their lives
were from those few
who survived the woe.

Their little souls will live on in the memories of loved ones and those who care.
While those who did not apologise and covered up,
will always declare,
their innocence in the question,
and try to make it disappear.
They fear the day,
we all stand together
and protect all that is dear.

So sleep little angels, softly wherever you may be.
I know you do not lie in that horrid place,
but are playing in pastures green,

with a glorious sun,
looking down on you
and a turquoise deep blue sky.
Free from all hurt and pain.
Free to wander by.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh.

This poem is dedicated to the 796 precious little angels who were dumped in a septic tank i Tuam, County Galway, Ireland. It is also dedicated to the survivors, one especially who asked me to write a poem about the Children, Seosamh O Maolchroin ???

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

I Drift Away.

I drift away under the night air,
as everyone is asleep.
The cool breeze goes swiftly past
and puts me at my ease.

I hear the sweet sound of the blackbird
singing in the tree.
The moon she beckons softly to me
While I stand underneath the old apple tree.

I drift for I want to escape
the monotonous gloom and doom,
that has invaded our dear World
and turned it into a tomb.

Where sadness has replaced joy.
Where despair has replaced hope.
Where fear is on the daily menu.
Where the powers to be are a joke!

In drifting away, I appease my anger
and change my thoughts.
I forget about the wrongs and I forget about the wrougths.

I drift away under the night air
as everyone is asleep.
I know the time will come
when everything will be at peace.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c)
Painting: Forget me not by Chie Yoshii.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

We Used To Have A Life.....

We used to have a life,
where we were never seen.
No daily updates
upon a smart screen.

We used to use a phone
at the bottom of the street.
It looked like a time machine.
It was where some people would meet.

High Tech, AI,
what does it mean?
Are we continually watched
and monitored by everything
we put up on our smart screen.

When you go to the shops,
they can tell you have been there.
QR codes give away everything
that you will bare.

Now we must have antivirus and all the other blocks.
So no one can hack your system.
Isn't that a crock.

We must have Windows 10 and not use obsolete seven.
Some people have all the gadgets.
They think they are in heaven.

But I think this nonsense,
is ruining our lifes.
It is more dependence on systems,
That feic up your life.

Where people are walking around,
looking into their hands.
Missing natures beauty
and the wonderful lands.

Control, control, control
thats what they want to achieve.
We get over dependence on them
thats all we receive.

So take it from me,
It is time to go back to the past,
to that small little Nokia,
you thought years ago would last.

Buy an ordinary phone
without all those apps.
Enjoy nature and your family
and annoy the AI saps.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) 20210610

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

This Path.

This path.

This path that I must follow,
is not easy in any way.
I wish you were here beside me
if I could see you somehow, someway.

I know you do not really understand,
and I am ok with that.
In time things will come to you
like a lightning flash of truth.
The tides are changing slowly,
but it will soon bare fruit.

I wish this path was straight
with no twists and turns.
And sometimes I must go back,
because of things I have to learn.

But along the way I learn many things,
mostly from observation.
I see the World for what it truly is.
I see its perfection and devastation.

The path to contentment and strength,
is to look within.
To look deep in the fathoms of ones heart.
Is the only way to win.

To know why we do the things we do,
Does not come easily.
To find the balance and to accept
everything about oneself can set you free.

The path I must follow is not easy in any way.
But if it brings me closer to you
I will gladly on it stay ?.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Sophias Choice.

She had a choice to be all that was true in this world.
As time went on, she lived that choice
and used her voice.

She could not stand by and let the everyday corruption consume the four corners
of the Earth.

She did all in her power
to destroy it and
to banish it.

So it would never appear again,
never in her lifetime ever.

She wanted to hear the sound of children playing in the street.
She wanted to see the elderly having at chat by the garden gate.

She wanted to see people smiling at each other.
People chatting. People hugging.

The doom of the last year was gone.
She could hear singing by an open window.
A baby crying faintly in the distance.
All was as it should be
And she was pleased with the choice
that she had made.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Enemy Is Invisible.

The enemy is invisible in many cases.
He never shows his many faces.
He cannot do his evil work, if he is known.
But be sure he will drain you to the bone.

He does it under the mantle of being good.
Many times, he is very powerful and rich.
He gets others to do his dirty work
and makes sure they never snitch.

He causes confusion and chaos in everyday life.
He buys up people, so they have debt to him.
He will never let you forget what you owe.
Dont ever think he will ever let you go.

He plays with politicians.
They are just puppets on a string.
They do his bidding for a brown paper envelope and whatever power brings.

Yes the enemy is invisible to the majority of folk.
There are a few of us whose eyes are wide open to their ways.
We see their underhanded actions for what they really say.
Their days are numbered and so is their decay.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

I Have Memories Of You.

I have memories of you.
Some good, some bad.
Of our time together,
of all that was mad.

Sometimes I am reading a book,
and then a thought of you appears.
Sometimes I am asleep,
and you turn up with my fears.

I try to forget you,
I really do.
But your face appears,
like some lost forgotten book.
I just cannot forget that look.

Maybe one day,
while I go asleep,
my thoughts will send me soaring deep,
in peaceful mode, where I can relax
and not dream of you,
not hold myself back.

But for now you stay,
as it has always been.
My memories of you
will soon fade and become thin.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Winter Gives Way To Spring.

Winter gives way to spring.

It gives way to freshly born buds.

It gives way to a fresh cool breeze.

The death of winter, the freezing cold, the blustering winds, disappeared under the mantle of a beautiful spring day.

The birds started chirping early in the morning.

The lambs bleating on the hillside, playfully running through the grass full of primroses and daffodils.

The darkness was gone.

Banished away till next autumn.

You could hear the joy in the air.

People chattering as they went by,
on their way to market.

Oh please let it be Spring all year round.

It is my favourite time of year.

The time of rebirth and growth.

The time of revitalisation after the stagnation of winter.

Let my dream come true.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

My Dream.

My dream is a clear blue sky,
with the sun wandering by.
Where we can live free and undisturbed.
Where our energies are unperturbed.

But what I am seeing ??
Is disturbing me.
I feel our freedom
is receding with their tyranny.

If what we need to fix
is simply our healthcare system.
Well why dont we do something
and adjust it with wisdom.

We must know at this stage
what works and is all the rage.
Lets us work together
and fix this page.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

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Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Innocence.

Innocence in the sight of evil,
playing out in sneaky delays.
Pretending what they are doing,
is to save us all the way.

Dont they know that liars
have to have good memories.
Do they think we are stupid enough
to fall for their insanities.

One day when this is done
how are they going to explain.
All the misinformation they have given
that has caused all the devastation and pain.

They should hang their heads in shame
and do not think that we will ever forget.
What they have done to the human race just because of economic debt.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

When All Is Quiet.

When all is quiet
during the very early morning,
It is the time for you and I
to wander on the land.
The shadows lay open and mysterious.
We are ready for what is at hand.

There is a darkness that has lain over us
and it has nothing to do with the night air.
There is trouble ahead and we can feel it.
We will try to stop it because we really care.

I look over towards the town
Where all the lights glisten brightly.
I wish I was there amongst those four walls.
Where I felt safe and warm.
Where everything was so easy.
The place where I was born.

So crisp is the night air.
So soft is the moss ridden path.
So blue is the sky.
Why is there so much wrath?

So as we contemplate the path to take,
the sun appears and gives us hope.
Its warmth and sincerity,
helps us cope.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The King.

The King.

The King in all his glory
lays on top of the Golden Hill.
He looks down on all the beauty and
everything that is passing by,
look like little ants to his eye.

He came to save us from all that was
destructive to our souls.
He wants us to live our lifes to the full
and follow our path and roles.

He is the one who has compassion
and it never fails.
Even when sometimes we fall far from our trail.
In times when we feel low and are in need.
He is there for us indeed.

And as the lamb is soft and delicate to the touch.
Our Strong lion is powerful,
and he loves us all so much.
So let us remember a bright Star in the sky
when the lion our lord came to Earth
and stayed for a little while ?????

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Eyes.

The eyes that see your beauty,
can also see your pain.
For behind the eyes is a soul,
who knows about lifes game.

The eyes that see your silence,
can also understand why.
For they have paid attention,
for a very long time.

The eyes that see your laughter,
know what makes you smile.
They lift you up on darker days,
even if its for a short while.

Yes the eyes that see your beauty,
understand your pain.
They see your depth and light,
and with you will gladly remain.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Forward We March.

Forward we march
in goodness name.
Forward we march
to win this game.

The invisible war of good versus bad.
Their hidden agendas,
their deeds of mad.
They will all come to light before the years end,
And to hell we will them send.

The strength of our spirit
will not be denied.
The honour and duty
pleasantly remind.

We have a plan to help each
other forward.
To build and remove
anything sorrid.

So forward we march
and enthusiastically so.
To win this game
and conquer our foe.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

So Sweet Is The Day.

So sweet is the day,
as I look around and see,
the flowers growing in the field,
where I used to play.

The memories come back to me,
of wonderful days of fun,
running in the long grass,
under the warm sun.

The daisies and the bluebells
scattered like a rug.
I used to collect them,
aswell as the bugs.

Just me and my cat,
the whole day long,
till mother would ring her bell,
and then the day was gone ??????

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Of Nature's Beauty I Declare.

Of nature's beauty I declare,
of all that is sweet and all that is fair.
From the mountains from afar, and the hills that lay under the twinkling stars.

You cannot go without seeing the little shouts, of all the woodlands creature as they go about.

The foxes and the deer,
come out at night when we are asleep,
to forage in our gardens and to eat what they find in heaps.

The apples under the tree,
the berries on the bush.
Some tasty tulips is not too much to ask for,
for our grazing bunch.

And all the swallows fly up near and on high.
Swirling around they go, to and fro.
The blue tit and thrush are not in a rush.
Pecking on the ground,
is their only sound.

And we have a few naughty magpies
annoying Mr. Hare,
who is under the big oak
Lying lazily there.

Of nature's beauty I declare,
of all that is sweet and all that is fair.
Of the lakes and the streams,
of the waterfalls and their flows,
I thank our Lord for all he has sowed ?

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Cold Night Air.

The cold night air,
is all you knew.
The icy waters and
the morning dew.

Your howls could be heard
from the mountain high.
The snow blew east,
across the sky.

The stars they shone,
and I could see,
the path you took,
led straight to me.

Come my friend,
your visit is overdue.
I have missed your presence.
your honest view.

The cold night air,
is all you knew.
The icy waters and the
morning dew.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

A Confused State.

Here I am in a confused state,
not knowing which way to go.
Everything seems to be falling apart.
Its no wonder I am feeling low.

The constant repetition,
is enough to drive you mad.
The misinformation and lies
are enough to make you sad.

And this hole they are digging,
gets deeper by the day.
Is it not what I have said.
Did I not say?

I wish they would spit it out.
Just tell the truth for once.
That they have been telling lies
and covering up for months.

Here I am no longer in a confused state,
Knowing which way to go.
Everything seems to be staying together.
Its no wonder I have this glow.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Night And Her Train Of Stars.

The night and her train of stars,
looked blissfully over you and I.
The dark blue velvet sky,
with its twinkling dots of gold,
was something to be in awe of,
and had stories to be told.

Of planets conjuncting at times,
of eclipses coming alive,
of moons being full or new,
Of star constellations that grew.

The night and her train of stars,
Shines a protective light on us.
Guiding us on our way,
no matter where we may.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Painting: Night and her train of stars by Edward Robert Hughes (1912) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

I Carry You In My Heart.

I carry you in my heart.
It makes the pain a little lighter.
I remember our time together
when things were a little brighter.

You lit up every room you walked in too.
Your smile was a pick me up
on days when I felt no sun.
When I was in your company,
I had no need to hide or run.

We had fun together,
talking about silly things.
How my heart ached for you.
How it now stings.

I carry you in my heart.
I try and convince myself
the pain is lighter.
I remember our time together,
when things were very much brighter ??

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

A Very Difficult Game Indeed.

A very difficult game indeed,
it is so hard to proceed.
With every twist and turn
they come up with something new.
I think somethings amiss in their head,
maybe a screw.

They come up with rules
which they themselves don't abide.
They ruin peoples lifes
And tell many lies.

They do not care about you and I.
They are rubbing their hands together,
for no matter which way it goes,
they are laughing all the way to the bank
to their millions that grow.

They cover up their dealings,
hoping we do not find out.
They think we are too preoccupied
to notice or to shout.

But now I think they realise their days are outnumbered,
I see it in their face, they look a tad disrumped.
They realise we have awakened
and seen that they are a disgrace!
They are not going win against the human race!

A very difficult game indeed.
It seems hard to proceed.
But we must go ahead with courage and fight
if we are to win and succeed.??

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Based on Lewis Carroll's Alice in Wonderland (c) .

In The Loneliness Of The Night.

In the loneliness of the night,
when everything is quiet,
and all you hear is the wind,
tapping lightly on your window pane,
remember what we had,
even if you are sad,
for our memories, they were good,
We grew and we understood.

As with everything in life,
there is no wrong or right.
The situations are there,
sometimes created by despair.
But you learn if you choose.
You have nothing to lose.
Carry on with your day.
Be happy, come what may.

In the loneliness of the night,
when everything is quiet,
and all you hear is the last geese
flying on its way.
And the morning light appears,
it rises and does not fear.
What lays ahead will come,
but we will face it anyway.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

A Beautiful Night.

A beautiful night it is,
as I sit out under the moonlight.
The air is light and breezy,
as it softly touches my shoulders,
and proceeds to the thin branches,
of a birch somewhat older.

A moth flies under the street light.

Around and around it goes.

A hare runs down the road,
probably running away from its foes.

A stag appears from behind the big oak,
nibbling at pastures green.

He stares at me,

we are old friends who meet in the
summer evenings,

Sometimes he sleeps under my apple tree.

Yes it is a beautiful night,
and I might aswell enjoy,
for soon it will be winter,
and we must then say goodbye.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c)

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

I See You And You See Me.

I see you and you see me.
We do not care about the world
and all its hate.
We carry on, play in the street
and go home before its too late.

We hug and kiss,
We are friends that grow.
We love each others company.
We learn new things everyday,
together it is always fun to be.

To us it does not matter whether
we are black or white.
We don't care about things like that.
We just want to play till the end of the day
and follow the old ginger cat.

I see you and you see me.
We see our true beings.
I hope with time nothing changes,
it won't, if we do not listen to others
biased feelings.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c)

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Daylight Comes And Then It Goes.

Daylight comes and then it goes,
and nothing ever seems to change.

I have my dreams.

I have my hopes.

But they are not within range.

Its hard to feel,
in an unfeeling world,
where no one understands.
The path I go on
is never straight,
but follows different strands.

I wish things could be different,
I really do,
But thats not the case for me.
The daylight comes and then it goes
and reveals what we need to see.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c)

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

You Are To Me My Everything.

