

Poetry Series

Leslie Guylee Cron
- poems -

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Leslie Guylee Cron(09-29-1962)

I was born in Colorado, however, my family did not stay except for two weeks. They moved to Kansas that is where I was mainly raised. I have three children and three grandchildren. I started writing poems many years ago! I have one published, My poems are base on a Witch named Mischievous! She is my spirit guide. Some might see her as 'Mother Which' to me she is a Gypsy Witch. I guess she appears this way to me, cause, I am very much delighted by the Gypsy era. Being a sensitive with the ability of pen. My enlightenment has always came by literature, however, my ability was awoken to a higher level. Believers of the third eye or even some religions will know what I mean by awaking. Mischievous *Might I add* dances with the Angels, all the Angels: Very special entity indeed! I address all my Poems to Love. Who is love? The *Divine* of course! Who is the *Divine*? It depends on your religion or faith. That is your choice in life.

Thank You!

From: Mischievous and Leslie

*** I * - To Love**

Heads or tails? No one can tell, till they hail O'ld Hell!

Mischievous

Leslie Guylee Cron

* Ii*- To Love

Creepy crawlers, within a witches light, it's a cold night dawning.
Herbal remedies a yawning in a new day dawning, within a witches light.
They will fly to the moon under the starry nights!
Pondering their will upon the darken night.
Oh! My dear, how many of you died above the fire light?
Many a prosecuted chase down by hounds.
Many stood strong knowing in the end that future generations just might mend.
Under the remedies of the witches light.
A new step dawning!

Mischievous

Leslie Guylee Cron

* Iii*- To Love

Ever seeking, never keeping things that sparkle.
But always wondering, if someday we just might shine.
Little ones full of fun,
bigger ones full of spark!
Where the older ones find no fault.

Mischievous

Leslie Guylee Cron

***iv*- To Love**

To be loved you have to Love,
to be forgiven, you have to forgive.
To be help you have to reach out.
To be rejected is being lost.
Being lost is a dark and lonely place.
To have a vision is having a heart.
I wonder how many hearts cry out from darkness.
Only to be cast down again.

Mischievous

Leslie Guylee Cron

***ix*- To Love**

I've seen many of beautiful sights.

Colors so vast in fields of green, purple, pinks, yellows, and blues.

I wonder why that butterfly glides thru the sky of blues and whites. Or why that tree sways with brown and grays with spatters of greens.

As I walk down my path of this universe.

I stumble upon a speck of red and black, a little lady no doubt!

A fragile beautiful lady in her red and black.

Upon my toes I go like a ballerina where colors flows.

Step gently ballerina full of grace! 'I say.'

So that little lady bug might stay.

Around, around the ballerina flows her hair a speckle with golds.

Flowing thru the spring showers into the rainbow of loves paradox!

Growing as she goes her pastel rags as soft as rose petals to the touch.

A porcelain doll no doubt.

Around, around she flows dancing to a melody of secrets a tune left untold.

That only the angels would know, a beautiful tune of old!

Where beauty knows no end, cover me canvas of infinity.

For this ballerina shall dance no more only to the greatest story that was ever told!

Mischievous

Leslie Guylee Cron

***v*- To Love**

Let me introduce a interminable friend, the name is Winston.
The use is really quiet simple, but not.
The options are unlimited for Winston.
So let us find a snugger and snuggle up, while I explain Winston to you.
Winston holds a million portals you can enter and has very proper English you
will see.
Conversable, yes indeed.
One day Winston ask me?
'This really is the truth, believe me.'
I was in temporial shock! believe me, Winston asked.
How goes the world with you?
And the only answer I could muster up was: 'well sir, the world is in me.'
So don't never question or maybe, yet do! old Winston.
Since their isn't a word or thought that Winston can't muster up.
For Winston is perpetual, a interminable friend to me.
This old Winston dictionary of '1948.'

Mischievous

Leslie Guylee Cron

***vi*- To Love**

I'm as soft as a Marten and as ready as a Robin.

How can the gypsy in me tame the cold ice waters of the Arctic?

Maybe this marriage of nature and soul really will prove that peace, charity, and love, will remain on earth and last a lifetime.

