

Poetry Series

**Keith Foley**  
**- poems -**

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## Keith Foley(9/27/62)

I have a wife, three girls (one died in a car accident - she was a sweet 16yr old 2/07/09 RIP) and a few dogs. I started writing poetry in 2007. I enjoy writing and hope others enjoy reading (them) . Poetry is my outlet/out-reach. I'm so glad to have found this site. I have been chasing the Truth for most of my adult and late teen years - still chasing/searching/ finding and correcting my outlook/philosophy. Hope you do the same. Keith

# 1 Perfect Peace

Perfect Peace is free to all,  
Hidden beneath layers of Adams fall.

A bite of the apple he did take,  
Replacing Gods love which he forsake.

Tempted by this world of lust,  
Adam gave in and lost His trust.

With the Prince of Peace blessing his heart,  
Man overcomes the world, which tore him apart.

As the world is seen from hidden eyes,  
Peace is felt to mans surprise.

So, in your quest for peace on earth,  
Search inside for your rebirth.

Use this birth to start anew,  
By loving yourself and enemies too!

Keith Foley

# 1 Why Wait

Why wait for something that's already here?  
Waiting out of ignorance or of fear.

There's no need in asking for which you already own,  
Within awaits his presence still unknown.

All this asking and waiting, in vain we pray,  
Asking Him to be more than He was yesterday.

God hasn't changed in billions of years,  
Don't expect Him to change with repetition or tears.

For God will hold the planets in space,  
While attending his flock with love and grace.

No need to wait - God won't change His plan,  
To answer desires given Him by man.

For it's man's obligation to uncover the shroud,  
And reveal what God's been shouting out loud.

The birds and trees, how effortless they grow.  
The work of God's love both do they show.

We must learn from both fowl and plant,  
To let God's love do, what man's love can't.

So when we pray, let it be known -  
God's power is His and His alone!

Keith Foley

# A Garden

The Scent of a garden is a gift of God,  
A foot print from heaven where angels have trod.

The plants are filled with the act of Life,  
Sending down roots as with husband and wife.

Planted and tilled with Loving care,  
Growing in abundance the world to share.

So plant a seed and watch it grow,  
Reaching for heaven where Love does flow.

Keith Foley

# A Mothers Love

Why do mothers Love so well,  
when their children drive em crazy and give her hell?  
They're not cruel, mean or unkind,  
but they take advantage of her time after time.

But, a mother can't forget the birth of her babe,  
so tiny and harmless, fulling a crave.  
A crave that runs deep down inside,  
sitting there waiting to come alive.

Isn't one enough to fill this crave?  
Two or more turns mother into a slave.  
But two or three are so much fun,  
they always keep her on the run.

But why fill the nest with these little tykes,  
zipping around on their scooters and bikes?  
Because a mothers Love is so large and grand,  
she's a gift from heaven, behold...His right hand!

Keith Foley

# A Poem

Isn't a poem a wonderful thing,  
Soaring (you) accross oceans then back again.

Or you can go down memory lane,  
reliving happy times - reliving pain.

You can see ocean waves or a clear blue sky,  
Feel the happy times or the times you cry.

Oh, the wonderful things a poem can do,  
Bringing sadness & pleasure for you.

Remember the times when you were young,  
Riding a poney or shooting a gun?

Let the poem take you away,  
Into a place where all's OK.

Then you can feel how others felt,  
As you read their heart, and yours does melt.

Enjoy this poem, for it's written to you...  
Blessing your heart, letting love run true!

Keith Foley

# A Twist Of Fate

What a twisted hand of fate.  
What I come to love I come to hate.

Could you not slow down & drive,  
My little girl would be alive!

Oh Erin - you beautiful child,  
a fighter to the end, a heart so mild.

Never will a moment of you be forgot,  
I sit and I cry while my heart does rot.

Death arrive quick for me...  
Can't wait for your smile in eternity.

Keith Foley



# Abiding

Waiting for a day that will never arrive,  
Living a dream - keeping alive.

'Time' is so perfect, somewhere in space.  
There you are, I can see your face.

I live in a place that's just a dream,  
Abiding in two places as it would seem.

Which one is real, where am I heading?  
Choices to make with no regretting.

Chasing a dream within my skull.  
Jousting of two worlds - one must fall!

Falling from this world, where would I land,  
Within His grace or struggling quicksand?

Grace is there and free to all,  
But who among us hears His call?

The dream is real, at heavens gate,  
The illusion is life - believing what ain't.

Yes, I abide in this world of not,  
Searching out mysteries - Which (now) you've got.

Sweetie, don't give up on dear old dad,  
My heart keeps breaking, each day - so sad.

Keith Foley

# Addiction

What can I do, what can I say,  
to take your pain and fears away?  
I feel so helpless as you know,  
fearing each day, till the end of your show.

What can stop this beast inside,  
full of hate and lack of pride?  
What can I do what can I say,  
to stop this beast and put fear away?

Is there a cure for this rage within,  
an opposite of hatred, sickness, and sin?  
You must seek your beam of light,  
casting out shadows, darkness, and night.

If I could face this devil for you,  
I would gladly tear him in two.  
But as you know this can't be done,  
you must face him down and make him run.

Run he will and run he must,  
when you accept God's love and trust.  
For Trust and Love, they are key,  
changing your life while walking with Thee.

Then, the race is fixed with an end in sight,  
you can bow your head and rest at night!

Keith Foley

# All Is Well

All is well, as the world turns,  
No bad thoughts or other concerns.

The world floats safely in space,  
Supported by love - His eternal Grace.

All is well - let come what may,  
We're covered in Love and there We'll stay.

Safely surrounded trusting His will,  
Surrenduring my own so I can feel....  
The Power of Love - Divinely real.

Keith Foley

# Arise

Gods will sees no earthly plan,  
Above the senses, rests salvation of man.

