

Anthology of DavesGem66

Angela P Finamore



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

This book is dedicated to

My muse, my husband.

David Jewell you are my inspiration.

Acknowledgement

My parents would want to encouraged me to write my whole life and they\'re no longer with me but I know they see me and their proud so if im to acknowledge anyone for this it would be them Carl and Cindy Finamore

In their loving memory

summary

A love wish for you

Homage

To Ponder

The Battle

Whispering Ghosts

A love wish for you

May all your night's be as comforting as our love was once before.

May your dreams bring only happiness. My love stress no more.

May all your days from this to your last be pleasant, warm, and kind unlike the days of our past.

May life no longer hurt or bring you down May it be filled with joy and laughter not tears and a frown.

Life is not always kind this we know is true. May it be softer without me making it an enemy for you.

Homage

In solitude, I take pen to page
With thoughts that need not be caged
For words are my escape, my flight
Dear reader, this is the reason I write.
Like Emily, I seek solace in rhyme
A sanctuary in the midst of time
My heart spills out in every line
For poetry, my love, is truly divine.
It's a way to escape reality
To explore the depths of my mentality
Ink flowing freely, no need to pretend
My words, my truth, my heart, I defend.
With every verse, I find my voice
A sense of purpose, a sense of choice
For poetry is my calling, my art
And it speaks to the depths of my heart.
Like Emily, I see the world in words
Each line a painting, each thought a bird
That soars and sings in endless flight
This is the reason I write, with all my might.
For in this world, where chaos reigns
My pen is my solace, my tranquil plains
I weave my thoughts, my fears, my joys
And create a symphony, a written noise.
So when you read these lines I pen
Know that my heart, my soul, my all, I send
For poetry is my lifeline, my guide
And for this reason, I write, with Emily by my side.

To Ponder

All the decisions I have felt forced to make,
In life and love to me seem fake.
I make these decisions to please everyone else,
Only to find in the end I've forgotten myself.
Do I mean nothing in this war I must win
If I make too many mistakes will life let me try again

The Battle

The world is filled with obstacles,
This you will live and learn.
The more you want, the harder you will work
Therefore what you want you earn.
Sometimes it is a battle you must fight
From day to day just do your very best
that's what I would say for
You see this war we call life has a tendency
To work out in it's own way.

Whispering Ghosts

Your whispered promises,
Now ghosts that haunt
In every shadow your absence taunts,
Memories once sweet, now nothing but dust.
Your loves betrayal, is the reason i now can't trust.
The laughter once shared now only echoes that fade.
In empty rooms where dreams were made.
Each heartbeat a hollow sound,
In loves lost battlefield where only grief is found.
Yet in sorrow comes strength from my heartache
And brokenness my soul is reborn.
For my heart did break. But hearts do mend.
In time i will love again.