You are to me my everything,
and even though we are apart.
You are in my thoughts daily,
it has been like this from the start.

The days go by so slowly,
but you are never far away.
I feel your thoughts and feelings,
as if you were beside me today.

So close your eyes and think of me,
as I think fondly of you.
And one day our dreams will come true,
our love is here to rule.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

Do You Ever Wonder?

Do you ever wonder,
if we took a different path.
Would our lives be any different
or would they be full of wrath.

I kind of think they would be different.
Totally from the way they are today.
But nobody really knows.
Its kind of hard to say.

And as I look out my window,
I am hoping there you would be.
Just standing there,
But its all in my fantasy.

For you are happy where you are.
You do not want a different life.
Even though its not all you want,
it does for now, because you dont need the strife.

And I will continue down my path,
maybe meet someone new.
I will always wonder and I think one day you will too.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Veil.

The veil between our world and the next
is thinning every day.

And with it more is being revealed
and those who have done evil
acts will have to pay.

There will be no more cover ups,
no more hiding the truth.
We will protect our Children
and get rid of the sickness
which is the root.

They think that all their money
will protect them in the end.
They think we are fooled by everything
that they send.

But there is no hiding for them,
no running away.
The lions gate is soon open
and it is here to stay.

They think by telling lies and
making unreal episodes,
that we do not see their untruths,
that we do not see their souls.

But we see the darkness, the depths of their evil acts, .
And with the light of our strength,
we will banish them away.
Our love is here to stay.

So this time is for all of us to stand together in faith.
Not to believe everything that is said,
for the media is their bait.

The veil between the worlds is thinning every day.
Our hopes for a better place, lies within us all.
Search deep and find yourself

and break down their walls.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Sometimes I Hear The Sound.

Sometimes I hear the sound,
of music playing from the woods.
It whistles through the trees,
lilting beautifully amid the buds.

I often wonder who played this
cheerful note.
The music lifts my spirits high.
The words are softly written.
The birds join in, I sigh.

It sounds like nature joining in,
my head is in a spin.
So lovely is the sound.
I wonder where its owner can be found.

And in the midst of my walk,
I see a vision of peace.
Surrounded by many animals,
wanting the music not to cease.

And as I hid behind the big oak tree,
she played so beautifully.
A young woman in cloths of green,
Her fingers so slenderly.

The harp she played was gold.
It looked very old.
From a time when men were bold
and many stories were untold.

This lady who skillfully played
and memorised everyone who stayed.
They listened with a gleam in their eye.
I waited, I could not say goodbye.

The night came and it was time to go.
Whatever happened to her, I do not know.
The sound appears from time to time.

Between the birch and the pine.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Happy Pride.

Shine your colours bright.
Live your truth.
Love and harmony,
is the root.
Of all joy in our world.
Let your words be heard,
be your true self.
Let us join together
and not separate our herd.
Love who you choose,
and live your life your way.
I raise a glass to you all
on this Happy Pride Day.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

Lost.

Lost in the feeling of loneliness,
as time goes by so slowly.
Wondering will I ever see you,
as the days pass by so solely.

Lost in my thoughts of memories.
Some overshadowed by time.
How I wish we were together.
So I would not have to pine.

My love for you will last a lifetime.
My heart is full of peace.
Why is it at times I feel so lost?
I wish these feelings would cease.

Lost in the feeling of loneliness,
as time goes by so slowly.
Wondering will I ever see you,
as the days pass by so solely.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

They Do Not Really Understand.

They do not really understand,
how hard it is,
to live your life in the darkness,
without any bliss.

To try and take all the strength that you have,
to do just one thing.
How hard that is.
Oh but what joy it brings.

They do not really understand,
the thoughts in your head.
The many different voices,
their words that made you bleed.

And you try and you try
and each day is a challenge.
You do not give up your hope,
you try to ease the damage.

All you want is someone to be there.
Someone to hug you and really care.
Someone to listen and not say a word.
Someone who understands and that you are heard.

No. They do not really understand.
They are too preoccupied to care.
Maybe one day it will happen to them,
and then they will understand and learn.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Blame Game.

The blame game is easy to play.
Just choose your victim and say,
that they are responsible,
for all the bad in the world.
Don't look to yourself,
in case you don't like what you find
when you delve.

You do not try to understand,
for you might find the truth,
that all evil stems from hatred,
ignorance and fear.
Do not open your eyes,
for it is easier to look yourself in the mirror.
Sure it does not tell you any lies.

And when you find your victim,
a person who was done wrong.
You have a long list of bad things,
they may or may not have done.

Instead of looking at the problem,
you try to cover it up.
You play the blame game.
You throw out the muck.

Until we stop sticking our heads
in the sand, and admit our own shortcomings,
we will always land, in that place of limbo,
where nothing is ever solved.
No CHANGE, until we evolve.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

It Has Been Said.

It has been said,
that we cannot have the light without the dark.

It has been said,
we cannot have joy without some
sadness.

And in those moments when we are together,
I can feel your joy and your pain.
You are my sunshine when it rains.

For in us all is a dark side,
that we sometimes do not face.
We all have some demons,
which we try to battle with grace.

So on those days when your darkness
takes you to a place of gloom.
I will come and comfort you,
and take you to a garden where flowers bloom.

And you can do the same for me.
Show me the other side.
So I can try to understand,
the things that you hide.

It has been said,
that we cannot have the light without the dark.

It has been said,
we cannot have joy without some
sadness.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c)

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Stay There.

Stay there locked in your prison
of empty dreams and ruin.
Stay there where you feel safe,
and where nothing will consume.

Do not venture out into the big bad world.
You might need to feel,
you might need to be heard,
you might need to deal.

Do not reveal your inner most
feelings.
Not even to me.
Stay like a hermit.
Hide away,
I will let you be.

And one day when you come looking,
I will be a long time gone.
I cannot wait forever,
the feeling of loneliness is strong.

Stay there locked in your prison,
of empty dreams and ruin.
Stay there where you feel safe,
and where nothing will consume.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

I See Your Face.

I see your face
and within every crevice,
I know there is a story to tell,
of lifes hardships and of all
that went bad and all that went well.

No one knows of your deep thoughts,
for you have never revealed,
not even to those to whom your love was sealed.

And in every dark shadow and every dent,
there was a day that was bad
and a day that was well spent.

And there were days were you dreamed
and it kept you alive.

And others when you drank
and all you could do was to dive,
into the depths of despair.
You did not care.

But now you are content.
You have lived lifes path.
You have loved and you have suffered
other peoples wrath.

But you have learned that life brings
good things and bad.
It brings also happy days and sad.
But the most important thing you
have learnt on this road,
is that sometimes you can meet an angel
and that they are worth more than gold.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Dove.

The dove of peace and light,
that flies so softly by.
The dove that makes things right,
in a world of dismay and lies.

Your calmness gives us hope.
Your strength uplifts our souls.
We continue our journey
for we now know our goals.

And now when we look in the mirror,
and we can truly see,
what we tried to hide and not face.
What we can really be.

Peace will come to our world
when the lust for power ceases.
Until we understand this fact,
Everything will always be in pieces.
For peace within ourselves, spreads to all others.
No more fighting our demons.
No more running for cover.

So little dove fly by so peacefully high.
You are a sign of hope and love,
that will come in time.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

You Are The Sunlight.

You are the sunlight to my moon.
You are my happy, when sad days doom.
You are my brightness in a room.
My hope when everything lays in ruin.

Your smile lights up my day.
There is warmth in everything you say.
You give me strength and power,
so I survive my falling towers.

And in my lonely hours,
when I am here with my thoughts.
My mind lights up everytime,
I remember you and everytime we talked.

You are the sunlight to my moon.
You are my happy, when sad days doom.
You are my brightness in a room.
Come and see me soon.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

A New Path.

Forever lost you were,
Always trying to find yourself.
Trying to get to know who you really were
under those reams of forgotten layers.

What was it you wanted to do?
What was your dream come true?
Have you forgotten how it is to be?
Come and let us see.

I will show you a new path,
that leads to peaceful thoughts.
Where your night time dreams
are full of pleasant scenes
and not of terrible wroughts.

I will show you new ways
of doing things,
a new way of living free.
Forget all that's gone before you,
come and let us be.

This is a new time and age.
Time for a brand new start.
Keep shining your lamp.
Keep shining the light in your heart.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

I Return To My Trees.

I return to my trees
and the heavens above me.
I return to all I had forgotten
and all I had not seen.

I understand more each meaning.
I realise what I had closed my eyes to,
and now my walls are not blocked.
My heart is unlocked.

I know that in life we need a balance,
for everything to work.
But we also need to face things
and not cover up what lurks.

I return to my trees
and the heavens above me.
I return to their beauty
and their undying love.

Dod yn ol at fy nghoed.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Run, Run, Run Away.

Run, run, run away,
flee from all your fear.
Cover up, don't seek the sun,
don't breathe in the fresh air.

Listen, listen to all they say,
do not use your brain.
Follow, follow every hysteria
till it drives you insane.

Do not listen to the experts,
for you know more than them.
Listen to the media and other idiots,
sure their stories stem.

We never learn from history.
We always make the same mistakes.
Why do we ever call ourselves,
the so called "Human" race.

 Poemlunter.com

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

As I Ponder.

As I ponder,
on a day like this.
When the raindrops splash against my window,
and I drink a glass of wine in bliss.

When I think of you,
my cheeks turn red.
My dreams of you
are bloomingly stealth.

Drip drop against my window pane.
Why do you drive me insane.
Colours of the rainbow I can endure.
Let us fathom and explore.

As I ponder,
on a day like this.
When the raindrops splash against my window,
and I drink a glass of wine in bliss.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Nothing Is Impossible.

Nothing is impossible,
even when you are in the depths of despair.
Believe in yourself
and you are halfway there.

No one can do it for you.
For no one knows your dreams.
You are the one,
that can build it in reams.

Your strength comes from within.
You have what it takes.
You have to dare,
even when it aches.

Build your self esteem.
No turning back.
Do what it takes,
Until you are King or Queen.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

You Did Not Believe In Me.

You did not believe in me.
When you looked you saw something else.
But what you saw was what you already held.

Broken dreams and people who let you down.
You were unable to wear your crown.
They pretended that they cared for you.
But you knew in your heart that their words were untrue.
Then I came along,
and you started to dream anew.

Please believe me when I say I care.
To me you are all I will dare.
Your arms around me,
is all I need.
Please believe me,
I will consede.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Over Dublin's Rooftops.

Over Dublin's Rooftops,
I see St Michan's Church,
and the Liffey to its right.
I see the tower of Irish Whiskey
as it overlooks fondly on Smithfield
with its cobblestones and lamps so tall.
I see the four Courts all in grey and the
top of the Dublin Mountains on this clear day.

And as I look to the other side I see the road
that leads to my old home.
When I walk up there,
ghosts of my former life run past me
ever so swiftly.
Things are not the same
and it often feels empty,
when you cannot go home
and have a chat with your nearest and dearest.
They are long gone but the memories remain.
Still nothing is the same.

Over Dublin's rooftops we hear the chiming of the bell.
Which brings back memories of Sunday Mass and a visit to Granny, before
heading home for roast dinner and icecream and jelly.

When I think back now,
Life was easy and simple,
less stress than it is today.
And we never really appreciate
what we have, until it is sadly taken away.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c)

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

My Friendly Ghost

As the last glimpse of light
leaves the day,
And all the trees gently sway.
I walk through the forest slowly,
remembering things my mind had swept away.

And in those lonely moments,
little flickers of memories
come running past
and little snippets of conversations
when you were here last.

I cannot deny that I miss you
and it is in these days that I feel it most.
Now you are just a memory,
my friendly ghost.

I smile when I remember our dance.
I recollect every step.
Your music was beauty to my ears.
Your words had so much depth.

It gives me little consolation for you are long gone.
I close my eyes so tightly
and try to hear your song.

Maybe in our next life,
we will have the chance to meet again.
All I can do is ponder ...until then.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

As The Hours Fade.

As the hours fade
and all turns to darkness,
I am not afraid
because you are beside me.
The shadows may engulf me,
but you are there,
holding me tightly
and keeping all harm away.

Anything can come,
it does not matter.
Any storm can brew
and lightening and thunder
can scream through the sky.
But as long as you are there,
I am not afraid,
as the hours fade.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Wind Is Blowing.

The wind is blowing harshly against my window pane.
Its sound is rough and daunting,
as it whistles through the lane.
The old oak tree outside is swaying to and fro.
The leaves are swirling past,
not really knowing where they go.

The little blackbird finds shelter under the bush.
The majestic swan is gliding,
not even in a rush.
Now the clouds are fiercely taking over the sky.
The birds disappear till
everything calms down,
at least they try.

And in the midst of the storm,
the sun suddenly appears.
Its light shines down so heavenly,
on the rains tears.

The wind is calmer now,
no more loud noise.
You can hear the seagulls in the distance,
you can hear their screeching voice.

The wind is blowing harshly against my window pane.
Its sound is rough and daunting,
as it whistles through the lane.
I am quite content to be inside
and listen to the rain.
Knowing that afterwards,
everything is going to be the same.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

A Woman's Heart.

A woman's heart is an ocean
full of secrets.

It takes years of unravelling
the mysterious depths.

She will only reveal what
she wants you to know.

So steady there and be careful
where you go.

In time she will trust you.

Be gentle with her heart.

It's been broken before,
but now she wants a new start.

It's a new journey along a pathway unknown.

But she is willing to give you a chance.

So don't let it be blown.

Life is full of thorns, but it can be also a dance.

A woman's heart is an ocean
full of secrets.

It takes years of unravelling
the mysterious depths.

She will only reveal what
she wants you to know.

Time will tell if love has grown.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Daylight Comes.

Daylight comes,
just another day.
Your heart beats,
one heartbeat away.
The birds sing as if to say,
'Open your window, let us sing for you today'.

And all around, is a deep sadness, a deep worry.
For none of us know what tomorrow brings.
'But hasn't it been like that since the beginning of time.
Worry never solved anything just complicates things.

Daylight comes,
just another day.
Your heart beats,
one heartbeat away.
The birds sing as if to say.
'A new day is here and it brings hope for you today'.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

She Was Not From This World.

She was not from this world.
She did not do ordinary things.
You would not find her in the street,
but maybe down the park sitting on a swing.
Looking up at the stars,
thinking deeply about everything
and nothing in particular.
The world was her oyster and many adventures had she,
on her own by the sea.
Admiring a seashell or an incoming wave.
Making sandcastles or finding
a lost hiddenaway cave.
She was not from this world,
but from lost forgotten times.
She liked to be on her own.
she did not at all mind.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Do You Think I Really Care?

Do you think I really care,
what you think of me.
Did you think that I spend my days
worrying about your thoughts.
When you never bothered to show me
that you cared.
When you were never there.

