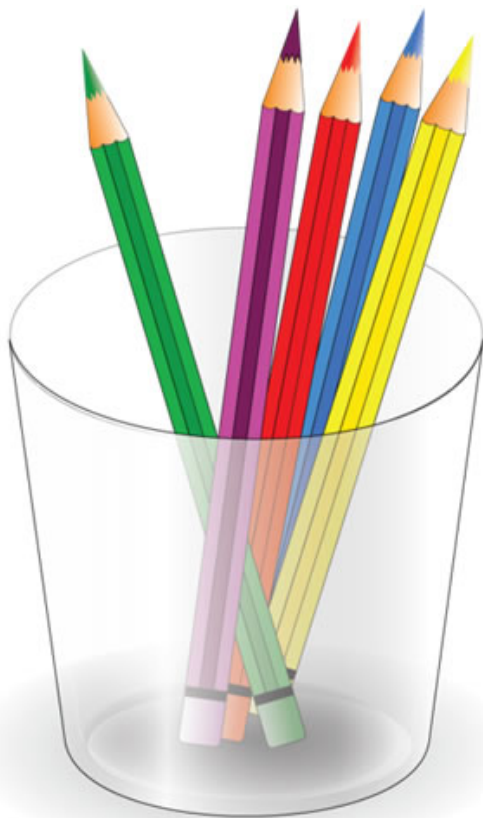


Twisted & Heartfelt

Tom Entrican



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To all the sad clowns with a broken heart.

About the author

A lover of rhyme and humor, sadness and tears,
and Jesus in the middle. Retired armature musician,
and someone who thinks he has a sens of humor.
His kids tell him "NO".

summary

Be Empty Once Again

Ode to Coffee

Throw it away

Put It Down

Time At Play

No One Should Know

What if I Don't

A Child With No Home

?Some Pieces Are Gone?

To Live All Alone

No One Noticed

Where Emptiness Lives

When the Word Is Broken

Please Shut Up

It Is Easy To Think

A Big Bit Of Fun

"The Marbles"

The Dad I Never Knew

Time Has Gone

I Miss Me

Will I Remember

Invisible

There Is No Fee

How I Feel

I Just Do Not Care

Companions For Never

The Darkened Heart

Heart That Never Blooms

Taste the Soup

Rulers

When My Heart Hurts

\\\"Bad Voices\\\"

Death Of An Ego

Who Sees Me

?The One Who Fell Too Far?

"Mothers Who Dare"

Fix It

Sad Spirit

Where I Have Been

The Throne

My Heart

Got it out for me

?Drawn From My Pain?

That's a Dad

The Voices They Hear

?When The Door Is Open?

Cuckoo Nutso

The Lowly Spirit

The Train

Goat

"Taste the Alone"

The ill wind blows

The Art of Alone

Failing Dreams

The Long Walk Home

Complaints Department

The End of His Days

Be Empty Once Again

"Be Empty Once Again"

(Tom Entrican-04/05/2022)

The child that I saw yesteryear, the tears upon his face
Could that crying child be me from memories erased?
Could it have been a friend to whom a tragedy ensued?
Or just a dream that frightened me, no memory subdued

Should I recall the sorrow from all that I have seen?
Project it there for all to see on life's big movie screen
Should I remember everything to never throw away?
Or is there something I can do to be empty once again?

Sometimes pain is remembered so we learn not to touch
Reminding us to leave alone the things that hurt too much
To guide us on a path that steers us far from all the bad
And lead us to a safer place while holding Fathers hand

All the pain that follows me and haunts my every dream
Passing there before my eyes until I want to scream
And wake up praying for relief, Lord please tell me when
Erase it all in one felled swoop, that I can be empty once again

The babies cry in hunger when comfort is so rare
Must it be so often that the people just don't care?
And must my eyes behold it all what difference could it make?
Like I'm the one ingredient that makes the bread a cake

Would it really matter if I was the only one?
Who did not have to see what awful things that are done?
Is it unfair for me to ask to never feel the pain?
Or ask you to erase it all, oh to be empty once again

I know of all the promises and glory yet to come
While witnessing the rubble in the hearts of everyone
Remembering each little cut that bleeds into my mind
And yet I know that this will heal in its proper time

To sleep in peace one hundred years oh that would be a joy
Remember not one single thing, all of it destroyed
I keep my faith and hope for when He wipes the pain away
And filled with only happiness, never empty again.

Ode to Coffee

"Ode to Coffee"

(Tommy Entrican, 05/09/22)

Oh how I love that magic bean
That cures my early morning lean
It wakes me up and makes it seem
Like I am almost a human being

The warm and fuzzy in my cup
Makes sure my brain does not blow up
And helps me get off of my butt
Takes my downs and makes them ups

I do not like that slimy cream
And sugar only makes me scream
Never doctor with your schemes
Make it black and make it stream

If there's no coffee to be found
Just lay me there onto the ground
Lay the dirt 'ore me around
To coffee heaven I am bound

For coffee I would give my all
Give me the pot or I will bawl
From when I wake until I crawl
To bed and dream of COFFEE!

Throw it away

Throw it away

(Tom Entrican ? 05/26/22)

Once you have read it from cover to cover
And it collects dust every day
Like chipped nick-knacks that lay on a shelf
You simply must throw it away

It does not matter the memories they glean
Or how much you want them to stay
You have to remove it, and not make a scene
With sadness you throw it away

Like teeth so old that you cannot chew
Or things that you wish you could say
There really is nothing at all you can do
No choice you must throw it away

A friendship gone bad, or dreams long since lost
Or a pain that just wants to stay
No one takes the time to think of the cost
They just tend to throw it away

This is the mantra that many do share
Who have no real interest to stay
Tearing down worlds with no sense of care
In the end they all throw it away

Love does not last, and hopeless at best
Still many are willing to play
Despite all the risks of the pain and distress
Even after you throw it away

When all is gone, you can no longer cry
Like a desert that is begging for rain
You look at your heart all shriveled and dry
Because someone has thrown it away

Put It Down

Put It Down

(Tom Entrican 05-28-22)

Clinging to things that do not love
These things that hold us back
Until they fit us like a glove
And cause the soul to crack

Things that make us hate so much
No one needs that around
Our hearts so toxic to the touch
But we won't put it down

We see the anger and the harm
From all the things we do
Yet we ignore all the alarms
And then the payments due

We put on smiles, pretend to care
And burn it to the ground
It does not seem we have a prayer
Still we won't put it down

When all are lost, kids moms and dads
There is no one left to plea
And nothing here except the sad
Not one left to grieve

Before this world just fades away
And every one has drown
Maybe we should stop and say
It is time we put it down

Time At Play

Time At Play

(Tom Entrican, 06/01/2022)