Man's bound by things of earth,  
Must release himself for his rebirth.

The pleasures are equal to the pain,  
Don't be foolish don't be vain.

Eathly pull - the devils right hand,  
Unbusy yourself, take your stand!

Keith Foley

# At What Price

The price I have to pay is much too much,  
giving up the world and all its lust, after lust.

The mind is willing, but the body seems weak.  
How can I beat the odds and finally have a winning streak?

The place I want to go, this trip I have to take,  
I'm willing to search the world over, even for the smallest break.

But I know all this chasing is like the whirling of the wind,  
I can search the world over, but must face myself again.

So the place want to go, this place I need to reach,  
I will follow myself inside and listen, for the teacher to teach.

Keith Foley

# Awaken

How do I awake from a dream I'm not in,  
Alone with myself seeking a friend.

My friend is there who can barely be heard,  
Whispering softly, confidently about the 'spoken word'.

The word expands like a germinating seed,  
Waiting to be heard to fulfill my need.

The need I have torments my soul,  
Many times I've tried - never reached my goal.

My goal is there before your eyes,  
Seeking fulfillment to my surprise.

Fulfillment is reached as I serve mankind,  
Selfless I give leaving 'my' world behind.

Awaken I've become to the blessings of life,  
Serving mankind to lessen its strife.

Keith Foley

# Bird In A Cage

A bird in a cage - full of rage.

He can't fly - maybe he'll die.

Jumps here to there - he wouldn't dare.

Confined in space - there is no grace.

He wants out - to fly about.

Freedom he wishes - life could be delicious.

He can't help but dream - a flower, a tree, a stream.

Oh how good life would be - if only I were free.

I didn't see that open door - could life offer even more?

Now afraid to venture out - door may close, I may pout.

I will settle here - try my best, suppress my fear.

For I can see - no chance for me.

So I live a lie - while I smile and cry

An eagle with clipped wings - having no special songs to sing.

Keith Foley

# Black Widow Spider

Black widow spider deceptive as can be,  
embracing you in her arms while sucking life from thee.

Black widow spider keeps you close by her side,  
now stripped of happiness, hope and pride.

Black widow spider pretends to be your friend,  
if your with her very long, your life will never mend.

Black widow spider takes what she can,  
leaves you worse than she found you, now your half a man.

Black widow spider smiles her pretty smile,  
your poisoned by her beauty, entangled in her vile.

Black widow spider wraps you in her legs,  
takes you down with her, to the deepest dregs.

Oh how cunning and deceptive, this one can be,  
as she laughs her little laugh, while pulling your soul from Thee!

Keith Foley



# Certain Thoughts

There are certain thoughts that should be taught,  
While walking the winding way.

The road's not clear my precious dear,  
So listen to your heart this day.

The heart can be heard in silent word,  
When drifting alone at sea.

Be careful my child be kind and mild,  
While talking to stranger or friend.

Never shall we know which day we'll go,  
While traveling this road called life.

We can never unwind words spoken unkind,  
Being tempted by the devil himself.

So guide your thoughts with words unbought,  
By listening to your inner voice.

Because one day you'll complete this stay,  
To travel the next road of life!

Keith Foley

# Choose Ye

Choose ye this day, whom will you serve?  
The choice is plain if you've got the nerve.

How did I end up in a mess like this?  
Spinning like time, my thoughts adrift.

Goals I once had seem so far away,  
my family and friends are drifting astray.

I once held the world up by its tail,  
bendending and molding I could not fail.

But I took my eyes off the light,  
and the devil walked in without a fight.

The struggle comes at me, once again, and  
I'm desiring the Christ to get rid of my sin.

The choice is still mine, I have no doubt.  
Sin's easy to get in but hard to get out.

So choose ye this day whom will you serve,  
the Light or the darkness, if you've got the nerve.

Keith Foley

# Dear Erin

I wanted to play you a song  
You heard a symphony.

I wanted to teach you about God  
You met God.

I wanted to take you places,  
You went to heaven.

I wanted to introduce you to people,  
You met Jesus.

I wanted you to have things,  
You inherited His kingdom.

I wanted you to be happy,  
You entered eternal bliss.

God bless, and we will miss you....  
every day Erin Joyce Foley.

Keith Foley

# Dear God

Dear God, what can I do, to help?  
World pain - driven deep, into my skelp.

I can't believe what shape the world's in.  
Please God, please, one word for a friend?

Give me strength, give me hope,  
give me blessings, to help others cope!

What must I do, what must I say,  
to point others to Your way?

Don't hurt her, don't hurt him,  
God's love is here for all of them.

They won't listen, they won't care,  
Your love's forsaken now they're bare.

You can't force Love you can't force hate,  
it's up to each to clean their plate.

My plate is broken, my plate is shattered,  
I must leave all for only what matters!

What matters most in this world of ours,  
vidios, Ipods, fancy cars?

What matters most is found inside,  
search your heart for words...wise.

Take this wisdom and the Love they speak,  
share with all....and be unique!

Keith Foley

# Deaths Door

God, no, no, no, tell me it ain't so!  
Say it's not true, my heart you pulled in two.

Awake me from this awful dream, heads bursting, need to scream!  
She's my sweet and precious girl, my stomach needs to hurl.

Impossible to accept this mortal fact, 'cause she & I made a pact;  
She would fear no other and I will protect her, like a brother.

This awful truth impales my broken heart, I can't go on, with us apart.

What about the ones left behind, should I release myself from my mind?  
OH, this choice, not fair to make, she was so young for you to take.

Sorry, death moved too fast, I could not protect you at the last.

But, the pacts been said, a promise made, I now will follow to your grave!