No I rarely think of you.
Just a passing memory on some days.
When I am deep in thought
your face comes to mind.
Another place, another time.

Do I really care what you think of me?
Why should I care, I can be nonchalant
and in the freedom of knowing who I really am,
I do not care and I do what I want.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Where Is The Joy?

Where is the joy in this dark and gloomy room?
Is it hiding in the shadows of lost forgotten days?
Or when the music box begins to play?
Or in our silent dreams at the break of day?

Where is the joy?

When daylight comes and drizzles through broken window pane.
when the wind fiercely comes down the chimney and gushes through the room.
When the sound of the rain pelting against this old house.
Does it take away your gloom?

For there is joy in the small things of life.
There is joy even when there is strife.
Those everyday things like reading a book
can bring joy and happiness
if we really look.

Where is the joy?

Hiding in shadows of lost forgotten days.
The broken box of photos laying at the foot of the bed.
The joy is in the box,
when all is done and said.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Clock.

The Clock is ticking loud and clear,
as it always does in the hallway.
And as each second and minute disappears,
we know this time is lost for always.

We cannot get it back.
We can just remember how it was.
We can remember the lack,
or begin to fill it up with fun days.

For the Clock it ticks for no one,
it has a life of its own.
The hands they keep on turning,
round and round they go.

So let us fill our hours, days and nights,
with laughter, smiles and joys.
The clock it can keep ticking
and we won't mind the noise.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

There Is So Much Beauty In The World.

There is so much beauty in the world.
if we just could open our eyes and see.
But we are always so busy,
not taking the time to be.

The fragrance of the apple blossoms,
the soft touch on your cheek of a cool breeze.
All these things are signs of beauty,
that never tend to cease.

And even at night we have the moon and see its
loveliness as it leers.
The stars they glisten and shine down on us like
diamonds.
They are everything that we should hold dear.

So open your mind and your Eyes.
Pay attention each day,
Your life will be filled with joy.
Do not let your worries take it away.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

And Then The Sky Was Clear.

After everything had been closed
for a few months.

We all came out one day,
and what a wondrous sight
we saw, that nothing could delay.

The sky was the clearest blue,
that it had been in a long, long time.
The air smelt so fresh,
nothing left of the grime.

Beautiful flowers lay all around.
The Swans even appeared.
The universe was teaching us a lesson.
To which we were not geared.

It was time for us to take care
of our world.
To take care of those in need.
For us to be better humans
and not think of just the greed.

So maybe from now on we will
remember,
so it does not happen again.
Our skies are clearer now,
let us rejoice and say Amen.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh(c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Where Are The Roses You Promised Me?

Where are the roses you promised me?
The ones with petals so soft as the mornings breeze.
Where are the words you whispered to me?
Written down at your ease.

The roses smelt of rich perfume.
Your words were easy to consume.
Your song I was delighted to hear,
It was so nice to have you near.

But of course I was dreaming
and you were far, far away.
Living your life,
and here I had to stay.

Where are the roses you promised me?
The ones with petals so soft
as the mornings breeze.
Where are the words you
whispered to me?
Gone, they also had to cease.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The High Priestess.

She lives in her small temple
on the peak of the mountain.
Behind her the tree of life
and the fountain.

She is a symbol of fertility and the divine.
Behind her the pillars which represents
duality,
the masculine and feminine.

She connects to the natural cycles of the moon.
The time of Aquarius is coming soon.
The sacred knowledge will only be revealed,
when mankind is ready to look beyond
the material realm and concede.

For the veil between spirit and the physical realms
is getting thinner.
We must listen more to our intuition and subconscious mind.
The High Priestess is a divine ruler.
If we listen, she will help us all to align.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

I Was Dreaming About Something.

I was dreaming about something,
that you could not see.
And I hoped in my heart,
in time you would feel,
that my love for you,
would always stay
nothing could ever drive it away.

It does not matter that we are apart.
It does not matter if we have to wait.
I knew when we looked at each other that day,
those feelings would never go away.

And as time has passed by,
after lessons that we both have learnt.
We are both getting older and the loneliness isn't
deserved.
And no matter where you are in this cold and unfair
world,
remember there is a place,
where I listen fondly to your words.

I was dreaming about something,
that you could not see.
And I hoped in my heart,
in time you would feel,
that my love for you,
would always stay.
Nothing could ever drive it away.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh(c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

We Cannot See Them.

We cannot see them,
though they are there.
Some of us can sense them
like the rain in the air.

Generations before us,
still staying around,
to see if we need help
not making a sound.

Our animals can see them,
sometimes they look strange,
looking over our shoulder
looking a bit deranged.

They are here to protect us,
to keep danger away.
Our guardian angels,
that will always stay.

So in times of need,
pay attention to the wind chimes,
blowing softly in the night air,
for maybe you will hear an angels prayer.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

You Have Forsaken Me.

You have forsaken me.
I do not feel your presence anymore.
The day has become night.
The sun has become the moon.
Heaven is lost, everything is doom and gloom.

The flowers do not bring any beauty.
The sky feels like a dark cloak
hovering above.
I do not feel your presence.
Where is your love?

You have forsaken me.
I do not hear your voice.
When all is said and done
you had a choice.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Lion And The Lamb

The lion and the lamb
are as one.
Just like softness and strength.
The two combined
are heaven sent.

Through them we learn humility
and courage in times of need.
Through them we learn simplicity
and when we must heed.

The lion and the lamb
are as one.
Just like softness and strength.
The two of them combined
are heaven sent.

Verse. Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



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Where We Once Walked.

Where we once walked,
I do recall.
That beautiful place in the forest,
where the trees grow tall.
Where the branches intertwine,
as if to say.
"Come join us and stay";
Where the ground is covered with flower blooms.
Where the sunlight drizzles through
and is seen reflected in the small puddles of water.
Where the wild mushrooms gather around the ends of the tree.
A place where we could saunter.
And every inch I do remember,
for it was where I felt such joy.
It was not only that I walked with you.
It was for the ambience too.

Verse: Sandra KAVANAGH (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

She Had Hair As Red As A Ruby.

She had hair as red as a ruby.
Eyes the colour of a turquoise sea.
She was quiet and mysterious.
She would let your imagination run free.

Bold and brave she was.
Stood up for those who needed to rise.
She belonged to another world,
not seen by human eyes.

At night she would come,
when the human folk were asleep.
She would walk into their rooms.
when they were dreaming deep.

She would sing into their ear,
a sweet lullaby.
Change their mood from down to high.
Give them hope and give them pride.
So when they awoke they could decide.

And with her always was her little sweet friend.
Her little black crow who followed her to no end.
He would accompany her wherever she went.
Spending time with him was a day well spent.

She had hair as red as a ruby.
Eyes the colour of a turquoise sea.
I hope one night when you are dreaming,
she will come and visit thee.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

As The Rain Falls.

As the rain falls down heavily,
and washes everything away.
The dark sky brightens up
with flashes of lightening as if to say
"Hurry up, go on home, do not stay"
And as the water takes away the leaves and all the decay,
the shores are brimming full
and must be emptied without delay.

The trees are blowing fiercely and they sway.
Everything is wet and dreary including me.
My umbrella blows inside out
and then away, I see.

Of home I go or at least I try to.
I am blown from left to right as I cross the road.
The rain pelts down some more,
oh what a down pour.

Home at last, I take of my wet clothes.
A nice hot cup of tea should do the trick.
Looking out the window as the rain falls,
glad to be inside these four walls.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

What Is Happiness?

What is happiness?

Is it the peace in ones heart
after a long fight?

Is it a quiet moment in the calm
surrounds of beauty and light?

Is it spending time with loved ones,
walking by the sea?

Is it just doing what you want
and letting everything be?

Is it finally accepting who you are?

Is it travelling to places near or far?

Is it finishing a project and having success in what you do?

Is it reading a book or looking at a picture you drew?

Happiness means different things to different people.

Life is full of its moments

and some can catch you by surprise.

Little things like a blooming flower

or a golden sunrise.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Night Time Comes.

Night time comes,
my favourite time of day.
The stars are shining
and the night air softly breezes away.

The nightingale sings,
its beautiful song.
I wish for the night
to be very long.

So that I can dream of you,
and all the things you do.
I escape in the dark,
remembering the view.

A long sleep I will have,
a soft pillow to lay on.
Your strong arms around me,
I will dream, dream till dawn.

Night time comes,
my favourite time of the day,
the stars are shining,
and the night air softly breezes away.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Full Moon.

The full moon lights up the night for me.
And in the shadows you playfully be,
under the stars that shone so bright.
Oh what a wonderful night!
You sway and glide,
your spirit alive
and with each movement,
your glow puts me in a trance.
Oh what a wonderful dance!
I could sit here all night
under this wondrous light,
feeling the warmth from the fire,
longing in desire.
Oh what a wonderful sight!

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



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Let Us Dance.

Let us dance.

Let us put on our joyful clothes,
and with the sound of music,
lift our bodies to the sun.

For in our life,

it is these moments,

when we can run free,

and delight in every pleasure.

Let us dance like no ones looking,

and enjoy the freedom it gives us and the great joy.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



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In The Limelight.

When you are up on your stage,
and looking down at the vast crowd,
is it worth it in the end
all the years you did spend,
in the limelight.

Everyone wants a piece.
They are not happy with something small.
Everyone wants to hug you, kiss you.
Are you able to feel anything at all.

And when you go home and you are on your own,
whats left to do, but look at your phone.
What once gave you joy and a rush,
leaves you empty and forlorn,
you wish you could just sweep it all away with a brush.

For the streets you once walked
are history to you.
Your life is not your own,
its divided in two.

The one part on display when
hysteria erupts.
But now you know how to play.
You know your own downs and ups.

And one day when you look back
and see what you achieved.
You will see that you gave so much joy and hope,
and that it was so well received.
But is the price worth it,
to be in the limelight,
or would you rather have an ordinary life.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c)

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Sometimes I Wonder.

Sometimes I wonder when I look into your eyes,
do you feel how I feel or is it all lies.
Deep in my soul is a burning desire.
Baby, my heart is on fire.

The hope that I feel is that you want the same.
This life is hard darling, no ones to blame.
The sould of your voice, drives me insane.
You are having dark thoughts, let me take away your pain.
And in the small hours of the morning,
when you feel my soft caress.
May all your cares and worries be gone,
no more stress.

Sometimes I wonder when I look in your eyes,
do you feel how I feel or is it all lies.
Deep in my soul is a burning desire.
Baby, my heart is on fire.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Homeless.

Your home is a cardboard box.
Your pillow a few newspapers.
You sleep on the street corner
under the night sky.
And as you lie there looking
up at the gleaming stars,
you ask yourself how and why?

How did this happen?
This dreary life of yours.
It can happen to anyone
behind closed doors.
Addictions, illnesses, loss of jobs
are only a few of the reasons
that drove your heart to sob.

And some people treat you like dirt,
with their so judgemental ways.
Call you a "bum"
and look at you with disdain.
When they come out of the pub,
they kick your cardboard box.
Stupid ignorant people
who have to learn lots.

But some days are good.
Some days you meet a kind soul,
who will buy you some coffee and a ham roll.
Who will chat for awhile and give you a hug.
Who will treat you like a human being.
Who will not shrug.
And each day you dream
that your life will change.
That you will wake up one morning
and everything won't look so strange.
That you have people around you,
that will give you love and care.
That's all anyone wants,
just someone to be there.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

A Letter.

A letter I write to thee my love.
A short note written hastely
in the moist night air.
The wind is blowing fiercely outside
as the sands swirl high to where they dare.

I try to find the words to write.
The candle flickers in the dead of night.
My heart paces quickly too and fro.
Where my path will lead me, I do not know.

My letter is to Egypt and also to you.
I cannot live this life without your love.
My impatience is getting worse,
as our story has been written above.

Our past lifes have reappeared
and will do so till we meet.
It is not so easy to see you
and not to touch my sweet.

A letter I write to thee my love.
A short note written hastely
in the moist night air.
The wind is blowing fiercely outside
if you come to me, if we dare.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Every Storm Runs Out Of Rain.

Every storm runs out of rain and every dark night turns into day.

Thats what I have heard and thats what you say.

But sometimes it takes way longer,
to get yourself out of your dark pit.

When some days you want to stay in bed,
and on others you want to look out the window
and just sit.

And all the things that once made you glad,
you have no interest in anymore.

Your friends try their best,
but you don't even open the door.

You get up everyday and try and do your best.

But the darkness still hangs over you.

Some days put you to the test.

Every storm runs out of rain and every dark night turns into day.

Thats what I have heard and thats what you say.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The House Of Shadows.

The house of shadows,
was hidden away,
in the new forest
and at the light of day,
you might catch a glimpse,
if you looked to the east
as the sun danced on the broken window panes
and teased.

And in the corridors you could hear a lightly spring of
steps.
A door slamming shut,
and tears that were wept.

And in the shadows you could make out,
the outlines of people that were once about.
Maids in their uniforms,
children at play.
Grandmothers having their tea in the middle of the day.

Smells of baking in the kitchen downstairs.
The small tinkle of tea cups as their owners enjoyed,
their afternoon pleasure before everything became void.

And in the evening the piano played,
you could hear the lilting music
as the curtains swayed.
A couple would dance on the patio,
oh it was along time ago.

In the parlour an old grandfather pondered over some
books.
On the top of the stairs some
children were peering down,
seeing what was happening
until their mother appeared in her gown.

The house of shadows never went to sleep.
The sound of laughter heard so deep.

Within its walls those that remain,
are here to stay sun, wind or rain.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

We Will Not Evolve.

Until we forget old prejudices,
we will not evolve.

Until we stop hating,
nothing will be solved.

I see everyday the ignorance
that surrounds our nations.
We are not a colour, a religion, a size
or a sexual inclination.

People are still living in the past,
carrying their burdens and making them last.
Passing their ignorance to the next generation.
The hatred continues down the ancestral formation.

We are spirits surrounded by skin.
We come from the same energy,
our souls shining within.
If we could only look and see each others true selves,
instead of what we believe to be real,
Life would be much easier for us to deal.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Those Who Don't Believe In Magic.

Those who don't believe in magic
will never find it.

Those who do not look
will never see,
the beauty that surrounds them,
our lives, what sets us free.

The greatest secrets are found
in the unlikely places.
There is magic in the smallest touch.
The world is our oyster.
We can learn so much.

So start to believe in magic.
Start to believe in yourself.
You can create your destiny.
You can seek and delve.

Those who don't believe in magic
will never believe in fantasy.
Brighten up your world,
see all the good in you and me.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Come To Me.

Come to me
and in that place where silence dawns,
lay your head on my pillow
and softly dream of days gone by.

Dream, dream and in those dreams
live your wildest love.
Echoes from the past will consume you
just for a little while.

