

Whispers in the Wind

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PublishAmerica
Baltimore

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First printing

PublishAmerica has allowed this work to remain exactly as the author intended, verbatim, without editorial input.

Softcover 9781462693917
PUBLISHED BY PUBLISHAMERICA, LLLP
www.publishamerica.com
Baltimore

Printed in the United States of America

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Love and a Child

I'd love Thee Lord
But in my way,
Tomorrow, or another day.

I'd walk with Thee
But where I lead
By verdant paths
Through flowery meads.

I'd talk with Thee
But what I'd say!
Not just now Lord.
For I must play.

I'd laugh and sing
And be with Thee
But only when it pleases me.
And so I go my wayward way
While He must wait another day!

Evening Prayer

Into the gray-blue even tide
The shadows of night time gently glide
The birds in a chattering chirping lay
Bid a last farewell to a dying day.

Slowly across the valley steals
The long lone sounds of distant peals
The rose in the garden bows her head
In reverend gesture-the day is dead.

Ah, thank you God for this day of love
For the rose and the palm and the blue above.
For the thoughts and the memories of someone dear.
Oh, thank you God-this my goodnight prayer.

A Child at Bedtime

“I wonder what the sunbeams say
When it’s time for bed
Do they scamper off to play
Or do they pout instead?
I think not; for I’ve never seen
At night, the glimmer of a stray sunbeam.”

“I wonder what the birdies do
When it’s dark outside?
Do they sometimes copy you
And run away to hide?
I think not for I’ve never heard
At night-the twitter of a little bird.”

“I wonder do the flowers take flight
When the evening sun
Gently folds their petals tight
Do they too want fun?
I think not –for I’ve never known
At night- a flower that was full blown.”

“I wonder do the squirrels cry
When it’s time to sleep
Or do they say ‘Mummy, I’ll try’
While into bed they creep.
I think so –for it couldn’t be
That baby squirrel would climb a tree.”

“I wonder what the tree tops do
When their Mother, Night,
Gently soothes their drowsy heads
And calms their gusts of fright?
I think they hasten and are still
And softly say – Mummy, I will.”

My Treasure

Only a baby small dropped from the skies,
Only a laughing face, two sunny eyes,
Only two cherry lips, one chubby nose
Only two little hands, ten little toes.

Only a golden head, curly and soft,
Only a tongue that wags loudly and oft,
Only a little brain empty of thought
Only a little heart troubled with naught.

Only a tender flower sent us to rear
Only to fill with love while we are here.
Only a baby small rarely at rest
Small, but how dear to all!
God knoweth best.

Welcome Spring

Yes, yes, I hear the merry songs,
And even see the happy throngs
Of daffodils that dance and sway
Caressed by freshening breezes gay.

My heart leaps up with joy to hear
The rippling streamlet's water clear
As gushing forth in glad surprise
They mock the yet beguiling skies.

The birds their sweetest ditties sing
And lo! To greet us gentle spring,
All nature wakes from slumber-tide
To greet this Lady with unabashed pride.

Omnipresence

I see my love in every flower
His voice comes on the breeze
His tears are shed in every shower
His sighs ring through the trees.

His eyes are imaged in the stars
His beauty in the skies
While in the snow-capped peaks
That bar the cloudy course, His power lies.

The noonday sun His splendor shows,
The pale moon light reflects His grace,
Yea, every creature this earth knows
Of His perfection has a trace.

His silence in the forest reigns
His strength commands the broiling sea
While in the little child, He deigns
To give His smile of love for me.

Contemplating a Beautiful Woman

When did the Lord God think of you?
At Dawn! When Phoebus riding high
In gilded chariot flecked the sky?
Did He the golden glimmers glean
And weave them in a silken sheen
To crown your brow?

And did the Lord God linger long
When morn awoke to sip the dew
And kiss the air so fresh and new,
Did He that beauty find it there
Hid in the heart of a lily fair
To cloth your kind?

Surely, the Lord God thought of you
At noon, when neath the sun's full rays
The earth grew hot and bending blades,
Of grass burnt brown and shot with fire
Leaped high and still yet higher!
Your heat He knew!

And did the Lord God on you muse
When twilight clasped the dying day
And held her tight, while half in play
The limpid springs chased dancing beams
Who laughing cast a thousand gleams!
Where these your eyes?

Offering

I offer You each flower that grows
In woodland, field or vale,
Sweet violets and anemone,
Blossoms delicate and frail.

I offer You each bird that sings
In hedgerow, tree or sky,
The blackbird's and the lark's sweet song
And from the hills, the eagle's cry.

I offer You, all nature's springs
The rippling streams and brooks
The music of the tidal waves
'Mid lonely crags and nooks.

