

Poetry Penned by Bobby O

Bobby O

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

To Poets who unselfishly share their work

Acknowledgement

To my family that loves and inspires the greatest goodness

About the author

Jazz fan drawn to poetry by his learned love of creativity buoyed by improvisational aspects that perhaps mimic and prepare us for unscripted life.

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Thelonius Reborn As the Dee Oh Double G

Thelonius Reborn as the Dee Oh Double Gee

If we rhyme metaphorically , reach back historically, spit out new styles just like Miles, compose tunes that Trane, John Coltrane, would b proud to compile, or like the Bird, Charlie Parker, bravely brake rules, take take take, the music apart, do you honor Darwinian progress? Do you demand excellent art? Then you might might b from Hip- Hop, yeah, that's where many geniuses start.

It's simple, it's like nature, there is no fakers, take Kanye West or Chet Baker. Satchmo begets Biggy, Tupac was influenced by Dizzy. Discerning ears are blessed each time new evolutions arise, that redesign and define, unleashing musical highs with no compromise. Parallels and similarities to cool people like you shud b no suprise. Stretching art just for art's sake, eyes eyes eyes, on no other prize.

Words and Chords fired with a furious frenzy and a ferocious fluidity. Lines and rhymes scatted so scathingly slow they create this surreal serenity. Might have you boppin to Hampton, Sir Duke , or Miss Ella? Or tip you to trippin on Twista, Tribe Quest, Rockafella.

Monk and Snoop, Thelonius and the D. O. Double G ,they both got game.. Basie the Count, Clan of Wu Tang, the same. Dedicating days, weeks, even years carefully, lovingly crafting perfection. Giants, and I do mean Giants, of Hip- Hop and Jazz,share that improvisational connection.

But alas, amidst greatness we are graced, and humbly each day,I say, Let's embrace the soulful caress that each genre conveys. That Cool Cat may take hip- hop, that Pretty Lady may take jazz, or you can twist the order around. Cause each delivers a pleasure that is non- stop, and that, my amazing people, is How Music should Sound!!

Bobby O

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Shaken Balance

SHAKEN BALANCE

Suddenly My Path Got Jumbled
My Certain Plan Suddenly Was Unclear
Instinct , Find Strength Internal, Instead , I Just Found Fear
Charting a Courageous Course
Was a Plan That Soon Crumbled
Now I Just Pray This Deep Sadness Disappears
This Jumbled Path Defines a New
Never , Starkly Alone, I Face This Bridge I'm Forced to Cross
I Take no Solace Knowing Billions
Have and Will Be Familiar with This Loss
See, My Mom is Gone
I Was Not Prepared
I Never Imagined the Sharpness of This Grief.
Denial, Anger, Bargain,
Depressed
Imprisoned in the Maze of Disbelief
Raised on Her Wisdom, I Must Trust Her Love. I Must Trust These Tears Will Turn to Smiles,
and That My Memories Turn to Blessings, After a Little While
Her Strength is in Me, Her Mighty Spirit My Inheritance
Her Guidance Leads My Jumbled Journey
My Acceptance Her Deliverance
Bobby O

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WORDS

WORDS

The freedom to survey, the challenge to convey

Sparks w first light each day

Noticing of course that it's a therapeutic force

a personal source of delight that carries from dawn to twilight.

Rage rage against unfair moments, pave pave the way for fair ascent. Make a difference if I can ,
learn from Queens and honored man. Write write, disperse or lock it w a key, just interact w this
universe and destiny.

Bobby O

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COMMUNIQUE

COMMUNIQUE

A true message can be sent many a way

Demeanor , action or inaction , all may convey.

Challenged by the chance that all methods fail

Invigorated by what necessary consequence Entails

Misinterpretation instead?

or chaotic reception ?

Courses altered by said misdirection

Plans thought construed proper and tight

Missteps and maelstrom

unintended plight

Check , measure twice , listener clarity

Perfect perception these days , societal rarity

Bobby O

ESCAPABLE TARGETS

ESCAPABLE TARGETS

Imagine the power to gather the Gods grace that is your humble reward, your born impulse to share and you honorably direct it toward, disbelievers that lack grace and evil they no longer fight, you Summon, you yearn, plead their hearts fill with might, but sadly you acknowledge, it's an impossible plight. Cry not dear warrior who never will fear the grim reaper, some lost souls just stay lost, remember, each and all are their own keeper +

Bobby O

SKIP THE. SELFISH. ROAD

SKIP THE SELFISH ROAD

I know, i recognize, i realize, i can't deny. My heart skips a little beat,

Sometimes i struggle just to breathe.

Never before did i believe that the love that i now feel is the reason why, why we dare to hope and dream, that the best that life can bring can humbly be achieved when we find love.

I thought i always knew about love,

It's in songs and lot's of books.

I tried and tried to live without love,

Selfish was the road i took.