The paint peels on a picket fence
In time it flakes away
Just when you think it all makes sense
Your feet have turned to clay

Time does not slow that we catch up
The tick's just tock the doom
Of all that has to turn to dust
And point us towards the tomb

For all things go the way they came
Returning to the ground
When time tolls it is all the same
We go where we are bound

Time is the master of the end
So the color has to fade
It will not be a faithful friend
And never takes in trade

It does not matter, height or make
As beauty must decay
Like rotted wood or hardened cakes
Oh, time will have its way

Time is never lost or found
Nor listens to our plea
So enjoy it while you're still around
And that my friends is the key

No One Should Know

No One Should Know (Tom Entrican)

In this tiny vault that I call my mind
I've hidden such thoughts no one should find
The fun and the horror all stirred in the mix
Complete utter chaos the wisest can't fix

Don't try to invade it you will not survive
These things are to ghoulish for your naked eye
If you should endeavor to find your way there
The sheer sight of madness would cause you despair

My thoughts so corrosive, I would not advise
To seek out these thoughts is quite unwise
Should I ever fall and my skull it should split
My escaping thoughts may cause your heart to quit

Do not ever try to look deep in my eyes
You will only see putrid things covered with flies
These ideas that I have cause the cobra to coil
Just one little peek would make your blood boil

Should you still insist to see what is inside
First make sure your children have run off to hide
Take hold of the horrible things that I write
And enjoy all the nightmares that you'll have tonight

What if I Don't

"What If I Don't"

(Tom Entrican, 7/19/22)

I believe all of the promises and grateful as I am
I often wonder if they come to everyone like me
Will it still be there for one who doesn't give a damn?
And tries to hide his face from the One who let him be

When someone is so broken that their mind is never right
No matter how loud his screams or prayers he evokes
And sits alone there in the dark in tears most every night
And never feels he has a right, what if I don't?

The promises are there for all but sometimes he is weak
And loses faith in himself, does he deserve at all
He wonders if the One he loves is listening when he speaks
Can He even see the man who's broken from his fall?

If he thinks he can climb no more, so weary and afraid
No longer has control of all the happiness and hope
Who feels that he's done nothing right, the price yet to be paid
Can he still claim his sanity, well what if I don't?

Does comfort ever come to him who sits alone and cries?
Can he put together now what has so long been lost?
Would it even matter if he just gives up and dies?
For just a moment seeking peace whatever be the cost

Still in prayer relinquishing what little will is left
And in that hope of seeing Him no matter how remote
Knowing that his Lord wants for him that which is best
Knowing where he'll go some day, but what if I don't?

A Child With No Home

"A Child With No Home"

(T Entrican 7-15-22)

I saw him one day he was wasting away
Trying hard to stay out of the cold
A look of despair and nowhere to stay
And so many times bought and sold

What has gone wrong for someone so young?
Oh who could have left him alone?
What sort of sins to him could belong?
That would make him a child with no home

Maybe something about him his dad did not like
Did his poor mother just pass away?
What is wrong with a world that loses sight?
That allows a young child to decay

Does not anyone see who preys on this one?
This once innocent who now roams
As he waits for the day when he dies too young
In oppression this child with no home

Forever he bears the scars as they grow
No loved one to take him inside
They all stare at the ground because they know
All the dangers they have to survive

Be it he or she no difference is found
For suffering is all they can hold
No tears we cry when they are laid down
Lord please help that child with no home

?Some Pieces Are Gone?

"Some Pieces Are Gone"

(Tom Entrican 8-24-22)

He woke up exhausted so long, long ago
And something just did not seem right
Why this was, the young man did not know
With sleep but a stranger through the night

He was different, he knew from others around
With nothing but fears, remained withdrawn
Retreats to his space, no others allowed
It felt like some pieces were gone

Mom don't understand, and dad does not care
With no guidance he grows into himself
He becomes a man who is not aware
And he sits all alone on the shelf

Few friends in his life, he is different by far
No love, and as cries until dawn
He self medicates as he strums his guitar
'Cause he knows that some pieces are gone

As he starts to grow old he tries to hold on
To his faith the gives him the glue
Still hard to remain what some call sane
It is Heaven that he now pursues

Few understand what it takes not to cry
For someone who was built slightly wrong
He is just this way for he does not know why
He was born with so many pieces gone

To Live All Alone

"To Live All Alone"

(Tom Entrican, 9/1/22)

What it must be like to live all alone
On an island that no map has seen
Where no one can find it, not even a drone
All hidden in a forest of green

No political lore, no special reports
That causes the stomach to pain
Just boxes of tunes and books galore
And hobbies to help keep you sane

Oh, what it must be like to live all alone
Not one yapping person in sight
No dreading a visit to your hidden dome
Ensuring a long peaceful night

And if you get lonely, perhaps you might
Look around to see what you find
A finch, a squirrel, or a pig that won't bite
Will help you to not lose your mind

I wonder what it's like to live all alone
No girls to break a boy's heart
Or mind crushing sounds causing souls to moan
And promises that get torn apart

Perhaps to have thoughts not mired in pain
From a world that guarantees naught
When you are alone there is nothing to gain
And never a sorrow is caught

How grand it must be to live all alone
Where no one cares what you may think
Greens from the yard cooked with a soup bone
"Cause what this world offers just stinks

When the end nears and my mind has gone blank
And all whom I knew have long gone
For I was not missed, and I did not partake
As I spent my whole life all alone

No One Noticed

"No One Noticed"

(©Tom Entrican 10-26-2022)

An angel born with auburn hair
A wallflower as she hides
In a home where mother does not care
No one will hear her cries

She grows up fast and wonders why
So many left a bruise
And struggles so to just get by
No one noticed the abuse

In search of love she cannot find
There were so few who cared
And many more who were unkind
She tries to not be scared

She gives her all to anyone
There are plenty who will take
Then leave her there all undone
No one noticed as she breaks

Through it all she always shines
For those who only want
While she withers on the vine
And help her, no they won't

Quietly and faithfully waiting for His call
For she has nothing left to give
Knowing Jesus kept her through it all
No one noticed when she lived

There were a few who saw her light
But could never find a way
To match her speed when she took flight
For them she would not stay

For the one or two who held her close
They watch with tearful eyes
Seeing all that they have lost
As they bid the angel goodbye

Where Emptiness Lives

"Where Emptiness Lives"

(Thomas Entrican, 11/05/2022)

When flowers die they go to seed
But no one really knows
Where sunlight goes when it recedes
Why pain like a river flows

The point at which the bitterness
Takes root inside the heart
Or why the spark of happiness
Dies as quickly as it starts

