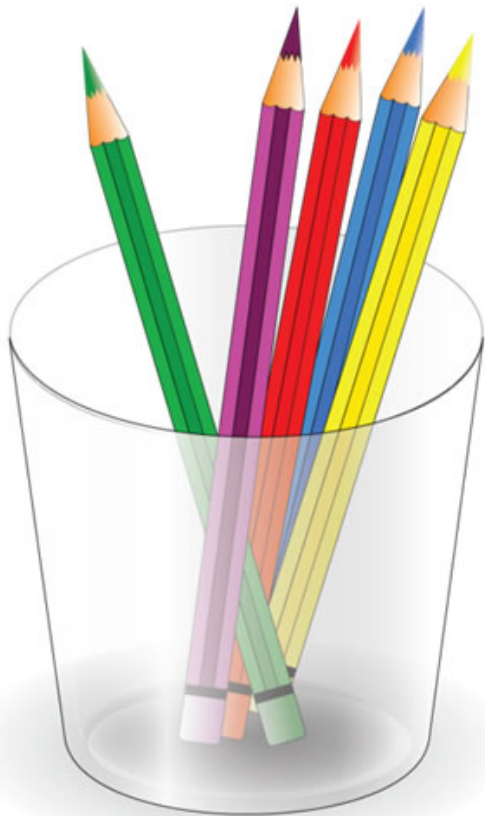


Anthology of The elder poet



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

To all my family . I want them to remember my work.

Acknowledgement

Posting poetry that I hope everyone will enjoy reading.

About the author

I am now seventy three years old . I've Been married 43 years. I have three sons and three grandchildren. I am retired after working fiftythree years. seventeen years at three differnt nuclear plants. The other years in several differnt kinds of jobs.I'm living with my wife in Texas.I enjoy riding motorcycles. I love to write ,I love to read. Westerns of any kind . I also like to draw.

summary

Little hands

He sat and told a story

No special place to go.

All these things I give to you.

The dream store.

THANK GOD FOR DREAMS.

DREAMS ARE FREE .

SHE COMES TO ME.

TOWERS OF FAITH .

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THE WRITER.

tears will fall.

A LIFE TIME.

GOING AWAY FOR A WHILE.

I'M THE ONE I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR.

the hardest thing to do isn't dying.

Little hands

Little hands that reach to touch you.
Little hands that hold you tight.
Little head upon the pillow
As he lays sleeping every night.

Little eyes that look for knowlege.
And a smile that lights the room.
Playing with his little cars .
As he pushes they go zoom.

He grows an inch a month now.
But he really isn't tall.
We keep track of all the inches.
With a mark upon the wall.

He walks with me beside him.
His steps are really slow.
Compared to mine their tiny.
In the dust the prints they show.

At two years old a genius.
For the child is really smart.
No prejudice will you find here .
From grandma's loving heart.

He sat and told a story

He sat and told a story. Of a couple they once knew.
A loving ,Caring story . Of two children , Me and you.
As he sat there beside her. A smile upon her face.
She ask for him to read it. Then tears streamed down her face.

He knows the woman sitting there. At times she goes away.
Her mind not with her anymore. Her body has to stay.
She's in and out of our world . It's not her choice you know .
One day she sits here with me. Sometimes she has to go.

I miss her in her travels. She treks the path alone.
I pray to God she hurries. And the path she takes leads home.
I hold her hands to warm them . Sometimes I brush her hair.
The kids just brought you flowers. Hugs and kisses they did share.

You use to work the garden . Pretty flowers you have grown .
We wandered in the evenings there .When our house was more a home.
When you come out of darkness . I'll be sitting here with you.
Telling you the stories. Showing pictures that are new.
When God decides to take you .If I'm not first in line.
Wait for me at heavens gate . I'll be along in time.

No special place to go.

The old man walked down the dusty road.
Kicking stones. Age on him showed .
Thoughts from the past come from time to time .
A small child playing. Laughter,Crying .
Having mother hold you close .
Is one thing that I miss the most .
Father teaching what he knew .
Trying to show me right and true .
When older off to school he went .
With lunch bag , Books and pennies spent .
To learn of life . And how to live .
Telling you of kindness give .
Later on he chose to wed .
Love of your life you took to bed .
Our life was filled with milk and honey .
Lots of love . But not much money .
Blessed we were with children soon .
Toddlers crawling around the room .
I try to teach as father did .
Things that I heard and things that he said .
With children grown and moved away .
Me and my wife make best the day .
These times for us has brought us close .
That's what I think I like the most .
I take a trip down dusty roads .
A lot of them . My worn shoes showed .
But years gone by and thought run fast .
I hope to keep them till the last .
This road of life will take me home .
No longer will I have to roam .
I'll soon be able to hold mother dear .
Close to me forever near .

