

### **The Bird Trapped in the Summerhouse**

Poor little thing  
On frightened wing,  
How could you crawl  
Through hole so small?  
I hardly knew you there at all  
Till out you flew  
Through open door.

### **Tombstone**

How strange to think my name  
Will someday be an inscription on a Tombstone,  
No one will remember me as some who have gone before,  
The stone will be a sad monument to no-one  
And when those who knew me are dead  
Who will know me at all.

### **Good Friday**

You gave up your all for me,  
Held up your hand and said  
“This is how I was born to be,  
Scourged, crowned, crucified,  
Soon I will rise and live  
While you must fall and die”.

**The Years Fly with Hurried Wings**

The years fly with hurried wings,  
Unclipped, unfettered soaring high,  
Youth gives way to evening song  
Dreams unfulfilled, take ground and die.

Sometimes in the starlight glow  
Distant dreams will reappear,  
In age the thoughts once we had  
Will come and make their presence clear.

What hopes we had, plans we made,  
What world we'd see when child had flown,  
But cruel time has greased our wings  
And age has withered youthful bone.

**Growing Up**

Growing up, dreams a sharing  
Playing, caring, fighting, feeling  
life was ours for the taking,  
Unaware the fates were working  
Stealing dreams, taking friendship,  
Splitting families from within  
Bruising hearts, hardening souls,  
Ending dreams with knife a whim.

Families torn, deep asunder,  
Imagined slights holding sway,  
Thoughts akin to clapping thunder  
Forgiveness lost in darker day.

No understanding, comprehension  
Of lost souls on stone like path,  
Little empathy or retention  
Of the days that formed the past.  
Feet a bruised, seeking salvation,  
On their lonely journey home,  
Families torn from their foundation  
Hearts once loving, turned to stone

**My Daughter...**

They say that a girl is a daughter forever,  
And never will turn from a mother's care,  
When boys rush away to the earth's four corners  
A daughter will always and forever be there.

Loving, caring, and selflessly sharing,  
Devoted she'll be until the end of your days,  
A phone call, some flowers, a hand in the dark  
You are part of her family, and precious you stay.

But...

Who lends you their strength as yours starts to fail,  
Offers you friendship, and practical help,  
Who stands in your corner and holds up the sword  
which you taught him to use when he was a boy,  
No one will hurt you, or block fast your way,  
A son will be by you forever; a daughter is just for a day.

**I like to pen a poem**

I like to pen a poem –  
It tells all who I am.  
My feelings and my thinking  
Of how my world began.  
I believe in man's uniqueness,  
The glory of God's scheme,  
How each soul has a story –  
If he's not afraid to dream.