

Poetry Series

**Colleen Wright**  
**- poems -**

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# Colleen Wright()

I have lived in the country and along the coast of 'the lucky country', Australia, and been blessed to have had many various experiences.

Currently I am living on the Queensland Sunshine Coast.

As a result I have grown to appreciate the earth, people, animals, and plants etc, of which I believe we so often take far too much for granted.

Poetry is a wonderful form of expression and communication, and something of which has given me, and others much pleasure.

I am most grateful to our creator for all I have been given.

I dedicate my poetry to my three wonderful children, their families, those closest to me, and my precious and much valued friends [you as readers also - thank you! ] who have inspired and encouraged me to write many of my thoughts, feelings and experiences.

To all - enjoy life, see the good, feel for those less fortunate and be happy.

Colleen Wright. T.G.

## A Drop In The Ocean Of Love.

To have waited for so long to nourish one's hungry heart  
with love, and to find that all too soon it tears you apart,  
as what you had found came for just a short while  
and quickly went without words, not even a smile.

'A Drop in the Ocean' is my new poem for the day,  
and so ruefully and reluctantly to you dare to I say,  
that life's experiences can be not always be good,  
and sadly we must accept, and continue we should.

Yesterday has been, left it's imprints and gone,  
and tomorrow we will sing a bright new song.  
We will live to love and laugh, yet once again,  
and walk happily through warm winds and rain.

Colleen Wright. TG. © 2.8.2006

Colleen Wright

# A New Year Dawning.

The earth revolves and brings a new dawning  
as into 2007 we merge from another morning.

Celebrations continue as Christmas does pass  
and into a new age our lives speed by - so fast.

Let us all be aware and thankful to have survived  
to live to this new age, and of how we have strived.

Some of us have had sorrow and pain to grow and learn,  
while others seem to have had life with 'money to burn'.

The time will come when we all will live to appreciate  
that peace and love in life means most, never too late.

Colleen Wright

# A Surprise Before Your Eyes

A Surprise before your Eyes!

My elderly Aunt May came to have dinner at our house  
and she was, as usual, not like that of a quiet little mouse.  
She really was one to chatter for most of the time,  
and one would be lucky to get in a word, or mime.

Now our dear Aunt May was a real lady you should know,  
as into town go, and she'd dress in her refinery to show  
one and all, that she had what it took, to did the right thing,  
as she ever so gracefully walked as a Queen with her King.

Now May's husband George, and Jeannie, her sister-in-law  
were a close family and had deceased some years before.  
So May managed really well on her very own,  
even without the use of an ordinary telephone.

She'd 'quietly' have some bets on the horses,  
as she'd dress to the hilt and always in corsets.  
If she'd have a devilish and sly grin on her face,  
then one knew she'd had a 'sure thing' in a race.

As Aunt May sat at our table with every grace displayed  
and we all savored a roast dinner at the table well laid.  
I'd cooked all day a three course meal, amidst the noise  
of my family of five - including one girl and two boys.

Julie my precious little thirteen year old daughter,  
always did as was asked – and as was taught her.  
The brothers two, Russ and Steve were typical boys  
and loved to tease their sister, and make much noise.

However, this day all was quiet as their dinner they ate  
before it got too cold to enjoy, and it would then be too late.  
Obviously it was being enjoyed, by all - the roast lamb and vegies,  
with dark gravy, mint sauce, spuds, pumpkin, carrots and peas.

Oh, the broccoli I almost did forget to tell

of how that went down - not always well.  
All vegies were grown from our vegie patch  
and were as fresh as the day – a great batch.

Julie excused herself from the table, and called me  
quietly to see something in the large, walk-in pantry.  
I wondered what was going on for her to need me there,  
and when there, she was in tears of laughter and despair.

'Oh Mum', she said, 'there's a caterpillar on Aunty May's plate -  
what should we do? ', she giggled and with muffled laugh did wait  
to get a quick answer to the problem - and swift it should be,  
to see what was to become of that piece of invaded broccoli.

I straightened up my stance, and tried a 'straight face'  
as I said to Julie, 'we must say nothing', as we did brace  
ourselves to return to the table without obvious concern,  
and hope that to wash the vegies better – a lesson did learn.

My daughter and I exchanged glances, and a sigh of relief  
when we saw that May's empty plate was not to prove grief.  
'That was a delicious meal, my dears', my Aunt exclaimed,  
not knowing of that poor green caterpillar long since claimed.

Julie and I cleared those plates from the table  
and we served desserts as soon as we were able.  
Apricot pie with ice-cream was the sweet of the day,  
and Aunt May declined, ' I've had sufficient', she did say.

So the pie was divided and placed on the plates  
and ice-cream served with added preserved dates.  
As we all began to eat and the boys did tuck in  
Aunt May decided that maybe little, would not be a sin.

'I think I will have some of that dessert, my dear',  
'it does look delicious from where I sit here'.  
Now Julie and I instantly understood that our serves  
now would be shortened – halved, as best they could.

We swiftly returned to the kitchen with dessert bowls in hand.  
A part of each plate was divided as we took a brave stand -

to return to the table at once – and yet again, await the result  
of this course – and then to her room, Julie did a quick 'bolt'

May finished the day in her same usual way  
by playing the piano, 'so beautifully', all did say.  
We drove her back to her small self-contained flat.  
'A wonderful meal', as on one's arm she did pat.

That story did happen about twenty six years ago  
and May must have been eighty years old, you know.  
It does just goes to show us, of how healthy we could all be  
If we eat well, including caterpillar served with fresh broccoli.

Now on the 24th of July 2006, May will have her 106th birthday!  
She has kept her values and her grace, and the nurses will say  
that May is still the real lady as always has been, and paint  
her nails, brush her hair and a pretty dress – as that of a saint.

Colleen Wright. T.G. (c) 24.06.2006

Colleen Wright

# Against The Wind.

I'll tell you of a story that happened once upon a time,  
and will tell it to you my way, in words that rhyme.  
Please just relax and listen closely to learn  
from this little story, of hearts that did burn.

Amidst a country field grew a wild red poppy  
and it smiled as it swayed - it was very happy.  
Then one day a similar flower near it did spring.  
It was a beautiful soft yellow, and seemed to sing.

The yellow poppy soon did flourish and bloom  
and from within it exuded a wonderful perfume.  
The sweet scent soon caught the red flower's nose  
and it was attracted to it, as though a bee to a rose.

The stems of the blooms did quickly grow and grow  
as a fondness between the two, they soon did know.  
They grew so long and strong and as they did sway  
they laughed and cried often as they happily did play.

Then on one unexpected day those long, lean stems  
were caught in the warm summer wind, and as gems  
they sparkled and shone, as each other they did find  
and swayed closely, then so gently, they did entwine.

The field grasses accepted the wild flowers as they did bloom,  
and as the autumn winds began to show signs that all too soon,  
the season would change, and also would the happy blooms too.  
The winter winds came, and both poppies stuck together, as glue.

They protected, clung and held each other so very tight  
as the seasons changed, and soon again Spring did fight  
to warm and open wide the new blooms of each new day,  
when many new species did surface, to the earliest sun-ray.

Without warning some sudden unexpected breezes did catch  
the loving flowers, before growth of their new seeds did hatch.  
The strong gusty winds begun to tug and to pull at the plants,  
it was tearing away leaves, and was even disturbing the ants.



All too soon the long stems had become weak and untangled.  
The red poppy cried as the yellow mate's mind felt mangled.  
Without a connection the distance between them did grow  
as each bent into different directions that they did not know.

Quickly time passed and the wicked winds weathered each bloom  
and painful tears, scars and bruises from their experience did loom.  
The damage was deep, the hurt irrecoverable, and could never heal.  
Loving feelings were lost and far apart, and were impossible to feel.

A miracle did happen as one fine day those cruel winds did change,  
and suddenly without warning the two poppies were within range,  
and the blooms glanced and smiled as they once again did sway  
to the swing of the warm Spring breeze, and a greeting did pay.

Together again they felt each other's petals and began to give  
growth and joy, as they now learned that again they could live.

Of their life story and their bruises, they thanked God above  
as they learned, and once again they entwined and did love.

Colleen Wright

# Anagrams In Your Mind.

Anagrams in your mind?  
Do leave worries behind.  
Let your words flow,  
then you will know.

Sweet one with a heart of gold,  
I sense with no need to be told  
that you search for the secret and the key  
to fill your soul from here until eternity.

Let the music flow and come from your heart,  
go now, don't hesitate, let the problem depart.  
You are a unique person of life's poem,  
in the great depths of your mind's home.

The past is gone and indeed today is a gift  
as tomorrow's hopes and our spirits do lift.  
We thank God for where and who we are,  
and reap so many of life's benefits - by far.

The webs we weave should be untangled,  
but somehow we have become strangled  
in our quest to learn and to explore,  
and we then come to a closed door.

Life seems to be a way to learn  
of how to value all, and to earn  
our individual ways to eternal bliss.  
Best we openly listen, and not miss.

It is people like you who give others hope,  
as we at times, lose our grip on life's slope.  
This learning curve is a long distance to travel  
and to slowly grow, to discover, and to unravel.

'What is happening here? ' you may ask.  
Of such a question you give, such a task.  
Maybe, just maybe, it is of 'birds of a feather',  
who's experienced all seasons and all weather.

The time has come for you to rest your sweet head,  
and to sleep peacefully and soundly in your soft bed.  
So now let the anagrams of your mind recede at leisure,  
to enjoy a new life ahead, with much peace, and pleasure.

Colleen Wright

## Another One Bites The Dust.

A most charming man arrived into her world, so unexpectedly from 'out of the blue'

and invited her to come onto his scene and to enjoy playing in the wider world. They wined and dined, and his refinery was polished and plumed - but was all true?

She wondered when hence after two days he proposed – a shock question to her hurled.

