

The small poems

Jim Smith

Here is a collection of poems for those who feel small and beaten down. Each one has a short introduction.

Too steep

I can manage small hills, and one at a time. But when there are too many and they are steep, I find it easy to be overcome by despair. This has happened to me many times. On one of those occasions I wrote "Too steep." It encouraged me to carry on.

Lord, sometimes it gets very hard
to walk in your footsteps.
They seem so big
and I have such little strength.

"Do not be afraid
Press on with me
When it gets too tough
I will carry you."

A bigger hand

Loss is such an empty place to be. We reach for the hand that has always been there, it has gone. Our life falls apart. One day I was feeling the emptiness of having no child's hand to hold. I felt small and lonely and valueless. But then I found that there was a bigger hand available if I wanted it.

I reached out
to touch a hand
I knew was not there
and never would be

I drew back
in sorrow
but not before
I touched a greater
deeper, bigger hand
warm and broken
like mine
yet strangely strong.

"Don't let go" he said

I heard the loving
in his voice
and held

My little flower

The storms can be so destructive and they are passed, they leave me in such a muddle. One day, after a very difficult day, I was so sad. Then two little poems popped into my heart. They encouraged me then - and it still do.

Such a little flower

When the storm
comes to my garden
my little flower
so delicate
is beaten down

Then the Gardener comes
"Oh dear" he says
and puts his hands
around me.

In the warmth of that love
I begin to
to grow again

Such a pale flower

The rain beats in
My little flower
so pale
feels the pain
and sinks down
into the mud

The gardener comes
and covers me
with hands
gnarled
and broken by
so many storms
yet still warm

Comforted I think
that just perhaps
One day
I'll flower again.

Looking ahead

Hurt and pain narrow our vision down to days, hours and even minutes. We find ourselves hanging on, watching the clock tick by, hoping that somehow we can survive. I've often felt like this, and these three poems come out of those feelings. They hint at a hope that things may pass, and possibly better days - or at least less painful ones - lay ahead.

Sometimes

Sometime hope seems
so far away
my tiny craft
is lost on a sea too big
for me
I am small and frail

But then I see you
walking, calling
and I know
there is hope for me

I am not cast adrift
but moving ever closer
to my harbour
where
in peace
I can stay forever

And so I sail on
frail but hoping

One day...

Please

Please be bigger, greater,
stronger, wider
so I, your little flower
can grow in your garden

Then storms can
blast the mountains
and tear up the ground
shouting "We are great!"
But I, your little flower
small and delicate
safe in the beauty
of your holiness
can flower

Flowering in his garden

Little flower hides
tucked into the heart of God
waiting for the day

Warmed by love's sunshine
it leaves begin to blossom
shining with his joy

Then comes the flowering
in his garden of the world
fulfilled forever