

The Anatomy of the Female Mind

By

Henning J. Krüger

A composition of poetical philosophies as observed by a young man, and ruminated on through his talks with God, in his journey through early adulthood.

This collection aims to take some hurt out of this world, and by translating it to rhyme, ultimately hopes to put some good back into it, through various different avenues.

Second Edition in the Annual Series

(Electronic-Book Version)

Contacting the Author

Email: Henning@Waldau.us

Printed by

Lulu Press, Inc.

Morrisville, North Carolina

United States of America

If you believe any of the information contained in this book has infringed upon your own, or someone else's copyrighted or trademarked work, please do not hesitate to reach out to the author.

Content from this book is allowed to be reproduced for educational, as well as personal- and social development purposes, in any shape, means or form. However, no material contained in this book should be re-sold or commercialized in any given way, without prior written approval from the copyright owner.

Copyright © 2023

By Henning J. Krüger

Partial Rights Reserved

Table Of Contents	Page
Lord I forget	14
A Tree Like This	17
The Chemi Semi	19
She is Not God	20
Een Meisie en 'n Halwe Man	22
Euwel Die Esel	25
That Silly Old Rhyme	27
Hailstorm	30
The Grass, Geese, and Stones	32
I Hung Hanged	34
Sui Generis	36
The Deadlock of Silence	38
My Seepboks	40
Bible Practical	41
Where Does Love Go?	42
Padlocks and Tires	44
Verbrande Hout	46

Jesus se Reënjas	48
A War Fought All Wrong	50
Die Somer Verby	53
En Hoe Vêr Gaan Jy Kan	55
Grace Has a Face	57
God Unemancipated	59
I Find it Quite Hard	61
Feelings Be Blindness	63
This Too is Fine	64
Halftime on Earth	66
Forgive and Forget	68
Unsettling Truth	69
'n Verdwaalde Brokkie Hemel	70
Ek Sweer	71
Long Before	72
How do You Talk to a God?	74
Points Shared	76
I Have a Feeling	78
Ink en Papier	79
The Four Smiles Farm	81

Seven Dollars	84
A Storm or Two	86
A Burning House	88
Little Factory of Lies	90
One Brown Man Died	92
Protes en Staak	94
I Saw Plenty of Signs	96
I Refuse	100
The Loving You've Been	102
I Listened	104
A Declaration of War	106
An Angel in Disguise	108
This Little Park Bench	110
Tien Minute Oor Tien	113
Smoke and Smiles	114
Spacetrip	116
The Holiest of Darkness	118
Monsters off the Clock	119
McMelvin	121
Penmanship	123

Die Man Hier Binne My	125
Long Before You Were Born	127
A Grass Cut with Joy	129
Land Cruisertjie	130
Becoming a Man	133
News by Raindrop	134
The Wrong Side of the Cross	136
Answers to Your Query	137
The Cost of Being Grown	138
Dare to Smile at Me	139
The Color of Freedom	141
55 v.B.	144
A Father and a Dad	147
Church-Mouse	148
The Joking Part of Me	151
Gedigjie Van Die Gees	152
About the Author	154

Some insights from the author into the composing of this book:

The Personal Aspect

Due to my slightly irrational fear of one day forgetting all the simple and strange thoughts, feelings, and joys that I experience now as a young man, I have decided to turn them all into poems and bind them together, so that through this book, instead of just keeping myself from forgetting them, the older folks have the opportunity to remember again, the younger ones can anticipate, and both can enjoy them too.

Whilst the works in this book are by no means intended to be award-winning poems or any claim to fame, nor are they intended to become anything more than what they already are, which is a tangible archive of the fruits of my mind throughout this key part of my youth—I do have a personal goal of publishing a new edition of this series every year, and as long as there is hurt in this world and enough words to turn them into rhyme, I will have enough material to accomplish this.

It is worth noting that quite a few poems in this book are written in my home language, Afrikaans, and they will naturally be of much more meaning to Afrikaans-speaking persons, yet I did decide not to translate them, because that would be quite the insult to this beautiful language of mine, as I have seen in my travels abroad that there are a vast number of words and phrases which simply should not even be attempted to be translated from Afrikaans into English,

as the written Afrikaans word might have an English cousin, yet the emotions behind it are of a whole other race.

The Spiritual Aspect

As you might notice, some of these poems have a very strong spiritual appeal to them, which caters to my ever-growing desire to talk about God and His relationship with man every chance I get, but until I have been able to finish the appropriate level of schooling in the field of divinity to be able to put an academic title before my name, I have decided to merely put my perspectives and opinions on spiritual matters into poems that readers can decide themselves to either take or leave, as they are of yet just that—my opinions and perspectives. Some of my poems I do agree, absolutely reek of this, in which case I would implore anyone who feels remotely offended by them to treat them like all other conversations of religious context, and take them from whom they come, with quite a bit of salt too.

Poetry has become one of a few healthy escapes that have allowed me to rid my mind of the challenges of this world that press so hard on all our hearts, including mine, right next to my continuous effort to better make sense of this world that God put us in, and so hopefully these poems can portray a little bit of this amazing journey that I have had with Him so far in this regard, too. Instead of releasing this series commercially though, I have decided to merely print and gift a few copies of this book for time-being, at my own expense, to everyone who has played a pivoting role in this journey of mine thus far, and opening up the copyrights of this series to be available to anyone for any sort of educational or personal-improvement purposes as well.

I also feel obliged to disclaim that I am by no means a career-poet, philosopher, or anything else which this book might suggest, and as for what my future holds in writing I have not even considered yet, as I wouldn't want the prospects and possibilities of authoring obscuring my vision from the main focus of these poems, and likewise these books, which is to bless as I have been blessed—for now; just with thoughts, and eventually; with who knows what else. I am merely a young man who has had a tremendously interesting journey with God thus far, in the form of thousands of little conversations and events, which I hope to give a glimpse of to anyone who wishes to see, throughout this series of annual editions.