All these things I give to you.

The day fades away . Now darkness falls .
I hear you walking down lonely halls .
Come to me I'm waiting here .All I want is to have you near .
With wanting kisses and love so true . All these things I give to you .

Lay upon my silken sheets. Discard your robe . Drops at your feet.
Lay thee down and close your eye's . You don't have to fantasize .
Soft hands touching hidden places . I smell your perfume . Hidden traces .
You tremble as I wander down . Excitement here . No fear is found .

Touching places only I have found . The silky softness of your womans mound .
Reaching heights we've never reached . Tossing turning in these sheets .
We both are spent .We're out of breath . Something short of reaching death .

As a girl you came within these walls . No longer walking lonely halls .
A woman now to be admired. The flame within our hearts is fired .
Thank you much for sharing slumber. Warmth and kiss too much to number .

The dream store.

**While walking down the broken path .
Concrete old and full of cracks .
I see a sign above the door .
You get the dreams that you pay for .**

**From bloodshot eye's and snarled grin ,
The book he opened . Said look within .
The dream you wish should be right there .
You pick the page . He brushed his hair .**

**Would you buy a dream of mother's breath ?
As she laid you down to rest .
Would you buy a dream of lady fair ?
Where she had not a thing to wear .**

**Would you buy a dream of youth and lust ?
Or maby of a friend you trust .
Riches that you never had .
Or a dream of when your dad got mad .**

**Pay me for the dreams you want .
Pay me now so they so those won't haunt .
A nightmare is your life it seems .
You try so hard to stop the screams.**

**Your sleep it takes the world away .
Per chance you think the dreames will stay .
The day it wakes . From sweet dream slumber .
Where is that store . I forgot the number .**

THANK GOD FOR DREAMS.

I awoke this morning and said thank God .
Why ? Because she came to me last night.
Bringing youth back to a soul that had aged many years.
Her youthful features had never changed .

I caressed her face. So very soft to my touch .
Running my fingers through her silky hair .
Naked to me and to the world . A world of dreams.
I ran my hand down the length of her back .

Down to the tender mounds of her hips .
Kissing her sweet lips . And saying I'm sorry ,
For not giving her the life she wanted.
Our worlds were already made. Mine could not be changed.

So sorry for not giving myself to you . The way I wanted to.
Obligations that made my life what it was.
But never forgetting the look in your eye's when you looked at me.
For love was within them. Words were said.

Loving, Caring, Forever and a day,
I woke up this morning God .
Thank you for letting me have this dream.
For bringing her back to me even for an instant .

I look forward to sleep now .Maybe she will return .
I sure wish she would.

DREAMS ARE FREE .

*Dreams are free for those that want them .
Dreams are there for you and me .
Close your eye's and think of someone .
Something ,or a place to be .
Travel lands you've never been to .
Have all the riches you can see .
Love the one you've always wanted .
Close your eye's and you will see .
Dream away your times of sadness,.
Dream away your meanest foe .
Dream away your life of labor .
Dream of places you can go .
Above the clouds . Beneath the ocean .
To warm islands or drifting snow .
In your bed you can be dreaming .
Night time passes too fast we know .*

SHE COMES TO ME.

She comes to me when I'm alone .
Her memories here it's never gone .
Pretty girl in blue jeans .Halter top and mood rings .
She was my first love . But not my last love .
But you are the only love that keeps coming back to me.
You have a smile that could melt my heart .
For some reaason we had to part .
But whenever you come to me .
You're in the skirt above the knee .
White blouse that you loved to wear .
Running fingers through your long red hair .
I'm so glad you come to me .
Even in a memory . For when you come for just a while .
You're always sure to bring a smile.

TOWERS OF FAITH .