Keith Foley

# Depression

It wraps around me like a cloke,  
unaware of the warmth it should provide;  
A heavyness seeps through the fabric  
encompassing the body with pressure,  
pushing against the cells of life, depleting  
the very energy reserved to compel life forward.  
A weight, unseen by the eye shoving against  
a defenselss body. A sense of failure at  
the end of a struggling life.

A heaviness not before felt. A keen sense  
of sadness, despair, desperation. The last  
breath of a drowning man- gone- with no sense of  
accomplishment.

A weight not to be shared by others, an inner  
struggle like a pendulum swinging between life  
and death, where death is the welcomed guest.  
Drained of life motionless, paralyzed by  
inadequate choices, choked by bad decisions  
lays the tortured soul of keith foley.

Keith Foley

# Discern

Discern if you can the mystery of this man.

This man has no color, form or shape,  
He neither walks up right or as an ape.

For this man, no foot prints does he leave,  
Come NOT to understand Him and through life will you grieve!

Keith Foley

# Dormant

I of mine own self, nothing can do.  
I think myself something I am a fool.

Because this worlds not as it seems,  
The dreamer alone dreaming his dreams.

Working his way to no place in time.  
Riding this illusion should be a crime.

Coasting through life as it seems to be,  
Needing some answers planted in me.

The planted seed struggles for life.  
Encumbered by work and daily strife.

Dormant I lay waiting for You.  
Come unlock Your treasures tried and true.

With patience and love quick shall I grow,  
And Into the world grace will flow.

Keith Foley



# Family

Family - what a gift from Grace  
Feeling the warmth of their heart - a smiling face.

Who could know this gift of love,  
Would be felt by all from Thee above.

So onward we go through out the land,  
Conquering our fears hand in hand.

Family - the greatest gift of all  
Caring for each other from the oldest to the small!

Keith Foley

# Fear - Not

The worlds calling you to fear,  
things not real nor here.  
Fear is the poison shot from its bow,  
reaching its target of those below...

Below the realm of the real,  
there lurks a place where others feel...  
The feeling they have is out of control,  
reaching inside & devouring their soul.

The soul all covered with doubt,  
fear has hold and won't get out.  
Let them loose! Is what I pray,  
God appears, and fear melts away...

Away with both doubt and fear,  
for all is well as God is near.  
So Love in your heart must be your lot,  
face the world...and... Fear - Not.

Keith Foley

# Fond Memories

Fond memories fading way to fast,  
Present thoughts blending with past.

I recall the day of your birth,  
Gods greatest gift to bless this earth.

Yet, earth reached through its fiery core,  
Pulled you down six feet or more.

Earth and heaven sought your soul,  
Earth gave in to Gods controll.

Away you went through time and space.  
Mystries unknown, only to Gods good grace.

Where you went no mortal can travel,  
Passing these portals, Lifes mystries unravel.

The doubts of Life revealed for you,  
Darkness turns light as we all pass through.

The joy of your birth to be felt at death,  
The day I see you and take my last breath.

Keith Foley

# Forever Young

Forever young will you remain,  
can't quite fit this in my brain!

Never again will I see you smile,  
watch you giggle or talk awhile.

The depth of my love I did not know;  
My world caved in with this crashing blow.

Oh, dear God how could this be,  
she living her final days with Thee?

Sixteen years, not near enough,  
the rest of my life: Sad, Rotten, Tough.

I really feel she is doing well,  
It's the rest of us going through living hell.

This nightmare, will it ever end?  
I must awake to make things good again!

So long my fair and precious child.  
Let your heart run free, loose - wild!

Keith Foley

## Fourth Dimension

What an illusion it seems so real,  
but with Truth on my side peace do I feel.

It's easy to know what the out come will be,  
No need to struggle while abiding in Thee.

The senses perceive what matter does show,  
To the fourth dimension we must go.

In this dimension all Truth is revealed,  
God is perceived and the body healed!

No magic is needed to arrive at this place,  
Just a study of Christ with a touch of His grace.

No need to struggle or fight this disease,  
When Gods in command all troubles do cease!

When Love is revealed inside us all,  
The illusion is broke as we hear His call...

Peace on Earth Gods will for all!  
Peace on Earth Good will for all!

Keith Foley

# Free

I am free to be that which is me.

The me that I be is part of Thee.

The Love of Thee is woven into you and me.

So you see we are -to be- me as you and we as Thee.

Now one -in Thee- both I as you and you as me.

Now set free -We as Thee- the you of you and the you fo me.

Keith Foley

# God

God, like the sun, is watching over everyone.

Even in the darkest night, shines He, His pale moon light.

The sun, as Gods love, shines equally on all, from above.

Both saints and sinners, catch the rays, there awaits no judgement day(s) .

The sun judges no man, life is freely given through out the land.

So, Gods love, pure as light, judges no man within His sight!

Keith Foley

# Gone In A Flash

All the pain has gone to my brain. Won't leave me alone - cold to the bone - No mercy at all - waiting to hear my Fathers call. Calling me home where I should be, standing and protecting my little she. She was gone so fast, in the blink of an eye no time to smell roses, cause the worlds gone by. Her life and mine a flash in the pan, I was once a strong now a weak man. My strength was drained as I stood there and watched as they covered her body my heart did stop. No time on my side - decisions to make what clothes should she wear as the people stare into her coffin her young body does rest - such a sin - to place my little girl in. She was full of life, peace, love, it was not a choice she made, to tragically end - in a grave...at the age of 16. Erin Foley rest in peace my sweet sweet girl.

Keith Foley



# Happier Times

My heart is in search for happier times -  
Longer roads; higher mountains must I climb.

Atop the highest mountain, a vision do I see;  
The distance I need to travel is inside of me.

To find the length of your road or the height of your climb,  
Look inside; unleash freedom hidden in your mind.

Happier times await those not afraid to look....  
Inside yourself.....reveals your heart (to God) as an open book.

