

LIFE IN POETRY AND PROSE

Book One

Human Condition

Spirituality

Love and Relationship



Christian Alan Schaal

Life in Poetry and Prose

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Life in Poetry and Prose – Book One

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Forward

Why do we write? For some, writing means a source of revenue or fame. Most however, are filled with words that, once constructed, provide an outlet for a passion and message contained within them. I write for this reason.

Stories run through me constantly, most with a message I feel for humanity. In years prior to this book, I have focused my writing, at least my writing for public consumption, on plays designed to move people; to help build them and move them towards their potential. All of these carry a strong message of encouragement. One of these plays, "Choose You Must", is currently a novel in the works.

This book too, is about message. If you experience a level of entertainment, enjoy. However, that is not my intent. Most of the writings placed in this book come from my own lived life. The balance, are those expressing some of my deep feelings. All, I hope, will provide you with a sense of message. What message, I cannot define for you. We each have our own perspectives and realities, so what you derive from the following pages is yours and yours alone.

My desire and intent in life is to be an uplifting man, and a man of uplifting. With this book, I have moved closer to being such a man.

Enjoy what follows. Meditate and absorb your own meaning. Then act upon your prompting.

This book is lovingly dedicated to the one person who has supported me – not only in this effort – but in the many other projects I currently am undertaking – My wife and uplifter, Gina. Thank you, My Girl Gina.
I love you until six feet under.



Table of Contents

Human Condition

Truth	10
The Time I Have Left	11
Sandcastle Life	13
Listen!	15
Moonlight's Beam	17
A Gift So Grand	18
Position and Calling	20
Mother of Choice	21
Depth of Soul	23
A Poet in Brief	24
Nature Arises	25
My Encouragement to You	27
The Secret	29
Tell Me Why	31
Inward Search	32
Heart of the Tongue	33
Arduous Journey	35
Boyhood Memory	37
Assumptions of Assignment	38
My Children's Healing	39

Spirituality

Angels of Choice	42
Invisible Love	44
God's Grace	46
A Promise from Our Lord	46
Simple Gratitude	49
The Church We Can Be	50
God Raises	52
Willing Vessel	53

Lift Yourself 56

Love and Relationship

My Divorce Begins	60
First Date after Divorce	62
Love Is	64
Girl of My Dreams	66
Life of the Tree	68
Your Eyes of Blue	70
Shared Anguish	71
Only Deeds Now Will Do	72
A Heart Full	74
The River and the Valley	76
Your Eyes	78
The Mystery	79
Keys to the Mystery	83
A Transparent Fullness	86
The Romantic Garden	88
My Fourth's Early Joy	93
Our First Night	95
Our First Valentine's Day	97
My Essence Concealed	99
Your Life Until Now	100
Boyhood treasure	102

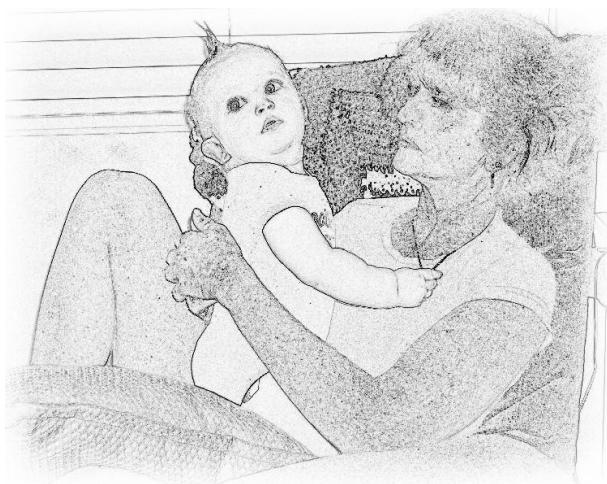
Upcoming Works
By
Christian Alan Schaal

Choose You Must (working title)
A novel of fiction
2009

Lessons I've Learned
Non-fiction
2009

You Know You Can But Think You Can't
Dreamers in a Wide Awake World
Non-Fiction
2009

Human Condition



Truth

Position not sought, of Laureate
or King.

My words full of hunger, intensely
longing.

As the lion in the shade, awaiting
his prey,
my spirit with words, seeks something
to say.

Not for profit, position,
or gain;
nor any such place, for rule or
for reign.

My words seek your heart, to touch a
great need;
a deep hunger within you, your spirit
to feed.

The Time I Have Left

An extension of life secretly sought; a move
from mortality to foreverness, encased
in our fantasy.

For we are aware, each of us, life
is beginning and end; each moment
on lease, the next only hope –

nonexistent until we occupy it. Wasted, I feel
I have spent much of mine, but looking back,
maybe not so much.

Lives have been changed, hearts have been touched,
yet I am left wanting. Not for gain in
material things,

those I have had at great cost. What I seek now
is time for doing great things, those
things, before they are lost.

My utmost desire - a legacy left for my children, and
those they will have. Then, for all man -
they are second in line.

For these both, I will hone my craft. An extension
in life, though sought will not be.

The time I have left

will be lived, so those things I do, those
things that I feel, in time,
will leave a legacy.

Sandcastle Life

 Laboring strong all the days of his life,
 he builds his castle, but fills it with strife.
 Towering high, above all those below,
 peering over the land, his father bestowed.
 Barren and empty are acres of field;
 his spirit so damaged, yet not willing to yield.

 Surrounding his castle lays a great moat,
 holding at bay those he wants close.
 A functioning drawbridge placed in the wall,
 has never been opened and never will fall.
 Each moment inside him, a midnight so dark;
 a journey so needed, but he fears to embark.

 The building continues, on his castle so grand;
 covering his pain, he works with his hands.
 Aching inside, yet avoiding his truth,
 a lonely path he's traversed, beginning with youth.
 Leading to nowhere but lost and alone,
 he bends to continue, as he adds one more stone.

