

LISTEN TO THE NORTHWIND

Writer's Corner

By Jonelda Bowers Sells

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LISTEN TO THE NORTHWIND

Blow, blow, northwind blow;
Tug at my heart with an icy hand.
Down from the land of the Eskimo,
Indian chant from a frozen land.

A silent song, far flung, far flung,
Through the long midnight, a wild echo.
Refrains of a kindred heart and tongue,
An ancient voice when the northwinds blow.

Do you ever hear a kinsman's tongue,
An ancient voice when the northwinds blow.
Born where the glaciated waters run,
Does it touch your soul as it touches mine?

HE SPEAKS

God's voice has many guises,
He speaks in numerous ways...
I discern it in the midnight;
It resounds throughout the days.

I can hear it in the thunder
When the storm is holding sway,
I can hear it in the silence
Just before the break of day.

I can hear it in the flutter
Of a hummingbird's swift wing;
I can hear it when the sparrows
Tune their orchestras to sing.

In the soothing pitter patter
Of the raindrops when they start...
But His voice is always louder
When I hear it in my heart!

GLORIES OF THE SUNSET

Aside from all the mystic splendor
That gilds the early morning skies;
When all the world is still and waiting
To glimpse another bright sunrise;
There's the glory of the sunset
That transcends all other light;
A fresh, unfaded undertaking

To bid a revered world goodnight!

Captioned in the evening's hushes,
Commencement of the crimson tide,
Splaying through the westward heavens
Stretching velvet far and wide,
A lamp unto the evening's shadows,
Graceful, curtained cords will hold
All the glories of the sunset
That stay their credence in my soul!

BUTTERCUPS IN THE SNOW

Yesterday my buttercups blossoms
Stood glowing and glistening bright...
As yellow as their name implied,
Reflecting lovely March sunlight.

They stirred and nodded on the stems,
As breezes drifted aimlessly;
Their beauty an inspiration,
Conveying springtime hope to me.

Today, they're buried in heaps of white;
Into oblivion they have fled...
Where yesterday I saw pure gold
I see a mount of snow instead!

GUILDING HAND

If a tiny little snowbird
Knows just when and where to feed;
And an unseen hand provides
Abundantly his every need;
When my pathway seems uncertain
And life's turmoil fills my soul,
And I must seek increasing guidance
To keep in sight a noble goal;
Seeing only dark horizons...
Knowing storms are very sure;
He who feeds a little snowbird
Will surely keep me safe, secure!

NEW YEAR ... NEW FAITH
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NEW YEAR ... NEW FAITH

There's an old year ending...
I hear its mournful chimes;
Eliciting plenteous memoirs

Of the year that's left behind.
The heartaches and the worries...
The tears so often shed;
The ways we should have trusted...
The doubts and fears instead.

But there's a new beginning,
with hopes all bright and clear...
New pathways to discover,
New dreams for this new year;
New plans, new undertakings;
New purposes and new designs...
New goals to chart and organize,
With greater faith in God in mind!

JANUARY

Put on your warmest bonnet
Before you step outside
The world is coldly curtained
For January abides.

The hill is almost leveled...
A mass of drifted snow;
The pond's completely covered
And only half the fence posts show.

You'll need a roaring fire...
Warm bedding altogether;
To wrap against the frigidness
Of January's weather.

You'll need your boots and mittens
And all your warmest clothers;
Most likely, you'll still shiver
For January blows!

NEW YEAR'S PRAYER

Lord, this prayer to you we bring
As December's doors are closing;
Keep us closer still to you
With the new year's day unfolding.

Lead us with your loving hand
When our hearts and steps would stray...
When our needs seem overwhelming;
Renew our faith with each new day.

Keep us strong amidst the trials
With your guidance and your care;
Ever pondering your greatness...

Finding peace in daily prayer.

MY VIOLETS

When winter's storm and fury rages,
Turning throughout its icy stages;
The violets upon my shelf
Are beacons for my inner self.

Shades of pink and purple blend
And from the slender stems unbend
To raise their glow upon my sill
And warm my heart from winter's chill.

When I am weighted down with care...
When burdens are so hard to bear...
I thank you, Lord, that in the gloom
You bid my violets bloom and bloom!

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