He played the part of the Prince Charming and enjoyed interests the same, 'no lie' -

'We will travel around our wonderful world and see places never before she'd seen',

he did suggest - and all sounded ever so grand - 'we will drive over-land and fly-the world is out oyster' he said, ever so extravagant - no sign of being selfish or mean.

'Marry me, sell your home and together we will combine our material wealth', he said,

as the new courtship began, 'I am most particular about whom with I choose to be',

he continued, 'and I will help you do the dishes, clean the floors and help make the bed'.

He rinsed some dishes whilst waiting for her to dine with him, and then – he, she did see.

Water all over the floor and muddy shoe prints from puddling, as he carelessly worked

and half cleaned contents of the kitchen sink – cleaning best left not began, she'd prefer.

She did say what she thought, but in an ever so nice way, - his reaction left her much irked.

'you are fanatical' he stormed, and blamed her for the uneasiness. He said he did not err.

'I cannot live that way', she told him directly, 'all must be in order at home before I do play'.

He could not, and would not see her view, and therefore she said, 'we do differ too much,

and should not take this friendship further'. His ego was badly bruised and he did

not stay.

He strode out of her home without a single word, not even a glance backwards, as such.

Oh, the wonders of such a great love! How quickly it did come - and did so instantly go.

Obviously not real, much falseness and with an underlying, unknown need, by the mystery man.

Now she sees why she had some nagging doubts about a man who was in such a hurry to know

if she would marry him and carry his problems and weights - as only some naive women can.

Another day, another story to add to the tapestry of life's journey and a history lesson,

has shown that some will take advantage of others who are open to be used and and hurt.

However as time has shown we do live and learn – so teach your daughters and every son

that people should be honest and fair to those of whom they care, and not with danger flirt.

The moral of the story it seems is that of strangers and many, we should not instantly trust.

We should take our time to know and to hear their history, and do see them 'walk their talk',

before we follow their lead, and if dishonesty does show, do let 'another one bite the dust',

or you will fall into a pit of sorrow, and much pain before you escape those with 'tongue as fork'.

Colleen Wright. T.G. © October 19.2006.

Colleen Wright

# Appreciation

Without darkness we know not light,  
Without depth we know not height.

Without hunger we know not health,  
Without poverty we know not wealth.

Without ugliness we know not beauty,  
Without laws we know not duty.

Without tears we know not smiles,  
Without yards we know not miles.

Without breath we cannot give,  
Without God we cannot live.

Coleen Wright. T.G. July.2006

Colleen Wright

# Are You The One?

You sent a message to the world  
hoping to find a very special girl.  
I read your words and heard your voice  
then responded instantly, to hear you rejoice.

Words of which I really do understand,  
as natural and necessary as 'water to land'.  
It certainly seems that our wants are the same  
now we know of each other, more than a name.

I love the type of person you are, an honest gentleman  
knowing how to treat a lady, and when to take her hand.  
For the man to pursue the woman is the way God planned it,  
to treat as a lady, to be cherished and cared for, I understand.

That lady did rescue many down-trodden, yes, Germaine Greer,  
she did much good, but some others, went a little too far, oh dear!  
Many bitter women have turned to the ways of man,  
now strong men are lost, becoming wimps of our land.

I've searched for years, months, weeks and hours  
sorting through the 'wild weeds to find the flowers'.  
To discover the elusive, exotic and rare specimen,  
is to weave through the boys to find a genuine man.

I am most fortunate being a woman of the greatest wealth,  
no, not materials, but my wealth comes from good health,  
a wonderful family, friends, and the knowledge of God,  
and to some that may seem quiet strange - or even odd.

Peace of mind is something of which is totally priceless -  
to try to buy would be totally useless and surely hopeless,  
therefore I am happy to have that of which I have gained  
through the years of disappointments and a heart 'pained'.

To talk with you is so refreshing and leaves much hope  
that it is possible to find one good man – so I do cope  
with the waiting, hoping, the anxiety and much strain  
and hopefully, a special relationship we will soon gain.

Colleen Wright. T.G. © 29.08.2006

Colleen Wright



# Bud To Bloom

The heat of the sun allows the bud to unfold  
as your love brings to me a radiance untold.  
From the look in your deepest blue eyes  
comes hungry heart's screams and cries.

The warmth of your words feeds my soul with desire  
my mind is open for you to fill me as with a raging fire.  
I thirst so, for the deep love you have stored  
and kept, and be given to your lover adored.

How I've longed to be pampered and cherished  
by someone like you – how often I have wished  
that you'd come into my life and to give me your love,  
to be your guardian angel and for me to be your dove.

To sway with life's breezes and troubles for us to share  
the blooms outweigh the weeds in the garden we dare  
to begin, and to sow the seeds of character and strength,  
indeed an overwhelming challenge of immeasurable length.

To survive the floods of adversities and the thirst of summer heat  
is what tolerance, trust and true love's needs be aimed to meet.  
To toil through sowing of the seed and richness of harvests reap  
is the sign of a strong true love that this pure rose seed does seek.

Bruises of tough times adds to the character of the bloom  
as it grows tall and strong, and shares it's unique perfume.  
The wondrous world wisps by as the seasons soon come and go  
and the rose turns from bud to bloom and true beauty does show.

Thank God for the seasons - be as they may for richer or poorer,  
and for the storm and tempest creatures as they rise, and soar.  
Thank God for your love and understanding - it heals my heart  
and allows me to awaken, to live, bloom, love – and a new start.

Colleen Wright. T.G. © 16.08.2006

Colleen Wright

# Change The Winds

We cannot change the winds,  
but the sails – yes, we can do  
to find smooth paths without sins,  
to suit direction for me and you.

Life's struggles damage, without mirth,  
and we need to move on and find  
our true selves and our own self worth,  
before we have our peace of mind.

'Seek and ye shall find' is a message sent,  
and of that we should gain faith and hope  
that our plea has gone to God – and went  
to where an answer is found for us to cope.

Colleen Wright

# Crikey!

Today a new light has shon on our Australia from above  
as from Steve Erwin a message has arrived - with love.  
Today's simple message of peace and harmony to the world  
has come with such clear and unexpected, as our minds whirled

It all seems so simple now, at the end of this so mournful day  
that we should all love our families, friends and animals....Hey,  
Steve was not interested in war or hatred of life kinds, or any  
of those who differed, and of those there were always many.

Our country 'Down Under' stood still as in real shock today  
as we had to accept that a wonderful mate had gone away,  
to a place where all creatures great and small, are in peace  
and resting, as we are hoping for angers and wars to cease.

What wasted energies occur as people spend time fighting  
when they could be loving and caring with new ideas sighting.  
Never did our Crocodile Hunter consider wars or negatives  
but simply to rebuild our world for all and to better all lives.

Sombre with the events of a day, we now gather thoughts to celebrate  
just what Steve would really love, of how he would understand - not hate.  
So let's remember with appreciation, the wonders of our world given with love,  
some of the most special gifts - nature, and Steve - all gifted from God above.

September 2006.

Colleen Wright

# Deefa And Ceefa.

Deefa and Ceefa.

Once upon a time  
I wrote a cute rhyme  
of a bonding 'tween two close friends  
where great friendship never ends.

My poem goes like this...  
It began with a 'hello' kiss  
between two poetic hearts  
and there this story starts...

The closest of chemistry really wasn't there,  
however much trust the two souls did share.  
They chatted and confided of each other's past  
and drank good wines while hours sped by, fast.

The bond in common was shared and respected  
and they laughed and ate as the two mates elected  
to remain the very best of friends  
until both lifetimes finally ends.

Now as David begins with D – he is Deefa  
and as Carol begins with C – she is Ceefa.  
Sounds rather right wouldn't you say,  
as two great friends decided one day?

You see, Deefa is a great man of poetry  
and Carol is a friend who does also agree  
with others of whom have heard this man  
recite Aussie Bush Poetry as only he can.

Now Deefa has found his beautiful Elfa,  
and to confuse you some, her name is Linda  
because L is for Linda, who is Deefa's soulmate  
and for them their wonderful love is called Fate.

Soon the church bells will peal and the birds will sing

as Deefa soon will lovingly give Elfa a wedding ring.  
I wish them both the very best of happiness forever and a day,  
as they begin their happy new lives in the best possible way.

Colleen Wright. T.G. © January.2007

Colleen Wright

# Destiny

As I weave through this early Spring day  
many thought pass through my active mind,  
of some I'd like to write to you and do say,  
'I hope my appreciation in words you'll find'

Of your giving openness and honesty – I love  
Of the patience and caring from you – I love  
Of your time, understanding and giving – I love  
Of your actions and not feeble words – I love.

A unique friendship in a short time we've formed,  
of old and sad stories we've shared and mourned.  
So many hilarious happenings we've told  
some were beautiful, and some were bold.

Of our individual dreams - of where in time we aim.  
Strange or will of God? They do seem to be the same.  
So idyllic a life to want – is it too much to ask?  
Is it how our creator hoped we'd begin – and last?

Each person is separate – a masterpiece of nature.  
Too often two together form an unhappy picture  
Too rarely it seems one does find the other half -  
to meld together – to enjoy sunshine and to laugh.

Oh, to find the 'right' person and to walk hand in hand  
to love, laugh, cry - to share happily and to understand.  
For each other wanting 'to be there' and 'to give'  
and 'till death do us part' – the motto we will live.

Meanwhile, until that great day does arrive,  
with God and wonderful friends and I thrive.  
For you and I – what tomorrow will bring  
we know naught – really, not a single thing.

We do not always receive that of which we plan  
but in retrospect, often we see why – not in our hand.  
So let us wait and accept what our destiny is to be  
we cannot know of – or into the future predict or see.

Colleen Wright. T.G. © 31.08.2006

Colleen Wright

# Diamonds From Heaven

Too many long scorching summers of unending heat  
have passed and burned away hopes - no rain – defeat.  
Fine, powdery and silky, red soils move in the hot winds  
from original places to new locations, including dust bins.