And as I gaze at the abyss
That is within my heart
I find this is where emptiness lives
Where light returns to dark

Only the heart can know the pain
For all the love that dies
Refusing to ever beat again
When it loses the spark of life

Forever has no meaning now
Except for bitter tears
All the cracks from broken vows
Grow larger through the years

No matter how much you forgive
The darkness never fades
In a heart where emptiness lives
And the sharpness of its blades

When the Word Is Broken

"When the Word Is Broken"
(Tom Entrican, Nov. 4, 2022)

He sits and stares at the screen
But he never taps the keys
Is there nothing left in his machine?
His mind lost in a breeze

He wonders if he can at all
Maybe every now and then
To scratch something on the wall
But it seems his word is broken

Heart and mind seem all dried up
His twisted fingers failing
Is he just an empty cup?
With no more rhyme prevailing

Could it be his final curse?
The death of thought awoken
So he cannot produce a verse
He fears his word is broken

Will he just be a dried up husk
With nothing left to spew
No thoughts left inside the trunk
Nothing left to review

Is this the way the curtain falls
Without so much as a token
Is there an update he can install
So his words will not be broken

Please Shut Up

"Please Shut Up"

(Tom Entrican, 11/12/2022)

Is it ever enough to bark and to fuss
Bringing misery with plenty to spare
To throw sticks and stones as if you must
Cause discomfort to everyone there

Is there really a need to tear it all down
As if the world orbits you
And screech about like an angry clown
Thinking everyone wants your review

Must you lay waste to everyone's peace
So that your voice is all that they hear
With diatribe that feels like hot grease
As you burn it right into their ears

Can you not see the folly of being the one
That everyone seems to avoid
For fear of the vitriol they try to outrun
A voice that spews nothing but noise

Does it make any sense that they take offense
To the mean foul things that you say
Or why everyone is building a fence
In hopes just to keep you away

Do you understand why you have no friends
All the barriers that you construct
With tongue still wagging until the world ends
They all ask; "Will you please shut up"!

It Is Easy To Think

"It Is Easy To Think"

(Tom Entrican, 11/25/22)

It is easy to think that you are the one
In a world where nobody cares
Then you realize your heart is just stone
And no one feels welcome in there
It is easy to feel that you know everything
As your life keeps crumbling down
When you finally decide to pull at the string
That unravels you right to the ground

It is easy to think everything is okay
In a world where nobody sees
Until that moment it all goes away
And you start to fall to your knees
It is easy to think that you know the way
Though your compass may not be true
Your world darkens with each passing day
And you notice you now have so few

It is easy to think that you've done enough
To earn the passage so dear
Then you hear the words "it cannot be bought"
For it was paid at the tip of a spear
It is easy to think that you were all wrong
When the truth has always been there
To see your mistakes at the end of your song
And your thoughts all turn to despair

It is easy to think there is no way out
Until you have seen the light
That shines on truth you used to doubt

As you grasp it with all of your might
It is easy to know what He has in store
In that moment when you first believe
His peace fills you right down to the core
For salvation that you just received

A Big Bit Of Fun

A Big Bit Of Fun

(Little Tommy Entrican: July 6, 2019)

So look at me here I'm a bit rotund
But that just makes me way more fun
If I should fall I bounce right back up
Though things may go flat beneath my big butt

I try hard to thin with so little luck
And instead of down the scale just goes up.
I'm so full of beans but won't you take care
Not to stand close behind should I foul the air

We extra large folks smile most of the time
But no one will notice when we have a cry
The high school pictures that we like to show
To the tune "My you've really let yourself go"

And that's OK we don't stomp our feet
But mostly for fear of the flooring beneath
For sure we have a much larger equator
But we won't break the strings on the elevator

Do not think of us as being too much
Or blame us for sink holes and other bad stuff
Though I may perspire big buckets of grease
The really good parts of me lie underneath

Do treat us with kindness and give me a smile
Or I'll sit on your house till it's just a small pile
And give me a hug for I need it no doubt
And I'll try not to squeeze till your eyeballs pop out

"The Marbles"

"The Marbles"

(Tom Entrican 01/02/23)

A bag of marbles at my side
Was all I needed at age five
A friend or two to tag along
But soon the marbles would be gone

The songs we sang when we were young
While running from the setting sun
Trying hard not to grow up
As not to taste the bitter cup

The marbles crack and fade away
Like those you knew back yesterday
What was it that made us move on
And the marbles are almost gone

With no remorse we speed on by
Ignoring everybody's cry
Wondering just what went wrong
It seems that we forgot the songs

We search our mind for memories
That have now drifted with the breeze
Now so old, we've lost too much
And all alone we long for touch

Until the time when light grows dim
And we cannot remember them
The bag left empty for so long
You find your marbles are all gone

The Dad I Never Knew

"The Dad I Never Knew"

(Tom Entrican, 1/9/2022)

The early years I don't recall the way that I perceived
But I remember telling friends that he could lift a tree
Today I still marvel at the path that he would choose
And ponder all the mystery of the dad I never knew

The coldness of approach that elicited the pain
And want of approval that I never could obtain
The distance of a silent love that never really grew
But I was never introduced to the dad I never knew

To say I never understood should not be a surprise
The dark and empty thoughts that still live here inside
But over time his aging eyes helped to change my view
As I began to wonder of the dad I never knew

To see he was different than the man I used to see
Sort of made me wonder was there something wrong with me
Was the coldness just a lesson so that I would wonder who
This man who towered over me, the dad I never knew

It really doesn't matter now; I miss him just the same
Still in my mind I wonder if I understood the game
Perhaps communication would have acted as the glue
And offer better memories of the dad I never knew

And was I any better with the sons I have, now grown
Was there a bridge of ice in me that both of them have known
Trying hard to make sure they didn't ponder as they grew
So they would never have to say; the dad I never knew

I still remember visiting just before his final flight
I found that the light of God had melted all the ice
The tears washed all the pain and anger from my view
So I could hold on tight to the dad I always knew

Time Has Gone

"Time Has Gone"

(Tom Entrican, 01/16/2023)

As children we fly, climb mountains and trees
With no care looking only for fun
Chasing the sun as we did what we please
For with age we forget how to run

Never a pain when our eyes were so bright
When we could not see anything wrong
Till weary eyes tear at the truth in the night
And we see that our time has gone

If only we knew when our hearts were so gay
Of the serpents that waited off shore
The autumn of life when strength goes away
All those days were just keeping score

Remiss not to notice the pitfalls ahead
With innocent minds we tagged along
Our lives unravel as we pull the thread
Of the clock when our time has gone

The hopes of a child grow dim with age
As new hopes envelope our soul
For children will learn at the turn of a page
There is more to this end than a hole

