

Visions in Verse™

poetry and art that bring tears to the eyes and joy to the heart



by Ruth Kuttler



heartfelt poems, quotes and inspirational stories in verse

second edition



Take time to go inside. Settle back with eyes closed and free your mind of thoughts and worries. When you do this, the magnificence of God's perfect plan will move into your conscious world. In the stillness and quietness, you will find all the answers that you seek.



The Rose

Why does the rose become a rose?
It just knows to be a rose
And not a tulip, plant or tree,
Canary, ant or bumblebee.
The oak, it knows what it's to be—
Not banyan, spruce or maple tree.
The fruit it bears, a squirrel's feast—
Not so for man or other beast.
Why are fins on fish and whales
And not on owls and cottontails?
If birds were launched without their wings
And bees and wasps without their stings,
How different would our world become
For all God's creatures, not just some.
How does a monarch know to fly?
It's born to know, to do or die.
Unlike the spider, deer or cat
It's programmed to begin like that.
It's why your eyes are not your nose,
Your ears or elbows, feet or toes.
Every atom, every space,
From scorpion to human race,
A perfect plan in perfect time
Like harmony and flawless rhyme,
A symphony of nature's glory—
God directs the sounds and story.
Why does the rose become a rose?
To be a rose is all it knows.
Divine creations, each are we—
It's why you're you and why I'm me.

The Box

Like a little China doll, so innocent and pure,
Cascading curls in ponytails, a golden brown they were.
A dazzling smile and eyes so blue they took your breath away,
This tiny child exuded love on each and every day.

In three short years, this little girl so rarely shed a tear.
She seldom asked for anything, turned sadness into cheer.
Her mom and dad had long since passed and family there were none,
Except her grandpa, stiff and cross—who never was much fun.

A mound of tape was in her hand, a trail left on the floor.
A burly man with graying hair was standing at the door.
He scolded and he lectured her, looked sternly in her eyes;
And yet she smiled, exclaimed with pride, “It’s for a big surprise.”

Her grandpa, he felt foolish now, but wouldn’t let it show.
He walked away a little sad, she didn’t seem to know.
She pushed a chair and stood on toes to reach a shelf up high.
A great big box with wrap and bows, to get it she must try.

Suddenly the box came down, crashing on the floor.
She thought she’d see her grandpa’s face, instead she heard his snore.
The papers, bright and colorful, were scattered all around—
With task at hand she went to work and didn’t make a sound.

When at last the work was done, admiring it with pride,
A golden box with purple bow; she found a place to hide.
On both her arms his hands of steel propelled her to the air,
Despite her tender loving face, she met a hostile glare.

His reprimand was harsh indeed, his angry tone and words,
The mess she made and all the waste, repeatedly she heard.
After all was said and done, she looked a little blue.
She brought to him the wrapped-up box and said, “This is for you.”

He wished that he could take it back, the unkind words he said.
He picked her up and kissed her cheek, then stroked her tiny head.
With care the wrappings were removed, she watched with pure delight,
As yards of tape were peeled away that bound that package tight.

The box was filled with only air; again his temper flared.
“You’ve given me an empty box,” he angrily declared.
With sweetness and sincerity the words she spoke were true.
“This box is filled with kisses that I blew in there for you.”

“Anytime you’re feeling sad or need a little cheer,
Just open up this box—and you will find a kiss in here.”
A lesson did he learn that day; it lasted till he died.
He learned to let her joy and love replace the rage inside.

That box he kept it all his life atop his chest of drawers.
And sometimes he would open it, remembering once more—
That tiny little three year old, so youthful yet so wise,
Who knew that kisses in a box could open up his eyes.



Angels show up in our lives in mysterious ways. They may come to us in our sleep, during times of silence and prayer—or in moments of great challenge. If we open the door, they will guide and protect us. They offer great lessons that touch our hearts and move our souls.