This book is written as you travel the road of life,  
Search your heart, pen your papers as with a surgeons knife.

Remove the hate, as you carve your daily plan,  
Begin with love, let it show to help your fellow man!

Keith Foley

# Heart Broken

When sadness rules your heart and your feelings - worlds apart;  
What is there to be said, when the one so loved is dead?

Because they are silenced by a wall you can not see,  
Never can you touch them, only feel their memory.

Living between two worlds, my brains about to bust;  
If dying is the only way - then dying is a must!

My love is presently wasted - living in this dream;  
Life has lost its meaning my head a walking scream!

So, do I rush my destiny to see my little girl,  
or find a bigger lesson awaitng in this world?

This cut runs deep and the sadness deeper yet;  
But I always remember that day, the day I wish to forget!

Keith Foley

# Hiding Spot

There is a spot I like to go,  
deep within to search my Soul.

It's a secret place where all is well,  
the things I see I can not tell.

To see the things of this magical place,  
you have to touch the hand of Grace.

When that touch is felt inside,  
In His Kingdom do you abide.

And within these walls of Love,  
the worlds problems just desolve.

How does it work, I do not know,  
while in this state you feel aglow.

When that glow goes out from you,  
you change the world, it's borne anew.

The game of Life is to find your spot,  
where this place is real and the world is not.

Keith Foley

# His Plan

All is well well in the realm of the real, regardless what others say or feel.

Above the storm is where thought must rest, abide in love and become His guest.

Return to your fathers heavenly plan, leaving this world belonging to man.

Unburden yourself to to enter His care, delve within for His love to share.

Then start to feel that unspeakable peace, as the world lets go you find relief.

The peace that's felt is yours to hold, finer than silk or even gold.

Let your light shine through actions and deeds, it's up to each to find Gods need.

So keep this gem close to your heart by sharing His love you have a good start.

And, all is well my fellow man when we let go to follow Gods good plan.

Keith Foley

# Hollow Spot

A hollow spot there will be-  
unanswered questions for you and me.

The places we never went and seen,  
the wonderful mother you could have been.

The children that will never come;  
No watching them crawl, walk or run.

The things in life we never did,  
a weakness of your father carefully hid.

The hurt I feel will fade in time...  
as I continue to pay for this unfortunate crime.

Keith Foley

# Home

The mystery of a place called home,  
A place in eternity, for Soul to roam.  
Opposite of a place called earth,  
It's a space for spiritual birth!

Spiritual birth, Gods gift to man,  
Where fear is dropped as we understand....  
That life is more than stuff and things,  
Home's a place we've earned our wings!

A place where sound becomes music and song,  
This home called heaven to all belong!

Keith Foley

# Hope

There's a special place hope is found,  
Why turn your world upside down.

Searching this planet high and low,  
Open your heart, to feel the glow.

Hope is a word much like the wind,  
Can't see it blow, only where it's been.

Hope is there in expectant joy,  
See it on the face of each girl and boy.

Girls and boys with hope in their eyes,  
Each day is like a Christmas surprise..

So open this day with a gift in your heart,  
By giving away love, we have a good start.

For there is where hope can be found,  
Sharing your love the world around.

Hope is seen in the actions we take,  
Our love expands like ripples on a lake.

So hope is seen and felt by all,  
Who hears the heart of heavens call.

Keith Foley

# How Can I Help

How can I help this lost Soul inside?  
He likes where he's going and he's full of pride.

Arrogance & ego are taking control  
pushing back love and condemning the Soul.

But Soul can't be fooled by worldly lusts,  
so the fight rages on for Truth and trust.

How can I help put him back on the path,  
by telling and showing how love can last?

He's good for a day or week or two,  
his strength wears off and he downs a few.

Words aren't enough; compassions no good,  
when your fighting a force that's not understood.

Understanding, is this the key to it all?  
It's part of the puzzle to ease his fall.

But what's to be known about this mystery guest,  
he comes and he goes and gives 'em no rest.

Rest is a joke, no part of the plan,  
when booze grabs hold a working man.

I've done all I could and can do no more,  
I enter my closet and shut the door.

Keith Foley



# I Am

I am a cat with no claws, a dog with no bark, a tree with no leaves.  
I am a rainbow with no color, a song with no music, a fire with no heat.

I am the sun with no rays, a cloud with no rain, the wind with no breeze.  
I am a body with no soul - a man without a purpose.

Keith Foley

# I Wonder

I wonder what it's like being the breeze,  
flowing over the tallest of trees?

I wonder what it's like being a brook,  
life giving water in every nook?

I wonder what it's like being the air,  
floating like sunshine through your hair?

I wonder what it's like being the shade,  
keeping you cool like lemonade?

I wonder what it's like being the rain,  
refreshing the air, traveling down a drain?

I wonder what it's like being a poem,  
bringing sorrow and happiness to every home?

I wonder what it's like being the dew,  
glistening like diamonds, dazzling and new?

I wonder what it's like being your mind,  
thinking your thoughts, leaving the world behind?

I wonder what it's like being you,  
filled with mysteries, interesting and true!

Only one thing I need to be,  
reflection of Love - expressed - as you and me!

Keith Foley

# If I Could Help

If I could help what would I do?  
Work from the inside of you.

There is no doubt, I am you.  
See me as this new point of view.

Because you've been searching, I'm letting you in.  
Let me introduce yourself, my friend.

Your wondering where I'm at.  
Inside, been waiting to chat.

You've been so busy - can't hear me say...  
Slow down, be quiet, sit and pray.

Pray for things not seen or felt....  
Forgiveness, love, understanding - cards I dealt.

I am the Light, you know not of...  
Encircling around beneath above.

