

# Poetry Potpourri



By Ruth Y. Nott © 2007

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A Poetry Sampler

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Poems from  
“A Pure and Simple Faith”

### Questions and Answers

Can there be life without sunshine?  
Can there be life without rain?  
Can life really be worth the living  
when all we can feel is the pain?  
When the burdens we bear are too heavy,  
who will help us carry the load?  
When our path twists and  
turns through the darkness,  
who straightens the curves in the road?

Though sometimes we don't recognize it,  
His love guides each step that we take.  
He's there for our toughest decisions  
and the choices we casually make.

He smiles when we bask in His sunshine.  
He shelters us during the rain.  
He shows us how to keep living.  
His touch gently eases the pain.  
He helps us to shoulder the burdens,  
never gives us too heavy a load.  
He points the way through the darkness  
as His love He freely bestows.

**As Your Words Flow**

Whatever you say, wherever you go,  
someone is listening as your words flow.  
The person you are, the views you share,  
the love you have that shows you care,  
it all comes forth in what you say  
or what you write along the way.  
So, be creative, be gentle, and kind,  
be bold or adventurous, but always find  
a way to show love, and faith, and hope  
in a world where so many just can't cope.  
Never allow the words you share  
to hurt or anger, defy or dare.  
Treat others as you would want to be treated.  
Say nothing to make them feel defeated.  
Build them up. Don't tear them down.  
You too may need friends as life turns around.  
So let your words smile, and laugh, and play;  
then save a few, and kneel, and pray!

**Everyday Miracles**

Slippery pebbles in the sand,  
a kitten sleeping in your hand,  
lions in the jungle shade,  
flamingos as they slowly wade,  
shadows on the morning lawn,  
the awakening of another dawn,  
the fragrant smell of new mown hay,  
a child engrossed in peaceful play,  
an opening bud of a ruby rose,  
a baby as it learns and grows,  
a new-found, twinkling evening star,  
gymnasts on the balance bar,  
flying manes and whipping tails,  
wolves in soulful midnight wail,  
the words we read and those we speak,  
the solitude we often seek,  
a friend in times of personal stress,  
a lover's hesitant first caress,  
a sunset's fiery crimson glory,  
reading your child a bedtime story,  
the wash of waves upon the shore,  
and oh, so many, many more!  
Take time to stop and time to see  
all there is of me and thee,  
all there is of friend and foe,  
all there is of joy and woe:  
The ability to simply be,  
the ears to hear and eyes to see,  
all the wonders along life's way –  
the miracles of every day!



### **Your Cup of Life**

Drink deeply from your cup of life.

Savor each precious drop.

Sip lightly to taste each flavor.

Lick the foam from off the top.

Control the list of ingredients.

Make sure they're the very best,

for what you put into your cup

should never be taken in jest.

Add lot of joy and laughter,

a touch of heartache for spice,

a trace amount of pain,

just enough to make you think twice.

Three quarters love and passion

would then be just about right,

plus integrity and honesty

to help you sleep better each night.

With diligence to each detail,

what a brew your life will be...

intoxicating and valued

and your very own recipe!

### **Ripples in Time**

This life we live was lived before  
in days gone by, in days of yore.  
Perhaps it will be lived again.  
It's really hard to say,  
for all we can consider  
is how we live our lives today.

Consider for a moment...just for a while  
that you found the joy and wonder  
in a baby's tender smile..  
You'd find a warmth around your heart  
that sets your spirit free,  
and you can pass that warmth along  
in all your daily deeds.

You can take the time to visit  
with an ill or needy friend.  
You can offer up a hug or a helping hand may lend.  
For everything we do and everything we say  
ripples out and touches others  
in such important ways.

So try to make your ripples as gentle as can be  
so that when they touch another's heart  
it's only love they see.

Poems from  
“Crazy Patch”

### Who Am I?

I came first into Eden  
I am old, yet young and free.  
I walk the snow-capped mountain tops.  
I sail the white-capped seas.  
I kiss the cheeks of laughing babes,  
play games about their feet.  
I need not tell you who I am.  
You'll know me when we meet.

I help the autumn leaves to fall,  
the winter snow to drift.  
I sing the songs of centuries  
the desert sands to shift.  
I hide in darkened shadows,  
or chase you down the street.  
I need not tell you who I am.  
You'll know me when we meet.

