

Heaven's Door

When the rains be heavy and the waters run high,
Courage it takes to look to the sky,
In search of that rainbow God promised to bring,
And heal the soul with this heavenly thing.

Though rain be ongoing, filling puddles so deep,
His new angel sings to those left beneath,
And God looking on at the rainbow, He weeps,
The Maker has paid for what He now keeps.

To all who look, His promise is kept
Through beautiful colours, the Maker, so deft,
Has brightened the day, no sorrow is left
If not for the nights, too many we wept.

But now is the time to give thanks and rejoice
For the baby to come and the angelic voice.
One day we'll be together once more
In the place that all gather, at Heaven's door.

Poetry Is

Poetry is pain from the soul,
Shared amongst in hopes to hold
Another up, one darkened day
Far from tears, not meant to stay.

Poetry is wisdom learned,
Veiled in verse, that in turn
Can be realized, never read,
As it lies between what's said.

Poetry is life's second layer,
Once unmasked, is something greater.
For second is quite relative,
Life starts beyond the layer lived.