Seeing his work, brings tears to my eyes;
wasting his labor, decaying his life.

The towers grow higher, but empty they are;
his spirit so lonely, so damaged and scarred.
Building and dreaming he hopes they arrive,
but alone he will live in his sandcastle life.

Listen!

Listen, to myself I say LISTEN!
The sounds of the empty -
filled, covered, and buried in pain;
inflicted by self, no other to blame.

Listen, do you hear?
They're laughing and gawking,
they've stopped you again.

Clamoring, banging and beating the brain.
Feel it, fear it, your losing again.
It's deep, it's harsh,
I've never felt such pain.

Listen, I'm screaming, but no one can hear.
Alone I walk, through my darkness and fear.
Is this forever my hell?
It seems now so clear.

Encased in this prison of flesh and of blood,
moving me quickly to anger and hate!
Anger my disease – a tormenting flood.
The darkness around me grows at fast rate.

I sit here and wonder,
will I ever be free!
from this pain and this plunder,
created by me?

Moonlight's Beam

A stranger, I walk the streets at night, hidden
but for the Moonlight's Beam.

Seeking that lodged deep inside me, lost
my soul loudly screams.

Only Nowhere hears my violent cry, dark
and not yet seen.

A Place I've sought my entire life, known
only in my dreams.

My Nowhere void of emptiness, created
with a child's gleam.

A search to end with mercies gift, exposed
by the Moonlight's Beam.

A Gift So Grand

Beauty and joy,
the world abounds with beauty and joy.
Hidden so deep by deception and grief,
the world abounds with beauty and joy.

Dig - STRUGGLE to find!
Discovery at our finger tips,
the discovery of both, beauty and joy.

We listen, we see,
yet remain deaf and blind,
to a world so filled, with beauty and joy.

The birds in the air against a sky so blue,
a breeze off the sea, a warm sunset too,
a world so filled, with beauty and joy.

My hope and my dream,
each thought I am given,
is for all on this earth,
today and forever,
to discover themselves,
the beauty and joy.

Position and Calling

Tornadic days still waiting to come;
mountains to conquer,
rivers to run.

Hearts needing mending,
surround me yet hide.
To build and to raise them,
move them to sing.

My life so laid out,
a journey all mine;
having conquered the mountain,
I stand and I shout.

My turn now?

The question yet pending;
not demanding an answer,
my own heart to seek mending.

Yet another mountain so tall, a river so wide;
my journey it seems, forever unending.

Mother of Choice

You are not my mother,
nor the mother of my child.
But on this earth, there is no other,
not found close, or over many miles

who, with her life has shown,
the care for the children,
who first weren't her own.

You've shown love by action,
in raising these lives.
Your warm hearts dedication,
has raised them from strife.

And your children of claim,
are only the start.
Yes, they're the children you've named,
but children of earth, all feel your heart.

You've loved and raised your own, and
on this one Sunday,
look up with your heart, and don't look down,
for the children of earth have something to say;
Mother of Choice, hear us now -
we ALL wish you, a Happy Mother's Day.

Depth of soul

Depth of soul,
immeasurable moments,
seeking Life,
these we will find.

Without them, we are not,
but a living corpse,
doomed in death, and
for all time.

A Poet in Brief

A poet's life never whole,
in ambiguity does it rest.

As clouds of mist and dew of dawn,
as waves that rise and crest.

A life of wonder, pain, and joy,
a life I've lived since a boy.

Nature Arises

"Reach for the sky," Mother Nature teasingly said.

"They're coming soon, birds blue and bright red."

The whimpering pine, looked down on her sad.

It's food that they needed, but none did he have.

For the ground was now dry and the air so thick,

the whimpering pine, near dead, was too sick.

Mother Nature, fiercely enraged by his plight,

she vowed to return, but left now to fight.

If it's water he needs, and clean air to breathe,

her powers she'd muster, bringing man to his knees.

"Enough is enough!" She screamed with a rage.

"Rule of this planet will forever now change!"

With a wave of her arms and a bellowing voice,

she summoned creation – she was left with no choice.

The skies tore open, bringing torrential storm.

The quaking ground, tumbling cities adorned.

Mankind awakened, just a little too late.
Nature had warned, but tired of the wait.
Their lives now destroyed, or will be in days.
If only they'd listened, she'd gave them the way.

With Man now subdued, weakened, or worse,
the earth became clean, released from its curse.
Birds filled the sky, and fish swam the rivers,
the pine became strong, so food he delivered.

There are lessons in words, or we can live them.
Our choice we will make, for peace or for prison.
I pray you will choose, care and peace for our path.
If not I soon fear, we'll incur Nature's wrath.

My Encouragement to You

Often we peer toward a future desired.
Whether a moment in time, or a life that we seek.
We look fantastically, with hope and inquire,
as to what can be, when our heart's truth we believe.

Some moments we gain, and some do elude us.
Maybe both gifts, who is to say?
Our beliefs we'll create, if in them we do trust,
though your desire, may not appear today.

This world full of gifts, for you to acquire,
in faith you must move through each day.
The race is not won til you've broken the wire,
and quitting, is never the way.

Your spirit of life, full with your yearning,
always knowing, what it is you can be.
But beliefs of the wounded, vanquish your stirring.
Move clear of them, rapidly.

Gain what you can, not only in treasure,
but a heart full of love and of peace.
This life you were gifted, at times you'll feel pressure,
though with truth, you will find a great ease.

The Secret

My secret hid in the dark of my room,
never seen by those who I know.

I wear two faces – happy and gloom.

One is high, and the other is low.

I know by now that my life is a waste,
and with this gun, I could end it all.

