

The Petra La Rosé

Petra Fafina Marina Patrice

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

*I, Petra Fafina Marina Patrice, dedicate this work to my son, Rondel Rickel Jr., whose laughter and
light inspire every word I write.*

*To my family, who have always believed in me, and to everyone who has walked beside me on this
journey your encouragement made this possible.*

*And to the special people in my life, who have inspired my past, shape my present, and guide my
future.*

Acknowledgement

I would like to express my deepest gratitude to everyone who has supported me along this creative journey. To my family and friends, thank you for your love, patience, and encouragement you have been my inspiration and strength.

To those who listened to my words, believed in my voice, and reminded me that poetry has the power to heal, connect, and inspire I am truly grateful.

Most importantly, I thank God for the gift of expression and the courage to share it with the world. This book is not just mine, because every poem carries a piece of the people, places, and moments that have touched my life. While the words are written by me, the feelings within them belong to everyone who has ever loved, lost, dreamed, or hoped.

About the author

Petra Fafina Marina Patrice is a poet and illustrator from Windward, Carriacou, Grenada. She began writing poetry as a way to capture emotions, reflections, and everyday moments, transforming them into verses that speak to the heart. Her work often explores themes of love, faith, resilience, nature, and the beauty hidden in life's struggles and triumphs.

As both the author and illustrator of several collections, Petra unites words and art to create a deeply personal and expressive journey. Each poem and illustration is a piece of her story, shared with the hope of inspiring and connecting with others.

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Footsteps in the Night

Footsteps in the Night

My heart pounded
as I heard the footsteps
walking toward me
like a thief in the night.
I stood there, still,
unable to move,
hoping I would make it
to see another day.
"Hello," he said.
I couldn't believe my eyes.
Ten years had passed
since I last saw him.

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Day One

Day One

Day one, I made a plan.

Oops! it didn't work.

I tried, I cried,

and thankfully, it worked...

or so I thought.

Day two, I prayed,

because that's what I knew growing up.

Only thing... I lost faith.

Where am I without faith and hope?

I need to regain these,

so there will be one more day

for success.

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One Day

One Day

One day, I will say? *I made it.*

I made it through the sleepless nights,
through the pain,
through the countless tears.

One day, I will rise and declare,
"Yes, this victory is mine,
and this one belongs to my son."

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I Love You

I love You

I love you more

than you will ever know.

I love you till dust turns to dawn,

till the sun comes up

and the moon comes out.

I love you till the bright sky

fades into darkness.

I love you till the rain stops falling

and the wells run dry.

I love you till the earth stops spinning

and my heart stops beating.

I love you forever,

even when my body turns to ashes.

I love you forever

and evermore.

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Lord, Fix Me

Lord Fix Me

Lord, fix me.

Fix my heart,

it has been broken.

I'm bleeding on the inside,

but no man can fix it,

no doctor can heal me.

Helplessly, I've folded.

I need nature as my healing,

but still, I'm bleeding.

I've been cut deeply.

Helplessly, I'm creeping.

I can't run from the bleeding.

I can't walk,

I can only crawl,

wounded so deeply.

I'm bleeding.

Lord, fix me.

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Breathe

Breathe

Breathe.

Breathe, inhale, exhale.

Pause and think before you speak.

You've been holding in thoughts,
being cursed at for silly things,
for things you don't understand.

Breathe, Inhale, Exhale.

Pause and think before you speak.

You take in all the curses,
all the insults,
all the bad words and names...

You can't hold it in anymore.

Breathe, Inhale, Exhale.

Because one day, you might explode
like a volcano,
and you won't be able to take back
the words that were said.

Don't be like them.

Breathe, Inhale, Exhale.

Pause and think before you speak.

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Stay Glowed Up

Stay Glowed Up

Stay glowed up. Keep shining,
Work on that talent, girl keep it slick.
Glow up. Keep shining,
Work on that cookery it's been so weak.

Glow up. You've been sewing these clothes,
Designing fashion garments,
But still can't finish...
Keep going, keep shining.

Stay glowed up. Work on all you've built...
Build your special empire.
Set that date, take those pictures,
Build your memories.

Glow up. Keep shining,
Work on that talent, girl keep it slick.

