

c aaron poems

c aaron

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

A collection of my heartfelt feelings, beliefs, hopes, my interpretation of things that are important...expressed, as best I can, lyrically. A little humor occasionally to break up the solemnity.

Acknowledgement

Have been influenced by all those I have come in contact with during my lifetime...family members, relatives near and far, friends, especially by the philosophies and beliefs of individuals admired, looked up to or confided in.

summary

Butterflies and Grapes

The Key To Peace

No Rhyme Nor Reason

Broken

Balderdash

Eclipse

Divorce...Division Then Multiplication

God Is An Exalted Man

Height And Creation

Her Beauty

A Lad With A Question

Okie Secun Pome

Sweet Mary Louretta

What Makes A Poet Great?

How To Beet Somebody At B-ball (Okie Style)

Forever Lover

The Sun and The Son

For Marilyn Cook January 12, 2011

Just A Carpenter's Son

Soul and Shoe Sole Repair Shop

Hayden and Heather

Lonely

Dear Samuel and Catherine (Caitlyn):

A Tiny Seed

Bees Love Haze And A's Love B's

The Match Story

Outer Beauty Or Inner Valor

Aabb or Abab

Cellphone-Itis

Basket Case-Basset Face

The Most Essential

Canine To K-10 One Step Up

I Can

Re-demption

Armor

A Second Time Around

I Love Trees

Walks With Dad (The Circle Makes A Round)

La Parte Más Importante De Mi Ser

La Diferencia De Hacer Y No Hacer

The Subject of Lands Land-ed in my Hands

Get A Handel On It

Blind Man

Caitlyn Leaves Us

God's Heaven

What Did You Say?

My Skinny Twiggy

Your Guess

Who are you?

Diferente

Llamas Vivas

Mi Famoso Papá Frita(o)

Romance Starting

A Long Time Ago

What Do I Believe

Pitch Black

Atoms You Can't Trust

Lifes-a Changin? Fur Olive Us

Thanks for Nothing

Waters vs. No Waters

A Long Time Ago- Longing For Home

Different

To Sissi Mi Increíble Amor

A Poem For Good Eaters

When You're Sick (for kids)

My Older Brother II

Kit and Caboodle

Dan Fogelberg's Last Wishes

Fast or Slow?

A Homonymer

No Man Is An Island 2

Blood and Spirit Merge

OUTINFRONT

Verdad a la Cara, Mentira a la Espalda

Emeralds

Sanctuary Mulch

Greatest Man In History

Happy Mums Day!

Birds of a Feather Flock Together

EVERLASTING UNION

Nephew's Birthday Bilingual

I Don't Know Y

Butterflies and Grapes

You see the dreaded caterpillar
A violet's enemy devourer
I see the ensuing butterfly
Whose proboscis sipped the nectar dry

The first has vision incomplete
The second has a view that's sweet
The first's concern is losing money
The second looks forward to the honey

I have a grapevine overgrown
Over the fence and tree it's flown
"Cut-it-down!" you say; I say "Please save"
For kids it makes a perfect cave

You have a vision of loss and bother
And my eyes vision sees another
There really is no wrong or right
It all depends on the seer's sight

c aaron

The Key To Peace

World peace is achievable
When all its denizens possess:
The art of persuasion...
The ability to be compatible
Tranquility when there's a battle
Civility when one is rattled
Docility when you've been tattled (on)
Agility when you're in the saddle
Humility when you're mistaken
Mobility when there's a break in
Stability when you are shaken
Flexibility to be unshaken
Tranquility when you're awakened
Your utility in every situation
Nobility in every action
Sensibility in your reactions
Affability in the midst of trials
Tactility without getting riled
Facility in forgiving
Sociability when you are living
Versatility in all maneuvers
Capability in all endeavors
Tranquility when there's contention
Viability and gentility (not to mention)
Peace is when we all unite
When we cease to fight,
Decrease in strife
And leash the knife
Shall we ever see peace in this world?
If not here, in the afterlife!

--c aaron

No Rhyme Nor Reason

"There is no rhyme or reason," a good friend of mine once said
"It's not the time or season," my mission clear, I'd not misled
A poem without a rhyme has no inherent evil
But a poem without a reason is something quite medieval
We are all participating in a craftsmanship that's real
And our greatest inner dream is that the verse will have appeal

The poem you're reading now includes some rhymes and has a cadence
But much more vital than the rhythm is the message it presents
Don't get me wrong, I'm not critiquing some poets' strengths and others' weakness
I just suggest our creations hold some purpose in their uniqueness
None of us comprehends how great our influence is on others
The most are not concerned, it's too much time or it's a bother

My proposition is that we all now from this day and forever
Include a message in our poems and have a goal in our endeavor
That doesn't mean convert another person to our logic
But inspire those who've gone astray, give words of comfort to the sick
There are many ways to lift and motivate the lives of others
Let's devote, employ our time to help our sisters and our brothers

This life does have a purpose, most of us think of "me",
Don't worry, we'll always have sufficient, without much difficulty
The trick? First think of others, and the impression you can make
And the influence you'll have on their lives, not on all that you can take
More blessed are not the takers, but the ones who freely give
My hope is that we self-assess and more benevolently live

--c aaron

Broken

A narrow stick may split when it's been jumped on
More stable is the wooden planking in a fence
An arrow might fracture when it is shot off
And hits something inflexible or dense

A glass cup will break hitting a cement floor
A window may shatter with a rock that's thrown
Your leg could be crushed if you love sports
And play a lot of football on your own

You promote a failing heart using tobacco
Fat and sugar contribute to the problem too
Heart attacks are mostly unexpected
When they occur there's not much you can do

The wood and glass are objects that aren't living
But the heart is active and always pumping blood
There's something else that might cause the heart to break
While it's still alive and beating as it should

This most often occurs when your fond feelings
Are saddened by love lost or one's demise
Worse yet is a heart abused, or one downtrodden
A wound that affects both the foolish and the wise

The broken man whose overworked or sickly
Is browbeaten, he can't take it any more
The injury will cause him to be hampered
But a broken spirit will take him to the floor

The body, feelings or spirit can be broken
The physical is the easiest to fix

The browbeaten and downtrodden are much harder
And a spirit healed is the hardest one to get

--c aaron

Balderdash

I was asked to teach how to write poetry today
Thought we would go over some of the basics:

Stanza...to stutter in poetry- Stan's uh, Stan's uh and so on

Forms...wooden poetic structure that you pour cement in

Lyric... someone telling Ric to lie

Narrative... Not even a tive or nairy a tive

Ode...A limph node missing the 'n'

Elegy...poem written for a funeral

Sonnet... a Petrarchan sonnet sung by the Swedish group ABBA

Ballad... an engagement song a man sings to his wife-to-be

Epic... a record label owned by Sony

Rime... video game developed by Tequila Works

Un-rimed...they discontinued the video game

Haiku... someone greeting his friend 'Ku'..."Hi Ku!"

Limerick... Telling Rick what to buy at the store... "A Lime Rick"

AABBA... there are two groups named Abba, this the first one or the A Group

Anapestic... medicine taken for the flu

Meter...little over a yard

Feet...2 thirds of a meter

Blank verse...a poem written with invisible ink

Free Verse...a poem that doesn't cost anything

Iambic...the boy Bic affirming his name

Assonance...a donkey walking on top of a hill of ants

Consonance...Two cell-mates walking on the same hill

Onomatopoeia...word with all of the vowels but 'u' with a tomato (missing the 't') on top

Simile...A smile with an extra 'i'

Metaphor...For the first time you met your friend 'Aphor'

Synecdoche... Christophe Doche - Faculty of Science and Engineering in Australia is a cynic

Metonymy...Met a person from New York using My Yahoo

Symbol...Something a drummer dings

Allegory...AI needs to let go of Ry

Personification... Person with a positively charged ion...(kind of 'iffy')

Irony...Something with a lot of iron in it

Hyperbole...energetic trunk of a tree

Sarcasm... Search and Rescue the boy that fell in the Chasm

Tone...a musical note

Mood...if in a good one, you'll write a poem

Atmosphere...the air you breathe

Imagery...Picture on the front of the Royal Bank of Canada

Tetrameter couplets...two fish swimming a little over a yard in distance

Trochees...two little

Spondees...when the 'Dee' fish spawn up the river

Dactyls... He tills the earth to find two Digital-to-Analog Converters

Anapests...Mosquitos that are bothering Ana

--c aaron

Eclipse

A special event not often seen,
You might say rather rare
'Tis where the moon wanders away
And sets itself right there
In front of that bright, heavenly mass
That represents the sun
And interrupts the blaring blaze
That gives light to everyone

The most impressive darkness comes
When the blackout is total
The light deferred, excluded from
Each critter, plant, and mortal
All of those who observe the affair
Are awed at its uniqueness
But at the same time grateful for
Its shortness and its briefness

A few minutes lost/given to the dark?
A blindness temporary
The blaring light's back all too soon.
The moon moved, it could not tarry
At the day's end, before the bed,
We all retrieve our journals
To annotate the amazing act,
Which was, in fact, supernal

Back down to earth, yes that's the place
Where the exuberance all started
There's another eclipse that oft takes place
In those soft, and kind-hearted
The darkened sun: Adverse effects
On all plant's life and human

If allowed to stay, they'd pass away.
Their lives all thrive on lumen.

Our eclipse will come with adverse thoughts,
When we let evil enter
The enemy gets in our way...
He blocks His light top center
Let's pray the dark is short and brief,
Like the celestial wonder
When we allow its permanence,
The heaven's roll with thunder

Temptations, lures, most always come
At times when we're the weakest
When darkness reigns, when doubts arise,
Let's come to Him in meekness
Our lives' eclipses may take place
When we're not really ready
We have to make the barrier move,
Our efforts must be steady

The moon travels all on its own,
It needs no force or shoving
But man's eclipse is coaxed to leave
Through penitence and loving
The Savior said the very greatest
Thing to own was charity
Our broken hearts and love for all
Will bring Endless prosperity.

c aaron

Divorce...Division Then Multiplication

Divorce...Division Then Multiplication

He awaited the news, a blistering blitzkrieg
On his emotions. But then recovering,
As does the pedestrian who is struck by
A careless driver who ignored the protective yellow lines
Of the crosswalk, he picked himself up brushed off his clothes
And continued on his way. He attempted to comprehend
The meaning of the word and its consequences.

"Sever" she says. How do you sever something that is inseverible?
In today's world, severing a relationship can be likened to
Penetrating melted butter. It cuts and spreads effortlessly.
In the supermarket new products are demoed, quickly consumed
And replace their predecessor instantly, No warning,
No red flashing lights, No descending half barriers.
But like the water balloon which is thrown
(Drenching the face of an unwary spectator)
Immediately arouses the groggy eyed observer,
The news awakened him and compelled him
To ask the question...Why? Was it me? Was it her?
After recovering from the 'Breaking news' he pondered,
Attempting to answer those questions...
What would cause my wife to consider such
A life-altering event? Their marriage
Had most certainly not been one
Deserving the award of 'the perfect marriage',
But still, in spite of their differences
They had endured, continued on,
Overcome weaknesses and offenses made

And their relationship had evolved
Into something steady and long-lasting.

He began to ponder,
Reflect and deliberate...Just recently
He had criticized her for her laxness
In keeping the house as clean and organized
As he thought it should be. Not long ago he complained
That she was late in making him breakfast.
He failed to recognize and praise her for
Her support when he was going through difficulties...
The death of his father, the loss of employment
When his company downsized, the care she administered to him
When he was very, very sick.