Final Notes

I want to thank you for taking the time to explore this collection, and I truly hope you will find reason enough in this second book to anticipate the next edition in this poetical philosophy series, which ought to be due at the end of August, in 2024, Lord-willing of course.

More than that, bear in mind that with authoring, just as with anything else; a rocky start is at least a start, and that much is always the most difficult part, so per conclusion of all that I deemed necessary to say that didn't rhyme, I hope you enjoy that which does...

The Anatomy of the Female Mind

Lord I Forget

Lord I forget,
that You're lying on my bed,
when my homework
drives me to tears.

I forget,
that You are walking
right next to me,
when I turn my head—

and that You've been,
right there,
next to me—
all of these years.

Lord I forget,
that You are sitting
right across from me—
every time I eat.

And You ride like a best friend would,
on the back of my bicycle.
I forget You're in the audience,
when I make a speech or play and perform,

You're the reason there's this aura—
almost paradisaical.

Lord I apologize,
for taking You all these places,
and showing You the things,
that I do.

I forget sometimes,
like a bad host would,
that You've got Your own agenda too.

Lord it's because You're too polite—
too humble and patient,
that I forget entirely,
that You're still there.

I forget Lord,
there's no need to call on You,
I forget that You can defend yourself—

sitting right next to me,
on Your own throne and chair.

A Tree Like This

A tree like this,
to hide from the taunting sun,
the boy who always waits,
for his dad.

A tree like this,
to shelter from the bully rain,
the girl who goes to bed,
wet and sad.

Yes a tree like this,
to climb up and play in all day,
for the twins whose parents
can't hide their fights.

Oh a tree like this
to drop the prettiest of Fall leaves,
for the young artist,
who helps make rent,
at nights.

A silly old tree like this,
that's been standing outside the schoolyard,
for who knows how long.

That's done more for its kids,
than all them leaders and parents,
combined,

by always—
simply—
standing strong.

The Chemi Semi

Oh Chemistry,
you're good for me,
in the plenty of gifts you keep,

for I always had,
restless nights before we met,
but now I just cry myself
to sleep.

And I no longer find myself too busy,
or not find time for God in my day.
For you've helped me prioritize my life again,
I suddenly have all day and night to pray.

And date ideas aren't too hard to find,
and no more do I fight with my lady—
she's long gone due to her jealousy,
with you always on my mind.

She Is Not God

She is not a soothsayer.

Does not know where you have been,
and cannot tell you where to go.

She is not a wiseman.

There's a lot that she won't see,
and a lot that she won't know.

She is not a prophet.

Could maybe never even hear God,
and this you can see.

Nor is she a queen,

no ruler of kingdoms and soldiers.

For today she chooses,

what today she wants to be.

No she is not a baptist,
even though she makes you feel,
like you've passed through the fire,

and she by no means is a fisherman—
won't draw you up from drowning,
when your soul gets tired.

My Son,
she is not God.

She does not want
all your full honesty,
time, hurt or worry.

My Son—
she cannot save you,

this is plumb idolatry.

Een Meisie en 'n Halwe Man

Here ek is jammer,
dat ek als aan haar gegee het.

Here ek is jammer,
dat ek heel van U vergeet het.

En Here ek is jammer,
dat ek my jongdae
net met U,
spandeer het,

want nou vrees ek vir my ou dae,
en wie daaroor,
nou beheer het.

En nou staan ek hier voor U,
met onsekerheid in my hart,

en ek buig al deesdae voor haar,
as nie eers die helfde van die man,
wat ek was nie—
maar 'n kwart.

Want 'n verhouding met haar,
Vader,
is niks soos díe met U nie,
en ek skop myself en jak myself af,
dat ek dit nie kon sien nie.

Nou sê my Here,
is dit háár fout of myne?
En was ons wat saamkom
U plan,
of sou Satan sê dis syne?

Want ek onthou tog ál daai drome,
my antwoorde as ek sou vra.
Maar nou vra ek en smee ek
en word ek al wakker,
maar daai God-gestuurde drome,
blyk te wees klaar.

Nietemin Vader,
ek is nog hier,
en ek weet U het my nie vergeet nie.

Ek wonder maar net Vader,
sometyds—

hoe voel U oor haar?

Euwel die Esel

Met 'n tjank en 'n balk
en 'n oorklap-kopskud,
'n skop en 'n byt,
'n rol en reg-op sit,

mis ek hom in die môre
as ek in vrede op-staan,
as ek sien hoe ander mense,
hulle esels wil slaan.

Ek verlang na daai karakter,
daai slim-stout-selfsug—
naiif-onafhanklike,
salpeter—
soetstink.

Ek weet dalk nogsteeds nie,

hoe liefde lyk nie—

maar ek dink

ek weet

nou al,

hoe dit klink.

That Silly Old Rhyme

I feel my father in the morning,
when I slip on my boots,
and pull out the tips of my socks.

I feel him at night,
when I'm tired after work,
and I grunt as I take them off.

I see him in the mirror
when I wet and shape my hair,
and somebody laughs at me,

like I saw him in that door,
after giving me a scare,
cause he always
“just wanted to see.”

I smell him in my car
full of mud and manure,
on a long dirt road back,
from the farm,

I smell him after showering,
with his clothes all too clean—
and his kisses and hugs so warm.

I taste him when I drink a beer,
yes a few too many—
or when I tear some meat apart,

I hear him when I taste my words—
when my blood boils,
and I speak from the heart.

I hear his voice when I complain,
about the people at my job,
I hear that silly old rhyme:
“dan vreet hulle die bádprop op.”

Oh how I sometimes wish,
that I never even knew him,
and could escape all his advice,
and his law.

Then I wake up,
arise,
and get back to my knees to say:
“hoekom verdien ék, só ‘n pa?”

Hailstorm

Lord my life tells a bad story,
but it tells it so well—
yes I can vaguely see through a foggy hall,
why You lease me out to hell,

why You leave my life a nightmare,
and add even more stress—
why You let the work become more,
and the time become less.

