

Reflections

Angela P Finamore



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

This book is dedicated to and in loving memory of Carl & Cynthia Finamore

My parents who always encouraged me to write and both insisted I would have a book of poetry one day I truly hope they are proud.

Acknowledgement

I want to thank my husband David who has been with me every step of the way. Even though poetry may as well be a foreign food he can not stomach he listened and encouraged me all the way

I love you David.

About the author

Angela Eldridge is a poetess from Tulsa Oklahoma.
Where she lives with her life partner David. Angela
has adopted a gaggle of adult children whom she
mother\\'s and loves.

I have yet to meet a more loving and generous
person. She is loved.

Maranda Smith

summary

A love wish for you

Homage

To Ponder

The Battle

Whispering Ghosts

Beauty

Longing

A FUNNY FAREWELL

Sadness

Trials & Triumphs

My Dad

The conversation

Enchanted fear

Dee Bestie

The Enigma's Embrace

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.

Beauty

Silken threads of dawn's awakening
weave a tapestry of promise
as morning's warmth caresses the earth
and night's whispers fade into silence

The world stirs, a slumbering giant
stretching limbs, shaking off the chill
of darkness, as the sun's rays
dance across the landscape, painting

vibrant hues of life and vitality
on the canvas of existence
the breeze whispers secrets, a gentle
lullaby that soothes the soul

In this fleeting moment, all is right
with the world, and all is new
the possibilities endless, like
the stars that twinkle in the sky

And as the day unfolds, like a
petal unfolding from its bud
the beauty of the world is revealed
in all its glory, a work of art.

Longing

In twilight's hush, where shadows play,
A tiny captive longs to break away,
A fairy trapped, with wings so fine,
Yearns for the freedom of the open vine.

Her iridescent scales, like jewels bright,
Reflect the moon's pale, silvery light,
Her delicate hands, with fingers so small,
Clutch the rim of her glassy wall.

The jar, a prison, cold and grey,
Constricts her spirit, night and day,
She dreams of skies, where clouds drift by,
And sunbeams dance, with a gentle sigh.

Her voice, a whisper, soft and low,
Echoes through the empty air below,
A plaintive cry, a sorrowful refrain,
As she implores the world to set her free again.

Oh, cruel fate, that binds her thus,
A prisoner of glass, with no gentle fuss,
Can't you see, her heart beats with desire,
To soar on winds, and set her spirit on fire?

The jar, a barrier, strong and tight,
Holds her captive, without a fight,
But still she hopes, with a glimmer of light,
That someday soon, she'll take to the night.

And when that day arrives, oh blissful sight,
She'll spread her wings, and take to the light,
And leave behind, this prison of old,

To dance among the stars, with a tale to be told.

A FUNNY FAREWELL

In shadows deep, she lingers near,
A spectral sigh, a whispered tear.
Her home now hosts a bustling crowd,
Unruly whispers, laughter loud.

They sift through memories, dust and grime,
Her laughter echoes, lost in time.
Each trinket touched, each picture framed,
To her, it's all just quite the game.

They rummage through her life, it seems,
While she just floats on silent dreams.
"Take what you want," she thinks with glee,
"None of it matters, you can't take me."

In corners dark, she rolls her eyes,
At all the fuss, the mundane lies.
"Enjoy my things, but not my soul,
For I'm beyond this earthly role."

With one last glance, she drifts away,
No longer part of this charade.
A ghostly grin, she's finally free,
While they just squabble over her keys.

Sadness

I am death, a lonely figure,
My job is grim, my touch is bitter.
People fear me, they run away,
But I am here, I cannot stray.

I take the ones you hold so dear,
I bring them to a place unclear.
I know you hate me, that's okay,
I'll do my job, come what may.

I wish I could be something more,
But this is my fate, forevermore.
I'll try to make it easier, you'll see,
To accept that this is how it has to be.

So when your time comes, do not fear,
For I am gentle, I am near.
I'll guide you to a peaceful rest,
And leave you with my solemn best.

Death is not the end, you'll find,
Just a new chapter, unwind.
Embrace the journey, let it be,
For in the end, you'll be free.

Trials & Triumphs

Through life's tempestuous seas, we sail,
Obstacles and trials that prevail.
But in the face of adversity's might,
We forge a spirit that shines so bright.

Like storms that rage and winds that howl,
Life's challenges can make us foul.
Yet, with resilience as our guide,
We navigate the rough and ride the tide.

Each obstacle we overcome,
A lesson learned, a victory won.
For in the crucible of fire, we're made,
Stronger, wiser, less afraid.

Tribulations test our limits true,
But they also shape the souls we knew.
Through tears and laughter, pain and gain,
We emerge transformed, with spirits untamed.

Like rivers carving through the stone,
Life's trials smooth the edges we've known.
They polish us, refine our core,
Revealing the beauty we had before.

