

Poetry of Marshall Beeber - Page Two



To Leave

Aug. 20, 1996

(This poem is dedicated to my loving wife Lynne.)

Fears and frets I want to leave,

but how can this be done?

Freedom's cost and what is lost,

by being worrisome.

Wanting relief from constant grief,

I lift my arms this hour.

He whispers to me, I can be free,

by trusting in His power.

So Jesus I pray, give peace this day,

to soulful frets and strife.

Turn all my cares to trusting prayers,
and guide me to new life.

Through A Dimly Lit Corridor

May 1, 1997

Through a dimly lit corridor,
I peer through space and time.
Not too far from here and now,
As time and space can be defined.

I see the earth at peace,
And all the works of evil ceased.
Swords are beaten back to plowshares,
God's holy government increased.

Jerusalem redeemed eternal,
Both Jew and Gentile reconciled.
Young and old alike rejoice,
Free at last from sin's defile.

Messiah Jesus on His throne,
To judge the nations just and true.
Is this your hope as it is mine?
If it is not, God welcomes you!

Home Again

May 14, 1997

From New Jersey to PA,
I travel home from work each day.
My wife and daughter at the door,
Their cheerful smiles and hugs galore.

How did I deserve such care?
This middle aged and balding bear.

I can only thank the Lord for this;
Their gentle ways and tenderness,
Has given wholeness to my life,
And happiness instead of strife.

Oh life is but a mystery,
Why such joy has come to me!

Seeking

May 30, 1997

It may be true that poetry can reach the inner soul,
Where prose and exhortation may seldom ever go.
And so an image I'll design to reach the inward man.
To let us see inside our hearts, to know it's secret plans.

We see our dreams and hopes and loves,
Our everyday desires.
And yet we know there's something more,
That "things" cannot inspire.

We seek a closeness with our love,
And yet we know the truth.
There's something more that's needed,
That human's can't produce.

We pray to God in searching,
The truth we seek at last.
The cynics say there is no truth,
But still we search a path.

We hear of the Messiah,
And how he died for us.
In search of understanding,
In hope to place our trust.

But doubt is all around us,
And laughing friends deride.
You seek the wind they say to me,
But all their strength is pride.

For now my courage rises,
To faith I will commit,
Messiah Jesus I am yours,
To faith without regret.

Shmatas!

June 3, 1997

An angry critic exclaimed to me,
His disdain for my poetry.

"These Messianic sentiments are to me,
Dirty shmatas strewn for all to see!"

Now a "shmata" is in Yiddish,
A garment worn and tattered.
A dirty shmata even more,
should not be shown or scattered.

"Such revealing of the heart,
And Messianic views,
Are but a counterfeit to all,
Who see themselves as Jews!"

"Much better then to hide such verse,
Than to broadcast such a faith perverse!"

But what that man can't bear to see,
Is there within my poetry.

Besides the shmatas hanging there,
Are garments new this writer wears.
This garment is not made by man,
And cannot boast of human plan.
These clothes are but the righteousness,
Imparted forth to me.
That covers all my sinfulness,
And sets my spirit free.

So I proclaim to critics now,
"Come read my poetry!"
If shmatas all you're looking for,
That's all you'll ever see.

Attempting Brilliance

June 24, 1997

Attempting to be brilliant by writing poetry,
Is not the brightest thought conceived,
Nor will it ever be!

For poetry gains nothing,
But peoples fleeting thoughts.
And if you pay the publisher,
Your poems may be bought.

But never-mind the medium,
And all it's vanity.
Just read the while,
And without guile,
I'll tell you what I see.

A million thoughts all struggling,
To gain supremacy.
With great debate they all create,
A monstrous symphony.

But Jesus' words are different.
And with great accuracy,
The foolishness of godless thought,
He shows for all to see.

And in it's place is taught His grace,
Endowed with liberty.

And so to summarize this poem,
With verse to take to heart.
If Jesus guides your poetry, confusion will depart.

A poem dedicated to my mother, Yetta Beeber

Aug. 13, 1997

My mother's name was Yetta,
Her love remains with me.
And even with her passing,
Her visage I still see.

That smiling face and gentle grace.
Her laughter that I still embrace.

All these thoughts still have their place,
As fondest memories.