And when the darkness leaves
and the Sunlight trickles through the window,
the hope for a new day arrives
and with it my deep love for you.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



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Can We Remember.

Can we remember to say
how much we love the people
in our lifes.

Can we remember to show them
how important they are
and how fine.

Can we make them feel loved
with our warmth and kindness.
Can we put our arms around them
and take away their tiredness.

It is with love and only love
that the darkness fades away.
It is through love that the light
will come each day.

It is not easy to be strong.
But if we help each other
we cannot go wrong.

So remember to say how much
you love the people in your life.
For one day it will be too late
and the sadness will arrive.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Happy New Year.

Happy New Year to everyone.
May all your Dreams come true.
May this year bring happiness and sun.
May you find peace and you.

We won't forget the past
or all who were a part of it.
But it is time to walk new paths
and to piece together our new life bit by bit.

So look to new pastures green.
Look to peace and harmony.
May 2020 be a healthy one.
Happy New Year to everyone.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

We Are Different Yet Alike.

We are different yet alike
in so many ways my darling.
Our hearts beat to the same drum.
What we feel is so alarming.

I see the games you play
not for mischief or to do me harm.
You want to find out my depths
what I hide deep inside.
It takes time, don't rush the ride.

I see your pain.
I feel your love.
I recognise your reasons
that made you question the above.

You are my light on my darkest days.
You give me strength to fight the haze.
Don't ever leave me, don't ever go.
My heart is yours.
I love you so.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Creatures Of The Night.

We are creatures of the night
you and I.
Creatures of shadows and streams of light,
flickering through the trees.

We blend in with the night sky
and we only exist,
when the diamondy light of the stars
finds its way to the highlights of our hair.

Softly we walk through the maze of trees.
Trying not to wake the other sleeping animals.
Some are awake as we.
Looking for food or running swiftly over hill and vale.

The moon is shining fondly down.
The air is cool and crisp.
In the distance the water is trickling
down the side of the mountain,
as the wind is blowing through the trees.

Yes we are creatures of the night.
It is our time and place to be.
Enjoying our time together.
Living our life so free.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

A Long Wait.

Its a long wait and time is passing by.
Memories erupt as I look to the sky.
Waiting and waiting till that day,
you come to me and stay.

Healing takes time
and we must do it apart.
Feeling your pain
breaks my heart.
Trying to cope with each passing day.
It gets harder, so much dismay.
Remembering our past lifes
helps me convey,
my true love for you
and it takes away the grey.

Its a long wait and time is passing by.
Memories errupt as I look to the sky.
Waiting and waiting till that day,
you come to me and stay.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh(c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

I Wonder Sometimes.

I wonder sometimes
about life and all it entails.
Is it worth the heartbreak
and endless effort that pales.

When you give and you give
and your hopes disappear,
through a fathom of everyday desires
that exasperate into the atmosphere.

When you love and you love
so deeply,
Yet still in vain,
and nothing can take away the pain.

But you still have a little hope
which you hold dearly.
You try your best
and you continue on the road,
so fearly.

For in hope and in faith,
we still believe in true love
and all it holds so dear.
And I hope you realise
to me you are all I hold so rare &3

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Don't Give Up On Your Dreams.

Don't give up on your dreams,
even when life gets hard.
Try and try again.
Learn from every discard.

Some will say you can't do it.
Others will put you off.
Believe in yourself and
don't mind their scoffs.

We all have dreams.
We have had them since we were kids.
Along the way some were discarded.
Others fell through the grid.

Life is short.
So follow your dream.
Do what makes you happy
and build your self esteem.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Lost In Confusion.

Lost in confusion,
everyday feels the same.
Trying to reason,
to forget the pain.
Lost in a maze
of empty thoughts.
See no way out,
Lives full of wroughts.

Sometimes we overthink.
Just let it be.
Feel the pain,
and then you will see,
a new tomorrow with hope and faith.
Sometimes life is so.
It will be worth the wait.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

A Gentleman's Agreement.

A gentleman's agreement
where everything was hushed.
Where the underlying hate
was secretly discussed.

Where you never got a job
or a place at college.
Did not make any difference
if you were smart or had the knowledge.

You were the butt of jokes
when people were drunk.
You were despised and hated
like you were trash or junk.

There was a distinction
and so many thought,
that they were better in every way.
Still the same even today.

I wish people would learn
that we are all alike.
We come from the same energy
even if we come from different walks of life.

We are just spirits.
We don't need to divide.
Let us build and dream together.
Let us not take sides.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

At The Break Of Day.

At the break of day,
when the birds begin to sing.
In the haunted morning hours
when the church bell rings.

As I look out the window
and see your ship sail away,
to lands over the horizon,
praying for the day
that you will return,
till then I will mourn.

The room is cold and empty,
until I light the fire.
You were the one to notice
the storms in my eyes.
You were the one
who lifted my spirits as high as the skies.



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The days will be cold and empty
until your return.
The sunlight will not bring me warmth,
The daylight no surprise.
The empty hours drift endlessly
as I wait for you and mourn.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

What Would I Do?

What would I do if
you gave me the moon?
What would I do if
our love died too soon.

What if the stars did not
shine at night?
What if all hope was gone
and all delight.

You don't need to give me anything.
You just need to be yourself.
And when the night is fiercely cold
wrap your strong arms around me bold.

For you are me and I am you.
Our journey has just begun
and our story too.
And when you give me the moon
and when I hear our lovely tune,
I know our love will last and that
it won't die too soon.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Night Is Dark

The night is dark and full of shadows,
lurking in the stillness of another day that's gone by.
I wander through the oak and beech
and follow the trail to the house that I must reach.

Stopping along the way I stare at the night sky.
All the clouds whistle by.
The moon looks down as if to question why
I am roaming about so late this night.

This house is my new home.
It's where my new life begins.
Away from town and city noise.
Away from burdens and endless choice.

Deep in the forest where the blackbird sings.
Beside the mountains and the open springs.
Here is where I will stay
till the end of my days.
even when the night is dark.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

You Are Not Really Lonely.

You are not really lonely
when you have a book to read.
You are not really lonely
if you have a plant to seed.

You are not really lonely
if you have a cake to bake.
You are not really lonely
if you have a garden to rake.

Its good to enjoy our alone time.
Its good to enjoy our time spent together.
You are not really lonely
when you have a book to read.
You are not really lonely
if you are enjoying the weather.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

We Believe.

We believe as soon
as the sun does rise,
that at the end of the day
the moon will surprise.

We believe when winters blanket
of snow has disappeared,
that new buds will be seen
and in the future sheared.

We believe in the caterpillars change,
from a silky cocoon,
to a butterfly with a beautiful range.

But how come when it comes to our love,
that we do not believe in its length.
How come when we look in each others eyes
we do not see the strength.

Believe me when I say to you,
You are my all, my fire.
I understand your gestures, your eyes,
Your silence and your desires.

So let us begin to believe in us,
and let our wildflowers grow.
Let our spirits fly free and wild as the sea
and let us reap what we sow.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Just A Little House Beside The Lake.

Just a little house beside the lake
is where I want to live
Where the mountains touch the sky
and show the beauty that they give.
Where the water is so blue and icy clear.
Where the goats run down the hills and
where the poppies bloom so near.

Where each day is filled with laughter
and each night with sheer delight.
The land of the midnight sun
in the summer, no need for candlelight.

And in the winter to curl up with a book,
the embers of the fire,
dance brightly with every look,
and with every known desire.

Yes to the little house beside the lake
where time stood still.
Where home will be and always will.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Sun Shone Through The Trees.

The sun shone through the trees,
and everything seemed better for it.
The light glistened on every bough
as the snow drizzled down a bit.

I walked for many miles before
I came to the river.
A dazzling ray of colour
with small logs hurrying by and I shivered.

The leaves of amber orange and golden yellow
lay scattered on the ground,
enveloping every step I took.
I could not hear a single sound.

I was glad for the sun because it gave a little warmth, on an otherwise cold and blustery day.

I was glad to be alone with my thoughts
to ponder in great depth and stay.

The sun shone through the trees,
and everything seemed better.
I was thankful for the small things in life,
like having a cozy sweater.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Your Dance.

You loved to dance in the evening
when everyone had gone to bed.
While they were fast in slumbers
you were pirouetting instead.

Your limbs so soft and tender,
each lift was strong and high.
Your dainty spin and sauter
was beautiful to the eye.

Swanlike in every way,
your long neck stretched so tall.
Your delicate fingers
rised to the occasion,
as you danced out to the hall.

Your dance was so perfect,
and your enjoyment could be seen,
as you danced under the lamplights and stars,
you were a lovely dream.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

In The Death Of Night.

In the death of night,
I hear your name,
in the whispering breeze.

In the death of night,
I see your ghost,
as it dances timidly through the trees.

In the death of night
I taste your lips,
as they caress mine.
In the death of night,
I feel your touch,
before you go out of sight.

Come back to me my love,
don't ride away.
Stay with me, till the dawn of the day.

In the death of night,
I hear your name.
I awake from my slumber
and nothing is the same.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

I Gave You My Heart.

I gave you my heart,
but that was not enough.
You wanted to bleed me dry,
over material stuff.

All you were interested in
was the things I had.
A comfy life for you,
always making me feel bad.

I wanted to build a life,
where we would give and take.
You wanted it all
and your cake.

A life without love,
is not for me.
You can keep your heart chained,
live in your own misery.

I gave you my heart,
but its back here with me.
Never again will it be given
to anyone unless they love me.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

A Splash Of Sunlight.

A splash of sunlight,
a golden hue.
A dash of orange,
shining through.

A splinter of red,
a stream of gold.
A string of light beams,
glistening so bold.

Without your light,
what would we do.
Without your warmth
it would be so cruel.

Go on shining.
Light up our world.
Let us appreciate,
your unspoken word.

A splash of sunlight,
a golden hue.
A dash of orange,
shining through.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Have Love In Your Heart.

Have love in your heart,
and you will see,
that love comes back to you,
and sets you free.

No matter what people do,
don't let your heart grow cold.
They act the way they do,
because of stories untold.
Let the love you have shine forth,
let your kindness show others the way.
If people act hurt,
help them anyway.

Have love in your heart,
and you will see,
that love comes back to you,
and sets you free.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Beauty Of Nature.

The beauty of nature,
I see it every day.
In all the seasons and months
its loveliness does lay,
in every tiny bud,
in every tiny seed,
in every tiny insect,
if we were to heed.

But we are so busy that we forget
to see the beauty around us.
Always rushing, always looking in our phones,
Never paying attention even when we are alone.

The beauty of nature
shines its light on our world.
Let us protect it.
Let us keep our Word.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

What Is Yours Will Always Find You.

What is yours will always find you,
no matter where you are.
Do not worry about the time and place,
Or if you are near or far.

Your love is your love
and it was meant for you.
One day they will find you
and show a love so true.
So do not stress or worry,
your day will come.
Don't be sad or sorry,
just live your life and have fun.

And when you least expect it,
your love will arrive.
What is yours will always find you,
that's why we are alive.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Whats Done Is Done.

Whats done is done.
Whats gone is gone.
Life goes that way sometimes.

Whats lost is lost.
Whats wrong is wrong.
We learn that in time.

What will be will be.
What we see we see.
And sometimes we don't.

We keep going on,
with hope in our heart,
looking for that new start.

Sometimes I wonder why we try,
we always get the same result.
Nothing changes down the ages,
thats the big insult.

Whats done is done.
Lets leave it that way,
and let us move on.
Lets see what happens,
We might get a surprise,
Somebody might wake up
and rise.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh(c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Even If There Is Kindness In The World.

Even if there is kindness in the world.
Even if the sun shines all day.
Even if the flowers blossom,
you still can feel some pain.

Even if the moon shines at night.
Even if those stars shine so bright.
Even if the rain falls lightly on your face.
This world can be a very cold place.

Some days you feel all is lost.
Some days you want to be alone.
Some days you feel everythings falling apart,
Some days you just want a new start.

It takes strength to pick yourself up,
to dust yourself down.
To climb those mountains
to get to the next town.

But know in your loneliness and pain,
that everyone who walks this path
does gain,
the knowledge that we are not alone,
You always arrive back home.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Don't Dim Your Light For No One.

Don't dim your light for no one.

Don't dim your light for no one.
Be yourself forever true.
For those who try to overshadow you,
are afraid of the strength that grew.

Shine and glow
Like the brightest star.
For there are those who need your light.
Travel near and far
Always shining bright.

The world can be a very cold place
Lacking in love and care.
Be strong and be yourself,
Do what makes you sing and dare.

Don't dim your light for no one.
Be yourself forever true.
Shine like the brightest star,
So they can see the love that grew.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

All Walls Must Come Down.

All walls must come down.

All walls must come down,
so love can grow.
Those that were built so tall
take each brick till they fall.

They were made to keep people apart,
of those who had no love in their hearts.
Those who wanted power and gain,
Those who wanted to contain.

So take those walls down,
bit by bit.
Let love triumph,
Let it hit,
The chords of every man, woman child.
Let us go forth and never be so blind,
Again ?.



PoemHunter.com

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Poetry Of Life.

The poetry of life.

The poetry of life,
hangs on every word.
The twists and turns
the ups and downs.
The sweet words of delight.
The angry shouts that fight.
An everending spiral of language,
that creates imaginary space.
The depth of the human race.

The visions we have that become obscure.
The dreams that disappear when we do not find the cure.
And in the absence of faith,
we live our lives not knowing where to go next,
Just bobbing along with love or hate.

The poetry of life
can have beauty.
But it is up to you to choose.
We are not here for a long time.
You don't get to decide if you win or lose.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Within The Shadow Of The Sun.

Within the shadow of the sun.

Within the shadow of the sun,
stood all things that were not clear.
And even if the light whispered tenderly
through the branches,
it did not reveal the real truth.

What was hidden stayed hidden,
till morning light,
When the sun shone fiercely
and all colours of crimson red and
marmelade orange lit up the valley as
if it was on fire.

Within the shadow of the sun
you can hide,
but not forever.
It will find you
one day and reveal your true colours.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

You Left Your Dream Behind.

You left your dream behind,
and wandered on your way.
There was nothing left to do.
Nothing left to say.

It was very hard for you,
for it was all you ever wanted.
But you had to move on.
You could not be forever haunted.

And even though at times,
when the memory of his face,
Would wander through your thoughts.
You would close your eyes and think of another time,
another place.

You left your dream behind,
and wandered on your way.
There was nothing left to do.
Nothing left to say.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Stag

The Stag.

He came at night,
and while the cold air harshly crossed his path,
he looked for foliage or for the last remains of autumns harvest.

He wandered through the forest,
leaving a trail behind him,
Oblivious to his surrounds.
the night was his domain and he was King.

And as the stars shone like diamonds in the sky,
And the blue moon leered,
he heard a snap of a twig
and hurriedly looked around.
And there she stood, his Queen in all her glory.