I live each day with no hope, and in haste.

If I were dead, who would you call.

How can I share this secret I hide?

Will someone help me leave this behind?

I want to free up all of my mind,

but these demons just fill me inside.

This roller coaster, twisted and turned,
takes me through this hell I have learned.

The sites I see are evil and dark.

How can I leave this amusement park?

I see my dad's face that I've never known.
I hear his voice scream inside of my head!
Grandma says your love it does flow.
If you're so good, then why is he dead?

I want to be free from this life that I know,
to leave behind this darkness I'm in.
But I'm trapped inside, with no place to go,
so with solace, I'll continue in sin.

How can I share this secret I hide?
Will someone help me leave this behind?
I want to free up all of my mind,
but these demons just fill me inside.

My secret hid in the dark of my room,
Never seen by those who I know.

Tell Me Why

As I walk down the streets of life,
filled with struggle and so much strife,
my heart grows dim, my love grows cold,
thinking how much longer - How long?

The sign down the road says "Drinks Until 2".
Wandering, wondering what shall I do?
Johnny says Jesus can help me today,
but only if done, just His way.

Why oh why, am I struggling so?
What inside me just won't let go?

I want to live – I want to die!
Tell me, tell me, please tell me why.

Inward Search

A journey within I'm attempting to make,
the core of myself I seek to discover.
My own hidden path is the one I must take,
so much of my life I still must uncover.

A purposeful act it is to move forward,
the antithesis of my life thus far.
To run and to hide – to live as a coward,
my history to move from those I have scarred.

A life that is whole, held together with love,
my heaven on earth this would be.
So deeper I'll go and travel I must,
till one day I discover the core of me.

For I cannot alter what I do not know,
none of us, if we are honest can.
So I'll take my journey steady and slow,
and with love I will serve my fellow man.

Heart of the Tongue

The ground so cold,
and the sky so grey;
our hearts are so bold,
when in safety they stay.

The heart of the tongue,
can carry such power.
But when danger does come,
it wilts to a cower.

The ground so cold,
and the sky so grey.
There's danger out there,
so it's inside I'll stay.

What work can get done,
If we're afraid of the storm?
Ah, but I'm sorry to say,
that for most it's the norm.

What shall we do?
What on earth can be done?
Well, first we must say,
that I am the one.

What we must do,
is admit we're the one.
Then the power will fade,
from the heart of the tongue.

Arduous Journey

A place of despair,
filled with dragons and snakes.

A place where we long,
to correct our mistakes.

We travel its caves, and
tunnels so long,
in hope we discover,
all those we've wronged.

But action is doing,
and hope is in wait,
that one day we find,
we own a clean slate.

For not the eyes we possess
as our own,
but for the hearts and the souls,
we've caused deeply to moan.

My words not intended, to raise
or exalt.

The final truth I will pen, it is truly
my fault.

Boyhood Memory

When a young boy we lived on a hill
I had as a toy a small plastic boat
No bigger than two inches it was
Rains would come and fill the gutters with rivers of
fun
Placing my boat in them, to catch them I'd run,
down the hill. My mind filled with images
of passenger and crew, wondering if they enjoyed the
ride
I miss those days of innocent relief.

Assumptions of Assignment

The man of color,
be it the skin of his birth, or
chosen design,
sprung from the heart, and
placed purposefully on his flesh,
we judge.

Is man made of only his flesh,
his outward appearance, or
is it truer "He is",
made wholly of his soul?

Assumptions of assignment
cast wrongly upon
the Innocent.

My Children's Healing

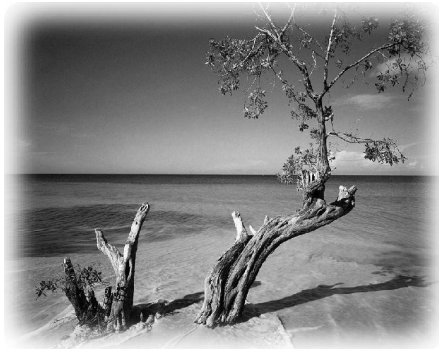
My children – each one - feel their own pain,
'tis I who impaled them with these clouds so dark.
What can I do for solely their gain?

I'm reminded of Noah and his building the ark.
A task seemingly foolish to all those he knew,
but construct it he did faithful and true.

My own ark to build but of heart and so slow,
"actions" and "doing" my materials – not rhyme.
My children have suffered for what I have done,

each deserving better than the father I've been,
Lord direct my life with Your wisdom and love,
so my children may know me and be healed of my sin.

Spirituality



Angels of Choice

Angels surround me to guard over my soul,
a devil does grab me, and he won't let go.
Two sides of a battle, wage war within me.
The tears and wounds, they bind and they pain me.

Two sides of a soul, one good and one bad;
they wither, they bend, but for right I must stand.
Day's sometimes long, grey and so cold.
I pretend to be strong – I pretend to be bold.

But inside – deep within who I am,
I secretly wonder for what will I stand.
Not indecision - but a choice to be made,
a principled stand – a small voice it does say.

The ear of my soul is pressed and is bending,
desperately seeking a moral fast ending,
to confusion stirred deep, in the sea of my soul.
My future laid plain, on parchment and scroll.

The spine of my spirit twists and convulses,
with attempts to escape, it moves and it crushes,
all those around me, with powerful blows.

The ache on my face, can't help but now show.

Angels now here, they lift and they hold me.

My soul in their care, while I move to my knees,
releasing my pain, I give up my life,
to those I've entrusted, my now chosen guides.

Invisible Love

Filling a world we yet cannot see,
protecting and guarding us undeservedly.

Softly they whisper, one to another,
hoping and praying our eyes to uncover.

Invisible yet beautiful these entities are,
moving with swiftness to us from afar.

