

Poetry Series

Shelley L Baxter
- poems -

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Shelley L Baxter(September 6th)

At age 12 I wrote my first poem and after that I realized how much I not only liked reading poetry but that I loved to write poems as well.

My preferred style of writing is usually free style just because it offers the poet alot of room to express themselves without having to be too over time I will enjoy thinking and following some of the rules of different styles of only other ones I have written are Haiku, Senryu and one Nonet...Of those I enjoy the nonet the most after free style.

Take Care of U,
Shelley Baxter aka as 'Lilacsea'

(((Four))) Life Is Grand***

Life is Grand

New eyes adorn my once weary head.

New ears listen with an interest
that never wanes.

I am Alive with passion to live and let Live.

I live in Gods Visions that are all coming true...

I walk with a confidence that is obvious.

Don't let my Light be mistaken for
arrogance...for they are two different things.

For now, I am a part of the living...

AND Yes...Life can be Grand!

Shelley L Baxter

((One)) What Do I Say To You?

Lord, I don't know
what to say...
what to do...
or what to pray.
Still, Lord I am
on my knees...
hands clasped...
eyes shut...
Praying anyway.

written March 26 2008

Shelley L Baxter

((Three)) Starting Anew.

Lord, Can you lift up the fog while I pray to you?
For there is so many things I wish to say to you.

I am lost and I need you to come to Your knees,
so your ears are closer to my whispering pleas.

For nothing is right...I only see what is wrong...
with your help once again I'll be singing your song.

Need to hear your voice and have Your intentions heard...
as my life right now leaves me feeling absurd.

I know my prayers to you are not meaningless words...
know You will take the time and not leave them unheard.

For I was washed with your tears, many years ago.
I am your daughter, your child...not a wandering soul.

If I change what you want me to say and to do...
I'll know again...that with Faith, I can start anew.

written September 6th 2008.

Shelley L Baxter

((Two)) Do You Hear Me Whisper To You?

My whispering heart still cries for you..
It may be with regret and pain
that I will think of you again today
Still I have no choice...your in my
heart for good no matter what I do...
no matter what you have done...or even what you
you did not say...or can't say anymore to me.

My heart will Always know I love you
my weary mind knows I adored you
still today you never fade away...
after many years without your voice
your friendship or your presence
here on this precious sphere we call home.

As I look up now in the darkness of night
I still see your smiling face looming over me,
I still wish I felt your embrace...just once more.
My hope is for you to feel the aura of my Love
upon your soul that lingers in heaven...and
mostly, I pray...Do you hear me whisper to you?

As I pull you close with memories
As I smile at you from my perch on a deck
you never laid foot on...as I reach out
my hands to throw kisses to the heavens,
As I reach out to embrace the vision of you
I still hold in my heart today...I pray.

I pray now...to the Lord that you feel my Love
even though we laid you to rest six years ago...
Though nothing I can do can bring you back to us,
even though I can not erase that dreaded day...
when you kicked over the chair...suspending...
your lifeless...tall lean, handsome body in mid air.

I loved you then...and nothing has changed.
I will continue to whisper to you in the breeze...
through quietness, though chaotic thoughts...

through restlessness and pain and loss.
I plead with you to send a sign...crying now,
I ask...Do you hear me whisper to you?

Written July 31st 2008.

Shelley L Baxter

* * ***** Everyday I Die A Little More***

Passion sizzles inside my veins
from what sources I can't explain.
To see your presence standing there...
to feel the warmth from your wanting stare.

(chorus)

Everyday I die a little more
When I say goodbye and...
walk out the door.
Yes, everyday I die a little more.

Reflect that it's wrong to feel this way,
from my head right to my toes today...
Lightening electrifies...goes through
the floor...only to ignite in me once more.

(Chorus)

Yes, Everyday I die a little more
When I have to say no and...
walk out the door.
Yes, everyday it hurts a little more.

Your Loving hands in mine.
Your kissing feels divine.
But your not ...Your not mine.
So trail your hands back to your sides.
Just walk away and say Goodbye.
I say Good-Byeee...No tears to cry.

Because every day I die a little more.
When I say goodbye...
Walk out the door.
No longer will I die inside.
Fore now I know...
I have to say Goodbye.

I wrote this as a song in December of 2004.

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Shelley L Baxter

* Dear Courage...

What am I to do
when even eternally
I'm shivering from fright,
instead of from the wind?

Am I to draw close
to flames that shimmer
in crackling darkness
on a night like this?

Or shall I lean into you
while dreaming of the
summers days of the old-
times when I was self assured?

With sadness I walk
this plank through valleys,
though I have not yet expired.
I plead...is this my last mile?

For I do not wish to exit
this lonely passage way, while
feeling all I knew was survival.
Dear Courage...will you visit again?

Written on February 26th 2008.

Shelley L Baxter

**** ** ***** Summer Breeze Makes Me Feel Fine.**

Rolling blades of grass play in the meadows green,
as bird songs whisper my name in the trees...
the breeze circles me enfolding me in its tune,
a serenade that happens on beautiful days in June.

The wind entices me with its strength to cool,
as the sun rejuvenates me with its warmth,
leaving me every so often the sky clouds over and wind ceases,
thus causing me to ponder which climate I treasure most.

Could it be the slight breeze?
which engulfs my being with the promise that a new day will unfold?
Or the heat of the bright sun rays waterfall,
which makes me squint till I close my eyes to dream?

Each force of nature wonderfully displayed and Splendid!
Each sensation inspiring to my mind, body and soul!
Both together fill me with wonder which envelopes me...
with the memories of past summer days untold.

Shelley L Baxter

**** *** **the Waves Whisper....**

Lets go sailing, on a sea of dreams,
captivate all the senses...completely.
Complete the dream, the waves whisper.
Finish the rowing into shore...or sink
amongst the sharks that lurk in lairs,
of cold darkness in the depths...
do not descend, do not dropp to a captains hell,
clutching the rudder...going down and down...
Do not ignore, you must not ignore the tides
that surround you...but let them swirl and roll,
guiding you to a worthy landing...
no matter the weather, no matter the fear.
If you focus on the prize of survival,
pursueing a life that is hard to come by
after much strife and close calls...
God will answer your prayer...and
your tall Stately ship will be there,
carrying you to a place where peace
dwells, where dreams are meant to be lived,
where visions are meant to be acknowledged,
lived...enjoyed...but most of all shared.

Written May 4th,2008.

Shelley L Baxter

**** 1 Thank You For Sharing...**

First, i wish to Thank you
for sharing your heart
and a small part of yourself,
your secrets and pain
are safe with me my friend.
You may not know it yet
But-I ask that you not forget
that although I am older
maybe you can try to see
that I am like you and you are like me...
in some small but important ways.
Continue to write your grief on paper,
on computer screens and on tablets,
keeping yourself open like a window
during all the seasons of your Life.
Carry on expressing yourself to others
some can help or maybe even relate...
this process drains away the sorrows
thus strengthening you just enough
to gain the courage and the will-
to go on...ready to face another day.

Written for Jess on February 18 2008.

Shelley L Baxter

**** Seasons Change.**

On a lazy Sunday afternoon,
the sun shone so brightly...
appearing like a large blazing
iridescent quarter.

.

Hovering over the quiet city,
the glowing sphere gave so much,
life to the dull muted blue sky,
so much warmth-and promise!

To the old woman whose body
earlier had been aching...
and whose mind was sluggish...
this was just what she needed.

The sun and the feeling that summer
was arriving soon whisked away
the memory of her 'Winter' days,
suspended in mid-air-it gave her Joy!

While Glistening into the windows
of her tired and weary soul...
she stood up in one brisk move
on the rickety weathered balcony.

Although Her perennials had not yet
surfaced, Myra began removing foliage
from her cracked chipped window box...
all while smiling and singing happily.

Taking it all in...breathing deeply,
yet softly, the old woman realized,
she had made it through again,
another year passed-without her late friend.

Written on February 28th 2008.

Shelley L Baxter

***** ** I Could Say Goodbye Tonight.**

Its Goodbye for awhile,
...but not forever my friends.
I will still think of you...and
one day we'll start again.

I just cannot be around
as I have so much to do.
Life is passing me by
so for now we are through.

We may not agree but...
for me, thats alright,
as long as its not forever,
I can say goodbye tonight.

Freedom and purpose
are calling my name...
Just wasting time now,
gives me too much pain.

So tomorrow when you read
that I have stood up to fight!
Pray for me if you will but...
just know I'll be Alright.

Written May 2008.

Shelley L Baxter

*** ** One Of Gods Gift...

Cold Marble slabs of unpolished,
precious stone that shapes not
in thy hands even when co-erced...
even when a vision for it is known.

It holds the shape it began with,
its hard to change an ill sighted state...
or the beautiful slanted mound that only
nature creates effortlessly...

Written May 6th 2008.

Shelley L Baxter

*** **** ***** Let Me Love U.....

Let me Love you as the night loves the stars
that illuminate way off in a distance on dark nights.
Let me Love you with my thoughts as I wake on a cloud
from a quiet lonely sleep perfumed with times spent
with you and me together in my memory.

Let me Love you with my emotions as I reach out
to you in my heart, sending you peace and happiness
from day till night until we meet up again on a quiet
distant shore...amongst only sand and palms,
beneath a tree where the two of us can become one.

