

# Anthology of Lizzy Renee

Presented by

*My poetic side* 



## About the author

Elizabeth Zephaniah Renee, (She prefers to be called 'Renee' or 'Lizzy') is a dedicated dancer, who wishes to have her own studio when she is old and talented enough. She is the oldest of 5, and lives in her beloved town in Alabama. She loves reading, and a good mystery to solve, even if it is trying to find her brothers shoe. Even though she has many church activities and is very involved in dance, she finds free time in knitting, crocheting, and loves building with LEGOs. She loves working with little kids and has her own babysitting business, even though it is small. She writes poems about struggles in life, and the things we should look up to, even though we sometimes we ignore. Sometimes, though, she will add in an extra random poem here and there. She sends her wishes and blessings with you, Lizzy Renee.

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## Something Different

Please watch the video to understand the poem.

I see them walking down the street,  
There is a flow around them that calls me.  
What do you have that I don't?  
It is not a lottery ticket, not a new coat.  
Looking closely I see written on their faces,  
Something that makes me want to ask:  
"What do you have that I don't?, can I have some too?"  
As it turns out there is no physical thing,  
No thing that one can grasp with bare fingers,  
but something that puts a rest to your soul,  
something that calms the storm on a raging sea.  
something that makes you jump for joy.  
A promise.  
That is Jesus.  
Jesus is that something different.  
When you have it you just can't let go.  
You can't stop showing him and sharing it saying:  
"Listen, you got to have this"  
It is beyond all things and you need it.  
You need that something different.

## Prodigal

Watch the video and you will understand the poem. The poem is about the Prodigal son.

All alone,  
and by myself.  
Trying to find where I go on the shelf.  
Seeing everyone with something special,  
Why don't I have something as well?  
I have run away,  
with no hope of going back.  
Tears run down my cheeks.  
Thinking of my father and mother at home,  
Disappointed.  
From time to time, I tell myself:  
"Just go home and confess!"  
But something stops me every time.  
I will not be welcome in that place.  
But to know,  
That my Father would greet me with arms open wide,  
Is enough to throw my bags aside.  
I run and run all the way home,  
and find out where I truly belong.

## Birds

Flying high,  
above the sky,  
different colors,  
so radiant and bright.  
from red to blue to white.  
Wings spread, ranging size.  
From 1ft. to 5ft. how they cannot be despised.  
Sitting here, flying to there.  
Birds one of Nature's wonders.  
Waiting for us to find out more.

## Looking at the Sky

Looking at the clouds,  
Up high in the Sky,  
Guessing shapes with a friend nearby.  
"That looks like a Tree!"  
"That looks like a Deer!"  
Floating in the stratosphere.  
Once there are no clouds,  
Just a big sheet of blue spread over the World.  
At night a blanket of stars tells the World 'good night'  
Later morning comes, but there is no light.  
The Clouds above, don't shine they fight.  
Thunder, Punching.  
Lightning, screaming.  
Knuckles crunching.  
Rain, crying.  
Unsatisfying.  
Later, the clouds make up,  
Forgetting the big mix up.  
They stay bleach white,  
Floating, shining bright.

## Flower

Flowers dancing in the breeze,  
Children sniffing, down on their knees.  
But the flower doesn't bite,  
For it is too gentle, too alight.  
In the morn, when the dew is set,  
A drop rolls of the pretty rosette.  
Petals outreached, the flower shows off its beauty.  
Before closing up, tightly and ambitiously.  
Waiting for winter to rest,  
Waiting for springs request.  
Then it will open again,  
More beautiful than a wren.



## A day in the Snow

Snow, how it sparkles in the morning light,  
Children playing from morning 'til night.  
Snowmen range from a pile of snow to a 4ft. masterpiece.  
Snowball fighting, until parents make peace.  
Little ones, seeing snow for the first time,  
Giggling. Laughing, happy as a lime.  
When the children start to shiver,  
Hot Cocoa is ready, Frozen is the River.  
Skaters are out, on the ice.  
Children playing hockey, even in their boots it is nice.  
Snowmobiles are out, heading towards all places.  
Pile in! until there's no space!  
Riding and bumping along,  
We reach a store, not far so long.  
We head inside, not knowing what to expect,  
Each a hot cocoa, we select.  
Puzzles line the table, for minutes of fun.  
Before you know it, the day is done.  
In the morning when you wake,  
You look at daybreak,  
There is no snow, no pine or children playing.  
Then you know, it was just memories portraying.