Are we wise enough to open our hearts
Like a child to its parent is drawn
To know where we go as this world we depart
For in this day our time here has gone

I Miss Me

I Miss Me (Tom Entrican) When I'm no longer able to fly up the stairs In the mirror I see myself counting the hairs When the thought of spicy food brings me despair That's when I miss me When I can no longer hear the bells ring And I just can't seem to find all my things The cats and the babies all cry when I sing That's when I miss me When my waist line increases an inch each day And I chase all the neighborhood kids away No one understands a word that I say That's when I miss me When my teeth are so bad they restrain my smile All my meds are heaped up into a large pile I call my son Josh "Pete" instead of calling him "Kyle" That's when I miss me When I see my wardrobe is made of sweat pants And watching the news just brings on more rants When I see people do, and I know I just can't That's when I miss me When my slippers become my favorite shoes And I realize there's nothing at all I can do Store food in my cheeks instead of trying to chew That's when I miss me When the years are done ravaging me to the bone In a nursing home where I sit all alone Don't know who I am because my mind has flown I will no longer miss me

Will I Remember

"Will I Remember"

(Tom Entrican ? 2/10/2023)

All the friends who came to play
The army forts and fantasies
The ones I loved who went away
They had to see who they would be

The home where I learned to stay alive
My memories now they seem to blur
Those childhood dreams cannot survive
And if they do, will I remember

My love so sweet, but long since gone
Children grown and moved away
A broken heart that's still withdrawn
And emptiness that comes to stay

Now with the gray there comes a price
No more strength for me to render
Existence soon will lose its spice
If I survive will I remember

Suffice to say I've lost my touch
My coat has lost its sheen
The art in me has lost its brush
And there is no vaccine

Now as I feel me slip away
My thoughts I must surrender
This part of me forever stays
My Lord I will remember

Invisible

Invisible (Tom Entrican) Have you ever sheltered, so as not to be found
Hidden under your covers in case someone's around
Do you search for the quiet where no one has been
In hopes that you never again will be seen Have you closed all the shades and locked it up tight
And hidden in closets to block out the light
If your name is called and no answer you give
Thinking why should they care about how I live Do you faint at the thought of not being alone
Have you posted "Don't knock because nobody's home"
Do you always seek refuge when someone comes near
Does the thought of companions bring you such fear If the earth opened up would you jump down inside
In complete desperation for some place to hide
But perhaps your problem is not about them
Maybe they avoid you because you don't want friends

There Is No Fee

There is no fee
The price was paid
For every sin
Only One slain
For love it was done
So no one could boast
For the life of a Son
Whom He loved the most

How I Feel

"How To Feel" (Tom Entrican 03/02/2022) For days I can feel so sad and alone And sometimes anger can make me explode The Lord knows that I am unlucky in love And my mood, it will swing for the reasons above If comfort you must, beware that I am Not much for advice or an emotional scan Maybe my brain is just wired all wrong But I do not respond well to a tired old song For shame that I would not wear a big smile That my mood is as caustic as a mean crocodile. I do understand your need to appeal But please do not tell me how I should feel A relic am I from a time long ago When boys did not let all their feelings show "Get on with your life, walk it off" they would say While I sat in my room just rotting away If I choose to be sad it is mine, not for you So it bothers me some when I'm told what to do I could cry you a river if I knew the song But please do not tell me that crying is wrong It is not like I never have a smile on my face Or have never enjoyed a loving embrace But should I fall apart, I am not made of steel Just don't stand there telling me how to feel If I don't like zucchini don't ask if I've tried And you should know, sometimes a sigh is a sigh Should I seethe in anger, well that is my way You should not expect me to just be OK A perfect world, I assure there is none And mistakes we have made, yes everyone So do not give me flack because I seem blue Just be thankful that I am not yelling at you Good friendships are few, for me they are rare So when I have one I treat it with care And it will last longer if you do not reveal That you think you know just how I should feel

I Just Do Not Care

"I Just Do Not Care"

(Tom Entrican, 03/04/2023)

Why was I born, why am I here?
Why did I waste it for so many years?
When will I go, so little left to spare?
Does it matter if I just do not care?

My children I love yet distant of mind
One looks like me but still different in kid
If I assume room temperature and no one is there
Would anyone cry, maybe they do not care

Love of my life, my heart turned to dust
Decided to leave for all of the rust
Took what she had, my heart not spared
In my dark little corner I just do not care

To this world I came naked, a frightening thought
All the love that was given I treated so wrong
And there is nothing that I can change or repair
And for scars I have earned I just do not care

One day all this grumpy will be bailed up real tight
When my name is called, wrinkled up I take flight
The peace knowing my soul the savoir has spared
Because unlike me He really does care

Companions For Never

"Companions For Never"

(Tom Entrican, 3/9/2023)

The seven year old who kissed my cheek
Closing my eyes to savor the joy
That first kiss knocked me right off my feet
But alas she dumped me for a shiny new toy

Then at seventeen I found my true love
A beauty was she at four feet eleven
The life that I offered was not enough
The girl of my dreams, companions for never

And many a crush set my heart a flutter
None of whom ever knew I existed
The popular crowd not a word they would utter
For I was never quite an a-lister

Then one I was sure, my true soul mate
Whose love so true, it seemed however
Left a hole in my heart, still here today
Where dreams fell out, companions for never

No more am I looking for that dream again
Nor hope for a love that endures
For what is the sense to invite all the pain
If loneliness ends up the cure

But friendships abound and soften the blow
And who knows, at times I am clever
Though not good enough to make a spark grow
Till I fly home with my companions forever

The Darkened Heart

"The Darkened Heart"

(Tom Entrican ? 03/22/2023)

No one can explain to me, why it reigns supreme
Or ever tell us why it always brings us so much pain
What makes it go about this way, laying out its schemes?
Despite the blood and tears from other hearts it has slain

What places it before the eye, for beauty that it sees
It cannot whisper like the lip, yet yields a blade so sharp
Slicing through this world bringing loved ones to their knees
Trashing those who dared to love, behold the darkened heart

Spouse or friend, perhaps the child, to him it matters not
As long as it can have its fun, the heart just will not see
A victim or the perpetrator all twisted like a knot
And feigns a sigh now and then, if you're willing to believe

It sails across the waters for it never has enough
Comfort never slows it, for it has learned the art
Even if she tamps it down, it will always call her bluff
And so it tears asunder, the loveless darkened heart

In time it slows bewildered, why everyone is gone
Why is there no light here in the world it's torn apart?
Can anyone defend the scars, the pain that it has spawned?
When you stand before the Lord will He tell you to depart?