The soft, silky sands drift and cause anguish and pain  
where various seeds of winter's plantings show no gain.  
Sunburned and weathered faces show pain of different kind,  
pains of hunger and thirst, and of each a very worried mind.

Vultures circle clear, blue skies ready to attack weakened prey,  
as the struggle of life continues to fight for life for another day.  
Once tall, strong, trees, and native shrubs, plants and flowers  
are now desperately clinging to life in their last days and hours.

Years, months, weeks, and days drag by as some clouds gather  
and then as quickly fade away to leave living things in a lather.  
Then one day a miracle does happen as one of God's clouds burst  
as a dropp or two does very gradually show, maybe over the worst.

Suddenly with utter shock and disbelief, as almost loss of hope,  
sparkling, liquid diamonds fall and rush from the sky, as if to elope.  
Dancing diamonds appear now as if dripping silver from the trees,  
as the softness of the welcomed rains fall - and again, all is at ease.

Colleen Wright



# Drought In Australia

Drought in Australia.

The Khaki 'strides' upheld only by the leather plaited belt,  
the colours in the checked cotton shirt and the Akubra felt  
are accentuated by the brown of the elastic sided R. M.W. Boots  
of the man from the bush – he loves his country, Australia, his roots.

This solitary independent unassuming and yet self assured man  
falls sideways into his driver's seat of his Holden, as only he can.  
Ignition on – car gathering speed as he reaches for the door,  
then struggles to correct the seat belt – then foot to the floor.

With right hand only on the wheel – the two turn sharply right  
and quickly whisks into the drought stricken west – out of sight.  
Red dust, black dust, gray dust, bull dust – it all is a must  
when a working man speeds to help his mate 'make a crust'.

Ewes, wethers, lambs, rams, heifers, and steers – they have the lot.  
Struggling to survive the economy - the drought on their dry plot.  
The battle is on to grin and bare it – to be strong and positive,  
to fight in this drought of droughts, to live, be cheerful, and strive.

Men and women of our sunburned land negotiable to buy and sell  
their future breeding stock today – or tomorrow they must kill.  
There is not water - there is not grass - there is not grain  
what's left is debts - strain - anguish – sorrow and pain.

The shrill of the telephones echo from room to room  
as country folk communicate and discuss their gloom.  
No luxuries enjoyed this decade, barely the necessities  
affordable for man, woman and child – all ill at ease.

Surely the heavens will open up soon and replenish  
the land, the animals, the peoples needs, and wish.  
Prayers are being prayed – hope at it's highest pitch  
in reaching out to survive, theres' no poor, and no rich.

Some clouds appear from a direction which is not the best  
they come, they tease, they flaunt, they tease, and then rest

into the horizon for another destination – but not here  
where thirst is at it's worst, and men beg for a Aussie beer.

The beauty of the country folk comes again to the fore -  
they smile, they love, they welcome, always open a door.  
The struggle goes on as they aim to live – in the usual way  
they sacrifice, do without, for love, but always say, 'G day'.

Yes life goes on – the children pad the dusty roads to school  
good wives and mothers smile, and keep their families cool,  
as the menfolk – young and old, do their best to stay on top  
of this dire situation and hope for much rain, grain and stock.

Dust storms roll in as the weary farmers curse the sifting sand  
as billowing brown clouds rolling through their homes and land.  
Then when least expected the thick clouds gather and do burst  
and quench and wash the land until finally - no more thirst.

Colleen Wright. T.G. © 1.09.2006

Colleen Wright

## Dusk In The Golden West.

Streaks of the setting sun lay softly on the flaxen  
fields of the cold calm evening in the Golden West.  
Purple patches appear in the hilly horizon with the  
wintery night air putting the summer growth to the test.

Tall trees standing silently still and their stark stems  
and trunks holding tightly, securely, ready for the night.  
Rich, red soil containing the warmth of the rays of the day's  
filtered sunshine, of which is leaning low - almost out of sight.

The occasional bird wisps from tree to tree as though  
running late to be home again with it's feathered mate.  
Fat cattle slowly saunter along the habitual track back to  
the shelter of an old shed, and pass through the usual gate.

Colours change and everything becomes lifeless and still,  
and gradually turns into deeper shades of grey.  
Can you believe that a few hours earlier in my part  
of this contrasting country that we had a magnificent day?

Sleep and recovery with the hours of the night, and for  
the morning sun to rise up from the east,  
and stream it's strong rays across this part of the  
land we love so much - the Golden West.

Colleen Wright.

Colleen Wright

# Enthused.

Enthused.

Your appreciation for nature and the written word  
is to be bettered by very few I have seen or heard,  
well, other than Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Browning,  
and Barrett, so begin the writing, and stop ye frowning.

You've bought back fun and laughter to me  
and inspired me to once again, write poetry.  
I hope that I do compliment your life too  
and that you are no longer feeling 'blue'.

I believe you are not aware of your many talents  
apart from being you and of living without sense.  
Nothing would give me more pleasure than to see  
you open your mind to your gifts and write poetry.

Colleen Wright. T.G. 4.08.2006

Colleen Wright

# Farewell To My Dad.

Farewell to my Dad.

A couple of things that you should know,  
if and when, to the next life you must go.  
It is because of our selfishness you know,  
that we will find it very hard to let you go.

'Oh my papa to me you were so wonderful'  
that very old song still sounds so beautiful.  
'Oh my papa, to me you were so true'  
It does tell my story, from me to you.

It will be good for you to have true peace  
and to know that the pain will soon cease.  
We will look forward to seeing you again,  
in a life of true peace, happiness to no end.

Colleen Wright. T.G. © 3.08.2006.

Colleen Wright

## Feelings.

I am afraid to say the words, 'I love you' – or just  
to express my feelings – my beautiful thoughts of us.  
A fear of a new discovery that may break the spell,  
a fear of a disappointment - of that, I know so well.

The love between us that seems to be without disguise,  
the ruffled hair, the crooked smile, the twinkling eyes.  
The shoulders broad, and the hands so strong,  
the arms that hold me, where I need to belong.

The warmth of special words whispered in my ears,  
the laughter, the actions between us, without fears.  
The joyous expressions of love now unfolding,  
the oblivion of others, the love songs we sing.

The tender tendrils of love's bond also tightening,  
the wonderful wooing, the kissing and the cooing.  
The thoughts the same, the ideals and principals we share,  
the ultimate love story surfacing - to believe, should I dare?

The rustic colours of autumn beginning to now appear,  
the distant twinkling sounds of bell birds we faintly hear.  
The gentle warmth of summer's breeze beginning to wane,  
the short sharp shots of cold – signs of an early winter's pain.

The filtered sun-rays leave hope for growth and strength  
as the reflections of water-ways winding to great length.  
The stillness of tall mountain trees as they stand to rest,  
the feelings – the love- the awareness – simply the best.

Colleen Wright

# Floor Flu.

The Floor Flu.

One handsome young man visited his lady friend  
and enjoyed her company, he didn't want it to end.  
He was so overcome with emotion that he kissed  
her sweet lips, and not another opportunity was missed.

She was quite taken with this young country lad,  
who she wondered at times if he was simply mad.  
He hugged her for hours through the long cold night  
and too soon he had to leave, return home before daylight.

So passionate was he that he took a hold of this girl  
and on the cold, tiled floor they danced and did whirl.  
The dance finished, and with laughter they kissed more  
and then somehow, were found hugging on the cold floor.

The clock did chime and it was late, almost midnight,  
and the sound of the cuckoo bird gave them a fright.  
So now the story goes that that handsome young man  
is in bed with the 'Floor Flu', without more kisses to plan.

Colleen Wright

## For Joseph

A new vessel has not character nor history,  
however, an older one has wisdom and leaves mystery.

The worn and cracked vessel will dropp water for the seed to grow,  
but the glossy new vessel will not yet have love nor a story to show.

As with an aged wine, maturity shows strength and character,  
does the human being grow to have that most important factor.

Colleen Wright.

Colleen Wright



# Frogs.

Some may think that I have 'gone to the dogs'  
when I tell them that I now love frogs.  
Since living north at Sandstone Point  
I've grown to understand the joint,  
and the beautiful creatures I've not before known,  
they do vary from beautiful greens to cane brown.

Thank you my very good friend  
Collie Mary, for now I do send  
my love, and many a good thought  
for the knowledge you have bought  
and the friendship you have given to me,  
plus the value of frogs, I now clearly see.

Colleen Wright

# Fulfillment

Why and how do I love thee?  
I love your good heart, you see  
I love the look of you - for me.

I love the way you wear your hair -  
I love your talk - without a care -  
I love your music - it is in my air.

I love your great, infectious laughter - it is in tune with mine.  
I love your converse - you listen, care and compassion do find.  
I love the way you look - and the thoughts from your clever mind.

I love your good works of patience, and tolerance for others - teach me please.  
I love the way you so subtly do catch me when I'm not alert - to me you tease.  
I love the way you love me, and I see your desperate need for me - to please.

I love the way your heart has found, and beats with mine.  
I love your trust - it is so important to me - and with you I align.  
I love your ways - with me they so perfectly and happily entwine.

I love the love from your soulful eyes - they do not hide, nor disguise.  
I love your long strong arms that hold me and make my heart-rate rise.  
I love the way you speak with words that I consider to be always wise.

I love your height and your beautiful masculine frame.  
I love the fact that you do not treat love like a game.  
I love the way you have learned of love - without claim.

I love your warmth and your loving smile - for me it does not deceive, nor  
beguile.  
I love you and the way you want us to be together - for more than a short while.  
I love to hear your heart beat - as your voice at times does indicate - it is on  
'file'.

I love the way you are a loyal and trusted friend - to those you care about - until  
the end of the day.  
I love the way you are so gentle and quiet - and yet outrageous at times, in your  
very own way.

I love your subtle - and yet not, humour - and to hear the mirth from your voice  
- as in the....Olay!

I love the way I feel about you - when we speak and our hearts and minds do  
meet.