As he reflected, he realized that instead giving her the support
And the recognition she deserved he was criticizing her into oblivion,
She just couldn't take it anymore. The word 'sever' or divorce,
After it was said, also caused her mind to stir. What kind
Of a wife was she? Had she done some things less worthy
Of being the 'perfect wife'? She thought of times
Where she had like him, failed to express gratefulness
For his never-ending faithfulness as a provider for her
And the family, for his excellence as a father, for repairing
And fixing anything needing fixing in the home.

In short, she wanted to divorce him for some
Of the same things she was doing or not doing.
HMMMMMM...

After reflecting, they sat down together
In the kitchen and reviewed and shared their thoughts
With each other. Both now, admitting their negligence
In treating each other with gratefulness
And with the recognition they deserved. She backed off,
Regretting her precipitation in making the announcement

And they began to talk reconciling their differences
And their neglect in displaying, both vocally, and in action
Their acceptance and appreciation of each other.
After some deliberation, they both realized their mistake
And vowed to do better.

That 'sever' turned into 'ever' as in ever-lasting.
They once again made a commitment to vocalize their love,
Appreciation and commitment, to each other. To forgive,
And then live! Live in harmony, in hope for a better future,
To live worthy of receiving the Lord's blessing
In their lives individually and together as a pair.
Their, or better said, her decision
To petition a division resulted in a
Multiplication of love, of dedication,
Of understanding, of commitment.

Oh, that we could all 'sever' ourselves
From that which divides
And multiply that which
Unites, which brings together
--c aaron

God Is An Exalted Man

Do I dare write of a precept
That some might label blasphemy?
I would not if I thought likewise,
But a light has helped me see
Not to infer that I am special
Or that I have distinctive power
From what I read I used my common sense
And then I prayed for many hours

Our God has told us in His words
That we're created in His likeness
Or in His image say the Scriptures,
And from the same seed we exist
"Who being the brightness of his glory,
And the express image of his person,"
Our brother Paul says of his Lord,
And how the Father is like the Son

The Savior said to Thomas...
"My hands and side...touch with your finger"
He later met with his disciples...
"Let's drink, break bread, I cannot linger"
'Eat, drink' skills of a spirit?
'Flesh and blood' alone is able
Those claiming different are misled...
They... one and all tell idle fables

The Son is like the Father,
Their look and aspect are the same
You mean the Father has a body?
Yes, that's the truth I must proclaim!
If the Father then is like the Son,

He has a body resurrected
The main distinction between Him and us?
He is also one exalted

He reigns from Heaven high on His throne
His words guide men, if they will follow
He says, "Be perfect" just like He is,
So work and strive...the words aren't hollow
For those who say that He is spirit...
This is the truth you've learned today
A man like us, but He's exalted...
Indeed our Father; in not just one,
But many ways

c aaron

Height And Creation

A giraffe in the wild has a long neck
A skyscraper? That name implies
That it is the tallest, it scrapes the skies
To ascend it you'd make a longer trek

An airplane soars extremely high
With destinations far and near
And when the craft is ably steered
It gives you an ideal view birds-eye

Is there a plant or something live
Of height, of girth, of such dimension
And size sufficient for me to mention
That will compare, that grows outside?

Yes, there is one that we have missed
In western woodlands they're known to appear
Majestic and tall, they've lived for years
Be sure this one is on your list

Its needles are green and its bark is brown
It's found in redwood timber troves
And stands alone in nature's groves
In westward land they're mostly found

Next thing I'll bring to your attention
Is of its birth, and of its age
No one knows, not even a sage... can guess
The precise year of its inception

Three thousand years we could speak of,
If examined by the rings within.

That's before Holy Writ begins
So why not ask its Creator above

That is an option you should consider
A spatial trek to meet that Person
And if your condition does not worsen
And your feelings toward Him have not embittered

Older and taller than the redwood
For ageless time has He been around
He that created the very ground
Where we stand and the first redwood stood

From this report let's understand
The redwoods have grown for many years
The earths' most lofty, but it appears
That none stands taller than earth's Greatest Man!

--c aaron

Her Beauty

Her beauty was not facial
It was a purity, a deep-seated beauty
An inner elegance which allured me.
Instantly captivated and hypnotized
By her innocence, her eagerness to do good,
To be good...she was fascinating, enticing
Compelling me to furbish my inner self
Likewise with integrity and morality
My spirit hungered for that type of
Relationship. Not body to body, not face
To face, but spirit to spirit. The physical
Could wait. First and most important was
To integrate internally, the facial and physical
Connection would instinctively follow.
The union of spirit to spirit, of soul to soul,
mind to mind, a unification of faith,
of emotions, of purpose, then body to body,
Would all follow each other like
The cars on a freight train are linked,
Hand in hand (you might say)
One pulling, the others following.
The union of spirit and soul was
The locomotive, then followed their faith,
Minds, emotions and purpose...
In no particular order except the last:
The physical. This last most likely was
The initial incentive for them to pursue a
Relationship, but all the carriages
Contributed significantly to the train's
Velocity and accuracy in arriving at
Its final destination...
A complete and total integration!

c aaron

A Lad With A Question

A lad, not yet man, strode toward a neighboring forest
He finished reading the Word of God and now he'd put it to test
Samuel, Gideon, Abraham and Paul doubted His might and presence
The boy wondered, there was something that didn't make sense

He'd listened to disputes, discord, and heartfelt dissension
Right or wrong, weak or strong, was He real or an invention?
He carried the question to the Man they were referring
If no answer? Then he'd side with those not reassuring

In the forest he sought his place of quiet refuge
That was where he would go, when he found himself deluged
With a question, dispute or conflict, when he felt disconcerted,
In the Man he had faith, to His word wholly converted

He craved a response, a celestial intervention
The topic settled, from that time on there'd be no contention
A whispering wind whisked by and hummed these words while passing
"I am that I am", the same words heard Moses when asking

"Yes", now convinced that He was real, he wondered what he looked like
"Was He a man?" Right then he was enveloped in heavenly light
The image of the Son and Father he had with their arriving
They were just like him but glowing, as with the suns' arising

The fathers on earth have sons, and the sons have fathers
On God's side it's no different, with the Son we all are brothers
But He lives in Heaven, his dwelling is a celestial site
We dwell now on earth, but after this life we might

Live close to Him if we've lived a life worthy,
Cast out evil thoughts and bridled our actions earthy

We'll be with heavenly family...parents, spouses, children
An awesome reunion is coming...we'll be forever euphoric then

c aaron

Okie Secun Pome

Whale, ewe maydit tru da furs Okie pome, sew hears da secun. Eye'll tryin mayke dis'n eezyer too reed. Ya'll gotta no dat eats knot to harred too rite dis, butt eye'm tryin' m-eye hardist too rite eat sew ewe cun awl reedit! Sew data taykes sum thyme. Eye meen eat taykes ut leest uh cuppula ours too rite wanna deese. Jes tink if'n eye hadd two corriect mye spalin' 'n punchew-ashun ulso. Eye meen eat wood tayke mee fourebber! Lit's git too da pome. Hear eat iz:

Eye wonce hadd uh dawg culled Britney
Hiz image wuz da spitney (Dat meens da Spittin' Image)
Uv ma frends dogg knamed Kidnee
Whale, Britney dyed 'n Kidnee cryed
Acuz hee's uh liver 'n Brit's uh dyer

Hee's uh liver ha ha...git eat?
Kidnee's uh liver... knot uh pancrease
Ora gull blatter ora stummuck butta Liver!
Mye kidnees arr badd. Eye tink mye libber's oak hay.

Eye'm reel surry acuz eye coodn't finnish dat lass pome.
Eat gawt to harred fer mee too rite.
Sew eye'll stard anudder won rite heer:

Tree blined mise, Tree blined mise
Sea howday runn. Sea howday runn
Dey awl wran aftur da farmur's whyfe
Hoo cutt awf dere tails widda carbing nife
Deed ewe ebber sea sucha site inn ure lief
Az tree blined mise, tree blined mise

Dare, dat's uh laught bitter dan da lass won, ya no?
Whale, Eye gotta gogh (Van) two bedd sew aisle ind dere!
Untill da nixt won. Bye,
c aaron

Sweet Mary Louretta

I was born and raised near the flatlands that lay
'Tween the Choctaw and the Cherokee tribe
But my life just got started when I met one day
A young girl so purty it's hard to describe

Sweet Mary Louretta was just 9 years old
When her beauty first caused me unrest
Cause I was 18 but I knew deep inside
That she'd leave her nest to become my sweet bride

Sweet Mary Louretta you're too young today
But dimples and dolls all too soon fade away
For 10 years I'll wait and then when you are grown
I'm hopin' you'll let me come take you on home

Well pits turn to peaches and fawns become deer
And Mary grew into a queen
She went for the guys who were tall and sincere
And so we got married when she turned 18

We had 6 kids a coming and 5 kids at last
But 2 died ahead of their time (that makes 9)
The others grew up, got married, and were never outclassed
In my humble opinion they turned out real fine

Sweet Mary Louretta beside me you'll lay
I had to leave early and you had to stay
For 10 years you waited and lived all alone
I'm so glad he let me come take you back home

Well legends get started and stories get told
Oh I wish you could hear me tell some
Like the priest I outsmarted, our Mercedes of gold

And the Sonoma mansion at 941

Well they sold off the mansion when I passed away
There were too many fond memories
But the children all loved you and asked you to stay
'Til I was allowed to come take you away

Sweet Mary Louretta beside me you'll lay
I had to leave early and you had to stay
For 10 years you waited and lived all alone
I'm so glad He let me come take you back home

A smile of silver, a heart made of gold
A sweet disposition for one
You kids will all miss her but let go of the old
Cause we're starting a new life and won't we have fun

Sweet Mary Louretta is smiling today
We had to leave early, you kids had to stay
Don't get tired of waitin', stay close to the phone
We'll soon call long distance and invite you all home
Don't get tired of waitin', stay close to the phone
We're calling long distance, get ready to go

c aaron

What Makes A Poet Great?

He finds a way of expressing things
With an impassioned pen that sometimes sings
He writes of amity made and love lost
He reveals the truth despite the cost

To everyday words he adds a flair
That adorns a phrase or provokes a stare
Sometimes he saddens, at times he thrills
The masses are swayed by what he quills

In essence, will music he compose.
He grieves his fans with poignant prose
At times he'll pierce the tender heart
Deflate the spirit and tear the sole apart

He decorates yards and razes cities
His words evoke your pride or pity
To men exalted or women fallen
His words are now and ever calling

The best musicians here and far
Can tune the strings of harps, guitars
The type of poet we hope to find
One who tunes the heart and mind

Our heart where love flows and feelings rise
Our mind where thoughts soar toward the skies
The finest poet will always find
A way to sway the human mind

Hitler's mind was influenced by Grant
"The Great Race" was his written chant
Rudyard's moving classic named "If"

Did many men bolster and lift

If coeval poets can't awe and inspire

For what career should they aspire?