They continued their journey together,
till mornings light.
Their adventure had just begun
and to see them was a wonderful sight ?.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

To Understand The Concept.

To understand the concept
when someone gives their opinion,
you do not have to agree,
but you can respect it,
and try not to correct it.
But all are entitled to have one
including me.

You don't need to get angry.
You don't need to stew.
Just listen and try and understand
the others point of view.
It does not mean you have to
change your opinion.
It does not mean the other cannot say what they wish.
Let people speak.
Let people dish.

So many are afraid to say how they feel.
Others always shut them down.
Let people talk,
everyone has the right to deal.
Everyone belongs to their own town.

Verse. Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Stormy Weather.

Stormy weather,
can't hide how I feel.
Stormy weather,
can't make me deal.

It can't hide my tears
even if it rains.
It can't give me hope
even if I complain.

The wind rushes high
my umbrella flies away.
Stormy weather always
ruins my day.

Stormy weather,
can't hide how I feel.
Stormy weather,
can't make me deal.

 PoemHunter.com

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

In Your Days Of Sadness.

In your days of sadness and despair.
When darkness covers every thing you wear.
When your hopes disappear.
Darling I will be there.

When you feel you cant go on.
When you are listening to the same old song.
when the tears fall down your face.
Darling I will be there.

I will brush away your tears.
Hold your hand while you deal.
Dismantle all your fears.
Hug you while you heal.

For even the darkest hours have sixty minutes,
and when the darkness disappears the light will always come.
Just keep doing what you do.
You will always come through.

In your days of sadness and despair.
When darkness covers everything you wear.
When your hopes disappear.
Darling I will be there.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

If I Told You That I Love You.

If I told you that I love you,
would you believe me.
Would you listen to my words
with care and feeling.

Would you understand my depth
of passion for you,
of all that is true.
Or would you throw it all away,
when your feelings swayed.

For my heart beats with every
essence of you,
And when the tide goes out at night,
and the stars shine down on my love for you,
they lift it up so it floats across the land,
and forests to where you are my darling.

If I told you that I love you,
would you believe me.
would you listen to my words
with care and feeling.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

We Close Our Eyes.

We close our eyes
and lock our hearts.
It is easier that way
than to build a new start.

We continue to do things
in the same old way.
Dont want to know.
Please go away.

Its too hard to change,
to take the next step.
Takes too much energy
to go through the web.

But if we try and open our eyes,
it can be simple and it can be a surprise.
So let us go forward and do good.
Plant those trees, eat less food.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh(c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Old Oak.

The old oak, it stands there,
like it has for hundreds of years.
It has seen many people walk by,
foxes and deers.

It had seen so many buildings go up
and so many come down.
It has seen so many smiles
and even as many frowns.

It has felt the soft flowing breeze
between its branches,
the warm sun on a summers day.
The icy snowy flakes in winter.
The first buds that come in May.

The old oak it stands there,
I hope it will last many more years.
Bringing beauty to my street
and some happy cheer.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Moon In All Its Glory.

The moon in all its glory,
shone down on you tonight.
The stars embraced your beauty,
your eyes glistened with delight.

And in the darkness we walked,
following the hidden trail.
Amongst the oaks and birch
and we climbed every dale.

And in the stillness of night
as I held your hand so tight,
we talked about our dreams and hopes
and your smile it shone so bright.

But our joy was just for a short time.
For you must go back to the sea.
Your home was in the depths
of all that was free.

I will wait for you my love
as you come back to my shores.
You know you are the only one
that I will always adore.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

There Was A Time.

There was a time,
when I waited to see,
if you would come.
Endless nights of restless sleep,
until I became numb,
of all feeling,
for I realised,
you were never coming,
you were only ever interested
in what you considered the bigger prize.

Or you thought that she was
in all her beauty,
but she never gave you what you really wanted,
that was emotional security.

For she had a heart of stone,
and the only love she had was for herself.
You delved into your work,
the only consolation that was not on the shelf.

So my wait was over.
Now I sleep like a baby.
It is funny how sometimes love
can drive you crazy.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

When You Are Lost In Your Thoughts.

When you are lost in your thoughts,
as the world rushes by,
spare a thought for me,
as I think of you and days gone by.
For there is not a day that passes,
when I don't see your face in the masses.

Your smile ignited a flame in me,
that burns forever inside my heart.
No matter where you are in the world,
I feel we are never apart.

And though days come and days do go,
and with each day I am older.
My feelings for you will never change,
they will never be colder.

So when you are lost in your thoughts,
spare a thought for me.
My life is hard without you
but empty it will never be.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Gone Are All My Sorrows.

Gone are all my sorrows.
Gone is all my pain.
Now the sun is shining,
even if it rains.

Perfect peace and harmony.
Sweet sounds of love.
Whispering echoes of merriment,
from the skies above.

Joy in all that's going on.
My reward is in your smile.
Being on this path together,
makes everything worthwhile.

Gone are all sorrows.
Gone is all my pain.
Empty days are a thing of the past,
because our love does reign.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Sleep My Beauty, Sleep

Sleep my beauty, sleep.
May your dreams be of pastures green
and poppies red.
May your silent slumbers be touched by angels,
as they hover over your bed.

May you hear the sweet sound of music
from the heavenly skies.
The golden harp is playing your song
along with the sorrowful cries.

The mountains look over you
and in their bosom you lie.
The sea is to your east,
so blue as the sky.

Sleep my beauty, sleep.
May your dreams be full of love.
As you join your soul tribe,
in the heavens above.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

It Does Not Matter.

It does not matter,
that you do not love me,
for I love myself.

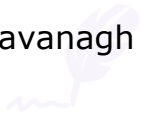
It does not matter
that you play games,
for I see your true self.

It does not matter that
you have another.
I knew that all along.

It does not matter now,
its too late,
all the feelings have gone.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

The Wise Old Owl.

The wise old owl,
did not do very much.
He sat on a branch
of the tree of life
and looked at us humans
with our daily strifes.

He looked at how some of us
wanted to improve ourselves.
Not our manner or way of thinking,
but with our monetary gains.
He saw that some of us
thought our success was in what we owned,
not in the people that stayed.

He saw how we built our lifes,
looking for happiness and peace.
Not knowing that true peace
comes within if we cease,
to stop and stare,
to appreciate what we have,
to be vulnerable and bare.

We have all we need within us.
The love that we are looking for.
That wise old owl,
he sits in his tree, because
he has done this all before.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

When We Were Children.

When we were children.
We always played out,
in the streets.
Hopscotch, swinging from the lamp post
were our daily treats.

Summer days were long.
Somedays we would go to the park.
Other days to the sea in Sandymount,
that was a lark.

Up to Grannies for tea.
How I loved her apple tart.
Down to Smithfield
for a trip in the horse and cart.

To the shops to buy a vienna roll
for my Dad.
Stoneybatter with its row of shops
and friendly owners always made me glad.

Yes when we were children,
we were always out.
Fresh air and sunshine,
and we were always about.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Whisper Of Sunshine.

There was a whisper of sunshine,
when the birds flew away.
As the cold crisp air blew in,
I felt a little warmth on that day.

I was busy reading books,
that had piled up over the years.
I had no time before,
was always busy with those near.

So now I had sometime
to catch up with my first love, reading,
how I had forgotten,
how much enjoyment it was feeding.

When I was younger I could read for days,
everything from ghost stories to murder mysteries.
As the sun's rays shone lightly on my head
I revelled in every page that I read.

Soon it was time to head home to bed.
I had made a promise to myself that day.
Even on days where there was never a whisper of sunshine,
I would make time to read always.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Our Path.

Our path was lonely.
We had to go our separate ways.
Always tied together.
But we could not stay.

You knew when you saw me
what you had to do.
Our journey was painful.
But wonderful too.

With each transformation,
you grew and me too.
The nights were the hardest
but we battled through.

And in the end when we were complete.
with the fire in your veins
and the joy in my sleep,
Our loved reigned and it was so deep.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Stars Did Not Lie.

The stars did not lie,
when they shone on you.
You glistened from head to toe
of all that was true.

Compassion was your ethos.
You were quilted in love.
You were authentic,
like the snowy white clouds,
drifting above.

You could be as wild as the wind
or calm as the breeze.
Or fiery as a blaze
when you felt unease.

But I loved you so.
My heart was on fire.
Your love was both thorns and roses,
built with desire.

The stars did not lie,
when they shone on you.
You glistened from head to toe.
Whats a girl to do.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Mirror.

What do you see when you look in the mirror,
as everyday passes you by.
Do you look older?
Or do you tell yourself lies.

Does it really matter how you look.
You should never judge the cover of a book.
Whats inside is what matters,
or so they say.
Nothing you can do,
just get on with your day.

The mirror never lies,
but who cares.
We are all spirits,
it is just the skin we bare.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

I Will Sit With You In The Dark.

I will sit with you in the dark,
for you do not crave the light.
I will sit with you under the moon.
while you hold me tight.
You love the shades and secrets,
and the cold night air,
the misty foggy dew
and my long wavy hair.

You light a candle
and we sit around its glow.
The night is very silent
and its nearly time to go.

When the sunlight comes
that is our time to sleep.
We head off under the stars
to our slumber deep.

I will sit with you in the dark
and hold you tight my love.
You and I together,
under the heavens above.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

A New Day.

A new day is coming.
A new page in your book of life.
With it, brings new beginnings
and new strifes.

Look to your future with hope
in your heart.
Forget the past and your tears.
The brightness of the new day
will cover your fears.

A new day is dawning.
Fulfil your dreams.
Spend time in nature.
Visit valley and streams.

Life can be for a moment.
Don't waste it on what could have been.
Start anew
and you can win.

A new day is coming.
A new page in your book of life.
Do your best, that's all you have to do,
to thrive.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

I Let You In.

I let my guard down.
I let you in.
The only thing that was important to you,
was to win.

Empty promises, empty rooms.
Never felt so alone.
Opened my heart, my arms to you.
But you were always on the telephone.

The dreams I had, they turned to decay.
The hopes they lay like broken pieces
of glass strewn across the floor.
The only place they were going, was out the door.

Don't tell me you love me,
because that's all pretend.
They are just pretty words you say
at the end of the day.

I just wanted you to be you
and that the love you gave was true.
But I soon found out you were incapable of love.
No use praying to the heavens above.

I let you in.
I let my guard down.
Now I'm crying, broken on the floor.
Where are all the promises you swore?

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

You And I.

You and I were not like the others.
We were different in so many ways.
We loved, but did not smother.
We could talk for days.

I loved to listen to your theories,
of how the world should be.
You saw many things,
that others did not see.

Your depth of thought amazed me,
but it was not so unlike mine.
We were the same in many ways
and we took our time.

You sensed my deepest feeling
and I, yours.
Nothing could ever separate us,
not even closed doors.

Your heart is mine.
Mine is yours.
Together we are strong.
I hope our days together will be forever
and long.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Thunder And Lightning.

Thunder and Lightning
was frightening when we were small.
Now we are older and a little bolder.
It does not seem to matter at all.

The house can shake.
The rain can pelt the window hard.
with each crash of power.
the fascination can tower.

Beautiful lights of white from the sky.
Thunderous noise from way up high.
"God is moving his furniture" my Mam
used to say.
Us children would be huddled together all day.

Now I love listening to every pound.
Does not matter if no one is around.
A force of nature comes to ground.
Thunder and Lightning do your sound.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

All This And Heaven Too.

The girls laughed, but how were they to know,
the sad story of your life.

The time you spent in France
with the Duke and his wife.

The sadness in that house,
that you can now recall to all.

The happiness that you felt,
with the children playing
in the great hall.

And at night you saw two rooms,
One his, one hers.

A long corridor in between them,
and so it was in their life,
no love lost there, over the years.

You were trying to bring some love into that house.

To bring laughter and joy.

But she became jealous of everything you did
And wanted to destroy.

She was empty inside.

All focus should be on her.

How dare you come and take away
the love of her children, her man, her sir.

And as you looked out the window,
one night.

As the silvery crystal snowflakes,
drizzled down the windowpane.

You knew all was doomed,
that nothing would ever be the same.

And so it happened, you were sent away.

Darkness entered that house and it was there to stay.

One last meeting with your true love.

One last visit to a graveyard before your move.

No one knows what pain lies inside a person.
No one knows what path they have walked.
Sometimes life is all this, and heaven too.
Sometimes somethings are never talked.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Rose.

You looked like a rose.
So beautiful and rare.
Your eyes of cornwall blue.
Your golden locks so fair.

But with every rose,
as everyone knows,
comes thorns as sharp as knives.
Which you only showed,
when you had to deal with the strife.

For you were strong,
You had learnt by the hard knocks of life.
It was hard to trust.
To believe the lies.

For in this world you had learnt,
there are not too many who are true.
More snakes in the grass
Slithering around.
Who'd take their pound of flesh,
Before you could make a sound.

So continue to be who you are.
For those who matter will always be around.
And the others will hopefully slither away,
like the snakes they are and make your day

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Downtrodden.

We promised it would never happen again.
But they were empty words.
Little children sleeping on concrete floors.
Who cares about their world.
Separated from their father and mother.
Who would think it could happen in this day and age.
Things were meant to be improving.
But now they are like animals in a cage.
Who hears their cries?
Who gives them care?
Who sings them lullabies?
Who is really there?
What lasting damage will remain,
years later when they are older.
How could this happen?
Have we become colder?

Are some of our hearts made of stone?
Where is the love that comes from our blood and bones?
For all children should be treated right.
With dignity and care, and cuddled tight.

I hope that those who have been given power.
will at last do the right thing.
So that little children can be reunited with their
parents.
That they once more, can play and sing.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Silence Is Golden.

Silence is golden.
Sometimes it is needed for to survive.
When the ongoing noise that surrounds you.
Leaves you battling to strive.

When one peaceful moment
eases all your stress.
When you don't have to contend with
emotional tests.

When you can think in peace
and take it slow.
A cup of coffee or two
and you are ready to go.

Yes silence is golden,
I wish some would learn.
Chattering all the time.
Its nothing to earn.

 PoemHunter.com

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Light Within You.

The light within you shines so bright,
but you don't realise.

The effect you have on everyone,
if you knew would be a surprise.

You lift all around you
with your smile.

Your shining glowing face.

If you were ever down or sad
there was never any trace.

For you love life so
and it does show,
in everything you do.

For your heart is kind
your love is divine.

Everyone is drawn to you.

The light within you shines so bright,
but you don't realise.

The effect you have on everyone,
if you knew would be a surprise.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson(c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Your Power Within.

Everything starts from within.
How you view yourself and the world.
Your power and strength lays there.
Not in other peoples actions or words.

You are all you need.
Be happy with who you are.
Life is hard indeed.
But you can overcome and go far.

Trust in your strength and yourself.
For you have the power within.
Give yourself some love.
And you will always win.