I offer You, each tree that stands
In valley, plain or grove
The stately spine, the graceful lime
I offer all, with burning love.

God's Presence

God in the sunshine,
God in the rain,
In the bending corn,
In the golden grain.

God in the chirping
'Mid the bowers,
In the perfumed breath,
Of the wild wood flowers.

God in the grass
By the water's edge,
In the gray green moss
On the rocky ledge.

In the myriad things
That move and sigh,
O'er the dark brown earth,
In the light blue sky.

Thank You, dear God
For this gift of You,
For this glimpse of beauty
So old – yet new.

The Stream

Say little stream from whence thou art?
Fruit of the valley, begot from the heart
Of the mountain steep?
And formed in the womb of the crevice deep?
Thou art little stream, a child of love.
Thou art little stream, a child of God.

Say little stream, where dost thou go?
Now in a hurry and then so slow.
I know! For I've heard in the silent still
Your voice, as you whispered in love – "I will".

And so little stream when the sun's firstborn
Stretches his arms to embrace the morn
Touched and retouched till your heart's a thrill
In love, you still echo, "I will, I will".

"I will" to the pebbles beneath your feet.
"I will" to the reeds when e'er you meet.
"I will" to the dancing willow tree,
As he, gently bending, caresses your feet.

"I will" to the leaf upon your breast
As softly you rock her to her rest
"I will, I'll love all the whole day through
For all, dear God, are an image of You."

God's Will

It chanced that a young lad on his way,
A beautiful rosebud espied one day.
Then gazing in wonder, he shook his head.
“But one day of beauty –tomorrow dead!”

“For this did you dwell the winter through
In the depth of the earth, hid away from view.
For this did you brave the cold March wind
The frost and the mist and the storms less kind?”

“Oh, foolish youth,” cried the Rose in pain.
“How could you consider my sufferings vain?
'Tis true that my beauty lives but for a day
But He who is Beauty ordained it that way.”

Thoughts in a Forest

A robin hops.
A dry twig snaps.
A dancing leaf makes curtsy low.
A little gust
A rustling pine
By these His love
I've come to know.

A lightening flash,
A thunder crash,
A daisy sips
The dewy grass.
To the curlew's cry
The valley thrills.
Such sights and sounds!
Here His love abounds.

Reminiscence

Oh, to be a child again
Playing in the sun
When daisies laughed and talked with you
And buttercups could run.

To love and laugh and cry again
Dancing in the rain
When all was young and beautiful
Too young to wound or pain.

Oh, to be a child again
Running in the dew
When honeysuckle bells could speak
And violets bowed to you!

When days were long and hours went slow
Fishing in the stream
When all was young and beautiful
But now, 'tis but a dream!

Mother's Love

Beneath the Mother's soft warm wings
The little fledgling hides
Safe from the snares of evil things
In peace and love it bides!

It knows no danger, heeds no foe
Thinks not of future days
Nor does it care aught else to know
Save mother's loving ways.

Gems in a garden

A world of beauty naked lies
For those who see with seeing eyes.
The worm beneath the dank, dark clod
Is not less near its loving God

The bird that on the low bow sings,
The lark who chants while heavenward wings,
The butterfly, the honey bee,
The squirrel climbing in a tree,
The frogs that croak the whole night long,
The owl's hoot-its only song.

The sunflower full, head raised on high
Sees not the face of God more nigh.
For God in flower and insect is
And naught there is that is not His!

The Doru Poems

A Tribute to my Darling

3/21/1991

Your love is a Bouquet fair
Woven of flowers, whose perfume rare
Intoxicate the scentless air.

A rose with dew-drenched petals bent
A violet, frail, its essence spent
In ways oft hid, in sweet content.

A lily standing clean and white
Casting a glow of warmth and light
A tribute to your mind, upright.

A daisy with a heart of gold,
Too costly to be bought or sold,
Only for angel hands to hold.

A buttercup, a primrose bright
Anemone, such sheer delight!
Sweet hollyhocks, a crimson bell,
These radiant blooms, your kindness tell.

A Birthday Gift

3/20/1991

What can I give you, my darling?
What trinkets can I display?
A bouquet of sweet smelling roses?
They last but for only a day!

A rare gift of gold or silver?
The best that this world can afford?
Like all of the world's fleeting pleasures
They perish and leave the soul bored.

Then what can I give you, my darling?
Something that will not decay!
LOVE! – is the gift I am holding
Everlasting, Eternal, for Aye!

Spring

4/10/1991

As flowers awake from their long cold sleep
And birds take flight their nuptials to keep
As the earth in profusion decks Spring's bower
And moody clouds change by the hour,
As violets tossing bend and sway
Drenched by April's gusting spray,
My thoughts to you are turned each day.