Keith Foley

# I'M Gone

My incentive has died with you.  
My motivation has died with you.  
My reasoning has died with you.  
My purpose has died with you.  
My understanding has died with you.  
My satisfaction has died with you.  
My inspiration has died with you.  
My heart has died with you.  
My sorrow will never die.  
I love you Erin.  
Dad.

Keith Foley

# It's Funny

It's funny to see a bunny, hop on top a carrot cop.

It's funny to see honey, drip on Chips big lip.

It's funny to see money, fly sky high in an apple pie.

It's funny to see sunny, shine on brine while drinking wine.

It's funny to see gunny, shoot and scoot while steeling loot.

It's funny a poet, can write about nothing...and know it!

Keith Foley

# Live Again

People living in a dream,  
The world's not as it seems.

People thinking they're doing right,  
While pushing God out of sight.

The problems of the day,  
Start eating their time away.

The days pass quickly by,  
Human hearts silently cry.

How do I get out of this trap,  
Is there hope in finding a hidden map?

Only to find - the world gobbled their time,  
And the map stays hidden as the world says 'Good riddens'

Oh, what a waste of human life; living a dream of misery and strife.

With a faint touch of hope people do cope,  
But, the real world remains unseen by each and every human being.

Because spiritual you must be to see the things I see; so drop the world and  
come with me into everlasting eternity. Where hope is found and Love abounds,  
where freedoms felt and your pain does melt!

Drop this world of dreams and the things it thinks it sees and take this journey  
with me to set your Soul truly free and begin again, within, wherever that may  
lead...Trust and Love is a must, my friend - go on-live again!

Keith Foley

# Missing You

I miss you so much these days,  
My heart searches for you in countless ways.

The longing for a sign or a touch of your heart,  
Gives meaning to life while were apart.

A sign of your love is seldom felt,  
I'm attempting to live with the hand I'm dealt.

The cards are played, it don't look great.  
I've been dealt a hand of aces and eights.

Seems sadness is here to stay,  
While my heart searches for that perfect day.

Keith Foley

# My Heart

My heart cries out for the world in need,  
taken over by lust and greed.

Lost, not knowing where to turn,  
while watching the morals of man slash and burn.

Where can I go to find peace and love,  
wishing to fly away on the wings of a dove.

I know this flight will never take place,  
that's what concerns me about the human race.

Man is there to fulfill his own need,  
thus he fills it with lust and greed.

I sit and watch in disbelief,  
hoping and praying we find relief.

Relief is temporary when found in man,  
we must listen within to seek another's plan.

The plans in place where all can win,  
as we give up our intoxication for sin.

Once we pass the ways of mortals,  
we arrive into spiritual portals.

And there we abound in the master plan,  
conceiving what's needed for the salvation of man.

Keith Foley



# My Heart Yearns

I'm in a place that's best for all.  
Is it wrong to hear anothers call?

I must not make a sudden move,  
I'll knock this record from its groove.

The song it plays, hasn't changed in years,  
same old song, same old tears!

I feel compelled not to change a thing,  
a committement made, when I bought that ring.

She's really done no wrong,  
I yearn to hear the tune of another's song.

Is this a selfish act or an unjust thought,  
what about the ring she had bought?

Am I being fare; she's the mother of my child,  
is this the devil or my heart running wild?

A deep desire is bursting from my chest,  
till I embody (real) love, my mind will get no rest!

Keith Foley

# My Precious Dear

You've been gone awhile now, my precious dear,  
as time slips away so has my tears.

I feel like crying for you, each and every day,  
It's not fair this planet has taken you away.

I know it's not right, I know it's not fair,  
I'll miss the warmth of your embrace and the smell of your hair.

My only relief is knowing for sure,  
You've moved on (in the next place) , with a heart so pure.

I know your telling me 'All is well',  
as I'm trying to escape this living hell.

The world was brighter when you were here,  
can't seem to escape this extended nightmare.

I know I must move on and let you be...  
...all the loving memories of just you and me.

Yes we had fun the time you were here,  
I'll cherish those memories - forever- my precious dear.

Keith Foley

# Never

Never to have, Never to hold.  
Never to see, Never to feel.  
Never to touch, Never to laugh.  
Never to advise, Never to worry.  
Never to age, Never to run.  
Never to wonder, always to cry.  
Always to hurt, Always to wonder  
what would have been if.....

Keith Foley

# One More Day

Don't be sad, be glad you ain't the one lying here stiff as a board,  
Wondering if you've done enough to score, the right amount of points,  
To sit on the shore and finally see what life can truly be, now the  
Fetters of fate have ate away the things that stopped me from bein,  
The person I'm meaning to be but wasn't. Oh, to waste away a day or  
Two with no thought of you. I can no longer pretend, to send my love  
from above to the people I meet and greet on the street and behind  
A fence or a cage filled with rage, waiting for that spiteful day when all  
Troubles fade away into the sun we blend - melting like snow we  
Go to the ones waiting and anticipating our departure from one life  
To another, same as wind not knowing where were going but  
Not fearin but nearin the end; My friend, grab my hand and stand with  
Me to see all the grandeur this life has dealt as I knelt and felt the  
Love of the years I wept with tears and shedded my fears of the  
Unknown and bein alone cold to the bone, I own only my Soul. Now I  
See all things to be are up to me; If I had one more day to stay and say  
All the things I should have said but instead I shut my mouth and bit my  
Lip for fear of not bein hip. Oh God one more day to stay and say the  
Things that Should have been. It's now too late, I hesitate above the  
Room filled with gloom, if only you knew what lies ahead, don't wait till

Your dead to tell your brain to talk to your head and spill your toung and  
let it roll to tell your tale and reveal your Soul!

Keith Foley

# One More Kiss

Suicide, suicide what kind of deed is this?  
Going away perminatley without leaving a kiss.

I desperatley need to see you once more.  
What were you doing trying to even the score?

