

Poetry Series

Rachel Hughes
- poems -



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The Shinning Moon

At night darkness cloaks the pools and landscape's
With her dark covering and cape.
The moon comes out to court her dressed, in his royal array.
Covering her in his kisses, of a million moon rays.
He sits as king amongst the counsel of light.
And graces his companion, lover and friend, we call night.
He gives her all his attention, by covering her dark dress of night.
Embroidering it, with sparkling beams of his moon light.
She sits as queen under his royal robe.
He treats her as an equal,
You can see their unity best,
When he's out in full.
They move along together harmoniously,
During the nighttime.
To her, he is always gentle, compassionate and kind.
He would never be cruel to her,
And chase her away, like his brother, 'The morning sun'.
So, he hides her away from him,
When morning comes.
He is, 'The great shinning moon' That rule's over the night.
Appointed to his position, by his creator.
The father of all lights.
So, he sits on his throne, the evening sky.
As a royal magistrate and exalted on high.

Rachel Hughes

Teddy Monster

Teddy Monster you're a naughty little cat.

You know you're not supposed to do that.

Quit climbing the curtains and scale 'in the walls.

quit trashing the halls.

How can such a pretty little cat.

Be such a big brat.

You must have had yourself a ball.

You got destructive paws.

How can you be so bad yet have no flaws?

Naughty little kitty,

Can't you have a little pity.

And be a good cat,

And behave next time I say, don't do that!

Rachel Hughes

Don't Hide What's Real

Child let me know if you feel dark or dreary.

Please tell me if you feel tired or weary.

Let me know how you feel.

Don't hide what's real.

Talking to me, helps me know what's going on inside.

Whether your confidence is low or high.

I can't help you if you hide behind smiles.

You know for you I go a million extra miles.

Express yourself no matter how you feel.

And please don't hide what's real.

Rachel Hughes

Twilight

a Twilight Of Poems

My poems are a collection of emotions,
I gathered over the years.
Some of my poems I wrote in tears.
Some I wrote because I felt pain, and I felt sorrow.
But I always felt hope for tomorrow
Some of my poems, I wrote because God above,
He who has comforted me and guided me in his love.
Some are about Jesus and his love for me.
And how I will spend eternity.
Some of my poems are about politics and powers.
And some about things I reminisced over the hours.
They are a collection of poems on many subjects and things.
Including fishing, birds and spring.

This collection is a twilight of poems.
And like stars that flood the night.
They dazzle across the pages like twilight.
And like stars they flicker Intune
Some of my poems are filled with hope.
They are like the shinning moon.
Some are like the dark void between each light.
And some are like a starless night.
They are all together my twilight.

Rachel Hughes

The Bond Between Two

Some people believe god's love is only for saints.

But no, his love aint.

God's love is everywhere event though you don't see it.

God's love beckon's all, and you may not believe it.

God's love is the bond between two people.

The bride and the groom standing at the steeple.

A father and son, a mother and daughter.

We are riverbeds and his love is the water.

And his love move's and flows through us.

His breath of love is the gentle wind.

That tenderly blows upon us.

And his love is meant for all the world.

Every woman, man, boy and girl.

God's love has stirred all people's souls.

No matter what kindred, race, or religion.

Love has captured us all; we didn't get a decision.

God love is the bridge between two that make one whole.

His spirit of love is the fire that light's each soul.

Rachel Hughes

The Great I Am

V1-Jesus you are love.

And your love's an eternal flame.

You're the god above all God's.

And the name above all names.

You're the fire in the bush.

That Moses stood before.

And for the children of God.

Your heavens open door.

Chorus

You came as high priest.

In the order of Melchizedek.

You are the king of peace.

You are the great I Am.

Lion, king of Judah.

God's precious lamb.

You are the king of kings.

You are the great I Am.

V2-Root and offspring of David.

The bright and morning star.

Creator of our universe.

And every creature near and far.

Jesus' god of Abraham.

Gods provided lamb.

Like you rescued Isaac.

You rescued other men.

Chorus (Repeat)

Jesus' god of Abraham.

You are the great I Am.

Rachel Hughes

Jesus, I Love You, I Love You, I Love You

I love the way you hear me when I call.

I love the way you catch me when I fall.

I love to hear your voice each day.

I love the way you hear me when I pray.

I love the way you restore my soul.

And no matter how many broken pieces,

You always make me whole.

I love how you never leave, you're always near.

How you delinguish all my fears.

And then there's the way, you gave you're life for me.

On a cross, on a hill, called calvary.

Jesus, I Love You, I Love You, I Love You

Rachel Hughes

One Word

I could write a poem about just drinking a beer.

Or with a word spread holiday cheer.

With words that I express,

I could enlighten or make you feel, sweet happiness.

With a word I could cause a dark depression.

Or start a, heavy, heavy, unlifting, oppression.

I could write a poem about darkness and gloom.

Or make you feel joy about, spring flowers in bloom.

But if I choose words to make you feel.

I'd rather choose the one that would make you heal.

So, If I choose a word, that will set you free,

From feeling pain or feeling closed in,

Then here is the key..... JESUS! ! ! ! !

Rachel Hughes

Morning Star

When day becomes dawn and twilight falls.

Your beauty is your beckon call.

Before the sun gives ray.

To the first light of day.

You are the first of morning light.

And the last star of night.

You can be seen near or far.

Because you shine so bright morning star.

You're a royal gem in the crown of night.

You dress the darkness with glory and light.

Way up high in the heights. Where birds of splendor dance in flight.

Beneath your grace of dazzling light.

you are the first and last twilight.

Rachel Hughes

The Masters Hand

When the storms come my ship don't sink.

The strong winds blow I don't event blink.