The Stranger

Wearily and still she sits, the seat as hard as stone.
Around her people young and old, yet she is all alone.
Flawless features sleek and smooth that camouflage so well
Her agony and loss of power make life a living Hell.

Idle chatter loudly droning, bags left everywhere.
Takeoff planned for half an hour with not an empty chair.
Every sound and every movement stir and agitate
Her broken body, mind and spirit merged to be her fate.

For a moment all is quiet, an image crystal clear,
Some words of hope, a warm embrace—her mother's presence near.
Soon trips home will be too hard, the magic turns to dread
As pain reminds her graphically, her future's bleak ahead.

Flight 302 is boarding now, she startles from the blare.
And from the corner of her eye, she's caught a stranger's stare.
Emaciated is his frame, his stature frail and weak,
Balanced only by a cane—a horror and a freak.

As she walks the ramp to board and searches for her chair,
Seat A-14 right next to her, the stranger's sitting there.
The look she has, a million words that show upon her face,
As shock subsides, her guilt and shame are there to take its place.

She meets his smile and shares her name—like him she'll be polite.
She hopes that he won't talk too much aboard their two-hour flight.
This fragile man without a prayer, she can't believe her ears.
With every breath he loves his life, a passion that he shares.

Not a grimace or complaint, amazing is his way,
A final trip to say goodbye; he's grateful for each day.
She contemplates this man with awe—the message in his cheer.
Why has he come to cross her path; why is it that he's here?

No accident, coincidence, beyond deformity
His strength and will and attitude—a gift from God is he.
Her suffering she thinks about, embarrassed now to tell.
She sees how blessed she really is, she needn't stay in Hell.

As she shifts her paradigm, the sun displaces rain.
She sees her passions come alive and hardly feels the pain.
She leaves her seat to freshen up; she goes to comb her hair.
Intends to thank him for his gift, but finds an empty chair.

No trace of him is anywhere; could she have lost her mind?
And frantically she calls his name—no stranger there to find.
The flight attendant seems quite sure, no passenger that day,
Seat A-14 right next to her was empty all the way.

She settles back against her seat, a whisper in her ear.
"I'm in your heart, just look for me; you'll always find me here."
A choice is made for hope and dreams, from darkness comes the light.
A life forever changed that day aboard that two-hour flight.



The Best Christmas Gift

A candle, some holly—and lights everywhere.
The season of Christmas reminds us to care.
A time to remember the ones most in need
And show them a kindness in gifts or in deed.

But the essence of Christmas should last the year through
In the words that we say and the things that we do.
The best Christmas gifts do not come in a box,
Not the tangible items like jewelry and socks.
They come from our heart when we reach out our hand
To help one another wherever we stand.
It's compassion and loving both strangers and kin,
Not about being right or compulsion to win.
What it means is forgiving enraged on the roads
And respecting all creatures from dolphins to toads.
To cherish, protect what is sometimes unseen,
Like commitment to leaving the earth fresh and clean.
It's walking the talk when we do what we say
And making a difference each in our own way.
That angel that's resting on top of the tree
Is sending her cheer and a message to be—
The peace that we wish for; I'll make it my way,
The best Christmas gift I can give you today.

Opening Doors

The fairer sex is what she's called, a struggle to begin.
For in a world where man is king, it's difficult to win.
But tenderness and nurturing are not to be misread,
A strength and power to rule the world lie in her pretty head.

Sometimes her magic's camouflaged, she doesn't know it's there.
Caught up in daily mindless tasks, to dream she doesn't dare.
Adversities and challenges are always in her way,
And yet she knows it's possible to change her life one day.

Every stone she stumbles on and every time she falls,
It puts her where she's meant to be—appears like blocks and walls.
And yet it is another door in spite of what it seems,
A lesson waiting to be learned, a gateway to her dreams.

Sometimes she must remind herself, the sun comes up each day.
And even in the darkest night the moon will light her way.
No rainbow comes without the storm and peace may come with wars.
Yet in her heart she knows she'll win if she keeps opening doors.

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