

Poems for Loved Ones

In Remembrance of All Those Who
Have Returned Home

Kenzo Amariyo

Preface

Poems for Loved Ones has been written for those who are grieving and those who are remembering.

Facing death is never easy, it often brings pain to both those who are dying and those who are left behind.

We all see death differently and our take on death is partly shaped by our upbringing and our views on life. I prefer to see death not as a final curtain but as a stage we must all pass through, like a veil, into something more wonderful. I don't see death as a final chapter, but as a journey into a different world.

I believe that we are all spirit beings,

having a physical encounter here on earth in a physical body; and when our time here is complete, our spirit will need to leave the physical body so it can travel into the next world or next sphere.

Death is never easy, but we can help ourselves by actively choosing to make it a positive experience; we can do this by remembering the positives, remembering the good things that the person did, the good they brought to life, the fun times. We can also help ourselves by actively choosing to forgive what may feel like *the unforgivable*.

We all make mistakes in life, and we can all choose to forgive the mistakes of others. If we all look deep enough we will find there are also things that

we would like to be forgiven for; and no matter how small or big the wrong doing was, we must, for our own well-being choose forgiveness.

Forgiveness isn't just about the other person, it isn't just about setting the other person free, and it isn't just about whether they deserve the forgiveness, it is about setting ourselves free.

Maybe the person you are crying over or grieving for has hurt you in some way. I ask you today, let it go, forgive them; we all have our story, we are all products of our upbringing, products of society, of life and we must all find within ourselves the forgiveness necessary for all of our sakes.

Heal your hurts, let go of your anger and ensure you yourself are ready for

the next stage of your life. Forgive all those that have hurt you whether they deserve it or not, heal your own hurts or seek help from another to help you heal and be the best you can – just for today.

Flourish and grow into the beautiful person that you truly are – made in the image of the creator, the divine spark, the greater consciousness.

We are all so much more than we realize – Kenzo

*“Like Birth - Death is Just a Change of
Worlds on Our Journey to Enlightenment”*

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Dying

Chapter One

If there is one thing we can all trust is the fact that one day we will die. We will die whether we want to or not, whether we are prepared for it or not.

Dying can be traumatic for some and a release for another. One thing is for sure, dying usually leaves much grief in its path. It doesn't seem to matter what we think about dying or where we think we may go, when someone dies it often causes much heart-ache and anguish to say the least.

Some people die unexpectedly and

others are aware they are going to die. This chapter is more for those who are aware that their time is drawing nigh, however, this chapter offers suggestions which we can all put into place throughout our life-time. Feeling that we are ready and prepared for death can sometimes bring inner peace and a sense of relief.

As part of the preparation for dying we need to take a life review, we need to look back over our life, from as far back as we can remember, scan through the events that come to mind, because they are usually the ones that need looking at.

As you scan through your life, spend time on each moment that occurs, feel the memory, feel the affect it has upon your emotions, your body, your mind.

Some of the memories will be happy, others sad. Some will bring up hurt and often un-forgiveness.

Forgiveness is a major part of preparing for the forward journey that we are all going to take sooner or later. When people hurt us we often don't want to forgive, after-all, why should we? They hurt us. But in reality, holding onto un-forgiveness is like drinking our own poison. Forgiveness can heal two souls, yours and the accuser. Sometimes it is hard to forgive, sometimes we feel the hurt is so bad that we can never forgive them; but the truth is, forgiveness is only a choice away. Which sounds really tough for someone who has been abused.

Making the choice to forgive isn't

about minimizing what has been done or said, it is about realizing the healing potential for yourself as well as the other person. Forgiveness can set you free, it can lift a huge weight off your shoulders, one that you may have been carrying around for years.

One thing I experienced over and over again as a professional counsellor was the relief people felt when they spoke out the words “*I forgive you*” or “*I’m sorry.*” It doesn’t mean it is going to be easy and often reaching that point brings many pent up tears, but the end result is worth every teardrop.