U taught me life was all about love,

A fact too many overlook,

Now life's defined by ur love,

Opened my eyes, im glad i looked.

Bobby O

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MISSING AUNT CAROL

Missing Aunt Carol

Both heard the call. "Straight no Chaser" said it all. Barkeep readied Scotch, kept neat. The 88's tingled a most disharmonious beat, Round Midnight he displayed , unashamed, teary eyes that clue those who care to look, his walk through hated change, his grief, hazed fog,pervasive funk. He tipped his glass, longed for one last smile, Aunt Carol, he, and Thelonius Monk!

Bobby O

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TEN O? CLOCK LEAD IN

TEN O'CLOCK LEAD IN

I'm tired the ten o'clock lead in shows another soldier bleedin'
Why did he die with his bravery
Was it truth or chicanery
Iraq , Iran , phony weapons of doom
Bush and Chaney meeting secretly in the back room
With slimey hidden agendas
Cloaked in Mideast confusion
Deciding to send our boys to die
Sayin' that's the Solution?
With arrogance before our eyes they disguise lies as the truth
Let's televise the Revolution
Stop killing our youth
But the haze of malaise
Has us lost in a maze
Cuz we don't challenge the motherfuckers that just lead us astray
They count on the fact that we won't act or Derive
Their insidious plans
How they plot to survive
When good people do nothing there's room for evil to thrive
Why hesitate
We shouldn't wait
Bring the boys back alive !
Bobby O

PERHAPS

Perhaps

Privately placating

Posting prurient pieces

Pinpointing, probing popular prose

Pleading, pursuing,

Pageantry pose

Public positions

Pernicious predictions

Playfully pander

Parenthetical predilection Pompously ponder

Procuring permission

Pugnaciously pierce

Perversely premier

Pausing, perhaps

Palpably placed,

Pursuit picayune

Piously paced

People Pronouncing

Prejudging Perhaps,

Proffer ,Pry

Plan, Precast

Perplexed Personified

Prevaricated past

Bobby O

YOUR TURN CHICAGO STYLE

YOUR TURN, CHICAGO STYLE

May Destiny Grant You speed like Gale Sayers

Six Jewels Like MJ , Certain GOAT of ALL Players

Add Chaotic Control with

a Butkus like Terror

Rush the Stadium Ice, hear that Bobby Hull Roar

Be On Time for Gametime like Richie from Wampum

Stand Fearless in the Post

Like Rodman , Just Stomp Em

Choose a knuckler like Wilbur or the Screw of Tommy John

Like Cauthen, ride Purebreds,

Win the Triple Head On

Float and Sting and like Ali , Handle the Giant Pampas Bull

Love Life , Friends,and Family

And With Soulful Blessings, be Full

Bobby O

BIAS KILLS

BIAS KILLS

Losing your soul

Acceding to Ignorance

Quantify Status Quo

Believing White Folks

Understand?

The Systemic Injustice

That Inspires no Rage

Erodes every World

Racism Destroys the

Fundamental fabric of

Life. What if it were

Your Turn?

Bobby O

MISSED TAKES (alternate version)

MISSED TAKES alt version

So I've been trying to write a story,

But it turned into a song

There's no villain

No Hero's Glory

In this tale they don't belong

No dramatic pause

No twists. No turns

No lessons to be learned

But Now I sing ,my writings blurry cuz of crying all night long

I've been Trying to write this story, But now, it turned into a song.

A Mythical End , I'm sure ,

already you surmise, cue nary a violin to announce cliché'

No mystery here and no surprise

The Next Words I spoke

Darkened The Day

Wrenching Destiny ,a twisted choke

She Vowed to Leave

She got her way

But Wait, There is a villain in this story

Complete with lyrics that don't belong

I'll Invent a Hero with fabled glory, Ignore the facts , nobody wants to hear my Song

Print the legend , Grab a pen, then I'll Turn the tune into the story !

Bobby O

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MISSED TAKES (Original version)

MISSED TAKES 1st version

So I've been trying to write a story,

But it turned into a song

There's no villain

No Hero's Glory

In this tale they don't belong

No dramatic pause

No twists. No turns

No lessons to be

learned

But I have to sing cuz my writings blurry cuz

I've been crying all night long

Trying to write this story, and it turned into a song.

Surely, The plot already you surmise, cue nary a violin to announce cliché

No mystery here and no surprise

I spoke those words, the ones I'd sworn I'd never say

It didn't twist , It didn't turn , no lesson learned , She got her way

So I was wrong , There is a villain in this story

Complete with lyrics that don't belong

Writing not of Heroes Glory

At Least I turned it all , into a song

?

