

A Journey Beyond

Poems

By

Darnell Whittington

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A Journey Beyond

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For additional information

Please email:

darnell_@hotmail.com

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Introduction

My cry for more (My desire to go beyond)

Lord, what I have is not enough. Make yourself new to me again. Reveal to me the many facets of who you are.

Make our courtship-our relationship afresh/ anew.

Provoke the flames of my heart to burn endlessly for you. Oh, how I long to hear your voice, to feel your touch, and to see your face. The intensity of what I feel only those in love can comprehend. Take me to a new length, a new width, that new dimension near you. It is a level sought after but not yet reached. It is a level not yet seen but believed to be. Take me deeper. Drown me

in the immensity of your love so that I may understand the essence of what you are. Be the air I breathe-my breath of life. Breath new life into me-awaken me from my sleep. Be my every thought-that I may have your mind-the mind of Christ. Walk with me in the cool of the day-a sweet communion. Sing over me the songs of your heart. Caress me with the wind of your spirit-refresh me. Uncover my hiding places-the secrets of the soul. Search me deeply, and find me true to you. And at last, consume me with your fire-may I only burn for you;

May the incense of my sacrifices be pleasing unto you-
My King.

From A Hidden Place

Which means Darnell

As my eyes close and my heart slows it's beat,

I welcome a familiar dream—that's fulfilled as I sleep. There she stands in a silhouette of beauty—each time anew, one who I do not know—but somehow I do. She smiles tenderly as the wind blows her free flowing dress; there I stand in disbelief heart fluttering in distress. For her elegance takes the very breath of my life away-and then it returns, full and not void-a feeling that no one can study about-hear about or learn.

As I advance toward the light of her love-she proceeds toward me, finally, we're face to face spiritually-as close as two in one can be. I can sense what's in the secret chambers of her heart and she in mine, a love for so long-for each other-we now both find. For I have known all my life that she was hidden yet she was there, I've searched high and low only to find her to be out there no where. Yet somewhere-I find her in the deep waters of my soul, a hidden treasure worth far more than rubies or gold. So vast-the journeys have I suffered-have I endured, bound by love-destined to find her my heart's cure. Concealed-still we are in but a dream, awakening in hopes that what is obscured-is someday seen. That our devotion will be more than just a picture in my mind, but it will be a love eternal-that will last throughout all time. For now our love is a mystery-waiting to be revealed, even from a hidden place-the love we share is still real.

Faith the substance of things hope for the evidence of things not seen

Where am I

How far have I wandered-drifted-fallen away,

Surrounded now by darkness-searching for the light of day. Knowing the truth yet seduced by a lie, dying a slow death-ashamed to look my Lord in the eye. Condemnation weighs on me-then indifference- coldness replaces my fire, giving up and a giving into the flesh—deception-- the emptiness of worldly desires. In a prison of my own making--guilty-- justice demands, giving place to hopelessness-refusing grace-trusting in my own hands. Now, down to nothing-a barrenness that gnaws at the bone, In a position-that leaves my heart broken- longing for a place called home. Coming to myself-realizing a love-a hope not lost, unconditional love- what the world couldn't do-was done on a cross. Within me a crying out—a desperation-a yearning to find, a love so deeply sketched in my heart comes to mind. My first love-the lover of my soul, the one who will never leave nor forsake me—the one that welcomes me home with a ring and a robe.

There's no place like home

To Become Nothing

Search me oh Lord—find my heart pure and true,

May my motives (the intent of my heart) be found—only to honor you.

All around me the world is fascinated with idols-boldly with no fear,
fame and money mask how poor we really are-people with ears-yet
can't hear. Hearts harden and carried away-forsaking your love and your
truth, the voice of the lamb cries out-sacrificed once again-yet we still
do what we do. A selfish generation-man pleasers-seeking self-
promotion-desiring to be known, oblivious to the fact that one day
soon-all that is seen (burned by fire) will be gone. In the close distance-
in the mist of the quietness of my soul, thoughts and longings of what I
once had (fire)-I behold. Who have I become-how could this be? Lord-
do you know me -do you recognize me? Does my heart please you-am I
still precious in your sight? How far have I wondered?-Lord forgive me-
revive me tonight. I would rather die than to live without you, you are
my life-the only thing that will last—that which is true. You said in my
weakness-my frailties-You are made strong, Lord, remember your
mercy--I can't do this on my own. I was created for your fellowship-and
in me you placed a desire to dance, take the lead—show me your way--
may I never doubt your love- a sweet romance. With your wind of life--
blow on the smoldering embers of my heart, rekindle my love and
passion; bring together what I've let drifted apart. My Sacrifice--Lord I
put myself on your altar-I die to my self-willed life, not wanting but only
that which pertains to my love-whom paid the price. Not seeking
anymore-- a reputation—honor--to be known by the world, But to be
known by heaven--my name in a book-the book of life-- herald. Content
in whatever state I am in-whether it be abase or abound, To become
something-I have to become nothing-emptying myself out- I lay my Life
down.

