

Streams Of Consciousness

A Poetry Anthology

**The Poetry People
at Senior Action
Greenville, South Carolina**

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NONA WALSER I'm originally from Charlotte, NC, with a fun childhood on a dairy farm. My husband and I moved to Greenville where our two children and our grandchildren call home. My working degree is in business and inside sales. Now my fun time is spent outdoors enjoying everything water and nature. Spending time with family, friends and having new adventures keeps me active.

Words always run around my mind in rhymes. Many of my writings are fun, rhyming jingles and silly poems. Other writings expose the ups and downs we all experience as our lives unwind.

Ocean – What I See

I look at the ocean, what do I see?

A calm reassurance, the mother in me.

I look at the ocean, what do I see?

Returning over and over, the friend in me.

I look at the ocean, what do I see?

Water blended with sky, the wife in me.

I look at the ocean, what do I see?

A force tested by storms, the faith in me.

I look at the ocean, what do I see?

Greater than wind, sun, or sea, God's mirror in me.

I Believe! I Believe!

In bright sprigs of holly, clusters of mistletoe.

In people who make friends wherever they go.

In each star in the sky, and moonbeams there,

In the color red throughout the year.

In out loud laughs once a day – preferably shared.

In knowing family and friends are always here.

In the wonder of shapes and colors of nature.

In meaning “Good Morning,” and “Have a Good Day.”

In the sweet smell of cinnamon rolls in the morning,

In calling our family whenever we’re going.

In mangers and angels and bells that ring!

In faith of the things, we cannot see.

Angel Wing

As I walked along the beach, I found an angel's wing.
And wondered how one lost such a precious thing.
While watching all the children playing in the waves,
I realized a wing could break as an angel dipped to save.
Thought of a time years back my little daughter disappeared,
And I splashed wildly through the surf, searching everywhere.
She'd wandered off to cross the road, searching for her mom.
When an angel swooped her from the curb and safely
brought her home.
As my children grew older and often out of reach,
Were there times an angel shed a wing to bring them back to
me?
Kirby, my son, I often question why God's angels weren't there
to save.
Now trust you're now the Angel keeping all the children safe.

Kirby Lee Walser March 19, 1978 – March 24, 1999
Beloved Son, Brother, Friend

Balance of Life

Is there a balance in the end?

Of what has come, and later went.

An answering of all we ask,

Will it balance at the last?

Is there a balance to save the fall?

A balance of good for bad, right for wrong.

A middle place for calm and peace,

Will it center where all keeps?

Is there a balance of the air?

A balance of now. And time. And death.

A color not black, or gray, or white.

Is this balance called Eternal Life?

Scott's Top Hat

Wear A Hat

"You want to know, why I wear a hat"

It keeps all the words, just where they're at!

When I wear a hat, I can write a poem,

Of grass, or snow or love forlorn.

Jot down the words, as they flow

That's why I wear a hat wherever I go.

Wearing a hat puts me on stage,

To act out the stories others have paged.

The audience claps, or heartily laughs,

Which is why WE all should wear a hat.

= = =

Scott was one of the first eager joiners of this Poetry group. He shared his love of words, talent for performing, and enthusiasm along with his lively touch of humor. Scott became a driving force for our group of writers, encouraging all to wear a hat in life!

Survivor's Struggle

Tap

Tap Tap

Knock

Knock

KNOCK

In -

Or out

How to know.

Stomping around my mind

Shake shiver shatter

God – this one's for you.

I'm not brave enough.

And I'm tired.

Wind Sun Surf

The wind is steady, almost cold.
Blowing hair, sand, clothes.
But doesn't blow away the fears.

The wind is steady almost cold,
But calmed by God who started the blow.
He blows away the fear.

The sun is bright, yellow rays bold.
Blinding, tanning, warming to hold.
But it doesn't warm the heart again.

The sun is bright, yellow rays that told,
Of infinite warmth for centuries old.
Warmth for our souls to gain.

The surf repeats, forever on.
Churning dark water, edged with foam.
But doesn't bring scattered faith back home.

The surf repeats forever on.
The strength of our God always strong
It's in Him our restored Faith remains.

I will never leave you or forsake you.

Hebrews 13:5

Poems of the Moon

By Nona Walser 2025

There it is! The full moon,
One of God's many promises in the great creation.
Peering out the bathroom window,
Watching the bright moonbeams
Through the trees, middle of the night.
It was a bright white shine.
Not my turn to see the "Blood Moon,"
But blessed to be able to say, "Good night moon!"

I saw the moon, surprise!
The moon winked at me,
I sent back a smile.
The moon glowed at me.
Jealous clouds gathered in.
Moved close and the moon dimmed.
His glow was covered, though still there,
Whispering, see you next night,
Same place, same where.
Good night Mr. Moon!

Nary a moonbeam in sight.
Only dark dreary foggy night.
Brings to mind end of October,
With ghosts and owls flying all over!
Remember: It's only first week in September.
Warm? Cool? What to wear a dilemma.
Let's not rush it, we have a month yet of time!
For hot tea in the AM, then afternoon sunshine.