

Poetry Series

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- poems -

Publication Date:
2018

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

simon daniel()

I'm not a regular poetry writer. But when I write, I write. I love everything that God has made and that which has not been polluted by man. People who follow God's ways, are His children and He cares for them. The rest are those of the Devil.

A Lampoon

And so there's this other old goat
Who peers in wantonly, -
In the most despicable way
But is reckoned a sage! !

He can't teach language,
He can't teach literature -
and he just doesn't have an idea
on how to go about it -
Well, ... que faire!

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A Prayer For Restoration

I read, "they ran without
Being called, " If that be so -
And I did run once, Thou knowest

The path is but narrow...

We need sharp ears
To hear Thy soft voice -
And ready feet
To do Your holy will...

□

Hurdles aplenty
The Evil one planteth
Do Thou do Thou doubts erase,
Your grace alone can save.

Restore, O Lord!

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Another Setback!

Another setback.

□

Do you count setbacks as setbacks

Or do you rev up

And prove to be

A phenomenon

Crafted by God Almighty!

For personal setbacks

convert to phenomenal successes

in His mighty hand!

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Calling

You cannot walk like others do
You have a separate life,
Existence.

You know your calling -
Fulfill your commission!

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Dark Arts

Divining and snooping
has become
a way of life for many
They willingly let their souls
get damned
Though it cannot
help them one bit
to better their lot

It is but a form of entertainment -
The reward for which
is the soul's eternal damnation.

Alas, they even know not
What a soul is -
Or if at all they do,

they shun their eyes
to the truth of our
All loving Eternal God.

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Find The Right Lock

Find the right lock!

What if it's already open-
Keyholes look inviting anyway....

They're ways to hearts
and relationships....

Receive, hold and control, says someone;
Use the right key, says another....

My backward place is where I am.

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George Herbert Looked Around

George Herbert looked around
and so have I
Many a time -.

The world's a mirage
The hills an illusion
He's the only reality

He'll roll up the skies one day
with the stars and planets and all
Like bed covers or a blanket one sleeps on

His unfathomable self - who can fathom!
Benign heart, unravel?

Omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient! !

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He Cares!

He gave me my airy naissance -

My breath of life

He's the one who holds me

His mighty arms

□

He cares!

The care that others show

is all but a passing shadow

A vainglorious attempt -

He alone cares.

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Lonely, In A Crowd

You can be lonely

in a crowd -

□

That's why, in a library,

where there are so many around -

I can be myself, jotting away, ...

to myself.

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Scumbags

I don't have to write of scumbags
I don't have to talk or think
Of slumdogs' wagging tongues
Of the slumdogs' staring bloodshot eyes

They're creatures of this evil world
Infesting nooks and crannies.

Looking around,
Casting their nets
For unwary passers-by
Pulling the rug from beneath

Familiar in private
Scorn and deride in public
Spread the rumour,
Black bite

Erotic and gossip -
For that's the surest way
To cut people down to size

Except the one you cannot meet -
Direct, face to face,
Someone who has the favour of
The Almighty invincible holy God! ☐

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The Tsunami Struck

The tsunami struck
Fukushima got rattled
But I just wonder
Why the Loving Lord
Would want to show it all

Before He did it! ?

It's because -
He counts you friends,
That's why! ☐

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Waiting For His Consent

I'm only waiting for His consent
What He would approve
and, what He would not.

Coz I'm afraid to transgress
and displease Him.

He has loved me with a love
I've elsewhere ne'er known.
Whatever I do - I don't want
to do the things He doesn't like.

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Why Do People Humour People Such As These?

There's a hulk going about
Diverting attention
From himself
Spreading insinuations
About another -
What if it were noble me?

He goes about his dirty work
Seducing unwary lasses
At the workplace and everywhere
But the dumb fool he can't do it himself
With a defying boldness -

He wags his monkey tail
Just as he does his wagging tongue
Giving the name of another
To bear his blame
A dirty rascal, coward
□

These are people shooting from the hip
Living an anal life
Good at the bottom job
They know how to
Kick the feet and please somebody
But it's all an empty outward show

They're masters at the art of
Pretentious display
With a hollow in their skulls
Just how do you expect them
To think straight or decent

When their minds are full of deception
And conniving means at hand -
There's another who has joined the one
To make a wastrel dunghill dirt-heap

They go about sowing their wild oats
And everybody damn well knows about it

And still I wonder why
This place should humour ones as these

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Your Will

May it be done -

If I may find favour in Thine eyes, O Lord

And if it will be well with me -

Take Thou me

To where Thou biddest

Or let me rest where I am

For, I need Thy loving grace and mercy e'er.

Amen

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