## A Dream

Where am I?  
A place so clean.  
Could it be a forest?  
No, there is a cottage in the middle of the green.  
Could it be the outskirts of town?  
No, but it is as beautiful as a screen.  
"Come in girl, e'fore u soak ur gown."  
I look up, indeed,  
It has started to rain.  
I turn to look at the person who spoke to spoke to me.  
"How Kind of you" I suddenly spoke.  
He replied to me,  
"Don't ya take a Joke?"  
"Ha! I got 5 kids and a wife to feed,  
no room for a lonely little gal"  
I start crying,  
then suddenly, it is warm and dry  
I look up, but there is no sky.  
I look around,  
in my bed,  
forgetting what the man had said.  
I am home safe at last.  
There goes my alarm,  
waking me up from a nighttime sleep.

## Save Me!

There are lots of superheroes,  
Big, like Hulk,  
Small, Like Ant Man,  
Or animal related, Like Spider man,  
Or Batman.  
But one Superhero is real.  
One Superhero Is true.  
One Superhero saves people on a day-to-day basis.  
That Superhero is Jesus.  
Saves all.  
Loves all.  
Helps all.  
He is Savior and reigns over you and me,  
But like all Heroes,  
There is a Villain.  
Cruel,  
Unjust,  
Unworthy to have such a name.  
Bigger than Rhino,  
Stronger than the Ultron,  
Satan.  
The name of such brings fear to all.  
But there will be a epic battle,  
Between our Saviour and his Enemy.  
Jesus vs. Satan.  
Jesus Wins every time.  
Just like Iron Man,  
Or Aqua Man.  
Jesus wins every time.

## The Rainbow

Dear Rainbow,  
When did you first appear?  
Why is it, with only clouds of tear?  
I have so many questions for you can not condemn.  
"Sit down, my child, and I will answer all of them"  
He says.  
"Here is my story,  
To you I may tell because I am formed with glory.  
Once, My father, whom I may not describe,  
Told me, 'look at me child, with both eye,  
you are soon to be a sign,  
Of promise and design.  
To my people, who have disobeyed.  
Only with rain, may they see you,  
But you will always be.  
Soon to see me in Heaven, you will be free."  
Not a day goes by,  
I am not my his side.  
I see all the rain, will it ever subside?  
Once there is no more rain,  
My father tells me "May your life be full of joy, not gain."  
And with that, he sends me off.  
I shine as bright as I can,  
The people look at me in amaze,  
Not caring of the sun's blaze.  
And so on, life has gone,  
With people not looking at ME, but beyond.  
Every time I feel blue,  
I think of my Father, who is coming soon.  
I see his son, crucified,  
And as disciple's call the church a bride.  
I listen of their tales of old,  
And even of the new foretold.

Child, you see,  
God loves you and me,  
And will never part,  
Because we, are in his heart."  
The child watched, as the rainbow went away,  
Sure to come back, another day.

## Rolling Waves of the Sea

Rolling Waves of the Sea,  
You glide ever so gracefully.  
With the sun you shine,  
Brighter than the sun that sits on the skyline.  
How beautiful those waves are,  
Looking afar.  
But all too soon,  
At your feet before afternoon.  
Gazing upon those lovely waves,  
You feel enslaved.  
"Time To Go",  
Your mother says with a voice aglow,  
With a picture portrayed in your mind,  
You go home and paint that picture confined.

## Ode to an Ant

Busy,  
Consistent,  
Itsy-Bitsy,  
Little ant.  
No time to stop,  
Not even to pant.  
You look on,  
Wondering where it lives.  
Little Ant, may you walk on,  
Some may say.  
But others say "Oh, do go away!".  
Some may let him go in peace,  
But others will bring him under their feet.  
Sorry, little ant,  
My friends don't care,  
But rest assured, I will not snare.  
Busy ant, carry on,  
Without withdrawn.  
The others,  
Don't understand.  
God made us equal,  
Without a strand,  
Of better or worse.  
Others may mock you,  
But Fear Not!  
For I will not.  
God made us equal,  
And I know that,  
For I will do you no evil.