Most penmen's hands are bound in fetters

The best ones write to make life better

~~~ c aaron

## How To Beet Somebody At B-ball (Okie Style)

1) Look at him play, you'll never beat him!

2) Sure I can beat him, I'm good at b-ball  
But if I beet him, I'd leave him all red  
I know he doesn't like red  
And I don't like beets

1) You know, if you made a better salary  
You could handle your debts a lot better...

2) Furst off, ewe doan make celery ewe grow it.  
And my salary is goin' up little by little  
Some might say that debts are bitter  
But four me it's a sweet thang, it keeps me humble

1) Did you say you way your salary?  
I buy mine bye the each  
Ewe know, like won for a dollar  
Oar too for a dollar

2) I think we'd better end this text.  
I'm really getting confused.

1) Don't whirry, eye got udder tings too dew  
Sew I'll just leaf ewe a loan, ok?  
Tanks four your thyme.  
Eat was shore nice talkin' an righting two ewe!

2) Wish I could say the same thing.

We need to work on our communication skills  
Quit texting, and talk to each other face to face  
We'll understand each other better.

---c aaron

## Forever Lover

Last night I tried to see you  
They wouldn't free you,  
So I got myself together,  
In the stormy weather  
I raced across the tracks  
To get you back  
I got there late,  
They'd locked the gate  
I heard you scream  
There went my dreams  
It was over,  
Forever lover

*c aaron*

## The Sun and The Son

Our world spins, revolves and rotates around the sun  
Our lives are well-spent, involved and rotate around the Son  
Gravity keeps the earth close to the sun  
The Lord's Spirit helps man stay close to the Son  
Gravity is a case of never-ending attraction  
The Spirit keeps track of our every action  
If the world breaks loose, the Sun pulls it back  
When a man breaks loose the Son pulls him back  
The first law is Newton's...universal gravitation  
The second law is the Lord's...universal salvation  
The first law is unconditional...it never will fail  
The second conditional... lest man's weakness prevail  
The earth's final status is unending duration  
Man hopes to leave life with the Son's approbation

--c aaron

## For Marilyn Cook January 12, 2011

Nelson had goods, had a home, he had money and property  
Marilyn was good, her face shone, it was sunny and so pretty  
Nels was a businessman with his earnings invested  
Mar'lyn, a busy woman with her virtues well tested

Nelson was good, he was giving, and he blessed many lives  
Mar'lyn was good, was forgiving, and her light never dies  
The man's sweat and toil blessed their lives monetarily  
But Marilyn was loyal, now she's gone temporarily

Nelson got sick and he died, left a will, you see  
Marilyn got sick and she died, left a legacy  
Nels' lands got divided and his money ran out  
Marilyn loved, did not hide it and she cared... there's no doubt!

This last part's for Marilyn as her memory stays  
Her road was a-narrowing, and she left, went her way  
But a life of example, filled with love, service, charity  
Is not one we should trample, rather one we should try to be

We will miss her soft sweetness, and her kindness, her loving way  
Not to mention her meekness, and the thoughts of her yesterday  
For her hub and her children, it'll hurt, that for sure, I know  
But for her, don't feel sorry, she's gone where we all want to go.

*A good friend who died...this for her funeral... c aaron*

## Just A Carpenter's Son

My good friend is a carpenter.  
He told me...my dad and mom-  
He framed the houses down the street.  
His words you can count on

He has some friends that are big shots  
They're always in the light  
Can't yawn or breathe...roll up their sleeves  
Without being in sight

Of newsmen, snapshots, interviewers  
So well-known are they  
That even the illiterate  
Can oft be heard to say:

"Hey! I seen this young guy before  
Ain't he been on the tube?"  
And others say, "Yeah, I know him  
Just seen him in the news"

Our builder-friend is not well-known  
He has not received acclaim  
For famous deeds nor P.H.D's  
He has no special fame

He just builds homes; friends know he is  
The best at his profession  
The details are paid attention to.  
Poor work? Out of the question-

His homes are the most luxurious structures  
Man has ever built



You'd stare in awe and drop your jaw  
If you saw all the skill

Assigned to each and every home.  
Impressive in and out.  
But he, himself, a humble man  
With no degree, no clout

(And like him:)

There was a humble carp'nter's son  
Who came from Nazareth  
He also built impressive homes  
Not long before His death

The homes He built are everlasting  
Any man can buy  
And without money, without price  
They only have to try

To live a life of virtue, love  
And do unto another  
What they would like done unto them  
Highly esteem their brother

This builder's son received no honor  
Until after he died  
His homes are on the market still  
He certainly has tried

To sell them, each and every one  
But not with much success  
Very few will take a loan out  
That is what I guess

And make the monthly payments

Of good works and sacrifice  
Most people would rather rent a home  
Than pay the market price

When you grow up, get married  
And then want to settle down  
One point of special interest  
Is your neighborhood and the town

That you would like to live in  
At the start...then down the road  
It seems to me you'd want to get  
A clean, well-kept abode

So if you want to live in towns  
Depressing, somewhat dirty  
Just look for one the other framers built  
Live in their city

But if you'd like to dwell in one  
That's heavenly and lush  
Then buy some land in the last builder's town  
But better rush!

*c aaron*

## Soul and Shoe Sole Repair Shop

Can't you come with me?  
I'll be the sole person there.

I would love to go with you  
But my shoe soles  
Need repair  
I can't walk over.  
Can you pick me up?

My soul needs repair too  
That's why I'm going  
There's a soul repair shop  
On the way  
I want to stop in and pray,  
And ask forgiveness  
If He repairs my soul  
I'll repair your soles  
For free...  
I'm a cobbler

*c aaron*

## Hayden and Heather

Our hearts unfold, secrets reveal,  
And we just now barely started  
Trudging down the aisle of life,  
Each (one) lonesome and half-hearted

(Hayden) "I wonder what she's looking for"-  
I ask myself, then ponder

(Heather) "Am I just another passing flower,  
Like the ones the wind blew yonder?"

Two souls (soles) impassioned to be one,  
Like leather sewn together  
Still colored buff, but more mature,  
Our hides (heads) not yet stained heather

The Lord indeed peered down on us  
And viewing our incompleteness  
(Heather) Sent me the force of your strong hands,  
(Hayden) Made known to me your sweetness...

(Hayden) "Do I dare make the staggering move-  
Once made, I can't repent of?  
And trade my life for a lovely lass?  
My freedoms, no more scent of?"

(Heather) "Do I entrust my every care,  
My hopes, my dreams, my pleasures  
Into the arms of a dashing prince-  
Who proclaimed I was his treasure?"

Too late to opine, it's said and done-

The choice that we'd both longed for  
Or 'yea' or 'nay'? The first of the two...  
Was the answer he sang a song for

Now that it's done, any regrets?  
No, none... still there is one thing that matters:  
(Heather) "Years down the road...eons away...  
Will my heart still pitter-patter?"

Each day when you come home from work,  
Every night we spend together  
Will the spark that you ignited here?  
Beam and glow in stormy weather?"

The response you (Hayden) give to: "Will we continue to live---  
This dream, our eternal courtship?"  
Is contingent upon -- the kindling and coal?  
In the coffers of the steamship.

The sky is fine, and the heavens shine  
At your most requisite decision  
Look! The flowers that bloom, Hear! The birds that sing?  
Since you both got out of prison

*c aaron*

## Lonely

### Sad Story Part 1

Please tell me how you feel when you are lonely  
Lucky people have at least a one and only  
A lonely person's life means only 'one'  
Can't talk, hold hands or dance, no it's not fun!

It's sad that some with greater numbers don't take time  
To do the math. Subtract? No...add, like 'one' plus nine  
'One' plus five, plus three, or one plus 'one' will do  
A brother, sister or friend, life's more than only you.

A lonely man lives off of just a smile.  
To make a friend, he'd prob'ly walk at least a mile.  
And then, by chance, if one of you should laugh  
The lonely one would likely walk another half

Takes two to tango? Each day alone you go to walk.  
Dynamic duo? There's no one else around with whom to talk.  
Two's company? Your company? There is but only one.  
Three's a crowd? just you, the other two are on the run.

### Part 2- the answer

Out on your own? You usually feel somewhat depressed?  
My life's been good- each day I feel so very blessed  
The Lord gave me some special time all to myself  
To adjust my life... I leave all bad things on the shelf

When I'm alone, and having thoughts that are untoward  
I'll walk downtown and find someone who's looking bored  
I'll open up, present myself, we start to chat  
And soon we're friends, Now TWO of us. Imagine that!

*c aaron*

## Dear Samuel and Catherine (Caitlyn):

The time has passed, so now at last  
Some words of consolation  
Friends take it hard, neighbors are jarred,  
But you're the blood relation  
The brothers are harder skinned I think  
The sisters- their soft hearts do sink  
But Mom & Dad, they have it bad.  
She was their own creation.

I know it's hard 'cause you're still scarred,  
But reflect on God's intention  
Your hearts can rest! She was His best!  
And here's one more dimension...  
Most of us need a life-time to tame...  
Our mind and soul, and thus reclaim  
The Father's love, 'n those things above...  
And blessings not yet mentioned.

She'd had her test, she was the best  
Of all things He created.  
Her- He called home, one of His own.  
No doubt she was elated.  
And now she has a much greater work  
You three'll join together, just call it 'teamwork'  
You'll teach on this side, she'll watch on that side,  
And you'll all end up well-compensated

When you have a bad day, or you're in a bad way,  
Remember that she's by your side  
She'll be there to assist you, she's already kissed you,  
If you need something, she will provide  
Some don't believe that those over there  
Can help or build faith, that they even care



But she will surprise you when she hovers nearby you,  
Yes, her family she's always beside

So be all united, and oh so excited,  
For the reunion that is yet to take place  
It's not too far away- look ahead to the day  
When the family will hug and embrace  
Just keep yourselves busy with your everyday work  
The time will go by while you build the framework  
For your mansion above, a society of love,  
A reward you can never replace!

*c aaron*

## A Tiny Seed

A beautiful cherub cautiously  
Prepared the earth...she spaded and tilled,  
Then carefully planted her small treasure  
Her barren garden was watered  
And fertilized...In a short time-  
The miracle of life! The initial motion and growth  
In her fertile field was manifest... first the shoot,  
Then the stem, the leaves, and the first bloom.  
She felt a similar delight each year when she planted,  
Watered and cultivated the small garden inside  
Her home. In both cases, the miracle of life  
Was a supernal phenomenon. Nothing to compare  
It to, no words to describe it. Definitely a Divine  
Procedure. And just as her husband delighted in  
Witnessing the growth of the first shoots  
'Popping their heads' through the rich soil  
Of the garden outside, he was delighted  
Better said ecstatic about the inner growth  
Taking place inside his wife. He could barely  
Wait to see the little 'head' popping out  
Of the garden within her.

*c aaron*

## Bees Love Haze And A\'s Love B\'s

I love bees, I also love haze  
I love b's, I also love a's  
Haze covers the bees, when there's a heat wave  
A's go with the b's to spell behave  
Bees live in hives and make honey  
A's will take bribes to earn money  
Bees will really sting if you're not careful  
A's are on their knees so very prayerful  
Bees are on their knees when they've been knocked down  
A's get so upset when you spell brawn brown  
B's and A's are distraught when the other's not around.  
The End

*c aaron*

## The Match Story

A short and gritty runway's scratch  
Ignites a flimsy wooden timber  
The oil lamp's view transcends the match  
But exercise keeps fingers limber

Each day a routine was ably forged  
The Holy Writ was read at dawn  
The craftsman's soul wished to be gorged  
With gems of truth as the day moved on

At workday's end the sun traversed  
His work domain, in crept the night  
Once home he lit a match...read one more verse  
The morrow brought the selfsame fight

*c aaron*

## Outer Beauty Or Inner Valor

If you are never in debt and have never been sick  
Then your journey through life will be easy and slick  
If your heart's ne'er been broken and foul words ne'er been spoken  
Then you never have struggled, you've been able to juggle