Remember when it hurts someone it just reflects on you
For all that we have learned, still in madness throw the dart
And only thought can bring it there, the things we let it do
We mastered how to keep the light from the darkened heart

Heart That Never Blooms

"Heart That Never Blooms" (Tom Entrican 04/10/2022) In the dark no light to see Waiting just to be set free Like seed trapped beneath the soil All attempts they have been foiled Like razors teeth bites at its soul Without the light it cannot grow A heart held hostage by the gloom The lonely heart that never blooms Filled with heaviness it cries A breaking pain that never dies It seeks but it can never find And once again 'tis left behind With all the stress it loses sight Forever lost without the light Like the flesh left in a tomb A lonely heart that never blooms So deep inside the empty cage Does the heartache bear its rage Inside is where it hides the tears The beating almost disappears Still it dreams for just one day When all the lonely fades away The years of loneliness consumes The lifeless heart that never blooms

Taste the Soup

"Taste the Soup" (Tom Entrican, 04/14/2022) She slammed the bowl in front of me In hopes a reaction for her to see But I just spoke in a mellow tune Would it be too much to ask for a spoon? What is this dear you have given me? For it's too steamy I cannot see She popped my nose with the spoon And barked at me, just eat the soup What kind is it, perhaps a stew? What's this I see, is it a shoe? Is it from a can, does the label say To eat it or to run away Perhaps I'll wait until it cools So that my tongue I can reuse Shut your pie hole she rebuked Grab your spoon and eat the soup Did I see lye upon the stove? Maybe arsenic, perhaps a dose. Some rattle snake or donkey tail Did you cook it in a rusty pail? It is not that I mistrust you dear But at times your cooking strips my gears You get what I cook you ornery coot So can the chatter and eat the soup In total fear I took a taste Hoping it was not nuclear waste Said perhaps tomorrow it will be good And on my head went the rest of the soup

Rulers

"Rulers" (Tom Entrican 4/2022) Since days of old the rulers led and few have had concern For those who toil and suffer are those they like to burn Without compassion rulers pierce the ones they fear the most Until that One who came to save, the One we love the most They set upon the lowly who have little left to give And trample them into the ground, and still the poor forgive For they are taught to turn a cheek seven times seven This is the will of Him who sits at His right hand in Heaven

Rulers rule and rulers bomb until they get their way They conquer land and conquer soles then throw it all away But in the rising smoke we see the remnant not dismayed For they keep looking up to see if He returns today Mighty rulers press the backs of the meek into the ground And dance upon the children's graves 'til little hope is found But God has set a path for them who's hearts have turned to stone Where they will spend eternity, no peace for them alone This world will offer rulers who inflict pain undeserved They think that they are mightier than Him to whom we serve For we shall hold onto our hopes and prayers for that last day Knowing Jesus conquered death so we could all be saved We set aside a day of thanks for Him we know has risen While rulers set about to steal the blessings He has given No matter what they do to us in praise to Him we sing And patiently await the day, for death has lost its sting

When My Heart Hurts

When My Heart Hurts (T. Entrican ? 4/17/19) When she slaps me silly and throws me out And she flattens my skull to the bathroom grout When she kicks me real hard in my flannel skirt That's when my poor heart hurts When she trashes my stuff and burns my house down And she slanders my name all over the town When she squeezes my head till my eyeballs squirt Well, that's when my lonely heart hurts When she goes to the bank and takes all of my loot And tells me I'm fat and ugly to boot When I see her there kissing my ex friend the jerk Yep, that's when my heart just hurts When she changes her number, then sells all my things And pretends that our love didn't mean a thing When she laughs as the bridge between us is burnt Oh, that's when my dead heart hurts

\\\"Bad Voices\\\"

Bad Voices

(Tom Entrican 10/2/18)

The voices say yes then the voices say no
Tell me what to think and where I should go
Say who I should like and who to avoid
They all talk so loud that I just get annoyed

I have no ideas so the voices lead on
They've chiseled my mind till all of it's gone
They lead to the left and then to right
Fill my mind with worthless thoughts through the night

Don't think they have my best interests in mind
'Cause they make me do stupid things all the time
When I take control my ideas they just toss
My own sense of me has been totally lost

The least they could do is help me find my shoes
Instead of useless thoughts like orange flavored glue
Don't make me drill twenty peep holes in my door
Give me some good stock tips so I won't be poor

They should not keep saying roll down the stairs
Stop making me carve those bad words in my hair
If the voices in there don't start treating me kind
I'll take that pink pill that drives them from my mind

Death Of An Ego

Death Of An Ego

(Tom Entrican ? 12/3/20)

I used to think that I was smart
My wisdom was supreme
That others could not see as far
A genius at eighteen

It was a shame or so I thought
So many did not see
All the knowledge bundled up
And only I had the key

As I set forth to verbalize
And friends began to mock
They felt my head should be resized
And stuffed my mouth with socks

My arduous journey oh so long
With pitfalls it was wrought
Now I refrain from prattling on
Yes, I have learned to shut up.

To my chagrin I see the void
Within my empty head
To all those that I have annoyed
My ego now is dead

Who Sees Me

WHO SEES ME

Tom Entrican

When day begins and I start my walk
Can you know what's in my inner thoughts?
Do you press your ear close to my heart?
Where love and hatred gets its start

Have you watched the awful things I've done?
The hearts I've broken, every one
Do you know the things that make me cry?
The visions burned inside my mind

Is there a thought you do not know?
Have you been everywhere I go?
Do you see the fear upon my face?
As I sit alone in my secret place

Have you felt the comfort by grace received?
Or wondered where I long to be
Wondered at the end of day
What good it does for me to pray

Do you know the One who holds me close?
Whom I place my love and trust the most
Al the things I've ever done
Forgiven through the the blood of One

?The One Who Fell Too Far?

"The One Who Fell Too Far"

(Tom Entrican 04/30/2022)

Like rain that needs a place to land, just one way it can go
And like the light that shines above, it hits the earth below
But never causing pleasantries or adding any good
He only strives for all the gain instead of what he should

He lingers long into the night the darkness is a friend
And when he seems to rise a bit he falls back down again
And while he shies away from light, if just to hide the scars
Those around him shake their heads at the one who fell too far

There was a time not long ago when he was not so bad
Though all the gossip in his name had made him very sad
When he would fall, the fingers all just pointed to his ways
Until the day when he gave up and fallen he would stay

Some would hope, a few would pray, though he did not abide
So the little bit of happiness in him went off to hide
While he endured indignity, his hopes locked in a jar
As all their tongues lashed out at him, the one who fell too far

Then one night his Master called and opened up his heart
And on his knees he prayed for strength, his world so torn apart
So much of life he wasted and so much he had to do
To find some higher place to land, his soul had been renewed

It took awhile for some to see the changes he had made
And those who really knew him, proclaimed that he was saved
He spoke of Jesus saving grace; that peace was in his heart
Some asked "who is this humble man", the one who fell too far.