The rivers spread and overflow.

I withstand the floods.

There's no fear I know.

I can run across sinking sands.

All because I have the master's hand.

Rachel Hughes



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Just A Thought

I look up and see the stars.

And realize there not so far.

There as close as my heart is to my chest.

As my dream is to my rest.

Before they rested in the sky above.

They were just a thought from God above.

Until he put them in their eternal home.

For all to look at his speckled dome.

I look and see many different faces.

People of all kinds of races.

And realize that's the way god wanted us to be.

he wanted a variety to see.

Rachel Hughes

The First Signs Of Spring

The snow is melting and going away.

As the chill of winter gets farther away.

Earth's dry brown rug that covers the ground.

Is turning green all around.

The first signs of spring are everywhere.

The fragrance of spring is in the air.

Foliage is filling in the tree's

That were once laid bare.

Spring is blooming and budding here and there.

Rachel Hughes



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I Write It Anyways

Sometimes I get afraid to write my poem.

Afraid someone might make me feel like a gnome.

Some people might not like what I say.

But I write it anyways.

Sometimes I write about God, politics and power.

Sometimes I write about the things that make me feel sour.

Sometimes I write about beautiful things.

Like how I write about the birds and spring.

Sometimes I write about things that make me mad.

Or the things that make me feel sad.

Sometimes I write about my hopes and dreams for tomorrow.

With words I can paint a picture of sorrow.

Some people might say my poems are bad.

Or give my poem a glance, like some passing fad.

Everybody might not like what I say.

Still, I pick up my pen and write it anyways.

Rachel Hughes

Word Arrangements

Word arrangements are a poet's favorite toy.

Words are arranged to bring expressions of emotions,

Like love and joy.

Like putting flowers in a vase,

Poets put words in their place.

They can be arranged like a dozen roses, spending time in sunlight.

Or arranged to bring a chill, Like a cold, dark winters night.

Words can be arranged softly and read like a whisper.

Or there arranged to be heard as destructive, Like a cyclone or twister.

Poets combine rhymes, phrases, sentences, all made of words.

For so many ticking hours

Arranging them like a landscape of flowers.

Like 3

Pin it 1

Rachel Hughes



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God's Love

God's love is a beacon, it is a high tower.

His love is a lamp that will shine through,

Your darkest hour.

God's love is like the sun shining in full strength.

His love is unconditional.

When measured in length.

God's love is gentle and light.

But it can never be shaking.

God's love is perfect and true.

It can never be mistaking.

God's love cannot be bought with silver or gold.

His love is free and never sold.

God's love is strong and full of life.

His love dries all the tears of strife.

god's love has the power to save.

Surely you can see.

God's love has conquered the grave.

Rachel Hughes

The Beast

The judge in our county is as crooked as the beast.

He oppresses the poor from his judgement seat.

On the unfortunate, he tramples and trod's.

His favorite past time is trying to play God.

Whenever the rich commit a crime.

They don't worry, because they don't have to do the time.

In the beast court's justice is denied.

Whenever the rich offer their bribe.

And you don't have to ask why.

The beast on the seat accepts every lie.

you don't have to ask why.

The Truth hasn't been derived.

Or why when it comes to equality the poor are deprived.

Because the beast on the seat you can buy.

Rachel Hughes

J E S U S C H R I S T

J Jesus, savoir we hope in and trust.

E Emmanuel, our god with us.

S Salvation, our pardon to sin.

U Unfailing love, drawing us in.

S Sacred lamb, son of God.

C Christ, anointed, consecrated, mercy and love.

H Healer, comforter, sent from heaven above.

R Redeemer, of all nations.

I Infinite one, God of all creations.

S Savior, forgiver and friend.

T The beginning, and the end.

Rachel Hughes

The Devil's In The Religion Business

The devil likes to appear as an angel of light.

But he really causes everyone to fight.

The devil like's the government it's his favorite playground.

He is always there, playing around.

Causing world strife.

Pretending to be God,

Destroying people's lives.

The devil tries to make his throne equal to Gods.

Sitting himself on high where angels trod.

The devil wants all creations,

To come bow before him.

Yeah, in some religions, I really do see him.

Just like the father of all lies.

His sons are all, driven by pride.

He deceives them into thinking he's the God of Peace.

And gets them to murder and kill,

And rob from those in need.

The devil's in the religion business,

He has so many false witnesses.

Every law and oracle of God they twist and defy.

They don't have the love of the truth.

So, they believe the father of lies.

They say I'm a man, come worship before me.

Because God made me first.

Their Sons of the devil.

Driven by their blood thirst,

Violent and cruel always at the worst.

Just like Satan.

They like to cause others hurt.

The devil's best business is religion.

God or the Devil, make a decision.

Rachel Hughes

Where God Dwells

God doesn't dwell in a worldly place.

He doesn't dwell in man-made space.

He has a temple he dwells within.

A temple he made just for him.

God is a spirit who dwells in his people.

His bride is his church and steeple.

And heaven is where God is.

And where God is, love is

And love is... dwelling amongst God's people and friends.

God is in his New Jerusalem.

Rachel Hughes

Rich In Love

Love has no color lines, or boundaries.
Love is all together its own dowry.
Love is a treasure chest filled with rewards,
A wealthy down pour,
That soothes each heartache,
And mends each break.
Love is a giver, it doesn't take.
It gives without interest or charging a debt.
It makes a happy whole heart and leaves it at rest.
Love is a high-end free store.
It satisfies and leaves the soul hungry no more.
There is nothing, that love can't fix.
And to have love is to truly be rich.
Love is a luxury, a content way of life.
Love is healing, a guiding light.
Love is a gift, giving from God above.
So go with the blessing of being Rich in Love.

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