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Poetry to help in bereavement.

By Malcolm James Pugh

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When I wander in countryside,
Or when water runs quite near
I feel you are there somewhere
I feel there is more than me here
I suspect and sense Im not alone
But in the presence of quiet power
Sometimes I see it at sunset,
Others caught up in a shower.
Any time Im alone with nature,
And my senses are subdued
If I relax my attention
And Im not prone to brood
Then suddenly I know theres more
Than I can directly perceive,
In the whistling of the breeze,
In the rustling of the leaves,
And wonder if my old friends,
Are still living after all,
Just somewhere else entirely,
Out of reach and out of call,
I know at times though beyond reason
There is more than meets the eye,
Another meaning to the seasons,
Another twinkling in my eye,
As if just out of vision,
At a place of perfect prayer
You may be guard over me,
Whenever my friends are not there,
And finally when I have to leave here

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I will be not be so alone,
For ill have my favourite guardian
To safely steer me home.

Below.

I look down and see you frown,
Alone and lost and bereaved,
I sense the hopeless and the helpless,
And doubters of all they believed,
You cant conceive that I would leave,
And not be there for always,

Yet I am not there any more,
And never will be all your days,
Its hard to allow Im not there now,
Just like I have always been,
But I cant get in touch conventionally,
Out of hearing and unseen,
Lost to touch and as such,
Effectively gone and passed away,
But I can speak to you sometimes,
Just in a different way,
It may be happiness in a sunset,
It may be tinkling at water flowing,
It may be coincidences always coming,
Or flashbacks in time always going,
It may be saving you from danger,
As if by a whim or circumstance,
For I watch out for you now,
And your luck isnt down to chance,
So Im not so very far away,
As you would think or believe,
Im just invisible to the eye,
Or any sense you can conceive,
But though you cant perceive me,
And think me gone dont cry,
For one day youll be with me,
And one day you will know why.

Mist.

I cant believe that ill never see,
The person that was always there for me,
The one who always had a smile,

On days when others run a mile,
Who listened to my boring tales,
And supported me when I felt frail,
Who always put me first before,
They would think of having more,
Who if they had only one would laugh,
And faultlessly would give me half,
Yet now they aren't there any more,
Who I could touch and see before,
I can't phone and hear their voice,
I don't even have the choice,
They're gone and I can't take it in,
I'll never see them laugh or grin,
So I hope they know I really cared,
All the time that they were there,
I wish I'd said more instead of mimed,
But I thought we'd have much more time,

So if you can hear me now at last,
I can't change things done and past,
But I can tell you that now I know,
All the debts I really owe,
And all the words I should have said,
Are still all here inside my head,
All you will ever need to do,
Is look inside me to see they're true.

Life and Death.

Where do we go when we die,
Is there something there we can't perceive,
Maybe others would not have to cry,
If they saw just what can be achieved,
They say some religions see us weighted,
Like a deep sea diver whilst alive,
And that afterwards we are liberated,
And light enough to float across the skies.
Perhaps if mourners could once see,
We pass from pain and age and endless toil,
Onwards to a state of pure tranquility,
And not just burned or interred under the soil.
Perhaps accepted means of disposal are harsh,
In relation to our true form and destination,
Perhaps really down here we flounder in a marsh,
Whereas afterwards we are but free sensation.

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Most visions of near death encounters,
Only mention painless progress towards light,
So when it eventually seeks to surmount us,
Why fear darkness or endless night.
Those left behind have the hardest task,
To try to make sense of what is gone,
To accept we arent there any more to ask,
To realise our last glimmerings have shone,
I treasure my friends in flashback memories,
Often jolted into view causing a tear,
I cant understand just where theyve gone,
And why they are not still here,
It seems inconceivable they werent spared,
I wish Id said more when they breathed,
But I just hope they know I cared,
Even though I dont know why they had to leave.
I know in part some of my heart,
Wonders, through their untimely parting,
When my own final fate will start,
And realisation is soon darting,
That one day, someday, it will be me,
That others will see instead of them,

That it will inevitably finally be,
That I join the ranks of mortal men.

Perhaps they sense me now and feel pity,
That I have to struggle on on earth,
Whilst they live in enlightened cities,
Lit by happiness and filled with mirth,
Maybe hell is here and now and grieving,
And heaven is where you go when you die,
Maybe we should be happy at their leaving,
Maybe they look at US and want to cry.
Whatever the truth after our youth,
Fades away until the end of days,
We shouldnt waste forever seeking truth,
Shouldnt ever analyse lifes tragic ways,
Surely if they can see you and me,
They would reach down and dry our eyes,
They would want us to be happy again,
And not wander forever traumatised,
If you were they and saw the way,
You seemed to them way down below,
You would want to reluctantly say,

I must move on even though I know,
That Ill never ever hear their voice,
Never see them and never touch their face,
For its what would be their choice,
If they could only tinker with our fate.
It wont happen in just an hour,
Or just a day or just a year,
But one day it will sit easier,
Even though you are never here.
You were my friend at lifes end,
No one can take that away from me,
And no one will ever quite transcend,
What you will always mean to me,
But I understand that now its planned,
A new chapter starts as this one ends,
And I wont actually be eternally damned,
If I make new acquaintances and friends,
Ill not forget all those close Ive met,
And all the times and tides we shared,
And Ill often wonder why they went,
And why it was that I was spared,
But I owe it to their memories gone,
To not cause them grief if they can see,
And to try to pick up and soldier on,
And show them the person that was me,
For if they see the world through my medium,
Im sure they would much rather see,