Let me Love you...you will see then we are still made
for one another like love for a letter, like two spoons
in a drawer left all alone in the dark...day in and day out.
Oh, let me Love you with my eyes as I swoop down to admire
your face, the nape of your neck and let me gaze into your pretty eyes.

Oh, please just let me Love you a little more again each day,
as I profess my Love for you in bottles that bob and float,
down crisp, clear streams that flow from the downpours of heaven
over silver lined clouds that babble and roar over the fall, plunging deep
until their standing in still waters awaiting your precious hands.

Let me love you as I already do over the chasm of time...
above the clouds in the sky that grow dim as the day advances.
Don't be afraid for I'm willing to take the plunge...I will take the chances.
I plead with God to hurl me to earth to be by your side once more, then I
pray, that you Let me Love you, just as I did many times before.

Written August 5th 2008.

Shelley L Baxter

*** **a Splash Of Thoughts.

Do you hear the laughter of the blades
blowing in rolling hills that plunge deep
into the depths of fresh green meadows?

Do the pebbles that are soaking
below the bubbling brooks surface
in ways that make you smile with delight?

Do you cringe with anger or giggle
with immaturity, appreciating your safety...
after a mudslide bathes in your once pristine pond?

Do you know you can handle...and find purpose
in almost anything, with a dash of hope...and
a teaspoon of Faith and a tiny dose of wonder?

Written May,1st,2008

Shelley L Baxter

*** A Portrait Of Erica...

Her black hair pulled back loosely,
flowing like a long shiny crimped mane,
with a few strands all about her withdrawn face.
My God, please take care of this teenager...

Beautiful sad brown soulful eyes,
peer through long natural eyelashes,
that have been sprayed numerous times with tears.
My God, please take care of this troubled young lady.

Wearing dark well fit clothes that are in style,
current trends up with the times, fashionable,
she still appears awkward and her demeanor unsure.
My God, please take care of your lost child.

Walking carefully with one foot slightly turned in,
she appears to be suffering physically and emotionally,
well a little bit of both...each has deeply scarred her.
My God, I thank you for pulling her through once more...

The hospital now...not far in the distance,
she lifts her eyes to the skys for a moment,
just long enough to say to me 'Yes, I will be ok for today.'
My God, please give her Hope to sustain her...Always.

Written May 7th 2007.

Shelley L Baxter

*** There Are No Words.

My Love for you has no boundaries,
no stop signs and no green lights,
that pass from here to the planets,
into a great abyss beyond the heavens.
It is a Love that nourishes me and
one that you say fills up any void within you.
Although, I Always claim there are no words
or actions that could express this feeling...
I am attempting to write of my admiration for you,
in cards, poems and by my gestures I try to show you.
I try to faithfully and lovingly enhance our relationship
further and further until it seems that we will
be bound with an invisible rope made of concrete.
You make the grey days shiny like a brand new dime...
Your Smile lights up my world when times are tough.
Thank you my Love...but once again, I feel there are no words
to explain how much I truly Love and Respect You.

Written February 2008

Shelley L Baxter

****** *****sweet Inspiration*******

Coffee and orange juice left me with a zany feeling
as the dawn rose up like a butterfly
bursting its way out of its cocoon.
The globe ascended on the horizon...and
all stars withered from the sky on the island of Lanai.
Mesmerized by the view and the drone of the radio,
I clumsily knocked over my teacup of blueberry's
onto my plain muesli, which was now covered
with many different sizes and hues of blue...and
suddenly...my next oil painting titled...
'Breakfast on the Lanai ' materialized in my head...
after just moments earlier feeling bogged
down by tired artiscally deprived thoughts.

Written July 25 2008.

Shelley L Baxter

*****-* Set Your Soul Soaring....

I know now, how it can be,
that even before death,
the soul can soar free.
Free, like the wind,
above towering trees,
happy and content in
the knowledge to just be.
When you know your
purpose as it unfolds,
there is nothing like
the power that haunts
you...from the unknown.
To peek at your future,
having faith it will come true.
Living now as though...
that day has surfaced,
for me and for you.
Go now soul! Be peaceful!
Float free...For this
day is upon you now,
simply because,
you chose to not let
your inhibitions jail you...and
you set your ship out to sea.

Written April 26th 2008

Shelley L Baxter

******* ** ***** Destination...Heaven.*******

My love for you Mitsy is like an ocean...it is...
Large as Life itself and full of ripples.
The breeze captured my Love for you...
spreading it like a wildfire to the shore.

As the days and weeks go by once more,
I swear I will never forget you or replace you.
Your canine soul shall not just stand waiting patiently
until I get there...instead you will be busy.

Standing tall at the pearly gates proud...
and full of Life until one day my presence has risen high...
to meet you while you wag your tail,
opening Gods book of Life with your paws.

I pray one day you will be eagerly searching
to find my name...your earth moms name.
You see even though you no longer can be
there as my Shadow...as my good friend.

You have an even Greater purpose now
which is to you run from cloud to cloud...
sliding down raindrops every once in awhile,
to say hello, letting your presence be known.

Then prancing again to tirelessly follow Jesus...
Loyal and sweet as you were to us...your family.
We love you 'tippy toes' and we miss our Mitsy Moo...
You grew tired & sick-So God chose paradise for you.

Written In memory of
Mitsy Baxter~July,4,1991-August 1 2008~
She was a very Special & Amazing four legged family member
of whom we will miss till we meet up again...in Heaven.

Shelley L Baxter

***** What A Feeling.

Here I am again,
staring into the willows,
wishing I were like a tree.
A light breeze would blow
swiftly through my limbs.
Nature scents of rain and
a soiled ground below...but
I could not run to clean,
as the winds now whips
through me tossing
my branches effortlessly
to and fro...
Scattered leaves would
lie beneath my torso,
yet I would Stand Strong.
My roots would nurture,
grounding me securely,
into one peaceful place.
I'd have freedom to just be.
Then, I'd be a part of nature.
So there would be nowhere
I'd need to go...and...
no where I'd need to be.
I need not go anywhere.
I need not do anything.

Written on March 4th 2008.

Shelley L Baxter

******* Just For Today...**

Just for today I will start my day the right way
Just for today I will pray on my knees
Just for today I will be thankful for all my treasures
Just for today I will lean more into His understanding.

Just for today I will be confident and share my heart
Just for today I will not be afraid
Just for today I will Love myself unconditionally
just for today I will extend grace to all I know.

Just for today I will be BOLD and Courageous
Just for today I will share my hopes and dreams
Just for today I will listen to others as well...
and just for today I will help others succeed.

Just for today I will accept myself for who I am
Just for today I will work on my gifts...and
Just for today I will extend a hand to a fellow man
Just for today I will know God put me on this earth to Give.

Written July 9 2008

Shelley L Baxter

******* *the Light White Wings Of Time.***

Time flies with the wings of white
very weightless light feathers.
They surround us and cool us at times
all while flapping furiously to
destinations unknown to us
somewhat delicate creatures.

Time waits for no one just as one
never sees a bird in flight stop...
without dropping because of death...
or on account of an obstacle that
spans in its way halting its trip swiftly...
making it crash to the ground below.

If time could be paused and I could change
the wings of time...I would direct the bird to
flit softly to the ground...or onto silent purple ponds
...and turbulent deep black seas would cease to be.
If only I could turn back the wings of time...

Written June 23 2008

Shelley L Baxter

*****i Would Take A Day Like That...

Have you seen a weeping willow
whose leaves are still, quiet and at peace?
A palm along a lonely shore
that moves not...there's no breeze.

I would take a day like that most days
even if boredom reigned supreme.
I would take a day like that today
where change and tragedy's lives in dreams.

I would prefer just nothingness today
where theres no hurt or pain in sight.
Where the tides don't turn and life is bland...
where theres no surprises or strife in Life.

I miss those days where nothing changes,
where just the status quo is met.
Where monotony and habits run...
from dawn to dusk and peace is kept.

written on January 15th 2008

Shelley L Baxter

*****sweet Inspiration...

Coffee and orange juice left me with a zany feeling
as the dawn rose up like a butterfly
bursting its way out of its cocoon.
The globe ascended on the horizon...and
all stars withered away on the island of Lanai.
Mesmerized by the view and the drone of the radio,
I clumsily knocked over my teacup of blueberry's
onto my plain muesli, which was now covered
with many different sizes and hues of blue...and
suddenly...a painting titled 'Breakfast' materialized.

Shelley L Baxter

*****do You See Your Blessings?

If everything is All Good,
All of the Time.
Then we will not
appreciate everyday...and,
many of our blessings
will go unnoticed and
....unappreciated.

Shelley L Baxter

*******make Your Choice...**

Always stand up tall.

Wipe away all tears.

Close the book on your fears.

Hold all Life and loved ones Dear.

