



The Rose
A Collection
of Poetry
By
Joan Nicholes
Copyright Jan 1, 2008



The Rose

The rose awakens at early dawn.
It stretches its dew-moistened petals
to the warmth of the morning sun.
At first glance it appears perfect in every way.
But its beauty is deceptive.
For even the most perfect rose has its flaws.
Its petals are soft as satin.
Its fragrance may be sweet as honey
Yet its thorns are as prickly as
broken shards of glass.
God gives it life for just a little while.
Bringing us a small amount of joy.
But slowly it will begin to wither.
Eventually its leaves will tarnish,
dry up and blow away.
All that will remain is the memory
that it once lived.



The Heart Of A Woman

**The heart of a woman
Is not a toy
To be handled recklessly.
It is a fragile gift
Given to only a few.**

**The heart of a woman
Is made of the finest threads
That God could find,
Woven into a tapestry
Full of wonder and delight.
The heart of a woman
Is pure and true
To family, friends,
And those she loves.**

**It is with God's hands
A woman was created.
It is with God's love
We were born.**

**And with God's love
There comes hope.
And with hope
There blooms
In every woman's heart
A beauty and grace
That is all her own.**

A woman walks
In the splendor of youth.
She walks upon the sands of time
As if to never grow old.
The gentle wind is upon her face
Her eyes are aglow with sentimental love.
The kiss of the sun is upon her cheeks
And the call of her name comes from the clouds above.

Each woman
Was designed
With a purpose in mind
A goal to fulfill.
To each is given
A measure of faith.
Love and hope
Abide in the depths of her heart.
And from the depths of her heart
Come the dreams of tomorrow.
And with every dream
There comes a special peace.
And with peace
There comes joy.
And from joy
There comes love.
And with love
There comes a time
When the tears of life
No longer matter.

For Everything
Has fallen into place
Just as the designer and creator
Had planned it from the start.
So this day
I give to you
A piece of my heart
To carry with you
Where ever you may go.
This is a gift I give to you.
Treasure it always.
For it came from above
As a blessing to all.



LOST

In a moment of weakness
I turned sad
My world grew dark.
And in the darkness
I began to cry
with no one to give comfort
to my aching soul.
Nothing surrounded me
but emptiness.
Loneliness grew from the depths of my soul.
I find comfort in the darkness,
a place where I do not have
to hope or dream or live,
nor feel or laugh or even smile.
It is a place
where no one notices me.
I am invisible to the world.
And no one can hurt me
but myself.
In the solitude of loneliness
I beg for release
of the sorrow that smothers me.
But I cling to it
As if to never let it go.
I am like a tiny speck in the world.
A drifter searching for a place I belong.
But there is no place assigned
to a soul like mine.



Beneath Your Wings

**Seems so long ago
That I was born.
Just a small child
I wanted for nothing.
Then I grew up.
And life changed.
I saw violence.
I felt pain.
My heart was etched
with memories
I'd like to forget.
I am tormented
by the silent cries,
that wrack
my angry heart.
I was weak
and scared
and I trembled so.
Afraid to stay or chose to go.
I was so alone.
Not a friend I had.
Not one to listen
or give support.
I thought I would die.
I wanted to.**

The thoughts came often.
In the midst of the pain.
I crumbled, not once or twice.
But many times.
There were times I could not move.
Or think, or even speak.
I could only stare into
a mindless darkness.
I felt numb and cold
and very empty deep inside.
When I cried out,
I didn't know
That some listened
that I could not see.
When I was afraid,
I didn't know
There was someone
who gave me shelter.
When I was worried
He kept me at peace.
He gave me his love
everlasting and faithful.
When there was no one there
to give me comfort.
When there was no one there
to lend an ear.
I was never really alone.
He was there with me,
waiting, listening,
wanting me to come to Him.
But I was lost.
Now I am found
I am a safe
beneath Your Wings.



Winter's Dawn

**It was a winter's night,
bleak and cold.**

**And stretched before my eyes
was nothing but a haunting fear.**

**I cringed to think
that my life was over.**

**And in the swirl of wind and snow
I heard a lonesome cry.**

**I struggled to my feet with
what strength I had
and staggered on into the night.**

**For I new that soon
my breath would freeze
and I may not live
to see the winter's dawn**