A world not wrapped in tedium,
And all grief finally set free.
Its not forsaking memories of the past,
To move forwards towards new light,
Its what they would want if asked,
Its what they would see as right,
They know you will always think on,
They know you will always care,
They know because they havnt gone
Because they are always there,
Maybe they cant communicate as such,
Maybe they seem lost except in dreams,
But they still care about you just as much,
From behind seemingly invisible screens,
And they would wish you happiness,
They would want you to laugh out loud,
They would gaze with tenderness,

And they could be only proud,
If they saw your internal war,
Disappear forever without a trace,
And all the grief from before,
Become a smile upon your face.
For you cant undo whats been done,
However unfair it seemed,
It can happen to anyone,
And to any of our dreams,
You cant turn back the tide,
You can just sink or survive,
They are still there inside,
As long as you are alive,
Theres no guilt in being content,
No shame in living life again,
No need explaining what is meant,
No need to prolong the pain,
They would say so if they could speak
They would write it if allowed,
They dont want you to be meek
They dont want you to be cowed,
They just want you as you were
Before fate threw its tumbling dice
Before everything became a blur
And when everything was nice.
They just want to turn your clock,
On to a better time and place,
So you emerge from out of shock,
With a calm and happy face.

What was oblivion and apocalypse,
Beyond imagination or belief,

Has transmuted to a flock of ships,
Sailing on a sea of abject grief,
Who, battered by constant stormy rancour,
And often seemingly lost or destroyed,
Are now tranquilly at anchor,
And peacefully deployed.
Their hulls retain the knocks,
And their sails the rents of rage,
But they overcame the rocks,
And they finally came of age,
Now they know the ebb and flow,
And the tempest out of naught,

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The better armed with what they know,
with all that they have been taught,
Their old crew missing a few,
Not lost just out of sight,
So they have recruited anew,
To set the final balance right,
Until the day they sail away,
Never returning to these shores,
They will be cast as unsurpassed,
And be legendary for evermore,
For not bowing to the strain,
For fighting forward though sorely harmed,
For acknowledging life is often pain,
And that we are not all charmed,
For coming out the other side,
When it was easier to fall,
It makes them worthy of our pride,
It makes them victors after all.

Life.

While we breathe we must believe
We are here for some purpose in some plan
Surely there must be lasting meaning
In the intelligence and love of man.
We often wonder why were all doomed to die
Just when we become calm and wise
And ponder anew what will we do
When we finally close our eyes
Why are we here, it is not clear,
And if nihil and darkness is our fate
Why do we strive with endless drive
With only nothingness lying in wait
Where are those dear who were so near
One can almost feel them still
As if energy waves from beyond the graves
Keep them constant in our will

Maybe all survives, for all our lives
In a constant energy flux
And sometimes were bees sometimes leaves
And sometimes we are us.
If mass is energy born in a different form
Maybe we are constantly changing guise
And we do not pass on were just there and gone

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But now beyond ears and eyes
There seems little chance such a complex dance
As the human body and the mind
Was randomly formed over all
And evolved to what we find
Impossible to suppose that when life goes
It all meant nothing and is wasted
Why then are we such complexity
What of the dreams weve tasted
What of love, being hand in glove
What of friends and never parting
What reason for our seasons
What point in ever starting
I think we subscribe until we die
To a vast knowlege base building on
Then we change clothes and the old life goes
But our energy is never gone
It transforms anew to me or you
Becomes different but the same
And what we learned is surely burned
In an archive with our name.
So after all whether big or small
We all contribute in our own way
To the greater knowledge of everyone
From the experiences of our days,
So maybe we will always be
Just in a different suit or gown
Meeting again later due to nature
Cycling up and cycling down.
Its the spark that is our heart
And makes us all what we seem
And it always fires, never tires
An endless energetic dream.
So dont think of me as ceased to be
Dont call me dead and gone
Im still alive beyond your eyes
My energy simply carries on
You may not hear me with your ear
You may not see me whole
But im still me always will be
Its what you call my soul,
So when breath dies with death

And my eyes finally close
Im not passed away will not decay

Im just in different clothes.

<http://www.stiffsteiffs.pwp.blueyonder.co.uk> the new site everyone is talking about.

Ex systems programmer revelling in loss of sanity.

Give a Gift of Poetry this year to your Valentine

By Gary R. Hess

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Valentines day is a special holiday for couples in all stages of their relationship. Married, engaged or just a dating, valentines day is the time for you.

We all know what comes along with Valentines, chocolate and flowers right? Well, it's time for a change. This year give your loved one the gift of poetry. Poetry you ask? Yes.

Poetry lets you show your true emotions and lets your partner feel they are truly special. The poem doesn't have to be something you get from a well known poet and you don't have to go out and buy the latest *Poetry for Dummies*.

Poetry is about arousing senses and showing emotion. If you do that, you have a great poem.

However, if you feel you don't have what it takes to write or you are just plain lazy, there are many great places you can buy poetry, both customized and non.

One such place is

. They have a nice selection of poetry with great customer service. I

highly recommend them.

Valentines day is still a few days away, so you still have time to get your poetry ready for your loved ones. Give them a great gift this year, the gift of poetry!

Gary is a writer for

.

Give a Gift of Poetry this year to your Valentine

Poetry in a Nutshell

How to Write Cinquain Poetry

Refuse to Live Your Life Without Art, Poetry and Music

Inspiring the Poet in You!



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