TRAVELS

TRAVELS

Confusion steered, stole my will to live

Ignorance blocked positive

Summon strength to give

Combative

Thirst

Once again request friends to forgive

Broken trust cumulative

Summon strength to give

Combative

Worst

Hubris shed, second chance to relive

Eliminate sensitive

Summon strength to give

Combative

First

Bobby O

PRAYER OF THANKS

Prayer of Thanks

Be thy saint or sinner, runner up or winner, may ye bask in God's grace, ever grateful for our wondrous bounty of food, of friends, of family, and Smiled on by Blessings Bestowed, our eyes tilt and shine humbly toward the heavenly sky, as We, Dear Lord, say Thank You with a joyful cry!

Bobby O

TWO VOICES THAT WE FEED

TWO VOICES THAT WE FEED

For fun and exploration of etymology Twice,I read this poem out loud with an opposite voice each time.

First was a winsome whisper , and the phrases danced eagerly ,like a sexy tango toward the rhyme.

HOPE with shy optimism breached and reached across a skipping reef .

Carving sharply through all doubt. and it was a satisfying belief. A mantra sent to serve for more and many days, forever a treasure with easy access to an on Demand, relief.

Then opposite and starkly different was the VOICE OF A COMMAND. AN IMAGINED Authoritative figure delivered loudly, Attention stand! Each phrase, unloaded with a Practiced certainty , this metaphorical Roadmap , urgent with intensity .Follow, or risk that cruel distasteful trap,suggestive echoes of that booming voice knowingly seemed to foretell.

A corralled distasteful failure, much like a visit to Dante's regions of hell. "Win One For The Gipper"

Like Rockne's speech, a captive spell, or as a General would cajole and lead, from this Voice we listened and

From this , we achieved.

Bobby O

this piece inspired by Goldfinch60

FAITH

FAITH Life's journey is never certain Faint of heart doomed to never win Bravely begin Boldly stride Conquer fear with much to gain Never quit never complain Through rough terrain let God guide. Bobby O

EVERY BUNNY NEEDS SOME BUNNY

EVERY BUNNY NEEDS SOME BUNNY

My dog Coltrane bolted quickly inside when I let him in from the yard. Turns out I noticed he was gently holding a baby rabbit in his mouth like it was a prized possession. The bunny scampered under the TV stand when the dog let go and I spent the next two hours trying to catch it , after first corralling my dog, who was knocking many things over chasing it. He found it and he wanted to keep it. Had the pursuit been on video it could have rivaled the Keystone Cops as the agility and cunning of that rabbit , over and over, made me look foolish as I alternately cajoled and cursed on each failed attempt to secure it. I'm still laughing at how helpless I was. You can't make this stuff up.

Bobby O

3 NERDS WALKED INTO A V BAR

3 NERDS WALKED INTO A BAR

? Funny story. I was in a bar two years ago and some fresh out of college broker/trader type guys got off the train and sat down for a drink and they overheard me reciting a list of embarrassing moments in Cub's history. Well they didn't like me talking bad about the Cubs and asked why I'm so bitter. I explained to them how the Cubs were such a laughing stock when I was young and how they had spent 20 consecutive years finishing in the bottom half of the league. I then asked them if they knew about the embarrassing experiment when they didn't have a manager and instead rotated weekly who was in charge and called it the college of coaches. They said they did and I said "I'm surprised" and went on to mention that then they must obviously also know who the Coaches were, and I named three guys, Philippe Wynne, G. C. Cameron, and Bobby Smith. They nodded knowingly. About ten minutes later an old timer I knew asked why I pick on Cub fans so much. I answered and said it's cuz Cub fans are so easy to lie to, and it's so much fun to mess with them. For instance, I continued, those three guys I just named were the last Three Lead Singers of the Spinners. The whole bar laughed. I don't think those young guys liked me.

?BobbyO

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CLICHE? NO LONGER

CLICHE' NO LONGER

"Once Burned" , my inner voice whispered, unable to finish the cliché'

"Tis Better to Have", brain lock again, why care what others say?

Honestly, I usually lie to cover up regret

I ignored her needs , Wow! I said that Out loud, It's my FAULT that she left

One Step, miles to go at least a thousand

Chin deep in a self dug rut, alone on a deserted island

Libraries have many self help books , I checked out nine or ten

Ego aside with buried pride, Meditate, tap into powers of Zen

Priorities straight, humble heart anew, anxious to proceed

Put Others first, respect loves power, react no more with greed

When again love visits, Thank God that glorious day,

This story then will have a happy end, no longer a cliché'

FACING HARD TRUTH

FACING HARD TRUTH

Reaching out to adjust the Blur, it was as if my brain had an aperture. Imagining it turned slightly askew, My hands, touching nothing in bare air drew ,

Looky-Loo gazes,

quixotic askance expressions, a bevy that on me landed heavy,

from judgements of strangers in view.

With crystal focus to pursue. Instead , sin deadly vanity, reared it's ugly head,

crowding clear thought , corrupting progress desperately sought , resolve the blur of imagined aperture , and admitting that I'm not quite mature

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PERFECT TIME IS NOW

PERFECT TIME IS NOW

How u hold up ur end,Tells all ,what ur about. I don't know yet how i'm gonna figure my end out.