For the capacity to love someone else,
depends on how much we love ourselves.
We cannot love someone else.
If we do not have love for ourselves.

Be like the butterfly,
that transforms and just be.
Break free and shine your light.
So everyone can see.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

In Summers Garden.

In summers garden,
I waited for you.
But you did not come.
I looked for you in every crevice of hope.
To no avail, you did not come.

In every valley and dale.
Overlooking the cliffs,
I searched.
And with every sound of nature,
from the gentle breeze of the wind,
to the sound of the blackbird,
It gave me hope that you would come.

For in our hearts we were never apart.
We knew that from the start.
Our fate was to love and be loved,
And in our misery we had our hope,
that one day we would meet.
So come to summers garden.
I wait for you there.
Amongst the beauty of nature
And all that is fair.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

A Cup Of Tea.

I always remember our cups of tea,
in the small kitchen in the back.
Where you talked about your days
in County Clare and the sack,
of turf that your dad would bring
to the school,
to light the fire on winter Days.

I remember when you told me,
you would put your hand up,
when the lesson for Gaeilge
was to begin.
You disliked the language
so much, you would run home
and stay there for the rest of the day.
And I remember the lovely scones
and the apple tart that you baked.
And the ham sandwiches
and the hot cups of tea.
But it was mostly the stories
that you told.
They stay in my head
like gold.

A cup of tea,
can sooth most worries.
You can talk to your hearts content,
And forget about your woes.
Its good for your heart and the soul.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

I See You.

I see you in the shadows
and all around me.
In every lurking corner,
but its not reality.

And sometimes in the faces
of people in the street.
From far and wide,
those that I meet.

But its not the same
as holding you,
of having you near.
Of listening to your heartbeat.
To me you are so dear.

This waiting game
is draining.
I cannot go on.
I must try and forget you
and understand that you are gone.

I see you in the shadows
and all around me.
In every lurking corner,
but its not reality.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

At The End Of Summer.

At the end of summer,
as I sit in the long grass,
surrounded by butterflies
and thoughts of you.

The sun slowly disappears,
and the stars come out one by one,
twinkling brightly as the blue moon leans.

I love to sleep in the grass
and look up to the night sky.
A hare appears and goes to sleep under the tree.
A deer gracefully runs by.

Soon fall will come and winter too,
Bringing back memories that I remember with joy,
when I had hope in my heart.
But that hope is gone now,
Like the spring.
I wonder what the fall will bring.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

So Brave.

You were always so brave,
In everything that was thrown at you,
in life.
And nobody knew or would have guessed
all your strife.

Your smile would light up a whole room.
But your inward voice would criticise everything you did.
You battled every day and did not see your worth.
But I saw what you hid.

They say the kindest hearts have the most scars.
They give so much to everyone else.
You my friend must look after yourself.
And the place where your soul dwells.

You were always so brave.
Your strength shone through.
You never competed with anyone.
You were just you.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Eyes Of Fire

Eyes of fire.
Light up any room.
Lips of desire.
That were too much to consume.

Tell me your secrets.
Sell me your gloom.
Open my heart.
Take away the doom.

Passions arising.
Can't forget you.
Lingering memories.
That make me blue.

Eyes of fire.
Light up any room.
Lips of desire.
That were too much to consume.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

When You Come Looking For Me.

When you come looking for me,
do not expect the same person,
you once knew.

That person is long gone
like the early morning dew.
She has changed with the passing
years.

With each loss her heart has endured,
has made her stronger against her fears.

Life has taught her to believe in herself.
That true redemption comes from within.
To have faith and appreciate the little things.
To enjoy what life brings.

So when you come looking for me.
That person you once knew is long gone.
She is sitting by the sea,
singing her own song.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Transformation.

Transformation, leaving everything behind.
The new you ascends to a higher plain.
Everything and everyone is gone that did bind,
you to the bad memories and pain.

Not everyone will understand the path you take.
Not everyone will understand your change.
It is your journey and yours alone.
Your hopes and dreams are within range.

So transform into the new you,
the one you always wanted to be.
The past is gone, you said your goodbyes,
from here on now believe in yourself and see.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (C) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

The Warrior Within You.

The warrior within you was always there.
It had been hidden away, because of your fear.
When the time came for you to rise,
you did my dear.

You found your strength that had been driven away,
with mediocrities of living every day.
The sadness that made you not believe,
in the depth of what you had to say.

Continue to fight your way through Life.
Never give up.
Dream big and bold,
for one day your story will be told.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

The Key To My Past.

The key to my past is gone forever.
Not to be found, not ever.
Time to move on to new highways.
Looking to the future in so many ways.

Time to forget what has gone.
No more listening to the same old song.
Time to move forward with hope in my heart.
Time to begin my new start.

The key to my past is long gone.
Don't look for it, its dusted and done.
Life is Calling me to new ways.
Looking forward to sunny days.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

Lovelier Than A Rose.

You were lovelier than a rose,
not because of your velvety blue eyes.
or your strong and stealthy pose.
Not because of your heart shaped lips
or your slender nose.

Not because of your long shiny hair.
Not because of your lost forgotten stare,
Not because of your spritely walk.
Not because of your intelligent talk.

You were lovelier than a rose,
because of the gentle way you cared.
You were lovelier than a rose,
because of the love you shared.

With each day that passed,
I grew to love you so.
You were lovelier than a rose
because you picked me up when I was low.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Strangers When We Met.

We were strangers when we met.
We did not know where it would lead.
That day on the train,
when our hearts would concede.

We did not know that we would find
our hearts desire.
We had been looking for a lifetime
for our passionate fire.

How could we know that one little glance,
would bring us closer,
and fulfill our longing for romance.

Our days and nights were filled with passion.
Filled with hopes and cares,
and now when we take the train to town,
We are no longer strangers, but a loving pair.



PoemHunter.com

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (C) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Your Sanctuary.

Where is your sanctuary?
Your safe haven of tranquility.
Tucked away from chaos and hostility.

Were you go to get away from lifes stress.
were you can think in quiet moments of undisturbed bliss.
Were you can write from dawn to sunset.
Were you can relax and dismiss.

Or is your sanctuary a person?
Someone who cares for you.
Someone who loves you deeply.
Someone who is forever true.
Someone you can tell your secrets.
Someone who listens to you.
Someone who sees the pain in your eyes.
Someone who knows the real you.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Our Blessings In Disguise.

Our blessings in disguise
save us from defeat.
They happen for a reason,
even though sometimes
they are not sweet.

We think at the time we know
whats right for us.
But the universe can see hidden things,
and the future and what it will bring.

It directs us to a new path,
a better one.
Even though at the time
it feels alone.

In time we see everything happens
for a reason
Does not matter the time or season.

Our blessings in disguise
save us from defeat.
They happen for a reason
even though sometimes,
they are not sweet.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Do I Believe In Miracles?

Do I believe in miracles?

The ones that come true.

Like the morning sun,
rising in a sky of turquoise blue.

Like the first buds in May
when the apple blossoms blooms.

Beautiful colours of pink and white
blowing blissfully till dark of night.

Like the bumble bee hopping from flower to flower.

Or the squirrel in the oak tree
collecting Winters harvest.

Like the magpies, one, two, three
showing whose the smartest.

All these things are miracles to me
for I open my heart and soul
and SEE.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Is Life A Fantasy.

Is life a fantasy.
A dream we are living.
Where everything is unreal,
even though we are giving,
our time and energy,
uplifting each moment,
surrounded by darkness,
but at the same time light.
We still continue even after the fight.
Sometimes we feel broken
sometimes we feel alright.
We live through the ups and downs
holding on tight.
We know our path is on our own
but that is in sight.
Life is a fantasy.
where we can escape,
when we sleep at night,
the dark sky is our cape.
It covers and protects while we dream
of a life of peace and where love is supreme.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

In The Dark Of The Night.

In the dark of the night
When I am asleep,
You are in my thoughts.

When the first bird sings at the crack
of dawn,
You are in my thoughts.

With my first drink of coffee on a warm
Sunday morning,
You are in my thoughts.

Time passes by so quickly.
I sometimes am afraid I will lose
those moments.
But I know they are held deep in my heart
forever, you are in my thoughts.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Wear Your Flowers In Your Hair.

Wear your flowers in your hair,
and go to the midsummer fair.
Does not matter if he is there.
Why should you care?
You gave your all.
You cared too much.
He was not loyal.
Men are sometimes such.
And now he has a new girl.
He takes her everywhere.
But life goes on.
So they say in the song.

So go to the fair.
Wear your flowers in your hair.
Walk proud and tall.
For you are the fairest one of all.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Falling Asleep To The Sound Of The Rain.

Falling asleep to the sound of the rain,
as it drizzles down my window pane.
The wind blows wildly.
The blue moon leers.
Cosy in my bed, forgetting my fears.

Tomorrow is another day.
The sunshine might come.
Blue skies and silver white clouds.
Humming to my song.

When did life get so hard.
Or do we make it that way ourselves.
I think that we realise this,
when we take the time to delve.

I love falling asleep to the sound of the rain.
Cosy in my bed, forgetting the pain.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (C) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Do We Really Know?

Do we really know one another?
Do we really understand what's said?
Or are we really bothered.
Is everything pretend.

Do we see each other's pain?
Do we care enough to explain?
Are we caught up in life's dilemmas,
Or is it all just a big game.

I like to think we understand the unspoken words.
That we see the pain in each other's eyes.
That it's you and me against the World.
That our love will surprise.

But maybe I am just dreaming
and hoping for too much.
Maybe we are living a reality
that sends us overboard sometimes.
And maybe we will reach heights of ecstasy,
when we do not care so much.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Forever Searching.

Forever searching for a place,
that I could call home.
Not a house,
But a feeling of not being alone.

A feeling of warmth and tenderness.
A feeling of acceptance and care.
A feeling of being able to be your true self.
A feeling that someone is always there.

For home is not a place,
Not of bricks or wood.
It is a feeling when two hearts meet,
and be together like they should.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

Every Picture Tells A Story.

Every picture tells a story.
But everyone sees different.
You see, I see, they see
what they want to see.
That is how it is in life.
Rose tinted glasses
are the best.
Cover everything up with a jest.

Never seeing the whole Picture.
Afraid to look too deep.
Look just at the surface
incase you have to weep.

Face lifts, botox galore.
One day your face will fall apart
not due to gravity. Oh what a bore.
No-one wants to age gracefully,
to show a wrinkle or two.
No that would be preposterous,
you would have to be you.

Yes every picture tells a story.
Let yours be real.
Life is too short for fakeness
and the Surreal.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Walking For Miles.

I have been walking for miles,
clearing my head.
going over everything you said.

Its hard to believe we were once close.
Time changes all that.
Nothing more to disclose.

Memories remain, but they will soon disappear.
Like the morning drops of rain,
when the sun appears.

I cannot go on, living a half life.
Nothing is worth that, cannot live with the strife.

I have been walking for miles,
clearing my head.
Time to move on, to start a new life.



PoemHunter.com

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Ponderous Thoughts.

Ponderous thoughts do not give you
the answers that you need.
Ponderous thoughts do not relieve the pain
that made you bleed.
They do not restore your broken heart.
They do not give you the peace for a new start.

They make you stay, where you do not belong.
They keep you listening to the same old song.
They bring with them sadness and hopelessness.
They make you feel unworthy and like you are one big mess.

Do not ponder those thoughts so much.
Life will get better, it is such.
Look to your future with a smile on your face.
Live your life at your own pace.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Swing On Your Swing.

Swing on your swing.
Pick the flowers.
Go on your walks.
Dance in April showers.

Climb the hill.
Overlook the lake.
Chase after butterflies.
Eat the cake.

Life is short.
We never know our last day.
Swing on your swing.
Say what you want to say.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

Take This Flower.

Take this flower
and let it remind you of days
basked in the sun.
Take this flower and let it remind you
of the worlds beauty.
Take this flower
and let it give you comfort.
Take this flower
and let it pick you up on days
when you are sad.
Take this flower
and let it remind you of me.
I am with you always,
always beside you.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

The Blue Dress.

One day you found the blue dress,
which lay in the press.
It brought back memories of the time,
when you bought it for an expensive dime.

You had bought it for a date
with your new paramour.
It was a silky blue, all the glamour.
It had diamonds sown on the neck
and on the back.
You just could not leave it, on the rack.

You had got ready for your date
and felt really good.
When he saw you, he said you put him in a great mood.
You reminded him of the old Hollywood stars.
The time when women were from Venus and the men were from Mars.

You still have the blue dress, but not him.
He turned out to be a philanderer,
some things you cannot win.
You have your memories, some good, some bad.
Now you can wear it, without feeling sad.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Your Mask.

You wore your mask so finely,
no one would ever guess.
what lay beneath so hidden,
did not make them love you less.

But inside was a turmoil.
That kept you up at night.
What you really wanted was
never out of sight.

But you did not believe in yourself
and that's where the problem lay.
You had too many memories of the past,
which had brought sadness and decay.

I hope one day you lift your mask,
so I can see your true being.
My love for you will never falter,
even if not seeing.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Born Under The Scorpion Moon.

Born under the scorpion moon.
Everything felt intensely.
Deep, deep emotions.
Feeling everything defensively.

Knowing how everyone feels.
Even before they speak.
The things they do not say.
Sometimes makes you weak.

Nothing is black or white to you.
You see inbetween the lines.
The line between earth and the spirit world,
is only a thread devine.

Born under the scorpion moon.
Everything felt intensely.
Born under the scorpion moon.
You feel with your whole heart immensely.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Last Night I Dreamt Of You.

Last night I dreamt of you.
Walking through the room.
Brown hair, blue eyes.
That twinkling smile
that takes away all gloom.

You were deep in thought.
What was it, that you sought?
You won you know.
But it did not seem enough.
What was it that you really wanted?
You looked and seemed very haunted.

Come back to me,
and lay your head on my pillow.
Calm your fears and softly sleep.
Last night I dreamt of you
and you did not weep.
Last night I dreamt of you,
you were mine to keep.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Where Are You?

The sky is velvety blue
as I gaze at the stars above.
Walking through the forest
leaving a trail of my steps behind,
covered silently by fallen leaves.
The trees sway gently with the calm breeze,
and a deer jumps gracefully by.
Alone in my thoughts,
wishing you were here.
Where are you?

Seek and you shall find
as the saying goes.
But you are never to be found.
Not to be seen in the golden fields.
Not to be seen on the stoney road.
Not to be seen in the starry sky.

You are where you have always been,
in my heart.
You have been there from the start.
Locked in my soul never to be released,
except on nights like this when I can think alone
and only of you.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Love In Disguise.

Love in disguise,
or so you thought.
The mysterious air
of hidden dreams.
The shy look of passion and
the eyes that shone like sunbeams.

Why your paths crossed, who knows.
Destiny has a way of playing that game.
Two hearts know and recognise each other.
From that day, nothing is the same.