For tomorrow can unfold like a present...

now, take the step and choose faith not fear.

written April,3,2007. (To You)

Shelley L Baxter

*****8 Please Understand.

' I Regret the words I said to you,
the way I acted has made me blue.
When you saw me out that day
know I looked different-
didn't know what to say...
Even though my head was high,
I felt so bad but I didn't sigh...
held my tongue within my cheek,
turned my back on the questions you seek...
Unfortunately I shrunk inside,
to a place where only one can hide.
You can find me anywhere-
I can't run so it is not fair!
You know my thoughts and all my dreams,
even things that maybe seem-
to hold me down and drown my soul,
I ask you lord to make me whole.
So the next time that I speak to you-
Please understand I'm sometimes blue.
That I will try to change "MY" fate-
When I accept your love...
I'm through the gate! '

Shelley L Baxter

****just A Love Poem*****

The emotions are real
of the pain you see...
they may be misconstrued
but that may also just be...
by my planned design.

You think i've forgotten
exactly who you are...
they may think my hearts
gone astray...but we both
know its still yours today.

Don't let time tell a tall tail
read between the lines...
you will know I'm still for real.
Love transcends to other things
so that there is less pain in reality.

So know in your heart
though we cannot be...
you once made my Life complete.
you once knew and still you know...
that my lonely heart longs for you..

Written July 30 2004

Shelley L Baxter

****a Prayer Of Faith For A Special Lady...**

Peace fills the air as she rolls on her back
She got through it, She is alive and she thanks Him for that!
It may loom in the mind of her loved ones today
but soon it will vanish all signs of illness will fade.

Don't focus on it...for there is solace in Peace.
There is vision in health and hope moves her feet!
Then when she feels better and she starts to dream...
anticipation will fill her heart and Life will get Sweet.

For in the years to come She will begin to persist...
there will only be Faith and an abundance of Health.
There is happiness in visions that will make her fluid,
that makes her pliable, ready to change and just do it.

Written February 2008.

Shelley L Baxter

***1* Never Stop Believing.**

Wow, finally I am dreaming again!
Staying awake and scheming again!
Reading, praying and figuring things out,
hearing answers rain down from a spout.

I know my heart says I have heard it before,
however I know the change in me opened the door.
Visualizing, hoping and believing your wisdom,
The whispers are Louder, once more I can hear them!

Believing in Him and proper action are paying off now,
knowing If I continue He will Always show me how!
So reach out, reach up, grab onto Hopes hands...
knowing in your heart it is time to make Your stand!

Written at 1 am Feb,4,2008.

Shelley L Baxter

***4* Gone Too Soon**

Your embrace was not familiar,
yet I comfort you in my arms,
as I am gazing at your picture,
I still feel the magic of your charm.

Desperately searching in pools of chocolate,
puddles of brown I will call your eyes.
I am swimming in your sockets, trying to peak into their depths,
getting weary of looking for the answers, all the ones you only kept.

I am sinking in your senses embracing the world
through your sad loving eyes.
My eyes are viewing the pain you felt,
things that hurt you so much inside...

I don't know what I am seeing,
Still I know you loved and felt so much.
I am wishing I could find the answers,
and the reasons why you chose to die.

You kicked the chair right over,
and you fell into mid air...
OH MY GOD—I wish you saved him from himself,
dear Lord...oh Lord we cared.

Michael if you seen the church today,
from the chapel in the sky,
Oh God, my friend, if you had known the torment we would feel inside, only
standing room left, as we paid tribute to your life...

My heart has grown wearier, since I said our last goodbye.
You were so young in age, yet your wisdom well beyond your years, gave you
insight maybe you didn't want,
knowing your nights were filled with tears.

I am looking at your picture, staring directly in your eyes,
I see the pain and innocence, and run my fingers through your afro...
I close my eyes, and sigh, oh it hurts me so,
that you felt you had to say goodbye.

(In memory of a very special sweet young man with the kindest of hearts and one of the most handsome of faces./Michael Stephen Simon June 29,87-April,21,05/Written on May 1 2005.)

Shelley L Baxter

***4* My Love Wont Say Goodbye.**

I'll dream of you tonight as you have said you do.
We will hold each other tight Until the day is new.
When the dawn begins to break...I'll cradle you no more,
imagined kisses on my neck, My heart will no longer soar.

My eyes will squint into the light; my ears will reject the drone-
of a radio out of sight ~ I'll review my dreams alone.
For it was only moments ago that my dreams had kept me warm,
with night now only lingering....In my head they'll do no harm.

If they could see into our dreams, they would not be so glad.
Although harmless, our relations would make them sad.
We did not try to fall in Love, Love just reared its head one day...
Love came to life, fit like a glove, now it's here to stay.

I'll hold you there inside my heart and mind until the day I die,
Your loves so grand, makes me feel great so much so that I sigh.
There is nothing left to say except on my Love you can rely...
on the words that we will never speak, still my love won't say goodbye.

Written December 17th 2004.

Shelley L Baxter

***4* Shades Of Grey.**

I am truly sorry...
for the hurt I bring to you.
For I know that when you're happy
one look at me and your blue too.

I cannot seem to control my pain,
put a 'Real smile' upon my face,
even when I try so hard sadness
is etched into my grace.

Your eyes hold such happiness,
contentment like I have known,
spring to your step and joyfulness
like most my life has shown.

Now all I see are shades of grey.
The shadows have stolen my soul.
Falling on my knee's now lord...
my prayer is to be made whole.

Sigh~even my faith does not get through
when my heart is heavy laden.
Depression like I never knew
has released my heart to hating.

I will place my pen upon my desk.
My throbbing head into my hands,
I will close my eyes and seek (Him) ...
in hopes of waking from barren lands.

Written in March of 2005.

Shelley L Baxter

***we'Re All The Same...**

It was a day like all others.
Yet, one I wont forget and
when I looked at her
I noticed though beautiful
that she was also normal.
She walked and talked,
laughed and shouted,
when someone surprised her
she even looked astounded.
When she woke in the morn
she had sleep in her eyes,
she held the night on her breath,
while last nights meal and regrets
showed on her thighs.
It was then that I realized
that even the movie stars
singers and sports figures
famous as they were or are,
fuss and worry shedding tears
when stressed or grow weary.
We all have blood that pumps,
dreams that long to be lived,
nightmares we run from...
and just so many minutes
God allots us left to live.
So, if you ever question
the differences of men, woman...
and children, famous or not,
please know in your hearts that we
are all the same inside...and that
when we cut ourselves
we all bleed red blood.

Written on February 24th 2008.

Shelley L Baxter

...Sweet Inspiration...

Coffee and orange juice left me with a zany feeling
as the dawn rose up like a butterfly
bursting its way out of its cocoon.
The globe ascended on the horizon...and
all stars withered away on the island of Lanai.
Mesmerized by the view and the drone of the radio,
I clumsily knocked over my teacup of blueberry's
onto my plain muesli, which was now covered
with many different sizes and hues of blue...and
suddenly...a painting titled 'Breakfast' materialized.

Shelley L Baxter

~3 Fear Flew Away...

Its so hard to be strong
when 'Strength' has ran away
to a place just out of reach
I pray 'it' will come back one day.

Heard some news that saddened me
prayed to God for 'strength' to come
and sit and and visit me on top
a mound of fear far away from psalms.

The fear it kept me up this night
of losing someone dear to me
someone who mere knowing was sick
it pulled at me as it shredded me.

My eyes close now as my fingers
found the familiar well worn keys and...
as I drift off to sleep, I feel God
pick me up, then lay me down to sleep.

Shelley L Baxter

1~ Beautiful...Maybe?

The water is still and tranquil
making you feel free and at peace.
There is a hint of a wave from a minnow,
yet the quiet is almost deafening.
To the naked ear and eye,
the scene is inviting and pleasant,
you might even want to jump in and explore
the cool blue pool in a clothesless suit.
Wade in, let the ripples your body creates surround you.
Don't forget this piece of heaven on earth
that entices you can be dangerous.
Thus, while the beauty draws you into it's depth,
know that even though its calm now~
if you underestimate its power...it can drown you.

Written on february 12th 2008

Shelley L Baxter

11* Give Me A Vision.

Lord let me do something that glorifies you.
Please give me a vision that only I can do,
being so far away from the promised land,
I know I need you to take me by the hand.
To lead me and guide me to places where you want me to be,
to have me do and say all things you want to speak through me-
for Lord, I am an open vessel waiting to understand your plans.
Lord you are the only one who can show me where to take My stand.

Written January 30th 2008

Shelley L Baxter

20* You'Re All Around Me.

I look around me, then I see,
What you have meant to me.
It took me a lifetime just to find you,
Lord what am I to do?
They say true love's a small part of life,
I know they say I'll be all right,
but you're all around me...
You're all I see.

You are the tree that stands before,
the river that flows forever more,
the bird that fly's so high...
within the branches of my life.
Lord what am I to do?
Don't want to say goodbye to you
Cause your all around me...
You're all I see.

Written October 4th 2004.
(This is my only published poem so far.)
(Published in november 2004)

Shelley L Baxter

3* I Am Not Equipped For This.

Oh Lord, I am not equipped
to walk this earth in pain.
The worlds hurting and I am too
Please take my hand again.

Oh Lord I will walk with U in faith
I'll follow the orders you whisper.
The world is dark and I'm afraid
Please take my hand again.

Oh Lord, I know it wont be long
even if a thousand years slip by.
The things I see will Always be...
til you come back and set us free.

Oh Lord, I know I shant be weary,
while the Years seem to pass like seconds,
the earth shatters and death may be near...
but Please guide us Lord to Trust not fear.

Written February,1,2008

Shelley L Baxter

5* And Then I Woke Up

In the harsh reality of daylight
our future does not seem as bright
as it did when moonlit rays
were shining on your face.