For I know myself Lord
and so I know a thief,
I know a mule inside a kid,
and it causes me grief,

for if You gave me what I wanted,

let me run and be free,

then You might as well just have sent,

a hailstorm down on me.

The Grass, Geese, and Stones

I never was my people,
in that place that I called home.
This I told all day,
to the grass, geese, and stones.

For there I ran,
and I ran alone,
on that narrow road,
to which I belonged,

for they never understood me,
when I talked or laughed,
and I never made friends,
on that well-proven path.

Yet I've stayed on this road,
which I now call home,
and I talk and I laugh,
with the grass, geese, and stones.

For these are not my people,
and this is not my home,
this I hear all day,
from the grass, geese, and stones,

for here I walk,
and I walk alone,
on this narrow road,
to which I now belong.

For they don't understand me,
when I talk or laugh,
I find seldom a friend,
on this unproven path.

I Hung Hanged

That feeling of uneasiness,
because you're outside of your rhythm,
the rhythm which kept you,
and held you.

Because your life has been changing,
and it dragged you along,
which you just patiently,
had to adjust to.

And it's all been happy changes,
things that had to happen.

And it's all just
helping you grow,

but how funny it is,
that this too,
is testing your patience?

That patience,
you so very well now know.

So all you can do is hold on,
even if it's barely,
and even if it's hard.

Remember that hung
and hanged are not the same.
One is remembered in the stories of heroes—
and the other held with little regard.

Sui Generis

Heaven is a participation award,
it's not a golden medal.

Because the test rarely is,
about how fast you can swim,
it's about how long,
you're willing to paddle.

Giving is also not about
who you give to, or why—
it's always just been about
you giving.

Life's beauty can sometimes only be seen,
by those who close their eyes,
and entirely forget—
that they are still living.

Yes and every history book,
has a place for the victor's story,
one for the defeated,
and one for the price tag.

Sui generis means to leave
no other legacy beyond oneself,
and some flags,
really are just flags.

Yes in some way,
we all live downstream,
in a place where water
always runs uphill.

You just keep going,
own your baggage,
and forgive all these people.
They'll pay their own bill.

The Deadlock of Silence

Blow ye every whistle,
ring every single bell,
and break the silence for good.

Call up every man,
and awake every child,
giving no heed,
to rest or food.

Then sink every ship,
and burn it all to the ground,
blow every pillar,
and cornerstone asunder.

Open every floodgate,
unlock every beast held back,
and if you know how,
make it quake and thunder.

Destroy every little thing,
that makes even the least
old bit of volume—
hurt each and every,
beyond recognition.

Then we'll see what's still standing,
find what we really need then,
take another shot,
and start it all over.

And there in that deadlock,
of silence,
we'll all listen together—

to whom else,
can call themselves risen.

My Seepboks

Vader hierdie is my opgee-gedig.
Ek staan vandag op my seepboks,
en ek preek net stilte.

Vader hierdie is my oorgee-gesig,
met my kop teen die muur van 'n urinaal,
bid ek op teen 'n steilte.

Want ek voel die woorde van my gebed,
doen my skade Heer,
maar net 'n slegte gewoonte,
om die stilte te breek.

So ek vind rus teen hierdie helling—
dis nou U beurt om te praat.

U weet díe is so hard,
soos ek ooit sal kan smeek.

Bible Practical

Could it be possible,
that there's an answer
outside of Your Book Lord?

A question whose answer,
can only be found
by living life,
and making mistakes yourself?

Because I feel like something,
has died inside of me, Lord—
today I feel like a sinner.

And this dark fog resting on me,
through which I'm stumbling
and searching like a drunk blind-man—
makes me feel as far from You,
as ever.

Where Does Love Go?

Where does love go,
when it's found
in your home,
no more?

When every trashcan is tipped over,
every pillowcase turned out,
and all the paint peeled off,
from the ceilings to the floor?

Where do those feelings hide,
and how far do they flee,
when after time and time of calling them,
they become such a sore sight to see?

And what does that energy turn into?
What is its new shape,
and what is its new form?

When after getting you going
for countless mornings that passed,
you're now stuck in the quietest,
and warmest of storms?

Padlocks and Tires

Is this here my jacket,
the faded one with all the tears, rips,
stains and frills,
you ask?

Is this the jacket that I wear every day?

And are these here my boots,
the squeaking ones
with the holes in their soles—
that are too big,
with all the cracks?

The type of boots,
you'd never wear in public you say?

And is this here my truck,
the scratched and dented,
sunburnt piece of junk
with the tires gone bald,
and the papers so old?

With the padlock latch
and holes in the door?

Yes they all are mine,
and I'm rather proud of them too,
my very own jacket and boots,
and car,

but more than that,
they're some of the only friends I have—
that have been with me,
this far.

Verbrande Hout

As Toyota maar net ook
trekkers gemaak het,
as die reën ook maar net kon vra,
voor dit val,

As ons sonlig maar net
in skure kon stoor,
en as visse maar net,
kon slaap teen die wal.

Ja as ons tog maar net wors gehad het,
dan kon ons wors en eiers gemaak het,
as ons tog maar net,
ook eiers gehad het,

en as my tannie maar net 'n baard gehad het—
dan was sy my oom.

En só-denkend bly as,
maar net gebrande hout—

die stof wat lê op niks meer,
as net 'n droom.

Jesus se Reënjas

Jesus ek maak nou vir Jou
my deur oop,
ek nooi Jou in,
en skud Jou aan die hand.

Here ek neem sommer ook
Jou reënjas,
koffer, hoed en stewels.
Jy vries seker hier,
in hierdie ys-koue land,

Sit hier by my tafel,
ek bring vir Jou water.
Verander dit maar in watookal,
Jy wil hê.

En vryf gerus die honde,
veral daai blinde een asseblief,
en neem my kinders op Jou skoot—
en sê wat Jy wil sê.

Want Here Jy weet baie goed,
wat gaan in hierdie huis aan.
Jy weet baie goed
hoeveel plek daar nog vir Jou is.