None of me and all of you.

To Behold

Riches and wealth found in a place unexpected—deep within her eyes,

A hidden treasure never thought to be found—a dream suddenly realized. A familiar voice that echoes many mysteries—the rhythm of my heart, a beauty unveiled before my eyes—a romance—a courtship begins to start. The emotion of love and desire floods me—Yet I wonder am I alone, do we both share this dream—this dance—this hope—this love—this song. And then through her words— we begin to dance—an exchange— a waltz that connects our souls, that which seemed to be impossible has manifested—a site for all to behold. Is there doubt?—no— amazement but faith is the substance that brings things together, Two hearts slowly become one joined not by experience but by a common measure. The promise within us begins to leap with joy—God’s grace has once again prevailed, as we gaze into each others eyes—time exist no more—a glimpse of our lives is revealed. And what a life it is—abundant and fruitful—filled with love and peace, to him who is all knowing—who has awakened me to such beauty hidden underneath.

The expressed image of who you are in a created being is within itself a thing to behold.

Country Kind of Sunshine

Rising from the east far from setting in the west,

In a land of bliss surrounded by the serenity of rest. Such a beautiful and lovely day, with roses and berries-a little down the way. Flowers look as if they've bloomed year round, the chime of church bells ring-such a pleasant sound. The morning air smells fresh as if everything is new, with the illusion of crystals on the grass-the wet of dew. At this very moment-everything seems to be awakening from sleep, I can hear the chirping of birds-I haven't heard for weeks. Because of the cold weather of a winter's storm, But now in the sunshine nature is revived- it's reborn. Standing in the green grass-I can literary see the flowers grow, fishing poles are in the water-surrounded by straw hats, but the biting is slow. Joy explodes my heart, but I'm still alive, Into a bed of flowers resting upon rest-happily I dive. As I watch the squirrels play their games, chasing each other up trees-hiding the nuts they claimed. Bumble bees swarm around the opened barn, children are playing near, but they do them no harm. A cool breeze blows through the trees, they're so happy-I can see them wiggling their leaves. Dad is out back asleep on the swing, mom is running to the phone because for so long it rings. The dog guards my dad-wagging his tail, drooling at the food in his hand-looking around to see if anything fell. While the cat looks at the dog with unconcerned eyes, as if the dog is stupid-though she is wise. In the field across the way- a flurry of butterflies that compliment my paradise with the background of blue skies. With clouds whiter than the hairs of an old man's head, whiter than the fresh clean linen-mom puts on my bed. Standing here in the tranquility of this garden-surrounded by natural fragrances- a flower's bloom, I feel and fix my eyes upon the last of the sunshine-because nightfall comes soon.

Why so soon

Those Words

Those words—oh how I long to be true,

Those words-and the things you do. Those words-you said under your breath, those words you said until death. Those words-that leaves me falling apart, those words-that stole the center of my heart. Those words-I thought would never lie, those words-the reason there's tears in my eye. Those words-from you will never sound the same, those words-my Joy and my pain. Those words-from you still haunt my soul, those words-warming my heart leaving me cold. Those words-that stir me up and pour me out, those words-I question-sometimes I doubt. Those words-challenge my heart and perplex my mind, those words-intoxicate me as if being wine. Those words-that always seem to enter my ears, those words- that bring hope which sustain me for years. Those words-oh how I long to hear, those words-to be real my dear. Those words-only in my spirit for now rings true, those words say—

I love you

Two sides of Life's Tragedy

It's the first day of school-it's time to go,

I said good-bye to my mother-little did I know. The day was gloomy-the clouds hanged low, rain drops were symbolic to tears soon to flow. The night before-I was awakened by a dream, I heard from heaven-I heard heaven's choir sing. The peaceful and glorious sound echoed in my spirit-in my soul, In mind-I pondered-what could this mean-my hands-my heart I hold. That morning I arose with a strange glow on my face, yet at that time I had forgotten the dream and all the things that took place. My heart was at rest-my mind was full of peace, I was happy as ever-such a time should never cease. Time drew near for the bus-alongside the road, as normal-I waited, playing as mother said not to-a thousand times-she spoke of my fate.