Angels around us shine brightly and bold,
here though not seen, so we are told.

Our beliefs they preclude us, some from seeing
or, maybe our Faith allows us a feeling.

But there they all are with glory and good,
wanting us all, to be as we should.

In their arms are great gifts, we don't understand;
beauty and peace, if we will stretch out our hands.

Accept what is real, even though yet not seen.

You may be surprised as to what you will glean.

God's Grace

I woke this morning to a gentle ring.
When I answered,
I heard an angel sing.
Her voice and heart it entered me.
Her beauty and smile,
I'm so anxious to see.

I spent my morning at the beach.
God's creation I sought to reach.
My spirit in need of love and care.
Each day – each moment - I am aware,
of pain and anguish still left in me.
Ignore it no – I choose to see.

The ocean's beauty,
The birds in flight,
The dolphin's movement within my sight.
O thank you God for giving me,
These moments in time,
with You,
and by the sea.

A Promise from Our Lord

Your freedom is coming,
the day it draws near;
your spirit to dance,
your soul not to fear.
I've committed myself,
things are so clear.

That day you will live,
free as a bird;
be at peace my love,
you need not say a word.
You'll dance on still waters,
sit atop mountains so high;

please be at peace my love,
there's no need to ask why.
The appointment is made,
there's nothing you need do;
just know in my heart,
that I truly love you.

If it weren't so,
I would not say a thing.
but to watch you now grow,
will make my heart sing.
I have heard all your words,
those of your spirit too,

please know in your heart dear,
I truly - truly love you.
Your dreams to be given,
your losses regained;
it's time you start living,
a life unrestrained.

Those things you have missed,
things taken away,
to be returned in your bliss,
forever to stay.

Your freedom is coming,
there's nothing you need do;
just know in your heart,
I truly love you.

Simple Gratitude

Rolling fields of wind blown grass,
dancing to no rhyme;
moved only by the hand of God.

Wind blown seas of shining glass,
roll along through time;
destination - none in mind.

My soul now touched with softness,
moves me to my knees;
simply, to thank my God.

You've touched me as new life does dawn,
with your spirit and your song;
so again, I thank my God.

The Church We Can Be

The church that we are,
the church we once were.
When we look back,
can we be so sure?
That the strength we once had,
is still with us today?
I say yes!
When in His armor we stay.

The armor now rusty,
or should I say dusty?
Does it lie on the shelf,
as our lives become self?

The church that we are,
the church we can be.
Just look in your bible,
and there you will see,
that Jesus is real,
and His power so great.
My prayer for you all,
is that you won't wait.

The church that we are,
the church we can be.
Just look in your bible,
and there you will see,
the POWERFUL church,
we are meant to be.

God Raises

Walking among the trees with great despair and grief,
I came upon a pool of jewel-like water, surrounded and
hidden by the beauty of the forest. The weight of my
past heavy upon me, I knelt to drink. As I lowered
myself to the water's surface, there I was.

My reflection was there, encased in the pureness of
the clear mountain spring – surrounded by the beauty
of the crisp clean water and all the wonder that lay
beneath its surface.

Then God appeared. Seeing my lament over the life I
have lived, He took my hand and gently raised me.
His words to me were soft and sure, "Chris, this is
how I see you. Pure and clean, and with all the wonder
of My creation. You are My son, and I love you."

Willing Vessel

A willing vessel for thee oh Lord,
that is all I've longed to be.
No matter what the trials were,
beyond Your will I've not asked to see.

But now my God, I must confess,
this disease I carry deep inside,
has caused my soul to distress,
and my fear from You I cannot hide.

But for you oh Lord, I will stand,
even though I am filled with fear.
I know my mansion will be so grand,
when to you dear Jesus I do come near.

For I am what I am,
and always will be.
Never to be less or more,
for I am filled with He,
who created me.
Not to attempt perfection,

or be what I can't be -
but to be a willing vessel,
for He who created me.

Jesus, my days, they're almost done,
and the race I've run has not yet been won.
Have I truly been a reflection of You?
If I haven't, please lead me in what I should do.

And when I'm gone, what of Josiah?
Who will be left for him?
He needs my prayers, he needs my love!
How can you take me away from him?

Oh sweet Lord show me the way,
and watch over Josiah forever and today.
And as I prepare, to leave this life,
remove from him this deep root of strife.

And if I may help in anyway,
that is my greatest desire.
To see Josiah come finally to stay,
in Your presence away from the fire.

And I am what I am,
I always will be.
Never to be less or more,
for I am filled with He,
who created me.
Not to attempt perfection,
or be what I can't be -
but to be a willing vessel,
for You who created me.

Lift Yourself

Oceans of blue and a sky so bright,
stars up above and a moonlit night.
Mountains and forests placed all around,
God's grand creation - a gift to be found.

We struggle so much,
each day and beyond.
But with God's gentle touch,
He offers a bond.

Look all around you,
His creation so grand.
All you need do,
is look over the land.

Your life is a diamond,
though you see it as coal.
His process triumphant,
His love freely shown.

Words may relieve you,
prayer may bring peace.
But view His creation,
and you'll find true release.

Love and Relationship



My Divorce Begins

Darkness, so deep in my soul was injected.

Barrenness, emptiness, closets stripped of their ware.

Silence, with quiet the house was infected.

Abandoned, left lonely, my soul unaware.

Shards of agony penetrate, and cut through my
marrow.

Stung with disbelief, I tear three times through each
room.

They were gone, I was crushed, there would be no
tomorrow.

This day had been coming, in shadow it loomed.

Phone calls of inquiry, made to all whom I knew.

Distress filled my voice, my panic so clear.

Wife and kids ignoring me, turning off their phones
too.

I sat befuddled, they were gone, I knew not where.