From the dust and the smoke of the towers that fell.
From the metal and concrete . It all looks like hell .
Death and destruction for our country to see .
Brings forth the pride and the faith of the American free.
These Jackel's that did it . Were right on their heels .
The people that did it . We won't cut no deals .
The wounded and dead , Their so hard to number .
The countries in awe. The feelings are somber .
It's easy to hate .The feelings won't linger.
No repercussions till we point the finger .
Our freedoms are strong . Our spirits are high.
Don't do it again. Don't ever try .
The price that they paid . There's no way to repay it.
Too late for your sorries . There's no way you can say it.
You've messed with our families . Too many lives have been touched .
You have given us reason to hate you with lust .
We've joined God and country. The way it should be .
God bless America and the American free.

LOVE OR LUST

*As sun shines down on roof's of tin.
The world shown clean of lust and sin.
Just love of life for you and me .
I just kiss you above the knee .*

*Caress the tips of fragile mounds.
And touch your world of softest down.
Remove the cloth from skin so soft .
Remove the thoughts of being caught.*

*Electric seems to touch your hand .
As you touch me . Man in hand .
Excitement that we might be seen.
Upon this field of grass so green'*

*The tree's hang down with leaves still blowing.
An act of graceful movement showing.
The blanket that we lay upon.
It is our world where nothing's wrong.*

LOST LOVE ..

I miss the love of years ago .
Her admiration doesn't show .
The knight in armor that I was .
The man she promised God she'd love.
Arm in arm we traded rings.
We shared our love , Our life and things.
The years have gone from one to many .
Her love for me she hasn't any .
Living together, But grown apart.
Just a shell without a heart .
No kisses , Hugs or smooth caresses.
No holding hands, No pretty dresses.
What have I done to fall from grace ?
What am I doing in this empty place ?

DOORS .

I've been through doors that made me happy .

I've gone through doors that made me sad .

Behind doors it did excite m .

Behind doors I've cried .

Behind doors I saw my father .

As he lay so still when dead .

Behind doors I felt the sorrow .

As I lay upon his bed .

Too late to say I'm sorry .

The words for him or I to say .

We stood by what we thought was right .

I stand by it every day .

His door to life is closed now.

But his memory is always there .

His leaving wasn't his choice .

It really wasn't fair .

I still talk to my father .

No better one could I find .

Because he's not here in person .

He is always in my mind.

IT'S A SMALL WORLD.

**This world is not so great that we can't share the warmth of the same sun .
Or there be a distance so great that we can't view the same moon .
As well as wish on the same stars .
Do you really think we are so far apart?**

THE PAST.

The past is home for me these days .
My mind goes there and wants to stay .
The places I've gone . The places I've been.
Miles and miles that never end.

The loves I've lost . The few I did win.
My heart goes out to all of them .
I shed a tear for loves long gone .
Our chosen heart felt lovers song.

To hold a hand . To have one care .
To look at me and want me there .
I lay at night between sleep and waking.
Thinking of the loves . My heart is breaking .

The darkness comes. The day is fading .
Into the past I will be staying.

NOT WANTING TIME.

Seconds , Minutes ,Hours attack my body .
But I come back for more .
Weeks ,months , Years go through my mind .
Losing memories . As well as losing friends that have gone before me .

I write down thoughts that I don't ever want to forget .
On pieces of paper that are now a back up for my memory .
Not forgotten yet .But a fear that one day I will.

Things appearing to these eye's when first seen .
Were not what they were thought to be .
The mind see's before the eye's do .
I never knew this till age showed me .

Dreams of life ,Loves ,Living . Working for the longest time.
Never seeming to stop . Till broken down . So tired and sore .
Even in the dreams I seem to never stop . And I wake up tired .
Gray shows upon this head . Both long and curly it use to be .

Youth was ever so grand .I wish I had it back .
But never will it show it's head again .
Never in my lifetime . But maybe in the nex't . I sure hope so .
So send the time against me . I'll not lay down .
But march to the end . Till life begins again .

I CAN.

I can love you . I can hate you .
I can hold you till the end.
I can see you when you're not there .
I read letters you don't send.

I can open up my heart to you.
I can offer you my soul.
I can hold onto the feelings .
Be them warm or be them cold .

I reach toward an outstretched hand .
Or is it really there ?
I reach out toward a loved one .
I know that you still care .

I can still smell the perfume .
That you wore behind your ear .
I can feel the dampness on my chest.
As from you comes a tear .

I wish you back in person .
Not only in my mind .
A love like yours is finest .
When that love of yours is mine.

HOME.

I left there a lot younger or so it seemed to me.
Just a young man in my thirties.
Two boys , My wife and me.