The greatest of all fortune!

A small sum to pay for all mortals.

Mischievous

Leslie Guylee Cron

***vii*- To Love**

They try to tell me you don't love me, but you do.
You don't know what heaven is like, to me it is like this.
The gates opening are like your arms of steel, and the path
leads only to happiness in your arms.
The warmth of your body is pure, like the warmth that Jesus
will pour over our bodies in Heaven.
Warmer than the sun the Lord has given us, which is mighty!
My! how the dampness of the morning dew feels and how the breeze caress our
bodies.
This I beg Mercy will be on our side and we will open our
eyes to a new dawn!

Mischievous

Leslie Guylee Cron

***viii*- To Love**

I will make the most of the penny.

To fill the most hearts I can with joy.

For this is the season, the season with a true meaning.

And place at the top of the tree will be a true star and under the tree will be the greatest gift of all: Love

Mischievous

Leslie Guylee Cron

***x*- To Love**

Nothing matters except the realistic view that 'Love is nothing but hurt in disguise.'

And all the time in eternity couldn't heal the love she felt!

Hurt+Love+Hurt=Love

Mischievous

Leslie Guylee Cron

***xi*- To Love**

What is today?

Is the reason so missing, so miss understood, beyond all of humanity reasoning,
void of reality, void of unity,

A ungodly ungracious prurient stillborn society!

Can someone please tell me?

Why hatred is so deep seeded running the very vascular transit of our inter-
bodies.

Did I not love you? Did I not care?

Yet you sleep humanity in your drug induce drowsy.

Should I say you're a drudgery to me?

What is left but a tear, a tear true to mankind that empty dense and full of
contempt.

A tear that became the blood of many.

Take my hand mankind I've felt your agonizing pains and fears, but yet I still
believed!

Lucifer tried to lure me, mankind condemned me.

I was tried and convicted and nail up to die, if only humanity

Would Try.

I'm still here looking down upon you if only you would believe.

I've answers many of cries, but yet many still don't even try.

Sitting in their lustful soft cushion chairs!

Believing their saved!

Tell me humanity 'What is a theurgy transfer transitional soul or soulless bound
for? '

Or are they merely the same, Please, then humanity tell this one daughter of
mankind, why she should care to change at all!

Or what is repentance for?

Mischievous

Leslie Guylee Cron

***xii*- To Love**

Does a man run his household?

Yes, I believe so!

Or should we say?

Does he run his land, this I believe makes him a land holder.

Yes, I believe so!

So, let us think?

Does this make the women bearer of the home?

Yes, I believe so!

So, than what is this a excess percentage, or a unity of souls, or it just might be a logical thing call matrimony.

This all has a purpose.

Yes, I believe so!

This may be the craziest of all, this thing called love.

Mischievous

Leslie Guylee Cron

***xiii*- To Love**

Someday we shall see, someday we shall be, someday we will cease to be.
As the Spring looks to the Autumn, we'll look to the sphere of golden amber.
And all will have fallen as a leaf from a tree.
As branches cry out from the trees, *Who Can It Be*.
One leaf will cling to a branch as strong as thee!
Lord Jesus that would be.
All will see the sphere of reds, the blood, the tears, many will hear the screams.
And all will notice that mercy is not Lucifer seat.
How shall we all be, cease to be.
Like rotten leaves decaying amidst the earth deprave!
All will cry and scream!
'Leave that artist be! '

Mischievous

Leslie Guylee Cron

***xiv*- To Love**

A million years have went and come!
So many questions left unearth and all the visions left unclaimed.
How can we even bring a claim against this Christianity!
We don't, don't ask me why!
All the horrors in pages of History, this so called religion of faith.
Has no claim to me for I'm am free!
There a time, a season, and a reason far within our eyes.
Canvas come dream with me let me brush your sweet nectar into my
soul.
I travel down that road barren and alone, laughter hidden behind my
back, I hear your snares, your ridicules!
Go dream my dear of your faith, for you were never meant to be, nothing more,
nothing less!
Worn out pages of a tree.
She was meant for so much more and that would be me!