Beginning my darkness, I sat with deep puzzlement.
The walls closing in, though the room stopped its
spinning.
Deck of cards on the table, solitaire my one implement,
I play hand after hand, but a game I'm not winning.

The days post moved slow through my confined
eternity.

Paths in the green carpet laid down with my pace.
Our floor did I walk in confused uncertainty.
Phone to my ear, I was pleading my case.

Time did pass, though I dreaded each moment.
My children in safety, but emotional strain.
A door had been opened, and no one would close it,
leading to darkness, and a life laced with pain.

Divorce is the cause of hurt for so many.
Ramifications for all you will never avoid.
Pain all around and doled out in plenty.
But the worst of it all – children's lives are destroyed.

First Date after Divorce

Moments away – my excitement is building.
But through my veins course just a smidgen of fear.
I know its okay, yet past hurts compel me to stop –
to not move forward.

Oh, what destruction fear can bring;
nearly preventing me from a most enjoyable and
fulfilling moment ever awarded me.

She looked as an angel,
her beauty shone brightly,
burning through me with the warmth of a winter's
flame.

Stunned – stiffened with awkwardness I stood,
not knowing what to do or say.
My heart pounding like that of a thousand bass
drums;
my blood flowing loudly through me.

Hug her?

Touch her?

I knew not what to do.

But her soft, gentle spirit brought calm to my soul.

The night was long,
like a fantastic dream.

We talked,
we touched, and
my fears quickly faded deep into the darkness.

At once! a realization came rushing over me,
like a Roman Guard it came,
full of strength, knowledge, and courage.

You see...I believe -
I believe in moments.
I believe in destiny.

Love Is

Love is a mountain,
sturdy and strong.

Love is the valley,
peaceful and long.

Love abounds fully,
in darkness and light.

Love is forgiving,
with no need to be right.

Love is a blanket,
on a cool winter's eve.

Love is commitment,
never wanting to leave.

Love is the truth,
even when it is hard.

Love remains constant,
even when you're apart.

Love is a breakfast,
served while in bed.

Love is a soft kiss,
placed gently on one's head.

Love makes one strong,
when the world gets them down.
Love is adornment,
worn as a crown.

Love is many things,
given for free.
Love is my gift,
to you, and from me.

Girl of My Dreams

The girl of my dreams has honored me so.
My life now a cloud, my heart now aglow.
She entered my life, with a beautiful look.
Her eyes captured me, like a clear mountain brook.

She walked with me through, the trials and pain.
She had no need - she had nothing to gain.
Her wisdom and strength, and encouragement too,
all showed me her heart, her profound virtue.

I love her with depth, much deeper than space,
I will carry her through, at her own pace.
We are to marry, one day before long.
For this reason, my heart sings its song.

Honey, it's you, above all in my life.
You have filled me with joy, by becoming my wife.
I promise to love you, to honor you too,
to give of myself, and to always be true.

I love you my dear,
my heart is your home.
Did I tickle your ear,
with this cute little poem?

Life of the Tree

Like the tree who stands so firm,
its roots drawn deep into the earth,
arms of strength for birds to perch,
with fruit to touch and see.

For all these things, you are to me.

In an orchard filled with many peers,
you stand alone with all your fears.
Only bending with the wind,
you've grown too strong to broken be.

For all these things, I cherish thee.

The harvest past – your branches bare,
alone you stand so unaware.
The birds have gone and left you there;
the ground now cold and sky so grey.

For all these things, I choose to stay.

I'll prune your branch and till the ground,
give your roots room to breathe,
until your blossoms again abound,
then in joy, we two will cleave.

For all these things, I am created to be,

created to be, just for thee.

Your Eyes of Blue

Shimmering pools of misty crystal;
bright shining stars on a cool crisp night;
morning sunlight on the dew covered valley grass;
moonbeams reflected and dancing on the oceans silent
movement.

The beauty of creation cries,
for it does not come close to the beauty in your eyes.

Shared Anguish

Days of great sadness, I have brought to remain;
my heart fully darkened and painted with stains.
Feeling sick, does not nearly explain,
how my heart aches with grief and is filled with such
pain.

The years have passed by, and so much has been lost.
Your life has been missing, at both our great cost.
Kalie, I'll love you for all of my days.
My prayer to be with you, and there I will stay.

Love dad.

Only Deeds Now Will Do

The days of recent, so cloudy and grey;
felt pain in my soul, I feared now would stay.
The harm I did cause her, so very real.
She erected large walls, girded with steel.

The walls now so tall, thick, and so strong;
in her life, I have created such wrong.
I love her so deep, and with my heart so true.
But the pain I have caused her, has made us both blue.

Only deeds now will do.

My words are like sugar, soaked by a rain.
They've lost all their meaning and become so vain.
My works and my actions, like the flight of a dove,
are all she will trust, as proof of my love.

Her beauty, her soul, and all that she is;
my only desire is to love her like this -
with truth and with works that honor her so.
Then her spirit will climb, and her love it will grow.

Only deeds now will do.

My dear and my love, I am truly now yours,
to love you much more, than with only my words.
You fill up my heart, with all that you are.
You blanket my sky, like a bright shining star.

No other in life, will ever compare.
You are to me, my princess so fair.
I love you, I need you, be with me please.
My service of love - for you will not cease.

My heart is yours.

A Heart Full

My heart wide open for you to feel,
my soul so clear and clean.
The thoughts I share, are oh so real,
my hope on me, you are meant to lean.

The night seemed so very long,
for you were filling me.
My heart no more could muster song,
my mind too search, for clarity.

These past few days have been so grand,
for it was joy that filled my heart.
And now my feet are back on land,
to seek again a fresh new start.

