



TRUMPETS
WILL FILL
THE SKY

Written word from
R.A. McColley

Trumpets will fill the sky

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**IN REVERENCE
(MY DEDICATION)**

Thank you Jesus for your light
Such the glorious and heavenly sight
I give thanks for showing the way
Thank you for every day to day
Jesus I am grateful from the heart
To know in my life that you take part
My King I am humbled at your feet
You're in every face I smile and greet
Beautiful Father I did seek and I did find
I pray for all none left behind
And so Jesus I pray in your name
I lift you up in humility with no shame
Let them scoff who think me low
In my heart I choose to grow
And know the glories of your ways.



INTRODUCTION

The book, "*Trumpets will fill the sky*," is my expression of words that contemplate the human dilemma of heart and spirit, including what is seen and what cannot be fathomed. I too am dancing to the age-old riddle of life that perplexes and confounds each of us at some point. Yet, it still does not cease to amaze us with its beauty and passion, and the horrors of ignorance and violence.

You will find filled within my work these enigmatic passions, of expressing what the hearts beat only hints at, and what the eyes are limited to see, and the mind too simple in its comprehension, to properly convey the depth of that which can be explained. You will find words that have been made anew, and even some re-created words in finding the right flow of poetic freedom. Lovers of the poetic word may know, but not understand, that the poet makes their fluid movements through the ebb and flow of what it is to be alive.

Thank you for your interest in this work, I hope it brings you some joy as well as some contemplation as to where we all stand to gain and lose.

- Robert .A. McColley



BEAUTIFUL DAY

A powder blue gazed upon the horizon
With it carried the heavy softness of billows
I looked from my writer's desk
Out the shiny lit window of white sill
A small brittle bird landed there in feathery browns
Shifting about it looked for what it seeks
Gently and graciously it mused me
Surrounded me with its little empty life
So full of song making my existence moot
It peeked through the veil of glass
That allowed me to see out
But not participate in
A small spat of blood licked the window
And the small life was extinguished
Now gone from my view
I got up and looked through
Across between houses
Was a small girl and her bee bee
Small curls caressed her soft face
She fidgeted with the instrument
Her Sunday pastels getting soiled
She wandered off discouraged
Unaware of her murder.



SPIRITED

Sometimes I hear tiny footsteps up above
I listen to them clamor about in the darkness
They sound like a small child's adventures
Racing about chasing down the enemy
A grand battle to save the world
Bouncing around upon a fluffed bed
Fighting for dear life with pillows
Laying there I wonder what lives these were
Staring at the ceiling of my ill lit room
Lost in the dreamy moment
Perhaps at one time
Here stood a two story home.



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