

Poetry of James F. Hill - Page Ten



[Your email to James is welcomed](#)

The worth of Woman

A woman valued
nourishes the sun
and smoothes a path
for those behind
where nettles once grew.

jfrancis 1.7.2011

WHY MESSIAH

The grains of time
fall on a dying world,

the hour all but gone
the glass near spent,
when man's choice
casts his die
toward eternity.

jfrancis

1.14.2011

The Storm

blew in
out of a sunset
laying our saplings
near the ground.
The rest
was standard fare_____
except the ending
when that rainbow

wrapped its arms
around the setting sun.

jfrancis

1.15.2011

SonWorship

Not
a place or time
to rest the bones____
though
it should be
a restful place
to engage
the face o G-d
in our spirit
and touch
the spirit
of his Son

today.

jfrancis

1.17.2011

Keats

Fame doth claim
many a mortal soul____
and earth knows not
what is gone
till sinews of time
lift immortality
above the rhyme.

jfrancis

1.19.2011

In search of Home

where Love
blossoms a desert
with peace,
and peace
breaks shackles
of hatred
which enslave lands
and divide
the ancient family
of Abraham,
until history
well sated
opens the heart of terror
with Messiah and Grace.

jfrancis

1.25.2011

Snow

Love is not gone____
once kindled,
it lives beyond
and returns
with the magic
of each
February whiteness.

jfrancis

2.5.2011

Breath of Spring

Winter dies
as the goose flies
and spring awakens
the wildflower seed
for a journey

through the heart and mind
of humankind
where creation
paints the flowers
with man's emotion.

jfrancis

2.6.2011

Egyptian Bondage

Free the body

and the soul soars_____.

It is old

as the sand of time

that flows

through the glass

to become

a flight of the heart

on tattered wings of hope.

jfrancis

2.12.2011

Lyric or Law

When angels fly

humanity takes note.

Both lowly bard

and prophet king

know the voice of God.

jfrancis

2.14.2011

The King is Coming

Great with child,

fear also,

then words of angelic wonder

calm the twisting turmoil

of her spirit nature

as faith

opens the eyes

of her heart

to see Messiah,

a Son of David,

whose kingdom

will never end.

jfrancis,

Luke 2.16.2011

The Plan

Heavenly beauty

Through a veiled mist

Of personality and charm

Awakened my heart

To blessing

God hath wrought

In such a place

Of fragile wonderment

And still the mystery

Wraps itself

Round my whole being

Yet gives room enough

To drink only

From the spring

Sparkling before me.

Jfrancis

3.5.2011

The Vows

Love to last,

A shared connection

Wrapping round

Vows never lost

But broken still
By pain of heart
Which death
Pries apart.

Jfrancis
3.13.2011

The Life

Never done, never done____
Maintenance of marriage
Consumes passion
And excitement
Years do not.
Life and love
Wear the fabric
Threadbare and faded
Beyond the early year
When effort required

Only warmth and touch
To right the ship.
At the end
Parting becomes
That sweet sorrow
Poets dream of.

Jfrancis

3.14.2011

Tree of the Way

Legends are large
As the dogwood
Whose body
Fashioned the cross
And shame____
And became
A symbol of both
To dwell in the shadow

Of most
And never repeat
The horror of Golgotha
Where life died
And death became
A blossom
Nailed
To the tree of life.

Jfrancis

3-20-2011

**Living
(inside a fairy tale)**

Fairy tales
Are not real____
Only the characters
Who bring life
To a child's world.

Jfrancis

3.31.2011

“The Valley of the Shadow”

Death brings us
To that winding road
Where life missed
A serious turn
And now
The pieces are scattered
Beyond the reach of time.
The small white cross
Marks a place
Not of our choosing
So God gathers the pieces
Binds them in to one,
As fathers do,
And gives the heartbeat

To eternity.

Jfrancis

4.4.2011

In Defense of Love

Love___

A pure emotion

Often misuse

For personal gain,

None the less

Our hearts enshrine

This worthy creation

In the highest regard,

For no other passion

Of the heart

Moves man

To embrace

Another fair creature

Till death parts.