I love the way you have shown me that true love does exist - but not found in  
any street.

I love what you have shown me - a new hope, for an unfulfilled heart, can now  
happily beat.

I love what you have shown and freely given to me - your complete love -  
unconditionally.

I love the way you have, for my very first time, fulfilled my heart - and ever so  
wonderfully.

I love the feelings of true love that now dwells between you and I - and will be -  
for eternity.

Colleen Wright

## Grace.

I thank God for the food I eat  
and for all of the people I meet.

I thank God for the storms and rain,  
they help grow the flowers and cane.

I thank God for the selfish and mercenary,  
they soon help me decide what I want to be.

I thank God for the sorrow and the pain,  
they make me stop and think hard again.

I thank God too, when all does feel alright,  
as you with me now, and those out of sight.

Colleen Wright. T.G.3.08.2006.

Colleen Wright

# Heart Strings.

It is so easy to fall in love, and to 'connect' with another,  
but what else is needed to become a complete lover?  
Do we have enough 'cement' to hold us together for life?  
Do we have enough knowledge to prevent us from strife?

We are really beautiful together in mind and in verse -  
but what of our differences? Would we drift apart, or worse?  
You live so very far away - many long kilometers from me -  
from the harsh, earthy country - to the salty sands of the sea.

Your heart is very young and is made of pure gold.  
Mine has lived longer, although young, so I am told.  
My past has been that of many a culture  
and has helped me to grow and mature.

We could not be together for some years to come,  
and that would be a real problem to many or some.  
Perhaps we should love from a distance and with memories  
and the thoughts of our brief times - and our beautiful stories.

'Absence makes the heart grow fonder',  
some say, but I really must wonder,  
if it would not be that 'out of sight  
and out of mind', would be our plight.

The mind and heart with close memories do hurt  
as I walk alone, along the roads of my coastal 'dirt'.  
I cannot help but wonder if our 'connection' brings  
good - as it so strongly tugs at the heart strings.

Colleen Wright

## Joe Blake.

Yeah, sweet sixteen, and way out of sight  
of the town's folk - and wonder you might.  
Yes, we lived on a farming and grazing property,  
so understand you would, of my frightening story.

It was a Saturday and my two brothers and my Dad  
were building a tennis court on the property we had.  
I so desperately had to go to the 'loo' -  
and that is what I then just had to do.

From my worn bicycle I did smartly wheel  
into, and as quickly as possible I did heel,  
into the nearest of the outside 'loos' of the house...  
Let me tell you now - I was no longer a 'shy mouse'.

Ah, as my jeans quickly dropped, and I sat to much relief,  
I sat and thought with a sense, that was not of grief,  
of how lucky I was to be where - I was born -  
and that bought me to reality- without a yawn.

I heard the sounds of the rollers being used  
to smooth the surface of the courts accused.  
The intermittent voices of the males of the place  
where from a distance in my mind - worked in haste.

I heard the sound of a frog which was common in those days,  
and to my ears it was more as though in a background haze.  
My thoughts lingered on until I thought, 'Hello! This is near! '  
So I listened much closer, now let me assure you, my dear.

The sound was as though muffled, and yet close - I would bet.  
But what could it be - sounding very near to me -and yet?  
I pondered a while and then did wonder -  
just what it was that I was sitting under.

That muffled sound was of a struggling frog  
as though he was far away in a distant fog.  
It soon did show in the picture I did see,  
'twas a true story - just between you and me.

With a quick glance above, and afraid, I did turn my head  
to find that snake alive and well – 'twas certainly not dead!  
That 'Joe Blake' was hanging down very near to me  
from the water cistern! So then I did flee – instantly!

From there I must have scurried as quickly as I could,  
and as I did I looked briefly above he was not where he should,  
Yes, hanging so near to my head. Now I was then really AWAKE!  
It's moving head and fangs were too close - Oh dear, for God's sake!

Not a second thought did I make as I blindly scrambled out from that place,  
and I had to step nearer the monster before opening the door, closer to my face.  
Within that second thought I flew out of that loo' and yelled for my Dad -  
'Help, come quickly, theres a snake in the 'loo', not a moment to be had!

My Dad was there within a short moment in time.  
He knew my urgency was real and not in my mind.  
My Mum she thought I was imaging the scene -  
she'd not known such a thing- Oh, that was mean!

To the gun shed my Dad did swiftly run -  
he just knew - for me - 'twas no real fun.  
Out with the double-barrel shot gun he did go  
and into the loo he was ready for that snake to show.

Just who's territory it was – [and it was not that of the snake's]  
my dear Dad would soon tell that story – and for Heaven's sakes,  
he did wait for the demon's head to rise and to surface to see  
the truth and reality of the situation – just you believe me!

I peeked to see just what was happening - from the laundry.  
I watched and waited as my Dad did - for the snake to see.  
As minutes went by, my precious Dad did wait -  
for that 'Joe Blake', and for me - he did not hesitate.

My head almost burst with the sound of that gun  
as it blasted that snake from here to 'kingdom come'.  
The 6 foot long black serpent fell instantly to the floor  
as my Dad glanced quickly towards me from that door.

That dreadful memory does linger on now and forever more,

as in the loo ceiling - a huge hole is visible from the door.  
So do remember when a frog you should hear,  
take note there is not also a 'Joe Blake', my dear.

Colleen Wright



# Lonely Old Man

Lonely Old Man

There is a wrinkled old man who now searches the streets,  
he's sad and lonely whilst taking love from those he meets.  
This is a sad man who could have had everything - all.  
There was a time when he could have walked very tall.

A beautiful wife, healthy children and a home had he,  
but he wanted to be a part of every other family tree -  
he needed to have too many others to love him  
while he followed his every fantasy, and whim.

A suave, glamour man is what he so badly wanted to be,  
surrounded by fans, many more than his waiting family.  
The world's greatest lover was his priority, his main aim,  
but little did he know that in that department he was lame.

For him to be second would have been bad - a grievous sin.  
He doesn't realize that true love always comes from within.  
Of countless number of tearful and heartbreaking years,  
his real lady did shed buckets and buckets of wasted tears.

Thank God that those tears have long gone, - cried away,  
and it doesn't hurt anymore - the lies he would again say.  
We could never again trust this man,  
but of God, we know that we forever can.

I do hope his beautiful children never see him as now do I -  
as they love him, and that would render them to sob and cry.  
All of her love she'd given him, but he simply didn't recognize  
that there was never a glimpse of a complete love in his eyes.

It does leave much hope to give others strength  
to handle their hurts at any measure of length.  
Thru God alone his sad hurdle, yours or mine,  
will be solved by only Him, the Lord divine.

Of this lonely man and others who are as the same,  
I am sad that they are forever fighting a losing game.

If only I could relate to show them the better way,  
but they must see themselves, is what all do say.

This lonely man still wanders the streets  
He can't give love to few he now meets.  
Of love he sees as a physical thing  
without a thought of what is within.

I am very sorry for you, little old man -  
of love you should not put in a dust pan.  
I pray that for your sake  
that you do take a break.

Do look for a pure and real love,  
as is surely does shine from above,  
for if and when the day does fall  
you'll give true love to one and all.

Within true love you will find true peace  
and then finally your heart's pain will cease.  
Go forth old man and open your tired and weary eyes,  
and be you, to never again live a shallow life in disguise.

Colleen Wright. T.G © 20.08.2006

Colleen Wright

# Love.

Love.

Love is when we are compelled to stop - to hear and see

what it is that has caught our attention so unexpectedly.  
It is when we must stop – to gaze and to listen  
as one's surroundings now sparkle and glisten.

It is when we watch and actively listen to words never before heard -  
words of which ring true to our now open hearts – words we've feared,  
and yet unnecessarily so - as time will prove to each and everyone -  
that within life a sparkling new world has opened and has now begun.

It is a precious gift given at no particular time in our life  
to some it is for children, a husband, or for some a wife.  
It may be the blooming of a flower never before seen.  
For some it can be a gem that does shine and gleam.

The beginning of a new life into this most frightening world,  
would be love wrapped up warmly, and ever so softly curled  
up in a most peaceful sleep, and not yet knowing of the outer life  
where there is much hunger, sadness, warfare, trouble and strife.

Love can be giving help to a stranger who is in dire need -  
a smile, some kind words, or a gentle hug, to sow a seed  
of hope to a lonely stranger, who is reaching for strength  
to get through another long day's sad and lonely length.

To thank our creator for who we have in our space -  
our health, our families, and our friends of every race.  
Love is the understanding of another's pain  
It can be to celebrate another's happy gain.

Sweet lilting sounds of moving music in the air  
makes for singing love songs, without despair.  
The chirping and singing of sweet birds on the wing  
gives reasons for loving the trills that sweetly do ring.

A new Spring lamb prancing among masses of wild flowers

is love in motion, and a new born animal as a mother cowers,  
are a sight to be seen and to feel and know of love that is pure.  
So many wonderful ways to see and know love, and want more.

Colleen Wright

## Melding.

It matters not what wealth, culture, colour, or creed,  
only to give fairly to one another, the love we need.  
As reaching hands touch, and does awaken each heart  
to find love that dwells within, and know never to part.

I tell you now, it is most refreshing and leaves high hope  
that all is possible and that when love is found, we cope.  
Since forever waiting and hoping, with anxiety and strain,  
a beautiful combination of the world's people we will gain.

God will give his blessings, and smiles as two people unite.  
May they always love, as precious as is now, be in his sight.  
Let this, newly created, bright, love show now what I write,  
and display to all, that all is well, and that His way is right.

Colleen Wright

## My Canadian Rellies.

Some years ago my Dad came to me one day  
and asked if with him I would travel far away,  
to see his much loved Canadian family,  
and that meant a long trip across the sea.

Goodness gracious me, my mother hates travel!  
So I had to think, and my mind quickly unravel.  
My young children would be safe and well -  
if I took a month away from home - I could tell.