With you my dear, I hope to be,
a beginning at some other pace.
To fun and frolic, to wait and see,
if in your heart there may be space.

To walk with you, so slow and steady,
is really all I seek.

Hand in hand, I know I'm ready,
maybe by a gentle creek.

Alas, I'll wait to hear your words,
be they happy or be they sad.
For now I'll watch the sky and birds,
for they truly make me glad.

My hope is you, and all your wonder, and
to God is where I'll go.
To lay my heart at alter under, and
hope in time we'll grow.

The River and the Valley

Just as the river flows through the valley so green, our lives course through time...sometimes swiftly, carrying with us all that we touch, and sometimes slowly, bogged down by the very things we are trying to move through.

But without fail, the river brings nourishment to all that surround it; life sustaining nourishment that brings forth growth and additional life.

You are my river. You flow through me with a sweet current, bringing new life to my soul. You nourish me with things I never knew existed, or had given up hope of ever experiencing. You have carved in me a place already that forever will be yours.

The sweet taste of your waters are what refresh me when I think of your touch, and what I know I will long for when we are apart.

I make you this promise for life...I will never be the damn that hampers your flow. I will always be the gentle green valley, encouraging you to flow freely. And as the valley, I promise to always be there to provide a soft, pliable foundation for the changing flow of your life.

Your Eyes

Joy in your eyes,
what a beautiful thing.

They lift up my life,
bring my soul to sing.

Nothing is brighter,
not a thing in this world,
than when your eyes light up,
as those of a young girl.

I'm not sure that you know,
how your eyes make it clear.
I can see in your soul,
you remove all my fear.

These pools of deep,
wondrous blue,
these windows so clear,
into your soul.

This gift so with grace,
God granted you, and
with them my dear,
my heart is made whole.

I see them at night,
and during each day;
your eyes of such beauty,
lighting my way.

The Mystery

Imagine clearly if you will...It is sunset...a warm, soft, beautiful night is upon us. We stand at the edge of what seems to be a beautiful garden. Birds are nestling in for their evening rest, and tiny fluffy rabbits are beginning their twilight appearance, hopping over the finely manicured lawn to nibble their evening meal. But the flowers...they do not close for the evening...miraculously they remain open...seemingly as an invitation to join in their beauty. Ahead in the distance, there is a large and brightly lit palace...it is beautiful. Towers of strength stand tall at each of its corners. We see a blazing fire within, and a table set for two with elegance of dressing. And the door to the palace...the door is adorned with such awesome beauty...covered with jewels and golden objects.

As we gaze upon all of this wonder, curiosity penetrates us both. How did we get here? What is this place of wonder and enchantment? At the same time, we feel such a peace and warmth about us...and our wonder brings us to the place of desire...a desire to discover both the garden and the palace.

We decide to move forward and as we do, we discover the path that leads us forward...the path leading through the garden, its beauty, and to the palace.

But this is a strange path. It bends and turns, dips and rises, and its shape...it is constantly changing and moving about. Along each side of the path are lights...but they are staggered in design...beautiful golden lights, studded with large glowing diamonds. One on the right and then separated by several feet, one on the left. This pattern continues all the way to the palace door. We look at each other in amazement, wanting so badly to enter the garden and move into the palace but knowing the path must be lit in order to traverse it safely.

On the right of the path the lights shine brightly...however on the left, they are only dimly lit. Knowing we cannot enter without both sides of the path being lit, we become curious as to what will become of the lights on the left. Holding one another with safety and wonder, we look around for some sort of switch or device to illuminate fully our way.

The door to the palace opens, and through the door floats a brilliantly glowing entity. This entity beckons us to move and assures us that once we step on the path with faith and confidence, the light will safely illuminate our way.

Looking into each other's eyes...we share a moment of peaceful confidence. You tug on my hand to move forward, and I excitedly move forward with you. We, at once, each take our first step onto the path.

Keys to the Mystery

The Garden - The garden represents the beauty life that so often lies before us. It constantly surrounds us and yet we fail to see so much of it. The garden of life's beauty is so much more full and noticeable when it is shared with someone you care for and are committed to. It beckons for us to see; to take in and enjoy. The garden's beauty is created for us to enjoy and take solace in.

The open flowers – As you know, flowers normally close up at night – when darkness falls and the light fades away. But these flowers remain open in the darkness as well as the light representing truth, pureness and a care that never fails...whether in times of light or in times of darkness. Pure hearts are always open.

The path – the path represents just that; a path that must be traveled. Its turns, dips and constant changing represent the changes that occur in our lives constantly, whether they are physical change, emotional change, environment change, and so on.

However the path, if traveled together and well lit (see the lights) can be a wondrous joyful experience to walk.

The lights – The lights represent the beauty of our hearts. They are adorned with glorious attributes. The intensity of their illumination represents the brightness and depth of feelings and commitments two have for one another. Each side (right and left) represents one or the other of two partners. Therefore, the brighter the light, the deeper the care and the easier it is to walk the path of life towards a destiny.

The palace – The palace and all of its warmth, comfort and strength represents a purposed and planned destiny. But destiny is not always a given. Sometimes it is awarded only by walking in faith towards it. The towers of the palace represent strength and protection from outside elements. This strength comes and grows in concert with the level of unity and commitment between two. The inside of the palace represents warmth and comfort of two souls joined by choice. The door to the palace represents a glorious entry into a chosen and or desired future. All

in all, the palace represents care, comfort, support, peace, and the strength gained when two form a commitment.

The Entity – The entity represents God, or the Universe, whichever you prefer; ultimately the One who arranged all this to be. The Entity knows full well of the safety that will be provided the two as, or if, they decide to choose to travel the path towards the palace. But He remains at the door of the palace, calling to where he would like us to be, but not coming to carry us. We must take the first of many steps.