It's Monday-a day so busy-late as usual-I'm on the go, down the road to fate-a memory now-then I did not know. A rain drop splashed upon my face as I walked to my car, thinking what a sad day it seems-my thoughts was not far. The day was gloomy-the clouds hanged low, at seventy miles per hour-how much faster could I go. Seeming so familiar-I suddenly remembered it was a dream, I was running-running out of time-running from myself it seemed. I could remember feeling empty with guilt and full of shame, I can remember this very day-it rained and it rained. As the sound of a thump and the bouncing of my car snatches my soul, my heart falls to the ground-my heart-my hands can not hold. A mind full of torment-a heart that stops before me, speeding to fate-a little girl in the rain-in her eyes myself I see-as she goes underneath me.

Two sides of Life's tragedy

Seeing Her the First Time

Inside, unyielding-steadfast joy bounces within,

A hint to the whole world-of how I feel-expressed in a grin. Two heartbeats in one-a rhythm that grows each day strong, a bond, an expectation much like when spring will come. Life-a miracle that becomes a part of me, through new lenses of hope-I begin to see. My whole reason for existing-is now revealed, to produce what I am-to further the purpose of why we live. We were made for love by love-special in our own way, universal to all-a desire in our spirit-that will return to love someday. A love that is free-receive-but reject it if you may, A life must be given-blood is the price we all must pay. A gift from God-that so many take for granted, as the ground that which we are and that which we come from-it's his seed planted. In our hearts-we are charged to watch it grow-to care-to guide-to protect, the detriment to society and ourselves-is that this part-some so often neglect. We are the gatekeepers of the future-the doorway in which others see, it is in us that truth lives on-the preservation of his legacy. Now within lies the revelation-that we can take what has been given-and give back, the joy, the faith, the hope, the love, and the peace-a lost world seems to lack. Now spring has come, and the flowers now have their bloom, out of my belly flow many waters-a miracle is about to happen soon. For the sake of joy-out of my pain-for the first time-I see her face, the cries, the looks, and the grabbing of my finger-all memories that will never be erased. Now as she grows-and each given smile-It is as if I'm seeing her for the first time.

Born again

Remember the expectation, the pain, and the joy-Remember your first love

When Little Girls Cry

At a party-only four-teen,

Beers, dancing, hunks-that sort of thing. Mom and Dad are asleep in bed, thinking I'm in my room-I'm shaking my butt at a party instead. Twelve-thirty-I'm out the door, closing it on my youth-consequences I willfully ignore. I only had – “to fit in”-on my mind, to be popular-to be everywhere the boys could find. To do what I could to keep them interested in me, even wearing tight revealing clothing so the waves of my body would crash upon their sea. But now my strategy has slowly faded away, I'm still innocence-a tease they say- while other girls openly-they lay. Down to be held-but holding on to nothing, Just how I feel—longing to be apart of something. Wanting to feel loved-to feel pretty-wanting to be touched, wanting to feel like a woman-wanting too much. Four-teen years new in a world so big, contemplating doing a woman's thing-while I'm still just a kid. It's wrong- my conscious speaks-but I carry on, to avoid being teased-to avoid being alone. Thinking-I'll just be careful-thinking I know it all, now laying in puddles because my innocence falls. People are talking more than ever before, I got exactly what I wanted and didn't want-in a room on a floor. In tears laying-not sure of what I've done-in shame, I know this boy doesn't love me-every part of me is in pain. My life will never be the same, my spring is dead-I'm headed toward a change. At school they stare-from my head down to my toes, I can see my business on their faces-a grin-it shows. In my body-there-something grows, It's a child inside of a child –but no one knows. Not even the father to be, I'm scared and alone-I'm in an ocean of trouble and there's no land I can see. Preparing for death-I told my mom and dad, I told them I was sorrow-but my dad looked sad. I've never seen him so disappointed-but his grace fell against my window pain, I cried so long-I didn't mean to bring myself and my parents shame. During delivery- my mother held my hand-she stood by my side, the doctor sapped my baby girl on the butt, and we all cried.

When little girls cry