"Mothers Who Dare"

"Mothers Who Dare" (Tom Entrican 05/08/22) They raise their kiddies keeping them in sight And nurse their fevers all through the night They stitch, they cook, and always with care Such is the love of Mothers who dare Mothers make fathers do things when they won't Like buy you a pony and a really fast boat They wipe away tears and are always right there And spank when needed, the Mothers who dare They fix all our lunches, get us on the bus While wearing hair curlers and cleaning up dust Then when we get home, with a bowl she cuts hair Greets dad after work these Mothers who dare She loves us despite the fact that we grow up And cleans out our mouths when we boldly cuss Warms the seat of our britches and tells us beware But still gives us hugs our Mothers who dare Oh no one to wash us and no one to cheer Why if not for our Mothers we would not be here Without any Mother would Jesus be there To give all that strength to Mothers who dare? When Mothers leave for their home up above They always take with them a part of our love Our hearts hold memories till we see them up there At our final homecoming with Mothers who dare

Fix It

Fix It. (Tom Entrican, 6-6-2019)

When the bread just won't stay down
And refuses to turn brown
When the toaster just won't toast
How do you make it?
When the tele has no vision
And the music has no sound
When the boogie just won't boog
Where can you take it?

When the wheels refuse to turn
Fossil fuels it will not burn
When the auto won't mobile
Do you just park it?
When your legs will not stand
And you brace the best you can
When the distance just expands
How can you fix it?

When the inner starts to fight
Beating back all signs of light
When your face no longer smiles
How do you fake it?
When the heart still beats a sound
But no life there can be found
When it sinks below the ground
How can you take it?

When the eyes start to dim
And can only see the grim
When the vision just knows pain
How do you stop it?

While you shuffle through the day
And there's nothing left to say
And you turn the world away
How can you love it?

Sad Spirit

Sad Spirit (Tom Entrican ? 5/18/20) In places unseen that nobody knows A little sad spirit festers and grows At times it is quiet not causing despair But the host understands the spirits still there Sometimes late at night when one cannot sleep Darkness awakens and climbs from the deep The recognition of his familiar old pain Tells him the sad spirit has risen again Not much he can do when the sad one is there Takes all of his strength as he rocks in his chair When others are smiling he'd like to join in In his bag of tricks he keeps a spare grin For those who wonder why he stays at home It is something that he must fight all alone He draws from the father who sits up on high To fight the sad spirit that tears at his mind If there was a button that he could turn Push, flip or click he'd be desperate to learn For it's not his desire to host the sad one Who drains him and leaves him feeling undone In futile attempts to rise from his funk And clear his mind of all that is junk He asks not for help, not from anyone Cause all that he wants is to be left alone He knows that in time his prayers are heard And the mind that betrays him no longer is blurred When the lord fills his heart with a heavenly song Then at least for a while the sad spirit is gone

Where I Have Been

Where I Have Been (Tom Entrican 8/22/19)

I reminisce and see the map of all the different places
Where I have been, the many moves and chances I have taken
The map displays the darkest scenes where I'll never be again
The things that haunt my yesterdays the past where I have been

The sorrows suffered the pain I've caused no longer in my sights
The prayers and tears forgiveness asked on many sleepless nights
Yet dreams and hopes and promises to wipe away back then
'Cause still the sting of yesterday reminds of where I have been

Is there a friend who can forgive or an eraser big enough?
That stops the world from bringing back my past of awful stuff
It's hard enough to travel on a road with so few friends
When all that they remember is the past where I have been

Does nothing that I do today redeem my darker ways
Or am I forever tethered to the things that people say
Must I still answer for the things God's long ago forgiven
Is there a badge that I can wear "no longer where I have been"

I've wasted enough yesterdays doing things I know I shouldn't
Why must I linger with those who say that change I surely couldn't
I know my Lord has promised me a future up in heaven
And I know he has forgive me for the past where I have been

The Throne

"The Throne" Tom Entrican 2020

When I awake I make a leap To that little room I roam Where I can get some quick relief In
safety on the throne As slumber bails and I awake With squinty eyes I groan Out of my way for
heaven's sake I really need the throne Before the coffee fills me up Before my bladder's blown No
time for razor or tooth brush I'm desperate for the throne Should you remain upon my path
There's something you should know That there will be a big wet spot If I don't get to the throne If
all goes well I reappear My rage and panic flown Don't look to me for any cheer Be glad I found the
throne

My Heart

"My Heart" (5/29/2023 Tom Entrican)

I laid it there for all to see, no secret hidden there
All that I am; the love and pain and even my despair
I may not please everyone, just how I choose to be
At least you will know right up front the entirety of me

You do not have to like my words or actions as it were
But if you chance to ponder some perhaps it will occur
That all I do is leave for you some thoughts there in your cart
Whether it is bad or good, it comes straight from my heart

I have not lived a thousand years or climbed up every hill
But I can show you where it was she gave my heart a spill
I can write down all the things that torture me at night
And hope that it will make you think and keep you up at night

I talk of all the scars I wear, and maybe they are earned
Or tell of all the bridges that the one I loved has burned
I speak for all the lonely in this world so torn apart
Who do not care to share like me, these things here in my heart

The dreary thoughts that follow me come right there from page one
While most pretend they do not see, it all seems so undone
Sometimes your pain is just like mine and helps us both to see
That we will always have with us this hurt to some degree

If I had extras in my bag, the smiles I would hand out
But life as far as I can see just leaves me too much doubt
My soul is bruised, my mind is drenched, the sorrow won't depart
The darkness of life's evil way eats right through my heart

If love has taught me anything, you cannot duck and roll

Whatever pieces you pick up, the heart will pay the toll
Some are funny, some are sad, and some are just benign
The good and bad and ugliness just hang there in my lines

So if you're blue and looking for some peace perhaps to steal
I offer little comfort as my own soul will not heal
Perhaps for me love will return, never to depart
Until that day the bandages remain upon my heart

Got it out for me

Got It Out For Me (Tommy Entrican, 6/4/2021)

While out for a stroll on a warm summer day
Exorcising in hopes that my girth melts away
Three thugs closing in as if I were a prize
Like I was easy prey due to my size

Then as I quickly walked a large swarm of bees
Zipped straight my way from out of the trees
As I started to run my lungs screamed in pain
And I swear that the bees were buzzing my name

When I finally escaped I could see in the sky
A hawk diving like I were a steak in his eye
He pulled at my hair till I was nearly bald
Then was frightened away by a hundred pound dog

As the dog gnawed my butt I saw a truck veer
With me in its path as if it could not steer
As I leaped from its path my heart it did rush
As I dove face first in a big pricker bush

As I made it safely to my meager home
Just wondering if it was only me alone
Who feels as though the world is out to get
The sweetest old geezer that anyone's met

?Drawn From My Pain?