A Transparent Fullness

'Tis love for which I have lived and sought,
my heart to be filled and complete.
Not knowing what it was, this love,
however believing, I knew my search to be narrow.

And now, having found this love,
I know not what it truly is.
It grows in me,
fills me,
and overwhelms me,
yet, I know not what it truly is.

Is love as the wind,
moving freely about,
touching me as only it determines?

I sense it press against me,
brushing my skin,
yet remain void of ability to define,
a transparent fullness.

Unable with words to pen a thought,
unable with brush to illustrate a canvas;
none of what now fills me have I known.

But now *do*;

willing to share,
to give completely,
a drive for another and not myself,
this I know of love;
and yet I remain empty of understanding.

Wisdom eludes me.

The Romantic Garden

A flower in bloom...fragrant and wondrous....alone, standing strong in the garden's middle....surrounded she is by family and friends....exposing and sharing the scent of each other...alone with her beauty she stands, though so many are there...her bloom only new, beginning to open...many discoveries she yet is to make...hidden in the garden's middle she stands.

The path I saunter moves me here...seeking a beauty I know to be rare yet, existent in my dreams...gingerly my movements are made...yet with passion and heart I seek what I know to be here...never to have seen, but to have known in my heart...fantasy is this, beauty not yet real.

My eyes move both to-and-fro...seeking and searching I am...step moves me beyond step, following my heart I go...absorbing with my senses the fragrant beauty nearby...butterflies and bees flutter and buzz about, feeding on the colorful and fragrant feast in their midst...a wondrous thing to behold.

My heart, like a beacon of homing, begins to beat louder and stronger...I feel the blood course mightily now through my veins...like the highways of a large metro, filled to capacity and room for no more, they are full of the same feverish movement...directed am I to the garden's middle...so, move I do with a feverish burst...towards the place to me known, yet never before seen.

Nightfall and a radiant moon make their graceful appearance...lighting spectacularly now the garden and exposing new and radiant colors...the blue beams prancing across each pedal paint a portrait of exquisite wonder...with awe I stop in a moment of frozen stature...my eyes breathing in with amazement, this canvas of created magnificence.

With a crisp sharpness, the beams of blue move to encircle me...frightened at first by the ghostly atmosphere on all sides of me...then, in one instant I am penetrated by a joyful peace...and once subdued, transported magically to the garden's middle...I knew not where, but knew it was here I was to finally end my search.

There, standing strong in the garden's middle she was...taller than the rest, golden in color, and in full bloom...with heart racing, and fire burning through me I ran...to see, to touch and to believe...she was real, just as in my vision...her fragrance overpowering and sweet...her pedals soft and subtle...her stem straight and unyielding.

Dare I, do I...yes...I reached for her...touching at first with gentleness and care, her budding flower...slowly reaching down to run my fingers softly along her firm, precious stem...mind and thought a cloud of mystical wonder now...drifting aimlessly, as oceans of love and adoration begin to flood my very soul...was this it...was this the manifestation of my dream?

Holding my desire now was inconceivable...any effort to thwart the power and fullness of my love would end in utter failure...closing now my eyes...readying my lips...my hand gently grasping her stem...I move myself to her blossom...carefully placing my kiss in the center of this unique and marvelous creation of beauty...at the moment of my lips touch...a

tremendous and powerful force threw me headlong onto my back...dazed for only a moment...I quickly opened my eyes to a wonder I could never dream.

The flower, once standing tall in the garden's middle...now spinning faster and faster....floating and sailing into the moonlit sky...beams of blue surrounding her...bolts of bright white expelling from her blossom...rays, much brighter than the sun, protruding to infinity from her stem...as she floats higher, I begin to wonder, and then...with a suddenness...an explosion exposing golden shards of beauty....her form changing as she falls to the ground.

Still on my back, staring in stiffened bewilderment, my gaze falls unmoving on this new form lying silently before me...my vision...my dream...now seen in truth and no longer wonder...my faculties weakened now to their core...I am nearly powerless to move...but a mustered strength drives me to make my way to her...crawling is my limit now...and so, slowly I advance.

My hands trembling with a mix of fear and awe...I reach for her...stopping short to inhale with all my senses this sleeping beauty now in human form.

Her new form glowing with the brilliance of a golden sunset...her hair shimmering in the evenings moonlight...her skin silken and soft as the petals of the flower she once was...I touch her...at once fearful of waking her, possibly losing my dream, and filled with eager anticipation of what love may be.

Slowly she begins to waken...her movements those of a newly created angel, slow but glorious in nature...her eyes, appearing as God's own jewels, open to witness my caressing of her...for what seems like eternity, she gazed upon me...with both wonder and curiosity she did...clear to me it was - she was unsure...yet still, she rose and embraced me with full heart...sensing it was love which hovered over her new form.

My Fourth's Early Joy

You entered the world I've protected and guarded,
with the softness of an angel you came in.

This one to me, my God has imparted,
a gift - a new life, He grants to begin.

As yet you wonder, just where will this lead,
our hearts, as they touch and they grow.
We touched and we loved as our bodies were weaved.
The love was so real – so gentle and slow.

Gina my sweet – you have entered me so.
My prayer is you always will stay.
For it is you my sweet love, and I want you to know,
your touch and your soul in every known way,
I will carry so close, wherever I go.

I know we are young, in this thing we call us,
but myself I do know so well.
My heart in its depth, I want you to know,
love has been birthed, a love I can't quell.

Gina, what I'm trying to say,
as I fumble with words and with fear,
is that in this heart, and as of today,
Gina, I'm yours, and I love you my dear.

I simply want you to know.

Our First Night

Holding you in these arms of mine,
I dream of what our love may bring.
The scent of your body next to mine,
brings this old heart to loudly sing.

