

Writing About Trees

This spring I will write about trees on a warm breezy day, with the sun shining down on the trees starting to bloom with a new seasonal life, beginning with the wind slowly blowing with branches, barely moving because the leaves are not yet fully grown, making a mere whisper as I look upon and wonder how beautiful this is, and what makes one want to look so long, as I gaze through the branches I'm able to see the beautiful clouds.

This summer I will write about trees on a hot day with the sun gazing down through the leaves, with wind moving them from left to right and right to left, and some twirling round and round as if moving in formation but not one is alike with such a steady movement that is a portrait of its own, and if one would take a picture every minute for an hour it would be sixty beautiful works of art.

This fall I will write about trees on a cool winding day, with a large glowing light, soaring through the branches with sun light, casting off the remaining leaves that have not yet fallen to the earth, with winds much stronger now to strip away all the leaves, to undress the branches and to clean and put to sleep this beautiful living work of art.

This winter I will write about trees on a cold winter day, with rays of sun not so hot landing on a tree with no leaves and seems to be dying as I look up through and see all things above, as if I were looking through a window that has cracked, for all the leaves now have vanished back to the earth to put this great piece of living wood to bed, only to wake up in the spring to start another season of art.

Pray With Patients!

Everyday life, so hard to get by, making ends meet, brings heavy sigh.
Despair and hopelessness, are kin to me, wanting to break me free.
Sorrow, with hunger and pain, seems to run in my veins.
Darkness with no light for no one to see, always wanting to flee.
I can never reach the other side, even with my swallowed pride.
Hopes of happiness are so few, and always seems there's nothing to do.
There's always light at the end of the tunnel, but most times it's not there.
Seeking the light from despair is only darkness everywhere.
We're lost at times with nowhere to turn.
Blinded by despair, with hearts that yearn.
One keeps going, not knowing where to go.
Hoping that you're guided from some lost souls.
I pray to God for help and joy to only ease the pain.
I never lose faith believing in the above, for my God is there with love.
Prayers are answered in there own time.
Be patient, believing that the day will soon come.
Going through much sorrow, will make you long.
Believing in God, that can make you feel strong.
Sad times may linger, when happy times are few.
Remember, we have a God that loves us too

Birds Of The Spring

How beautiful is the day with blooming spring, sprouting grass, and birds
that sing.

A heart of joy with its start of new season that shows new life to start.
Birds flying from tree to tree, singing like an orchestra of a beautiful
symphony.

Winds slowly blow with branches that sway, showing blooms of life away.

All around, birds at work, singing and flying in the sky from up above.

To bring new life through the sky, singing melodies to find new love.

Birds landing in their eating-fest, and picking up twigs for new nest.

In the distance, an eagle flies so high and spreads its wings wide.

Sunshine rays, beaming down, and giving warmth to all around.

A face feels so lightly, a breeze of touch, and a soft windy sound.

Bringing life to our world that shows no bound.

Natural things seem unknown, spring moves forward at its tone.

Buzzing bees whizzing by, and work hard for you and I.

A painted portrait of our spring, a work of art is so plain.

As time moves on, ending our spring.

Summer fallows, still with birds that sing.

Missing My Brother

Confused soul of loneliness, sad and grief, missing one from the past.
The taking away of an early time, struck down before his prime.
Brings with it depression, anger, and denial, spreading wild.
Though, through my mind memories flow, of a day when young.
Playing as kids, fighting, and sharing than love.
My dear brother, with a strong mind, labored through his life.
You are younger, while I'm older, but I still looked up to you.
Where-ever you are, in piece I know, for this is where I will go.
In time, when it's my turn to leave this life behind.
I'll be there with greetings of our small time.
You gave your knowledge for all to know.
With love ones, still here that love you and miss you so.
Words won't come as I feel so sad, wanting to hear your voice.
For I know, patients with memories can still be close.
Missing you with all my heart, my mind will never be closed.

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