Nothing is hidden everything is seen
all other feelings fall between
as your lovely eyes in the moonlit rays...
so breathtaking to all who sees.

As our night turns to day
no other feelings have a say,
for the first time I am left alone.
You are off with a loved one of whom,
I have just now laid eyes upon...

Now, I have met the one you hide,
the one you said you left behind.
Your eyes are not as brilliant!
The lies in your face shine through!
I now know to continue to live...

I must say goodbye to you!
All this...In the harsh reality of daylight.

Shelley L Baxter

A Cold Heart

Reckless with Abandon,
scared and showing fright...
There are no horizons
which he wants to see tonight.
Darkness pushes its way
into a heart grown cold,
traces of light no longer gleam...
His fairy tale is no longer lived, or told

Shelley L Baxter

A Heavenly Union.

She will make you pray to God for her
she is beauty in all its glory
she is someone loved by all
an endless passion like all men dream of...

He is strength personified
He will embrace you with his love
he will pursue you like the moon
courts dark, cloudless star kissed skies...

Together they are meant to be
together their Love does shine
together they will rise hand and hand
their Love spoke of until the end of time...

Written September 20 the 2007.

Shelley L Baxter

A Mighty Warrior.

I am a mighty warrior.
I stand tall with Godly pride.
If you ask me what I'm doing here
I will answer all in stride.

Spiritually crawling like a baby
till I reached out for his hand,
no longer basking in the doldrums
realize now it's not Gods plan.

Now I'm faithful and Courageous-
discipline a huge part of my armor.
I never knew I was his princess...
made to shine and bring him honor!

So if you ask me whets my purpose
I will tell you BOLD and clearly!
It is to gather up lost Angels
to testify how to live and Love Him dearly!

Written on April 12th 2007.

Shelley L Baxter

A Palette Of Red And Gold

Hand and hand we walk in silence
no words need pass our lips
Feeling content and alive...
we are taken aback by Gods gifts.

A fresh cool breeze whips round us
inflating our light jackets to capacity
they rise and fall against our beings
making us appear thick and then thin.

Lost in the moment I cuddle closer
placing my head under your arm
we wander on a palette of red and gold
as leaves blow and circle our feet.

I stop and turn towards you
so I can kiss your soft sweet lips
now reduced to a puddle...
I am found pooled beneath your feet.

In this moment nothing else exists
as we gaze into each others eyes
not taking notice of the clouds forming
or the calming sound of foliage rustling.

Birds flit through over hanging branches
scantily clad with leaves waiting to be released;
from summer days not long past...
touched by natures beauty-we embrace.

Shelley L Baxter

A Place To Treasure...

There is a place that I call my own
It's a place I treasure and can be alone.
It's somewhere I can go to just be free...
Where I can become exactly what I want to be.

Do you visit this place inside of your mind?
It's a place where most everyone can find.
A quiet solarium where God can teach,
No TV's or cells a place no one can reach.

A room filled with white, champagne cream and lace.
Or is your refuge a colourful place?
Purples, pinks, blue, green and teal shades like no other?
Such a beautiful world we all can discover!

A special place to retreat or just go to hide.
When times are tough and it feels better inside.
We can reach for God and acknowledge he's there.
He can open up doors-oh yes he does care!

Display sunshine when only clouds are seen,
I know we all wonder sometimes where has he been?
To you my friend I say he is there!
And yes, no matter what you did, Yes he does care!

He is in the smile on your loved ones face,
He is in the love you feel from an embrace,
He is sitting beside you as you take a nap~
Stroking your hair and cradling your cap...

Yes, a healthy dose of Faith brings heaven to you,
It's called meditation and prayer and its there for you too,
and in case you don't know where to start, talk to the Lord
and the answers will fill your mind and heart!

Shelley L Baxter

A Soulmate.

A soul mate is what I'm searching for,
A soul mate is what I seek,
A soul mate is what could be...
At the end of every street.

My soul mate should be loving,
My soul mate should be kind,
My soul mate and I'd love unconditionally...
No matter what we find.

I'd give to them my only heart,
I'd give to them my love.
I'd give to them all that they sought,
In their prayers to God above.

They would share with me their secrets,
I'd share with them my fears,
They'd hold me close and whisper words,
We would wipe each other's tears.

It seems I find them everywhere; it seems I find their traits!
It seems I find their likelihood, but in the end they just don't rate.
I know I need to start again, to find that special one.
I know I need to regain my strength, to seek my 'Warm balmy sun...'

A soul mate is what we're searching for...
A soul mate is what we will find!
A soul mate is close as our next breath...
If we leave unnecessary expectation behind!

Written on February 21st 2005.

Shelley L Baxter

A Story Of Love

They made so many memories,
some of them untold, yet almost all enjoyed.
Their last mementos together were
not so lovely, some of them devastatingly sad.
Still she thanks God for all of them...
even their last one that broke her heart.
She thanks Him because now he is free of pain.
Although she pleaded to let her story book
Love not die and for him to be healthy again,
fasting and praying until the bitter end.
She lost her long time husband to the grave.
One day when the pain of loss is not so fresh,
when her account of their hopes and dreams
are no longer of this earth because she too is gone.
When one day she is by Jerry's side flying high again.
Their Love will still go down in history and it will go on.
It has and will with stand the test of time as a
Splendid most beautiful Love story...
their Love is to be admired and remembered,
for it was and still is a Love to be learned from,
a Love to be duplicated in its entirety,
for theirs was tested and still through health and
in sickness it still stands on its own...as True.

(July 22nd 2007/Written for Fran Williams in memory of my wonderful cousin
Jerry Williams who passed away on July 21st of this year...)

Shelley L Baxter

A Sweet Summer Song

As purple blossoms glisten in the rain,
the birds chirp their sweet summer song.
Lingering scents of lilac delights my senses,
so I close my eyes and ponder thoughts of you.
I hear the hum of racing cars speeding to unknown places.
Loud vehicles hauntingly surreal yet far off in a distance.
As I lean back in the lounge submerging myself
into natures enchanting chirps,
the light misty drizzle lands on my exposed skin,
each tiny dropp fills me with endless hope!
A new season has begun with blue skies and happiness;
the heavens open up and shine on me!
While the world goes by I dream of you!
I know you're the one for me....
I feel so blessed that you have been waiting for me too!

(June 9th 2005)

Shelley L Baxter

A True Friendship.

We have never shared a genuine Smile,
a Smile that starts with the lips...
then travels up to the eyes,
putting a gleam where vacant eyes once were.

We have never shared a Sincere laugh,
one that begins way down in the belly...
causing it to heave and tighten til it reaches the chest
and erupts loadly and uncontrollably out of a open mouth.

We have never really shared,
a difficult time that makes us weep,
therefore not opening ourselves up to be comforted...
those tears bind one to another in amazing ways.

Without sharing these things,
we have never never truly experienced,
the essence of each other character and true being,
or the weakness within that many times we hide.

When we laugh, cry or Smile, real Smiles,
it says so much about who we are as people.
So please, just open the door just enough,
to let our acquaintance flow into a 'true' friendship.

Shelley L Baxter

An Answer To Your Question.

Is it advise or just amusement you seek today?
Do you dislike the fact that we all have different callings or...
do you believe we all have a chance to be better in everyway?

For Yes, we are all created equal this is one fact thats true,
Do you try to hard to be something your not,
do you realize you may be harbouring YOUR gifts in you?

Is it known to you that though were all the same...
We all hold different things dear to our hearts that makes Us *Shine*
We all can affect our future but First You need to start!

For though these ideas are just random thoughts...
Do you realize equality and talent is not enough?
Do you know your future good or bad...is up to you?

So, accept the facts and make the change be it BIG or small.
For like it or not, it is up to us...as to whether we stoop or stand tall.
For no matter who you are~We are ALL equipped to do it all!

Written February 14th 2008.

Shelley L Baxter

As She Were, Could I Also Be, And Share As She?

If only I could write as she
touching the very heart of thee...
drawing poets in with every word.
She writes with the carelessness
of water flowing from a fall that
spirals down to a distant cool blue pool.

If only I could write as she
tugging at the senses of thee...
adoring readers flocking to her visions.
She pens with a quill and a giant vat
of violet ink that ebbs and swells
calligraphy onto a compact yellow pad.

As she were, could I also be, and share as she?
I Could Convey a truth filled message that
'I have loved hours at Sea' or how 'A prayer'
to which one can ponder brings peace...
I could share the song ones heart sings 'Only in Sleep'
and Yes, 'The dreams of my heart' and hers
grow fonder 'Alone' and 'At Sea.'

(April 10th,2007-Tribute to Sarah Teasdale 1884-1933)

Shelley L Baxter

At The End Of The Day.

I think Some things are too beautiful to understand...

and some things are not meant to be understood...

one must Maybe? ...Give up trying to receive answers and just accept those feelings as fact.

The Joy, Love, pain, confusion... and whatever other emotions...

and just know that that is how it is...and that those feelings might never change...

but we should just be happy we Had or Have them...

and we should just KNOW that this life is not a rehearsal...

and Live knowing our time here is short.

We should also realize that if we feel strongly about something...

perhaps even strongly about someone...

that we should never be afraid to share it, to feel it...

again Life is Short.