Your skin a wonder against my flesh,
your breath an angel in soaring flight.
You move with ease and not a thresh,
you gently flow all through the night.

I wake to find you still in my midst,
my heart so full of steamy love.
You stayed with me with no resist,
our bodies formed as winter's glove.

The morning light brought such joy,
your eyes they woke, and moved to mine.
Gazing towards me, you were not coy,
a gift you gave me, so divine.

'Tis true what poet's pen.

Love finds us so unaware.

My heart now new, and born again.

In love my dear, please meet me here.

Our First Valentine's Day

Roses of beauty dancing so free,
conveying deep love for you and from me.
Their buds new life, attempting to sing,
came to full bloom as you slipped on my ring.

Your soul a great wonder, the whole world beholds.
Your heart though is mine, and cherished as gold.
My love for you whole, is so greatly bestowed,
my life in your hands, please gently do hold.

Today is our first, with many to come,
to honor and celebrate our hearts now made one.
I will love you so pure for all of my days,
your soul and your spirit, I promise to raise.

Roses of beauty dancing so free,
laughing and singing, they're filled with such glee.
The earth holds their root giving them life.
I pray I too always, will do for my wife.

For today and forever, my gift is my heart,
eternally present – never to part.

A fancy last line, one maybe two,
maybe best I just say, Gina, I love you.

My Essence Concealed

I keep my essence in
a dark colored bottle,
the cork tightly placed in its top.

Protecting who I am;
hiding from those who
may hurt or misunderstand me.

I wait with anticipation
and trepidation,
for one who will gently release me.

Alas, she is my new bride.

She has carefully removed
the cork, and
slowly I creep to the bottle's opening.

It is her, I will allow to
taste me;
slow sips at first, then, in full glass.

Your Life Until Now

A tunnel of love, your passage to life,
your mother so thrilled you finally arrived.
So much and so little of your life yet lived,
memories and hopes, both birthed from your crib.

Twenty-one on this day belonging to you,
decisions to make and so much to do.
A mother since youth, you've grown up so fast,
no time for fun living, no time for a crash.

Your youth now behind you forever to stay,
your life is before you, lead your own way.
Bumps in the road will slow you at times,
keep your eye on the mountains still left to climb.

From the day I first met you I saw past your flesh,
seeing only your spirit so pure and so fresh.
It's this part of you now, seeking to thrive.
Strengthen you must, to more than survive.

You're given this life with so much in store,
be all you are able, but seek no more.
Filling your life with love and with joy,
remember your gift – your own little boy.

You're living for more than only yourself,
your desires and wants at times will be shelved.
One day to look back on a life well lived,
memories and hopes, both birthed from his crib.

Boyhood Treasure

Never thinking, of this would I write,
moving feelings from darkness and into the light.
Holding in storage the pain I've neglected,
my heart and my soul, my whole life protected.

Still, as I write, I am moved to preclusion,
to leave ink in my pen and keep my illusion.
The regret I have felt, never will pass,
a dark empty place has forever been cast.

A boy's treasure is love, but only from one -
the love of a father and felt by the son.
Never having this treasure, to hold in my heart,
I sought his approval, until our ways came to part.

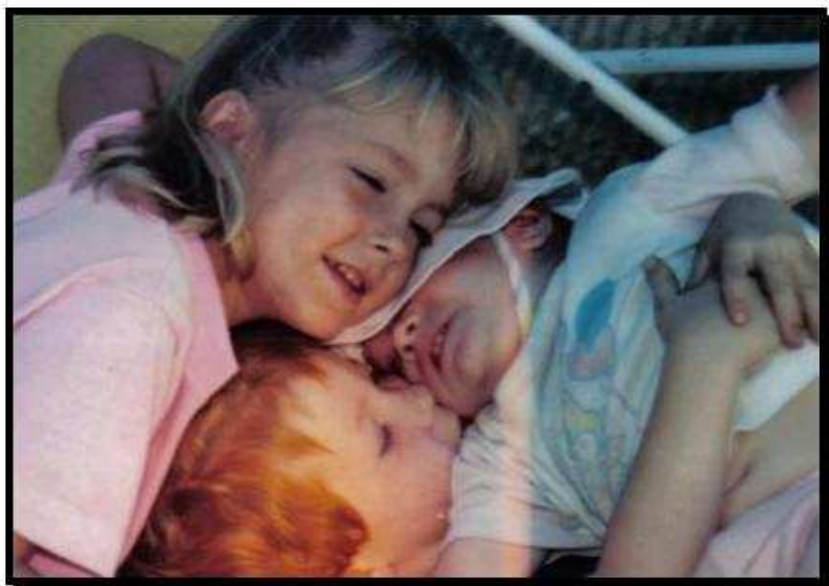
For years, until now, I've sought and I've searched,
seeking a place to live safely in hurt.
For reality touched is the beginning of healing -
my pain held in storage, now less appealing.

I safely now live in transparent bliss -
my new bride, an angel, has given me this.
My wounds to her now, exposed with their bleeding,
her love and her care, she gives for I'm needing.

One loved desired, I never will have -
the treasure of boyhood left in my past.
My brother and sisters, not feeling the same,
this burden I carry and no one I blame.

But a great love – one true and unending,
now fills my life – bringing my search to its ending.

Dad, maybe one day?



To my three angels: Although this picture is nearly twenty years old, it remains my favorite. Here, you embody the perfect spirit of love and beauty. I love you each. You are my reason for all.

With unfathomable spirit, Christian Schaal plumbs the depths of humanity with his writing. Penetrating truths pepper each of his works, lighting a fire within the reader's soul. The words you will discover within his latest work will move you to curiosity and wonder – not only about his intended meaning, but more so, the defining parts of your own life and spirit.

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