Jfrancis

4.18.2011

“Never into Nothingness”

Poetry

Cast in gold

Hammered on leaf

Has not grief

But permanence

And moonlight

On lovers heads,

Pounding hearts

Almost

Never ceased___

Painted with

The broadest brush

Of eternity

Where poets rest

And we come, refreshed.

Jfrancis

4.21.2011

FLIGHTPATH

Children move

As the bouncing ball

Where gravity works

Part time

And the butterfly

Flits

Totally unaware

Their footprint

On the flowers
Move our world
forward.

Jfrancis

8.3.2011

Age__

A rather
Slow creature
Given to stealth,
Disguised by time,
Until we are wrapped
In the gentle arms
Of weakness.

Jfrancis

8.14.2011

Journey

The distance to Love
From affection
Is the space
Of a heartbeat.

Jfrancis

8.19.2011

Rising Love

Love is. . . .

A knowing in the heart

Gifted

With patience

Surrounded

By soft words

Saturated

With forgiveness__

Bound together

By spirit

That wakes the morning

And paints each day

Of the eastern horizon

In colors

Of a burning brush.

Jfrancis

8.22.2011

Eternity 101

Life is serious___

So much so

Ignoring eternity

Is a flailing of the wind

For the wind blows

Without regard

To human desire

And does not fail

To remind you,

Eternity

Is the day

Of your death.

Jfrancis

8.24.2011

Winning Hand

What you're dealt
Is why you're in the game
And this game
Is not chance
But choice
And sacrifice
And creation's business.
Each soul
Has gold to spend
Odds to beat
Time to burn
Grace to purchase
For free___
For the tree

Is cheap
And precious
And chosen
By me.

Jfrancis
9.3.2011
Meeting Death

**A poem commemorating
the tenth anniversary
of the 9/11 terrorist acts.**

(in the air)

Life comes
On angel wings
With pain
And euphoria__.
These
Are the good years

Of bonding and struggle
Producing worth
In human form.
Worth for sacrifice,
If we must,
Sacrifice in service
As duty requires;
In the air,
On the stair
Where death lingered
Far beyond the dust
And digging,
Death multiplied thrice.
Now the years
Lay waste,
For the worth lost,
The bones scattered
In our valley
Of grief.

Jfrancis

9.9.2011

Sparkling Eyes

The beginning___

Still and silent

Yet portends

The heart rending

To come.

Softly

The shoulders shake

As moisture appears

In a single sparkling

Rivulet,

Moistens the mascara

For effect,

And the heart it takes

By storm

Is doomed

To fail

Or swoon.

Jfrancis

9.15.2011

Watching the Grass Grow

Requires patience.

bunnies and their foodstuff

a real quilt

the sun with shade

and a vacant heart

to be filled

with the song

of God's quietness.

jfrancis

6.28.08

Time to Pass

God gives his world
Time to pass
Wrapped in families
With leisure to love
And laugh
For the joys of life
Where the woods and water
Borrow the summer days
To construct
Hallowed halls
Of times past
Where the crisp days
Of October
Grow our boys
Into men.

Jfrancis

10.6.2011

Fall Silent

In your desert
Between
Silence and emotion
The song
Of G-d's quietness
Can be found
In the bass clef notes
Of a desert breeze.
Here he speaks
In a silence
Only you can hear.

Jfrancishill

Lschneider

The above poem
was
inspired by an

article
in Israel Today
by Ludwig
Schneider
[click for article](#)

Untitled Poem

Poetry

Washes the dust

From our soul

And licks the
wounds

Time

Has suffered us_____

While it does not

Lengthen life

(Keats only twenty
five)

Our years drip

With the honey

Of corporate
passion

Read and writ.

Jfrancis

10.10.2011

Deal Gilad

Stained hands gone
free__

For innocent years

Gone begging,

One winner, almost

One thousand
losers

More or less_____

Until

The day of their
death,

Then eternity

And certainty__

G-d deals

The hand!

Jfrancis

10.17.2011