I'm so very sorry for what ever I did,  
It's not fair to leave me with your baby and kid.

Through all the fights we have ever had,  
I would never dream, of leaving you a single dad.

Oh, what pain I must go through,  
raising our kids when there should have been two.

I can never forgive you, though I must try.  
It's hard to keep going when the kids both cry.

My tears have turned into encouraging drops,  
one for each child, till their crying stops.

Oh, Dear God, what have I done?  
I hear my wifes prayers, I'll be a penitent one!

I can't leave her in a mess like this,  
Please God, please, just one more kiss?

Keith Foley

# Our Fathers House

Back to the Fathers House I must go,  
back to the place where Love does flow.

How did I leave this wonderful place,  
and the peace that's felt, while in His grace?

Although impossible to escape His love,  
double minded men loose protection, from above.

True, Gods love does not cease,  
it's our faith that does decrease.

As we trust, in the wisdom of man,  
faith slips away from the grip of Gods hand.

Gods hand is dealt, His work complete,  
behold, stars in the sky; grass beneath your feet!

See magic in the fruit of the tree,  
Gods word was spoke and there it be!

Could man form an apple from a seed,  
what proof are we looking for, do we need?

Gods love is here and free to all,  
silence the world to hear His call.

While God's house has open doors,  
and He welcomes in, sinners, thieves, & whores;  
It's truly, life's quest to find,  
our own road - to His house -The Mansion Divine!

Keith Foley

# Please Understand Me

Please understand me, I don't need much,  
a thoughtful look, a pat a touch.

Money isn't the only and all of life,  
lack or abundance can bring misery and strife.

But the warmth of your heart, is the all that I need.  
It keeps me living and loving and desiring to breathe.

The last breath that I take, pray it's with you,  
I'm forever indebted, our hearts beat true.

The Truth that I live, has you in in mind,  
the Soul mate I'm searching, today I find.

The find that I make more precious than gold,  
each day that passes more mysteries unfold.

And when these mysteries are brought into view,  
appreciation abounds, for the love of you!

Your love is more than can be seen or felt,  
I'm so very lucky, for the hand Gods dealt.

And given this new concept of Life,  
The love you give, dissolves all frustration and strife!

Keith Foley



# Purpose

Who really cares if I live or die?  
Who's giving me a reason to breath or try?  
What's the reason to stick around this place?  
Waiting for a smile or a touch of His grace?

There must be a deeper reason why  
I don't pull the trigger and end this guy.  
How do I know how others feel,  
no one has told me so it's no big deal.

If only I knew how others felt,  
I would let go of this gun, knife and belt.  
Any old way to die will work,  
ridding this planet of one more jerk.

One hand on the gun the other a knife,  
I see only one way to end this strife.  
Which one will it be, which way shall I go,  
a bullet to the head or a knife for the show.

Then I hesitate for a brief fleeting thought,  
I picture a gift I recently bought.  
How would this be given, if I were dead,  
she would be crying and bringing roses instead.

Oh, how fragile is life everyday,  
looking for just one more reason... to stay.

Keith Foley

# Reality

Reality is hard to find,  
like searching out diamonds in an ore mine.

Once the search begins to grow,  
through world troubles you do flow.

Flowing at the speed of light,  
holding God to rid your fright.

Fighting back temptations of the day,  
listening for a voice to guide your way.

You hear a silent voice, speaking loud,  
slowly separating you from the crowd.

Once the crowd dies away,  
the voice of God is here to stay.

You have paid the price that's there to pay,  
the worlds problems fade away.

But you find, much to your chargin,  
worldly troubles come back again.

So, the battle is on, each and everyday,  
the search for peace, that's here to stay.

Once peace is found - reality has changed,  
your perspective of Life - Perminatley rearranged!

Keith Foley

# Serial Killer

The evil that lurkes beneath this mask,  
keeps itself hidden for passionate task.

The task it has, unknown to all,  
drains the soul to a hellbound call.

From benneath the earth does rise  
an eriee voice 'No compromise'

From this voice the charge does come,  
one must act or one must run!

Running away the voice gives chase,  
but acting out, I'll win this race.

The acts I commit I could get cought,  
but the thrill it gives can't be bought.

What's this thrill, you want to know?  
Join my army and join the show.

His legions, there's thousands now,  
give up your Soul and take a vow.

Your dedication is not to Him,  
but back to the voice deep within.

Keith Foley

# Shackled

Shackled inside my brain,  
Waiting to leave, afraid of the pain.

Cooped up; No place to go,  
Racing inside fighting the foe.

Show no pain, show no fear,  
Stay with me while I am here.

The world to see; people to meet,  
Bound and gagged with tied up feet.

Can't let go, can't get out,  
Lack of love, full of doubt.

My path is shrouded; careful to walk,  
Tongue is tied, and I can't talk.

No one to listen no one to see,  
No one to care as they step on me.

Does it matter, will it count,  
If I slip away and just tap out!

Few will notice, less will care,  
My heart is torn, should I dare?

Keith Foley

# Silent Space

What's in an empty space?  
Love fulfilled for the human race.

What's in the silent word?  
Love's fulfilled and illness cured.

What's beyond the deepest thought?  
Loves fulfilled and Love is sought.

Where are the answers found?  
In silent space where Love abounds.

Keith Foley

# Simple Things

Simple things of life, mystify me;  
the coming of fruit on a barren tree.

The brilliant stars that shine at night,  
suspended in air; a gift of Gods might.

How butterflys know, what path to take;  
birds fly South with no mistake.

Brooks and streams, smart, they flow;  
rivers to oceans - high tide and low.

Oh, the wonders of this beautifull place,  
moving in motion, by God given Grace.

The snow and the rain, blessing the earth;  
giving life to each creature, begining its birth.

