

By
Linda L. Walker

Original Artwork by
William Russell Walker

Sample Set

Poetry Of The Heart

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Books, art prints and gifts featuring this artist may be purchased at
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Poetry:

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Winter

By

William Russell Walker

Oil on Canvas

34" x 36"

1997

Winter

By

Linda L. Walker

Hold on. Through winter drear, sad heart and tears,
This is not all -- it's but a stop -- a season,
To rest, renew, to search...and find our reason.
Why are we here? What's life about?
Is our path sure? Are we in doubt?
If so, then winter is a blessing ground
Where seeds of hope may yet be found.
Hold on.



Renaissance

By

William Russell Walker

Oil on Canvas

1996

“For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone... arise, my love,
my fair one, and come away.” -Song of Solomon 2:11 and 13

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Renaissance

By

Linda L. Walker

She rises like the break of dawn,
Through tears' travail and sorrows' song,
A new creation being born,
Like flower unfurled to greet the morn.

Uncertain of this time and place,
But nurtured by God's certain grace,
Her spirit won; the winter's gone,
And joy is on her face!

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Inward

By

William Russell Walker

Oil on Canvas

36" x 24"

1998

Mystery's Sphere

By

Linda L. Walker

With hidden thoughts she builds a wall
To shelter her from worldly call,
Aloof and private is her name,
Uncharted course, uncertain aim
We cannot know for sure her game.
With body present, spirit near,
Her eyes are set on mystery's sphere.
Where does she go then? It's not clear.
Is she unequaled, without peer?
Her mysteries are her own, confess --
Of strengths and fears, we only guess.



Wishful

By

William Russell Walker

Oil on Canvas

1997

“A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.”
Proverbs 25:11

Wishful

By

Linda L. Walker

A glance, as touching as a tear,
It wounds...her yearning is so clear.
Why don't we know? Are we so blind?
Can we not see the need behind
Her sheltering pose?

With timid heart,
She waits and watches from afar,
So near in space, but yet apart,
She suffers quietly in her heart.

Will one respond? Can someone see?
Will someone reach a hand to me?
I am still here, don't pass me by --
Her spirit calls with whispering sigh.

When next you pass a wandering soul,
Reach out to touch.
A hand take hold.
A smile in sorrow is pure gold.



Woman Bathing

By

William Russell Walker

Oil on Linen

54" x 34"

2004

Her Body Is A Symphony

By

Linda L. Walker

Her body is a symphony.

Her steps...too soft to see.

Her thoughts...behind lock and key.

I think...that she is me.

Her destiny — it is not known.

The life she's led, the seeds she's sown,

All shrouded in this mystic place,

As filled with shadows as her face.

One thing I know --

She moves with grace.

Her body is a symphony.

One foot in motion, one at rest,

Her forward motion says it best.

Though unsure where her steps will lead

Her courage says she will succeed.

Her body is a symphony.

A message spoken just to me --

Through trials of pain, I will prevail.

I am at peace --

She's spoken well.



Disillusioned

By

William Russell Walker

Oil on Canvas

68" x 53"

1995

"For thou wilt light my candle: the Lord my God will enlighten my darkness."

Psalms 18: 28

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Life Is A Journey

By

Linda L. Walker

Lost hope

Pulling me down

Sinking in sadness

Into the ground.

What hope is there?

When all I see

Is darkness and loneliness

Pulling at me?

But wait. I remember

Mama praying for me.

"Lord, help her see

That life is a journey.

Though some days are high.

When all is not well,

Remember, 'tis passing, there not to dwell.

There's One who can rescue

No matter the mire,

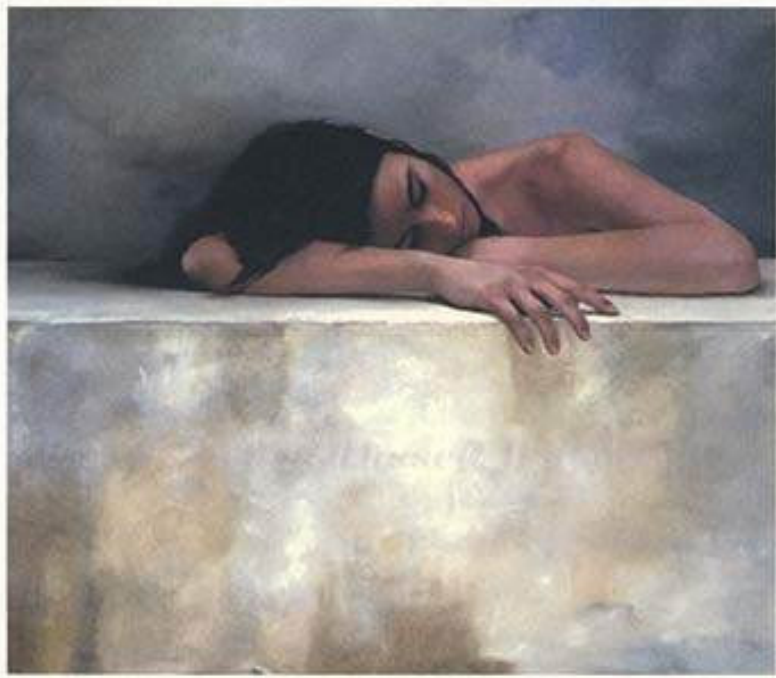
Who lifts us and carries us

Higher and higher...

Remember, my daughter, when your dreams hit a wall,

There's One you can turn to – then on Him please call."

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Solace

By

William Russell Walker

Oil on Canvas

31" x 38"

1993

"I will both lay me down in peace and sleep:
for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." Psalm 4:8

Peace Is A Higher Place

By

Linda L. Walker

As we ponder,
Think and wonder
What she's dreaming of --
Is it riches, wild dark horses,
Or sailboats in a cove?

Lost in the mists of time and space
Her dreams are of another place.
A place that's filled with sweet relief
With sights and scents beyond belief
Where peace flows slowly like a river
From the throne room of Life Giver
Through the soul of this young dreamer.

If troubled by your time and space
And needing solace from this place,
Seek His presence, His voice hear.
His perfect peace is very near.