Poem by: Author: Cherise A. Williams

**Fire in His Eyes**

When I come to crossroads

when circumstances arise,

I cry myself to sleep at night.

He holds me close, never letting me go.

When I see fire in his eyes,

something transforms me.

I noticed, he delights in my quiet spirit,

for he knows that’s where my confidence resides

when I try to hide my feelings deep inside.

When I enter his secret place,

he holds me close and shows me

which way he wants me to go.

When I feel like the least,

the lost,

and the left out.

he rejuvenates me.

He pulls my heart strings

closer and closer to him.

When I want to run and give up,

he kisses my teardrops

away as I kneel and pray.

He is my Rose of Sharon

that desires my beauty.

His love, power, and protection

bring me out of distress and carry me

into beautiful winds of blessings.

When I feel like giving up,

the fire in his eyes, gives me strength.

As I walk in beauty with him,

he looks upon my affliction  
In the midst of difficult circumstances,

I push, press, persevere, and run to him

and he throws disappointment,

pain, and troubles behind me.

Oh my, he is my Sun of Fire,

my well-watered gardened of love,

springing forth, rising like a dove.

Overshadowing me forever

when I do not feel love,

his touch becomes true love. **©**

**A close up of a womans face

Description generated with very high confidence**