I reap destruction far and near  
when riled by summer's heat,  
lay waste to buildings large or small  
which dare to trip my feet.  
I carry death on out-stretched arms.  
I dance to a roaring beat.  
I need not tell you who I am.  
You'll know me when we meet.

### **One Stitch at a Time**

Friendships are made one stitch at a time.  
A feeling of comfort so hard to define...  
like a fine old quilt is soft and warm,  
friendships enfold and then conform.  
Friendships surround, yet set us free  
so each person can be what she must be.  
Together they grow and soon both find  
that friendships are made one stitch at a time.

**Like Life**  
(A Linked Haiku)

Working the garden  
a seed, planted well, grows tall  
a gigantic oak

Scattered at random,  
some seeds fail to grow at all,  
die above the soil

A nurturing hand  
can make all the difference  
between life and death

Fertilize the soil  
Kneel to pull the weeds, water  
Spring flowers growing

Sweat drips from your brow  
No rest, so much work to do  
Summer sun shining

Green turns red and brown  
Drifting seasons come and go  
Autumn leaves falling

Golden curls turn gray  
Aching joints no longer kneel  
Winter wind blowing

### **Decisions**

My mind swims with thoughts of  
patterns and possibilities,  
color choices and prints,  
placement and design.  
Do I follow standard form or  
allow my creativity to wander?

Fumbling through my stash  
I find fabulous treasures  
plain and fancy,  
batiks and blends,  
calico and denim,  
but the search is futile  
without first  
finding inspiration!

### **Beyond the Garden Gate**

Beyond the garden gate there be dragons,  
creatures unexpected and unknown,  
hulking abnormalities of nature,  
often symbolized in portrait or in stone.  
Who would think these ancient beasts  
had hearts or feelings?

Who would ever hearken to their plight?  
No one ever would until they'd heard their crying,  
heard the echoes of their sadness in the night.  
On wings of leathery sinew they come soaring.  
You wouldn't think that they could be the prey,  
but even mighty dragons have assailants  
which attack them in some most annoying ways.  
And when a dragon lets his anger overtake him,  
or lets his pain make *him* the charging foe,  
anyone within his sight may be the victim  
of his beleaguered, overburdened life of woe!  
If we wander then beyond our charted boundaries,  
we should leave the gate ajar for safety's sake  
lest we find ourselves within the realm of dragons  
and attacked by the fears they daily face!



Poems from  
“Haiku for Lovers”

narrow was my view  
and clouded was my vision  
you enlightened me

like fledgling sparrows  
newly fallen from the nest  
we struggle to fly

infant curled within  
precious, loved, a cherished gift  
we gave to each other

petals dropping down  
falling from the stem of love  
earthward into dust

as the rain falls down  
so do my tears, quietly  
I mourn for the past

Poems from  
“Where Memory Lingers”

## **A Look at Love**

Love cannot be constrained. It must be free to grow,  
to lift a wing or dip a beak, its happiness to show,  
to contemplate within itself the wonders of the world,  
or concentrate on only one as its gentle wings unfurl.

Love cannot be understood if you would try and try.  
Defying logic, it will come – or not – as time goes by.

Love can be unspoken, proclaimed in just a look,  
or wildly danced upon the floor of passion's private nook.

Love needs to feel the freedom to win or lose at will.

Love has to settle now and then, a needy heart to fill.

So look for love in sunlit skies or rainy mountain mist,  
and hold not tightly to it when you feel it's gentle kiss.



## **Come**

Come lie with me and let's recall the years.

Come lie with me and think not of the tears.

Come sigh with me and whisper in my ear.

Come sigh with me; your love song I must hear.

Come fly with me on passion's heated wings.

Come fly with me and hear the song I sing.

Come sail with me across a sea of dreams.

Come sail with me and we will drift unseen.

Come live with me upon the farthest shore.

Come live with me that I need dream no more.

## The Bluebell Wood

She walked alone the forest path  
where once the two had trod.  
She sat beneath their favorite oak  
and watched the bluebells nod.  
She shed a tear in loneliness,  
still knowing that he cared.  
In this their special private place,  
they'd spent an hour or two  
and the time and space between them  
would not end their friendship true.  
She rose, and ambled to the pool,  
and stared across its breadth.  
Visions from the past appeared,  
and lovers danced anew  
their arms about each other,  
their rendezvous too few.  
She saw his face beside her own,  
felt his breath upon her cheek.  
His smile was not an image,  
and her knees grew strangely weak  
She turned into his waiting arms...  
the vision now was real.  
And all she'd been so hoping for  
was hers to truly feel.  
The bluebells perked their heads up,  
and songbirds trilled their call;  
for love and joy are catching,  
bringing happiness to all.