Maar ek dink wel nie Jy besef,
hoe lank Jy weg was nie Vader,

dat iemand,
wie Jou nog nooit eers ontmoet het—

Jou só kon mis.

A War Fought All Wrong

Can you now hear the music,
from the ends of these halls?

Can you now hear
those freedom bells ring?

Can you hear the voices behind
all these old corners?

Do you know,
this song that they sing?

This is the song,
saying, “come all ye unfaithful,”
sung to the untrustworthy,
and the hypocrites,
and the whores.

This is the song,
of wrongs and injustice,
to which the doubtful,
do their spiritual chores.

Now this is the song
written by some Soldier,
who fought a war
all wrong,

to shed His blood for our freedom,
against enemies we don't know,
on a battlefield we haven't seen—
on a battlefield we don't belong.

Yes this is the song of Grace,
that type of kindness we devour,
though—
we never deserved,

with the chorus being that of Mercy,
that type of inhumanness
against which we have no power,

that we don't see—
although we have earned.

Die Somer Verby

En net só

soos 'n vreedsame droom,

is die vrede van die Somer verby,

en net só,

soos ál jou sondes,

het die blare van die bome,

verdwyn.

Nou is alles wat jy,

nog wou en sou kan,

eers weer aan ééndag

oorgegee.

Nou is almal wie jy,
nog nie tot hartbreek en traan
gedryf het—

eers onder nóg 'n mat ingevee.

En Hoe Vêr Gaan Jy Kan

Daar's 'n tipe lekker
in hierdie wêreld,
waar jy heeldag in jou huis bly—
en tussen jou kombuis
en jou slaapkamer lewe,

en die vêrste wat jy wil,
en die vêrste wat jy sal,
is om na jou TV-remote,
te strewe.

En dan's daar 'n tipe lekker,
waar jy by daai voordeur van jou uitstap,
en elke geleentheid
by die voete gryp,
om groter as hierdie lewe te wees,

en hoe vêr kan jy gaan,

en hoe vêr gaan jy kan,

as jy net weer luister,

na jou kinderlike gees.

Grace Has a Face

Grace has a face,
and it looks like you,
through the eyes of one
who has done you wrong—

when you give them a chance,
brand new.

Grace has a sound,
and it sounds like rain,
through the ears of Tom
the apostate farmer—

the same song he sings,
when overwhelmed in pain.

And Grace has a smell,
like a soaking hot steed,
that brought you your savior,
at the darkest time of night—

whose legs never gave in,
when asked for more speed.

Yes Grace too
has a shape
and a coat and a voice,
and Grace has an address, and a name.

Grace drops the package at your door,
and cleans the floors in your office,

though it goes,
by a whole different name.

For out here—
it is better known as Shame.

God Unemancipated

Have you ever thought,
what Jesus was like,
when He was only
two buckets high?

Did He argue with His brothers,
or leave His tunics on the floor,
did He throw away His veggies,
would He throw a fit and cry?

Was He the quiet-smart kid,
sitting at the back of class?
Or was He the funny captain,
who just barely got to pass?

And what were His hobbies,
to keep Himself out of trouble?

Did He draw, play the flute,
or was it donkeys He would tame?

And how funny must it have been,
when He read the Scriptures to His mother,
and was it blasphemy when she called Him
by His full name?

Oh how interesting it is,
to think about sharing a house,
with a little God,

and how reassuring it is,
to know if Mary survived
parenthood,

Then we could too.
No matter sometimes,
how odd.

I Find It Quite Hard

I find it quite hard,
to sometimes admit,
that I don't yet
have it all figured out.

That my whole life,
is not yet planned.

That I too get lonely,
and I many times,
need a hand.

Yes and I just can't seem to figure,
how other people
can't just open their eyes,
and see the things that I see,

and for the life of me,

I can't get these words out:

“I'm not so sure what I'm looking at here,

I'm not so sure what I see.”

Feelings Be Blindness

Oh the joys of this life,
of one or two friends so true,
how they catch you and help you,
and share nothing but kindness,

even though you leave them
feeling so sad and hurt,
they seem to have a spell:

“feelings, be blindness.”

This Too is Fine

Oh how wonderful a Father
we have in Lord Jesus,
who allows us mistakes,
at such low a price.

And how tough a philosophy,
and parenting style it isn't,
to say, "run ye wild,"
but also, "here's my advice."

For don't we all know,
a someone like this,
and don't we all yearn,
for their presence sometime?

The softest, most loving,
understanding and quietest of love,
someone to say,
when we've wrecked ourselves to tears,

“this too, is fine.”

Halftime on Earth

I have no more poems,
I have nothing more to say,
when I look at the world,
as it is today.

I am stunned,
left speechless,
I feel worthless is my words.
Muted and lost,
dragged back-wards.

For this world I think,
now needs some silence—
it needs to breathe,
and it needs to rest.

It needs no more,
to hear the demands of us;
the problem.

It is sickened by our voice;
the pest.

Forgive and Forget

Responsibility

is the name of the game,

and accountability

is the answer.

Mercy is the cheat code,

Love; the reconciler.

For when nothing is left,

of a Faith so well-founded,

but shambles of the lukewarm,

sinful flesh of man,

forgive I will,

absolutely.

And forget—

as best I can.

Unsettling Truth

I've had this realization,
I've discovered an unsettling truth,

in that one can also grow tired,
and fatigued and exhausted—

of doing the things,
you've loved doing,
since youth.

'n Verdwaalde Brokkie Hemel

Vir onreg, reg en voorreg,
daarom roep ek op U,

tree binne my hart,
vind elke grot en krans,
en maak daarvan 'n skouspel—

'n verdwaalde brokkie Hemel,
dîe.

Ek Sweer

Ons sal nóóit

weer

veel

meer,

as net onself—

hoef te wees nie.

En ons sal hierdie

keer,

ek

sweer—

nie die onbekende,

vrees nie.

Long Before

Don't you just love
those bad dreams?

The ones that jerk you up,
cold, wet, shaking,
and alone?