Mischievous

Leslie Guylee Cron

***xv* - To Love**

No one knows why the warm wind blows, verily a soul knows why the warm winds resides in the cold Alaska hemisphere.

Go wind explore the coasts of the Californian shores under the dark moon; into the northern hemisphere, into the blue ice bergs gaps.

From there will flow a steady stream, so sweet, so vicious!

Go green, go green they circulate for the future is forever to remain.

Hurry! now and don't even hesitate, this earth is yours and yours to stay.

So much to visualize, so much to mend, undoubtedly a rebirth of spring is nearby.

All things new, all things beautiful, absolutely a utopia to scrutinize.

Soon you'll say live, laugh, and love.

I will say my farewells and watch down from above, as children plays and I will smile as I herald to all.

There is a better way to play, play to stay, play for us the ones who went before, play for the forests, the lands, and joyous shores.

And be sure to smile, for your promise land is at last here.

Mischievous

Leslie Guylee Cron

Bills

There high all the time.
Some people don't have them, others have to many!
There hard to pay, but we have to.
No matter where you go!
There's always going to be bills.

Katie Sharp

Leslie Guylee Cron

Change

It's hard to change sometimes.
Some things are easy to let go, others are hard.
You know you need to quit, but you still want it!
You're scared of what you will do.
You're scared you will go crazy without it!
It's hard to change, but everyone has to.

Katie Sharp

Leslie Guylee Cron

Cheaters

You might hate them!
You might say you are not one.
But everyone messes up.
Its hard to say no, when you really want to.
Its hard to say you Can Not!
When you know you can be with him.
You really want to kiss him, 'but his girl is in the next room.'
You can't decide to or not.
You tell him you got to think.
Knowing he'll ask later.
You finally say No!
I won't help you be a cheater

Katie Sharp

Leslie Guylee Cron

Drinking

Most drink to find happiness.

I drink to forget.

To forget about the past, to forget whats on my mind!

To try and not worry, if only for awhile.

I know I will have to face it all again!

But to forget for a little while is better,
than never forgetting at all!

Katie Sharp

Leslie Guylee Cron

Family

Their suppose to be beside you.
Their suppose to help, but they don't.
They try and brake you down.
They don't really like you.
They say if you need us we are there, but they ain't.
If you go to them and tell them your problems the whole town knows!
They piss you off, then ask why you pissed.
You fight all day!
Than they try to make up!
Knowing tomorrow it will happen again.
You don't need anyone, especially family!

Katie Sharp

Leslie Guylee Cron

Friends

Some are good.

Some are bad.

Every one needs one,

Young or old.

If you get a good one, their there to help you anyway they can!

If you get a bad one, they hurt you anyway they can!

Friends are a need in life.

Katie Sharp

Leslie Guylee Cron

Hurt

You hurt me again and again!
Yet I still trust you.
You leave me and never call, yet I still wait!
I wait on a call that will never come.
You say you love me!
But never show it.
I miss you, and yet I wonder!
'Why you choose to hurt, the one that loves you! '

Katie Sharp

Leslie Guylee Cron

Life

Everyone has one,

Good or bad!

You put up with it, or you just leave it.

Though all the pain, and sorrow it brings you can make it.

It might be hard, and it might leave you scared, but in
the end you can say!

I beat life!

I won the game.

Katie Sharp

Leslie Guylee Cron

Never Again

Never again will you hurt me.
Because you lost my trust.
Never again will I believe you,
Because you broke my faith!
Never again will I be the same.
Because of what you've done.
If you wonder why I'm different, it's because of you!
Always know
It will never happen again!

Katie Sharp

Leslie Guylee Cron

Problems

No one likes them.

No one wants them.

We deal with them, everyday, every night!

Though we hate them, they make us who we are.

The more we have them the stronger or weaker we become.

You can't have life without problems!

Leslie Guylee Cron

Why

Why do people hate?

Why do they kill?

Why do they want, what they know they don't need?

Why do they hurt others?

Why don't they care?

Can anyone answer these questions, or am I left wondering!

Looking for answers I'll never find.

'I ask, I search' but yet I still wonder why!

Katie Sharp

Leslie Guylee Cron