Some people are cruisers while others are losers  
The sleek abscond all 'cause they're having a ball  
While the hapless miss out 'cause they take the rough route  
There's no coasting downhill, so they strive for the skill...

To fight life's worst battles while straddling the saddle  
The roadblocks come always, so they explore all ways  
To work out the glitches without getting stitches  
They scuffle through hard times...they don't doze on the sidelines

All cruisers are charming...but for me that's alarming  
Cause that's only the glimmer and not the life inner  
They can be so alluring but that isn't insuring  
That they'll do you what's best, that you won't be oppressed

If you want things done right and you have the foresight  
Choose the one with the trial, not the one with the smile  
The outside? Remember that beauty is skin-deep  
The inside brings the prospect for a lifetime that's sweet!

*c aaron*

## Aabb or Abab

I learned a great fact yesterday...  
To pen a poem, the rhythm and rhyme  
Should not such an importance play

But deep down meaning is the key  
'Twas yes! the essence of the poem  
Not AABB nor ABAB

(The stuttering insect: a, a, b, b!  
Or the panicked child: A bee! A bee!)  
The poem I read that antecedes?

I'm on a journey, and much, much more  
A country town, a country house  
A store abandoned years before

And at the journey's fateful end  
A grandma's diary had been found  
Her long life's story explored therein

And when the reading was complete  
(The story led to a vision rare)  
I had, myself, a will to meet

The 'gramma' with her lovely face  
And her life's story, her address  
That were discovered in that place

So even though there may be rhyme  
In my attempt to replicate  
A poem cleffed at an earlier time

My hope is that a meaning clear

Will be discerned and understood  
By all those reading, and poem(book) worms near

I'll concentrate now from this time  
More on the essence of the poem  
Than on the rhythm and the rhyme

My gratefulness today is giv'n  
To a new friend not found afar  
But found right here, in my poem's heaven

MsSmith I hope that you will see  
Your poem affected not just others  
But left a greater mark on me!

*c aaron*

## Cellphone-Itis

Every illness has its symptoms;  
Each sickness has its type  
While some plagues may be fatal,  
A runny nose sure makes me gripe

The doctors urge vaccinations  
For all the deadly ailments  
The other germs may bother you  
Or cause you brief torments

This throe if and when you catch it,  
No doctor can make you well  
Your eyes get ruined and then your neck,  
Your head and hands both swell

And it's easy to master,  
But men want to be slaves  
To their habits and their passions  
Yes, they go down to their graves

With heads all bent, their eyes all squint  
And kinks throughout their neck  
From pounding letters, numbers,  
Yes, their fingers are a wreck

There must now be some billions  
With this dreaded disease  
And all of you could be healthy  
So listen to me, please!

Put down your cell, lift up your head,  
And see life's greatest wonders  
Look at the crowd (not at your phone) ,



Hear the swift stream (not the music) ,  
Enjoy the rolling thunders

The next will be the hardest  
And now I'm talkin' tough  
Talk to all people face to face  
And eye to eye's enough

Sir Apple will still have his place,  
So don't think I'm a weirdo  
Remember it's the people you embrace;  
Talk to them and get near, Joe!

A programmed phone may call you  
And recite some chatter senseless  
But 'one on one' takes walls down  
And friends will make you fenceless

For other folks to reach you,  
And to relate and talk and chatter  
Talk with and look at them face to face  
Cause those things really matter

If that life is too 'human',  
And you think I'm full of crock  
Then make a wish to leave this life  
And come back as a rock.

*c aaron*

## Basket Case-Basset Face

Basset Hound yowls with a sad face.  
He just lost 3 of his puppies who were run over by a car.  
Woman (his owner) crying inside the house with a sad face.  
She just lost three of her children in an auto accident.  
Put the two side by side and the faces look just alike  
The first has a Basset Face  
The second is a Basket Case  
The woman's face like the dog's  
The dog's face like the woman's.  
He'll get over it, she may not...  
For a long time.

*c aaron*

## The Most Essential

I'd rather be a poor man than be rich  
I'd rather dig myself out of the ditch  
I've had some painful struggles in my life  
I've learned to veil the grief, allay the strife  
I'll never learn to conquer if I quit  
I'll never learn to fight stress if I split  
I'll never learn to hurdle if I sleep...  
Then just sit out and mingle with the sheep  
I'll never rule my rage if I can't tame...  
My passions, thoughts and feelings are to blame  
A bridled horse is lifted with a rung  
I want to learn the same trick with my tongue  
I'll never know my Father if I stray, then  
Close the gap once more, unless I pray  
I'll never learn compassion without love  
To love my fellow man and Him above  
The most essential features these last three  
My fellow man, my God, and charity

*c aaron*

## Canine To K-10 One Step Up

What can a person  
Who loves canines do  
To become more religious?  
Reverse the order of the letters  
Of that which he or she loves most.  
I love my dog,  
He's my best companion.  
I love my God,  
He's my best companion

*c aaron*

## I Can

When you are assembling the puzzle of your life  
Two pieces stand out most important  
For a bride it's her beau, for a gent it's his wife  
And there are two words you never use... "I can't"  
"-I won't make you dinner-or-I won't fix your washer-"  
Some overwhelmed spouses may chant  
"I'm tired, I'm pooped out, I just don't have time"  
But remember you never say, "I can't"

When poor wives are cleaning, watch kids and do laundry;  
Their hubs must display some compassion  
The fellows work hard, sometimes they're sweaty and tired;  
Dear darlings... Their food? Please don't ration  
Amid all your crises, hardships, and hapless misfortunes,  
Pray, this one last appeal to me grant  
Their request may be annoying, the task work a burden  
But don't ever imply that you can't

Most of us are concerned about big #1...  
OUR attire, OUR food, and OUR pleasures  
Let's focus our time more on big #2...  
For in fact they are our greatest treasures  
Should we always insist that they do things our way?  
That's selfish and takes away vision  
If we sacrifice and struggle to do things their way...  
We'll coalesce and then work hard with precision

Take a step back and ponder, then swallow your pride,  
Because you both walk in the same direction  
Don't inwardly battle to take the advantage,  
Better yet show them further affection  
What a good spouse won't do to see their partner happy?  
To be honest? - My mind thinks of nothing

When your life-mate's in trouble, or sad or discouraged...  
You'll be impassioned to do them the best thing!

The key isn't muscles, or brain, ingenuity...  
In fact it's not even ambition  
The pivotal process to help your sweet partner  
Has much more to do with VOLITION  
If you want to, you CAN...if you don't, then you CAN'T-  
See the whole thing is really quite simple  
You CAN help each other, rub feet and scratch backs...  
And foremost you CAN always be gentle!

*c aaron*

## Re-demption

He deemed his life unimportant  
He considered he was lost, forgotten  
But when he shared his worthless feelings  
With a good friend, one who knew him  
And his actions well,  
The friend helped him see  
The influence he had had on others  
And the good example he had been  
The man was blind but his friend helped him see.  
Sometimes we all are blind, but our eyes can be opened  
By another. The man who deemed his life unimportant  
Was told by his friend to re-flect and re-view his feelings  
Or to re-deem and consider them again  
And when he re-deemed his life and actions  
It redeemed his life...a redemption almost as sweet  
As the final redemption he hopes for  
The one enabled by the Man above.

*c aaron*

## Armor

### ARMOR

On the Saturday that just passed, my son Josh was the last one  
To join all his friends in the street  
He woke up real late, then did the chores that he hates,  
But before leaving he had to eat.  
There was no time to get dressed, so he put on some grubbies  
He didn't look like a king, but he didn't look scrubby  
He wore tennis shoes, and had sweats that were blue,  
And his jersey had a big "#3"

The friends had a ball game but Josh had a small frame,  
Was he well enough protected?  
His friends were all bigger, they played football with rigor,  
On this thought he seriously reflected  
He wondered if, in fact, his body could take it  
But he just had to play and thought "How can I make it?  
The sport really thrills me, if nobody kills me.  
It's too early for my resurrection."

He hustled back home to his room where he'd thrown  
All his clothes and his football equipment  
He looked through what he had, and only found knee pads,  
And this thought filled him full of resentment  
He resented the fact that he was a small fry  
He resented the thought that he really could die  
If he made it through this one without being undone,  
It really would be an achievement

At the first of the year, when he purchased his gear,  
He refused to get all of the outfit  
He could run really fast, so he thought he would speed past



His opponents without getting hit  
He got pads for his knees because they both had been injured  
The rest was in good shape, they had never been hurt  
But the truth of the matter was-- his heart pitter-pattered.  
You could say he was scared just a bit

His mind was tormented, he wished he could repent of  
The choice that he made long ago  
But now it was late and the kids wouldn't wait.  
So he started playing and didn't think of the foe  
He went in to throw passes because he had a good arm  
And his line would protect him, there was not any harm  
He went back for a pass then caught his foot in the grass,  
And who did the guys pile on? -- You know!

He was hurt pretty bad, they took him home to his Dad  
Who laid him down and inspected his body  
They had plastered his chest, and bruised all the rest,  
And his eyesight had turned rather shoddy  
Dad asked, And your knees? Cause they'd hurt him before  
Josh said they felt fine. His knee pads he'd worn  
My knees feel okay! But I wish I could say  
The same thing about the rest of my body

"Son, do you remember way back in September  
When all the football gear went on sale?  
I suggested you get the entire outfit."  
But you said, "I'm no wimp, I'm not frail!  
It's a waste of my money to buy all this stuff  
I'll just wrap my knees-- I think that is enough  
I don't need all this gear, and besides, I don't fear  
All those guys, I'm as fast as a rail!"

Now son, you are brave, but your body is craving  
Some safety, a little protection  
It says, 'Please defend me. If not you will send me

To the-other-world and that's not my selection  
If you don't want to get hurt put on all of your armor  
The shoulder pads, knee pads and helmet will then be your  
Perfect defense against those giants--Makes sense?  
And the game will be yours. No objection?

The ball game of life is a quite different fight  
Against a foe that's not easily conquered  
The armor's the same, but to win at this game  
You must be somewhat of an expert  
The pads on your loins are the truth of the gospel  
And good, righteous living is a breastplate that's full  
Of unselfish labor, good acts towards your neighbor,  
And living God's law. Do you concur?

Your feet must be dressed with peace, that's the best way  
To share gospel truths with your brother  
And then take the shield of faith. Don't you yield  
To the bawdy suggestions of others  
The helmet you wear is your own exaltation;  
The Spirit's sharp sword is God's word: revelation  
To help you in the fight against the Evil One's might  
Yes, the Devil and all of his brothers

And then you must pray in the spirit with faith  
For all Saints, that they may be pure  
That they'll be protected and you'll be selected  
As one of His army. I'm sure  
That you'll fight in the war on his side. It's a battle  
With Satan, his warriors and darkness. And that'll  
Be a war you will fight for all that is right  
Forever. And you must endure.

So wherever you go wear God's armor, and you'll know  
That He will always protect you  
You'll have strength to contend with temptations and sin

And no evil will ever affect you  
That doesn't mean that you won't be attacked  
But endure what you can. And then only fight back  
Using God's mighty weapons, and His power will deaden  
The Beast, he might even respect you.

*c aaron*

## A Second Time Around

Hard for us both? You can only imagine  
Life's road is a hard one and it's full of surprises  
At times it is straight and smooth  
Other times it is rugged, pitted and twisted  
Our lives have had both...some super good, some super bad times  
There was one thing we never quite achieved  
A complete and total integration  
Where two lives become one  
One mind, one spirit, one direction, one purpose, one goal  