So I went back, walked thru my minds video of the past, found four frames, hard questions asked, they triggered truth, I own lies that last. Some, they live in those video's, gave me reasonable doubt, the past ain't gonna show how I'm gonna figure my end out.

But I got next, next week, next job,next plan's the best. Today stays empty, tomorrow is all. Frozen steps, Future dreams, embracing the stall, Imaginary progress , on some imaginary route, the Future sure won't show how I'm gonna figure my end out.

The Privledge of time, I thought used to be mine. Climbing up will scare me, but I refuse to stay blind. The mirror talks, baby steps, walk that straight line. Joining life, jumping in, ending this hideout, now , right Now, is the perfect time to figure my end out.

Bobby O

SUDDENLY AWKWARD

SUDDENLY AWKWARD

Her forced smile made me wonder, she held tight my hand ,feeling likely prone to blunder, coherent thought escaping my command. Now forcing my own smile, looking surely out of touch , First dates just make me fumble and make me think too much.

Her blue eyes glistened,

I listened to her breathe, awkward as a child foraging on hands and knees, straining to unsheathe, charming phrase that perks her interest , persuasion to invest, her time and her desires , anxious to coalesce.

She was magnificent , intelligent, confident and beautiful , and somehow knowing that just made it worse. Guiding not this wistful dream to flourish with success , gears stripped and progress never achieved slides downhill in reverse. My brain reduced to residue , falling victim to the First Date Curse.

Bobby O

MEASURE TWICE

MEASURE TWICE

This Poem segues toward a Star Trek theme, beginning with happenstance unforeseen. Some strangers in proximity near, their whispered voices caught my ear. Each furtive glance shows slivered beady eyes, as I read his lips and heard the word demise. A Diabolical plot? The language of their bodies a suspicious half way turn fed my concern, must not stop, like Barney Fife undercover, covertly Easedrop. But maybe drop the ease from that word portmanteau. Would Barney mention the tension, admit his perspiring glow? Were Andy in charge, or Captains Kirk or Picard, they wouldn't have missed all those words in a row, no easy drop. It's ridiculously hard. Now it's time to admit they said The size not demise, planning for wife's birthday party surprise. Blame paranoia or old age, no mission did ever exist, time for professional help, truncate conspiracy, first on the list. My new mission statement, adjusted from Star Treks famous lore "to boldly never go where Bobby O has gone before"

Bobby O

LEARNIN? FROM CURTIS

LEARNIN' FROM CURTIS

Curtis Mayfield refined

and defined south side soul

Lasting Impressions,

Elegantly Bold

In 1969, Protest and war served us volatile caress,

Each day sentenced to painfully witness

racial tensions untamed , burning holes born of injustice inflamed ,

Icicle breezes targeting America's shivering heart Ripping apart societies fabric, diluting the magic of liberty, rarely did we hear anyone sing My Country Tis of Thee, oppression widespread didn't let freedom ring.

Then Curtis wrote these lyrics

well timed like no other

His mellifluous voice sang his hit

Choice of Color

Addressing that sensitive issue with grace , offering hope on the subject of race, "How long have you hated your white teacher? Who told you you loved your Black preacher?" it opened my eyes to lies disguised as the truth, sharing good will with confident propriety , reach and teach one, a lesson of piety. Imagining now how Curtis might close, we simply recite Lyrics he chose

"with just a little bit more education and love for our nation, we'll have a better society"

Bobby O

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POSTPARTUM SNEAK ATTACK

POSTPARTUM SNEAK ATTACK

Activity w frenzied appliqué , for naught, this certain thought , that way this way, perfunctory motion that just serves to delay. Signals from my brain , take a deep breath hoping to claim Calm, instead frantic qualms have me rattled, I didn't plan for this battle.

Who could properly prepare? , how could anyone be aware ? I'm so thankful my husband is here to have my back, fighting with me against this sneak attack. Postpartum is no joke, it's a mighty and powerful force and it takes all my effort and strength to stay on course , until it finally abates and gives back control of body and mind , I'll just replay and replay images of beautiful GRAYSEN on constant rewind. This too shall pass , this insanity dropped, quickly please , dare I ask , we will flourish when back on the Top.

A FRUIT IN THE HAND , LOST or an incaine mutiny ?

Tightly gripped silver rounded bearings unconsciously dominate all action of thought never finding stolen strawberries sought and empty travels doomed all thought thus finding not the opportune orange nor did I locate its matching rhyme and out loud I just screamed FUCK!

I KNEW IT WOULD BE NEVER

I KNEW IT WOULD BE NEVER?!