If we still have air in our lungs and we still inhabit this earth

Then I believe we still have a purpose to fulfill...

what do we want our future to look like? What don't we want?

At the end of the day...what do we want our present to be?

Shelley L Baxter

Deception

Illustrious heavenly lights
casts their mirror like reflection
upon the depths of the calm blue.
Shining within the glass like darkness
with the intensity of a dim bulb
in a room without a view.
Noticing only what one wishes to see,
not the funnel clouds slowly rearing their heads high above~
or the aggressive creatures lurking directly below.
Instead one sees the beautiful tranquil surroundings
and wonders if he is not blessed to gaze upon such beauty.

Shelley L Baxter

Denial...

Your younger lips speak words
of wisdom-which torture my soul.
Words when left on their own,
Make me feel aglow...

If only your words were all you had
all actions-which you exude
would not make me feel as glad.
My emotions out the window.

So take your whispers and your winks,
every emotion-that you think!
For you are from a class below
don't make me long to return to go...

For I am one who has seen so much
my experiences-just beyond your reach.
Even pure bliss I shall deny
had I met you not I wouldn't sigh.

So go away with your callow self,
release me-from your green advances.
For even if we are in love-
I must resist your advances...

Written October,26,2004

Shelley L Baxter

Depression

My mind is numb and I feel lethargic,
I can not think straight,
Like a plane set on auto pilot,
I go through the motions of the day,
without even pondering specific thoughts.
I have been here before...
but not like this~it hurts so bad.
My face distorted and cold,
I reach out to you in hopes,
You will save me too-
as I have saved others, numerous times,
or at least that is what they claim.
My shoulders are slumped and sore.
Pain runs like electricity through my veins,
affecting me like a cold windy rain storm,
paralizes and pierces the skin-
til I am chilled to the bone...
or at least that is how it feels.
My feet can not carry me no more,
because I am unsure of what is in store,
for my life and my sense of well being
has officially flown out the window.
I wander on foot all around hoping...
I will find the me that longs to be found.
My body now weary and weak,
I have run from the things that I feel I must seek.
For me there is nothing more,
until the puzzle I am building is restored...
finished in a way that brings peace.

(2006)

Shelley L Baxter

Destination...Heaven.

My love for you Mitsy is like an ocean...it is...
Large as Life itself and full of ripples.
The breeze captured my Love for you... spreading it like a wildfire to the shore.

As the days and weeks go by once more,
I swear I will never forget you or replace you.
Your canine soul shall not just stand waiting patiently
until I get there...instead you will be busy.

Standing tall at the pearly gates proud...
and full of Life until one day my presence has risen high...
to meet you while you wag your tail,
opening Gods book of Life with your paws.

I pray one day you will be eagerly searching
to find my name...your earth moms name.
You see even though you no longer can be
there as my Shadow...as my good friend.

You have an even Greater purpose now
which is to you run from cloud to cloud...
sliding down raindrops every once in awhile,
to say hello, letting your presence be known.

Then prancing again to tirelessly follow Jesus...
Loyal and sweet as you were to us...your family.
We love you 'tippy toes' and we miss our Mitsy Moo...
You see my chosen scenary for you...is Paradise!

Written In memory of
Mitsy Baxter~July,4,1991-August 1 2008~
She was a very Special & Amazing four legged family member
of whom we will miss till we meet up again...in Heaven.

Shelley L Baxter

Do You Hear Me Whisper To You?

My whispering heart still cries for you..
It may be with regret and pain
that I will think of you again today
Still I have no choice...your in my
heart for good no matter what I do...
no matter what you have done...or even what you
you did not say...or can't say anymore to me.

My heart will Always know I love you
my weary mind knows I adored you
still today you never fade away...
after many years without your voice
your friendship or your presence
here on this precious sphere we call home.

As I look up now in the darkness of night
I still see your smiling face looming over me,
I still wish I felt your embrace...just once more.
My hope is for you to feel the aura of my Love
upon your soul that lingers in heaven...and
mostly, I pray...Do you hear me whisper to you?

As I pull you close with memories
As I smile at you from my perch on a deck
you never laid foot on...as I reach out
my hands to throw kisses to the heavens,
As I reach out to embrace the vision of you
I still hold in my heart today...I pray.

I pray now...to the Lord that you feel my Love
even though we laid you to rest six years ago...
Though nothing I can do can bring you back to us,
even though I can not erase that dreaded day...
when you kicked over the chair...suspending...
your lifeless...tall lean, handsome body in mid air.

I loved you then...and nothing has changed.
I will continue to whisper to you in the breeze...
through quietness, though chaotic thoughts...

through restlessness and pain and loss.
I plead with you to send a sign...crying now,
I ask...Do you hear me whisper to you?

Written July 31st 2008.

Shelley L Baxter

Do You See Your Blessings?

If everything is All Good,
All the Time.
Then we will not know how
to appreciate everyday...and,
Many of our blessings
will go unnoticed and
....unappreciated.

Shelley L Baxter

Don'T Tell Me...

Will I be the next one they look at
lying cold as ice, pasty-not white
by myself all alone?

Even though unpreparedness
reigns supreme through the darkness
the light may not show...

for awhile for them.
God, please don't tell me
for I really don't want to know.

Will I be the next one they mourn
heads stooped low, no eyes shown.
them feeling alone...

while my soul lingers in mid air.
My earthly face displaying an unfamiliar stare
their head on a chest grown still.

Their tear stained face buried
in a place that inhabits me no more.
God, please don't tell me

for I really don't want to know.

A cold draft sweeps over my feet
and I sit and wonder is this intuition
that whispers and writes through me?

Then I pray for it to be me
so I never have to know this pain again!
Lord let this gaunt haunting face

be ME and not a loved one I know
God! Please don't tell me...
for I really don't want to know!

And God please take me

so its not me missing them...
but Them missing Me.

Shelley L Baxter

Emotions (Acrostic)

Boiling over with sudden extreme Anger
Only wondering not really knowing
I only suspect dishonesty
Letting my suspicions take hold of me
I prepare for my plan of attack
Not knowing where my questions will lead
Going to a private hell where trust is out of reach

Overly hurt and utterly disgusted
Very sickening feelings flood my mind.
Every thing I thought I knew, I now question
Ready to give up and say enough is enough!

Shelley L Baxter

Enabling...

If you dislike us so much
why do you want to be
around us anyway?

Nothing we can do for you
no words we can say
can change your mind anyway.

You never forgive
yet you long to be forgiven...
We forgave you too many times.

Your drug, alcohol and psych issues,
cannot be solved or resolved by us...
Heard the woe is me story too many times.

You must go get help because
We realize we cannot help you...
nor do we choose to enable you anymore.

Your Love/hate attitude towards us hurts.
Your abuse will not be tolerated...
We choose to not let you Hurt us anymore.

Shelley L Baxter

Everyday I Die A Little More...

Passion sizzles inside my veins
from what sources I can't explain.
To see your presence standing there...
to feel the warmth from your wanting stare.

(chorus)

Everyday I die a little more
When I say goodbye and...
walk out the door.
Yes, everyday I die a little more.

Reflect that it's wrong to feel this way,
from my head right to my toes Today...
Lightening electrifies...goes through
the floor...only to ignite in me once more.

(Chorus)

Yes, Everyday I die a little more
When I have to say no...
walk out the door.
Yes, everyday it hurts a little more.

Your Loving hands in mine.
Your kissing feels divine.
But your not ...Your not mine.
So trail your hands back to your sides.
Just walk away and say Goodbye.
I say Good-Byeee...No tears to cry.

Because every day I die a little more.
When I say goodbye...
Walk out the door.
No longer will I die inside.
Fore now I know...
I have to say Goodbye.

I wrote this as a song in December of 2004.

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Shelley L Baxter

Follow His Lead.

Sunlight streams through the windshield,
As I drive into the sunrise of life,
The beam of the spotlight although bright,
Doesn't compare to the beauty of the moon tonight.

Embracing the future with each turn of the wheel,
As I dream and wonder if my path is right,
The sunshine encourages me to stay warm as the sun,
Till the sun sets on this life, I will remain on the run.

God knows my destination at the end of the road,
As I strive to stay focused and stay totally aware,
Are the clues he is uncovering leading me to you?
Could you be my future that My Lord finds true?

Shelley L Baxter

Forever Yours

U say you hold me in your heart
yet you choose to see me no more.

U say you Love who I am
still my ring to U, remains on the floor.

U once held me tight
like one who trys to hold sand.

U forget sometimes and make me feel I am yours
then you stand by their side and make plans.

U cant tell me its not true that a moth
entranced by light has no choice.

I am not naive or like an ostrich
that keeps my head in the sand to avoid.

U, in my heart are still the one for me,
that said, just know I will always be, forever Yours.

(2006)

Shelley L Baxter

Free Of The Illusion.

That look you give so easily
the one that says, 'so what,
so who are you to me?
Don't you see I don't need you!
it's you that needs me.'

Your touch exposed me,
a touch I only heard about,
but never thought I would feel...
let alone be intuitive enough to see.
I do, I see! I so much wish...to be free.

Written December 27 2007

Shelley L Baxter

Freedom Anyone?

Money is not the be all
certainly is not the end all,
still financially free-we need to be!