Oh the simple things of life, one can see;  
'Cause the spirit of Love dwells in thee!

Keith Foley

# Skippy The Frog

Skippy the frog alone on his pad,  
Admiring his reflection as if his dad.

His frog legs are strong as he jumped so high,  
Landing on a turtle he missed the fly.

Thomas the turtle, scared half to death,  
As he plunged under the water with barely a breath.

Skippy the frog, laughing, as hard as he could,  
Thinking Thomas the turtle was a piece of wood.

But laughing at someone he had hurt,  
Thomas the turtle ate green desert!

Keith Foley

# Sleepless

Sleepless nights I do have,  
Wishing my Erin was still alive.

Don't want to accept this mortal fact,  
Someone I love could be gone like that.

Know one knows the twist of fate,  
The stronger my love the stronger my hate.

Who's to hate - the boy she loved -  
His car did crash - she's now above.

We must turn from what we see,  
Go to God, and let things be.

No time to hate, no time to grieve,  
For all is well when we believe.

Belief is nice, faith is stronger-  
Understanding Love will take us longer.

As hard as it is and as long as it takes,  
We must push through - broken heart aches.

For we know, there's work to be done,  
Lets prepair ourselves for all to be - One.

One with God one with Thee,  
One in Christ come talk with me.

Bring your blessings bring your praise,  
Bring your self, your faith must raise.

Keith Foley



# Stop

Stop the beating my heart is bleeding.  
She's my precious child, please be kind and mild!

Nothing did she do, why tear her heart in two?  
Hatred inside your head, wishing itself be dead.

Why torture my loving babe?  
Inside becomes a cave, hollow & dark she loses her spark.... for Life.

In your twisted mind, cruelty do we find.  
Evil must fade, make room for a shade... of Love.  
Else you sink to the brink - of Hell!

There will you stay....  
and lay and rot... wishing for what your not!

Keith Foley

# Strong Weakness

I am a strong and very tough guy,  
But the sound of the bus makes me cry.

She won't ride the bus or go to school -  
Why has this world been so cruel.

Her hopes and her dreams gone so fast,  
Breaking our hearts in a sudden car crash.

Give me the strength to turn back time,  
I would reverse this world as if a dime.

But, the world spins only one way -  
This tragic moment...here to stay!

The grief & fear will pass in time,  
The sad and loneliness they are mine.

People will soon stop coming by,  
Not sure how life goes on, but we will try.

A final farewell has yet to be said,  
Still can't believe... precious Erin - is dead.

Keith Foley

# Thank You

How do we thank unbounded love?  
Pulling down prayers from Thee above.

If prayers were a tree ripe with fruit,  
Not one apple left for others to loot.

Unselfish acts of kindness were given,  
Easing our hearts - was a taste of heaven!

Thank you all, what can we say,  
Your angles on earth, please stay this way.

The pain that's felt deep down inside,  
will lesson its hold as we abide...  
...In His love... our hearts must rest,  
giving peace to all - the world is blessed.

Thank you all in our time of grief,  
Sending comfort, food and prayers of relief.

There's not much else to say, that God hasn't heard,  
Our hearts are filled with His unspoken word.

Erin J. Foley you'r dearly missed,  
Were sending a final farewell - and a final kiss.

Keith Foley

# The Garden

Growing a garden is a beautiful thing,  
Watching the bells of heaven ring.

Water and minerals, how does it know...  
What to soak up, how large to grow?

The mystry of a seed is anyones guess,  
Feeding the earth Gods food does bless.

The gift of life what a treasure to hold,  
A taste of Gods love more precious than gold!

Keith Foley

# The Gift

The gift I give, not understood by most,  
Humble you must be to perceive this host.

The host is here to express his plan,  
Included in Love, ... the salvation of man.

But man can't have this gift of sight  
while hating his neighbor and desiring to fight.

Fighting gives separation to man,  
entangling him in the devil's plan.

But the devil, like God, is misunderstood,  
seeming to love, but doing no good.

Why's it seem God answers no call,  
when the gates are summoned - the gates do fall.

When the gates of Hell give place to hope,  
the rush of God's Love does more than cope.

A gift of His love, seen in part,  
as pride is rebuked, mends many a heart.

God's gifts come in many forms,  
the least of which is rhyming and poems!

Keith Foley

# The Mystery Of Living

God is the mystery of living, never taking always giving.

Giving is a gift from Love, expressed by man from heaven above.

As man expresses his inner gift, everyone's heart does it lift.

Lifted to a level unknown before, standing in the presence of Gods open door.

Gods door is open to all who knock, for there we stand on Kingdoms Rock.

His staff and rod are there to protect, it is up to us not to neglect - our duty as spiritual effect. (Of Him - whom to know aright is life eternal - now)

Keith Foley

# The Search

What are we looking for,  
behind every closed and open door?

Will we know it when it's found?  
Will it bring us up or bring us down?

Why search to fill this vacant spot?  
Is it real or is it not?

What is this ghost that haunts my soul?  
Is it possible to obtain this lofty goal?

This goal it seems is out of reach,  
but the voice within wants to teach.

When the student ready the teacher appears,  
I fight not to listen, out of ignorance or of fear.

But, the voice is heard, like the whisper of a friend,  
'Don't do this do that', walk my way again.

As I follow this guiding light, I somehow know;  
all is well and all is right.

So listen to the beat of your inner drum,  
where life can be fought and life can be won!

Keith Foley

# Three Walls And A Door

I have three walls & a door,  
So dreams are dreams to dream no more.  
This lid is tight, no air to breath,  
Wishfull desire, get up and leave.

Twelve steps it takes, to shed this place,  
Seven steps I have, this seems my fate.  
I must survive, what else can I do?  
Hoping one day to quit playing the fool.

A fools what I've been, now paying the price,  
Man vs man, and man becomes mice.  
They toy with your mind, when your weak,  
Expected to take it and turn your cheek.

