

Poetry Series

Reginia Dawson
- poems -

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Reginia Dawson()

An Empty Heart

A broken spirit
A mind set to love
A mood without purpose
A tone in voice of pain
An empty heart is the result of all stated

Fulfillment seeking is a spirit without understanding
How can one justify
A broken spirit and an empty heart
When there is no evidence of LOVE

Reginia Dawson

Broken Passageways

The segregated passageways of mentality
And the interwoven turmoil of twisted rationale,
Often creates disbeliefs that inhabit within the heart.
Unchartered actions repeatedly causes individuals to speculate
If love was unmistakably form for destruction,
Indistinct decisions cause one to stray away from the suggested itinerary.
Leaving no certainties
To whether life is significance of living without one's soul mate
An impulsive moment transport onwards!
Reality unfastens the embrace that ensnare one's mind
That guides one to a world that no longer prevails to melancholy.
With no stated explanation or justification,
Mending passageways are unattainable
But with evidence of rationale and unbalance mentality
One can only guarantee...?
Happiness or heartaches!

Reginia Dawson

Forever In A Day

Will I wait forever?

When forever seems everlasting

Could I linger until you decide what is unsurpassed?

Or should I remain soundless and yearn for voice of reason?

Will I wait forever?

To think, forever could be an eternity

Should I fool myself that there is something more than friendship at hand?

Or wait for sorrow to tiptoe into my heart and crush my visions of love

Will I wait forever?

When my desires out weighs my better judgment

Would I proclaim victory?

When no more pain dwells within my heart

Will I wait forever?

When I have no position to claim

And the last curtain call

And the music has faded

And the stage light of life is dim of a drama of pain

For forever seems like forever! ! !

Reginia Dawson

Forgive Them, For They Know Not

Forgive them, for they know not
They that accuse him was lost in sin, non-believers
They brought him, the night of his' arrest before Annas, Caiaphas, and an
assembly of religious leaders
They then brought him to Pilate, who found no fault
They then sent him to Herod
They later return him to Pilate, who finally sentenced Him to death to please man
These actions I still do not understand.....
They that believed, stood and watch
They stood and watch

They beat him, cut his skin, and then laugh in his face
They pierce him in his side, a crown of thrones upon his head it would embrace
They accuse him without evidence nor knowledge of what was to come
They followed him by hundreds, his enemies and curious folks, just to name
some
They force him to carry a crossbeam on his shoulders to Golgotha's hill just
before the morning of nine
They came to see what would happened others lingered behind
They stood and watch
They that believed, stood and watch

They put nails in his hands
They put nails in his feet
They pierce him in his side
They watch him bleed
They hung him high with two thieves on each side
They that believed, stood and watch
They stood and watch

They heard him cry to the his Father to do his will
They watch the sky turn dark and the ground shake
They, some of them then realize that he was the Son Of God
They realized that they had made a mistake
They that believed, stood and watch
They stood and watch

They again heard him say, "Father, Forgive them, for they know not what they

do"

They that believed, stood and watch to see the "crucifixion" carried through

They stood and watch

They that believed, stood and watch

They stood and watch

This now I do understand

That he died for the sins of man

Reginia Dawson

I Almost Had It

It was right at my finger tips
When suddenly it was not in reach
I could feel the edges as my fingers
Gaze the sides, but then I could not feel it again
I could see it through the small cracks as it was wedged
Against something mushy and warm
Then I realize that it was not as I expected
For it was not at all what I have dreamt of
It was not even what I had imagine it to be
It was not the joy that I thought I would feel within
It was..... It was back in reach again
My fingers could rubbed against the sides again
As I gripped hold of it this time
It was hard and stiff but smooth at the same time
It was not as rough as it looked
It expelled with pleasantry as my fingers held tried to hold it tight
Again it was gone and I was left with just the memories
Of what could have been a fixation of my imagination?
It was gone forever.....

Reginia Dawson

In Search Of Love

I search for someone to love me for me,
But I couldn't find that special someone.
I search and search for days, for Mr. Right,
But I couldn't find that special someone.

I search in town; I search out of town,
But I couldn't find that special someone.
I search in school, I search in church,
I search far and near for that heart throbbing someone,
But I couldn't find that special someone.

I search for my soul mate, the one that completes my sentences,
But I couldn't find that special someone.
I search for my significant other, the one that brings me joy,
But I couldn't find that special someone.

Then I happened to look in the mirror,
And realized that everything I was looking for was right in front of me.
I search no longer for that special someone,
That someone to love me for me,
That Mr. Right,
That Heart Throbbing man,
That sentence completer,
That joy bringer,
I search no more, for that someone to love me,
For I was the one that needed to love me for me.....

Reginia Dawson

Strange

There are things that often confuse the mind
And it is strange I must say
A trick or two or maybe a cloudy gesture
Often confuse the mind!
You often say those little things
That leads one to believe that there is hope
And other times, it may be just a smile
To assure me that promises are sure to come
No matter if love never enters into our hearts
We will still be friend
This is strange I must say

Reginia Dawson

Strange, I Must Say

A strange man came into my life but now he's gone
No love at all I should have known
One night we stared into each other eyes
Never to say a word nor to say goodbye
His smile I'll always cherish deep deep within
But his love for me I'll never win
Yes, we are strange as strange as can be
For I know nothing about him, he knows nothing about me
But maybe we will meet in some state of mind
For he was gentle to me sweet loving and kind
Goodbye strange man so long farewell
And if we should meet again
I probably wouldn't tell
That a strange man came into my life

Reginia Dawson

The Last Hour

My mother was weak in her body and death was approaching near,
The sound of a midnight train came from her breathing I could surely hear.
I didn't know exactly what was happening and the sound I could not bear,
The doctors assured me that no matter what they did for her, her life they could not spare.

As she lay in bed, I could feel the coldest creeping within,
Her feet were beginning to turn cold, blood in her veins thin, her legs were hard as normal and her knees she could not bend.

Her thighs pale, her hips and arms were all beginning to get stiff,
Her weight had settled, my Mother was too heavy to lift.

As I touch the covers that were thrown over her to keep her warm,
A thought came in my mind that her heart would also be harm.

I tried to stop the coolest from traveling its way,

But no matter how much cover the draped over her, Death was after its prey.
The sound of the Midnight Train was coming; I could hear it approaching near,
Then I realize a familiar sound, Death's rattle, I could surely hear.

My heart was racing and full of fear as I stood in place,

But then the strangest thing happen, a smile came upon my mother's face.

I knew right then that it was time to face reality, that she was on her way,
For God had sent his "Death's Angel" for it was not for my mother to stay.

I understood that on this Earth her journey had come to an end,

My mother was ready to leave now knowing that I had peace within.

Now every time I hear a train, I remember my mother's last hour,

And that God have life control and He have all the Power.

Reginia Dawson

Uncertainties

The doubting aspects of any relationship are the turning point of one's happiness.

How can you understand me?

When never take the time to learn things about me!

How can you justify my actions?

When your actions speak for themselves!

How can you satisfy my needs and wants?

When what I need is not available!

How can you know what turns me on?

When you're clearly turn off by my existence!

How can uncertainties be ratified?

When doubts remain in the corner of your mind!

Why should I change my thoughts?

When your thoughts are the same as mine!

The doubting aspects of one's life is the changing point of one's unhappiness

But! How can I you think of a tomorrow?

When today has no meaning without you!

Reginia Dawson