When you find your purpose in life
Never let others sway you,
for they will never pay your bills
there will always be nay Sayers!

Without the bills to sustain us
without the coins to pay
many of our hopes and dreams
simply fade away...

Don't let hopes die at 25
your body buried at 70,
for that is no way to live
you'll miss life filled with plenty!

Unwritten books, music-potential!
Left on your scripts of Life!
Presents left unopened...
all cuz you did not choose Life!

Shelley L Baxter

Habits...

You ask me, why do I need Caffeine?
I got to tell ya it helps me stay awake.
From early morning til the end of day
my energy drinks are drank for that sake.
Without them most days my awareness would pay,
when evening comes and Iv'e had all I can take...
they're for times when all I wish to do is find a place to lay.
Thank God not everyday do I have to partake
in this ritual I will stop succumbing to...and one day slay.

Written on September,14th 2007.

Shelley L Baxter

I **** If The Walls Could Talk.**

If these four walls could fuss and fight
they would run away from me tonight.
They sense my thoughts are doom and gloom
I'd hear them yell, 'Just leaveThe room!
for you don't bring light with you today,
as you enter the moonlight goes away.
Your pain filled thoughts make this room cold.
Is your lonely heart to the devil sold?
Did clouds just form in your ceiling high?
Things arent that bad do you have to sigh?
I know your in pain and that your body hurts,
your heads throbbing, you don't feel alert.
This pain your in is not as bad...
as some others pain so STOP feeling sad! '

Shelley L Baxter

If I Could Change Things

I am at a loss, for the words to say,
for the pain you feel today.
I know this loss is harder then,
most difficult times along lifes way.
For if I could change things
please know I surely would...
for this great Man your grieving for,
the woman you called Dad; grandpa,
will remain in your hearts for good.

He is not really gone...
keep him alive in your memory,
til you meet again, many years from now,
in another land, a better place, In heaven.

(Written May 18th 2007.)

Shelley L Baxter

If It Were Up To Me

If it were up to me I wouldn't say goodbye
I would hold you close all throughout our lives.

If it were up to me I wouldn't let you hurt
I would kiss your lips, even your fingertips.

If it were up to me I wouldn't close my eyes
I would gaze at you until we laughed, then cried.

If it were up to me I would never say no
I would dance with you baby –nice and slow.

If it were up to me I wouldn't change you at all
I would hold you up never let you fall.

If it were up to me I would never let you die
I would caress your heart with our lullaby.

If it were up to me I wouldn't always cry...
I would never miss you until my dying –sigh.

Shelley L Baxter

If Only You Would Ask...

The Baby blue sky has opened,
moving further away are the clouds,
black, grey and threatening clouds move from sight,
just as white candy floss thick clouds arrive.
The mood is calming and the wind blows softly
through willow and poplar trees
that sway in the breeze...
through the country side,
through the tall lime green grasses.
The mood turns to moments of bliss,
that excites and fills one with hope.
Hope is the emotion that fills the imagination
refueling your dream tank so you can inhale rays
of confident expectation that make poets write
what they hope to be brilliant poetry...
Words that inspire and amaze others
all while inspiring and encouraging themselves
to do what it takes to make a difference.
Poems that remind us that although our moments may be few,
going by too quickly, that still we should make each count.
Inspiration that causes singers to sing so their audience swoon.
Vision that makes wood workers whittle Great masterpieces.
The most magnificent of gifts to share with others,
one discovers in the end after observing nature and pondering life...
is the gift of knowing that God wants to help us!
He wants to lead us to higher grounds,
if only we would allow him to do just that.
He wishes to plant a vision into your life that will nourish
and grow you in places you could never dream possible.
With that, I ask you to listen to the breeze whisper in your ear...
Watch the water fall... F a L L i n g and just open your hearts
to the fact that God has many gifts for you
to discover and experience if only you would ask...

Shelley L Baxter

Is It In U? ...

Selfishness is in you
been there since the day
your mother pushed you through.

Had me fooled most of the time,
the other half I try to forget what you've said
praying all the while you won't hurt me again.

Selfishness is not a permanent condition,
open your heart and set it free like a bird...
it CAN soar to the heavens into Gods hands.

((AND))

Just remember when you have the urge,
to be selfish you can say NO and let it go...
On that day I too can forget and WE can be free of it.

Without it we can live happily everafter...
not selfishly~not you first, not me first.
But (WE) first! Sharing freely for an eternity.

Shelley L Baxter

It Is What It Is...

**

Starlit
shadows dance
and play in your eyes
almost as fast as they come
the light just goes away.
Fading into an oblivion
of black, cold darkness
wondering what to do?
I lean into you only to find
the light no longer shines
because your heart and mind
are lost in a place that
only you yourself can reach.
A setting high upon a cliff
where there is only room for one
a time when sorrow reflects
on your face and echoes
out of your perfect mouth...
Thus making me long
to hold you and melt away
your pain, shame
and all the
past that has momentarily
stole away your Joy.
This is a day that
'Is what it is.'
Where life is just
endured.

Written in April 2006.

Shelley L Baxter

It's Not Goodbye

Yes, I have seizures but don't look at me that way,
don't feel sorry for me I'm Not going away.
I have so much living to do and it's not goodbye...
I run, I play, I laugh, I cry til I sigh.

The sympathy you show does not help me at all,
that sad look in your eyes makes me feel small.
I know that you Love me and that you care,
that when you stroke my head it's my pain you wish to share.

My torture can not be shared Mom and Dad don't you see?
Though you are caring and watching over me,
still my brain stutters, stalls and sometimes I fall...
as a young teen, all I ask of God is for more Life, thats all.

Everyday as I play or I'm riding the bus to school,
my mind gets flooded with thoughts that arent cool,
visions of me slipping away again-now I'm crying....
though my Smile and words are mostly cheerful...I fear I'm dieing.

(Written September 8th 2007 for a very sweet young man named Arshdeep...)

Shelley L Baxter

It's Real

Sleep eludes me.
Sanity escapes me.
And time is not healing
our wounds.
Worried thoughts,
visions of panic.
and peace do not cover
the words said.
Confusion dances,
insincerity rings,
and life cannot conceal
all actions and circumstance.
I'm sad I said what I said,
mad that stubbornness rings shrill!
In my heart of hearts,
even though I am sorry...
this argument is very painful-
Its Real!

(September 2005)

Shelley L Baxter

Just A Love Poem

The emotions are real
of the pain you see...
they may be misconstrued
but that may also just be...
by my planned design.

You think i've forgotten
exactly who you are...
they may think my hearts
gone astray...but we both
know its still yours today.

Don't let time tell a tall tail
read between the lines...
you will know I'm still for real.
Love transcends to fondness
...and, , , less pain in reality.

So know in your heart
though we cannot be...
you once made my Life complete.
you once knew and still you know...
that my lonely heart bleeds for you..

Written July 30 2004

Shelley L Baxter

Just For Today...

Just for today I will start my day the right way
Just for today I will pray on my knees
Just for today I will be thankful for all my treasures
Just for today I will lean more into HIS understanding

Just for today I will be confident and share my heart
Just for today I will not be afraid
Just for today I will Love myself unconditionally
just for today I will extend grace to all I know

Just for today I will be BOLD and Courageous
Just for today I will share my hopes and dreams
Just for today I will listen to others as well...
and just for today I will help others succeed.

Just for today I will accept myself for who I am
Just for today I will work on my gifts...and
Just for today I will extend a hand to a fellow man
Just for today I will know God put me on this earth to Give

Written July 9 2008

Shelley L Baxter

Liars, Thieves And Other Undesirables.

It wasn't you that caused that scene
it was not you who picked the fight
still it's weird cuz it got picked...
and fists got thrown.

It wasn't you who threw that rock
it was not you who disappeared
still its strange cuz the pane is broke...
and your up and gone.

It wasn't you who spread that lie
it was not you who changed your mind
still theres lieing on your breath...
while harsh words are left behind.

It wasn't you who stole that money
it was not you who bragged of theft
still your theft has caused a scene...
your once clean rep is blown.

It was me who kicked you out!
It was me who said 'so long'!
All those actions and denials...
made it easy to say Strong.

Shelley L Baxter

Life Is Grand.

Life is Grand

New eyes adorn my once weary head.

New ears listen with an interest
that never wanes.

I am Alive with passion to live and let Live.

I live in Gods Visions that are all coming true...

I walk with a confidence that is obvious.

Don't let my Light be mistaken for
arrogance...for they are two different things.

For now, I am a part of the living...

AND Yes...Life can be Grand!

Shelley L Baxter

Master Plan

October 2005

When life is no fun,
when the pain follows you,
reach deep inside for the light that is true.
Reach to the stars for a memory that is grand
try to hold on to His master plan.

When obligations, familiarity,
when sameness holds you tight,
reach for a hope that can carry the light.
Reach for the love you hold in your heart
try to be brave and your courage will start.

When time won't stand still,
when your youth flies away,
reach for a strand that ties all to the moon.
Reach for a purpose that makes the Lord proud,
try to be what the Lord sees in you now!

When you follow the rules,
when inspiration finally calls,
reach for the dream that He's drawn for you.
Reach for His plan that is solely your fate
Trust in the Lord and your faith will inflate!

