

Poetry Series

**tinette holmes**  
**- poems -**

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# Dreams

Look for your hope in the smallest of things  
another day to wake up  
another song you can sing  
sunshine  
fresh air  
a chance to start something new  
thunderstorms  
bubble baths  
a new pair of shoes  
It's never too late for your dreams to come true  
if you're still alive then they're just up to you  
and if you fill in all the space in between  
with people you love  
well...thats more than a dream  
and if worse comes to worse and you never get there  
nothing is as important as the love that you've shared  
so don't fret and loose hope that your dreams out of sight  
just continue the journey and hold your dreams tight

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# Mama

can I step back to the child that i was  
to see through their eyes, to love how they love  
when I was small my life fed my soul  
with all life before me and no worries at all  
in my children i see myself  
when sometimes i slip off my so grown up shelf  
they need my little girl with her mischiviousnes  
with her brashness and humor in her calico dress  
come to play hide and seek with the mama they know  
to tickle their fancies by spreading my toes  
I spy and coloring and fishing for perch  
bubbles and slip and slides and twirling bright skirts  
will my little me know when to come out and play?  
'come in here with us mama'  
'no not today'  
if she's sleeping for now inside of my mind  
then their jokes and their sparkle will help me to find  
those three little ones who someday will be  
half small and half big just like their mommy

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# What's Behind Your Eyes

I look into your soft blue eyes  
deep into that tiny black void  
i am trying to catch a glimpse of 'you' inside  
what does your soul look like?  
could i stand to look at it except with the eyes of my own soul?  
I look long and hard.....but see only my reflection after a while  
why do i search to see something  
that could never fully be expressed through sight alone  
but only touched and made love to by one such as itself  
caressed and intertwined with my own  
when the angels make love it must be profoundly beautiful  
for they make love blindingly soul to soul  
i wish and pray to make love such as the angels do  
but with you my darling  
with you

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