It's Rough to Admit you pushed Truth away, especially when it's near .?Overtaken by a clouded mind that wouldn't see it clear. ?Shaken, frozen in place, forcing a smile born of recurring fear. Tentatively advising HER(?), while whistling past the hollow?"Follow your heart", sounding not profound , a magic rescue won't appear, as I hear my futile diction trying hard to steer a tired fiction to her inattentive ear.

Measure not the figment dance , nor the ticking clock of scant romance , knowing rare chance For love real has disappeared ?Realizing my dream prepared was still very much untaken

Leaping into just a wishful thinking trust? a flawed presumption and sadly so mistaken

Freshly bruised , Neatly brushed, newly wise, now must adjust , design function search to find true love,

robust and not forsaken.

Bobby O

POUNDING ON THAT ANVIL OF FATE

POUNDING ON THAT ANVIL OF FATE

I Ain't got that Fred Astaire glide, but I push deadbeats aside, and hide not, fear none, live each day like they my last one. I Pound down, Thor style, hammerin at the anvil of fate, i aint Ali, ain't tryin' to b great, but it's a mistake to look past me, I drop knowledge, just ask me.

In My mind's masterpiece, my Mona Lisa,it's a work in progress, I ain't ever done, I grew up listening to Sam Cooke and believe that change is gonna come. I Believed Diana and reached out to touch Someone. I Seek wisdom from the wise with unglazed eyes and I crave tomorrow's hand, dealt either crooked or straight, I'm eager just to pound on the Anvil of Fate. It's a mistake to look past me, I'm dropping knowledge just ask me, I hope my reflections unmask me

Bobby O So Good.

SAM COOKE STILL NO. 1

SAM COOKE STILL NO.1

I get in silly fights insisting Sam was best ever. His uniquely mellifluous tone even exceeded Johnny's 12th of never. 19 songs in a row made the chart ,none less than Marvin opined his music as pure art. Whether bringing it home with Lou's background YEA repeating or wishing to talk admitting Saturdays Nights loneliest feeling. Making a Chain Gang feel like a Wonderful World for some , leaving legacy bright with the great anthem of Civil Rights, no song ever better than

"A Change is Gonna Come"!

The world lost this great star at age 33, many nights and many fights I claim He's greatest voice in musical HISTORY!

Bobby O

THE NASCAR LOOP

THE NASCAR LOOP

Left turn, left turn 4 straight times,

I'm on an oval with no finish line.

Unanswered questions racing thru my mind, u drove away and took love's exit sign, and left me behind with left turn, left turn 4 more times.

No one goes thru life without making mistakes, You put your pride aside and face the trouble you make. When you hold someone's heart you hold life's highest stakes. Then you treat me like a pitstop, my emotions ain't fake.

Like the myth of Sisyphus and his uncompleatable task, love moved slowly up the mountain but fell real fast, now I'm caught in the Minataur's maze doomed to retrace the past, to escape the unescapable is all that i ask. Love once invincible, unbreakable, now shattered like glass.

Cuz these left turns are a bad design, let's take a right turn to the finish line. The only oval would be a diamond with brilliant shine. We'd ride away together, and leave the Left Turns behind.

Bobby O

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ELIMINATE, ACCUMULATE , CELEBRATE

ELIMINATE,
ACCUMULATE,
CELEBRATE

a trilogy

CORRECTION

Aware,
Your destiny twisting, Diluted existing,
Spiritually drifting, Resisting denial
You acknowledge
It's their trial , THEY,
Now perpetrators Disowned , Alone,
Always shallow stepping Life's miles
You Shed Them.

CONNECTION

Simpatico,
Adorned in Hats,
Adoring Her Tats on Those Silky Gats Should Matter Not,
Cuz Sustenance Seeps Thru
Her Duchess Smile.
It Is Priveledge!

COLLECTION

Triangles that I see
Prism view is my reality
It unravels past Complexity
The people I have
Next to me
Are all the reason
I need to be
Bobby O

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AWESTRUCK

AWESTRUCK

Floating through , fourteen steps from my view , she was the energy in the parlor. Politicals, 5 Stars, Ambassadors alike, each held a word on their tongue , blurt shrug, defray, sparse and naked of clamor ,how quickly caustic recourse surrendered , fourteen steps away , now all puffery gladdened to join Pageant extras. I wondered , were there moments Marylyn left her charisma askew, keenly aware her hypnotic control ruled mostly the men , but the ladies too. Not with jealous eye but engaging admires no questionnaire could ratify. No one will tell cuz no one can tell. Somewhere ago the accident became weapon , even 56 consecutive buys only a florist list. It was all too short. It is all majestically measured above even the four carved granitely. Wishing only she cooed and whispered less in that one song, she hated that she showed up Jackie.

