

Poetry Series

Jim Richardson
- poems -

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I have been writing poetry for many years. In the past few years I have been trying to read the classical poets, Donne, Marvell, Herbert, Traherne and Vaughn. These guys are also known as the metaphysical poets. As you can see I love Poetry.

A Moment Ago

I can see her face so clear as if it were a moment ago.
Yet, it has been years since last we met.

It was a dreary autumn day, the sky overcast, the trees
Barren, a mist in the air. Sadness is present even now.

We said our good - bys in front of the station, then she
Boarded the train. As it rolled away I could see her

Framed in the window of the car. She looked sad and
Lonely, I could see the faint trace of a tear on her cheek,

The trembling of her lips. She lifted a tiny gloved hand
And waved good by. The train carried her out of my life

Forever, yet I saw her face only a moment ago.

Jim Richardson

A Voice

Hark! I hear a voice! Whose voice
do I hear?

It began as a faint hum and now
It is so clear.

Whose voice is that calling
my name?

I am the voice of lost souls the
followers of Cain.

Jim Richardson

Against The Wind

I have walked against the wind
From the time I was a child
Forward steps were hard to take
The wind was never mild
The wind blew hard against my
Face and made it chafe and burn
I knew not else it was not of
My concern
I moved with haste to make some
Time against the blowing gale
With every step I took I would
Often see it fail
My body ached with pain fighting
And trying to get ahead
I pushed against the wind 'till I
Was almost dead
Then one day from out of the wind
A voice said to me
Know the Lord thy God and He
Will make you free
So I said Lord make this wind blow
At my back and push me ever on
Hurry Lord hurry my spirit is
Almost gone

Jim Richardson

Jim Richardson

Almighty

Almighty God, I come to you in
grief and sorrow
and ask that you give me
one more tomorrow
I come humbly and with a heavy heart
please, let me see the heavens part.
Father I remember that instant
In time,
When you took my sins
And I became thine,
Lord, let me shed my tears
Upon thy feet
And kiss thy brow oh,
So sweet.
Let me touch thy Robe
So pure. Now, Father
Touch my heart, that I
Might endure,
Lord, if I should die this very hour
and leave this earth today,
Let me live in Glory,
Oh, Father I pray.

Jim Richardson

Jim Richardson

Awake At Night

I lay awake at night and listen
to the wind
At times when all is quiet I
can hear the river bend
I can touch the darkness and feel
the velvet shroud
And I can see the moonlight from
behind a darken cloud

Jim Richardson

Charles, A Man's Man

Today, do not mourn Charles, mourn
for all that know not Christ.

Today We bid a sad but fond farewell
to Charles. A sad farewell knowing that
we will sorely miss him. A fond farewell
knowing that he is in the arms of the
Father.

From this day forward he will make
foot prints in the sands of eternity and
walk with God through out the ages

Jim Richardson

Could You

Could you ever come back to me?
Could you ever forgive a past that I regret
With every thread of my soul?

Dreams have no meaning if so you would have
Returned to me a thousand fold
Dreams are phantoms of expectations to make
One secure for a moment and then
Fade into nothingness yet leaving a faint
Glimmer of hope

Now after all these years hope has slipped into
The night like a ghost fading into the forest
Anticipation over time has left me consumed
And I face a very dire future without you
Hour's - days and years of aspiring thoughts
Has led to naught

So thank you for the brief time you gave me
Winter is here and the rose is dead
Without the petals there is only the thorn and
Beauty only in the memory

Jim Richardson

Do With Me As You Will

When I have drawn lifes last fleeting
Breath do with me as you will,
Sear me in a firey grate or bury me
On a sunny hill.
My flesh will be of no avail, I'll be clothed
In another shroud.
Attired in grace and glory, floating on
A cloud.

Jim Richardson

Journey

I desire to take a journey
To content my wandering soul,
I have a passion for a land
On some high and windy Knoll.

Some isolated parcel known
Only unto God,
A small portion of heaven
Where no mortal has ever trod.

Lord, take me on this journey,
Direct my step in where to go,
Hasten my pace O'Lord, I'm
Moving much too slow.

I have this urgent need to press
Onward o'er thy path,
Hurry Lord, spare me from
Thy awful wrath.

