

The Poetry of Wynne

A Christmas Wish

Oh why have so many gone astray.
Who is this beast* of the Middle East.
Oh how they will pay, for soon will
be the day.

Let's not forget His birthday.
Let's not forget His sacrifice.
Let's begin to pray for His
return this day.

Let Christmas be His again,
for Him we owe everything.
His day is not for just
exchanging foolish gifts
and thinking only of ourselves.
But it is still His Day.
My wish is to reinstate His day
and His day is Christmas .

It is my Christmas Wish just give
us this day and our daily bread
and thank you for the day
everyday. Let's celebrate the day.
It puts my heart in such dismay!
Let's get into the fray for the way
it used to be so long ago.
Pray for the day and a new day
beginning this Christmas day.
Let the bells of mercy ring
around this world this day
Peace on this earth.

Me

Do not stand at my grave and weep, I am not there, I do not sleep. I
am a thousand winds that blow; I am the diamond glints on snow. I

am the sunlight on ripened grain;I am gentle autumn's rain. When you awaken in the morning's hush, I am the swift uplifting rushOf quiet birds in circled flight,I am the soft star that shines at night.Do not stand at my grave and cry,I am not there; I did not die. I am the soldier in spirit fighting for my home land .My soul lives on thru Gods great mercy.We will defeat in the heat of battle.We will sacrafice for the day of feast.I am the Israli soldier who lives in me.

* in reference to Satan

Mirrors Of Love

Mirrors of love reflecting the glitters.

Lights bouncing across the spacethose lusty looks that we dare!Oh"

God please don't stare.

The morrows of life's reflection So torments me,
and can only lead to the inner temptations of lust I have for you.

Dreams cascading all around meat once tantalizing
and swishing me away into the spirit of lights,
that's what mirrors create as I fallasleep this night,
I'm dizzy in your eyes of lusting love.

The mirrors have captured me my love.

Wynne

[Email to Wynne](#)