## Death Grip

The Death Grip,  
Is like a lion,  
Watching it's prey,  
Waiting to pounce.  
It waits for a surprise or overwhelm of sadness or pain.  
Then it attacks.  
It strangles and without waiting,  
Goes for the death grip.  
It squeezes and squeezes,  
And the prey feels helpless and on the edge of life.  
All of a sudden,  
With a bang and a pow,  
The lion is lying on the floor.  
The prey looks around,  
but sees nothing  
He sees a kind, gentle hand.  
Reaching out.  
He takes it and the hand helps him up.  
Then disappears.  
The Death Grip is gone.  
The lion is the death grip of sadness,  
And we are the prey.  
The hand is God  
who helps us in every way.



## Taken From Me

There has been a lot taken from me,  
My friends, my home,  
It would make me feel alone.  
But I walk through these things,  
Like I walk through air,  
The only things that should stop me,  
Is Good News.  
News about laughter,  
and kindness.  
Although these things have been taken from me,  
I don't care.  
One thing takes and leaves nothing to spare.  
Cancer  
The 6 letter word that dooms a person for life.  
My Aunt.  
A sweet, tender, person,  
whom everyone wants to meet.  
Has been doomed since she was 17.  
No matter what her life was like,  
she cared only about others.  
Instead of asking for prayer,  
she would ask for prayer for the little boy in the hospital room next door.  
Now, at the age 35,  
she asked to go to a place,  
a place where people go to die.  
Hospice.  
There she died,  
with a blood clot in her left lung,  
her life taken,  
so very young.  
All the things that never really held me down,  
Is drowning me in a ocean of sadness.  
First my Great grandfather, taken by cancer,

then my great grandmother,  
then my dad's grandma and granddad,  
and now my aunt.  
When will cancer come to an end?!?  
The Wicked world,  
the wicked diseases.  
In the ocean of sadness I am drowning in,  
I am calling "Help!" to that still, small voice.  
The voice that spoke to me before this mess,  
That kept me urging forward.  
Where has it gone?  
Has it drowned in the chaos of sadness?  
No, it was here all the time,  
Bringing peace to whomever asks of it.

## Questions

There are questions about the Earth,  
The sun,  
The moon,  
Our math that we do very soon.  
Questions asked almost every day,  
Being answered every way,  
Some continue to go unanswered,  
leaving the mind to wander.  
How many threes end the problem 1 divided by three?  
Will the old lady next door,  
get the medications she's waiting for?  
Will doctors find a cure to cancer?  
All these questions, we might ask,  
Hopefully to be answered,  
at last.

## Ode to The Galaxy

Look at the wondrous,  
Stupefying Galaxy,  
Stars shine ever so Bright,  
That they light the night.  
Moons, Planets, and Suns,  
Bringing hope to everyone.  
Where would we be,  
Without our Galaxy?  
The beautiful home the Milky Way,  
The most beautiful, Do you say?

## The Battle Between Truth and Lies

Lies are everywhere,  
leaving everyone in despair.  
The truth is least often told,  
Telling tales of old.  
The lies are lied about,  
to get out of trouble,  
While truth stands firm on its double,  
Truth will always win,  
Even though the enemy may grin.  
While people are lying,  
Others telling the truth.  
Who will win?  
Some might say,  
It is truth all the way.  
Even though liars lie,  
The truth shines brighter than the sky.  
I might take time,  
To know the truth,  
But God will show,  
His way through.

## "The Four Stringed Wonder"

*Violin, a wonder with strings of four,  
Pleasant music fills the entire sky,  
An audience loudly chanting "encore!"  
Instruments that completely beautify.*

*A few songs I play: Good King Wenceslas,  
Abide with Me, and Au Clair de la Lune.  
Songs about people who like to possess,  
Others about butterflies in cocoons.*

*Violin, a lovely stringed instrument,  
Four strings, a bow to go along beside,  
Performs beautifully and intricately,  
Astonishing people with every stride.*

*Violin, something of complete adore,  
Towards not only me, that I am sure.*