As swaying trees with blossoms bending
Their richness strewn with earth is blending
And evening lingers long with day
And twilight's hour dares to delay
As fledglings chirrup in the nest,
And drowsy newborns seek the breast,
My thoughts of you bring peace and rest.

As night time shadows steal the day,
And little children cease their play,
As from the elm the night owl coos,
And turtledove his lady woes,
And bird and bee, all creatures small
To cozy nests obey the call,
Your love, my thoughts still hold enthral.

And when upon my bed I lie,
Enshroud' in darkness, and I try
With thoughts of you to fall asleep,
Your gentle love night's vigil keeps.

And when I wake with shades of dawn
Your tender kisses welcome morn
And thoughts of you again are born.

You Came

6/ 1991

Into my life you came one day,
A gracious figure, passing my way.
You brought the joy I never knew,
The sweetest joy of loving you.

Into my life you walked one night,
Filing my darkness with your light
The radiance of your happy smile
Your wit, your humor to beguile.

Into my life you came, my dear,
Bidding me, gently, not to fear.
Loving till life was one sweet song
And I in a melody drifted along.
And then one day, I knew...
I loved you!

Eternal Love

6/17/1991

You love me now
What of tomorrow?
A world of change
Soon all is sorrow.
The sun has day
The moon the night
With Autumn's winds
The birds take flight.

You love me now
The words were spoken.
I do not doubt
They'll e'er be broken.
We live a day
We know a night.
To other realms
Our souls take flight.

You love me now.
An hour of wonder!
Least we forget
Take time to ponder
That winter's snows
In silver lie
Upon the mound.
You've said, Goodbye!

My Prayer

7/1992

God be your guiding light
God be your strength and might
God keep your judgment right
God be with you day and night.

God guard you in the fray
Speed your steps upon the way
Charge each deed with endless pay
This, my dear, I daily pray.

God fill your life with love
Sweet blessings from above.
God be with you everywhere,
Watching over you with care.
All that this world counts as rare
May God bestow...

This is my prayer.

All the things You Are

10/1992

You are the sweetest gift of life.
You are my love, my guiding light.
You are the spring time of my year.
The laughter and the falling tear.

You are the fresh'ning breeze that blows,
The gentle calm before the snows.
You are my all, my only love,
Bounteous blessing from above.

You are a cloudless sky in June,
The summer night that ends too soon.
The perfume from the lily's bell,
The rainbow, with its magic spell.
That turns the whole world into gold
While I, enchanted, long to hold
The earth and all its wondrous charms
For they are wrapped within your arms.

You are the starry sky at night
The sunset glows, the Northern light
The crystal spring, the waterfall,
The new born lamb, the timid fawn,
The graceful swan, the lark at dawn.
You are to me a thousand dreams
Of love, and all that, that word means.

My Valentine

2/14/1993

From whence did you come?
So chivalrous and grand.
A man of refinement,
From what strange land?
A far away country
Had given you birth
Had formed you and shaped you,
Revealing your worth.

You came, my beloved,
To change my whole life.
An old Romantic,
You made me your wife
No lover more gentle
No husband so true,
As you, my beloved.
That's why I love you.

Doru

2/13/91

I think that God
Designed your heart.
He made it pure
A place apart.
A garden filled with love.

A garden where
Perfuming flow'rs
Their fragrance cast
Through endless hours
Seeps deep into my soul.

You are, my dear
A gift Divine
He fashioned you
He made you mine.

You take my hand
When things are tough
You gently smile
When times are rough.

Yes, you're the gift
He gave to me
A gift of Love
A mystery.

Doru mio
Mo Cushla
Mo Croi.

Mon Roi

2/13/1991

What happiness your love has taught
What rhapsodies your presence wrought!
I long for you to fill my heart
I wait the hour we need not part.

Then hasten, darling, don't delay.
Life's fleeting moments speed away.
For one brief day may our lives be
Love's sweetest, tenderest melody.

I wonder

2/13/1991

Was it just a dream?
Or where you really there?
I search in vain, my darling.
Can't find you anywhere.

Was it just a dream?
Or where you really there?
In the café by the sea
Were we the only pair?

Did you kiss me, Sweet?
Or was it only air?
A phantom born into the night
My lonely heart to tear.

Did I hold your hand?
And did I touch your face?
Did we see the silver sand?
And watch the moonbeams chase?

Did I know your love?
Did I hold you tight?
Did I feel the beating heart?
Throughout that wondrous night?

I wonder, yes I wonder,
If all my life's a dream.
And all its beauteous memories
Only –what might have been?

My Wish

3/30/1992

I'd like to pick a star for you
Out of the crystal night.
I'd like to catch a drop of dew
From the heart of the lily white.