"Drawn From My Pain"

(5/27/2023 Tom Entrican)

In the words of my song all that I've ever done
And to those who have been there I need not explain
I have not paid enough for all of my wrong
So the thoughts are just drawn from my pain

All the bumps and the scrapes that have made up my life
For the sad and the happy, and these smiles I maintain
The beauty and ugly, things some may not like
Are the scars of which are drawn from my pain

Maybe some would like laughter or some nicety nice
Maybe some just do not like all of this rain
'Cause for every smile there is always a price
And my smiles are all drawn from my pain

In the midst of the happy you still see my tears
Being smooth has really never been my domain
But a roadmap would detour from the hurt and fears
In this path I have drawn from my pain

It is not like I've never had the time of my life
And though your bliss is fun, this is not my train
My thoughts do not seek help for laughter and smiles
But an outlet just drawn from the pain

Would it be you decide to favor the way
Where the truth is glossed over again and again
By all means do not let my words scare you away
Feel free to create your own kind of pain

That's a Dad

"That's A Dad"

(Tom Entrican, 6/18/2023)

He'd never dream of firing mom no matter what she does
Even if there is no dinner to eat, and piles of dirty clothes
She can give him kids who do nothing but bad
Yet his smile grows big with every hug, that's a dad

He can throw you real high; send you up in the sky
And catch you safely if the sun's not in his eyes
Gives you an allowance when your grades look sad
And can lift a car way over his head, that's a dad

He kisses your mom when he walks in the door
Despite being injured by your toys on the floor
Buys all the best groceries that you've ever had
Chauffeurs you around even if he is dead, that's a dad

Sometimes he yells and spansks you a might
Or holds you close when the world wants to fight
Laughs at all of the stupidest jokes that you have
Rescues your bike from up in the tree, that's a dad

He loves you and your mommy with all of his might
Chases away monsters as he kisses you goodnight
Most of the time he is not all that bad
And that's why you love him, 'cause that's a dad.

The Voices They Hear

"The Voices They Hear"

(Tom Entrican, 06-24-2023)

By the nose they are led, as if they have no aim
No discernment is ever made clear
Whether right or wrong they still make a claim
As they cling to the voices they hear

To the left, to the right, they fling a forked tongue
And the masses all eat it with cheer
And they cannot imagine just what they have done
Paying homage to the voices they hear

The talking heads say the words they all like
In their lust they all drink up the beer
And just as the wolves plan their next strike
Not suspecting the voices they hear

The warnings are there but they just do not care
To the slaughter they all volunteer
So ignore the destruction and all the despair
Is the echo from the voices they hear

They keep building it taller this wall of deceit
And few ever question or interfere
For it seems so much easier to rinse and repeat
Giving strength to the voices they hear

When all is burned down, just ashes are found
Gnashing teeth as the world disappears
The one true Voice so many have drowned
For the lies of the voices they hear

?When The Door Is Open?

"When The Door Is Open"

(Tom Entrican)

When the door is open and the key is put aside
No longer will you have a place where you can run and hide
Your life becomes an open book and left out on display
And many stop to take a look as they walk along the way

Some will take the time to smile while others close their eyes
Most see just the cover and never hear the cries
And few will ever take the time to touch your inner heart
No offer for or quest to see inside your deepest part

Some will come and set up stakes for just a little while
While others linger many years and leave a gentle smile
And there are those who come along with promises to stay
They rip things all apart and try to steal your joy away

You leave your door wide open through all the many years
And have a lot of smiles to share along with all the tears
The pains and all the sorrows try to swallow all the joy
Like fingers of distrust and fear just poking to annoy

But when the door is open and the key is put aside
No longer will you have a place where you can run and hide
For when you hide and lock the world outside
The joy won't get a chance to win and behind your door you die

Cuckoo Nutso

Cuckoo Nutso

(Tom Entrican 8/2021)

Cramped up real tight in my soft little room
A place that's so small, just like mothers womb
Not one thing to do but listen to songs
Written by men who are now long gone

My only one visitor, a bald man with pen
Who writes what I say again and again
He seeks much knowledge of my youth "was I wild"
Or "was I often dropped on my head as a child"

If he probes too deep I just give him a scowl
Or perhaps a hand gesture that he thinks is foul
Sometimes I won't answer which just makes him yell
Then I top it all off by creating a smell

He says I can't leave here 'til he figures out
What's broke in my head as if something fell out
I'll just bide my time in my funny white clothes
With my arms tied in back, I just can't pick my nose

The Lowly Spirit

"The Lowly Spirit" Tom Entrican 7/23/2023

The lowly spirit starts to cry
Finding fault for all she is
The pain sits just behind the eyes
Does life come down to this?

But she need not bear upon herself
The worries of the world
Though sometimes she can't see the wealth
Wrapped tightly inside the girl

The many lessons she has learned
Upon the path she walks
The sadness of the heartache burns
While she bears all of the talk

And yet with strength from who knows where
She rises from the pile
Knowing just how much it cost her
And still screws on a smile

But from above His light will shine
In the corners of her life
To take with her when it is time
When her soul takes its flight

Still she struggles through her day
In prayer against assault
As she strives hard to tell herself
That Life's really not my fault

The Train

"The Train" (6/16/2023 Tom Entrican)

It beacons you with pretty dreams all stirred in with the lies
The journey of a lifetime filled with everything you need
Be sure to savor all of it for you see this journey flies
You cannot fix it once it's broke, the wounds for which it feeds

The light and dark both beautiful, yet one of them deceives
The passenger that you become determines all your pain
No matter what the dream may offer you will not believe
The consequences of your choice when you board the train

Oh, you can smile and have some fun, but wary you should be
For every darkened corner offers horror in the end
The journey gives everything the greedy eye can see
Those who hide where there's no light, will gladly help you bend

So little do they understand while following the path
Like lost disheveled children playing in the cold and rain
Running just like minions out of fear of someone's wrath
Then pack their bags for misery, tonight they board the train

We're promised wings and better things if we choose the light
For who looks darkness in the eye and ever lives to tell
While an open grave awaits so many who refuse to fight
The urge to live in darkness, this place where they must dwell

To be among the best of what the Master does create
Where sadness has no foothold and absent is the pain
So one side or the other, either way you seal your fate
But I will be there in His light when I board the train

Goat

"Goat"

(Tom Entrican, 08/09/2021)

As morning awakes my body quakes
Attempting to stand upright
Trying hard to make sure that nothing breaks
And avoiding the mirrors fright

