***EXPRESSIONS***

*Healing Through Verse*

***Laurel Hall***

Copyright © 2012 by Laurel Hall

Loveland, CO

All rights reserved

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the author, except in the case of a reviewer, who may quote brief passages embodied in critical articles or in a review.

***Expressions***

Some of the poems

written here

are filled with

pain and sorrow.

Other’s contain

hope and joy –

a promise

for tomorrow.

Still others speak

of life and more,

of gardens, plants

and flowers;

questions, thoughts

and memories

which did my soul

empower.

This expression

of my inner self

you take with you today,

hopefully will speak to you

in a very special way.

It is my wish

that you will find

some peace –at least a start;

release from pain

that may have settled

deep within your heart.

*Laurel Hall*

Poems

Of

Pain



***Pain***

Lord, this little girl inside of me

is longing to be free.

I hear her crying, pleading,

oh, so desperately.

She has suffered so much pain,

her anguish I can feel.

The fear, the hate, the suffering,

too real, Lord, much too real.

The tears fell hot upon her face,

they wet my own today.

Though years pass, time can’t erase

those memories away.

The child is crying out, Lord,

for one who understands,

for one to love and hold her -

to take her little hand.

Lord, take this little girl

so lonely and forlorn.

Surround her with Your love,

like a blanket, keep her warm.

Until she stops her crying, Lord,

and knows Your love is real.

Make her feel secure and safe,

at peace, at last, and healed.

***Stolen Childhood***

*Part I*

Only four, so young,

so trusting, so innocent.

They lived next door,

and down the street -

the neighborhood boys.

One day, a neighbor boy

asked her if she would like to

go for a walk.

He led her to an old shack.

When they went inside,

other boys were there.

They took off her clothes,

and had her lie on the ground.

As others held her down,

each had their way with her,

one by one.

They all laughed.

She did not understand.

She had never felt

these sensations before.

Don’t tell your parents,

They will whip you.

It was her fault

for going with him.

Each time she went outside

the boy was waiting.

When she said “no”,

he threatened to tell her parents.

She felt trapped.

Before long,

she went willingly.

Poems

Of

Reflection



***Thoughts***

Thoughts unuttered

in our hearts,

painful thoughts

which are a part

of our very being,

must be spoken,

must be heard,

another soul

must hear these words

for us to be free

of their power.

Unspoken, they fester,

and become

an abscess deep,

and one day

into our conscious being

they will seep,

and bring us pain.

***Grief***

Death does part the curtain

and let the wayfarer by,

then closes the portal quickly

lest viewed by mortal eye

the promised land.

Grief, that bittersweet pain

that throbs within our breast.

Uncried tears, unuttered thoughts,

our body weary and longing for rest

that will not come.

Sorrow so deep, loss too real -

the emptiness which engulfs the home.

Well-meaning friends come by to help,

but mourning’s a time we live through alone,

we live through alone.

Our sadness is not for the one

who has passed through the door called death.

It is for us that our heart cries out,

for the pain that we feel, for the void that is left

in our lives.

Yet, as time goes by you laugh again,

for joy is also a part of life.

But always there within your heart are

memories you shared as husband and wife

and the love you knew.

Poems

Of

Happiness



***Acceptance***

What happiness

acceptance

brings.

Self doubts

are cast aside.

Pure joy

does fill

my being.

In my heart

peace

does

reside.

***Joy***

It isn’t money.

It isn’t fame.

Not even

education.

To love and

be loved,

to know

you are special;

to have

a loving family,

neighbors,

and

friends,

folks

with whom

to share

laughter

and

tears -

this

is the

greatest

joy

in life.

Poems

Of

Meditation



***Arrogance***

I wanted God to do things my way,

to show his face, to prove himself to me.

I prayed and prayed and waited for his power,

that I might heal the sick and make the blind to see.

I wanted to be God, to be his equal, -

not a mere human, no this was not for me.

But, he would not do things my way,

so I refused Him and all His words were lies to me.

There is no God, I cried, who would let his people suffer.

There is no God, no there is only me.

Only me I can depend on -

and in my blindness, I stumbled on in agony.

Hurt and heartache I brought upon myself.

Hate and tension through my being flowed.

No reason for living, continual strife,

questions unanswered, what purpose this life?

The pain grew until I could stand it no longer,

God, I cried out, You win, don’t You see?

I’ve tried it my way, but my life is in pieces,

a shambles is all that I have left of me.

For the first time in my life that I can remember,

a beautiful calm fell over my heart.

old hurts and hostilities, hatred and tension,

were all wiped away and that was the start.

This joy that is mine, this love that we share,

can be yours anytime, anyplace, anywhere.

Confess to your God that you are lost without him,

That you need his help – you are tired of sin.

***Are You There?***

Are you there, God?

Do You hear my prayer?

Do You really care

about me?

I get to feeling so low, God,

I don’t know where to go, God,

or where to turn, God,

but to You.

I long for your comfort,

the peace that You bring

which can make my heart sing

songs of joy.

I long to be free

from the things of this earth,

to be innocent, gentle and kind.

Oh, God, do You mind that

I ramble like this?

Do you care? Are you there?

Are you mine?