I'd like to cull a blood red rose
It's fragrance yet unknown.
I'd like to pluck a flake of snow
When fresh from heaven thrown.

Alas, the gift is very small
That I, my love would give.
Only a fragile heart, that's all
I give you while I live.

Te iubesc, Doru mio.

Martisorul

2/14/1991

The sun arose – effulgent, white.
 The morning broke in radiant light.
 Earth's snowy breast by fire touched
 Quickened, as virgin nipples blushed.
 Then, as the Sun God warmed her bower,
 A fruitful womb spilled forth in flower.

With trembling hand I picked a bloom,
 And pressed it fragrant to my breast.
 In love, it sighed. Its sweet perfume
 The morning breeze gently caressed.

A chorus from the azure sky
 Awoke to sing that spring in nigh.
 And as a streamlet danced away
 It sang a lovely plaintive lay.

Then, as I stroked the snowdrop fair,
 I raised my head and said a prayer.
 Source of Love, All love excelling
 Make us one, Your indwelling.

Then on my snowdrop's lips I placed
 A burning kiss, and stroked its face
 And in its heart I shed a tear
 For you, my Doru...
 You, my dear.

Te Iubesc

2/24/1991

“Te iubesc”
The words rang sweet.

I love you
And two worlds meet.

“Te iubesc”
He said again
“Scio, my darling,”
My refrain.

“Te iubesc.”
Two words that sing
A love song
New life they bring.

“Te iubesc”
Is my reply
“Shi eu tot.”

His words don't lie.

Love

2/27/1991

My spirit soars
To a world apart.
My mind?
The unknown seeks.
A world of beauty,
Unconquered peaks
Inviting...
Beckoning...
Capturing the heart.

What wondrous Love!
By Father spoken
The Word,
His only Son,
Born of the Spirit
Eternal One.
Mystery...
Trinity...
Union unbroken.

The Ring

2/28/1991

“My Queen,”
He wrote
These words one day,
Upon a plain gold band,

And then in May
He gently placed
That ring upon my hand.

“For life you are
My Queen,” he said
“No other I shall see.
“I love my Queen
My Queen loves me
I need naught else”
Said he.

The Kiss

“Listen to the Kiss,” he said,
“its song is wondrous sweet.
“Listen to the kiss,” he said,
“Its tender story greet.”

I miss You

3/11/1991

I miss you in the morning's light
And when the sun is high.
I miss you when the shadows fall
When evening's call is nigh.

I miss you neath the soft moonbeams,
And when the starlight seems
To scatter silver drops of dew,
And when the dark clouds hide the moon
My thoughts, my darling, are of you.

I miss you by the running stream
And where the linnet sings
I miss you when the spring's warm breath
New life to Nature brings,
I miss you when the rain drops fall
Beneath the rainbow's arc
But most of all, I miss you dear,
When heaven's eyes are dark.

I miss you, yes, I miss you
When music fills the air,
And all the beauty of man's soul
Awakes. And God is there.

Thoughts of You

There are so many lovely things
That I would say to you.
So many thoughts of beauty
Crowd my mind; and they are all of you.
A sound so wond'rous, music cannot sing.
A picture of loveliness, no brush to life could bring.

You are to me the snowdrops' kiss,
The breath of new-born spring,
The scent of roses, fresh in June,
And all the starry realm
Cannot contain the beauty of your soul.

While from your heart doth flow
A radiance of His Love divine,
And in your eyes doth glow
The fires whose burnings
Trap Eternity in time.

Thanks be to God

3/12/1991

Thanks be to God for a love so true
Thanks be to God for a gift like you.
Thanks be to God for your mind and heart.
A man of honor, a man apart.

He made you,
And formed you,
A model unique.
He molded,
And shaped you,
And called you by name.
And showed you, my Adam
Which garden to claim.

Thanks be to God for violets blue
Thanks be to God for roses too.
Daffodils, pansies, and wild columbine

A garden of beauty

Yours and mine.

Sweet Love

The fragile feathery floating form
That glides in glittering gleaming grace
Into the rippling rills of air
Onto the spacious sprawling face
Of earth, is no more gentle
Oft less kind, than you, my love!

The sparkling, splashing spuming spray
That dips and dances down the deep,
That foams and folds in furls of blue
Or curls and crowds into a creek
Is not, I deem, so steeped in dew
As I, sweet love, am lost in you!

The creepy crawly critters
From out the craggy creek,
Share secrets with the snakes and snails
As slowly shelter they do seek.
The wild wood's whisperings in the wind,
A tender tale of love they tell.
While fiery skies roar words of praise
For You, the gift He's wrought so well.

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