Don't you just love,
being stuck helpless in the dark,
in pain and fear—

with the most evil of evils,
like no other man,
has ever known?

Yes don't you just love
how they remind you,
of what Grace is,
by showing you the void,

that your life very well,
could have been?

Yes don't you just want to cry,
when you realize,
that's what a Bloody Cross
saved you from?

Long before there was a cross,
or blood to shed thereon.

When the universe itself,
was still just a dream.

How do You Talk to a God?

Tell me,
how do you talk to a god?
How do you approach it,
how do you draw near?

Tell me,
how do you stand upright,
and look it in the eyes—
without fainting,
or crippling,
from fear?

And tell me,
how do you dare consider it,
thinking it'll see
or hear you,
thinking you're worth its time.

This force so immutable,
impassable and wise.

It does what it wants—
every word its own song,
and ours,
just barely a rhyme.

Tell me,
how do you talk to your god?
Do you also call him yours,
as if he's always waiting,
and always ready to hear?

Tell me,
do you also call him
by his first name?

Without the least bit of shame?
Without the least bit of fear?

Points Shared

Because you move yourself out
from underneath here by my side,
and you set yourself across from me,
and look me in the eye,

and then you say something like that,
and suddenly—
we're not on the same team
anymore.

And I'm thinking that this thing,
this empire that you just built there,
you've probably had it,
for too long now stored.

Because I haven't seen it in a while,
since you last got rid of it.
Which means that you probably lied to me—
and that's alright too.

But I want you on my side,
because here I can hear you better—
here we don't have to stare,
and here,
we don't have to scream,

because here,
points don't have to get across—
for here,
points are shared.

I Have a Feeling

I have a feeling,
that He's not going to care
about anyone's feelings—
and He'll call names,
and make faces,
and cast judgement.

And it'll be remembered,
as the rudest, harshest,
and insulting speech of them all,

and everyone will be shocked,
and hang their mouths open—
at the lack of love and mercy,
that will be shown on that day—

by the most merciful and loving,
of them all.

Ink en Papier

Pappa,
hierdie is jou jammer-sê,
in ink en papier
toegedraai.

Hierdie is jou dankie-sê,
in jou seuntjie se handskrif,
met traantjies,
vol gelaai.

Dit lyk dalk ook nie so nie,
maar jy hou nou die vrugte
van jou jare se arbeit,
in jou hand,

en dit voel dalk ook nie nou so nie—
maar jy is konstant mét my,

en ek is nogstééds,
aan jou kant.

The Four-Smiles Farm

And looking on
from the highway,
this farm is running,
like a song,

Johnny's swinging that hammer
like he's on a motor,
and Jimmy's wrestling them steers,
from dusk till dawn.

Fred's driving that tractor
like it's been stuck on two rails,
and Mary's hauling them buckets
like they're filled with diamonds—
moving like she's under sails.

And all here seems plenty fine,
the four-smiles farm is oiled,
and the envy of most any man,

but if one were to stop and ask,
where all that energy came from—
one would be walking on ground,
where most other men ran.

For then you would see—
Johnny's wife is mad at him again,
and Freddy got another letter
from the bank.

Mary's daughter still
hasn't come home
from last night,
and Jimmy has the doctors to thank.

Yes it's not as glamorous,
as initially thought,
in this fairytale—

because hear this now kids,
sorry to break it to you so—
but every story and movie and play and song—

was written by someone living life,
a borderline fail.

Seven Dollars

Yes ma'am you're right,
your eyes do not mislead you,
you saw it and you said it,
I've never heard a truth so true,

for I'm as poor as poor could be,
and frankly I'll tell you,
there are days I ask the Lord,
why that beggar on the corner,
has more opportunity than me.

But money is not,
a bother to me so much,
as I once thought it would be.

For yes today I might have
just seven dollars,
in my pocket.

That is seven dollars,
and everything else,
that I need.

A Storm or Two

Today I put up my flag,
hoping the folks next door,
would put theirs up too,

because I've been fearing,
that this neighborhood I'm in,
will forget whom it belongs to,
pretty soon,

and so I went to the store,
found the highest ladder around,
and hit every nail through,
brand new,

so I can sleep at night
now knowing,
it'll hang through any one
big storm or two,
and it'll be there whether I decide,

to never look at it again—
or if looking at it
is all that I do.

Beause see it's really not even,
about that glorified blanket,
some school kid's art project,
that he drew—

it's so that everyone who looks at it,
feeling cold, lost, or sorry,
can know that they're not alone—

can remember there's always,
been a place for them too.

A Burning House

And if this night,
your soul,
will be required of thee,
then all these things you owned,
whose things shall they be?

And then you tell to me brother,
that's not where your treasure lies,
and I ask you humbly,
hear this here word of the wise,

if you want to know where your heart is,
and thus your treasure lays too,

ask yourself if you,
had to bargain with everything you have,
what could you never sacrifice,
or compromise or trade?

What would you run back,
into your burning house to save?

For what would you rather die,
than lose?

Little Factory of Lies

Don't you just sometimes wish,
you could forget your brain at home?
Just leave it somewhere laying,
on the couch or bed or chair?

How wonderful that would be,
to take a day off from yourself,
how swiftly you would move
if nothing weighed you down,
beneath your hair.

And you'd have no worries,
no stresses, regrets,
no fears,

if you only knew,
what you needed to.
No little factory of lies,
between your ears.

Yes you'll solve all your problems,
so instantly,
if you could just unplug
and take it out,
like your phone.

Oh you'll be as joyful as a dog,
and as innocent as a baby—

if you could just forget everything,
that you think you know.

One Brown Man Died

And just like that,
before these tears on my face,
completely dried,

with my heart still aching,
my fists still shaking,
and still ringing echo through these halls,
the questions that I cried,

yes just like that,
there was money in my pocket,
it started to rain out of nowhere,
and I had my truck again,
by my side,

oh just like that,

I've got no more conflict in my life.

My worries gone,

my sins forgiven,

yes all this life to live,

because one brown Man died.