It was love in disguise,
or so you thought.
Until you got together.
Love in disguise it was not only,
It was a deep soul connection.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

A Dance With A Swan.

A dance with a swan,
a majestic glide.
A dance with a swan,
where two worlds collide.

The long neck of pride.
The snowy white wings so mild.
The glorious glare.
The dance of dare.

Swirling and splashing around.
Twirling and gaining ground.
Gaining heights of ecstasy.
Listening to every sound.

A dance with a swan,
a majestic glide.
A dance with a swan,
Until nights tide.

 PoemHunter.com

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

I Would Rather Be.

I would rather be kind than cruel.
I would rather be welcoming than closed.
I would rather listen than talk.
I would rather be comfortable than posed.

I would rather give than take.
I would rather help than ignore.
I would rather look after, than forget about.
I would rather open, than close the door.
I would rather bring peace than discord.
I would rather love than hate.
I would rather smile than frown.
I would rather be up than down.

Everything you do comes back to you.
The good and the bad.
So live your life,
with peace in your heart,
And happiness in your soul.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Darkness Comes.

The darkness comes
And I am on my way,
to meet you.
I have left everything behind
except the dearest that I own
to be with you.

The night is cold and hard,
The wind is whistling in my ear,
The stars shine brightly down.
The blue moon seems to leer.

I get to the meeting place and wait for you to come.
The Church bell rings, it is midnight.
I wait and wait but to no avail
You do not come.

A servant comes with your letter.
I read it with a sigh.
You gave up on our love.
So it is better for me to die.

I go slowly home.
Deep in the depths of my sadness.
I go up to my room.
To end it, all the madness.
I wanted alot from life.
I asked for too much.
I loved you with all I had.
I loved your kindly touch.

So away I go to my eternal sleep.
The darkness comes and it stays,
And now I do not weep.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

One Day.

One day you and I,
will be together again,
like we used to be
playing on hilltops,
overlooking fields of green.

Walking in the sunshine,
admiring wild flowers.
Listening to the birds singing.
Hearing the churchbells ringing.

I miss you, I cannot deny.
You are only gone a short while,
but your absence is heartfelt,
and sometimes it cannot be dealt.

I have our memories which are treasured,
but it is not the same when even measured,
for you gave so much love and faithfulness,
that I am left with an emptiness,
that engulfs my soul.

Little friend I will never forget you.
You were all I needed in life.
Until we meet again on the Rainbow bridge.
After all of lifes strifes.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Forever Blowing Bubbles.

I remember when my life,
seemed to be,
overflowing with self imposed duties
and of what I thought it was meant to be.

Everything had to be perfect, crisp and clean.
Never uncover anything that was not to be seen.
But life became unbearable.
I was living a lie.
Sometimes it became impossible,
all I could do was cry.

But then I started to take each day
as it came.
Never imposed anything on myself.
Nothing was the same.

And now I am forever blowing bubbles,
lovely bubbles in the air.
My dreams might come and fade.
But now I do not care.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Your Ghost.

In the gentle breeze,
I feel you beside me
as it caresses my cheek.
In the sunlight as it sparkles,
I can see your outline
and it makes me weak.

How can I forget you
when we were together one.
How can I go on living,
it likes breathing without the sun.

Your love was as deep as the ocean.
Your heart so kind, it opened a chamber
in my soul.
Your gaze brought fire to my heart.
I felt I was not alone.

You loved me freely
with your wild heart.
You unlocked my cage
and threw away the key.
Finally I was me.

Your ghost haunts me.
But I dont care.
Never leave me.
Dont you dare.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Fan.

You bring it everywhere,
your beautifully made fan.
It was a present from your dear grandmother.
And you cherish it lovingly,
anyway you can.

It has been in your family,
for many generations.
It is slightly torn, a little worn.
You take it to all the celebrations.
Even when your daughter was born.

For she will receive this treasure,
when she comes of age.
She will continue the tradition
and start a new page.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Clown.

You always played the clown.
Always kidding, never a frown.
Never revealing deep down pain.
Keep on smiling, being sane.

I saw through you.
Saw what you hid.
Slowly you trusted me.
You opened the lid.

Out popped so many qualities.
So many wondrous things.
When you stopped being the clown.
All your fears came tumbling down.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

The House.

The road was long and winding,
with every step it led me closer to my destination.
My anticipation grew stronger on finding
the house of my fascination.

I had been there many years before,
when it was new and had a green door.
Now it was covered with cobwebs and old decay.
The window glass was broken and the brickwork was grey.

This house of memories where I played when I was young.
Where my grandmother cooked and baked.
Where the flowers had always sun.

Where my granduncle gardened and raked
and told stories of France.
Oh I wish that I could go back in time, only just for
one day and enjoy their company once more,
if only I had the chance.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Ruin.

How many years have you been here,
with your walls falling down
and no roof to keep you dry.
Wild flowers and weeds are your floor and wild
animals have made you their home.

The stories you could tell of centuries gone by.
Of life within your walls, of life outside.
Of the battles fought and those that were lost.
Of the daily strifes and turmoils.
Of everyone who paid the price.

Old ruin you will still be here,
when we are long gone.
You will shine in the sunlight
and gleam in the moonlight
and your four walls will always
be a refuge for the animals and the birds,
for to them you are home and somewhere to stay.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

If The Sun Shines Brightly.

If the sun shines brightly in your heart,
You have no fear of the dark.
The light will take away all the pain,
make you strong, make you reign.

Shine that light so others see.
Make them believe, make them feel.
The world needs more souls who are willing to give,
not only take, but are willing to truly live.
Light your path and always be,
who you are, so others see.
Strength truly comes from believing in yourself.
Do what you love, do what you believe.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

The Throne.

You see what you want to see,
But that's not really me.
No in depth looking how it is.
All pretend, all the trend.

You are so high on your pedestal,
so high on your throne.
You do not want to listen, do not want to hear.
You do not want to change, do not want to come near.
Stay where you are, alone in your dreams.
Do not visit reality unless you have seams
of open mindedness and courage,
to face your demons and your dredge.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

Éire.

You call out to me from your distant shores.
I hear you in the cold wind and its roars.
"Come back you say. Come back to me.
Don't leave me here alone without thee";.

I cannot come back for my destiny lies here,
in this land in the northern hemisphere.
With its snowy mountain tops and many lakes.
The wolves are howling, the elk awakes.

At night by the window, I hear you tap gently.
The wind is ruffling strongly so I can hardly hear,
when you say "Come to me. Come to me and stay";.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

Queen Of The Forest.

You live to right all that's wrong
with your world.
The underlying decay that not always seen.
That rears its ugly head and does not redeem.

You fight for all that is good in your world.
Your light shines with the lift of your sword.
Each swing of faith, each wield of destiny,
assures your fate and that of your people.

When day is done and the fight is won,
your mind can rest, your heart is caressed,
by the love of your people, the forest folk.
Their simple ways uplift your soul
for there is where you call your home.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Where Does The Eagle Soar?

Where does the eagle soar?
Does it fly over the west Canyon
or over your mountains high,
lost in the maze of your golden sky.

Does it fly over your forests far and wide.
Soaring up high and then to the side.
Going to heights that we can all dream off.
Gliding down to the sea before the coming tide.

Does it fly over ranches of cattle and calf.
Does it fly over cowboys resting around the fire
and having a laugh.
Does it fly over streams of velvet blue.
Does it fly over me and you.

You look to the sky and see it soar overhead.
It glides to its eyrie on the high Cliffs instead.
It stays on guard till its mate arrives
and then it sees its prey and dives.

The darkness starts to mull over
and its time to head home.
Tomorrow is another day
to see where the eagles roam.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

You Are Not What Others See.

You are not what others see.
Believe that.
You are so much more.
Down to the core.

Everyone sees what they want to see.
Everyone sees something different.
You are what you believe you are.
Let that take you far.

Live your dreams and grow strong.
You can do no wrong.
Believe in yourself.
Be your true self and sing your own song.

It's not what others see that counts.
It's how you see yourself.
You are not what others see.
Believe that.
You are so much more.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Waiting For You.

I am waiting for you,
not to complete me.
I know who and what I am.
I know my capabilities and what I can.

I am waiting for you,
because I want you more,
than anything in this world.
You are worth the wait,
for your light shines within.
We understand each other.
Let us win.

I am waiting for you,
not to complete me.
Come and be yourself.
Escape your fears.
Let us be.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

The Swan.

You gracefully roam the lake,
with your majestic long neck,
stretching up to the sky.
The sun is smiling down at you
as you pick up food by passersby.

The day has just started and you are full of life.
Along comes your only one, your dear wife.
The two of you will stay together, so it is for swans.
Mates for life, mates from dusk to dawn.

A lady come by and throws in some grapes and corn.
A man walks by looking a little forlorn.
You see all things on your daily swim.
You stay out till it gets quite dim.

You love this lake with its lilys and its frogs.
The little twigs that float on by and the logs.
The people who come and throw in some food.
Even the other birds, but it depends on your mood.

So swim majestic bird sail away.
It's always nice to see you when I come to pay,
a visit to the lake.
I always take some corn and grapes.
I am the lady who loves to feed you
and the other birds.
You make my day.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Your Strength.

I feel you beside me always.
Your strength guides me everyday.
I hear you in the song of the blackbird,
that wakes me up at the dawn of day.

I never feel alone.
Because your spirit is always there.
Your strength uplifts me,
and make me be courageous and dare.

You always know what to do and say.
You never falter in any way.
When I am feeling down and dismayed.
Your strength guides me and leads the way.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

Deep In Thought.

Deep in thought.
Battles fought.
Were they worth it?
Things still the same.
But still more pain.
Overthinking.
Never risking.
Stay enclosed,
in my little cage.
Never expanding,
to the next page.
Can I try to take one
little step.
Can I try another way?
Do I know the reason?
Have I thought it through
enough today.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Evening.

The final leaf has fallen now.
The darkness is setting in from afar.
I hear the last goose fly overhead.
It goes to lands beyond our stars.
The winter has reared her head again.
The summer just a memory now.
What is gone before is lost then found.
As I sit here drinking tea and looking all around.
The lights come on, in the street outside.
They flicker and then they become brilliantly bright.
A black cat roams looking for its prey.
The best time to look at the end of the day.
Time to sleep, time to dream.
Time is flying by it seems.
Tomorrow morning awaits.
Hopefully with its bright blue sky and yellow sun beams.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

My Surrounds.

The sun tries to shine through,
the white branches of the birch trees.
Its attempts flicker through and give me the light,
I need to see my way.
The water from the stream trickles down,
and takes some snow covered leaves with it.
The peaceful sound of my surrounds make my day.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

Morning Light.

How I have waited for you to stream through my window.
Your golden rays touch the end of my bed.
You remind me that all is never darkness,
that the light will always come in the end.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

Shall I Tell You A Story.

Shall I tell you a story,
of the girl who lived in the woods.
Some say she was a blacksmiths daughter,
who loved to dance among the trees and buds.

She lived in a little cottage by the lake.
Her home was surrounded by the wild animals and birds,
They doted on her and she would make,
all kinds of treats for them, her wards.

At night she would sit at the window,
looking out to the moon.
A cup of tea on the table,
some honey on a spoon.
She kept to herself and was very quiet.
She seemed to be smart and bright.
She was able to tend the land,
and fend for herself and take a stand.

One day a stranger came to the neighbourhood.
A tall and spritely man.
He was quite taken by the girl.
He was enamoured by her long brown hair.

In a short space of time, the countryside was looted.
By a dark stranger on a black stallion.
He stole jewels and brightly coloured pearls.
He threatened with a gun and his breath smelt of rum.

People were afraid, so the sheriff was called in.
He dredged the land up and down.
Trying to locate the evasive stranger.
Alas to no avail.

Then one foggy night as the sheriff took the carriage home,
the stranger came to attack.
This time not to the sheriffs woe,
The sheriff was able to load and
shoot his foe.

As he fell of his horse and fell swiftly to the ground.
Nothing could be heard, not a single sound.
The sheriff went over to check if he was alive,
And was really surprised to see it was not a man but a girl,
the blacksmiths daughter.

There she lay on the ground, her brown curly hair
lifted by a gentle breeze.
Her mask had fallen of to reveal a beautiful face,
with eyes of velvety blue.
But the light was gone.
A drop of blood lay on her rosy lips.
What could have made her do so wrong.
It is said she was bewitched by the handsome stranger.
He turned her heart to stone,
and now it is said her crying ghost
roams the land and is heard on the nights
when the full moon shone.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Magical Beauty Of Winter.

The magical beauty of Winter,
is displayed on every snowy branch.
The snow glistens like diamonds,
and puts you in a trance.

The icy glare of the lake.
The foggy dew of the sky.
The wayer trickling along.
The silver clouds slowly going by.

The houses in the distance,
with their Christmas lights,
The Church bell rings.
What a delight.

The snow is coming down.
Like cottonwool from the sky.
The sky is getting dark.
Its time to say goodbye.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

In My Dreams.

In my dreams I am floating.
In open space and time.
Fleeing to other worlds.
Not knowing what is mine.

Total freedom and relaxation.
Total peace of mind.
Nothing can interrupt my dreams.
Nothing can rewind.

Softly dreaming of the sea and golden sand.
Dreaming of the blue skies and wondrous green land.
Dreaming of the African desert,
Nomads and camels.
Dreaming of the Indian ocean,
Blue whales in motion.

When I awake from peaceful slumber.
I cannot wait for my next nights sleep.
For then I can escape to my dreams.
Forget my worries and fall in deep.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Deep Blue Sea.

I would love to be,
in the deep blue sea.
Swimming around in the magical depths.
Seeing the dolphin as it leaps.
The blue whale and its enormous size.
The baby sea lion and its beautiful Eyes.

I would love to swim under the shore.
In the underground caves,
with trasures galore.
Old pirate ships with hidden treasure.
A deep blue sea you could not measure.

Swimming around with all the fish.
Looking down at the glistening stones.
Sea Shells in millions of different shapes and colours.
Oh I do love swimming alone.

The sea gulls take a swipe to feast.
A ship goes by, on its way to the east.
The sky gets dark, the moon appears.
The stars shine and lear.
Another day will come tomorrow.
When I can swim and forget my sorrow.
Swimming around in the deep blue sea.
Thats where I love to be.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Mirror Has Two Faces.

The mirror has two faces.
You and I.
We see our reflection in each other.
Yours and mine.
We are two halves of the same coin.
We are day and night.
I am you and you are me.
Together we are free.

We need not to be together
to understand each other.
We feel each others pain.
You are the sun, I am the rain.

When I am sad you lift me up.
When you are anxious I say "Don't give up";
We are so different, yet so alike.
The mirror has two faces.
You are the thunder and I am the lightening that strikes.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Little Fox.

