

*Spiritual
Poetry*



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If Worship Is Possible

Respite

He Keeps Watching

Trapped

In Love

Staircase

My Love

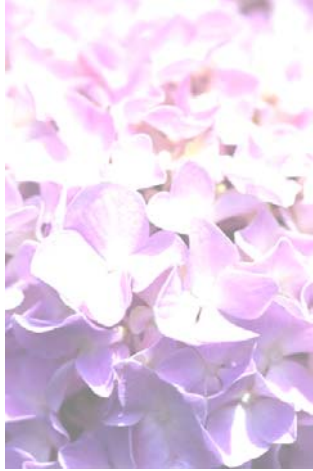
Possessed

Empathy

His Gift to Me

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All Too Soon



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If Worship Is Possible

I remember the scent of you,
the wonderful manly musk
clinging to your pillow,
glorious aroma of love.

Ah, to be absorbed by you,
to dwell with you in your
temple of manliness!

Is worship possible of mortals?

You were everything to me:
my look, taste, heartbeat,
my all— my very existence.

Years later, dreams of you
invade my sleep.

Should I see you,
would I know you?
Would you know me?
Perhaps memory and dreams are best!

Respite

When sometimes I have had enough
Of sadness then I must remain
Apart awhile from all rebuff.

My heart and soul with hope retain
The memories of a Father's care
Whose love and guiding word sustain.

The joy and comfort that we share
Will make emotions run so deep
Are gifts of faith without compare.

No matter if awake, asleep,
His Ever—Presence will protect,
For He's the Shepherd of His sheep.

I have no fear of His neglect—
I'll face the world and He'll perfect.

He Keeps Watching

He keeps watching from above,
while we restless ones seek love,
often wandering lands afar,
searching for the guiding star.
He looks and his heart is weeping,
but is patient with our seeking,
knowing when at last we're done
and the victory we thought won.
When we had attained the goal,
sometimes at the loss of soul,
we would cry out in his name,
oh my Lord, I'm lost again.

Trapped

There is a small part of my heart
Where you are trapped and so unknown,
And all who gaze upon my face
Can never ever find a trace
of you.

In Love

I love you, precious Savior.
You are my dearest friend.
You are all of eternity,
my world without an end.
I've searched so far and very long
to find your perfect peace,
that now I'm filled with joy divine
and love that will not cease.
I did not find you of the world,
for mankind is not true.
Nor did I find you in my youth,
and lest that some construe,
I found you in the weariness
that stems from my tired soul
I've found you in striving for
some unconquerable goal.
I found you in my hunger,
for loves that don't fulfill
I've found you in relinquishing,
my self-righteous self will.

Staircase

I want to find the staircase
that leads to God above.
I want to feel the surgence
of his undying love.
I want to know he hears me,
and I so humbly pray
to have him ever in my life
each minute of each day.

My Love

I have a love so beautiful
for all the world to see.
I'm not possessive with my love
nor guard him jealously.
He is the beacon in my life,
my refuge and my dream.
Within this love, there is no doubt
or plot or plan or scheme.
His is a rapture, ecstasy.
Words barely can express
the happiness I share with him,
the sweetest tenderness.
It never matters where I go,
He's always by my side.
No secret thoughts I keep from him
or ever needs to hide.
His is a love so bountiful
a love without an end.
You say you share my heart's desire?
My lover and my friend?
He'll surely ask for great return
He'll give you life divine.
Release your soul into his hands,
say, "Savior, I am thine."

Possessed

Possessed by fear or love or hate,
Possessed by knowledge gained too late,
Possessed of torment for guilty deeds,
Possessed of wants, desires, and greeds,
The only route for our soul's sake,
The steps our faltering feet must take.
Are upward to our father's throne,
To be possessed by God alone.

Empathy

Perhaps dear friend you'll
spark the light that puts life's
darkness to flight.
When all is lost and one last
choice is death.
A soul may yet be saved.
What matter how depraved.
Remember God's teachings of
The mercies of a brother's love?
He placed within each mortal man,
A priceless quality.
Empathy.

His Gift to Me

Oh sweet Jesus, oh such glory
gone the sinfulness and guile,
Now I know with no more doubting
that I am his guiltfree child.

He has taken all my burdens,
while he hung there on the tree.
Sure I am he watcheth o'er me
here and in eternity.

How I've fought him, what a tempest
questioning, troubled, oh so strong
How he pleaded, oh His sorrow.
How his tender spirit longed

To uplift me, to forgive me
give me strength for all my woes
take my burdens all upon him
now my prayer, that my life shows

Patience, love and joy and giving
to the Christ who died for me.
Let his spirit, shining through me
help more sinners to be free.

So they too, may have the glory
That I've found within my life
That no more they'll bear the burdens
That no more they'll bear their strife.

All they need to get his presence
All they need to get his peace
All they need is seek forgiveness
For his love will never cease.

A Child's Heart

Children's hearts are open wide
to take the full of life inside.
Their trusting souls could not contain
hatred or consuming pain.
Theirs is not the rough trod road
theirs is but a soft abode.
Of tenderness and trusting guile,
the loving kiss, the tender smile.
It's sad we grown ups cannot stay,
within the realm of childhood's play.
Instead our hearts grow ossified.
From all the doubts we bear inside,
the jealousies the petty deeds, the
sad neglect of others' needs.
The lusting hands and greedy eyes,
the cowardice and wanton lies.
Perhaps when God created man,
this was incorporate in his plan.
His greatest hope that someday we
could live in childlike harmony.

All Too Soon

There's a reason for everyone's
sorrow, there's a reason
behind every pain, and the
heartaches that each of us
suffers, are repeated again
and again
In the souls of our hungering
brothers and the masses who
travel life's road,
for we all
have the very same wishes
bear together the very same load.
So remember spend much
of compassion, in love help
each other along
as God wishes us all to be gentle,
the weak to depend on the strong.
For in leaning we all gather courage
and in sharing we all gather trust
that tomorrow we are a bit brighter
all too soon we return, dust to dust.



Upon a tragic loss in 1954
I received the gift of writing ,
particularly poetry,
that is a great outlet
for my sorrow.

Spiritual Poetry

Lifescapes