Protes en Staak

Sê dit so sag
en so nederig,
met só-veel liefde—
en sê dit tot die glorie van God,

en dan nog—

sê dit sodra dit opkom,
los geen meer plek
vir Satan,
maar vriend—
sê dit tog.

Want jy het vir hulle,
lief genoeg geraak,
om hulle só seer,
te maak.

En jy is gelief genoeg
om te kan onderskei—
tussen protes,
en staak.

I Saw Plenty of Signs

Do you now see,
how you're so different,
yet you're really,
all just the same?

Do you see the person,
who you would never be,
is who you finally,
became?

And aren't you just suddenly,
forever so thankful—
for the second chances
that the Good Lord provides?

Aren't you just forever,
so grateful—
for the times,
that He too hides?

And are you yet literally,
scared to death,
for what could have been,
and what you shouldn't have done?

Aren't you yet factually,
the hollow shell of a sinner,
without His charge of angels—
just an army of one?

And have you ever been scared of the sunrise,
like Adam was ashamed of the Light?
Wanting to hide your face,
and not answer the call of God?

And have you ever felt,
this naked and uncovered
under three winter coats—

have you ever questioned love,
like you do today, thinking:
is this the pain,
carried every day,
by most?

Saying: “I saw plenty of signs Lord,
and I’m convinced,
that they were all sent by You.

But I know not what else,
I am supposed to see Lord,
and I know not what else,
or what more I should do.

Am I losing you Lord,
or are You pushing me away?
To see and understand,
the bad side of being free?

Am I as far as I've ever been
from You Lord—

or are we as close,
as God and man,
will ever be?"

I Refuse

Here I sit today,
with catalogs of sin
to choose from.

So many different types
of pleasures—
oh what to do,
oh what to use.

But oh no not today,
not today my friend,
indeed,

most probably
any other day,
but today I choose not,
that dog to feed,

for this is not,
what I want my home to be—
that fast a horse,
I refuse to breed.

For today,
I have chosen holiness,
today I choose not sin.

That's one day less for Satan,
and for Christ in me,
the win.

The Loving You've Been

Little itsy bitsy,
forget not this your name,
for one day you'll be a grown-up,
and dance to the tune of fame.

Little young man,
learn to get along,
for some day
you'll get up and leave,
and sing a choir song.

Little sir,
how short your name has got,
start building something
that can last behind—
for the day is coming,
when your name is not.

Little, little old man,
look back at your life and see,
for today you've met your Maker,

and He wants to count the caring,
you've given,

He wants to know the loving,
you've been.

I Listened

Won't you come be joyful,
be joyful with me here,
for I'm in a ship
in the air above the sea,
yet there's not a thing that I fear.

And won't you come sing,
sing this song I wrote with cheer,
for I've been so lonely,
so uncertain and so far—
and I've been all of these,
for almost now a year.

But now I am living,
with just a hint of excitement to die—
I have a home,
on each side of the world—
and infinite opportunities to try.
Yes I am so thankful,

so ready, so there,
that sometimes I can feel God's angel,
holding me by the collar,

yes friend,
I listened to advice,
and today am proud and glad
of all my choices,

because my joy,
lies inside of me,
my salvation all around,
and in my heart not a trace,

of competition,
hate,
or dollar.

A Declaration of War

Oh how spiritual

a little fire is.

A provider and destroyer,

of fear and comfort,

the same.

Oh how quickly it spreads,

and how fast it retreats.

So peaceful and powerful—

its motives;

unnamed.

Oh how this little fire

summarizes our humankind,

civilization and society.

Each of us,

our own little flame.

How it convinces us,
that not every small move
and action,
is a declaration of war,

and reminds us that every little pile of coals,
has only their one night—
cold and dark,
to rise to fame.

An Angel in Disguise

What if the one
you loved the most,
was an angel in disguise?

What if you woke up one morning,
and could find them nowhere,
instead you found all of your memories,
being visions and lies?

Yes your mother or brother,
lover or friend,
the ones who did most for you,
in private,

when you call them,
wait for them,
seek them or inquire,

see merely strangers,
and hear just the quiet?

This Little Park Bench

Lord I pray today,
for this little park bench,
this little park bench here
surrounded by snow,

Lord I pray today
that You bless it,
and bring to it joy—
blow across it Your wisdom,
the type You only know.

Take from these here
little benchfeet,
any worries and traces,
of stress, fear,
and regret,

wipe off this here cold seat,
the pressure to perform,
and expectations not met.

For on this bench here Lord,
today sits one of Your children—
not Your best one,
but the only one You have,
of this kind,

and she's yearning for You,
and the warmth of Your peace,
finding the strength to start looking,
for the strength she needs to find.

For right now Lord,
she's in harm's way,
and I,
am right behind her,

but I refuse to jump in again,
for this fight is Yours and hers,
and yes Lord,
of that I remind her.

So for now Lord,
I know not what else to say,
so I guess I'll just say thank you.

Thank you for being the place,
where I can take
all these indebted people,
to bank—

too.

Tien Minute Oor Tien

Here my vlug vertrek
môre-oggend—
tien minute oor tien.

Dis 'n gróót vlug,
meet veels te veel mense—
mense nie-tuis,
nog opsoek; elkeen.

Vanaf hierdie vuil plek,
waar hulle U
met U eie kruis vervang het—
wie nou ander gode dien,

sal hulle my sien
in die lug op 'n tuig,
môre-oggend—
tien minute oor tien.

Smoke And Smiles

This here is my country,
yes today this I proclaim,

I take it with all the people
inside of it right now,
as well as all the ones still coming,
and still to be named.

I take it with all its uncertainties,
problems, issues, and trials,

today I proclaim,
we're in this together,
together through smoke,
and smiles.

Yes through our diversity,
we have unity—
for if we all run,
then we would have ran.

So today I'm hanging our flag
and I stop complaining,
even if I'm the only one
who does.

Today I'm doing my part,
in what could be.
Today,
I'll do what I can.

