

Poems by Fonda Dubb

The Butterfly within me

A long time ago at the tender age of six or seven
 I fluttered and waved my arms as a butterfly would
 It was my dance to my mother's music that gave me the spontaneity to dance, run
 and skip around the room as a butterfly would.
 I used to imagine that I had wings of gold and many other colours.
 Blue, pink and white were favourites too.
 I danced as I twirled to the music, making my special wings go up and down
 While my feet moved to the rhythm of the music.
 The ending of my dance would always be
 Going to sleep with wings spread and closed above my head
 Eyes shut tight, under the round table in the living room.
 Rounds of applause from visitors filled my ears with vibrant noise
 Perchance to dream as dreamers do
 How I wish that I could still be that little butterfly that lies dormant within me.

A SMILE

To unite us
 As a smile should do
 To create a better world for you and
 me
 What better than a smile could do
 To bring about a change of heart
 And share the beauty of a smile

 To make this world a better place
 To gladden all our hearts with love
 To say thank you God
 For giving us this precious gift of love
 By giving with " A Smile".

What a gift
 A smile can do
 It truly is a gift
 And only truly understand in my
 twilight age
 How much a gift it is to have and keep
 It awakens love in people that we see
 It builds peace and harmony
 It helps people suffer less
 And turns sadness into happiness
 If only we could smile it would spread
 contentment in the end
 To all that we love and see

The Tree

With bending bough, the branches sway to the rhythm of the wind
While falling leaves fall to its music
How green and restful it is to sit under the shade of the tree
While distant memories from yore come back to me
Some to bring love and joy, while others stir up unkind emotions.

The tree evokes a spell on me.

What is it, I wonder, that makes my tree so special to me?

The peace of sitting under its shady branches

The leaves swirling on the grass

Or perhaps it's just me feeling the healing of the tree.

No matter what it instils in me

I love to sit, smile or weep under my tree

To unburden thoughts so dear to me.

A place where time stands still, the body quiet and at ease

I love to sit under my tree

To lift my head up to the sun invigorating my soul.

I think

How precious is my tree to me

I say a prayer while head up high

To thank the creator of my tree

Which brings me warmth and love

While I sit here under my tree where time flies by as if it was yesterday

Where time waits patiently for me

I place my outstretched arms across my chest

To feel the beating of my heart and realize the miracles of thee and me

I walk away with lightness and love from what my

little tree has so generously given to me



The Wall

The Wall divides us

That's no doubt

And takes away the pleasures of those behind the wall

Who cannot swim in the sea

Which God created for us all

The simple pleasures for all to see

Who are denied the outside world

To breath the same air that we too breathe.

To enjoy the simple pleasures of a celebration of a dear one

Or to grieve for a dear one

Just like the Berlin wall

We too have our wall

Which separates us all

Where people are denied the simple things that Gd created for us to love and cherish

Who can go

Who has to stay

Behind the Wall

What right do we have to deny the simple pleasures that people are denied behind the wall.

Who cannot go outside the wall.

If only we could find another way

To leave together beyond the wall

I couldn't leave behind the wall

Denied the very rights of freedom

Which belong to us all.

The right to move beyond the wall

I pray to God that someday the Wall will fall

And let in light and hope for us all.

Where we will all live without a conscious

And be free of the wall which like an open prison

Denies the right of movement behind the wall.

That we should all join hands together

And sing

Beyond the wall.