



**MY HEAVENLY
DREAMS ON
EARTH
& other poems**

By Heather Chesyna

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DEDICATION

This collection of poems is dedicated to my loving grandfather *Luka Kiai Chepkwony Chesinya*, who lived to be over 100 years of age. He greatly inspired me through his discipline, love, and faith.

APPRECIATION

I extend a big hearty thanks to my family for creating an environment that made my creativity thrive. In particular, I want to thank my younger sisters- *Jerono Tapkigen* and *Amanda Jeburet*, for embracing my world of make-belief.

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MY HEAVENLY DREAMS ON EARTH

I dream the sweetest dreams,
wish the best of things,
dream the biggest of achievements,
speak the gentlest of words.

I sometimes fall far,
far away from my hopes,
my very own desires.

I only wish,
I only pray,
I only believe,
That my fondest of aspirations,
will come true.

Let me see a glimpse of these humble thoughts,
let life kiss me with favor,
let me see these great and mighty things.

Let the rainbow shine over my life,
let it consume all the grey and darkness away.

Consume me with candy-coated love,
so sweet,
let me be marked by dear life,
as a chosen...as the start of something new.

Bring life to me Lord,
Let the strongest of men,
Throw me as a javelin to my vast positivity,
of what I hope to accomplish,
before death knocks on my door,
and provides a path,
not of sorrow,
but immense joy,
for I used my talents,

for I battled,
to be closer to this perfection,
that you desired me to be.

I SHARE A FACE

No prior knowledge,
No prior acquaintance,
All I know is that I have your spitting image,
That, I will carry till the end of age.

I wish someone would tell me sweet tales,
Of the victories you achieved,
I wish someone would tell me bitter tales,
Of the struggles you encountered.

I carry your face every day,
I speak and interact just like you,
How pleasant it would be,
If I knew that all my "so called facts" were true

All I can say is thanks Nana,
For giving my father strength,
Every time he looks at me,
Perhaps he sees you, incarnate through me.

All I can say is thanks Nana,
For giving me strength through my father,
Every time I look at him,
Perhaps I will see you, through his eyes.

No prior knowledge,
No prior acquaintance,
Just thoughts, and a forever bond,
Of one with whom I share a face.

MY PLAY

Lights, camera
The spotlight is on me again
The audience are the judgmental spectators
The actor, me- of course!
The play, whatever that will make the spectators' judge

Right,
Every action I do is under the microscope-
Analyzed and cross-examined by society
They have a stereotype of who I ought to be
Mistakes are looked at with glee

Flight,
Is what I wish
To escape the whisper,
the voices That put me down
And make me drown

Fight?
Yes... I really want to
Because of all the black sooted hearts
That are driven by malice
But if I fight, I will be no better than them

Write?
Yes I will!
My life, I dictate
It may not be what you want
Heck, you may gloat over my mistakes
But it's my play, GET YOUR OWN!

GOD'S PURPOSE

Today I had a glimpse
A strong, yet remote feeling
Of the purpose of what God wants
In my life

I feel kissed by fate
I feel surrounded by a calling
A great mission unto my life
For those greeted by strife

Oh! God it sounds too great!
Is it I to carry your banner?
At this tender age that I stammer?

I feel that you have engraved this on my heart
And that it has surfaced just yesterday
Was it truly true that you had this plans all along
To prosper me and not to harm me?

Lord, let me lay my head
Gently across your chest
Let me let this sink
Let me think
About the plans you have for me

Let me sleep at your feet
Let me feel your holy presence
I am unsure Lord!
Breathe certainty into my lungs
Hold me as I understand
This purpose you have in my life
This purpose that I have just discovered.

THE PERFORMER

He peacefully sat on the chair
Composure was what he wanted
For what was ahead

He quietly whispered words to the air
As if it was some kind of chant
To derive energy from within

He slowly paced up and down
As if there was an important decision
That rested on his hands

He is then summoned
The time has dawned
He must go!

Breathing deeply into his lungs
He walks with an heir
Onto the stage

Greeted by immense applauds
He bows
He smiles
He lifts his arms
He rests his fingers on the strings of the harp
Carefully caressing each stroke

He is silent
He moves his head gracefully
As sweet melody is produced
He rests his troubles-
His worries
To divine symphony.

THE METAMORPHOSIS

I realized today that things may change
What I have known
Those who I have come to love
May become a distant reality to me

Believe me, it is difficult
To let go of things familiar
To those unknown
And make them my own

I have to take the opportunity
When it comes
Without scrutiny
As I believe in God's plan

I believe there is a reason
For everything that happened
Has its own season

I have learned
I have loved
Now I leave

God! Turn this opportunity
Into blessing
Let me take it
Let me live it.

CHANGE, MY HEART

Smile- my heart!
you who lays unhappy
For soon you will beat like brand new
Once you find the right one

Laugh- my heart!
You who cries
Around the corner rests beautiful people
Who will ease the pain you carried so long

Dance- my heart!
You who is blankly still
Once you discover that the treacherous journey
Was not in vain

Talk- my heart!
You who is silent
As you realize so much is happening around you
That makes you glad

Fly, my heart!
You with no wings
With absent life
For the world will soon be yours for the taking

Shine- my heart!
You who has been in the dark
For you will realize
You are a lighthouse
A shining example to others.

MY FRIEND, MY ENEMY

I feel as if you are my friend
But also my very own adversary
Waiting for my very downfall
With bated breath

I sense that immediately you kiss me
You wish that you could cast a spell
For my immediate eviction
From this very earth

I know that when I announce my success
You renounce it
When I regress
You delight at it

With every advice I ask
You hiss with satisfaction-
Knowing that I am desperate
Knowing that I am in a fix

You smile when you see me
But inside you die
Knowing that I am a constant reminder
You can't be me!

Whenever I Turn
You take a knife and stab me
For you better hide your hate for me
By masking it with love

You are always there for me
When I am victorious-
To see if it's true

WHISPERING WIND

I hear voices
Calling me,
They are full of envy and full of deceit,
I am anguished by the content,
I am distressed by their constant call.

I hear words
Beseeching me to change,
Words that try to convert my goodness to evil,
Should I let them change me?

I feel as if I too should create stories,
To destroy those who call me,
Those who try to put me down with their words.

I hear whispers,
Full of rage,
Full of lies,
I am not moved,
I am strengthened.

Every careless whisper you trade,
You trade that for my inner growth,
My inner perfection of "me"
For I realize that,
If I do not define myself
Others will attempt to define me.

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