

Anthology of Ian Primmer

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

This book is dedicated to all who have shaped the person that I am today, and the person I strive to be, and will hopefully someday become. My grandparents Bud and Dina who were so loving and kind, who shared a life full of love and support to one another providing the best possible example of what a role model should and can be. To my parents who were tough on me during my adolescence when they needed to be, and provided a youthful life that only a child could dream of having, and are always there to reel me back in when I've lost my way. To my in-laws Jim and Lauri who have cared so much for my family and always stood by us through thick and thin. To the legendary and late Tom Petty for providing a smooth soundtrack to life of which there is not a single memory without a steady and meaningful Tom Petty track, that taught me to never back down and overcome life's challenges. To Kristin, Terry, Scott, Rachel and Rob who were friends when we felt we had none. This book is also dedicated to everyone who has ever told me that I can't do something or that I would never amount to anything, and been disgusted by my existence in this world, and I thank them for making me realize that you can't always change a person's opinion of you, and that life must go on and to be kind despite hate and indecency thus learning humility, becoming stronger by not letting the hateful things you say become bothersome, and that there is still a life worth living and love you for who you are anyway.

Acknowledgement

I want to thank my wife April, and our friends who have supported writing.

About the author

Compassion for humanity, is the intended purpose behind my writing, my name is Ian Primmer. I live in rural America. I love my friends and neighbors. In my eyes, we are America! And in America, if we do something great we ought to be commended for those achievements, and if we say or do something dumb, we ought to be held accountable for those actions as well. I am thirty eight (38) years old and I am from the Pacific Northwest (Port Orchard more specifically).

summary

"Don't call him names"

Fateful Day

He's smarter than you

"My Forever"

Ruby Ridge

"Tom Petty"

"Don't call him names"

Please don't stare, and please don't glare,
all he wants is to just fit in,
A little boy, brought into this world, he wants to enjoy life with the other boys and girls,
He tries so hard, he wants to play, but everyone always pushes away,
They always laugh, he always cries, there is no reason to wonder why,
From anger to sadness, helplessness sets in,
Is it bad enough, that he cant participate, feel or share in your existence?
What would cause this, he's not even different?
They are cruel and mean, heartless at best,
A little boy shouldn't feel this stressed,
It's hard to breathe, he feels so ashamed, the least you could do, Don't call him names.

Fateful Day

A beautiful day between the railroad tracks, light glimmering and shining throughout the cab, I see eagles flying and deer hopping from left to right, Conductors laughing and joking his future is bright, what a beautiful day to simply move freight, I pull the throttle all the way back clear to run 8, approaching 50 MPH how could I know her fate?

This just can't be, trouble ahead in the distance, sun piercing metal in my eyes, is it kids just goofing around again? Is it maintenance work up ahead? if I don't plug it now what's ahead could be dead, another quick look to examine, what this all could be, suddenly my stomach tied full of knots notifies me.

There's something ahead, out of the usual, I grab the automatic air brake in an effort to drop, speed drops slowly but it's so hard to stop, 18, 935 tons, pressure wheels of locomotives, pushing us further and faster into what lies ahead, steel on steel are bunching slack, as we approach a dark green minivan with kids in the back, I blow the horn loudly frantically screaming -- move off the tracks! It's clear she can't hear or see me,

It hurts, it sucks, I don't know what to do, the train pushing me harder and faster right in to you, all the brakes applied, with the ditch lights on bright, have I missed a step? Is there more I can do?

All handles are pushed forward, helplessly hoping and praying that we don't hit you, the power inching closer, I watch the speed, 24 MPH is not slow enough for me,

I can smell the brake shoes I've given all we've got, what's taking seconds feels like an eternity, every breath inside of me hopes you will still move, inching closer and closer right in to you,

I close my eyes I can't bear to see, I hear the sound of crushing metal and it tortures me, the power still moving, our windshield is cracked, I'd give anything to take this all back, had one thing changed, or a change in the schedule maybe this wouldn't have happened...

The train finally stops, I glance at my conductor, no longer joking with no story to tell, wondering what's happened in a living hell, we are scared to de-board and find what we'll see, but we know we need to hurry to see if we can help, we call emergency services, and run many cars back, a bloody mess all over the railroad tracks, no movement not a sound, a frightful sight for eyes to see, a horrible experience forever changing me.

He?s smarter than you

You have the money, the power, the American Dream, but he's smarter than you,
you can wield fire and fury with the might of your words and people will listen -- but he's smarter
than you,

you have the power to fire, you have a team, but he's smarter than you,
procedures employed, in the event that you strike, we're on to you.

You hold higher office, 2 scoops for you, but surely you know he's smarter than you.
To rid him you'll try, and maybe you might, whether wrong or right, we know that you'll try,

you wave your fist, you slam, you bite, fake news and doom with all you're might,
at the end of the day, you'll tire from anger, sweat, falter, fail, you're now in danger,
to you by now he is no stranger, your fueled by hate with all your anger,

you've nowhere to run, it's just an excuse and surely you know that he's smarter than you.

Authored by: Ian Primmer

"My Forever"

I knew from the moment that I first saw you, life alone would be more than two, home again and fractured no more, two sets of foot prints along the shore, I yearn no longer, with your breath on my face, a lifetime ahead that's full of grace, there is no telling what the future will hold, as we walk together through fields of gold, our hearts ring true, are rich in lathered, in front of the priest, we both gathered, among family and friends, never to forget, riding off together under the sunset, with many years to come, our future is bright, real love alone never felt so right, your beautiful, your smart, I could long for no other, an amazing wife and incredible mother, I cherish every moment, and every new day, a love so strong that could never tear away, and on this journey, our sweet endeavor, to me, you'll always be ? MY forever.

Ruby Ridge

There's a fine line between government and privacy, the kind of line that destroys a society, a bullet a day, takes everything away, a fight for freedom that digs our grave, unnecessary no less, with bullets to the chest, an embarrassed agency refuses to rest, we are safe in our homes, at least so we're told, while trespassing for nothing, makes a move that's so bold, the loud flash bang, and the warmth from her blood, it took her a moment to realize what it was, a mother who's past with a brother less blast, it happened so quick, just way to fast, we thought we could live with peace to ourselves, it's them who've made this all about themselves, not a nickel a day, can bring back nor take away, we all would give anything not to re-live this day, not a flick nor flinch, no smile, not a gap to bridge, only a remembrance of life on the Ridge.

\\"Tom Petty\\"

A lover of life, a "rolling stone", a man who wrote with passion alone, your words hold tight in remembrance of you, on days of sadness they pull me through,

you changed and affected, many generations, we watched you shine through all your creations, there's a song for every memory, and turn in the road, when working away, your songs brought us home, they taught us to love, and taught us to fight, how to keep movin' on from dawn to night,

you taught us sometimes, that even a loser could win, and living a happy life is not a sin, to see that girl that's living in the shadows, and how to forget about her when she leaves and breaks your heart, to keep movin' on and create a new start,

you taught us to fly, though we've got no wings, steadily strumming those guitar strings, and to take it easy, though fret we may, you planted the vision deep in our minds, about some Indiana town on an Indiana night, deep in the city, and hard country livin,'

you showed us how to live and stand our ground, even when the man tried to bring you down, you smoked a thought, lived a dream, and kept us moving forward whenever you'd sing,

your words will forever, live deep in our soul, as the true genius of "Rock and Roll," you'll always be loved, even though you've past, for the life lessons you sang will forever last,

we know your smiling and shining down, rocking God's angels way up in the clouds, the music you shared, made us rough and ready, forever remembering the Great Tom Petty.