So many miles away from home.
So many years gone by.
At the time it seemed we had to leave .
Something new we had to try.

The phone it keeps the voice alive and wakes the memory.
It puts a face or time into your mind .
It makes you want more to see.

A letter from a loved one . Just can not be the same .
Letters on a paper .It could be just anything.
You need an arm around you .A shoulder to lean on.
An ear that's there to listen to when problems when they go wrong.

The words " Come back and see us " Don't you stay gone too long .
We'll leave the light on for you . Whenever you come home.

TIMES A WASTING.

You sit there and you watch it go.
When young . It seemed to go to slow .
A lot of it was spent on play .
The darkness came and took the day .

To lay at night and watch the stars .
And hear the sound of distant cars .
A kiss from mom. A hug from dad .
To close my eye's it made me sad .

I'm older now . I understand .
You can't win this race . It's out of hand .
No holding back . No slowing down .
It just speeds up by leaps and bounds .

You can't see it as it passes by.
I don't care how hard you try .
It catches up . It's always there .
Right on your heels . There's none to share .

These hands you watch are never stopping .
Seconds, minutes . Hours dropping .
You can lose it . You can find it .
You can never get enough of it.
All because of time.

PASSION AND THE WINE.

**As she lays here beside me.
Her hair is slightly mused .
Ruby lips that pout before me
I know are full of lust.**

**Inviting me to join her .
In her passion and her wine.
She tries hard to excite me.
She can do it every time.**

**So soft and tender to my fingers .
Hidden pleasures that I find.
Life goes on around us .
To this world we might seem blind.**

**No sense of time invades us .
Only climax brings an end.
Not wanting to with draw from her.
My lover and my friend.**

SHE IS ALWAYS'S THERE .

She covers me like a breath from the ocean.
A love that has lasted through out the years .
Seldom touching, Only wanting . And expressing.
Sharing the laughter. Only this was hiding all the tears .

A chance to hold her close to me .
Just to touch her warmth of flesh with mine.
I held her once or twice too closely.
Sharing kisses and caresses for a time.

So many years have passed now for these lovers .
When at first sight it began.
An angels smile that caught me off guard.
And the twinkle of her eye's . They did demand .

She's still an angel in my mind to this day .
Though these days we may have seemed to change.
My love for her is there forever.
Forever and a day. Still.

AGE.

I know not what I wanted in life.
As a young man long ago.
It seems to be a lifetime.
As on my face it seems to show.

No longer wet behind the ears .
But now white upon my head .
These knowing eye's look at you .
From a face that's not yet dead.

Listen to my words .
As they come a little slower.
For wisdom is within them.
I offer you my shoulder.

LETTERS FROM THE HEART

The words flow onto paper.
From the heart of this old sender.
Like drops of dew . These words for you .
Until your loves surrendered .

Like a pixie in a fairy tale.
Your turned up nose a dimple.
And in your eye's I know that I .
Can always see a twinkle.

A form so slim . So you might hide .
And laugh at me for looking.
A smile so sweet that I might see .
The thoughts you might be cooking

To hold your hand . To have you near.
Caress your skin and hold you dear.
You dance around with such delight.
Stand on your toes . Oh what a sight.

I know you're there for me to love.
One of the angels from above .
Put on this earth to make it bright.
I hope I dream of you tonight.

WANTING.

I see her . Wanting to embrace.

To hold. Wanting to melt into her arms.

To touch lips. Wanting to breath life into each other.

To feel . Wanting to run fingers through her hair.

To caress . Wanting to feel the softness of your skin.

To find . To find the hidden places that make you moan.

To massage . Wanting to oil every space. Every beautiful part of you.

To climax. Wanting to reach the highest point . For you as well as me.

Wanting . To lay with you . Fulfilled.Exhausted into your arms. Thank you.

THE WRITER.

They say a writer write so well .
When times are really sad.
It seems the reason for it .
Is because he is so sad.

Riches lost. Or a love is gone.
Or the passing of a friend.
Of songs once heard. Or hands once held.
Or returning of a ring.

Or lips that never touched .
Or lovers never gone too far.
Or never gone at all.
Like children walking for the first time .

You know that they must fall.
I'm not one such writer. But I try to do it well.
I try to live my life each day as though it wasn't hell.

tears will fall.