So we swiftly had passports found and bags packed  
so that in four weeks were ready. It was a matter of fact.  
We lost a passport in among our luggage, but 'twas found  
when we realized that we must not panic- then all was sound.

Our goodbyes were said as we departed our rural home,  
and to the airport we did travel, but not alone,  
as my husband at that time, did drive us there.  
We departed with thoughts of adventure in the air.

The flight on the 'roo' aeroplane was exciting and long,  
between Aussie and Vancouver without dance or song.  
Our plane lost a motor somehow, and time was then taken  
to replace it before we were too nervous or badly shaken.

Twelve hours were lost as we waited in a hotel suite  
to hear from the staff of when we would get a new seat.  
We had everything that we could have asked for  
from the time we reached the hotel's front door.

Time passed and we received that call  
to meet again just down the long hall.  
Taken back to the 'plane, we were in a mini bus,  
and soon leaving again, was the 'plane - and us.

A few hours later we arrived in Ottawa,  
to see our rellies all standing in awe.  
The smiles were so wide and joyous to see  
as we met again with our long distance family.

Upon our arrival by car to their family home  
we were ready to stop and no more to roam.  
'Have a bear', I heard someone say,  
What would I do with a bear? Play?

The fridge door was opened and out came some 'stubbies'  
of brown ale liquid. Dad was happy and said 'Yes, please! '  
and they then to me, offered a chilled white wine, -  
let me tell you – that did taste good – almost divine.

I noticed something scurrying along their back fence  
and asked, 'what was that? ', - I needed some sense.  
They laughed until tears ran down their faces  
They certainly did have the whole pack of aces.

'A squerri!' – it sounded like to me,  
and for me it was 'something' to see.  
Those fluffy squirrels were often around  
and it was great that they could be found.

Some shopping we did at the large supermarket store  
where we found everything, and much, much more.  
The shops at that time were opened all night and day,  
I thought how strange it was that they were that way.

Too soon four weeks passed – yes, it just flew  
as we once again learned of each other - to renew  
our acquaintances and share stories and laughs  
of the previous twenty five years, re-walk paths.

Now Trishie, Bill, Marianne, Rowley, Andrea and Jeannie,  
cried with us when we left Canada's, mountains and greenery.  
We had a fabulous trip to see their beautiful land,  
and Quebec too was interesting, and rather grand.

Now at times our rellies do fly to our land - [of the the kangaroo,  
and koala, ] - and it's out turn to give them an Aussie beer or two.  
They enjoy our fine wines and our country's warmth  
and again we swap stories and laugh with much mirth.

They are not too fussed about our Vegemite

or our sea's risky rips, to them, not a delight.  
Not matter what, they do love us all very, very much -  
It's because we do have the Green and Gold touch.

Colleen Wright. © 21.07.2006

Colleen Wright



# My Gift To You.

My Gift for You.

My gift for you is not black nor is it or blue.  
It's not tall or thin, - but comes from within.  
I wish you every poem as a white dove  
totally saturated with God's purest love.

Poetry is very special to me,  
like the sand meeting the sea,  
and as the birds and the bees  
yes, the flowers and the trees.

Poetry is like you and me, and the love  
that we know - comes from God above.  
Poetry is as a rose in bloom -  
and it's sweet fragrant perfume.

Poetry is a playful kitten  
or a young lad – smitten.  
Sunshine in May  
is a poem, I'd say.

Poetry is the world we live within-  
the goodness – and maybe the sin.  
Certainly, it is in every land,  
and is a part of God's plan.

Poetry is many a beautiful friend  
who remains always - to the end.  
A friend to confide in  
through thick and thin.

Special friends are the true gift  
with those, we are without rift.  
So thank God above  
for poetry - with love.

Colleen Wright. © 24.07.2006



# My Man

I need a man who is strong enough to cry,  
I need a man who will always explain why.  
Give me a man whose shoulders are strong,  
a man who wants strong, true love, to belong.

Show me his soft heart so rarely displayed,  
to trust, to open mind with worries allayed.  
Adore me, as I would him, forever and a day,  
is what my heart does need and my mind say.

Be true to me as I will always be for my mate,  
share life and time with pure love, never hate.  
Be most happy to please at one's own sacrifice  
would be a man of whom I'd listen, and entice.

Colleen Wright

# My New Poetic Friend

For my new poetic friend - a special man I've met not so long ago,  
- a tall, lean man with a wonderful smile - I see it - you must know.  
I hope you smile when you read my poor prose,  
and when I ask you to write too - there'll be no 'no's.

You've bought back fun and laughter to me  
and inspired me to once again write poetry.  
I hope that I am complimenting your life too,  
and that you are no longer feeling so 'blue'.

I love to see the cheeky look and twinkle in your eyes,  
it tells a lot about you - more than you would realize.  
Your chuckles are great, and most infectious,  
and leaves me feeling young and impetuous.

Your appreciation of nature and of the spoken word  
is yet to be bettered by none that I have heard -  
well.... other than Wordsworth, Shakespeare, Browning,  
and Barrett - so begin the writing, and quit the frowning.

Nothing would give me more pleasure to see  
you open your mind to your gifts, and let them be  
visible for this sometimes shallow world to view -  
and to know and understand the real quality of you.

Colleen Wright.

Colleen Wright

# My Princess And Two Angels.

My precious baby girl was born and gave me such joy  
as did the birth of one, and then another, wonderful boy.  
My Princess was a tiny, little, precious, rose-pink jewel.  
And my life had then begun again, another fresh renewal.

My child-bearing life was then full and complete,  
as now a daughter I had, and two boys, all was neat.  
Her skin like the dew of a new Spring rose,  
and was beautiful scent to this mother's nose.

She soon toddled and ever so happily chatted,  
to her nothing in the outside world mattered.  
She would smile, giggle and often laughed  
as in and about her voice did echo and waft.

The ABC's of life began all too soon when to  
school she went to learn 'tween black and blue.  
The prettiest angel ever seen and known to some,  
and most especially through the eyes of her Mum.

The years flew by as she entered High School  
and people soon learned that she was no fool.  
She would sing and dance and do well her work  
and from anything asked, she would never shirk.

The young lads soon came to her door  
they wanted to get to know her more.  
However she knew just what she wanted  
and would never at all be taken for granted.

All too soon she met her man and married  
and they got on with their lives, never tarried.  
A house, car and garden they worked hard for,  
and soon the 'stork' was knocking at their door.

My precious Princess gave birth to a little girl  
who came from Heaven, a precious as a pearl.  
To me she was blue-eyed and soft hair of blond,  
with the face of an angel, we instantly did bond.

She was given the two names of Courtney Jane,  
and very soon I had naturally extended her name.  
She became known to me as 'C. J, Angel Face',  
and her lovely nature nobody would ever erase.

Time slipped by ever too quickly - too fast,  
and soon there was another cherub's mask.  
Megan Josephine, arrived on the scene  
As small pink peach she was to be seen.

So then we had 'C.J Angel Face', and now  
also 'Megan Peach Face', - Angels somehow.  
My Princess Jewels, and her two little angels  
are to me as is Christmas with Heavenly bells.

To the three Angels, loaned from God above,  
I give to each my heartfelt and warmest love.  
The three will always be a blessing to me  
from here in this life and into our eternity.

Colleen Wright

# Nalini

Nalini

Out of the blue and from across the world arrived a beautiful girl Nalini, to my computer without warning or expectation there she was in writing. A beautiful lady from the east – India, Kerala, precisely it is Tellicherry. Her magical, poetic words are most meaningful and definitely exciting.

To know a lovely lady who under estimates her own value at most times, is indeed a pleasure to have encountered, from the least expected source. Nalini, you are a true lady with great beauty and with wonderful rhymes, as you express yourself in a way that the world can understand, of course.

Thank you for coming into my life my lovely new friend from distance afar, I treasure your friendship and your support as a sweet, long distance friend. Do continue with your God given gift to show the world, at times with a jar, you wise words and your good and pure thoughts, and continue, never to end.

Colleen Wright. T.G. © 19.08.2006.

Colleen Wright

# One Day In The Life Of A Lonely Lover.

It feels like a rainy, rainy day!  
Everything seem sad and grey.  
Will the jigsaw ever fit to be my way?  
What do you think? What do you say?

The ache, the emptiness and the want  
seems to be heavier and it does haunt.  
It leaves me hungry for tomorrow's dawn  
and in the meantime, my heart does mourn.

Trees, skies, hills, as does the earth,  
the fish, the birds, all beings birth.  
So too the happy and joyful mirth.  
Without you – they have less worth.

If we could be together as one,  
all night and until day is done.  
To share the warmth of each morning sun,  
a love stronger than ours there would be none.

In the meanwhile I thank God for what I've got,  
the winter's beauty and the long summers hot.  
For the knowledge of knowing that you love me a lot  
I thank God again, and ask that he me 'forget me not'.

Colleen Wright



# Poetry.

Poetry.

Poetry - to me....  
is as the sand meets the sea,  
like the birds and the bees,  
and the flowers and the trees.

It's like you and me and the love  
that does come from God above.  
Poetry is in everything, to one and all,  
and all sights and sounds, - a bird call.

Poetry is a rose in bloom  
and it's unique perfume -  
a playing kitten  
or a lover smitten.

Sunshine in May,  
is also what I'd say  
would be a poem from above  
because it came from God's love.

Poetry is the world we live within,  
the goodness and maybe the sin,  
because it's in every land  
and is part of God's plan.

A friend to confide in  
through thick and thin,  
it's a poem from above,  
and made from God's love.

Poetry is a wonderful friend,  
cherished always to the end,  
through the good, and the bad,  
sharing the happy and the sad.

To thank God above,  
is poetry with love.

I wish you every poem from above,  
saturated with God's precious love.

Colleen Wright

# Primary Or Secondary

Primary or Secondary.

This wonderful 'sunburnt' land of milk and honey,  
so rich, beautiful, so plentiful – it's just not funny.  
I gaze into the early morning streaming sunlight  
and see such God given wonders, of pure delight.