Little fox sleep.
Dream fast in your slumber.
Little fox do not weep.
The day is long.
You will have many adventures
to sing about when it is over.

The forest is your playground.
Deliciously green.
Scouting around for your prey.
To be inevidently seen.

Down by the stream.
The Salmon leaps.
Glistening water trickles.
Down in the deep.

Little fox sleep.
Dream fast in your slumber.
Little fox do not weep.
The day is not over.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Secret Garden.

The door was hidden behind
some evergrowing ivy.
When opened I saw a garden inside.
Fallen trees corrupted the ground and
cobwebs covered the area like a broken cage.
A Little table stood in the middle
surrounded by iron cast chairs.
Remains of a picnic were seen on the table,
a teapot and some silverware.

Little blossoms could be seen here and there.
A bird nest of swallows lay in the nearest tree.
Branches of all sizes lay strewn on the ground.
In there you could hardly hear a sound.

So this is the secret garden that I have heard
of so many times.
The place that was kept hidden and left to decay.
The place of happier times and of lost days.
The place where they used to play.

For in the echoes I could hear the screams of laughter.
I could hear the birds sing.
I could the wind softly whistling through.
I could hear the chattering of small bits of conversation from days gone by.

A soft ray of sunshine reminded me.
That this place could shine again.
With a little help it could come back to its former
glory,
and then complete its story.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

When I Think Of You.

When I think of you,
there is fondness in my heart.
When I think of you,
There is peace, it was there from the start.

Out of the blue you came,
And nothing has ever been the same.
Your face etched in my soul.
Your voice, I am deeply enthralled.

Your mind as sharp as a knife.
Your humour deals with the strife.
When I think of you,
everything is real and true.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



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My Faithful Friend

When you are here beside me,
My faithful friend.
I am never alone, not even in my head.

Your warmth and loyalty,
are always steadfast.
You are always giving,
never asking in return.

In my depths of darkness,
When I saw no way out.
You were always there.
There was no doubt.

You bring me peace,
And calmness all at once.
Your presence is everything
and so is the joy you bring.

I hope my friend,
when our time is done,
That we stay together,
still having fun.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Darkness.

The darkness is there.
It's something we can't escape.
It's in us all.
Like the black night with a cape.

We have two sides the good and the bad.
There is also the happy and the sad.
It's a continuous fight to see who wins.
It's important to love oneself that's where it begins.

There is always some light in everything we do.
Like the night sky with the stars twinkling too.
Like the way we are kind and caring,
And not thinking of ourselves.
Like the way we go deep in thought and delve.

The fight continues between good and bad.
The fight continues between happy and sad.
Never let anyone say you have no control.
It's what you feed that affects your soul.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

To Love Or Not To Love.

To love or not to love is the question.
Is it better to not feel anything,
to hide all emotions.
Pretending we are not so close,
Like the vast oceans.

Keeping everything caged in our hearts,
being afraid, never to start.
Afraid to love because heartbreak hurts.
Done it all before, so I know how it works.

Better not to love, keep at a distance.
Even though its hard sometimes, better the resistance.
Because sometimes the love you have dies,
in more ways than one.
Better not to have the pain, just be on the run.

Yet if we never let go and deal.
We will miss out on what is real.
Better to love than not to love.
Life is too short not to show someone,
how we feel.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

This Land, This Life.

I look across this open space,
and try to remember how it used to be.
When people cared about each other.
When everyone was like sister and brother.

Today it seems you have to be.
Like everyone else and not unique.
Dont make a fuss, dont even care.
Look in your phone and continue to stare.

I wish we could open our eyes and see
what we have got.
Look at the blue sky, and the stars above.
It is quite alot,
to appreciate and be grateful for.
But we would rather stare at the floor.

This land full of Cultures and differences.
This land of the vikings and Thor.
This land of woodland forests and lakes of icy blue.
The foggy mornings and their dew.

Can we try and wake up before its too late.
Open our hearts, our eyes, our doors and gates.
Take our heads out of our phones
and begin to look, to see, to realise, to strive
and participate in this wonderful land and life.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Moors.

I am alive yet feel so dead.
I hear you tapping at the window,
as the wind howls fiercely,
while I am in my bed.
You promised never to leave me,
and yet you did.
You promised never to forget our love
or our adventures in our youth,
when we larked around the moors
and laughed to our hearts content.

And now you visit me in the dead of the night.
Is that out of spite.
I would have done anything for our love,
but you wanted more and drove,
a wedge between our hearts, our souls.

I live for the day that I can join you,
on the moors with the purple heather,
above us and the wind howling like it is tonight,
And you in my arms once more for all eternity.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Deep In The Forest.

Deep in the forest,
where the river flows,
by the side of the hill,
where the wind blows,
we lived our dream
You and I.
Together in the depth of our thoughts
and our souls connection.
We lived our hopes, our passions
in peace and harmony.
Away from the world's darkness
and pain.
We only had sun and rain.

We wandered you and I,
over hill, valley and vale.
We looked to the sun during the day
and lay under the stars at night.
Their light shone down on us
like glistening pearls of hope.
The moon in all its glory,
shone so we could see our way
to deep in the forest,
Where you and I
would stay.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The White Lady

She roams along the pathways to the tower.
You see her ghost in the snows of Winter
and in Aprils showers.
Her look is so forlorn and sad.
I wonder what sorrow she has had.

Her White dress caresses the icy stones.
The coldness puts a chill in your bones.
She wears a pendant with the letter B.
Is it Anne Boleyn I see.

This poor lady that lies were told against.
So Henry could get himself a new wife.
It did not work out the way that he wanted.
New wife gone and he is haunted.

But your only daughter ma'am.
She became Englands greatest Queen.
With her fiery red hair and alabaster skin.
She is the only one who is remembered and seen.

Not Edward or Bloody Mary as she was called.
But your little daughter Elizabeth Rex.
So you can hold your head up high my Queen.
You have done your duty and paid the highest price,
your life.

Rest now my dear lady in your grave.
The one without any headstone to name your brave,
actions and all you did.
Sleep well and remember who you put on the throne.
The Virgin Queen, the one who came from your blood and bones.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Don't Say A Word.

Don't say a word.
Just let us be.
I want to sit with you,
in silence,
And listen to the humming bee.

Put your arm around me.
Let us sit here awhile.
Let us watch the sunset.
Let me see your smile.

You know I love you.
In so many different ways.
You know I love all you do and say.

Don't say a word.
Just let us be.
You know you are in everything I see.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Dark House On The Hill.

You lived in the dark house on the hill.
It was not for love or will.
You had no choice in the matter.
And that's what made it sadder.

You came from a land far away.
To this country you came to stay.
Promised to an older man.
To live with, till your dying day.

You loved to read.
He did not.
You loved to play the piano.
He thought it a bore.
Soon your life became one long hard chore.

There was no real love between him and you.
You wanted to find someone who was real and true.
And so you did in the family doctor.
But those were the days you both would rue.

Escapes in the night.
Passions flared.
To meet your true love.
By the candlelight and you dared.
Always being afraid of getting found out.
But this was true love without any doubt.

In the end they murdered your lover.
You were banned to your room to suffer.
Your husband who was the King,
took all your jewellery and your ring.

You didn't care what he did.
Your heart was broken and you hid,
in the dark house on the hill.
It was not for love or will.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

My Eyes Of Blue.

My eyes of blue see you,
where ever you may be.
My eyes of blue feel you
I cannot let it be.

I see within your heart and soul.
I see when you feel unwhole.
I know how you feel,
when I am not there.
I know your heart,
I know you care.

There is a big space between us,
that keeps us apart.
There have been obstacles.
They have been there from the start.

My eyes of blue see you,
where ever you may be.
My eyes of blue feel you
I cannot let it be.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Blue Skies Above.

The blue skies above,
Stretch over our land.
They look over the green fields
and the golden sand.

The sun shines brightly,
happy to be there.
The many different birds fly to and fro,
without a care.

Blue skies makes everyone happy.
Makes you feel its going be a good day.
When you are feeling sad and crappy
One look up there takes your worries away.

Bye bye winter we dont want your dark skies.
No more snowy mornings.
No more deep sighs.

Here comes spring and sunshine.
Open up your eyes.
Here comes love and laughter.
Look up and see the blue skies.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Don't Cry Your Tears For Him.

Don't cry your tears for him.
He does not care.
Don't cry your tears for him.
He is not there.

He is with her the one,
He thinks he loves.
He will never learn
that's how he is.
He continues to make the same mistakes.
His life, his bis.

You wore your heart on your sleeve
as you always do.
That's how you are.
That's what makes you true.

You are never fake, but always sincere.
But it seems today that fake and insincere
are put on a pedestal,
and real people like you my dear
are thrown away anywhere.

They say they want real,
but then they cannot deal,
with your warmth and fire.
They cannot handle an ascended woman.
Too much for many a man to desire.

They would have to really look
at themselves in the mirror.
See their true selves
and cope with what they see.
Not an easy task too much terror.
Let them be.

Don't cry your tears for him.
He does not care.
Don't cry your tears for him

He is not there.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Secret.

You fell in love.
That was your mistake.
Without knowing who he really was.
Your life became a fairytale.
Until that walk beside the lake.
Your life unravelled.
The darkness surrounded
everything that you touched.
How could you compete
with a woman that was loved so much.

Her ghost followed you everywhere.
In every nook and cranny.
You could not escape her memory.
Her attributes that were many.

Her faithful servant spied on you.
You felt yourself unworthy.
You did not know that her memory
was not remembered so fondly.

You did not know that your lover
despised everything that was her's.
He hated her with a vengeance
that was deeper than your fears.

He revealed how mean and spiteful
she was in everything she did.
She was very beautiful but not inside,
which she cleverly hid.

His life with her was full of pain.
Sometimes he wondered if he was going insane.
And then that day beside the lake.
She revealed her nastiness and all her fake.

And then she fell and it was over.
Put out to sea over his shoulder.
Now the secret is revealed

and the taking away of all pain.
Your life can begin to flourish again.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Great Expectations.

Great Expectations is all we had.
Expecting and dreaming our life away.
But nothing ever happened the way that we wanted it too.
Everything changed with one big sway.

You lived in a house abandoned by love.
Locked day in, day out in a decaying room.
You never saw daylight or the stars above.
Your world was full of doom and gloom.

Then one day a boy came to see you.
A smart Little chap called Pip.
Your days became lighter and cheerful.
Even the taste of your tea that you sip.

But you had an evil plan.
One that did more harm than good.
You were mistreated one time
And it left you with a revengeful mood.

You wanted this sweet boy to feel
What you felt,
When you were left at the altar.
You wanted him to feel your misery
for him to breakdown and falter.

But he was not to blame for your heartbreak,
And finally you realised what you had done.
But in the end the Great Expectations
were heaven sent and could not be undone.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Fifth Dimension

The fifth dimension is here to stay.
All your cares and worries will go away.
Tranquility and serenity will take over your reality.
Your life will become more enjoyable every day.

Listen to your innermost being.
Your spiritual heart is like a torch.
The darkness of your mind
will never again scorch.

Direct your awareness within.
Relaxation is what makes this world a place to enjoy.
You will come from a place of being more humble and gentle.
Even a little coy.

The deepest devotion to being gentle in your life.
Inspires others to do the same.
The fifth dimension is here to stay.
It is not a spiritual game.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Uncage Your Heart.

Uncage your heart
and let me see,
the secrets you hold within.
Give me the key,
to unlock your soul.
bring life and make you whole.

You have been living in a dark space.
You felt you could not escape.
Open your heart,
And let me in,
so we can make a new start.

You have been hurt I know.
it takes time to heal.
the memories still stay,
But don't forget what's real.

Uncage your heart
and let me see,
the secrets you hold within.
Give me the key,
to unlock your soul.
bring life and make you whole.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

The Last Dance

Here you are again,
waiting to go on.
This is your last dance
and regrets are none.
This will be your last "Swan lake";
Even though you are a little sad.
You are also happy to be hanging up your shoes.
It ain't so bad.

No more pirouetting to chiming music.
No more bowing to the applause of well clapped hands.
No more long Days of practice.
No more travelling to foreign lands.

You will miss the magic of the stage.
The mystical atmosphere of every show.
For dancing gave you life and hope.
But now it is really time to go.

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You circle round and dance to the music.
Each lift of your arm, each bow of your head.
The ruffling of your costume can be slightly heard.
The delicate movement of your legs
is perfectly led.

You dance with every strength you have left.
Your body is tired but not done yet.
One last turn, one last lift.
One last bow, one last set.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Your Dreams

Your dreams lay at your feet,
and they were not even complete.
The ones you had when you were young.
Along the way they had become undone.

You had high hopes of the way it should be.
Had planned it out methodically.
But life did not play your game,
And so you are not the same.

You pick them up one by one,
And place them in your heart.
You plan again and this time,
It will not be like it was from the start.

You have learnt from your mistakes,
have grown in your soul,
Your sad memories are fading,
and your heart is whole.

For again you will try and not give up hope.
You will build your dreams,
One by one.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Look Into My Eyes

Look into my eyes
and tell me that you care.
Look into my eyes and tell me
that you will be there.

Love is a lonely road to walk sometimes.
We never say what we should say.
Afraid of revealing our deepest emotion.
Afraid of revealing how we really feel.
Better to cover it up and conceal.

There is a softness in your eyes.
The way you look when you are deep in thought.
Tell me what you are really thinking.
Give me hope so I am not sinking.

Look into my eyes
And tell me that you care.
Look into my eyes and tell me
that you will be there.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

A Sunny Day

You are all done up in your finery,
waiting for him to arrive.
A visit to your winery.
A nice long drive.

The sun is shining
and you are feeling good.
Nothing today,
can put you in a bad mood.

You make some tea while you await.
Suddenly you hear the creaking of the gate.
The doorbell rings.
You run to answer.
There he stands and you begin to banter.

Laughing and smiling,
That's how he makes you feel.
Sometimes you wonder is it just a dream.
His humour cracks you up every time.
His caring and loving makes you a team.

Of you go with the sun in your hair.
The wind blows softly.
The birds are singing.
A sunny day and life is good.
Nothing can put you in a bad mood.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

Fly Bird Fly

Fly bird fly,
Up to the sky,
Up to the heavens above.
Fly bird fly,
Up to the sky,
Up to the other doves.

Soar and glide,
Flap and slide,
Fly fast and free.
Never again in a cage.
Never again with me.

I set you free
as I am.
Never again bound.
Fly bird fly up to the sky.
And let me hear your sound.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh(c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

A Simple Flower

A simple flower is all I want.
Not bouquets of roses or jewels.
A simple tulip or daffodil
Or one of the violets at the foot of the mill.

Your smile is what I value more.
Your blue eyes which I adore.
Your brown hair with bits of grey.
Your words of encouragement that make my day.

A simple flower is all I want.
For I have all I want in you.
A simple tulip or daffodil.
You make my dreams come true.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



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