My will they can't break, cemented in God.  
Living inside my head, seems so odd.  
But odd is the place I find myself in,  
Releasing the past, so I can win!

Keith Foley



# Time

Time line

Have time

All time

Some time

Find time

Make time

Your time

My time

Our time

Now time

Only time

Down time

No time

Over time

Time out!

Keith Foley

# Transition

I pray your transition was swift and smooth,  
can't help but think your still in your room.

The place your at and the people you see;  
let your love spill over as it did with me.

I can't bare the thought - you lying in pain,  
awaiting your soul to escape your brain.

The beauty you have and the Love you shared,  
will carry you through from being scared.

My heart will be with you where ever you go,  
my prayers never ending will constantly flow!

Keith Foley

# True Love

True love is peace.  
True love is calm.  
True love has no restrictions.  
True love blesses all.  
True love blesses all.  
True love Has no favorites.  
True love Gives with no expectations.  
True love has no boundries.  
True love makes no sense.  
True love flows out from within.  
True love is felt by all.  
True love passeth understanding.  
True love operates unspent.  
True love forgives.  
True love heals all sorrow, sickness, and sin.  
True love exists through out all time.  
True love is the substance of life.  
True love is what matters.  
True love is what is.

Keith Foley

# Useless Words Of A Poet

What is the use to put word with rhyme,  
rhyme with rythem only to be cast upon  
the ocean of other useless words to sit,  
like a fallen soldier, having no purpose  
other than the purpose of taking up space  
in a deaf world.

Space which is void of meaning, void of  
structure, space which is confined to the  
mind of which it belongs, wishing itself  
to escape.

Space that is empty of light which it  
seeks, space that is filled with expanding  
darkness like a shadow which man can not  
shake. Reaching for the light yet afraid  
to loose the chains that bind.

Why waste time assembling words to fall  
on deaf ears. Words to be rejected by mankind  
intended to recieve its blessing. Words  
which are words untill acted upon inner light.

Woe to the writer of words that carry meaning  
which has no space to land. An empty space in  
search of words with a purpose. Usless are such  
the words of a poet - in search of the inner light -  
of the lover of words.

Keith Foley

# We All Miss You

Dear sweet Erin:

The jucuzzie misses you.

The trampoline misses you.

Your bed misses you.

Your sisters miss you.

Your mother misses you.

Your dogs misses you.

Your pool misses you.

Your clothes miss you.

Your sunglasses miss you.

Your eggs in the morning misses you.

Your coach purse misses you.

Your coach shoes miss you.

Your ipod misses you.

Your friends miss you.

Your car misses you.

Your makeup mirror misses you.

Your bedroom misses you.

Your grandma misses you.

Your long hot tubbies miss you.

Your school misses you.

Your tanning booth misses you.

Your bicycle misses you.

Your stereo misses you.

Most of all my heart misses you.

Keith Foley

# What Can I Do

What can I do to lesson your grief?  
My heart goes out - wishing you relief!

I'm sorry, and don't know what to say,  
Can't help but hurt, seeing you in this way.

One thing can you do, to help relieve this mess,  
Search your heart, Love more hate less!

One more thing can you do in my time of pain,  
Look inside, cast out hate - bring back love again.

For Love alone is the key to all,  
Free your soul, answer our Fathers call.

Keith Foley

# What The World Needs

Someone with the grip of death  
to choke out alcohol, drugs & meth.  
Once these drugs are gone from sight,  
turns he inward to continue his fight.

Fight he must and fight he will,  
fight for the death of every pill.  
Pill pusher, drug maker, pot smoker be gone...  
every which one of you know it is wrong.

Inward we plung to take a look,  
who stole our identity, like a crook?  
I remember the weakness that tore me apart,  
the day I gave in and broke many a heart.

But this day I have come to be strong,  
and beg forgiveness of those I have wronged.  
With forgiveness and humility in hand,  
I fight back the devil and take my stand.

My stand is strong, like constant wind,  
pushing back hatred, temptation, and sin.  
The fight has been fought, now the torch is passed,  
your turn, to make amends with Love that lasts!

Keith Foley

# Who Am I

I am That I Am.  
I am whole yet part of a whole.  
I am that which created me.

I am the completed picture of consciousness.  
I can not be precieved through the five senses.  
I am Spirit manifest as man.

I am whole, complete, fulfilled  
I am fulfilled only to the degree I know myself.  
I need only go within to find myself.

I need no one and no one needs me,  
for they too are complete, whole.

Companionship is comforting but not fulfilling.  
To be complete I must let others be, be who they are,  
as I am that I Am, as, I know myself (and them) to be.

Let them, let things, let situations go (to grace) , and go within,  
to find peace, love, health harmony.

Become one within yourself to find out  
who others are, who I am, what I Am Is!  
Peace, peace I leave with you.

Keith Foley



# Why Don'T I

Why don't I do the things I want to do?  
My thoughts soar free, but my heart's not true.

A part of me is separate, far and away,  
my life seems a flash, gone in a day.

Fear has my dreams, just out of reach,  
I'm drowning in emotion, searching for relief.

I live a seperate life, inside my tiny brain,  
living the life I'm not, hiding away the pain.

Why don't I follow this tiny spark of hope?  
'Cause at the end of each endeavor, I'm hanging from a rope.

I can't get passed this feeling deep down inside,  
a feeling of two mountains, ready to collide.

I feel so helpless, desperate and afraid,  
I can't get passed this obstical, my life I want to trade.

Once I make the trade, I see a spark of hope,  
I make needed changes and put away my rope.

This dream I see, now underway,  
I'm driven to persue it, till my final day.

I need to catch this slippery little fish,  
It's my life long ambition, nay, it's my daily wish!

Keith Foley