Shelley L Baxter

My Dog Beau

Beau's last day on earth?
Sadly, tearfully, it
seems to be...
He stole our hearts for 14 yrs,
now he's gone to see,
how wonderful it is to fly...
with the angels up so high..
God with him now,
no pain in sight,
for that was just the end
of his earthly plight.
Now he runs from cloud to cloud,
amongst flowers, lush grass and tree's.
Jesus now receives his sloppy kisses,
his wagging tail his family misses.
He brought delight to all who see,
Beau's precious face forever...
remains in our memory.

Shelley L Baxter

Not Just 'Lucky! '

A life that is blessed is
Always easy to see.
Sometimes it looks like
overnight success and yet...
that person worked hard to be
all the things they are,
all the things God helped them be.
It doesnt usually come easy...
it rarely comes easy thus making
the blessing better, they're not just 'Lucky! '
They may have just changed their vision,
or what they thought was their path-their destiny,
deciding to become what God wanted them to be.

Shelley L Baxter

Once It Truly Grows It Can Not Die

A Love that is lost...
Is Love that failed to begin,
true Love stays within.

(September,9th 2007)

Shelley L Baxter

Only Heaven Knows

'My heart once beating strong; now has slowed.
Just slow enough to endure this life,
not still enough to reach up my hand, into the clouds...
out of tortured times.

Just whispering your name shatters my panes,
the windows of my soul have started to break,
my heart is yours but will you heal it...
do we have the time only heaven knows?

I feel your pain and it's overwhelming and unsure,
it's so hard not knowing whether things will be all right
many factors come into play...
not just for your life but for mine too.

I know the pain that swallows us whole,
this chance I'm willing to take is not for show,
please answer my heart no matter what's in store.
For 'My love, I can't seem to live as half...
when once you made me whole.'

Shelley L Baxter

Open Beams.

I want open beams in the ceiling of my mind
plenty of lights, lots of space,
maybe a shadow or two inside.
There I can swing from rung to rung
from beams of hope and of pain.
Boards of love and of loss,
fully visible each memory clear.
None of my lived days lost,
a life not lived in vain.
An open mind like a parachute,
Sky's the limit of all earthly houses.
A ceiling that I the owner can point and show,
all because it is a life fully lived.
All comings and goings noted;
all memories reside within
the walls of my mind.

Written April 6th 2005.

Shelley L Baxter

Out My Life Again. ((Song))

Saw you this morning
walking with your friend
there was nothing I could do or say
to make you look my way.
But, still I wonder
what you would have done
if you had seen me there
watching you...

(chorus)

Would you have turned around
as though you didnt know me?
Would you have turned around
and said hello friend?
Or would you smile
and walk away?
Out of my life again.
Out of my life again.

Do you remember
the times we used to have?
Laughing, loving
always together.
Don't make the mistake
of leaving me behind
for I cant stand the pain
neither could you.....

(Repeat chorus)

Oh would you have turned around
as though you didnt know me?
would you have turned around
and said hello friend?
or would you smile and walk away?
Out of my life again.
Out of my life again.

Patio Nights

Greyish clouds are strewn across the deep dark heavens,
stars not lacking in lustre shine through the sky like a sore thumb...
pulsing and vibrating as the wind rolls along the horizon.
The time is dusk and I feel the hard cool concrete beneath my back,
with each breath I feel free and content...
the night is brand new and I feel blessed to be alive!

Shelley L Baxter

S It Too Much To Ask? (Just 4 Fun)

I am sitting high on a cloud,
kicking my feet in quiet streams.
I am lying back embracing,
the one I hold close in my dreams.

I can't see your face...but I hold you in my mind,
Pulling you closer with each day,
can't leave the thought of you behind.
You are funny, kind and sweet, Handsome too but that's not it!

Your eyes they draw me in, your voice whispers "This is it! "
When I walk into any room,
and you see me standing there,
you saunter over to my side, to show all others that you care.

You are loving and affectionate,
you are one I can adore,
When you look me in the eyes,
everything else just gets ignored.

You're kind to animals and children,
Basically to everyone you meet,
Honest to a fault-and loyal...
God himself chose you for me!

I am laughing to myself now,
because of the picture that I painted.
Does this person really exist?
The one described just may be sainted!

Shelley L Baxter

Sea Of Lilacs****

Wading in a sea of lilacs,
the fragrance permeates my skin.
The bright sunrays seem to part...
You catch the next wave in.
A purple hue around your chest,
As you saunter to me in the shallows.
Kicking blossoms I bite my lip,
Dip my head to the side inviting you to follow.
On the shore of the meadow green,
you finally reach my side;
I grab your hand we wander deep,
and in the plush meadows we will hide.
The grass seems endless and very soft,
as we dive into the greens,
the floral scent and of fresh mowed grass,
leaves our senses satiated.
Side by side our bodies entwined,
we lie till the sun goes down.
The grass is cool our bodies warm,
we mesh like two spoons embraced,
our minds refreshed our beings content...
You sing to me as I drift off to sleep,
I dream of a sea of lilacs...

Shelley L Baxter

Seek...

...The Baby blue sky has opened,
moving further away are the clouds,
black, grey and threatening clouds move from sight,
just as white candy floss thick clouds arrive.
The mood is calming and the wind blows softly
through willow and poplar trees
that sway in the breeze...
Through the country side,
through the tall lime green grasses,
the mood turns to moments of bliss,
that excites and fills one with hope.
Hope is the emotion that fills the imagination
refueling your dream tank so you can inhale rays
of confident expectation that make poets write
what they hope to one day be brilliant poetry.
Words that inspire and amaze others...
all while inspiring and encouraging themselves
to do what it takes to make a difference.
Poems that remind us that although our moments may be few,
going by way too quickly, that still we should make each count.
Inspiration that causes singers to sing so their audiences swoon, .
Vision that makes wood workers whittle Great masterpieces.
The most magnificent of gifts to share with others,
one discovers in the end after observing nature and pondering life...
is the gift of knowing that God loves us
and wants to lead us to higher grounds,
if only we would allow him to do just that...
He wishes to plant a vision into your life that will nourish
and grow you in places you could never dream possible.
With that, I ask you to listen to the breeze whisper in your ear,
watch the water fall Fa L L i n g and just open your hearts
to the fact that God has many gifts for you
to discover and experience if only you would ask...

Shelley L Baxter

Shrill Crys.

Quiet the evil before it brings
bitterness and pained confusion.
When darkness sets in your blind...
No room for light to shine.
No changing of the mind.
Hard to climb out,
good just hides,
shrill crys.
bye.

Shelley L Baxter

Sometimes Falling Away...

Her eyes are closed But shes not asleep
Her eyes are closed God's answers she seeks.
She opens her eyes But still she is pained
She opens her eyes Good Lord to the shame.

Sometimes falling away She don't know what to do
Sometimes falling away The Lord pulls her through.
Back in the world To a familar state
Back in the world To the old ways she hates.

Knows shes your child She has washed her soul
Knows shes your child Once made her whole.
Under the water Accepting your love...
Under the water Blessings rain from above.

Offers prayer to the Lord, the lord takes her hand
Offers prayer to the Lord, by her side he will stand.
Her troubled ways No longer in view...
Her troubled ways she will no longer pursue.

Know it's not easy but the Lord will provide.
Know it's not easy Sometimes tears in her eyes...
Her eyes are closed, but she is fully aware!
Her eyes are word she will share.

Shelley L Baxter

Somewhere.

Somewhere
dark and dreary,
Is where I place my head,
I would rather instead
feel just a bit less weary.

Somewhere,
my head lays,
in the ditches and mud,
I wish I were not a dud
like a scratched record plays.

Somewhere,
my heart beats,
as beauty and answers surround me,
I dream that you will make me see
you're not laughing in back row seats.

Somewhere,
maybe you know the answer,
as the knowledge you hold is power.
I hope your telling me would not sour...
my hopes trashed like a one legged dancer.

Somewhere,
my heart bleeds for you,
as days and nights seem to tax me,
I have tears in my eyes and I can't see
I need to know if our love is true.

Shelley L Baxter

Starting Over.

Lord, Can you lift up the fog while I pray to you.
For there is so many things I wish to say to you.

I am lost and I need you to come to Your knees
so your ears are closer to my whispering pleas.

For nothing is right...I only see what is wrong
With your help once again I'll be singing your song.

Need to hear your voice and have Your intentions heard...
As my life right now leaves me feeling absurd.

For I was washed with your tears...many years ago.
I am your daughter, your child...not a wandering soul.

If I change what you want me to say and to do...
I know once again with unwavering Faith I can start anew.

Shelley L Baxter

Suffering. (Acrostic)

Suffering internally,
Utterly consumed with pain,
Far from a solution,
Fast to run but not crying the blues.
Even little things annoy you.
Rest assured the tide will change!
Inner pain is what transforms you...
Never forget that fact my friend-
Get focused now, get on the mend.

Written January 22 2008

Shelley L Baxter

Surrendering To Him.