Lord, let me speak in tongues
That I may know its you,
Indulge me Lord, to kiss thy feet
At my last interview.

Jim Richardson

Just Think

And one day just think you will
drink the dew from the morning rose
and bathe in a ray of sun
Take a breath from the gentle breeze
and watch the rivers run

Jim Richardson

Madness

What madness? What madness lurks within
my cranium wall?

What is this evil that surrounds
Us all?

My peace has been abducted, my faith
Is almost gone,
Oh Father, have I done a great and
Terrible wrong?

Jim Richardson

Maybe

Maybe tomorrow the wind will blow
And dry my cheeks of tears
Maybe tomorrow the sun will shine
And melt away the fears
Wrap me in the arms of warmth
Remove the chill from my bones
I hope the sun is bright enough to
See the stepping stones.

Jim Richardson

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O' Death

Please, fetch my cloak and bind me close
For death is in the night,
The wind is chill, the odor strange and
Every breath a blight.
Come forth the morning rays and let my
Eyes see one more day,
If not, come close O'death and take me
On my way.
Will he come at morning or will he wait
' Till noon,
Or will he come at all
Or soon?
Hear that sound from the mountain
For I believe he is drawing nigh,
I hope he lingers long enough so I
Can say good bye.
O'death, stop at my door and linger
There,
Don't come closer for I have
A care.
I care to tell my friends good bye and
Languish in my lair,
I beg for just a little time, I would like to
Say a prayer.

S

Jim Richardson

Shadows

You came to me in the darkness
from the past
I can breathe the smell of your
fragrance and know it
cannot last
All of our years together is
something I can't forget
Seeing you in the shadows is
just like first we met

Jim Richardson

The Last Bell

I hear the toll of the last bell
And sense God, s peace within
Slowly the toll fades away
Soon I will be free of sin

I hear the clop of the horse's feet
Slowly pulling the hearse away
Down the narrow cobble stone street
Toward my room of clay

They saw my casket in the church
And all were passing in review
Words were voiced in hushed tones
And flowers arrayed in brilliant hew

They spoke low and reverently and how
Nice I looked a smile upon my face
And those that had not seen me in years
Said I had grown old with grace

After that tears were shed and
Prayers were offered up
The pastor pleading for my soul
But only God can fill my cup

Now we approach the funeral tent
And soon I'll be laid to rest
After all who knows I may
Be truly blest

The church is silent and empty
All the candles are cold
The hymns have faded and echo's prevail
Awaiting God's call for another soul

Jim Richardson

The Rain

Have you ever watched the rain coming
Down in small droplets? Its as though the
Tears of Christ is cleansing the earth of
All ill favored countenance, giving the land
A new face, sprinkling a fresh aroma upon
The herbage. There is a scent about the
Rain, pure and sweet, the essence of God

Jim Richardson

Twilight

The gloaming, a soft time, a silent time
The hush of day. A small allotment of time

Amid haste and pause, a time of reflection
A moment when most activity is in decline,
when one's mood leisurely becomes thoughtful
And alters with the deepening of the setting sun

Turning back the wick of Gods lamp
How beautiful the sight

Jim Richardson

What Of My Fate

The stream was glistening in
the morning air
Watching for a moment I
began to stare.

The gentle breeze made
crystals of light
And seeing such beauty my
mind grew quite.

My spirit traversed to a
solemn state
And I ask the Lord what
of my fate.

Jim Richardson

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Wine

Pour the wine then shed a tear,
Cry for things long past.
Wet the tongue with the sweetness
Of grape,
Our present sorrow cannot last

Jim Richardson

Write Me A Sonnet

Write me a sonnet with love and beauty
Beyond compare
Write me a sonnet of warmth and solace
And comfort O' so rare
Pen your lines of freedom and peace and
Tell of the wind and rain
Speak of dreams both failed and real
Tell of things never the same
Relate of hush and solitude and the
Stillness of the night
Voice the morning mist and sit in harmony
With the early light
Recite the human frailties with a deep
And searching mind
Ask the Lord's forgiveness perhaps he
Will be kind
State the sorrow pain and grief and all
The sadness in our role
When all is said and done perhaps God
Will embrace our soul

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