The winding rivers run, the glistening as waters sparkle,  
as the feeding feathered birds wing and make their call.  
Kangaroos, possums, lizards, koalas, unique animals move  
to make the sound of Australia, a sound of magic, to soothe.

How I love the beauty of the everlasting daisy and the waratah,  
the banksias, the bottle-brushes, the native flora, without mar.  
Wet-the-beds in Spring pop up like the mushrooms in March,  
golden wattle bubbles and bursts as the weeping willows arch.

Many crops heave and sag when the scorching summers burn,  
seeds begin to spring forth as the busy harvesters reap and turn.  
Farmer's faces are wrinkled and weary at the end of the day  
as harvest time is to work, eat, and late at night - 'hit the hay'.

'Gruner's cows and many more breeds are rounded  
by the diarymen and his best friend's bark sounded.  
To the sheds and milking machines, the usual things,  
mop buckets, slop buckets, as the cow 'Milko' sings.

Silver, lead, zinc, copper, gold, minerals in the raw,  
diamonds, sapphires, opals, emeralds, pearls in awe.  
Tall timbers reaching for our temperamental skies  
dense foliage, ravenous rain forests behold my eyes.

Rusty red roads roll into the depths of the dusty desert's  
dry dirt which holds the secrets of the sun and it's hurts.  
I stand in amazement, I stand in absolute shock,  
as I become aware of a vision that is 'The Rock'.

From the long winding road to the narrowing high track  
were many a climbing man is found with his back pack,

to a place where everything is pure, still and blue-white,

to a place where everything is ever so serene and quiet.

Men, women, boys and girls, with or without handicap,  
ooze with enthusiasm, eagerness, and plenty of sap.

Sporting fields are full and used aplenty,  
of area - there is rarely an arena empty.

Yet my good countryman and woman, why are we hungry?  
Why haven't all fellow men money, clothing, food or laundry?  
Could it be that the union computer is on strike,  
or would it be that we have lost spirit and sight?

Could we have become spoiled, lazy and complacent?  
Should we sit back and say 'Bloody hell, that we ain't'!  
Should we just get up and have a real good go, Mate?

Colleen Wright. T.G. © 19.08.2006

Colleen Wright

# Ray Of Sunshine.

The first Ray of Sunshine came forth  
at my first child's, [a son] great birth.  
With eyes that twinkled as of a star,  
and the most brilliant of blue, by far.

His blond curly hair and skin so fair  
were admired by all who were there.  
A clever mind was soon seen he had,  
he was a modest and smart young lad.

With ever so sensitive and quick mind  
he didn't take long to fit in with his kind.  
He considered others in all his thoughts  
and did best as he chose, for many sorts.

He would silently worry and did really care  
about injustices - and they are always there.  
Many youngsters he did take under his wing  
to give confidence to everyone in everything.

A good scholar and a representative sportsman too,  
he shone for his Aussie teams, and mates, 'true-blue'.  
Quickly years passed, and after many a lovely lass,  
one day he met one who understood him, and alas.

My Ray of Sunshine, from when my days were often grey,  
married our beautiful Kellie, one very special October day.  
Time has passed ever so speedily since then, and after a time  
two little ones arrived, and my Sunshine and Kell felt sublime.

The giving to others have made these proud parents special,  
as all do love them, and much respect, they receive from all.  
Two better people one would never be able to meet, or to find,  
and I am so very very proud of them, and their mates of a kind.

To my Ray of Sunshine and his most precious wife and family,  
the irresistible lad of energy Declan, and dear little Lara Maree,  
I send you all, through this message, my best wishes, infinite love  
and every rich blessing to you and your family, from God above.

Colleen Wright. T.G. © 5.08.2006

Colleen Wright

# Ree And Me

There is naught like the special, wonderful memory  
of good times long since shared 'tween 'Ree and me.  
Of the trusted conversions, fun, and hysterical laughter,  
plus events that remain treasured now and for ever after.

'Ree and I shared things of interest and some similar,  
things like where we had been and what was familiar.  
We flung turps around on canvasses and floors  
as we passed through many crazy artists' doors.

'Ree always had everything needed as were tacks,  
and great tasting foods and occasional wine packs.  
She was full of personality plus amazing big eyes  
that showed her honest feelings without disguise.

We've travelled through grasshopper covered roads  
and met with many charming Princes and Toads.  
Delicious lunches we had with the 'blue rinse set',  
some of whom we had, not by choice, but for a bet.

Around racing circuits we drove and did see  
many landmarks of some freezing high country.  
We stumbled with Ugg boots thru ice and snow  
on our adventurous ventures we did travel to go.

Many fascinating people we did meet  
as we'd arrive at venues and did greet.  
Some were quiet and some extrovert  
but no-one ever with intentions to hurt.

Of children we had none – [that is while away]  
we savored our time, every minute of every day.  
Many never could understand why we did the right thing  
as never shamed our valued families, or consider to bring.

Time out and space to learn and express our creativities,  
as we learned of art and it's uniquely extrovert activities.  
Too few were our carefree times taken and shared,  
but we'd earned that time away, so take it we dared.

Some results were awards won and some praises given,  
for a number of our art works of which we had striven  
to complete and display at the end of each 'hard working' day  
and to smile about rain filled umbrellas we'd experienced along the way.

Our lives have changed since then, and with some friends we dare  
to share some stories of the happy days without a hassle or a care.  
The bonds of our great friendship will never be broken nor will end.  
Yes, I value the friendship of my special clever and creative friend.

Colleen Wright



# Reflections.

I sense the gum leaves from fresh country air  
I sense your nearness when you're not there.  
I sense the favourite foods you like to eat,  
I sense the paddocks of harvested wheat.

This is how you sense me.  
I am a reflection of you - you see.

I see you happy - I see you smile  
I see you rush - then pause a while.  
I see you glad and I see you sad,  
I see you elated and I see you mad.

This is how you see me  
I am a reflection of you - you see.

I smell your arrival as you enter a room  
I smell the fragrance of your male perfume.  
I smell your fresh body as you come close to mine,  
I smile our togetherness as the purity of a fine wine.

This is how you smell me  
I am a reflection of you - you see.

I hear your voice call to me in despair  
I hear the fear and loneliness in the air.  
I hear the cold winds whistling through the trees  
I hear the murmur of a longing lover's tease.

This is how you hear me -  
I am a reflection of you - you see.

I taste the saltiness of love from your teasing nips  
I taste the lingering kiss from your hungry lips  
I taste your needs from your masculine skin  
I taste the burning love radiating from within.

This is how you to taste to me  
I am a reflection of you - you see.

Colleen Wright.

Colleen Wright

# Revelation.

Revelation.

I cannot show you, nor can I hand to you,  
the knowledge given me, 'tis so very true.  
So I would like to share my event now  
and this poem is one way I know how.

A cynic and ever so skeptic was me  
I had to know the total reality you see.  
I needed to know and have the solution  
of our life, and final place, a conclusion.

Many questions I did ask and many books  
I read, and I did receive many strange looks,  
from those of whom we think should know,  
and they told me, 'it is Faith you must show'.

'Faith in what?' I wondered as I looked at man,  
and was told to 'read that book and understand'.  
I read that book, and many more that I could find,  
and I found that many thoughts were not my kind.

I needed facts and reality, and not those fairy stories  
of man fighting man, for his own power and glories.  
A time did come when I believed in what I did see,  
the earth, it's contents, and of how beautiful they be.

Intuition of which is a gift from God, told me clearly  
that there was a creator of all that we hold so dearly.  
I'd looked closely at a deciduous tree and it did show  
much more than all or most would ever hope to know.

From a three foot tall, seed fruit tree in Autumn  
there was not a leaf of any kind on it to be seen.  
I'd thought and thought of it's processes made  
to survive through many seasons without fade.

One old book, it does read 'seek and ye shall find',  
so I read and asked much, but still with eyes blind.

My mind was always open, and many answers sought,  
I argued, and with many wise men, and replies fought.

One lovely day when almost thirty two years of age  
and as the day grew into night, and without a page,  
I closed windows, bathed warmly, and went to sleep.  
The night was quiet and peaceful, not heard a peep.

All around me I could 'see' a gray tunnel swirling  
without sound, and sweeping me softly, twirling  
up towards a beautiful warm white circle of light,  
and the unimaginable wondrous feeling, so right.

Awareness of no body came to my calm mind,  
and no shock, dismay or discomfort of a kind.  
I 'knew', I did 'see', of where I was traveling to be.  
I didn't need ears to hear sounds, but I could 'see'.

It was without doubt that Heaven was at the door  
of that long tunnel where all was there, and more.  
No weight, no pressure, no strain, no worry or pain  
was known, just absolute sheer 'Heaven', I did gain.

As this new process continued of this God given gift,  
I learned that there were no physical feelings, no rift.  
I was invisible, a soul without weight, or any worry,  
all was so beautiful with nothing sad, or to feel sorry.

No caring man was depending on, or even needed me  
and not even my beautiful two children, five and three.  
However, I did then realize that my darling tiny daughter  
needed her mother, as trees and flowers do need water.

At that time it was known to me, that we have made  
our world the problems we must now through wade.  
Two commandments were all given, from God to man  
and we humans have added more, to gain a power plan.

A choice I did have to return and to complete this life,  
and to struggle through more trials of living and strife.  
So I then tried to again have blood run through my veins,

to come back into my body and to again know my brains.

Too much air, my still and lifeless lungs could not take,  
as I learned that minute amounts of breath I should make.  
Little by little the air did increase into my dead organs,  
and I felt the warmth of circulation begin, without bans.

I'd had no body until my thoughts allowed me to breath,  
now I was down again, on my bed, my mind did weave,  
to the place I'd been, and chose to return, as my toes did  
feel warm blood traveling up slowly, no places were hid.

'Why would anyone seek to return from such a paradise,  
so beautiful, so serene, and where all is known and wise'?  
you may ask, but let me tell you, my answer totally true,  
it just was the best and right thing for my daughter, to do.