Spacetrip

What would you take to the moon,
if you could only load your bicycle,
to go?

Would you pack your teddy bear
and grandma's apple pie—
for all the nights alone?

Or would you fill it,
with postcards and envelopes—
for all your letters home?

For Mr. Abraham once said,
you can tell the greatness of a man,
by what makes him mad,

but I beg to add on,
you can tell the weakness of a man,
by what he could not afford,
to not have had.

So maybe that'll help you,
in finding what you really want
from your life,
pretty soon.

And maybe it'll help you
get your bicycle all packed up—
before you too,
leave for the moon.

The Holiest of Darkness

Lord I don't know why it is,
that we flourish in the darkness
in this way that we do.

But in it,
there's this kind of soothing-ness,
a kind of guilt-freeness
and shamelessness too.

And You created the nightfall Lord,
overcast clouds and shadows in Your name,

now I'm just wondering;
whether this little bit of darkness
You held sacred just for us—

for us Your spies, warriors, and shepherds,
who too have a place in Your game?

Monsters Off the Clock

Imagine remembering a place,
a place filled with joy and peace.
And every day longing
to go back to this place—
to bring with you
just one little piece.

And imagine having memories
of your life,
the most wonderful times—
times when things were simple
and you were so care-free,
and every mountain you knew,
you could climb,

and just imagine
yearning for people,
people with hugs and words and jokes,
that fill you to the brim,
with cheer,

oh imagine wanting to be free,
honestly anywhere else—
then realizing there's actually,
nowhere else but here.

Realizing that this place,
and these memories in your heart,
are just the workings,
of your lonely, longing mind,

realizing these people,
were monsters off the clock—
and only in your imagination,
to find.

McMelvin

McMelvin, McMelvin,
you had but one job—
keep this place from loneliness,
lest we here get robbed,

to fill it with your energy
and presence and warmth—
to keep out the cold from this world—
that slips through the window,
and slowly crawls forth.

McMelvin, McMelvin,
you used to be my guardian,
embracing me,
before I step back out,

but oh, McMelvin,
you're just as worrisome as me—
wrapped in solitude,
and stuffed with doubt.

Penmanship

I have this pen,
the prettiest pen you've seen—
and this pen I took
all across the world—
yes this pen on plenty
of tables has been.

And inside this pen
I've many times looked to find,
what makes it write poems
and letters so well—
without heart or mind.

Oh yes this pen,
not for all the world I'd sell,

unless I can find another one,
not just a shiny shell,

unless I can find another one,
that too could sign me
out of hell.

Die Man Hier Binne My

Ek doen nie meer so goed
met maatjies nie Mamma,
hulle grappies
maak my nie meer lag,

ek doen ook nie meer so goed
met meisies nie Ma—
meeste te besig,
die res te sag,

ja en die regering
kan ek ook nie meer staan,
en die professors,
die put my ook uit—

die bure hier langsaan,
die drywers op die pad,
die ou wat agter my loop
en fluit.

Ja en veral die man hier binne my,
wat so ongelooflik baie nonsens
kan praat,

sy grappies d e kry ook nie einde—
sy idees,
d e weergalm net kwaad.

Long Before You Were Born

My child remember,
your flag is inside you—
your country and people,
those too.

And it's easy to forget,
when the screaming
and staring around you,
seems to be the norm—

that you were of this nation,
and you spoke this language—
long before you were born.

Now go on forth,
and do what makes you happy,
and stick to what you deem to be right,

no matter where you find yourself,

no matter where you are taken,

remember most of your work,

is done when you don't

even know it—

like a shooting star,

unmissably bright.

A Grass Cut with Joy

I know a type of grass
so carefree and simple,

I know a grass
cut with joy—
and grown
without fear.

Yes I've seen this grass,
and how it made me smile—

but this grass grows
no more today.

No,
this grass grows,
not here.

Land Cruisertjie

Ou Land Cruisertjie,
hoe staan jy daar,
die oudste van die klomp.

Voel jy soms
groot en sterk—
tussen jou maatjies
sag en lomp?

En vertel my nou meer,
word jy ooit bang,
as jou baas jou plekke vat—
dieper en hoër?

Want ek sien jou so swerf,
en ek hoor jou brul—
as jy duine, riviere,
kranse en berge—
daaglik in jou broeksak stoor.

O lewensmaat hoe mis ek jou,
nou begryp ek eindelik
wat jy werd is—
in tye van grootste nood,

hoeveel lewens het jy nie al
gered en verander,
tog nooit sien ons enigiemand,
hoef jou eers te stoot.

Ja as al die ander bakkies,
in hierdie onseker bakkie-wêreld,
maar net van jou harde staal,
kon leer.

O Land Cruisertjie,

ek ken 'n paar manne soos jy—

maar hulle en jy,

sal ongelukkig maar net weer eendag—

tot staal terug moet keer.

Becoming a Man

One of the biggest parts,
of becoming a man I've seen,
is acknowledging which parts of a man,
you are not.

The other part is,
and for length now has been,
that God is probably going to be
someone so much more different—

than any of us ever thought.

News By Raindrop

Oh rain,
where come ye from,
and where go ye to—
and what do you think about,
as you fall to the ground?

Do you really fall upon
the good and bad alike,
or do you favor
the honest and true?

Oh rain when you come again,
stop by me before you go,
take a message with you
to my mother—
drop it softly in her hands—

remind her of all those times,
she said that one day
I too will understand,

tell her,
I finally know.

The Wrong Side of the Cross

Are we to be vengeful,
for some are on
the wrong side of the Cross?

Or say we yet thanks,
for Christ died for them too,

them still at its feet,
them like me—

not a complete
and utter loss?

Answers to Your Query

Weep ye not tired,
and free not your cares,
now that your proofing has come,

for this be mere showing,
and answer to your query:

of those from a different place,
you are one.

The Cost of Being Grown

Last night there left
another piece of me—

the one moment I had it,
never again to be seen—
the next it was gone,
and I know not where it could be.