So let the obstacles come and go,
For in their wake, we'll surely grow.
Through trials and tribulations, we'll stand tall,
A testament to the strength within us all.

For in the end, it's not the ease,

But the struggles we've faced that bring us peace.
The scars we bear, the wisdom we've gained,
Are proof of the battles we've sustained.

So let us embrace life's challenges bold,
For they shape us into stories to be told.
With each trial faced and overcome,
We become the better people we've yet to become.

My Dad

In the stillness of a quiet morn,
A sudden darkness was born,
The day my dad departed this earth,
Leaving me with incomprehensible hurt.

His laughter, his wisdom, his guiding hand,
Now just memories in the shifting sand,
I'm left adrift in a sea of grief,
Wondering how to find relief.

The pain is raw, the ache is deep,
I struggle to find solace in my sleep,
But in the silence, I feel his presence near,
Whispering words of love so dear.

I miss his smile, his comforting embrace,
His unwavering love, his steady grace,
But though he's gone, his spirit lives on,
In every sunrise and every dawn.

So I'll carry on, though my heart is heavy,
Knowing he's watching over me, steady and ready,
To guide me through this journey of sorrow,
And lead me to a brighter tomorrow.

For though he's gone, he'll never truly part,
His love will live on in my broken heart,
And as I navigate this path of pain,
I know I'll see him again, someday, in the rain.

The conversation

Here's a poem titled "Cryptic" that explores the conversation between life and death:

****Cryptic****

Life and Death sat side by side,
In twilight's hush, where shadows reside.
A conversation brewed, a puzzling theme,
Why mortals adore Life, yet despise Death's dream.

"Why do they love me so?" Life asked with a grin,
"My beauty, warmth, and joy within?"
Death's hollow voice replied, "Perhaps it's true,
But I bring release, a final peace anew."

"Yet they fear your darkness and cold, grim face,"
Life countered, "and shun your silent, empty space."
Death's eyes gleamed with a knowing light,
"Ah, but they misunderstand my endless night."

"In my darkness, stars shine bright and free,"
Death whispered, "a mystery, for all to see.
Their lives, a fleeting breath, a moment's spark,
While I offer rest, a final, peaceful embark."

Life nodded, comprehending the cryptic view,
"Perhaps, dear Death, they fear what they don't know anew.
For in my light, their hopes and dreams unfold,
While your shadows hide secrets, yet to be told."

Death smiled, a rare, enigmatic smile,
"Exactly, dear Life, our roles, in a fragile while.
I'll take the shadows, the unknown, and the night,
While you shine bright, and bring life's warm, golden light."

In the twilight's hush, their conversation ceased,
Leaving the riddle, of life and death, unreleased.
For in the mystery, a truth lies hidden deep,
That both life and death, are intertwined, in an eternal sleep.

Enchanted fear

Lost in the Forest

In the depths of the enchanted wood,
A woman wanders, lost and misunderstood.
The moon above, a guiding light,
Whispers secrets in the dead of night.

The trees around her, ancient and wise,
They watch her with their piercing eyes.
They speak in whispers, rustling leaves,
Their voices haunting, she hardly believes.

She's both frightened and intrigued,
By the magic that surrounds her, she's besieged.
The forest is alive, with a mind of its own,
She's never felt so utterly alone.

But there's a beauty in the darkness,
A thrill in the unknown,
She's lost in the forest,
But she's never felt more at home.

Dee Bestie

In the quiet of the evening, under a sky so vast,
I sit and think of moments, each one a treasure cast.
Oh dear friend, you may not see the light you bring to me,
But in the tapestry of life, you're the brightest thread, you see.

With laughter like a melody, you chase my blues away,
In the storms of doubt and worry, you're my calm, my guiding ray.
Through whispered dreams and secrets shared, our bond has only grown,
You lift me up when shadows fall, in your heart, I've found a home.

Your kindness is a gentle breeze, that warms the coldest night,
You find the beauty in the cracks, and show me how to fight.
In moments of confusion, when the path is hard to find,
You're the compass that I trust, the anchor of my mind.

So here's to you, my dearest friend, for all the love you share,
For every laugh and tear we've cried, for every single care.
You may not know the depth of all the joy you bring to me,
But in this life, my heart will sing; you're my best friend, endlessly.

The Enigma's Embrace

The clock ticks , I'm lost in despair, His presence, feels like a suffocating snare. He's almost right, a whispered claim, Yet shadows dance within his name.

He's too much sun, my vision's lost, Worth any cost, wait, what's the cost? He is a maze of signs, I cannot see, This play on words seems to captivate me.

He's not enough, a hollow sound, he is familiar, I'm on painful ground. He does it right, the stage is set, He can change the world, I'm willing to bet.

My heart races in a panicked fright, Trapped in this enigma, day and night. He's more than that as the stars align, His riddle wraps itself in mine.