You say you can only be born once-  
That was the day you began your adventure in life...  
The day you crossed the threshold  
Living in a warm, soft, pliable 'womb of preparation'  
Before slipping into a sphere of struggles, strivings and sorrow.  
We beg your pardon, but we both have been awarded  
A second entrance into life  
This time entering life together, as one person  
Uniting two families together (children included)  
I'm ready to start the second time around (bride)  
I'm ready to follow your lead (groom)  
Both entering in this most sacred of covenants  
Never to decay, never to be broken again.  
Let's begin together knowing that our relationship  
Is warranted not for 60 days, not for a year or two years  
But a LIFE-TIME guarantee  
We'll have some differences, some challenges, some hard times  
But we'll triumph over all  
We'll work everything out...TOGETHER

*c aaron*

## I Love Trees

There are some who love the earth,  
Some who love wind,  
Some who love the stars,  
Some who love the moonlight,  
Some who love their plants (they are living you know)  
Some who love giving birth  
Some who love a friend,  
Some who love cars,  
Some who love a good tune  
Some who love Rembrandt (he was good painter you know)  
Some who love buying new clothes,  
Some who love their home, (both how it looks, and living there)  
Some who love their money,  
You can pretty much love anything you want  
Any person you want, any pet you have  
I have a fetish...I love trees!  
Especially this one cause I love to squeeze you  
And it's as big around as you are!

*c aaron*

## Walks With Dad (The Circle Makes A Round)

Every Saturday my boy grabbed my hand and said,  
"Let's go out for a walk dad.  
It's our time together, just you and me."  
You loved walking with your dad

I loved walking with my son  
For years our Saturday mornings went that way  
Just dad and his boy walking together  
Hand in hand, side by side

One Saturday you took my hand and said  
"Come dad and take a look at my baseball jersey  
The games start next Saturday, please come and  
Watch me play dad... I know you will"

You were happy- I was happy... and sad  
Happy because you were happy  
Sad because I knew from now on  
Things would never be the same

When the baseball season was over  
You wanted a cocker spaniel  
I took you out to buy a small cocker pup  
Along with a new collar and leash

Now your hand held the leash  
As you took Rusty for a walk Saturday mornings  
A boy needs a friend, a dog needs a friend  
But dad needed a friend also

No more Saturday walks for the two of us  
You walked Saturday mornings with Rusty's leash in your hand now

Time passed, the days went fast, you grew and grew  
It got to where I could no longer call you 'boy'

My 'no longer boy' loved Rusty  
But he had to put the leash away  
And stick Rusty in the back yard  
Your hand was holding something softer now

Kirsty was her name... not a dog  
But a female, a friend, a close friend  
I was still there alone in the house  
Buddy was alone in the backyard

The two 'loners' persuaded by me and the leash  
Began to go out together on Saturday mornings.  
When I went out with Rusty I was walking with a friend  
But he didn't quite take the place of my son

Some years later I opened up the window blinds  
Looked out and saw my son walking up to my door  
With a little boy holding onto his hand  
He knocked on the door, I opened it up

My boy saw my surprised face and said  
"Dad, will you take this little boy for a walk  
Like we always did? I have to take his mother  
To the hospital... another boy is coming"

"He wanted to take a walk today  
And wanted to meet his grandpa"  
So as I (dad) took him by the hand my son said to his boy...  
"Son we'll do both... here dad, please take him for a walk"

As I grabbed Justin's hand my mind went back  
To when me my boy and I took our first walks  
Together; and now me and my boy's boy

Walked together, hand in hand, side by side

No, it wasn't my boys' hand, it wasn't the dogs' leash

It was the hand of the son of my boy

My boy passed his son's hand on to me

He placed his total trust and his utmost love

In the hands of his dad... the friend that dad needed

Was now his 'grand friend', no it wasn't his son

But perhaps a treasure even better than his son

My son put his full faith and trust in the hands

Of his dad... yes, his dad had a grand friend now

By his side. But this 'grand friend' was more

Special than any other friend he had had

Because he was holding onto the hand of

His very first 'grand-son'

Yes, life's cycle goes on

When the cycle is complete then

The Circle Makes a Round

--c aaron



## La Parte Más Importante De Mi Ser

Ésta no es la primera vez que yo te extrañé  
Vinieron sentimientos hoy y no me los libré  
Quedaron y permanecieron en mi mente y corazón  
A decir verdad, no los eché?eres parte de mi cuerpón

Si puedo pasar sin una parte, dime por favor  
¿Mis ojos? No hay manera ché?con ellos te adoro  
¿Mi nariz? Tampoco mi Aarón si tu esencia oleré  
¿Mis oídos? Los precisaré si a tu voz oír querré

¿Mis manos? ¿Qué piensas vos? Si yo te voy a mimar  
¿Mis brazos? Pues, peor aún?si te quiero abrazar  
¿Mis dedos? Diré?"Creo que no" ¿Cómo podré escribir  
Y mandar pensa-y-sentimientos que no sé describir?

Consta que preciso todo si yo voy a funcionar  
Pero hay una parte importante que me hace ya faltar  
Lo raro es que ésta parte no poseen todos  
La parte más importante de mi ser, pues, eres vos.

*c aaron*

## La Diferencia De Hacer Y No Hacer

"Por cierto pienso hacerlo," dijo Juan con respeto a su papi.

"Estaba pensando lo mismo ayer... pero el tiempo se fue de mí.

"Seguro mañana lo he de hacer...por lo menos pienso así.

"Soy capaz de hacer grandes cosas yo sé, la mami me dijo así"

"Ay, cuánto anhelo hacerlo," Martín expresó en voz alta.

"Susi me dijo que es fácil hacer?y la verdad no es algo que le falte.

"He de hacerlo, lo haré mañana...pero mi vida es ajetreada

"En fin si supieras cuanto quiero hacerlo, tu fé en mí no menguaría nada..."

"Sabes lo mucho que deseo hacerlo?" oí a la Queli decir.

"El mismo deseo he tenido por años... y esto me hace sentir...

"Feliz y lograda, cumplida y sana...es un deseo inspirado seguir

"Lo único que ahora me falta hacer: es el acto del mismo cumplir."

"Yo quiero hacerlo, y lo voy a hacer," doña Juana se afirmó así sola

"Empiezo aquí y continúo allí. Apresurada, se formó en la cola

"Algunos dicen lo que quieren hacer, sus promesas a veces van sueltas

"Me comprometí a ser un 'hacedor'-- No sólo una que sabe dar vueltas"

*c aaron*

## The Subject of Lands Land-ed in my Hands

No man is an island is located way out in the boonies better spelled No-man's Land  
Iceland is the land of ice or the isle of ice  
Dryland is land that's not wet  
Wetlands are lands that aren't dry  
A National Park is Public Land but a land without pubs  
Maryland is the Land for just Mary-- the lambs live on Public Land  
Newfoundland is the land just found, located next to Oldfoundland, last year's discovery  
On Oakland the land of oak, do they also grow hay there? If yes, answer 'oak hay 'oak hay'  
Ragland the Land of rags has new clothes too  
Portland is the Land of ports, but what kind? Both harbors and wine.  
Finland the land of fins has both fish fins and swimming fins.  
In Ireland the land of ire not everybody is angry. The ones that are, are mad at everything  
The Netherlands are located right below the Highlands  
Poland, the land of poles has both kinds, fishing and vaulting  
Swaziland is the land of Swazis. They keep you warm when you're hunting in New Zealand  
Switzerland is the land of Switz's-- Some are mediators and others are neutral and don't get involved  
In Thailand or the land of Thais there are two kinds: Bow-Thais and Neck-Thais  
New Zealland (need 2 l's) is the new land of zeal, but some are still apathetic and indifferent.  
The Marshall Islands or lands of the marshall also have sheriffs and deputies living there.  
The Solomon Islands or lands of Solomon are what are left of their parent David Islands' ruins.  
Burgenland, Austria is the land of Burgen; they sell Double Burgens there also.  
Queensland, Australia is the land of the Queens, but there are some guys living there-- the Jacks & the Kings  
Prince Edward Island is the land that belongs to Prince Edward; Princess Sophie often comes to visit.  
Greenland the land of new missionaries is located next to Trunkyland the island of old worn-out missionaries.  
Rhineland Germany, the land of Rhinos, also has hippos living there.  
Scotland is the land of the scots and they have to pay more scots than many other countries  
Rhode Island yes, is a land of Roads...millions of 'em.  
Somaliland Somalia, the land of Somalis has also some biggies living there  
In Nagaland India, not all of the wives are Nags. There are some from other countries too

*c aaron*

## Get A Handel On It

"Get a handle on it"  
My father used to say  
He died not much longer after that  
But his words ne'er passed away  
They would come back to my memory  
Amidst all my challenges and trials  
I could have flustered and lost command  
But I took control in master style

There's another master who comes to mind  
And his challenge was the hardest ever  
He had to bring the life of his Master  
To the forefront- a remarkable endeavor  
But his task was to honor Him with music  
A gift given him in abundance  
The experts said he "got a Handel on it"  
And it now imbues the great expanse

When I look at dirty streams and waters  
I have no fear of their effect  
For "He shall Purify" all that is dross, impure  
And all the flawed he shall perfect  
When I think of painful times and sorrow  
These poignant words offer some relief  
Yes, He helps us through death and sadness  
For "Surely He Hath Born Our Grief"

When I think of myself being sick  
And cuts and bruises, things of this type  
I know for certain that I'll be healed  
For He says we will be "With These Stripes"  
When I think of the world's starving people  
So hungry and faint that they can't walk

I know we'll all eat and be filled  
For He said "He Shall Feed His Flock"

When I think of the end of my life  
And all the hurt and pain it brings  
I know with His help I'll overcome  
He said... "Oh Death Where Is Thy Sting"  
The words "Lift Up Your Heads" and "Glory To God"  
Are to my God and fellow men directed  
No more fear of being buried and forgotten  
"Thanks Be To God" we are all resurrected.

*c aaron*

## Blind Man

I know you wish you had your sight  
A blind man's life's not easy  
Your eyes deceive and say there's a light  
Your mind tells you're crazy

Your hands grope frantically to find  
Some truth 'mid the confusion  
When you reach out and no one's there  
You curse at life's illusion

There is beauty in the night  
There is strength in unseen sight  
A blind man's eyes are quick to see  
The hidden thoughts and subtleties

He searches out the human mind  
And with perceptiveness is kind  
To those who need a soul that feels  
And know what a shy heart conceals

Self-pity is a hidden stone  
That dulls your other senses  
It lures into deep despair  
It hides you behind fences

Remember others need your love  
Give it flowin' like a river  
When the feeling dies then like your eyes  
Your heart will wilt and wither

There is beauty in the night  
There is strength in unseen sight  
A blind man's eyes are quick to see  
The hidden thoughts and subtleties

He searches out the human mind  
And with perceptiveness is kind  
To those who need a soul that feels  
And know what a shy heart conceals

*c aaron*



## Caitlyn Leaves Us

My niece was driving slowly around a curve  
A thoughtless driver passed by and made her swerve  
She lost control, the car rolled over on its side  
Her body crushed, this fair young beauty died

Her parents... anxious and disturbed at her absence  
They called their family, friends; all of them were tense  
They prayed together... they knew that He could offer aid  
But once occurred, He had not the power to waylay

A word at last! They prayed that they would finally see her  
The words "no hope", it was hard to let her go and free her  
Now gone for days, the good word they had been awaiting  
With these results there was no more hope of her locating

Her beaten body? Yes, that is what would be returned  
But with no life...the thing for which all of them most yearned  
The challenge now was to learn to live without her  
All her family, friends, and unknowns totally adored her

Throughout our lives, there will always be someone missing  
We pray for life, the tragedy we are all dismissing  
The hardest part is not for the person who has left.  
But those who stayed. They are the ones who are bereft.

We need to insure that good relationships are formed  
That we love others, and have tender feelings that are warm.  
Our time's too short, there's barely time to get to know each other  
No time to criticize, advantage take, abuse and beat each other.

Let us bring every one we know into our hearts;  
Them...listen to and love. That's where the bonding all starts.  
If one leaves, we'll make a chain unbroken until death

A true friend we'll have until our very last breath.