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He is a Star

He is a Star

He is a star the world tried to dim,
yet his light keeps shining, even brighter.
His voice rose in melody so stunning,
praising in church until accusations paused his path.
But he never stopped,
at home his prayers still rise,
a blessing well known in his community.
On the field, with football and basketball,
he grows into a champion.
In the classroom, he excelled,
attending some of the best schools,
his grades as brilliant as his spirit.
He is a star,
never letting the world dim his light.
He changes direction when he sees doubt,
shifts his location and goal
whenever they try to bring him down.
He carries many dreams and visions,
switching paths until he is finished,
all to avoid those who tried
to crush his shine.
A beautifully made creation from heaven,
he continues to rise, always shining.
He is a star the world tried to dim,
but could never put out.

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The Choice and Chances of Change.

The Choice and Chances of Change.

I sit and wonder,
how long will it take
before we see change?
Is it simply a matter of time?
Change is born from choices made,
but what if those choices are not entirely our own,
shaped by people,
by the environment,
by the repetition of familiar situations?
How, then, can true change come,
when everything seems to pull us back
into the same cycle?
Take a chance, they say,
make a choice,
and change will come about
when the chances and choices are different?

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Snapshot Of Us

It's a perfect picture day, Petra.
Let's make that perfect picture...
picture perfect.

Let's snap some pictures,
Snap, snap
Perfect.
It's a perfect picture with you and me.

The sunrise in daylight, shadows at dawn,
are perfect for that photo.
As the ocean moves, you hear the waves on the sand.
I feel so sleepy, it's so peaceful
a perfect place for a picture
near the Pacific Ocean, you and I.

"Beautiful," he said.
A nice house on the beach we'd wish were ours...
until we saw the sign: for sale.
We broke our pockets for that beautiful, breathtaking beach house.
This is our home.

Snap, snap
Let's make memories and make the perfect pictures;
picture perfect.

The wind makes our hair dance,
the sunlight paints our smiles golden.
Every laugh, every glance
captured in a moment that feels everlasting.
Hands touch, hearts connect,
and the world fades to just us.

It's a perfect picture day, Petra.
Let's make that perfect picture...
picture perfect.

Snap, snap
Perfect.
A memory framed in light, forever ours.
In a perfect picture frame.

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Back At It Again

Back At It Again

Back at it again,
lingering thoughts, why are you here?
I've called a thousand times, no answer,
sent numerous messages, no response.
Now you sit before me,
cold and empty heart.
Back at it again,
lingering thoughts, why are you here?
I've called a thousand times, no answer,
sent numerous messages, no response.
Watery, glowing eyes
stare at me, pulling me into deep thought.
Back at it again,
no explanation, just emotions.
Why are you here?
No response.
He sat there speechless,
no words, just emotions.
Where is your heart?
Lingering thoughts... why are you here?
I ask no response. Speechless.
What am I to say with no heart?
Pulling me in, twirling me around
like a playful toy.
Back at it again no emotions.
No need to stand,
have a seat.
Because you're back at it again,
and now I'm speechless,
with no emotions.

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Little Prince

Little Prince

I have a prince, and ever since,
I've been convinced he loves quince.
Shall I nickname him Vince,
my Mr. Minx,
my little precious Prince?
I love you, Mr. Minx,
My little precious Prince.

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Painting the Perfect Picture

Painting the Perfect Picture

I paint a picture?
a perfect illustration.
I erase the errors,
because I dislike them.
I place something there,
just the first thought that came to mind.
But when it turns into a mistake,
I erase it?
that's what pencils are for.
With pens, there's no erasing.
Each mark is permanent.
So paint the perfect picture.
Write the best story you can.
Or tell the saddest,
most horrifying story ever told.

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Hi & Bye

Hi & Bye

A sudden sadness slips onto me?

just a minute, just hi and bye.

That's all my son hear:

hi ? bye.

When will you sit,

when will you say more?

Eight and nine?his favorite numbers,

the number of subjects I once carried,

until progress flipped, slipped,

pages ripped from my own damn book.

But listen?

I earned that shit.

It was mine.

Never theirs.

They stole, they tore,

but I still hold more.

I'll take it back.

Grip it.

Keep it.

Because I earned that shit.

And I'm not letting go.

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The Enchanted Flower

The Enchanted Flower

Every hour, I pick a flower.
Every time the rain showers,
it grows,
and gives off supernatural powers.
I pick the flower
and plant it near the tower,
to show empowerment.
It's a special flower
no man shall devour.