Bobby O

OUT OF REACH

OUT OF REACH

Imagine the power to gather the Gods grace that is your humble reward, your born impulse to share and you honorably direct it toward, disbelievers that lack grace and evil they no longer fight, you Summon, you yearn, plead their hearts fill with might, but sadly you acknowledge, it's an impossible plight. Cry not dear warrior who never will fear the grim reaper, some lost souls just stay lost, remember, each and all are their own keeper +

Bobby O

SOME PLANS ARE TRICKY

SOME PLANS ARE TRICKY

When she opened that note,
my best hope was that just a little would go wrong
Scribbled lines often were not mine

She'd read my poem but not my disguise , AM stations most white girls played, they rarely heard
any Smokey songs. "More joy than time could ever destroy" got me smiles , maybe a peck, dude,
enjoy this handheld walk , wasn't hard to guess what's coming next.

Busted, that one in ten friend blended truth into here ear and , well, when cause was lost , that was
very very clear. Some tears and jeers, guilt trips and fingers flipped

One would think that plan extinct

But I'd circle back and double down Next move employed Masterful Hijinks

"This is no fiction, this is no act"

Yeah that's from Smokey I'd say

I'm was unable to communicate any other way. I knew you'd know and I'm anxious to come clean,
You are for me all that I've ever dreamed. Her smiled softened gladdened that I told her truth,
was this a glory day or proof of misspent youth?

UNCERTAIN PLANNED

UNCERTAIN PLANNED

Life's certainty is uncertain . Certain of no perfect plan. Almost certain once you'll be burned ,it takes a certain woman or man to understand .

So you nimbly surf the twists, and deftly slide the turns. You're not that man behind the Curtain, you share that certain Bounty you have learned.

Follow gladly my deep Footsteps,

Madly search for friendship Earned.

Certain to find GOLD amongst the Hurtin',

Even when uncertainty Returns!

Bobby O

52 ON THE TABLE

52 ON THE TABLE?

Some connected guys needed honest skills to splay some cards in a sketchy sorta town. This Filipino cat caught that news , he threw my name around ,picture your first guess, head bowed, neck bent, the inveigled lean those heavy carats dressed , he knew where and how , he knew that he knew the best, his darted whispers sipped some juice and hit dead center direct.

?Gathered thought , wonders and risk, fixation fidgets the audition?. These two huge men Guido and Johnny, were charged with the new addition, need figuratively to literally find a profitable Acquisition . All this I knew while knowing they knew NONE. A Pat hand I held with the nuts , and gripped securely as I stand and quickly, in ten seconds, I had earned their trust. With the room in my command, Before the thrust of wishes bust with those two big men, Guido and Johnny I shared the plan. Look , Take the best you hoped , multiply that by ten, and know my eyes say I won't scare, in this world of Poker, if I may declare, I decide who's given quarter ,and I decide when there's none to Spare. Time to cut the deck, Seemlessly smooth the button moved from spot to spot , the table called the ante and the button called the Pot. Play, now moved at a quicker pace, gently we nudged each tortoise from the game. More cards were slid and more hands bid the sharper our protocols became .The rake and take were nearly doubled and the HOUSE now surely knows MY Name.

?saymynamesaymyname

?BOBBY O

TRUE SIMPLE HEART

TRUE SIMPLE HEART

A poem, an optimistic tome, came across my eye, it included and insisted , on some rules we all should live by. On your sleeve the rested hopeful heart should reside, carry nothing you must hide , fueled by rule apart from flimsy cliché', no Dionysius rock or clay shall steer your mapped traveling way gaining altruistic sense bettering afore a gifted granite strength New day. Live Long Live Strong Let Strengthened Heart lead til Life's Last Tragic Play

Bobby O

QUIXOTE IMPOSSIBLE

QUIXOTE IMPOSSIBLE

A dire quest now requires you

To get deep enough into situations to risk awkward

to be brave enough with no vacillation, to go onward

To recognize delicacy, be armed with intricacy, reversing inaccuracy born of those who have come from before , yet still dive straight into the maelstrom, preplan with detour designed , decline advice sure to come, to adapt and commit to be what It must be , plow through shocked shivered looks faced on companions that usually trust me.

Realize it's just begun, expect no pity or glory, this war, this story engaged by an army of one

Know that you, yet ,don't know dispossessed ,nor, yet, discovered gut wrenching loneliness

Yet you proceed without question or pause. Windmills be damned

BOBBY O

RINSE & REPEAT

RINSE & REPEAT

She sensed my weakness Equivocating and unsure I fell prey to her practiced finesse

A victim shamefully drawn to false caress

self sentenced to Stockholm loneliness

Proceeding toward Stampeding interfacial

to renew and suffer Cascading betrayal

Pride peddled like garage sale

Bobby O

Blessed to Share

Blessed to Share

Unpredictably and driven by grace unbeknownst to me

I challenged the gods of serendipity by chasing truth unselfishly

Good Souls of honor who sought not personal glory gathered with purposed thought

A true and blue American story

Trailers of food and shelters built

Doctors donated meds and healing skills

A clothing drive also fills gladdened hearts

Downtrodden now Unforgotten with tools for brand new start

Tear filled eyes amidst newly found smiles accentuated this day worthwhile

Splendid Aura that exceeded our aim

A blessed Reward more than all could claim

Praying impulse to Share

Be not quite so Rare. Joy full cries filled the air This day of hope and less despair