~~~c aaron

God's Heaven

God's Heaven

Not all of God's children go to heaven
It might not be one out of seven
All of us die and are resurrected
But just the best are then selected
To live with God in his closed kingdom
We must be baptized and then must bring some
Fruits, our works of Godly service...
Keep the commandments. These two preserve us
And make us worthy of that blessing
We're on His side, but still are missing
The fullness of His godly presence
To receive this reward we must bring presents
Of our good works and sacrifice
Being on the other side is nice
No more corruption, pain, and suffering
We're in His house, still we must bring
An honest, pure, and gentle heart
To see Him, and be set apart
From all the rest. Our great reward
Will be His heavenly Award
Our blessing will be exaltation
Which is God's highest habitation
So, my dear friends, we must start living
A Christ-like life and be forgiving
We have to be more like He was
And live a life sworn to His cause
Living like this, we'll stand a chance
To see God work (in) His heavenly expanse
Those so devoted will surely see
Their family and friends who lived thusly.

c aaron

What Did You Say?

Our minds are always smoking
Not the bad habit, but to come up with a story
About how someone's looks, how they act
It's easy to point to finger at what we see...
A flaw, or we pass on the account we heard about...
Someone we know, or don't know for that matter
We don't know enough to dwell on their good traits
So we point out the ones we can see, or have heard about
Or even muster from our suspicions, not knowing if they are true or not
Which isn't as important as just getting the word out.
Usually these are marginal traits or things we also have done
But to make ourselves look better and to bring in the crowd
We share it in confidence, assuring ourselves that it will end there. HA!

c aaron

My Skinny Twiggy

My Skinny Twiggy went to market
I'm Twiggy's hub and stayed home
My skinny Twiggy ate the demos
Doggone, I didn't eat one!
My skinny Twiggy brought me three three three-I ate when she got home.

c aaron

Your Guess

90 to 100 has been the summer average
90 to 100 he's on a big binge
80 it's better with a soft rain
80 you even get your own lane
70 will feel a whole lot better
70 I'll go inside and get her
50 to 60 are much cooler
50 to 60 you're not a fueler
30 to 40 it's almost winter
30 to 40 you're still a sprinter
10 to 20 and you're freezin'
10 to 20 you got the keys in?
Zero means there's no more fall
Zero means no speed at all

What are we?

(The weather and driving speed)

c aaron

Who are you?

Who are you? And who am I?

It depends on which side we're on in the mirror

On the front is the picture we give to the world

On the back our true nature and image are clearer

I see a classy man with prowess and admirers

You see a man that's busy installing fixtures

On your side, you're a builder whose task is designing

But I see a man who wastes his time drawing pictures

The true secret of life is to bring both sides together

That the part on the outside coincides with the inner

If you have sufficient to buy a new suit and Berluti's

Then display love and kindness and don't worry about dinner

Love and kindness are priceless, they are virtues unrivalled

Clothes and wing-tips are pricey and worth less once they're purchased

They say, "Clothes make the man", but I think they're mistaken

On the back of the mirror the honest and faithful come first

c aaron

Diferente

DIFERENTE *(traducido de un poema hecho en inglés)*

Cuando los amigos te haacn la burla por no ser como ellos
Y te insultan diciendo "Chapada a la antigua... mojigata"
Porque tu falda pasa la rodilla
Nos muestra que eres gazmoña

Cuando hacen comentarios de tu peso
Y como necesitas perder
¿Chismean de tus papás?
¿O con palabras te abusan?

No dejes que esto te moleste
Ya sé que podrá ser difícil
El comentar sin bien pensar
Te cogerán desprevenida

Recuerda eres hija de Dios
De gran valor diré
No importa lo que digan ellos
Eres de noble nacer

Alza la cabeza, mantén la sonrisa
Así evitarás
Palos, piedras, y huesos rotos
Daño sus palabras jamás te harán

La clave: Mantén tu auto-control
Que tú hagas la acción
No dejes que palabras imprudentes

Te provoquen a la reacción

La blanda respuesta quita la ira
El rey Salomón una vez dijo
Mejor que te muerdas la lengua
Como hacen los de raza superior

No te preocupes por vengarte
Necesitas aprender a soportar
Todas las pruebas y groserías
Sólo ofrece una oración

Y pide que cada uno halle perdón;
Los que te traten de denigrar
Serán juzgados por lo que dicen
Y tú por lo que has sido

c aaron

Llamas Vivas

LLAMAS VIVAS

Mi amor por ti Sissi creció
¿Por qué, pues?...se me preguntó
Turbado fue mi corazón
Mente inquieta, mala razón

Errores del pasado hechos
No se difundieron en los techos
Aún daño peor causaron
Pues, en mi corazón s'quedaron

Confiar en "Siss" se puede hacer
El peor lío va a entender
No hay razón por qué sentir
Que no se puede compartir...

Cualquier fantasma del pasado
Sin sentirse rechazado
Más bien te va a hacer sentir
Que te acepta, y podrás cumplir...

Con tus deseos elevados
Y con tus sueños enumerados
Te va a cuidar, mostrar amor
Con mucho afán se esfuerza por

Hacer las cosas como tú quieras
Y convertirá lo que le dieras
En cosas para su hogar
En donde pueden disfrutar

Del gran Espíritu del Señor
Dónde aún el más menor
Podrá sentir en su corazón
"Poder en llamas", como un fuegón

Y tal hogar quiero tener
¡Y lo tendré! "Siss" tiene poder
De sacar altas 'spectativas
Sus queridos serán las "Llamas Vivas"

Que darán calor a su hogar
Y todos juntos podrán alzar
Las manos hasta muy arriba
A un lugar adonde así va

Todo hombre bueno, manso
Lugar donde jamás me canso
El Reino de Dios se llama
¿Lograremos tú y yo esta fama?

c aaron

Mi Famoso Papá Frita(o)

Mi amigo me preguntó qué tipo de papá
Tenía yo en casa ya, al lado de mi mamá
Le dije q'era bueno, gustoso y marrón
Que era bajo y delgado. Y se echaba en mi sillón

Tiene ascendientes que se remontan a Adán
Cada cual papá también criando a hijos con afán
Lo único, no se viste... en la mesa pa' la cena
Y esto sí me turba, y me causa mucha pena

Me da vergüenza porque tengo hijos que son menores
Al casarse todavía... aún no son señores
Al ver a su abuelo sin cueros, echado ahí sin ropa
Con un extremo en el plato, y el otro en la sopa

Qué tipo de abuelo se echaría en la mesa
Caliente con cabello grasoso... ¡ay! ese tipo sí que pesa
Sin salsa y sin sal, el hambre se me quita
(¿Alguien Sabe De Quien Estoy Hablando?)
Al lado de mi mamá está mi famoso ¡papá frita(o)!

c aaron

Romance Starting

Single man, single woman in restaurant
Woman sneezes
Glass eye flies out of her socket
Man snatches it
Hands back to her
Woman embarrassed, pops eye back into place
She buys him dinner
Him: "You this nice to every guy?"
Her: "No, you just happened to catch my eye"

caaron

A Long Time Ago

I'm longing for home, it's been way too long
Have I forgotten your face
After being together for so long
Side by side in the very same place?
In the very beginning we both were together
You gave me directions - I took your suggestions
You sent me down so I could learn
All on my own; for that I yearned
Now one step down from that Celestial town
Every time I fall--- please be there when I call
I called you 'Dad' then, I call you Dad here,
I'll call you Dad once again...but if it's not any bother
Let me call you Father
Dear Father... my Mother I know you love Her
Will you please send good weather
For that great get together when time comes to an end
When our new life begins- and all things become new
We'll bid the old life adieu- what will the new life bring?
We'll fly on angel's wings...please save a spot for us
If it's not any fuss we'll get on the bus
And take it to the end... I can't wait to see you my friend?
dear Father

---c aaron

What Do I Believe

I believe first and foremost in God.
I believe in worshiping Him and in keeping His commandments
I believe wholly and unconditionally in my wife
I believe in her purity, in her motives, in any and everything
She tells me and confides in me
I believe in her dedication to me as her husband
I believe the sun will rise every morning
I believe that the news on television, on the radio
And in the newspapers is not to be believed
Without a personal knowledge of its veracity
I believe all plants need water to grow and flourish
And that plants, humans and everything living
Will die if they don't have water
I believe in death, that it is an unconditional
Occurrence that will take effect in plants
In humans, animals and in everything that's living
I believe in Christ and in a universal resurrection
From the dead. I believe in a Devil
I believe that he tempts all mankind
And that He is our worst enemy
I believe in eating nutritional foods
I believe that the computer fulfills
The prophecy that in the last days
'Knowledge will cover the earth
As the waters cover the sea'
I believe that you believe in yourself
As I believe in myself.
I believe that if a person doesn't
Believe and have faith he will
Not progress much in this world
Or in the next.
I believe in being happy and
In doing good to my fellow man

In treating everybody with love and kindness
I believe there exists prejudice
In the minds of many, but I believe
They are wrong and need to
Replace those feelings with love
And acceptance of all people
Regardless of race, color or
Religious preference.
And lastly, I believe I've
Come to the end of listing
The things I believe in. Not that there
Aren't a multitude more, only that
I don't have time to finish my list
Before I post this.

c aaron

Pitch Black

When I walk into a cave...Pitch Black

The night without stars or moon...Pitch Black

In home when power cuts...Pitch Black

The eyes of someone blind sees...Pitch Black

Cleaning the closet and wife shuts door...Pitch Black

Lying in bed with eyes closed at night...Pitch Black

Color of new asphalt...Pitch Black

Feeling I get when I listen to: Nattefrost, Marduk, Deicide...Pitch Black

The color of charcoal...Pitch Black

The color of Pitch-Black...completely dark; as black as pitch.

How to remove the darkness? Take the I (hell) out of Black

Buy "Pitch-back" at Walmart & practice your pitching!

c aaron

Atoms You Can't Trust

Place your total faith and trust
In those things that are a must
If something doesn't matter
And it doesn't make you sadder
Then it's really not important
You shouldn't have to worry
And you probly' won't be sorry
Just be confident and sure
That the untainted yes, is pure
The outer must reflect the inner

Protons you can trust
Neutrons you can trust
Electrons you can trust
Molecules you can trust
Oxygen you can trust
Hydrogen you can trust
Nitrogen you can trust
Carbon you can trust
Atoms? You can't trust atoms because
They make up everything.

c aaron

Lifes-a Changin? Fur Olive Us

Whee awl war barn as chill run
'Lil an whit no gnaw ledge
Sum whirr dot hers an sum whirr sons
Two hour God whee awl maid uh pledge

Wee wood prey two Him fur awl whee knee-did
Ann tank Him fur awl He bee stowed uh pawn-us
Sum thymes whee fur got two prey, yes we did
An fur got too give tanks... bee leave me eye'm awn nest

Az chill run whirr barn, sum suns an sum dot hers
Duh suns whirr burr rite an duh grills whirr a-burnin'
All duh guise star did whirr-king two pro-vied doll-hers
The whim-men staid home cuz day whirr steel learnin'

Sew grills, the more awl too dis storey iz sim pull
If'n ewe doan wanna werk, keep your butt her a-churnin'
Doan get too ex-heighted, bee Kwai it ann dull
If duh guise wunt ure hilp, tale 'em your steel a-learnin'

c aaron

Thanks for Nothing

Today's Inventions

There have been many new inventions in our world
Some are very unique... some widely used
Some lesser known... some have taken years to develop
We appreciate those which have made our lives easier
And for the inventors who have spent years
Developing and testing these creations
For those who follow them to enjoy
And use to live more fruitful, meaningful lives.
There is an invention that stands out
As one of the most unique... it has never received
Appreciation or acclaim from those
Who have used it the most;
The invention?
The number zero -0-
What did the users say?
Thanks for nothing!

c aaron

Waters vs. No Waters

Waters --

Some clean, some dirty, some muddled, some teared,
Some bathed, some irrigated, some in rivers, some in oceans,
Some in sewage, some in rain, some sprinklers, some hoses,
Some in waterfalls, some in water-parks, some in storage tanks,
Some in gutters, some in clouds, some with lightning and thunder,
Some in water troughs, some in the shower, some in a swimming pool
Some in a flood...all water gives life but the last might take like away.