When as a child you stubbed your toe.
With no one there for you to show.
When darkness came and too the day.
To bed you went and there you lay'

You think of times that you were sad.
You think of times that you were mad.
Your feelings hid behind a wall.
You knew in time the tears would fall.

In youth to school you went with smiles.
The work was hard but you did the trails.
A bully came to ruin the day.
You took the hits. Then he went away.

A young girl next you seemed to meet.
Blue eye's and a smile so sweet.
But feelings that you had to give .
They were not shared . Her life she lived .

As grown up now you seemed to be .
You tried so very hard to please.
You did the best to makee the day.
You try so hard to smile away.

You work until you're broken down.
You come home each day. Don't show a frown.
The years catch up . While life you're living.
You make the pay . But alway's giving.

You hope one day to sit and rest.
In life you tried your very best.
No gold watch or thanks for years .

No party or from your friends came cheers.

**You knew in thie there would be tears
Age has caught you and on you it shows.
So many friends that you've seen go.
Gray hair and balding . Your sight gone too.**

**But still you are working. So true blue.
I lay me down and I seek rest .
Again I say I did my best.
It does no good to hide behind the wall.
I don't care of tears do fall.**

A LIFE TIME.

As I look into the sky so blue .The clouds they float high above me.
Rays of sunshine penetrate . To touch lightly upon the earth.
I lay on my blanket of green grass and look up and wonder.
In what life line am I in ? I know not in the beginning .
But am I in the middle of time or closer to the end?
Our life as we know it is so short. Fifty, seventy, or ninety years .
Just a speck of time in this world that has seen so many things of splendor'
But has also seen lives start and end. A world that has seen Gods and wars.
A world that has seen men on the moon. Seeking new planets to survey.
What will the nex't two thousand years bring?
New cures for the ill ? Help for the homeless?
A new world where we don't have throw away children.
Life should be the most valuable thing in this world.
Because it puts you into this world and only time can take it away.
Enjoy the sky so blue. Wonder what is above each cloud.
But wonder . Alway's wonder about the world we live in.
Treasure each moment . Hold tight to every friend .
Because a good friend is so hard to find.
True loves need only to be found once. For they are for a lifetime.
And a lifetime is never what we think it to be.
We don't really want to know what a life time is . Now do we?

GOING AWAY FOR A WHILE.

Going away for a while . I've posted my all .
But I'll be checking back in . In no time at all.
I'll keep up with your posts whenever I can.
I can't post my stories so I have to scam.
Thank you so much for liking and faving .
The memories I will be saving .
You all have a great day . I'll see you another day.

I'M THE ONE I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR.

As a child I looked for love .
From my mother and my dad.
When siblings came along .
No longer favorite. I felt sad.
In later years I learned to love .
My family as a whole.
We played our games
And called each names .
But it was all in fun.
I looked for freedom as a teen.
Tied to home it always seemed.
I looked at girls and some looked back.
A whole new world of love in fact.
A world out there I've never seen.
Only in the books and on the screen.
With bag in hand I reach the door.
A whole new world I'm looking for .
It's not all I thought it to be.
No milk and honey or being free.
I look for rest .A chance to slumber .
I look for dreams . One's I remember .
Through life I've looked for many things .
And most I've found are pretty things.
I've found years of work. And pain there too.
No dreams of mine never seemed to come true.
In old age I looked around this world .
Finally finding what I need to see .
The thing I found was only me.

the hardest thing to do isn't dying.

The hardest thing to do isn't dying.
It's living . Trying so hard every day to make life better.
Doesn't always work.Losing the one's you love is hard.
Saying good bye to the people in your life.
The one's that had your back.

The one's that you could talk to about anything.
The one that always made you feel good.
The hardest part isn't dying.
It's having to watch that person . That loved one.
Go through the pain . The look in their eyes .

Knowing that their time is short .But not so short as to ease their pain .
Oh . You think they are going to a better place .
That's crap. Something to make you feel better
But they are gone . Never to say the words you want to hear .
Hey there brother .I miss ya . Lets's go out for a while.

I lost my older brother to cancer . It's been several years now .
But I look at his pictures and I see the pain.
Me a thousand miles away. Not being there for him.
Not going to his funeral . Why ? Because I didn't want to remember him .
The way I saw him last . Withered away to nothing.

Hurt in his eye's . Now hurt in mine. And in my heart.
For the greatest brother I could ever had.
Jim . I love you . And I miss you. You will always be with me .
In my mind and most of all in my heart . Rest in peace.