Bobby O

MENTOR's HONOR

MENTOR's HONOR

Delivering his eulogy had me shaking to my core, the crowded church , they all cried with me as most knew he was my mentor A Legacy of Intimacy stamped into minds this one time demands and deserves nearly perfect salutation

Feeling honored knowing this formidable task is exempt from replication. Pressure described with accentuation as I read from my page. White knuckles brought pain, gained from a too tightly gripped podium. The domino tipped and my oscillating mind tripped into pandemonium.

No longer a confident convener, now escorted by trepidation usurper of my once calm demeanor Tasting tactile chaos and shame escorted by lurking shadow of lost rapport while fear ruled my attempts to claim

the gaze of mourners eyes. One voice rang and all did rise " just share with us how much you loved this man ". The gifted strength from the gathered throng

A new plan formed , my voice was strong

I spoke from my heart and shared while folding pages of the speech prepared

My stories brought laughs and smiles and exhilaration. It became a dance of joy and am certain all will forever cherish this most meaningful conversation.

Bobby O

UNSELFISH RAMBLE

Unselfish Ramble

Future memories so alive they won't erase

Certain they include an undeserving glance at her lovely face

A magical mystique my quest to chase

Finding will complete

Hope stays forever new

Tell her this magic box

Only her power unlocks

it might see us through

Digits open a pristine view

Unselfish valor will display

She is my first and last

A brave step erases past

Caution cast just far enough away

Finesse flavored with fierce freshly fountains forevered New Day

Even a Clueless Squirrel May Climb

She invited me, though she held my fascination , I thought her out of reach
Lunch everyday fostered envy
from many thinking why him not me
pumped three to a strengthened stride adjoining gaits, effort with her graceful glide
all this, all looks, all those who'd replace me, my conquered Near fated clear, forever zoned
platonically.
Then April 6th, 1979 12:52 am friendly cocktails my last day at that employ
Her invite for goodbyes was extra joy
She actually shared a question with I couldn't foresee
Robert, you ever thought of going to bed with me ? The place the time the date forever burned and
for underdogs a LESSON LEARNED

CROOKED EYES

CROOKED EYES

Too many Prisoners of the moment take Steph over Magic or take Bron over

M J now I'm talking about tragic

keep an eye the court see what fluids are influences ,if you're stuck in the moment you just don't know your biz

FATED HERO FAKED

FATED HERO FAKED Remembering when his courage dwindled even though it built marooned self hate. Risking not, while escape untried though selfish choice owned shame of forever blame

An accepted course catapulted full views to conscious mind to horrify and decry betrayal. A thousand times before his own eyes he died and cried and knew this now is mine. Sage thought selects the fateful moment pitiful cowardice was stamped. Real truth cursed way worse as frail haunted every step before the pallid act of proof

it's constant residence fulfilled a destined doom

CRAZED and CONFUSED

CRAZED and CONFUSED

It was a tangled mess. It was an important matter, and it required resolution Jumping right in all gung ho, ignoring the hero syndrome illusion

Progress was elusive as if it were buried in the desert deep and there were acres and acres of sand

Trying to find an answer not really knowing the proper question or demand That's the point of full stop, my frustration soon began

The very day I woke up knowing we, together , were perfect, was the very day she left

From this , What could be the question that serves to fill the hollow soul in my possession? Ironically my desert search uncovers every God forsaken Oasis but rather than cool water , I'd rather drink the sand cuz frenzied moving granules moves one grain closer to my plan, if I could only know which question asked gets me to understand that what I was sure was absolute, turned to dromedary neverland.

Bobby O

MIX NOT BUSINESS AND FUN

MIX NOT BUSINESS W FUN

She had capability
Along with many layers to unwrap
Think Holmes v Moriarity
Egos, Enemies, skills that overlap
Contrasted styles fill arenas for great Pugilists
But Only in these whispered words does this tale exist
antagonist v protagonist
Villain foe and Hero Role inhabitants on constant switch
With the lure of French Perfume of course there was a costume
Gripped her curves cueing excite at night, she donned it very rare, to encourage affair or a trap
ensnare ?
for pleasure or persuasion?
her hidden motive a secret each occasion
First time Horse you chase that Dragon
Marooned on Rocks by Sirens Lure
Friends of Bill fall off the Wagon
The line we crossed did doom procure
Not just a promise it was a contract
All bills all profits split
It's best Sex and Business don't interact
I kept no diary, turns out she detailed a list
Her lawyers had powerful munitions
Proxy this and Writ-le that
Our business now in bleak condition
How Casey felt in that last at bat
Desperate and one last card to play
Vital patent remained solely in my name
Her and I across the table my leverage on display
She realized it changed the game
She'd own the business I'd get royalties
Bloodthirsty ploy peacefully exited the room
I learned a truth about sex and loyalty

Stepped away and inhaled one last wisp of that perfume.