No waters --

Wherever there is a lack of water, there can be no life.
The words may be disturbing but should never be doubted--
Would you rather be flooded or would you rather be drought-ed?

c aaron

A Long Time Ago- Longing For Home

I'm longing for home, it's been way too long
Have I forgotten your face
After being together for so long
Side by side in the very same place?
In the very beginning we both were together

You gave me directions - I took your suggestions
You sent me down so I could learn
All on my own; for that I yearned
Now one step down from that Celestial town
Every time I fall--- please be there when I call

I called you 'Dad' then, I call you Dad here,
I'll call you Dad once again... but if it's not any bother
Let me call you Father
Dear Father... my Mother I know you love Her
Will you please send good weather

For that great get together when time comes to an end
When our new life begins- and all things become new
We'll bid the old life adieu- what will the new life bring?
We'll fly on angel's wings...please save a spot for us
If it's not any fuss we'll get on the bus

And take it to the end... I can't wait to see you my friend?
---my Father

---c aaron

Different

DIFFERENT

When "friends" make fun: "You're not like us!"
And blurt: "Old-fashioned! Prude!"
Because your dress hangs past the knee
"It shows us you're square, dude!"

When they comment about your weight
And how you need to lose;
Do they say things about your folks?
With words do they abuse?

Try not to let this bother you
I know, it might be hard
Some do not think before they speak
They'll catch you off your guard

Remember! You're a child of God
And you are of great worth
No matter what the people say
You are of noble birth

Hold high your head, and keep your smile
This way, you will avert
The sticks and stones, the broken bones
Their words will never hurt

The key is: Maintain self-control
You be the one to act

Don't let their thoughtless words of scorn
Provoke you to re-act

A soft answer turns a-way wrath
King Sol-o-mon once said
It's better that you bite your tongue
And show how well you're bred

Don't be concerned with getting back
You need to learn to bear
With all the trials and rude remarks;
Just say a little prayer

And ask forgiveness for each one
Who tries to do you in
They will be judged for what they say
And you, for what you've been!

c aaron

To Sissi Mi Increíble Amor

She's increíble! I mean, I can't believe it!
Her heart's full of amor-I can hardly conceive it!
That's her feeling towards me, yes I'm her esposo
My feelings towards her? In her deuda, and more so
Sometimes I feel like I don't la merezco
She's on my mind always- I wish I could crezco
In her eyes-she loves truly, a love como Cristo
She sees the best in me, in como me visto
Sometimes I feel guilty, I pray she'll me perdone
And she continues to love me, when she could me condene
She fills mi corazón and my every ambition
And me sigue amando, even in my condition
This day is her day- Día de San Valentín
En su cuerpo no hay un bone mean
Wish I could do more to lift her heavy cargas
But she just keeps on working, and does it with sonrisas
I know she could doubt me, cause I don't lo demuestro...
All my love, I should more, pero es verdad that I feel so
When we married she didn't know que todo eso would happen
That her life would so change, I'm grateful she's my sostén
Right now she's at trabajo, she works hard to help us
She's so altruista, is so giving and unselfish
Este poema is for her, to show my love and aprecio
For her servicio, devoción- that her love is without precio
Yes, you're my ejemplo-wish I were more like you
My sanctuary, my templo, hold your hand and a big hug too
This Valentine's Day honey- tú eres the very best
My whole life te debo, but I'm afraid I'm your test

c aaron

A Poem For Good Eaters

A thought for my small, always on-the-go friends
I hope you will read this, and your ears will attend:
On your way to the table at the dinner-time bell
When you look at your plate, do you say: "I'm not well!"

"My head aches, my tummy hurts, and my eyes are all red,
"I think I would rather go straight to my bed!"
So you go to your bedroom, and start to lie down
But then look in the mirror, and detect a big frown

Starting way on the one side, curving 'round to the other
And you wish you'd not told that big tale to your mother
As we study ...how much you like food... in great detail
Then your story of not wanting to eat is a big whale

On your plate there was something quite dreadful you saw
That scared you, and shocked you, like a TARANTULA
When, in fact, it was just a small, green, Brussels sprout
Which sat there observing you from its lookout

But you had been taught by your friends down the street
That 'Sir Brussels' was a foe that you never should meet
And so, when you saw him there, 'lone on your plate
A great fear o'ercame you, as you saw his end fate

In the pit of your stomach he shortly would rest
You wondered if, in fact, your 'tum' could digest
Such a challenging rival, such a threatening foe
So you faked you were sick, to your bed you did go

All this, so you'd not be obliged to consume
A few 'pipsqueeks' of cabbage, and a youngsters' sure doom

If ever you slipped and let them pass your lips
You'd be forced to then wash them down with juice and chips

Now, I know there are some of you who aren't ashamed
Of trying just one bite of Brussels' great fame
And some of you think that the sprouts are quite tasty
Of you I beg pardon, hope I've not been too hasty

If I have misjudged and ranked your favorite 'green'
As something quite dreadful, and much less than 'keen'
For those who so feel, and think I am unfair
I will suggest others of which you should beware

For some these are peas, for some they are beans
For others it's spinach, or fresh turnip greens
For some cauliflower, or broccoli or beets
Or carrots, or onions, or squash (not so neat)

There are hundreds of 'veggies', and hundreds of kids
There must be at least one you wouldn't forbid
So give them a try, try them all if you wish
And discover which one of them's your favorite dish

It is very important to find some you like
'Cause if you are growing, and riding the bike
The 'veggies' will give you nutrition and strength
To go the full distance, to go the full length

You need vit'min A, and vitamin B,
And then vit'min C, and D, and E
And calcium, iron, and fiber; these three
Plus the vitamins mentioned, will keep you healthy

All these are contained in the vegetable group
When you can't eat them fresh, then at least in your soup
I know you'll feel lively, I know you'll be strong

The vegetable-eaters are those that live long!

c aaron

When You're Sick (for kids)

A poem when you're sick, for some day you will be
If you eat too much junk, or too much candy
If you're good 'friend' next door, who just had the mumps
Shares his germs with you, and you get some lumps

If you break out in measles, and your skin turns all red
If you become sluggish and then jump into bed
If you're sick at home, because of dark spots
That speckle your face, and look like kumquats

If your temperature's high, and your nose is all runny
If your friend tells a joke, and you don't think it's funny
If you are coughing and sneezing, and you sniffle and moan
If you have a headache, and your toenail's ingrown

If you break out in sweat, because of a fever
If your tummy's upset, and you can't relieve her
If you wheezing and gasping because you are clogged
If your throat's like a rasp, and your voice is like a frog

If all these things happen, and your folks can't decide
Whether to keep you at home or let you go outside then
Outside you must go, when your health you've won
The fresh air feels good, and a run in the sun

Will help you feel better, and get the blood flowing
You'll soon feel much stronger; your eyes will be glowing
It would be lots better, to never get sick
I'd surely advise it, if you have your pick

But here is my plan, to help you stay well
Shout it from the rooftops and ring it with your bell:
"Eat all the right foods, good vegetables and fruit"

Get plenty of exercise, jog, play your flute!

Make sure that you sleep at least for eight hours
And then you must work hard, and next take a shower
You've got to be clean, Yes! That is a key
You must wash your hands, and I think you'll agree

That with a clean body, you'll get the most hugs
Take a bath every day to scour off the bugs
And then wash your hair, and in back of both ears
Scrub all of your nails, your face over here

And over there too, 'cause that side is dirty
I don't like the grime, you have to look pretty
Now let me backtrack, review every step
To have a sound body, with zest and with pep:

Good food is the first thing, yes, you must eat well
And then lots of exercise, "inhale, exhale!"
It's good to go jogging; I think if you run
That you'll always stay well, and it's certainly fun!

Of rest you need plenty, eight hours of sleeping
Will bring back your zest, and keep the legs leaping
And then there's hard work, at school and at home
Do all your homework, your hair needs to be combed

The last thing is be clean, in body and mind
Do all of these things, and I think you will find
That you will be healthy, wealthy, and wise
You'll seldom get sick, so, please, take my advice!

c aaron

My Older Brother II

My Older Brother

My brother was the one selected
I was not envious of his call nor of his mission
He was given the choice of himself or of others
Most seek their own, not their Father's volition
As soon as he knew the will of his Father
Eager He was to bring to fruition
His ungrudging labor of love and of sacrifice
This he carried out in humble submission

All of those in the world are his younger siblings
Should they feel indebted to him just one day a week?
His arduous travail shows a never-ending compassion
For his kinsfolk who are whole and for those who can't speak
A daily devotion is not something excessive
There are abundant believers and those who esteem him
With their hearts and minds always reverential
Their older brother who was selfless, redeemed them

c aaron

Kit and Caboodle

Every day you walk by my home
Your cane in hand and leg in a cast
"Poor guy! You have to "hobble, hobble, hobble"
Thanksgiving, it's to the coop
For the main course, he escapes
Chanting "gobble, gobble, gobble"
You need new shoe soles
It's to the shop- he takes off the old,
Puts on the new-"Cobble, cobble, cobble"
The heel on one shoe is thicker than the other
So you leave the shop
And "wobble, wobble, wobble"
Playing baseball, you pick up a grounder
To throw him out but "bobble, bobble, bobble"
You type in your computer in all lower case
And have to change to all caps
So you "toggle, toggle, toggle"
You go skin diving and want to see
The enormous mammals of the deep
Put on your "goggles, goggles, goggles"
You're given a job to do at work
And do it wrong, don't worry
Next time you won't "boggle, boggle, boggle"
You write a poem and try to think
Of the right word, but it doesn't come
Just use your "noodle, noodle, noodle"
Don't need to "Google, Google, Google"
Or blow your bugle, bugle, bugle
It's not so "futile, futile, futile"
You're always "frugal, frugal, frugal"
When you buy "strudel, strudel, strudel"
The leftovers to the "poodle, poodle, poodle"
This poem just gave you the whole

"Kitten caboodle, boodle, boodle...

Hmm?this is all garbage

I'll give it to the kitty...

Dan Fogelberg's Last Wishes

Going 'As the Raven Flies' is 'The Long Way'
To see my 'Forefathers' 'Bones In The Sky'
I'm not 'Telling You Stories' but 'It's Hard To Say'
When they drive 'The Last Nail', how much 'Longer' 'til I die?

If it's 'Part Of The Plan' please 'Tell Me To My Face'
'All There Is' 'Along The Road' are 'Empty Cages' and 'Ghosts'
Just 'Give Me Some Time'...is the 'Nether Lands' my place?
If not, it is the 'Stars', 'The Morning Sky' I love the most

c aaron

Fast or Slow?

