

Welcome to my Poetry Page!

I have been writing poetry since I was a teenager. I did not recognize my poetry as such until somewhere around 1983. Still I just didn't have much time for it. In 1991 I started back up, using it as a emotional release. I started sharing my poetry, and it has been recognized by people all over North America. I have had poems published in America and in Canada. In health and recovery magazines, and regular poetry magazines, etc. This first was published in Pandora's Box in September of 1995. **Wishes**

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I wish I may..
I wish I might...
have the wish..
I wish tonight...
This little girl in a woman's attire..
wishes to be held..
in a quiet manner.
Let me know that performance anxiety...
is all about...
something else not you and me...
who are you..
dark and handsome..
sweet... and lustful..
you fill me with desire.
who are you..
you let me call you in the wee hours, and still you listen to me...
a friend, a friend.. indeed!!
Deeds... actions always speak louder than word...
friends...
forever...
and always.

This one was published in 1998 while I was in college. It was printed up in book called, "First Leaves". This book is published just once a year and has some awesome writing in it. I am very proud to be in the same book as such distinguished writers!

When I wrote this my son was three years old. So, I dedicated it to him. But, the truth is that my daughter inspired the poem originally when she was three years old. They both chased their own butterflies, and each stirred similar feelings in me. She made more pillow forts than he did. They are both beautiful and deserving of all the love in the world.

My Three © June 6, 1994/ Peggy A. Rowe-Miller

Look at you, my son...
watching that beautiful butterfly...
chase it all around the yard,
sit down and watch it land.

On the flowers,

the butterfly gets its sustenance...
Its wings continue to beat
in slow rhythm...
It's always ready to move again.

Look at it, my son,
one of God's many wonderful creatures.
Soak up colors, and
learn the lessons...

Poor butterfly,
caught in your hand...
Even in your own wonderment,
you don't know the fear it has within...

Set it free, my son...set it free.
Butterflies were meant to fly...
fly away free...
and so it goes...
my son...
learn it now for me...

That's just how some things are meant to be.
To admire it when it comes our way,
to help it on its way...
That's what mothers' love will do for you.

and the fear when I catch you there...
I admire the life you've shown to me,
and I'll never ever forget...
that all the men of this world were born as sweet and innocent as thee.

I watch you build your fort,
with the pillows in the room...
I watch you grow up slow...
and see how you're always ready to move.

Someday when you're all grown up,
and I have to help you go...
always remember I loved you...
enough to see it through.

ME

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Did you see what I said about me?
Warm and Wonderful...
Is that me?!?!?

It's all come full circle.

this little dance...

come full circle,

and taken a chance.

I've finally become a woman.
Not because of being with a man.
but, because I've come 'round full force,
and saw who I am.

All grown up,
and learning the nuances...
with all the bumps and bruises...
I am..
I am still beautiful to me.

Celebrate with all my internal forces.
Know that I create all my own sunshine,
and that the power belongs to me.
Creative consciousness...
Lack of dissociation...
I've done it!
I belong to ME!

Step on me..
Beat me...
I'll still stand up.
For I am a woman,
I'll never give up.

Down and depressed,
angry... and repressed...
took me too long,
but, I am here.
All in one piece..
And all of it,
All of it is ME!!