My friends who may wonder as I did, and surely you must,  
let me tell you, that our bodies will certainly return to dust  
but our happy spirits will travel to the heavenly land.  
So love God and each other, as was by God planned.

Colleen Wright

## Scent In The Air

A slight cool breeze wisps by my warm face  
through moving leaves, as of a shivery lace,  
to bring to my nose the warm unique scent  
of a familiar memory of a past time spent.

It began to seek a picture from my curious mind  
and of the flower, name and place I'd left behind.  
From the many thoughts of my past places been  
the memory began slowly to show me the scene.

A warm yellow cluster, as a small ball of fluff  
came to reveal the picture that I'd seen enough.  
The golden Wattle flower as it should be seen  
in the harsh Australian country outback scene.

Colleen Wright

## Seasons Greeting For My Poetry Friends.

Wow! How another year has suddenly passed by so quickly - SWISH!  
And now it's time again for more greetings to you from me - my wish.  
I wish you a wonderful Christmas and a fabulous New Year  
with everything you could wish for, as to me you are so dear.

You have played great part in my life and of that I am most thankful.  
From you I have received an individual gift, and that is most special  
because it can never come from another, as you are unique and one  
who has talents of your very own – from no other can those ever come.

Health, happiness, home comforts and good friendships plentiful,  
as you enter another era of which is yet unknown, and so special,  
are my hopes and wishes for you, as we remember this festive season  
of Christmas and New Year - and to happily celebrate it's real reason.

Colleen Wright

## Set Free.

My dear old Dad used to say, 'ya gotta e cruel to be kind',  
and of that understanding I found very hard for me to find,  
until into my life you came along  
and I now fully understand the song.

I've learned too, that 'when in doubt, one should say 'no',  
and to walk away, instead of accepting - 'tis a 'no go'.  
As with the fish that is 'small fry',  
I let you go - I now say 'good-bye'.

You are not suitable for me,  
so I must set you free.  
You are too much undersize,  
to keep you would be unwise.

I set you free to learn and grow,  
and another you will live to know.  
I hope there is little pain,  
as I set you free to live again.

So swim away my beautiful 'small fry'.  
Dive deeply and live long - do not die.  
Swim swiflty away, again to be free,  
and always remember me - lovingly.

Colleen Wright



## Some Days.

Some days will be white and as clear as a sunbeam  
Some days will be blue and as fresh as the Spring  
Some days will be black, as you'd never known or seen  
Some days will be green and you'll just want to sing.

Some days will be red and you will feel of vitality full  
Some days will be orange as the summer ball of the sun  
Some days will be beige and plod as a fat and lazy bull

Some days will be brown as a fire burnt out and not won.

Some days will be purple with the deep pangs of passion  
Some days will be yellow as with the sounds of laughter  
Some days will be gray with sadness and sorrow - ashen  
Some days will be pink with peace of 'happily ever after'.

Colleen Wright

# Sparkling Bubbles

Many sparkling bubbles continue to fill my arteries and veins  
and many wonderful feelings my soft heart so willingly gains.  
We've had contact each day since we met - that means much to me  
as we continue the journey and learning - of this our new discovery.

Just where this new path does lead us, and what our futures will prove  
is of course yet to be seen, - I cherish now, and as the clocks do move  
our story will in the course of time unfold, and we must accept our fate  
to find our own peace and happiness before our lives are done - too late.

A big lesson you have given to me  
by telling of how you trust initially.  
Perhaps you are so right, and I have listened and heeded  
enough now - to risk my heart for the need to be needed.

Colleen Wright

# Standing Out In The Crowd

Standing out in the Crowd

As if an aura surrounding it's halo, the most beautiful one does stand out in the crowd  
of so many alluring others, and mixes happily, play together, and for more make room.

This enigmatic one appears ever so simply classical in style and is gentle - never loud,  
as in showing the world the essence of simplicity and of it's naturally free, sweet perfume.

The vision of the purest white does by far, stand out in that colourful and exotic crowd,  
amidst the blues, purples, yellows, reds and various shades of brilliant greens.  
Amazed at such true beauty, this unique site does create a real delight and is so proud.  
To reach out and to touch such a wonder of God's creation - almost as dreams.

Such a love of reality without false impression, but to see is to believe, is a gift to people like you and like me who do need to see the truth of the picture visible.  
God only knows how much we all need to see and understand the meaning of rift,  
to know that if all is in place between two, then and only then, anything is possible.

I leave you now to go and seek, look, enquire, experience and to very quickly do learn  
of the ways of all, and the growth pattern that should occur for a beauty to truly shine  
until you and I do see and appreciate the true beauty of such a miracle of nature  
earn,  
and invite us and the Marguerite daisy to live, to bloom and to appear as from the divine.

Colleen Wright

# Teamwork From The Deep

Teamwork from the Deep

Wild winds wind wounding all, as they find their paths to their needy want  
to absorb all in their ways, ever so unforgiving and without care they haunt.  
The deep purple, blue waters do thrash as they obey their fierce master  
to build momentum, to crash upon and destroy all, and to travel faster.

Along with his mates he fought against the sails and the sheets to show all  
who would control this duel and challenge of nature, and not to lose nor fall.  
As swift as the wicked winds, determination was the best weapon they had  
as every man did fight and great lessons learned by a very smart young lad.

Weakness and exhaustion was not to be considered to get through to the end  
and to the rest of the outer world a message they would ever so happily send  
to say that they had conquered that treacherous old man, the deep, cruel sea,  
and would return to loved ones, friends, family and people who care, like me.

Colleen Wright

## That Magical Magnet.

At our first greeting I saw your beaming smile and your nervous fear,  
and when we did next meet eye to eye, we hugged warmly and near.  
You captured my fragile heart as it jumped - and skipped a beat  
or two, and your face went crimson from hot blood – much heat.

I couldn't imagine why such strong a man could go pink and blush,  
and I didn't care as I savored the feelings, and this island did hush.  
My hand met yours – it seemed the only natural thing to do  
for me and you – I loved the feeling of being so near to you.

It was a magical magnet of which I had no control,  
so comfortable and automatic without feeling bold.  
Your body looked tall, handsome, and ever so strong,  
and briefly I wondered, 'could we ever really belong? '

You chose for us two, with our great meal, a fine wine,  
and we softly touched hands and hearts, as we did dine.  
I sensed you – and of where in your past you'd been  
and we understood much, without ever having seen.

I was more than happy to hear your heart-warming words,  
as now the sweet sounding songs of animals and the birds.  
The ocean waves splash and as they crash to the warm sand  
as I think of how we were so excitingly together, hand in hand.

More sparkling bubbles continue to fill my arteries and veins  
and many wonderful feelings my soft heart so willingly gains.  
I thank God for allowing you to come into my life and heart,  
you are a wonderful treasure to me - a masterpiece of fine art.

Colleen Wright. T.G. © 4.08.2006

Colleen Wright

# The Fast Growing Rose

Yes, maybe you should beware of the rose that grows too quickly,  
As the fragrance could be too over-powering, too strong or sickly.  
Maybe your most beautiful words of this wild rose - as in rhyme,  
could prove fatal for your soft and romantic heart - after a time.

Should this rose spread it's branches - it's stems to further a field  
to find a tougher heart who would have enough true passion to yield  
enough of the needed soul-food to make content and to satisfy  
this soft fragile heart? How you do know I wonder, and not deny.

Your words have truly touched my heart - very close to the bone,  
as in the deepest part of me - thought well hidden in my heart's home.  
You are winding me into the beautiful web of your heart and soul  
and I wonder, as you do too - is this real - is it right, and is it whole?

Colleen Wright

# The Line Caster

From the line caster I did so very cautiously consider, and did bite,  
since his bait would fill my hungry and my very real heart's appetite.  
A man of value, principle, and years of good quality and honesty,  
someone who may be able to love a lady, in every sense as is me.

This strong man who is so happy with his well earned self worth,  
enjoys fun, laughter, mirth, and loves our wonderful country's girth.  
He speaks the truth with no intent to hurt or injure any good soul.  
He now seeks a true love for him, and has his life in total control.

His great love of the deep blue sea and the challenges of sailing upon,  
has been his life, his main game, and will always forever continue on.  
He threw out his fine line, and I did like the sense of his inviting bait,  
so now to meet this genuine marine man - he will determine the date.

If we then do connect, and a magnetic line we do have, to his abode I go,  
and to an Italian restaurant he has planned, it will be supremo, I do know.  
With many bubbles, communications and maybe the beginning of a `more,  
maybe this Aussie Queensland lady will then feel something unique, 'A? '

To me he did say, that a line he did cast for one, and not a net to bring many  
into his life, but to seek happiness and to find someone very special, not any  
fish from the deep blue sea of this our unsettled world, and to fulfill his life  
with no more heartbreak, sadness, disappointments, nor troubles and strife.

Colleen Wright

## The Reflection. [2]

I sense the gum leaves from fresh country air  
I sense your nearness when you're not there.  
I sense the favourite foods you like to eat  
I sense the paddocks of harvested wheat.

This is how you sense me  
I am a reflection of you - you see.

I see you happy - I see you smile  
I see you rush - then pause a while.  
I see you glad and I see you sad  
I see you elated and I see you mad.

This is how you see me  
I am a reflection of you - you see.

I smell your arrival as you enter a room  
I smell the fragrance of your perfume.  
I smell your fresh body as you come close to mine  
I smell our togetherness, as the purity of a fine wine.

This is how you smell me  
I am a reflection of you - you see.

I hear your voice call to me in despair  
I hear the fear and loneliness in the air.  
I hear the cold winds whistling through the trees  
I hear the soft murmurs of a lonely lover's tease.

This is how you hear me  
I am a reflection of you - you see.

I taste the saltiness of love from your teasing nips  
I taste the lingering kiss from your hungry lips.  
I taste your needs from your masculine skin  
I taste the burning love radiating from within.