The time goes slow or the time flies by
You're either bored or you're occupied
If you complain "Nothing to do!"
Then read a book or learn Kung Fu

If you're going too fast and need a break
Then say "time out" please for my sake
Watch the second hand move on your watch
Crack your knuckles or play hop-scotch

You don't always need to be out front
So slow down, pull over then stop and grunt
The 'stop' will halt the auto's drama
The grunts decrease your risk of trauma

This life is full of slows and fasts
The secret is to do what lasts
If you always speed the gas runs out
If you crawl you may garble the route

Is there an answer to my dilemma?
The stressed and tense take an enema
If you're tired and bored the answer's easy
Ride a roller-coaster till the stomach's queasy!

c aaron

A Homonymer

A Homonymer

"Since" I left home, I started out on my own
To waste my dollars and "cents" was I prone
I didn't have the good "sense" to be thrifty
But the "scents" of success sounded real nifty

I was never a brass "coarse" fellow
Better yet of "course", was I more mellow
I took an advanced "course"
And joined the Marine "Corps"

I said "Aye" when they called me to attention
But "ay!" It was time for an ascension
My "eye" was set on being a colonel
"I" craved a rank that'd be eternal

Every morn they woke me up at "eight"
Pancakes we almost always "ate"
And I love milk; the things I mostly "hate"...
Are the raisins they snuck onto my plate

"Ere" long they had me in maneuvers
The fresh "air" made me a fast mover
But I did "err" when I let them take the scissors
And cut my "hair" in the middle of the blizzards

c aaron

No Man Is An Island 2

No man is an island located way out in the boonies better spelled No-man's Land
Iceland is the land of ice or the isle of ice
Dryland is land that's not wet
Wetlands are lands that aren't dry
A National Park is Public Land but a land without pubs
Maryland is the Land for just Mary-- the lambs live on the public land
Newfoundland is the land just found, located next to Oldfoundland, last year's discovery
On Oakland the land of oak, do they also grow hay there? If yes, answer 'oak hay 'oak hay'
Ragland the Land of rags has new clothes too
Portland is the Land of ports...what kind? Both harbors and wine.
Does Finland the land of fins has both fish fins and swimming fins?
In Ireland the land of ire not everybody is angry. Those who are, what are they mad at?
The Netherlands are located right below the Highlands.
Poland, the land of poles has both kinds, fishing and vaulting.
Swaziland is the land of Swazis. They keep you warm when you're hunting in New Zealand
Switzerland is the land of Switz's-- Some are mediators and others are neutral and don't get involved
In Thailand or the land of Thais there are two kinds: bow-Thais and neck-Thais
New Zealland (need 2 l's) is the new land of zeal, but some are still apathetic and indifferent.
The Marshall Islands or lands of the marshall also have sheriffs and deputies living there.
The Solomon Islands or lands of Solomon are what are left of their parent David Islands ruins.
Burgenland, Austria is the land of Burgen; they sell Double Burgens there also.
Queensland, Australia is the land of the Queens, but there are some guys living there-- the Jacks & the Kings
Prince Edward Island is the land that belongs to Prince Edward; Princess Sophie often comes to visit.
Greenland the land of new missionaries is located next to Trunkyland the island of old worn-out missionaries.
Rhineland Germany, the land of Rhinos, also has hippos living there.
Scotland is the land of the scots and they have to pay more scots than many other countries
Rhode Island yes, is a land of Roads... millions of 'em.
Somaliland Somalia, the land of Somalis has also some biggies living there
Nagaland India, the land of the Nags also has wives who encourage and praise.

c aaron

Blood and Spirit Merge

They say He was a perfect man...can such a man there be?
Of all who lived upon the earth...this is the One... is He?
His Father lives in heaven's realm--He supplies the immortal seed
His mother raised in His homeland- her seed: the one that bleeds

His immortal spirit and flesh combine, He lived, then died when hewn
His flesh interred, His spirit rose to return to heaven's womb
His mission was not common, for his Father said "return
And reclaim your body left behind"... which was his utmost yearn

He died, was buried because of mom, but then was bid to rise
His Father's power could pull Him back, even though his body dies
A short-time battle then ensued between earth's pull and heavens'
But earth's attraction did not win...His body rose like leaven.

His dough was first assayed, then rose, His need above was greater
The other dough much longer took, its' time to rise was later
The Bread of Life once risen up became man's greatest baker
When His siblings' dough was kneaded here- they rose; He was their Anchor

So men can now themselves raise up, their Master added yeast
They'll first be kneaded, twisted, pressed, then join in heaven's feast
This feast is hosted at the end by the Master and His Father
If you haven't been invited yet, please prepare and take the bother

c aaron

OUTINFRONT

The road I scan with rear-view mirror
A lone wayfarer sneaks up behind
I'm there blocking his advance
My brake lights make him change his mind

In front, the others wait their turn
Humbled that they're not in the lead
I wave "C'mon and pass me by"
My bud in back- he takes first seed!

"Why do they have to be in front?"
A bar ahead begins to fall
The train goes by, the bar lifts up
The others heed his beck and call

We're in a pack now, all together
My bud out front then rubs his eyes
Leading the pack he makes headway
Then red lights stop him by surprise

He just can't seem to stretch the lead
I'm right in back but stay behind
For fifty miles, the cars change seed
We reach the end at the selfsame time!

For drivers old and neophytes
Does 'be out front' mean show up first?
Be safe, take care, and don't stress out
You may not win... but you're not the worst!

c aaron

Verdad a la Cara, Mentira a la Espalda

Sabrás ya mi nombre, sé esto ah, sí
Al hablar a mi cara, contesto: arí
Pero escuché algo que me entristeció
Que detrás de mi espalda un chisme se habló

No estuve ahí para poder explicar...
El asunto. La palabra se logró efectuar
E indefenso, vulnerable fui a tu parecer
La verdad explica todo, si hubiera el querer

--Que otra vez no ocurra-- me quedaría bien
Te doy un truquito para darte sostén:
La cosa primera que te será menester...
Son los colegas y amigos q'decides escoger

Que sean ejemplares, sin querer difamar...
A los amigos, vecinos. Más bien aliviar
A las otras personas, si queréis recibir
Alabanzas, cumplidos y no vergüenza sentir

Ya hagamos un pacto... un acuerdo hacer:
Hablaemos de actos, q' los ojos pueden ver
Si es posible o viable no pensemos en este
Huyamos del rumor como se huye de la peste

c aaron

Emeralds

Eternity for a day would have its emerald;
It's jewels of jade and its fine apparel.
A day without you seems like eternity
Two days without you and I'm in peril

Come with me and I'll buy you diamonds
And gold and silver, and pearls too
I'll load my truck up full with emeralds
We'll live eternally me and you.

You say you don't know me that well?
Well what you see is what you get
But don't forget to look down under:
The deeper down, the better yet

c aaron

Sanctuary Mulch

A man with a green thumb
Prepared his garden in the spring
After a winter that was hard and cold;
What would this summer bring?
His rich palatial garden
Had always lured the neighbors passing
This year would be much better,
The lush and verdure were surpassing...
Any garden he had worked before...
This year he had invested
More time and legal tender...
His reputation was being tested

He'd done the planting and the pruning
But at the end he was the wiser
He'd not yet done the weeding
And his plot lacked fertilizer
A friend, a Japanese man
Had a garden overflowing
With budding bushes, plants and trees-
His garden always glowing
The first's garden was enormous
So he asked his friend's assistance
To prepare the ground and water, spade,
And feed at his insistence

An old sanctuary down the road
Had extra mulch and fertilizer
The man said to his assistant:
"Go down the road and get some mulch"
The old Japanese man said
"What, what you say? Don't hear good"

The man yelled again...

"Sanctuary mulch! Sanctuary mulch!"

The Japanese man with troubled face looked at him

Then said: "Ah-You're welcome, you're welcome!"

c aaron

Greatest Man In History

He had no servants yet they called Him Master
He had no degree yet they called Him Teacher
He had no potions yet He was a Healer
He had no army yet He was a Captain
He had no tools yet He was a Carpenter
He had no medicine yet He was a Healer
There was no mother ewe yet He was the Lamb
There was no tree yet He was the Root, Stem, and Branch
There were no grapes yet He was The True Vine
There was no yeast yet He was the Living Bread
It was daytime yet you could see His Star
He was softhearted yet they called Him the Rock
There was no cement yet he was the Foundation
He wrote no books yet He was an Author
There was no courtroom yet He was a Judge
He won no battles yet He conquered the world
He committed no crime yet they crucified Him
He was the greatest Man in history yet not many know Him
His name was Jesus which means Deliverer and Rescuer
May we all know Him better...

c aaron

Happy Mums Day!

*The rule of thumb
Says you're my mum
You say you can't
Be a cry-sant(h)*

*That's right! You're not
Grown in a pot
But sweet you smell
Pretty as well*

*Years have gone by
What's changed? Oh my!
Nothin's the same
A whole different game*

*A little older
A little bolder
You're much more wise
Much softer eyes*

*You like to kid
'Bout what you did
You love to share
'N you always care*

*We feel so blessed
You gave your best
To all your clan
Each one began*

*Their lives on track
You had a knack*

*A way of giving
A way of living*

*You're an example
And you gave ample
Advice to us
Yes, we could trust*

*Your every word
We felt assured
That-if we complied
We'd all get by*

*See what you've done?
There's more than one
Here of your brood
That gives gratitude*

*For what you gave him
Our home's a haven
Because of you
And a refuge too*

*A big thank you
From one who loves you:
A sprout that's grown
In your very own home*

*Mum, you gave seeds
Pulled out the weeds
So we'd be strong
Taught right from wrong*

*Our time to grow
And then we'll show
That good seeds bloom*

Just give them room

You gave us space

To run the race

Now check the time

We crossed the (finish) line.

c aaron

Birds of a Feather Flock Together

Some musical groups wear matching outfits when they perform.
The Beatles, Dave Clark 5, and the Twists for example.
One other group popular the same time as the Beatles
Wears special costumes made out of suede when they sing.
These Byrds of the Leather Rock Together.

c aaron

EVERLASTING UNION

Some say the latter day is coming
While others say it's e'en now here
While many take away, I'm summing
What little time remains, my dear
I need for fixing faults and plumbing

Each person's life is way too short
One goes through life offending then healing
It all depends on what you take for sport
Oft times the easiest is more appealing
Cheer up and flatter, things of this sort

No person's life is not worth saving
The dear Lord gave us all a chance
The secret is: how we're behaving
Everyone deserves their turn to dance
Let's give all their freedom, not enslaving

Our final hope?... that revered reunion
Where all our family, friends 'n beloved
Will revel in sustained communion
That final meed from Him above
Which ends in everlasting union

c aaron

Nephew's Birthday Bilingual

ENGLISH? Come here without company.

SPANISH? Vente sin Co. (25)

ENGLISH-- He turns upside down...I am

SPANISH-- Vuelve soy (vuelves hoy)

ENGLISH? District of Columbia... owners

SPANISH-- D.C. amos (deseamos)

ENGLISH? 11th letter of alphabet...number...petrol

SPANISH? Que(k) ten(10)-gas

ENGLISH-- One

SPANISH? Un

ENGLISH? Faith...iris

SPANISH? Fé?lis

ENGLISH? I gave--- 1st letter of alphabet

SPANISH? Dí-a

Veinte cinco vuelves hoy. Deseamos que tengas un feliz día.

I Don?t Know Y

In grammar school
They teach you the basics
Your numbers and your A-B-C's
The numbers? I know all of the numbers
But the letters? I only know twenty-five
A, B, C, D, E are friends
F, G, H, I, J are friends
K, L, M, N, O are friends
P, Q, R, S, T are friends
U, V, W, X, Z are friends
But why only 25?
I don't know Y