## What Did I Say?

No matter what I try to say  
or how I phrase my words  
they still can be mistaken  
and somehow misconstrued.  
Unlike the text of animals  
left behind in stinking turds,  
what I would like to say is not  
with such truth imbued.  
For they can know just who has passed,  
and what they had to say  
just by sniffing what they left behind  
along the rough terrain.  
Not like me who has to search for words  
whose meaning will not sway,  
and evolve beyond belief between  
the mouth and someone's brain!  
It doesn't matter what the tone  
or timbre I would choose,  
for when they're heard by others,  
they just don't know what I mean.  
So I am caught between life's dogs  
and the hydrants they pursue,  
never knowing just which way to turn  
to avoid that yellow stream!

## Smiles

My smiles emerge from somewhere deep within  
but I cannot, will not even begin  
to search for the why of it.

I barely skim the surface of life,  
hardly feeling its pain, ignoring its strife.  
No need to cry of it.

Here I am as was intended,  
broken dreams and heartaches mended...  
still... within my nightly dreams I roam.

Always onward I must go  
as water down the hill must flow  
finding comfort in the touch of earth, its home.

Poems from  
“Family Matters”

### **The Next Generation**

When all the grannies and grandpas  
have passed to the other shore,  
when all the aunts and uncles  
have gone and are no more,  
it suddenly hits you hard  
that you're the next generation,  
the elder family members,  
the next ones in line at the station  
awaiting the Glory Train,  
bags packed and ticket in hand,  
wondering when the train will arrive  
on its route to the Promised Land!  
It's a strange and scary feeling,  
but one we all must face...  
the thought of leaving all we love here  
to go home to a better place.  
It's not the arriving which scares us,  
which fills our hearts with fear,  
but the thought of leaving behind  
all the ones whom we hold dear.  
We might want to take them with us,  
but they have more life to live.  
All we can do is hold them close now  
and offer all the love we can give;  
for, as time goes on, the pattern repeats  
through unending generations,  
and as each one joins our Heavenly band,  
we'll rejoice in celebration!

**My Friend**

The days of my childhood were empty  
without you there to run, and play, and chatter with  
beneath the towering pines.

When I was an impetuous teen,  
where was your guiding hand?  
As marriage, motherhood, and mayhem  
filled my middle years, I could have used  
a loving confidant.

But here you are at last, the sister of my soul,  
the beat that keeps my heart moving,  
the inspiration to love, and create,  
and hold near and dear all those open arms  
which now, in my waning years, have appeared,  
tied together with bonds so strong they must surely be  
our intertwining silver threads of life –  
soul sisters reunited as friends.

### Where Were We?

Where were we when it all began?  
We were youngsters walking hand in hand,  
touching, feeling, almost, but not quite  
going all the way until that night  
when words and vows sanctified our bodies meeting,  
melding, parting... both in innocence seeking  
knowledge of each other and ourselves.

Where were we when the children came,  
each one different, none the same,  
each with his or her own needs and problems?  
We should have been more help – tried not to rob them  
of their trust and of their individuality.  
For all we loved them, love is just a fallacy  
if it isn't demonstrated day in and day out.

Where were we when our world began to change,  
when tempers flared and our lives began a strange  
new twisting and turning to the ebb and flow  
of teenage emotions and the adult's childish need to show  
authority and superiority over those yet immature  
and forming spirits so sure and yet unsure  
of their own thoughts and feelings and desires?

Where were we when the strain began to take it toll,  
when each angry word or deed left our hearts cold  
and empty, devoid of any emotion except sorrow...  
sorrow for what was and what could have been tomorrow...  
sorrow for the heartache and the pain that we must bear  
as we remember now the love that we once shared...  
but can only stand here watching our love die.



**The Melodies of Your Soul**

Somewhere beyond the pain and agony  
which childbirth can impart,  
the mewling cry of a newborn babe  
tugs at the strings of your heart.

Quietly now it nestles,  
curled in the crook of your arm,  
breathing a gentle rhythm,  
this angel in human form,

Absorbing your warmth and your love,  
filling an empty hole,  
singing a song written ages ago  
in the melodies of your soul.

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