An unsteady shower I hear my bones creek
The coffee awakens my mind
Again the mirror makes me shriek
Already I'm an hour behind

No breakfast for me it just slows me down
Already too big for my chair
Only soft food no teeth to be found
But at least I still have my hair

Slowly descending these frightening stairs
And greet my chariot of rust
Young people sprint past me it is so unfair
While all of my joints turn to dust

Safe back at home, stairs I must climb
As I settle my nerves in my crib
I'll wait till tomorrow to lose my mind
In the morning it starts over again

If this sounds familiar and I hope it don't
For I have no more room in my boat
Just chalk this rhyme off to the ramblings of
A gray haired smelly old goat

"Taste the Alone"

"Taste the Alone"

(Tom Entrican 8/20/2023)

Alone has a flavor that lasts the whole day
No matter how long you chew it, it won't go away
You taste it each morning as you start to wake
Till evening you gnaw it like grizzled old stake

Alone does not lend itself to everyone's taste
Some feel alone is where folks go to waste
Though there are those who like it, the solitude
And not one witness if you have a bad mood

Having people around can be lots of fun
But the trash they all leave will leave you undone
Alone you can reason and form all your thoughts
And the nightmares that pull the nerves so taught

A visit or two can often bring smiles
But after they've gone, alone is your style
Who needs conversation to center their mind?
We have plenty of people to yell at on line

Should my mind crack like my old rocking chair
And the gremlins take what is left of my hair
As I start to expire the answer is near
On my cheek is where Alone has left its tear

The ill wind blows

"The Ill Wind Blows"

(9/2/2023, Tom Entrican)

It creeps in the haze there on the rise
So sure, yet nothing is there
But the leaves they listen to the vibes
From one who sets a snare

Soon the horizon is painted in dark
You can feel it way down in your bones
It will not be long before pain disembarks
And appears as the ill wind blows

It does not question to whom it may touch
For all lay there in its path
And he does not care how much is too much
To the wind the payment is wrath

There are none too old, too young, or too bold
A hot summer night, or the cold winter snow
Oh it matters not the weight of your gold
You will be touched when the ill wind blows

Nothing to save as it seeps through the walls
In nightmares it leaves its reward
Still we hesitate as the faith in us stalls
As the wind spreads its discord

With a force it brings us down to our knees
In defiance we call out His name
For no more than love He has set us free
That no ill wind can harm us again

The Art of Alone

"The Art of Alone"

(Tom Entrican 9/19/2023)

When you are in your mother's womb
Or fall down into a forgotten old tomb
Drop the ball in the game of the week
No one will look for you in hide and seek

When girls only want to be your friend
Your dog runs away again and again
No grandchildren running around the home
You have mastered the art of alone

Were you to grumpy for too many years
And it clings to you like dried up old tears
Perhaps you did not dress very well or bathe
Maybe they do not like the shape of your face

Perhaps because my breath can strip paint
And everyone knows I sure ain't no saint
When your heart shatters like a heated stone
Your payment for learning the art of alone

Oh sure there is no dirt or smells about
Certainly no one to bop you on the snout
And at least there is no one to make you cry
Or rip out your heart when they say goodbye

But for sure we have the Lord on our side
And a sense of peace and comfort inside
Till they all welcome me on my journey home
I'll continue to perfect the art of alone

Failing Dreams

Failing Dreams

(Tom Entrican 9/20/18)

Is there a way to sort the dreams
To shake the good from useless things
I lie awake with hopeful heart
Then wake and find it torn apart

Should I just wipe it from my mind
Hope to forget it all in time
Now should I stay not leave in haste
Or is it an anchor 'round my waist

Am I a fool to still hold tight
To fleeting dreams that haunt my nights
Should I abandon all that's there
And live a life of I don't care

Could someone swoop down in the night
Replace the darkness with some light
Or should I just give up those things
That keep appearing in my dreams

Why should I cling to all the loss
Chase broken dreams at any cost
I sweep the pieces with a broom
Lock all those dreams outside my room

But as it does the sun will rise
As I face life through weary eyes
And foolishly repeat the scene
A chance again to live a dream

The Long Walk Home

"The Long Walk Home"

(Thomas Entrican 2/14/2022)

She stands alone in pale moonlight
Staring out into the night
Wonders where her life went wrong
As she makes the long walk home

No one around no one to care
To wonder why she's walking there
Into the dark where she has gone?
She's on the long walk home

The painful silence in the air
Reminds her that nobody cares
In silence as she goes along
Tears wet the long walk home

And she remembers all the hurt
And in her soul she feels the curse
And fears her heart has turned to stone
And again the long walk home

If only she knew how to smile
Or just pretend that for awhile
That joy has not left her alone
There on the long walk home

There on this path she never strays
And as she walks she counts the days
When she no longer has to roam
On her last long walk home

Complaints Department

Complaints Department

(Tommy Entrican 12/17/23)

For what it is worth we have all had our share
Of all the bad stuff that hangs out everywhere
Sure there are those who live delicate lives
Then there are some who live deep in the hive

Some stay silent and smile as they pass
While others complain till they run out of gas
Yet others attract all the dark clouds above
They make it through life with a push and a shove

Upping and downing we wince at the pain
Some will just groan while others complain
People bombard us with thoughts and schemes
Sometimes it is all we can do not to scream

Discomfort is normal, our bodies a mess
There are mornings we do not want to dress
Still we push forward, though we wonder why
At the end of the day we just lay down and cry

The crunching and cracking we hear in our bones
As our family drifts and leaves us alone
We have no input on how we grow old
Wrinkles and cracks and joints that won't fold

All in all life can rot your insides
Unless you ask Jesus to please steer the ride
Move your piece on the board, but do not pass go
Just wait for His call for you to come home

The End of His Days

The End of His Days

(1/29/2023 Tom Entrican)

At the end of his days he will give up his dust
Doesn't matter, 'cause he really don't care
All that he knew went away with the rust
Nothing left but old bones and gray hair

It wasn't all bad, he'd loved and he'd lost
And he watched many friends walk away
He strayed oh so far and he paid the cost
As each sunset just marks off his days

Sure he's a bit bitter, but some of it's earned
He's been knocked down so many times
But it does not compare to all that he's learned
From the Word that has saved his life

He still has rough edges he'd like to be rid
In the grand scheme, perfection he's not
With him and his Lord there is nothing hid
And he thanks Him for all that he's got

He is a bit lonely, perhaps that's by choice
On this world he's beholding to none
So many people making so much noise
In a race he can no longer run

He knows the cost of grasping at straws
He was willing to accept every crust
He has never regretted heeding His call
And at the end of his days he will give up his dust