This is the way you taste to me  
I am a reflection of you - you see.



I feel the touch of the blood-red rose  
I feel it's petals so soft on my nose.  
I feel the need to have you close to me  
I feel the want of your love for eternity.

This is how you feel for me  
I am a reflection of you - you see.

I love to sense that you love me too  
I love to feel the closeness of you.  
I love to taste your musky male scented skin  
I love to smell you as your heart races within.  
I love to see the love in your eyes  
I love to hear your voice, it is wise.  
I love to love you now and forever  
I love you completely when we are together.

This is how I love you  
I am a reflection of you - you see.

Colleen Wright

# The Story Within A Kiss

Comfort from a mother's sweet kiss  
is soothing, safety and close security.  
Protection comes from a proud dad  
as he pecks a forehead of girl or lad.

Siblings and relatives swiftly do pass  
the rare meaningful peck so very fast.  
From the passing kiss to a huge hug  
comes as good friends hearts do tug.

From the new suitor – ah, a different  
kiss which passes, or stays permanent.  
That kiss will show good, or remiss,  
if they are not good - or are they bliss?

His feelings of what he does need,  
of that, each one should take heed.  
Is it with much thought and feeling,  
or is it just his easy selfish spieling?

However, if gentle, and with time  
his lips with yours will be sublime,  
and his love will display a yearning  
for you, and need of love's learning.

Colleen Wright

# This Rose

From the harlequin pathways of your walks of life  
many lovely flowers raised their heads to feel the sun,  
and then one Spring day a bloom did reach your sight,  
you saw it was a rose standing above every other one.

You reached to touch the bud, but to it's side it swayed,  
it was afraid and fragile, maybe the mark would bruise.  
It went with the breeze and the connection was delayed,  
but you persisted with you words, and charms did ooze.

Time and time again you came near to pluck this plant,  
but the stem was strong and resisted the many advances.  
Then as weeks flew by and you appeared rather gallant,  
this rose did listen to your words and dropped defenses.

Quickly without pain, you did cut this bloom of your choice,  
you took it, inhaled it's fragrance and inhaled it's soft petals.  
Into some water you placed your flower, and with sweet voice  
you loved it, enjoyed it, and sensed it without thorns or nettles.

Then one day you went away across some far western field,  
this bloom did stay in that vase, and without having moved.  
The time went by and the heat of the day it's strength did steal  
this rose began to wilt and it cried for water to be soothed.

More days did slip by – seven - ten – and as many as eleven  
Gasping for breath this bloom did hurt – it sobbed – it cried,  
'was it easier to struggle to survive, or was it better in Heaven? '  
Day twelve without hope, this rose lowered it's head, and died.

Colleen Wright. T.G. © 26.08.2008

Colleen Wright

# Thunder And Storms.

You now hold on to my every word!  
Sweet one, my words you've heard,  
and from your kind heart to your penned hand  
soft words flow for me, a soulful musical band.

So, you have swum, and did feel waters cold  
as around you the waves did so gently unfold.  
You sensed the changing of season  
you felt, understood and did reason.

The day changed from sunshine into dark  
and from your place a light began to spark.  
You dined on morsels of food, and sipped wine.  
Oh, such a glorious life, surely it is almost divine.

Thunder and storms are coming this way  
therefore to you kind Sir, I now must say,  
'Goodnight good friend with a pure heart,  
sleep soundly, as from this page I depart'.

Colleen Wright

# Trust

If within trust I am given your love -  
of that I shall cherish, treasure and keep.  
I'll ask the creator of 'all and above',  
to give us much time so we shall reap  
strong bonds with honesty and closeness,  
and we'll walk along the same path together -  
to have true peace, love and happiness,  
throughout each season, and all weather.

Colleen Wright

# Twinkle Toes.

Twinkle Toes.

A big, blue, bouncing, baby boy arrived late, on this earth,  
and simply slept, ate and gurgled with laughter and mirth.  
A happier, baby boy would have to be seen to be believed,  
and to parents who do worry, they were definitely relieved.

As this youngster at ten months took first steps and began to walk  
he was happier to balance on the toes of his feet, as he often did talk.  
He ran around so speedily, and went into every cupboard and draw  
and as if they were not enough, he would continue to look for more.

One evening when time for my bed, my son was lost, couldn't be found.  
I searched high and low, and under each bed, into rooms, and all around.  
Then one last check for the millionth time of every single corner and nook,  
I found him asleep in a wardrobe corner, among shoes, no laces, nor book.

Another time when about aged four, I heard him at our outside door.

He'd been outside quietly playing with toy trucks and doing his thing  
and as I heard a soft 'ooch' come from the mouth of his frowning face  
the wet blood from flesh of one of his big toes did ooze at a fast pace.

My stomach rolled over, my knees wobbled and went suddenly weak  
as my mind recovered and my mouth went dry, I could barely speak.  
I asked my lovable little boy, 'Oh, how on earth did you ever do that? '  
He pointed to a brick lying nearby in the yard, there is where he sat.

His sandals were lying away in the soft, red dust, his toys had wheels off  
and scattered everywhere, his usual boys game. My young lad was tough.  
What had happened to him who felt no pain, never a cold or even wheezy?  
He looked up at me with the cutest, half grin on his face as he said, 'Easy'

Many years have flown by since then, now my 'Twinkle Toes' is a man.  
He's had worries and heartaches that do come with life, and now a wife  
and six strong sons, who 'take him back' to where he was in a past time  
when a child without cares, he's now living his life, and does much gain.

Colleen Wright. T.G. © 5.08.2006.

Colleen Wright

# When Does Love Begin?

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Could it be that a complete love can begin with that first glance -  
or is it when two open and hungry hearts first together do dance?  
Or maybe it be from when warm and knowing people do smile  
and show across faces tender, warm feelings, and not beguile  
two hearts of which are willing to give rich and pure love?  
Or perhaps when gifted us - from our creator - God above?

A freedom to be as we really are – with our hearts and minds to share  
with total trust, of all of our lives – and our future dreams we dare  
to tell, and the time ahead we hope to find with one who fills our earthly souls,  
to share our days and our nights, and with whom to fulfill our highest goals.  
Maybe the touch and feel of another's hand  
or is it walking together along the sea's sand?

That certain smile or the glistening from their eyes.  
could never hide true feelings - or shyly disguise.  
The aroma of bodies by nature found to be magnetic  
to each others bodies and minds - is it prophetic?  
Simply in the knowing that all is right  
and ready for the fragile hearts to ignite.

Time must be taken to rest the mind  
and for each to find a key of a kind.  
When does love begin?  
Surely it is when felt within,  
and known and understood  
that all is well - as it should.

So let the sparkling symphony begin  
and hear the magic music from within.  
When the time is right and you feel ready,  
Go ahead - and remain happy and 'heady'.  
Willingly, say good-bye to all of yesterday's sorrow  
and look to enjoy your new love today and tomorrow.

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# 'Why? '

Why?

Now here we are on this, our beautiful earth.  
We share sadness, tears, laughter and mirth  
with plants, trees, animals and many people.  
Consolation through kind minds, and steeple.

So many folk we meet along the road of life,  
so many seem happy – so many are in strife.  
A selective few we will keep close in our heart -  
some we spend time with, and some will depart.

We tend to have ambitions – we plan our lives.  
Some become husbands- some become wives.  
We take the road of which seems to us the best.  
Some choices are good and some are much less.

Of how and why some cross our paths -  
some touch us and reach into our hearts.  
We wonder the reasons why some things occur -  
why some things change and not stay as they were.

Not two plants, animals and or people are the same.  
There's not the same rules in each and every game.  
How we each must live- our future and our destiny -  
you only can live yours – and mine is all up to me.

At times we choose a track of which does look good  
and often it does not wind up as we believed it would.  
Not for the best of our peace and our total well-being,  
too often via rose coloured glasses we'd been seeing.

As we grow older we hope to live and to learn,  
and no more mistakes is what we inwardly yearn.  
A process, it seems to me, of that which is called wisdom,  
I believe it takes until we reach Heaven – the true kingdom.

Some people are to be technicians- some to be doctors,  
some fly kites, some 'planes, and some fly helicopters.

Some are mathematicians, some are brick-layers,  
some build houses, and some are sports players.

For me – I use the creative side of my brain  
I love it - I thank God for the gift I've gained.  
Of nature, I often enjoy trying with paints to re-create.  
It's never the same and the challenge is never too late.

To write in verse is an expressive way  
for my thoughts and feelings to convey.  
I do hope my story is clear, and yes understood,  
and some pleasure you'll get, - I hope it it good.

So many events that surprisingly happen,  
people we meet and words we often pen.  
Things that will occur until the day we die,  
and so very, very often I ask myself - 'Why? '

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Colleen Wright

# Winter Defeated

The long dual is almost at an end,  
as Springs gains ground to defend  
it's flowers and fruits for the new season  
from the winter's icy slaying, with reason.

Sun rays strengthen and found welcomed  
by all that has looked, sought and combed  
to discover new life and a new found love  
from the warmth of earth's nature and above.

Bursting buds show ever so bravely  
as they peek out from plants suddenly  
testing the tomorrow and it's new heat  
to survive strongly and not to be beat.

Wicked winds wind their ways  
away from chilly wintry days  
to find new lands and places  
and to test many new faces.

Now the feeling is of conceding  
as the unwanted seems receding.  
The Spring has now finally won  
a new season welcomed - begun.

Colleen Wright

## Your Voice.

Your voice on the the telephone  
today, told me that I am not alone.  
My heart did thump when memory came  
to tell me you called, and spoke my name.

I do love you, and no matter where we go,  
you'll never be forgotten, - you must know.  
Thank you for your thoughts and truth,  
and now I return to my computer booth.

Have a great day my special friend.  
Yes, I will love you to the very end.  
No matter where we travel, or roam,  
you'll never be far away from 'my home'.

Colleen Wright