

A Ray of Hope

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Final Gift

Frail and weak, unable to speak
she lay in her hospital bed.

She'd made up her mind, no more this time.
She was ready to go where God led.

So with a small sigh, she said her good-byes
and listened carefully to God as He said:

The child is coming to soon and so sick,
by your touch alone will he heal.

So right by his crib, she watched over him,
a firm steady hand to his skin,

Keeping him calm, her voice a sweet song,
Unheard by any but him.

And day after day as everyone prayed . . .
Grandma made sure Hunter lived.

Sheri Lee Grzywacz

You Are So Beautiful to Me

Waiting and watching from above,
Up on a mountain she waits from above,
With magick in your hearts,
You don't want to be apart.
She sees him standing in the distance,
He is coming to her and is very insistent.
He will comfort and love you,
Place no mortal above you,
You will never be alone,
He is coming home.

Brett Allen Richardson

A Different World

Did you ever think that maybe,
The trees fall off the leaves?
Or maybe the tees are hit off the golf balls,
Instead of the golf balls off the tees?

That maybe the sky is a puffy pure white,
And the clouds are a pale color blue?
And that maybe your reflection,
Is alive instead of you?

Maybe the world isn't what we think it to be,
But what we think it's not,
I guess some people are born thinking this,
Others must be taught,

But no matter how we learn it,
Just as long as we can see,
This world wasn't made this way,
It's what we made it out to be.

Katie Marie Randall

My Sister My Umbrella

You were there to protect me from the rain.
You were there when I was in pain and
when the rain kept pouring down.
It was you that wouldn't let me drown.
You would open up your umbrella with your
amazing strength just so I wouldn't sink.

Misty Dawn Ferguson

Sweet Dreams

Sweet little angel that lights up my blue sky.
The stars are out and it's time to go off to bed.
So sweet dreams, my angel
may God watch over you while you sleep tonight.
For tomorrow is another joyous day.

Melissa Lynn Nordin

A Rider's Moment

*Dedicated to Silver, my family and friends
who encouraged me to write.*

It's early in the morning and cold,
I'm praying that I'm not too old.
I brush you off and saddle you up,
Today's the big day so don't give up.
As we walk out into the ring,
I swear I hear some angels sing.
We wait behind the line,
The buzzard rings, that's the sign.
We weave in and out of poles,
Like grace and beauty you've missed the pothole.
You do it all over again,
But at the end you begin.
You race straight and around the pole
Thank God, I've met my goal.
As you cross the finish line,
We both know that's the best time.
And when they call the first place name
This feeling I wonder if it's of pride or shame.

Kellyn E. Schwartz

You and ONLY You

In your eyes, I see love
In your arms, I feel love
In your kiss, I am loved, But only in yours
My heart, my soul, my angel, But only you
I am happy, I am smiling, I am loved, But only because of you
With my eyes, I show love
With my arms, I give love
With my kiss, we become love, But only with you—You and only you
In you I see a soul
In you I see a difference
In you I see my future, But only in you
My friend, my comrade, my love, But only you
You are special, you are amazing, you are mine, But you and only you

Becky Jean French

The Thirty-First

Walk with a CRUNCH!
The CRUNCH flies every time you step.
So many colors, what do you mean they're dead?
How can this be when they've formed a body?

The head looks familiar.
The brain is hollow, yet it glows with rage!
Orange, orange, a discriminating fellow.

Strangers approach every hour.
A circus is in town.
Animals don't look like themselves.
Why do they chant the cliché?

Their stomachs will all be filled.
They'll all go away.
CRUNCH, CRUNCH!

Raymond Palma

Survival Inn

After a week of hassle and stress, one needs a place
to relax and rest. A place to invite all one's friends,
caused the creation of "Survival Inn."

Sometimes there is work and sometimes rest, Hand
& Foot is the game loved best. A great big deck to
entertain friends, a big back yard for "grilling out" in.

I can hardly wait for Friday's to come, to jump in my
car and be off on the run. Straight to the beach as fast
as I can, to greet all my friends at my "Survival Inn."

Betty P. West