After the life review and dealing with forgiveness storytelling can be a beautiful healing process whether it is you telling your own story or whether you are listening to, or encouraging

another to tell their own story. We all have good memories no matter how bad our life may have seemed. We all have our own story and yours won't be the same as mine. Yours won't even be the same as your siblings for we all see life differently and what was ok for one won't be ok for another.

Storytelling isn't about offering or asking for forgiveness; that is behind you, storytelling is about celebrating life, it is about pulling all the beautiful threads of your tapestry of life together and weaving in the ends to create a lasting piece of beauty. You may even want to write it down, or record it so those left behind can keep it as your legacy of love.

Another important part of preparing for our journey is remember to tell

people you love them, remembering to utter the final loving words that you want others to remember. Don't wait for this stage, do it whilst you have the opportunity. Our aim is to bless those that have loved us, bless and heal those that have hurt us and free our own souls so that at the right time, our spirit can spread its wings and fly.

50 Poems for Loved Ones

Chapter Five

Always There

The time has come
To say goodbye,
It's time to stretch
My wings and fly.

I haven't left you
All alone,
But now have freedom
So I can roam.

Through space, past stars
The moon to rest,
Feel me resting

Upon your chest.

I'm the little bird
The floating feather,
Always here
Whatever the weather.

So close your eyes
And open your heart,
Feel me within
For we'll never part.

Just Look to Your Heart

Love can move mountains,
Love can heal pain.
Today you are grieving,
Tomorrow the same.

But a day will come,
When your tears cease to fall.
That is the day,
When acceptance calls.

Your life will go on,
Like a growing tree.
You'll put out new branches,
You'll let go of me.

I will always be here,
Just look to your heart.
And there you will find me,
For we'll never part.

Heart Ache

How my heart aches,
Like a broken wing.
What I would give,
Just to hear you sing.

Not just a melody,
Not just a song.
But a chorus of love,
To make me feel strong.

If I could just hear,
Your voice one more time.
I'd know in my heart,
You'll always be mine.

My Beloved

The sounds of your chatter,
Your laughter, your smile.
You lit up my life,
For a very long while.

You touched me so deeply,
You pulled at my heart.
And now you're not here,
Life's fallen apart.

But for you I will live,
Forever and a day.
Until once again,
We meet, come what may.

I'll not lose my hope,
Nor end my new life,
For I know you are watching,
My beloved, My Wife.

Release from Suffering

No more suffering,
And no more pain.
I know your life,
Won't be the same.

But honey, please,
Remember this.
I finally have,
My heart felt wish.

I now can truly,
Start to fly.
No more heartache,
I no longer cry.

I feel the wind,
Beneath my wings.
My Spirit is free,
And my Soul doth sing.

Rejoice and Sing

Sing from your hearts,
Rejoice for my death.
It is only a passing,
A final breath.

Like the bird when it leaps,
From the tree's highest branch.
It spreads its wings,
It starts to dance.

As it rides the wind,
And soars the sky.
It doesn't ask how,
It doesn't ask why.

It simply trusts,
In what it can't see.
The miracle of life,
Of life's mystery.

I Hear the Trumpet

The trumpet is blowing,
The Angels rejoice.
My presence is needed,
My Spirit, My voice.

The Angels are coming,
Their songs fill my ear.
This is my time,
Don't mourn love, just cheer.

My purpose is done,
My day has drawn nigh.
It now is my turn,
To go home - don't cry.

The arms of Great Mystery,
Are waiting for me.
Love and tranquillity,
I send to thee.

Gone

It's raining here,
There is no light.
My life just seems,
Like one long night.

My love has gone,
She's far away.
She's spread her wings,
Just another day.

Her sun has risen,
Pain no more.
Is it now my turn?
Where is the door?

The door that brings,
Welcome relief.
From all the suffering,
All the grief.