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A Thousand Miles

A Thousand Miles

We walked a thousand miles,
a thousand miles was how it felt,
but it was just minutes.
The sun was hot,
hot as fire,
beating on our faces,
yet we kept moving.
Tired, yet motivated,
I carried books, made designs,
gathered for my son,
and hoped another child
would join our homeschool.
At his current school,
I put his bag on the shelf
and noticed he was not behind me.
My heart leapt.
Through the crowd of students
listening to story time,
I searched but did not see him.
Then he turned,
looked at me,
and I took one last breath of relief.
He waved.
I smiled,
saying my goodbye
until 2:30?
we meet again
to walk one last time.
We walked a thousand miles,
a thousand miles was how it felt,
but it was just minutes?

until we were home.

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The Heart's Spark

The Heart's Spark

The heart lights a spark;
no man can depart.
It's very smart,
plays its part, leaves a remark.
A heartache so dark
whenever we're apart,
yet the heart must be wise,
for it imparts an art.
Apart, it must dwell in the dark,
to prepare for a brand-new restart.

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When the Clock Strikes 12

When the Clock Strikes 12

When the clock strikes 12,
my dress will turn
into the old rags I wear
while mopping and cleaning
my small board house.
When the clock strikes 12,
I will disappear,
and my prince will come to find me.
But it will be difficult to say it was me,
when my wicked stepsister
keeps deceiving him.
When the clock strikes 12,
I'm not sure I will be able
to admit that I was there?
that I was the one
at his ball,
the one he danced with.
When the clock strikes 12,
I pray that everything
returns to normal,
and that I am not left
living with someone else's prince.
When the clock strikes 12,
I hope that time never repeats,
and that everything returns to normal,
where family gathers and meets.
When the clock strikes 12,
we will surely be
whatever we want to be,
& wherever we want to be.
When the clock strikes 12,

where love meets, it will remain or change.
But when the clock strikes 12,
love will surely grow.

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Behind Closed Doors

Behind Closed Doors

I missed the stop ? "No worries," he said.
"I'll turn right back."
I missed the art show,
but some things you just can't return to.
Next year, we'll wait.
I missed an event
I couldn't get back to.
I missed a date,
but there's always the next day.
I was late for my interview ? oh no!
This one threw me off.
I had no choice but to let go.
I thought this was it...
how sadly mistaken I was.
I thought I missed the best things,
but better was waiting right behind the door.
"Knock, knock," she said ?
she had all that I thought I lost.
And what was mine
was wrapped in a big red bow.
"Hello," he said.
There it was:
my dream school,
my company,
my life, open behind a closed door.
Girl, next time ?
just open that door.

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A Rose for You

A Rose for You

Dear Future Husband,
I am like a rose ?
I have thorns.
I grow when you water me daily.
I'm not perfect,
for once I am picked...
that is it.

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Beloved & Enough

Beloved & *Enough*

Do you love me? I have no clue,
but one thing's sure: my love is true.
Pure as morning, faithful, uncluttered
for the truest, realest, sweetest above.

A beloved dove that drifts above,
let it prove what gentle hands can shove:
it shoves aside the doubt and fear,
it grooves through days when night draws near,
and removes the thorns that bind and rough.
Real love is beloved and always enough.

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White Car

White Car

I saw him glare at me.

What does it mean?

When he stares at me...

my son says: "White car, white car."

Am I supposed to be looking for that white car?

Who knows maybe it's his favorite color.

I suppose maybe that's all it is.

But something inside me

just can't help

but feel there's something more...

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Cactus

Cactus

A green plant with pricklers upon it
why did I walk so near?
My skin begins to itch,
I cannot stop the scratching.
Strange... I never felt the prick.
Ten minutes later
"ochh!" I cried.
It carried flowers,
delicate and bright.
How did they survive such pricklers?
And will I?
I cannot help but wonder
if there is something more
within this green,
strange plant.

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Echoes and Empty Spaces

Echoes and Empty Spaces

I've been hurt, so maybe I've hurt others.
I've been lied to, so maybe I've lied too.
I've wasted years on people who stopped caring.
I've remembered people who forgot me.
I've suffered at the hands of those who said they loved me.

I've held on when I should have let go.
I've given my time, my trust, my heart
to empty spaces and quiet echoes.

So can you blame my silence?
I step back because I need to breathe.
I retreat because the world has shown me
that love can vanish, and words can break.

I am not perfect.
I am not always strong.
I am not always right.
But I am me, still standing,
still trying to make sense of all this.

And even if you don't understand me,
even if no one does,
I will hold my voice
until I am ready to speak again.