

Poetry Series

Sarah A. Bischof
- poems -

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Learning

In our time here on Earth,
We must learn to love.
We must learn to fight.
We must learn to be
What we've never been able to be.
There is no end
To the learning
And changing.
As we grow older,
We must learn to provide.
We must learn to conquer,
Or we will be conquered
By life and learning itself.
There is never time to stop learning,
For if we do,
We will be overcome
By fear of what we do not know.
This keeps us from finding who we truly are.
For if we are so consumed with learning,
We begin to learn how to be someone we aren't,
And forget to remember who and what it is we truly are.

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One And Only

The day that you came into my life
Was the greatest day of all.
I never knew what true love felt like
Until I felt you beside me.
I felt the warmth and kindness
That I never knew before.
There was something different about you.
I couldn't quite place it.
Then I finally realized.
You were the one I was waiting for.
You were the one that I was longing for.
You were the one that I needed.
You were,
And you are now.
You are the one that can take away my pain.
You are the one that can wipe away my tears.
You are the one that can make me smile.
You are the one that makes my heart beat.
You are the one that makes me feel special.
You are the one that is always there.
You are the one and only
For me.

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The Kiss

You received the kiss of death,
Yet You freely give the kiss of life,
With righteousness and peace,
That we may know Your glory and life,
That we may glory in You.
You were born
That You may die,
To give us life!
How could I ever repay You,
Oh, Lord?
How could I ever come close
To being like you?
It took the kiss of death
To give us life and breath
In You!

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Warrior Poet

Broken words
Filling blank pages,
Haunted memories
Cascading into lines,
Creating a dark tale
Of inescapable fear,
Never-ending pain,
Nightmares all too real.
Becoming a slave
To the words,
Burning embers of
A broken heart.
Yet pressing on,
Knowing this story
Must be told.
The story of a
Warrior Poet.
A girl broken,
Haunted,
Trapped in a
Twisted web,
Escaping only through
The pen in hand.
Tears fall.
Words flow.
Pain releases
As this Warrior Poet
Tells her story.

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