

Poetry Series

Veronica Murdoch Eaton
- poems -

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Veronica Murdoch Eaton(1 May 1957)

Christmas 2013! ! !

Another day has dawned, all wet and grey,
but pure bliss to everything that needs water to stay.
One month to Christmas, the buzz has begun,
The cars rushing by, the people now run.

The Silly Season? I disagree,
A time for family, friends, laughter and glee.
The presents, I have already wrapped with love,
A golf shirt, golf balls and even a glove.

Counting the days now, till Santa arrives,
the shopping centers now looking like many bee hives.
Off to Swaziland, we as a family shall go,
Christmas is always so much fun, that we all know.

This Christmas our new members to join us, like Kev and Carter,
dear Norman we shall miss you, forever and ever after.
A very dear man, so honest, good and true,
your great grandson will be our new Baby Blue.

Christmas day will arrive, our family will ignite,
Dear Aunty Amy as Santa, little ones faces alight.
My precious grand daughter Taylor, will be bouncing for joy,
as she giggles and wriggles, opening each and every toy.

The Gangys all sitting, watching families delight,
we as Gangys all know, it is the most wonderful sight.
Names being called, bright presents handed out,
we clap, we shrill, this is what our morning is all about.

Christmas lunch is served, we know that we are blessed,
we take our seats, we pray, we are all festively dressed.
Good Lord, we thank you, for memories such as these,
at night we go slumber but first to our knees.

How precious is Christmas, let's see it that way,
the heartfelt love is there, at the end of the day.
Never take for granted this time of the year,
Put on your Christmas spirit and go forth in cheer.

Veronica Murdoch Eaton

Dreams

Delve into your dreams, silently at night.
Hold them with passion, no wrong, only right.
Dream them, embrace them, do them if you dare.
Live them and give them to others, to enjoy and to share.
The more dreams one has, it is easier to see,
life is full of happiness, for both you and me.
(23 October 2013)

Veronica Murdoch Eaton

Just Me

The dawn is breaking, the sun is peeping through.
The birds are chirping, the day is filled with things to do.
Another twenty four hours, how fortunate can one be,
to hear all these sounds and this life too, I can see.
A cup of coffee in one hand, all nicely propped up in bed,
hair branching out in all directions, from the top of my head!
A sight to behold, a sight to see,
remember though, it's nothing to fear, it's JUST ME! VME
(23 October 2013)

Veronica Murdoch Eaton

Let's

Let's learn to solve, let's learn to talk. Then it's all about, walk the walk.
Surrender, release, let go of the pain, by keeping it close, there is nothing to
gain. Toss it, throw it, in the air. Lighten our thoughts, no more despair.
When all is said, over and done, remember that, we are not the only ones.
Let's find our gifts, let's fill our hearts with love, let's stay connected to God
above.

(23 October 2013)

Veronica Murdoch Eaton

Life

Live your life, in the kindest way.
Never harden your heart but keep it strong.
Love your life, each and every day.
Never lose your sense, of where you belong.
Appreciate your life, it's the only way.
Never take good for granted, or be misled by the wrong.
Embrace your life, be jovial, loyal and play.
Never underestimate work, earn an honest living, your whole life long.

(13 March 2013)

Veronica Murdoch Eaton

Mandela's Time! ! !

Mandela! Madiba! They cry out and shout your name,
the nation's people fear, their lives shan't ever be the same.
You were so loved by many and loathed by many too,
you did your crime, Mandela and also paid what was due.

Now Tata, it becomes our choice, of which of your paths we should tread,
the criminal one, or the one that I choose, of blessed peace instead.
For me personally, your life on this earth, I grew with lots to gain,
To be humble, compassionate and forgive, no matter what the pain.

Dear Lord, please let our country, fall back into a place of peace,
grant us love and harmony, leaving the ugly violence to cease.
Let us turn to the poem of Invictus, and remember to make it our goal,
we are the master of our fate, we are the captain of our soul.

Veronica Murdoch Eaton

Pamberi! ! !

PAMBERI! !

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As I have come to know, the man with a Golden Glow.
I search deep inside,
I hold him in my heart, with so much pride!
Keith Nell to me - you are a man of strength, compassion and love,
given to all of us, from up above.

Your amazing zest for life and your truly wonderful wife.
Your dreams do come true, in all that you do.
This journey with you, has surely been one of my best,
I watch you in awe, and your ongoing jest!

Go well Nell - with your own olympic flame,
hold it high and hold it firm,
We' re all right behind you,
no matter where you turn! !

As your day draws near, I know that this is very special to you,
I shall watch from the crowd, a tissue in my hand too.
A lump in my throat and a chest full of pride,
you have done this dear Sir, and all in your stride.

To gather together, families and friends, from our Viscounts Down,
in prayer, in love, from the city, farm and every other town.
Even countries together, have embraced this pain,
of Rhodesia's 911, that happened once and once again.

This historical day, when we stand beneath the skies,
we'll remember, when we did this before and heard the painful cries.
Only this time though, it may bring more closure and peace,
knowing that our loved ones memories, never ever did cease.
Keith Nell, dear friend and mentor, for this I shall salute you,
Honoured and inspired, in all that you do.

PAMBERI! ! !

..... Ronnie Murdoch Eaton

Veronica Murdoch Eaton

The Presence Of Abscence

Your heart tears, it weeps and tightens, as it begins to crush.
Trying to understand life, love, hurt, it all becomes too much!
What is this, you call out, in disbelief,
is it forever, a few years or just simply too brief?

No matter, no more - how does it really end,
In all of this chaos, disruption, does it ever actually mend?
Your roots, your challenges, they do not play a part,
in how you choose to see life today and how to feel with your heart.

This too shall pass, you know and then it shall drift on by,
You gather yourself, your thoughts, as your tears begin to dry.
Life's lessons are here and always shall be taught,
to those who pay heed and with new wisdom do sought.

So stand tall, remain pure and never weaken the heart,
but keep it soft and forgiving, as you did from the start.
Amongst this, you can still see the goodness in life,
Forever rewarding, refreshing and this day, I choose to live with no strife.

(October 2013)

Veronica Murdoch Eaton

When Your Hearts Collide

Your eyes meet,
your hearts miss a beat,
you both walk to each other to greet.
When your hearts collide!

You hold on tight,
scared that you might,
lose this love tonight.
When your hearts collide!

This warm embrace,
your pulse begins to race,
you will never forget their face.
When your hearts collide!

A common thread is within,
you can feel it, there is no sin,
it's pure peace, let your love begin.
When your hearts collide!

Dreams do come true,
you know this, you can feel it to,
and all the sweetness pours over you.
When your hearts collide!

This soul ignites,
the flashes are very bright,
it's a feeling and not a sight.
When your hearts collide!

Surrender to this,
accept all this bliss,
and seal it with a beautiful kiss.
When your hearts collide!

Veronica Murdoch Eaton