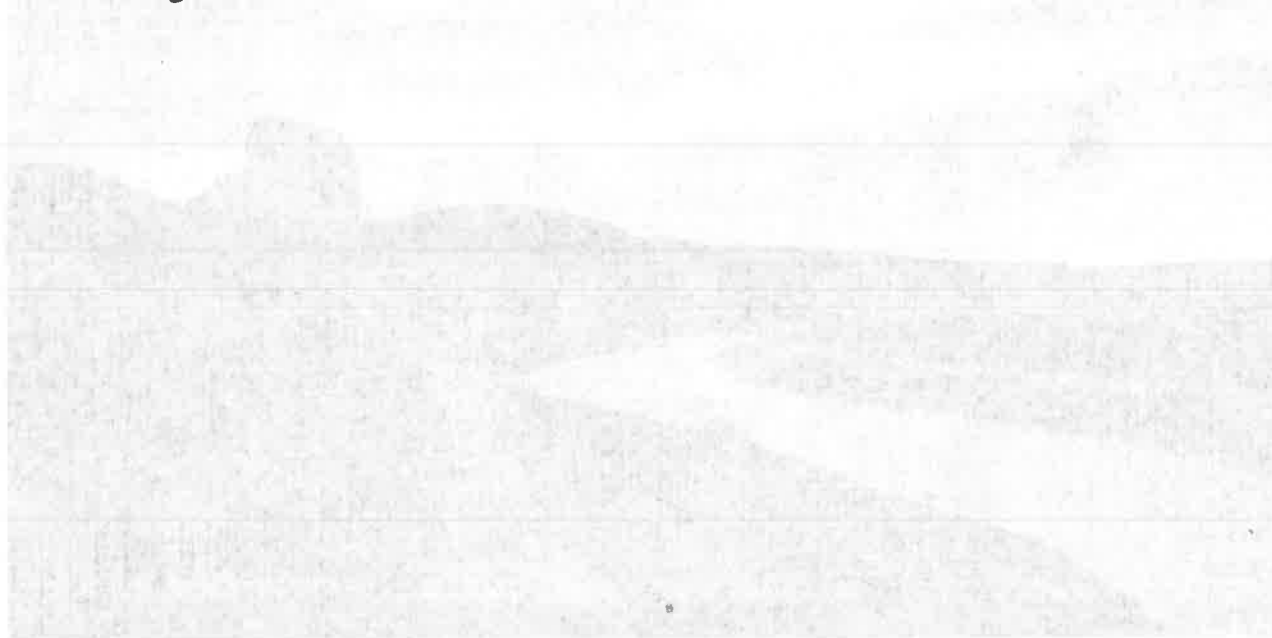


A World of Emotions



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The Prophecy

Hidden arms
That cannot feel
Take the pain
We cannot stand

Silent tongues
That do not speak
Scream the cries
Of those unheard

Blind eyes
That cannot see
Tell the stories
Yet to be

A child's past
Taken away
Hidden for
Another day

A hero is made
With sword and shield
A new sun rises on a red field

The Difference Only You Can Make

I live in a place
Where the stones
Touch the sky

I love the place
Where the wind
Always blows

I run on a
Field of green
Where wild
Fawns graze

The flowing
Babble stays
Asleep in its
Winding bed

I walk by
Trees as

They wave
Hello

I dream
Of the forest
And laying under
New stars

In my dream
A gorgeous red
Fairy dances in a
Circle of stones

In the morning
The air is new
And so is the
Bloom of life

In the day
The air is warm
Time feels free
And we can rest

In the evening
 The air is crisp
 And seasons approach
 With laughter and fun

In the night
 Everything is cold
 White crystals and
 Diamonds sparkle
 As more fall from the
 Sky in small flakes

You speak of a place
 Where iron and glass
 Touch the sky

Where everyone
 Always comes
 And goes

Without a single
 Hello or Goodbye

You run in place
 On a moving
 Black tile

You try to control
 The flow of the
 Babble, taking
 It from its bed

You walk on
 Smooth stones
 Which you made

The only trees
 Are unhappy
 Bound and kept
 Only where you
 Want them

You wish for
 A place of loud,
 Reckless fun
 And don't appreciate
 Nor love your immediate
 World and life

You only wish
 For more

The only red
 Fairies that
 Dance cause
 Fear, not wonder

Your mornings,
 Evenings, days,
 And nights make
 No difference

You turn away
 The fresh morning,
 Day, and evening air
 You dislike and
 Try to rid of night's
 Cold crystals

If I were where
 You describe, I
 Would ask, Where
 Are the stones that
 Touch the sky?

Do you not like
 The wind as
 It passes by?

And why run
Without going
Anywhere? Don't
You hear the
Babble crying for
The flow in a bed
Of its own?

Why do you
Fear the
Red fairy so?
Where do you
Put the crystal
Snow?

Why can't you
Love the beauty
Around you?
Do you shut
Everything out?
Or just not care
To see the stars?

Why control
The river flow?
Does it matter
Where water goes?

