

Poetry Selections

By Ray Cruz

1. Herb Keeper

2. A Valentine to Pick

3. Winter Wishes

4. Thank You

5. Words of Peace

Herb Keeper

By Ray Cruz

April 3, 1999

From my veins grow the vines.
I am the gardener of my yard,
The keeper of my herbs,
The master of my plantation.

My eyes divide the plants from the weeds.
My hands sew the seeds in places I determine.
Pulses from my heart
Propel the water to the earth.

Walk with me, talk with me,
Visit with my squirrels and my finches.
Touch the flowers, pluck the fruits,
Listen to the flowing springtime passion.

The gray upon my temples matched
By daunting limbs on trees I planted as a child.
My hand is seen on cement marks,
My care is known by trees I chose to spare.

The gods of water, life and warmth
Are married mercilessly here.
In the struggle I partake
To pitch my path and build my bench.

My goal, if any, is not great.
I do not clamor for the tallest limb.
I do not stretch to suck the moisture.
I do not brag about my pretty pedals.

But I admit, I need the green.
I need the yellow, red and brown.
I pull and kill a plant or two,
To make a place for newer friends.

Herb keeper,
Plant seeder,
Path sweeper,
Yard weeder.

Neighbors say I work too hard.
Employ a gardener, I should.
Of course, they're right, someday I shall.
But first I must design the plan.

Which plant goes where?
Which one to spare?
How can I teach the gardener to love
The tree my brother planted...
The tree that cracks the terrace...
The tree that fills a dozen trash barrels with leaves each year?

The child I was had simple chores.
Throw water on the yard.
And when I did, new plants emerged.
The boy became a gardener.

Lesson two came soon enough.
Remove a branch from up above,
And liberate new growing things.
Beneath one weed, two blossoms stretch for sunlight.

It's fun to randomly attack
The weeds that thrive on happenstance.
Naked fingers feel the roots
That tools may otherwise ignore.

Of course, I love my weapons, too.
Simple, old and new:
Weed Twister, hoe and turnip screw.
Herb keeper, Samurai!

I am the gardener of my yard,
The keeper of my herbs,
The master of my plantation.
Vines growing from my veins,
Growing, stretching from my veins.



A Valentine to Pick

By Ray Cruz

February 13, 2000



Though it be late, or coming soon,
All flowers here are still in bloom.
A Valentine from me to you,
A gentle touch will make each blush.

Chrysanthemum named Hardy Mum,
Or Wax Begonia will you take?
Awaken to the Morning Glory,
Let the Impatiens catch your eye.

Petunias will warm your heart,
Lobelias are cheerful spots.
You may embrace the Clivia,
Thrill to the Greek Windflower.

A Snowdrop is a flower, too,
And so a Tiger Lily.
Do not ignore the Daffodil,
Nor scoff the Winter Aconite.

Montbretias will spark the fire,
Embraced with Crown Imperials.
Daylilies glisten in the sun,
As do the wild Spring Beauties.

Each blossom here will come alive,
When nature is allowed to grow.
If love has frozen in your heart,
The warmth of Spring will melt the snow.



Winter Wishes

By Ray Cruz

December 12, 2001



*Let the first snow of winter
Cleanse the wounds in your heart
From conflicts and hardships of the year.*

*Let the heavenly showers
Clear the air and freshen your view
Of the world around you.*

*Let the brisk sounds and scenes
Of the holiday season
Pace the rhythm of your step.*

*Let your soul be uplifted
With the sparkle of children
Enjoying the surprises of winter's antics.*

*Let your heart be filled
With the peace of an infant's succor
From her mother's breast.*

*Let peace in your heart
Free you from doubts and fears
And spread your warm feelings to those near to you.*

*Let peace in your heart
Open the door to love
And reveal the true delights of the human experience.*

*Let there be peace on earth,
The purest peace of innocence,
And let it be born in your heart.*

Thank You

By Ray Cruz

September 19, 2001

Ashes, dust and twisted steel,
Burning fuel deep underfoot,
We look for life, for hope, for love,
But eyes affix on grime and soot.

Then comes a smile and helping hand,
From people near and everywhere,
An open hand to heal the land,
A warm embrace to say 'We care...'



Munich, Germany



American Consulate Sydney, Australia



Buckingham Palace, London

Words of Peace



By Ray Cruz

April 5, 2002



Let all hands be joined in the name of Allah

Let all hands be joined in the Temple of Temples

Let all hands be joined in the dominion of God

Let all hands be joined in the love of Jesus Christ

Let all hands be joined in the heart of Mother Nature

Let all hands be joined in the word of Truth

There is but one family on Earth

When my brother dies, I die

When my sister bleeds, I bleed

When my father falls, I fall

When my mother weeps, I weep

When my son is imprisoned, I am imprisoned

When my daughter is enslaved, I am enslaved

My children are the hope of the future

My children are the seeds of love

My children are the vessels of my dreams

My children are the glory of salvation

Blessed is the farmer who nurtures my food

Blessed is the teacher who spreads the word of peace

Blessed is the leader who divides none and unifies all

Blessed is the builder who shelters me from harm

Let the cries of sorrow fade into songs of joy

Let the clash of swords transform into bells of freedom

Let the words of hatred be drowned by shouts of love

Let the weapons of destruction be traded for the tools of hope

Let the fear of enemies be overpowered by the embrace of brotherhood