I feel so helpless. Washed up on the rocks.
My arms and legs tied behind me...
In a distance there you are, sinking out of my sight.
I flop and wiggle trying to release myself from the fishers net
which purposely captured me.
The devil himself claws at my flesh,
as the evil one's twine tightens up
around my wrists, ankles and throat.
Like a fish on dry land~dry sand.
The wind is knocked out of me.
My head now throbbing and my body bloodied
by my lack of faith which tortures and taunts me
with just the image of you flailing your arms.
Looking like your fading fast out of my reach...
to a place unknown.
With each shout from you...I taste the salty tears,
which fall, freely from my eyes into my open mouth.
Now speechless no words do I utter
as I feel the gritty sand seeping into my wounds.
I am marinated in hopelessness and pain...
Surrendering to God I ask to be released from the dark ones clutches,
so I can be set free to be strong and uplift you again...

No longer bound, I regain my strength
as I am thrown back into the sea adrift a glorious ship!
Turning the rudder to destination faith-
I sigh with a feeling of strength as God once again places you within my sight.
Getting closer I boldly jump in the now calm cool water...
dinghy in tow,
the ropes in my teeth I finally reach your side,
effortlessly I place you in the boat...
bringing you back from a grey painful place so that you can live~
No sickness to trace.

Shelley L Baxter

The 'C ' Word.

I am awake praying for the day I'm not dreaming,
of a brighter day where the C words not scheming!
Pushing and prodding it's way into lives...
hurting and draining the health from our insides.

I Dream of a day they develop a cure,
where all kinds of cancer live in all kinds of fear,
where even the word can easily be uttered!

Where cancer is no worse then a stomachache...
because cancer no longer puts lives at stake!

This cure that I pray for would treat all the masses,
no one would pay not even upper classes,
one little sip of juice that taste like a cherry,
health and joy restored and mankind would be merry!

This is the dream I long to see in this world,
it can only happen if we pray and keep trying...
to find the cure for all those who are dieing.

Shelley L Baxter

The Hopeless Drug Addict?

Lord, that look
on his face,
says he's sad
and disgraced.
Yes, he's down
on his knees
in his mind.

Even though he thinks
that he truly tries
still he will deny
that he caused the
demise of his Life,
but...off he goes
to make things right.

He swears that he's sorry.
He swears to his Lord.
His tomorrows will now be
all he promised Him before,
as he walks through doors
once scared to enter yesterday
he trusts in the Lord...

Shelley L Baxter

The Land Of Existance

Our favorite place is peaceful at night.
We're drawn into the calm blue,
touched by the liquefied silk and
taken in by the beauty of it all...
We throw our troubles overboard
Into a quiet abyss of darkness.
They float like petals at peace,
our sorrows disappear into the night.
Still floating our boat gently rocks,
you awaken me like the breeze...
Dreaming is over now and we're
forced to Sail back into the land
of existence.

Shelley L Baxter

The Man Over There...

The man over there
looks upset again today
I know I should help him...
but I don't know what to say.

I can't seem to look past him
as he grimaces and cries.
So I reach out to him not wanting
to stand and witness his demise.

Quick and deliberate I lift my arm
to place on his shoulder.
Swiftly I watch his limb dart out
mechanically like a soldier.

I'm somewhat calm now...
as I realize the man I see is me.
I must stop judging myself in the mirror
if I am ever going to truly see.

The answer came like a shot!
I knew how to help this sad man,
by reaching out to embrace him...
the puzzles solved and now I know, I can!

(September 28th 2007)

Shelley L Baxter

The Other Side Of Bliss? **

' The days were not as bright
the nights not so dark
each splendid whole certain thing
had all been torn apart.
The hopes for something true
the dream of sky's all blue
of a world of blissful things~
that make the spirit strong
the heart soar...
had been taken away
with just the thought of losing you. '

Shelley L Baxter

The Quilt Of Life

You have become
the warm comforter
who covers me from my
neck down to my feet.

There was no set pattern,
no set vision.
Now, the outline of my life
includes you!

Your presence
is printed on my mind
and my sight,
my heart and my very soul.

I can't change it~
I don't even want too.
I couldn't even if I tried!
So, I pray we never unravel...

the quilt my mind, heart
and soul has absentmindedly
yet willingly weaved together.
I'm so thankful for your warm quilt of love!

Shelley L Baxter

The Wings Of Time.

Wings made of light feathers
Time flies with the wings of white
very weightless light feathers.
They surround us and cool us at times
all while flapping furiously to
destinations unknown to us
somewhat delicate creatures.

Time waits for no one just as one
never sees a bird in flight stop...
without dropping because of death...
or on account of a obstacle that
spans in its way halting its trip swiftly...
making it crash to the ground below.

If time could be paused and I could change
the wings of time...I would direct the bird to
flit softly to the ground...or onto silent purple ponds
...and turbulent deep black seas would cease to be.
If only I could turn back the wings of time...

Shelley L Baxter

Things Are Going To Change!

Infuriating thoughts linger in my mind
as I mention to you to please stop disrespecting
myself and others when we do everything for you!
Still your needs and most wants are taken care of.

You turn a blind eye to almost all that we ask and
unless you benefit from it somehow you disobey us.
You want it All...you change little, You give nothing!
Still your needs and most wants are taken care of.

We change and try new ways of conversing
with you...Reaching out to you but you find
other ways to irritate us and 'spit' in our face!
Still, we are expected to take care of your needs and wants.

If you continue down this road of disobedience,
of shirking your responsibilities and showing apathy,
we will no longer allow or accept your behavior...
Soon, You will take care of your needs and wants!
Written February 26th 2008.

Shelley L Baxter

To You. *

As I lie here upon my bed,
I think of all the things you said...
and I wonder if their true,
I want to hear it from you.

I've been told that you're in love,
that I'm the one you're dreaming of...
Still your actions don't prove true,
I need to hear it from you.

If you would just tell me how you feel,
take the time to show you're real,
pick up the phone just to say,
I think about you most the day.

Then I would not be in the dark,
wondering if our loves a lark,
you would know I love you too,
there's so much I long to say to you.

Written on October 19th 2004.

Shelley L Baxter

U R Not Alone.

U are not alone, look around you,
we all hurt, we all struggle,
Sometimes...
we all feel alone.

U are not alone, listen to others,
they hurt, they struggle.
Sometimes...
they 2 feel alone.

U are not alone, join life somehow,
forget your troubles, find solutions.
Focus on others, they all hurt,
they all struggle.
Just like U,
Sometimes...
they 2 feel alone.

U are not alone, place your eyes on others,
be a Blessing to them, there are those worse off,
so pray for them...they are hurting,
they are struggling.
Just like U,
Sometimes...
they 2 feel alone.

Written on May 12th 2007.

Shelley L Baxter

What Are You Thinking?

Expectations high...
so high you are all alone.
Still, you think your right?

Written July 16th 2007

Shelley L Baxter

What Do U See Up There?

The Illustrations in the attractive cloud formations,
fuel our vision away from a barren existance,
to lands where we soar to make belief places
upon foreign mostly distant shores never touched.

These destinations that may now be out of reach
can make one feel the pressure of the place they inhabit...
in summation we are reduced to tears, as the dream
evaporates, sending us hurling back into 'Our' reality.

Shelley L Baxter

Who Are You Enabling?

If you dislike us so much
why do you want to be
around us anyway?

Nothing we can do for you
no words we can say
can change your mind anyway.

You live in your own reality,
you long to be forgiven...
we have forgiven you numerous times.

Your drug, alcohol and psych issues
cannot be solved by you alone or resolved by us...
heard the woe is me story too many times.

You must go get help because
we realize we cannot help you,
nor do we choose to enable you anymore.

Your Love/hate attitude towards us hurts.
Your abuse will not be tolerated.
We choose to not let you Hurt us anymore.

Shelley L Baxter

Why Him, Why Now?

In memory of my wonderful cousin Jerry Williams.

A special man died today and he was
one the world would mourn twice over
if they all knew him and there were not so
much stuff to do and needless words to say.

You see, I do not understand Gods plan,
although I do not question him I find myself
wondering why once again the Great ones
are taken away from those who love them.

Why were we put here to live a short time,
only to die an untimely death in pain,
sometimes in shame with all our dignity
gone like the leaves on a cold winters day.

Sadly, I cant write a poem that would do this man,
this beautiful man justice, or sing a song or write a speech,
to give you the whole truth of his loving, caring
Christlike ways, so with that...I and thousands cry.

My heart is heavy and it feels cold and empty,
as I wait for hot tears to dry from my tired eyes...
and for the strain to leave my lungs just long
enough to let me breath free and see the light of day.

Written on July 22nd 2007.

Shelley L Baxter

Your Chapter Ended.

There you lie in a pile,
like yesterdays laundry,
crumpled and discarded,
on the floor at my feet.
Still I remember all we had
A love that once was envied,
then one that was discouraged.
Now a love that will destroy,
making our future bleak.
Your face although precious,
your heart although true,
a love that gave hope...
one for a brighter day,
for me and for you....
Then all at once things changed,
you changed and the drugs took over.
You became a stranger,
and right then I knew it was over...
Instead we ran back in each others arms,
I vowed I would help you through!
You stopped for awhile-life was bliss.
Then I learned the drugs...
had not said bye to you.
So now I lie awake at night...
no longer wondering, hoping & waiting...
I ended your chapter in my life,
in hopes memories will start fading....
You were the one who at one time,
had allowed my heart to beat,
now you're the one whose love destroys,
my love for you I cannot keep.
My hopes for you is that one day
You will chase the drugs away.
That all your pain will be over...
but still away from me you must stay.

Shelley L Baxter