Yes there it went,
again I gave too much
of my own—
a piece of my innocence,
a secret only I had known—

put in a box,
labelled all over:

“the cost of being grown.”

Dare to Smile at Me

An old man
told me one day,
he went to school
in his overalls,

and he told me the kids,
would laugh and look away,
as he strutted on
through the halls,

so last night
it had snowed,
with a great wind-chill cold—
and I knew my overalls
and mud boots,
it would be,

but oh what I would give,
to get someone
to look up from their phone—

and dare to just smile at me.

The Color of Freedom

Lord I am not the man
I wanted to be two years ago,
I've been hurt by lots of people
and hurt many more myself—

that's how I've matured and grown.

I'm not the man I was
a full year back,
I've since discovered that
the worst angle to look at yourself—

is straight on back.

And I'm most certainly not the man,
that was called by my name,
six months into the past,

that man knew the second look is a sin,
and the second mistake is a choice—

that man had strength
that would last.

Oh Lord I wish I was the man
I was three months ago,
I'd be sure of what I had,
know who I am—

and I'd be convinced,
of what I know.

I'm today no more the being,
that arose from my bed
three weeks ago,
saying, "what good shall I do?"

That one thought the blue skies
were the color of freedom—
this one is convinced
it's a fence—

too wide to pass through.

Lord I am not the man
You looked upon yesterday,
on the street.

That one thought humanity
was one big team.

This one is hiding alone in the corner,
next to a piano,
in a very small room—

this one has made peace,
with defeat.

55 v.B.

Op 55 Von Bodenhausen,
staan 'n huis soos elkeen ander,
met 'n baksteenmuur,
daarvoor.

En daai huis
op 55 Von Bodenhausen,
het 'n gat in die dak
soos meeste ander—
waar die muis teen die katte verloor.

En deur hierdie gat
in 55 Von Bodenhausen se dak,
soos 'n klomp ander dakke
loop 'n kabel—
in swart verf versier.

En aan die einde van dié kabel
deur 55 Von Bodenhausen se dak,
hang 'n gloeilamp
soos net 'n paar ander—
wat skyn oor 'n klavier,

wat al keer op keer gespeel is,
deur 'n seun met 'n droom soos
min van sy soort,
om te kom tot op 'n plek
met effentjies meer klem.

Ja op Von Bodenhausen
vyf en vyftig,
teen 'n muur onder 'n dak,
skyn daar vandag oor 'n klavier
'n lig wat aan die einde,
van 'n kabel sak,

op die sesde oktaaf
se E-sleutel,
die uit stem—

en daar is te hoor vandag net die stilte,
wat herinner aan 'n seun—

wat sy lewe lank gedroom het,
van 'n plek met meer klem.

A Father and a Dad

I ask sometimes
why the Lord doesn't answer me,
when I ask Him a question—
dangling off the highest of shelf.

Then I remember,
He already said all He needed to,
two thousand years ago—

He bound it all in a Book,
that I'm better off grabbing
while I'm up there,

as I doubt the God of the universe,
repeats Himself.

Church-Mouse

If I was a church mouse
who lived in the church,
then the quiet basement,
would my favorite place be.

If I was a church mouse
with only Sundays to work,
I'd spend my time at the organ—
mastering hymns of every key.

And every day,
the gruesome world outside,
through stained-glass windows
I'd see,

and every service
I'll donate my few cents—
being as poor,
as a poor church mouse should be.

Yes if the church was my home,
and I left my mouse-family,
to dedicate my everything,
from the ripe age of three—

then my readings from the Bible,
alone would be—

and if I forfeited all the great things,
that the Lord gave me,
to worship only Him,
like celibacy—

then what a great mouse
no-one would know,
that I'd be—
I might even write myself a certified,
mouse-serviceman degree.

Oh but if I was a mouse,
who lived just in the church,
I could only minister
to the other mice—

already in the right place,
you see?

Yes I'd be the least,
of all imperfections—

but oh how selfish for a church mouse,
that seems.

The Joking Part of Me

I'm made up of many parts, you see?

Which part is really the most me?

Well the joking part it'll surely be.

For that is my favorite part indeed.

Gedigjie Van Die Gees

Toe die Here die gedig geskep het,

sê Hy,

“Gedigjie,

sal jy heet,

in tye van angs,

genot

hoop en skaam—

sal tranes jy

moet vreet.

maar tog ook genesing,

vir die innerste van vlees,

in sig van moedeloosheid—

sal jy gee,

staan jy in diens,
en tree jy nimmer
uit sig–

gediggie,
van die Gees.

Amen.

Even though we know,
this is not,

The End.

About the Author

Born in the capital of The Land that God Made out of Anger, Henning started his ranching career on his third birthday, with two donkeys named B and P. Since then, growing up helping his father run his livestock-operation has led to his first love irrevocably becoming anything and everything that resembled an animal or plant. Having had quite a tough time throughout school pinpointing exactly what he wanted to do one day; he had always been sure that nature would form an integral part of it.

Throughout his schooling career, Henning made the most of his sport, leadership, and academic gifts, in order to pave a way to a place where he would one-day have the opportunity to live out all his wildest dreams, without compromise. Today he is doing just that, having the time of his life studying a B.Sc. in Ecological Restoration, with a minor in B.A. German Language and as many agricultural electives as he can muster, at Colorado State University (CSU) in Fort Collins, Colorado, USA.

Whenever he is not occupied with his studies, Henning is “unofficially” studying western horsemanship and American country-life. He currently works at the CSU Agricultural Research, Development and Educational Centre, and volunteers on the Roberts Ranch Conservation Easement whenever he gets a break.

If you can track him down, he can most likely be found camping or swimming in a National Forest, pushing cows on horseback, road-tripping across the States, or even touching up on his organ skills too, all when he is not busy writing new poems for the third edition of his poetical philosophy series. He also does some volunteer-work on the side; trying to do his part in making this world a bit more of a livable place.

And of course,
he is always working at
exploring—

The Anatomy of the Female Mind