



POEMS OF AUTUMN TIME
 By Jonelda Bowlers Sells
 Writer's Corner
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GOLDEN OCTOBER

October is glowing like sunshine on gold...
 Wrapped in flamboyance, the mornings unfold;
 With a landscape that changes with each passing minute,
 Each one more majestic with more brilliance in it.

The opulent noons are exhibiting showers
 Of leaves turning earthward, new vistas each hour;
 Where scarlets and golds in swirls of pure color
 Refuse to be settled and stay close to each other.

The sunsets are gleaming through iridescent leaves...
 Indescribable pigments to shift with the breeze...
 Where glimmering prisms intertwine in rich lace,
 Surely golden October is reflecting God's face!

BEHOLD OCTOBER

October is coming on fairy feet
 Spreading her elegant wings;
 Leaving shades and swirls of color
 To encamp on every thing.

She's waving her wand of magic,
 Each footstep igniting a flame...
 And I'm feasting on the trappings
 Of a canvas too spacious to frame.

She's grandly heralding autumn...
 Bestowing the very first chill;
 With hints of frosts in the hollows
 While her kisses encircle the hill.

Her beauty is not to be equaled...
 Splendor-filled and flawless...but alas!
 Her hold will give way to the winter,
 And quickly, so quickly her tenure will pass!

Amidst all the heart-stirring wonderment
 I cannot but ponder the how and why
 The world can be so unassuming
 When God moves the glory of October by!



OCTOBER'S GLORY



Now every hill and every vale
Reveals October's flaming tale...
and all the leaves and limbs outline
the patterns fraught with God's design

For God has sketched October's gown
And splashed orange, green and brown
with wraps and folds all intertwined
with hues and tinges undefined.

Lofy moonbeams turn their light
and whisper silver through the night,
to bid me lend attentive ear...
unerring proof that God is near!



I must rejoice as I behold
the tangles of October's gold...
bending through the earth-borne leaves...
I stand in awe to hear God breathe!



BEHOLD THE AUTUMN!

Behold the stir of autumn's breeze
That trails its hushing thorough the leaves;
To beckon gold and purple bloom
And rend an almost noiseless tune.

Behold the sound of autumn's voice
That bids the universe rejoice;
While earth and heaven in its spell
Resound faint whispers of farewell.

Behold the touch of autumn's hand
Spilling brilliance through the land;
Laced with drops of crystal light
Wrought by autumn's sound and sight!



(Photos by Audrey J. Lambert)

*Read more Writer's Corner at: <http://www.ajlambert.com>

POEMS OF GOD AND SPRING TIME

By Jonelda Bowlers Sells

Writer's Corner

Herald-Citizen, Cookeville, TN

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I HAVE SEEN HIM

The wonderous handiwork of God
All around me I can see...
How He walks and how He lingers,
Some lovely thing he's given me.

Mirrored in the summer's morning
I have seen his shining face;
And I've met him in the shadows
Of a quiet and hallowed place.

In the autumn's golden harvest;
In the springtime's furrowed land;
And I've seen his certain footprint
Where the waters meet the sand.

In the moonbeams, in the sunlight...
In the twilight's fading glow;
Day and night he holds forever...
Thus he bids them come and go.

But I've seen my God the plainest
When his people took their stand;
Trusting him, completely yielded...
His to fashion and command.

Serving him by fruitful living,
Offering back to god above
Gratitude in goodly portions
For the tokens of His love!

SPRING FLING

A golden shower of daffodils
Is dancing in the sun;
A meadow lark is trilling praise
With a silver tongue.

The apple tree is shrouded with
A pink and white perfume;
The pasture is a picture framed
By redbuds in full bloom.

The graceful weeping Willow tree
Is gowned in misty green;
The lilac is as elegant
As nay springtime queen.

The rainbow's perfect double
Is reflected in the sheen
Of a brimming, emerald millpond
Where a princely mallard preens.

I know the springtime's on parade;
I think the songbirds sing
To make our colder hearts aware of

God's hand in everything!

EMPTY HEART

When my poet heart is empty...
Void of any words to say,
And I'm filled with certain longings
That I cannot brush away;
Let me run across the meadow
With a spirit wild and free;
Set my soul afire with gladness
For such beauty that I see.

Let me travel with the breezes
To a lofty mountain height;
Let me tiptoe up the stairway
Of a moonbeam in the night.
Let me see a snowflake settle
Silently upon the sill,
While a million, trillion others
Find a place upon the hill.

Bend my ear to hear the trickle
Of a barely flowing stream,
While I walk a shadowed pathway
Finding time and space to dream.
Let me wander through the valley
With no hurry on my mind;
Let me glory in the measure
Of contentment that I find.

Then my heart will not be empty,
Never void of words to say;
Longings will turn to completeness
That I wouldn't brush away!

ODE TO SPRING

Gently unwinding in richest details...
A season of newness where sunlight prevails;
With ribbons of grandeur to herald rebirth;
Springtime is settling upon mother earth.

The perfect transition creation is voicing.
And, filled with elation, I too am rejoicing...
As the miracles of springtime their wonders impart...
God's gift of tranquility to settle my heart!

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