You don't have
To know everything
So why try?
Life's not something
You can control

What difference
Does it make?
We're so small here
Things much
Bigger and older
Exist

More important
 Things than
 Small beings
 Such as us
 The difference
 We make
 Can't be replaced
 By your consent
 To life
 It can't be
 Bought or
 Given as you think

It's not yours to
 Keep, in fact
 It can't exist
 That way
 Generosity comes
 From the heart

If all you care for
 Is your wellbeing
 And happiness
 You will always be alone

Appreciate the world
 Around you, be glad
 For what you have
 And don't obsess
 With gaining more

Look outside
 Next time you
 Can't make a
 Difference
 Find one thing
 That you can
 Change to help
 Someone

Because change
For the better,
That's the difference
Only you can make

Live Life

If you
Live short
Live tall

Live for
All the
Time you'll
Miss when
You're gone

If you
Live rough
Stay strong

Live for
What you
Can

And never
Look back

If you
Live once
Make it worth
Living

Because the
Life you
Live is
Yours

The Sky, the Boy, and the Lamb

There's a place
Where the sea
Is so stormy

Where a I once
Lived as a
Young boy

In a boat
Battered
And broken

On this
Sea I was
Alone with my own
Turmoil and struggle

So I left
The ocean
And my battered
Ship behind

With a
Lament and
A Cry

Of regretful
Remorse

"I can't stay,
I can't be
Where I

Feel washed up
And alone

So I'll take
Up my things
And leave my
Suffering here

And I won't
Have to be
Alone in
The sea

So I'll leave
This place
Behind me"

What I took
With me
Were my
Scars and memories

And a ray of
Sunshine
Leaving all
Else behind

But a hope
For a better
Place
I lived happily
And peacefully
Next to the shore

But the night
Day by the
Coast

"I'm not I"
And that I
A young

Lamb
So lively and

Happy that
I had
To smile
And smile

For the lamb
 While too
 Young to
 Be useful
 Kept me
 Company
 And brightened
 My day
 So I
 And the
 Lamb
 Were together

And even
 The sky
 Smiled down
 And nurtured
 My lamb
 And so I
 Learned to
 Love
 The sky that
 Had once caused
 Me pain

And we played
 Together hand
 In hand
 And I
 Sang to the lamb
 And the sky
 Cried with joy
 And we learned
 That they
 Could grow

As we danced
 Around my
 Ray of sunlight
 We wished
 It could only
 Last forever
 But then
 One day
 The lamb decided
 He was big enough
 To leave
 Without me
 On the sky

And the earth
 Spiteful and
 Bitter
 That we should
 Have the lamb
 That he had
 Made
 And that he was
 Without such a lamb
 That brought joy to those
 It was with

So the earth
 Took the
 Lamb
 While it
 Was alone
 And the sky wept
 And dampened
 The earth
 For taking her
 Lamb

And I
All choked up
Could not
Sing

But we knew
The lamb, if
Still there,
Would want
Us to carry
On

And to not
Forget our
Happy times
Together

So the I gave
To the lamb
My love and
Special ray of sun

And the sky
Was glad
For my
Caring gift

And we
Went on
With the memory
Of our
Lamb
In our hearts

And every day
We live on
With the love of the lamb

Gethsemane

Gripped away
Never again
All alone

Along
Lost friend
Never to
Be seen
Again

It doesn't
Have to be
So painful
So heart-wrenching

They don't
Have to
Leave forever
Be gone forever

Because they
Are there
There was
One long
Ago

That loved
Us with
Eternal love

Alone
So great
A sacrifice
So mass

He gave his life
So we did not
Have to be alone

He loved us so much
 He suffered
 All things for us
 He died
 Upon a cross
 His last words
 To forgive
 Those against Him
 Because they knew
 Not what they
 Had done

He cares for
 All of us

He hopes for
 All of us
 To love others
 As He did

His father
 Above
 Gave Him
 To teach us

He loved
 Us so
 Greatly

He suffered
 All our pains
 And losses

He loves us
 More than we
 Will ever know

And suffered all
 So we could
 Be with those
 We have lost

He loved us so much

He gave
Us such a
Divine gift

He died
Many years
Ago

In a place called
Gethsemane

Because they knew
Not what they
Had done

He came for
All of us

He hopes for
All of us
To love others
As He did

His Father
Above
Gave Him
To teach us

He loved
Us so
Greatly

He suffered
All our pains
And losses

He loves us
More than we
Will ever know

And suffered all
So we could
Be with those
We have lost

Credit to

https://www.google.com/search?biw=1366&bih=609&tbn=isch&sa=1&ei=BtfWXZXQMtiSOPEP7P-uiAY&q=green+river%2C+wyoming+sunset&oeq=green+river%2C+wyoming+sunset&gs_l=img.3...31219.33559..33838...O.O..O.191.2156.Oj13.....O....L.gws-wiz-img.....Oi8i7i3O.nIxJ8YQpF GUI&ved=OahUKEwiV66-U9_vlAhVYCTQIHeg_C2EQ4dUDCAc&uact=5&safe=active&ssui=on#imgsrc=vWPb_GwMdj99rM:

for the title picture.

I'd like to thank my town and the beautiful world around me for the inspiration for my poems.

I'm grateful for the things I've learned and those kind enough to teach me.

I enjoyed the things I read and learned that brought me to this point.