FOLLOW THE SMILE QUICK ROAD

FOLLOW THE SMILE QUICK ROAD

Many an adage presents a doctrine, postulation on themes to change your life, , soul saving secrets that profess to eliminate life's strife are often pressed in litany ,be it cloaked in sacred chants, or a promised sojourn path to reach spiritual epiphany , a be all that you can be, confess that you are less, aspire, adopt their mantra, see life through culted eyes avoiding your demise just let them own your soul. Stop the madness , there's no patent on the truth, there's no one figure to salute, no testament old or new can make a better you.

It's a vector of simplicity, noted as we paraphrase what Glinda said to Dorothy, "within, you have had the power all along"

or might we quote the Jackson Five "easy as One, Two, Three" cuz when you truly control your destiny self love is a priority, when you stay balanced with self respect it's a power for all to see. In spite of those days that cast you shade follow that simple golden rule and others will react and treat you true when better treatment of self and them is a constant tool. It will generate an energy that will be your honor to share, the difficult you will overcome as well as sporadic temporary pain , when your eyes stay on the target unselfish love is yours to gain

So the simple lesson simply is just start from love within, start each day and smile in the mirror, thats the best place to begin.

I LEFT

I LEFT

Now I'm gone and you should've known

That I'd be gone when all your Coven costumes were sewn , with duplicity and lies you tried to keep the story intact. You surprised with the ease of deceit you were able to enact

A tale of flawed origin

why did we even interact?

now I'm gone, and I think you should've known

yeah I'm gone the day your evil seeds were sown

A clever construct of lies that you used as a disguise. Now I need a vaccination , spiritually wise, all your excuses and your stories I've come to despise

so I am gone and you should've known

Just look around and see that now I'm gone.

This cat has flown

the coop or whatever you call it I'm not around anymore so call up whatchamacallit,

because now I'm gone.

Bobby O

Final Resort

It finally came down to , sadly with regret, to me saying this! I am not going to be part of your other habits. The equanimity to be sought is damaged by asking why it is not already valued. Or by why a level underneath is being proffered with a denial as obvious as whistling past the graveyard. There exists , in you, a new arrogance, self entitlement or a general I don't give a fuck attitude. I will not be shifted to the fuck n list as your actions surely indicate Figure it out and fix it or tell me to fuck off!

Avoiding Cliche?

AVOIDING A CLICHE'

"Once Burned" , my inner voice whispered, unable to finish the cliché'

"Tis Better to Have", brain lock again, why care what others say?

Honestly, I usually lie to cover up regret

I ignored her needs , Wow! I said that Out loud, It's my FAULT that she left

One Step, miles to go at least a thousand

Chin deep in a self dug rut, alone on a deserted island

Libraries have many self help books , I checked out nine or ten

Ego aside with buried pride, Meditate, tap into powers of Zen

Priorities straight, humble heart anew, anxious to proceed

Put Others first, respect loves power, react no more with greed

When again love visits, Thank God that glorious day,

This story then will have a happy end, no longer a cliché'

JAZZ IS LIFE (updated version)

JAZZ IS LIFE

Swing into life with with a boogie infusion, take less time to sort out the mess and confusion,
face up and corral and challenge the days tribulations,

hide them away forget calm and perfect chordal creations,

expect next the dents that will stride into our dissonant moments, reconvene reconstruct readjust
recompense, listen again and again til that Coltrane solo makes sense, it's my favorite thing his
greatness never relents

it's not Top 40 or love songs with sugary riffs,the circle of life sometimes is bent to an ellipse, take
time to dig into why modal Miles exists , That historical LP none will ever eclipse

Life's truth proceeds in an Epistrophy measure, like when you find genius conveyed as Monk's
music builds pleasure there's metaphor and more, note the organized chaos in a disharmonious
Thelonius score. Or bet Stan Getz has The Sound in any Philly Arena or when he passes each one
in Brazil Ipanema. Thus Said, To Improvisationally be simply polite, life IS Jazz so

Jazz must be Life

Bobby O

BEDFELLOWS

BEDFELLOWS

I would be pleased if she offered some mismatched items with toast. Of course, Assuming the day was starting from scratch, and the time choice was mine, I prefer it at breakfast the most. But I'm perplexed by the side pairing of eggs bedded with beans, it's strange like my adventurous video that only two people have seen, but if forced to endorse that strange meal or strange reel , it'd be a most difficult task , by default I'd choose the amateur movie, at least SHE was wearing a mask !

A FOREVER DOOM

One man one case

Twisted strife, pure wickedness , that speaks to mythical duress the sharpened knife of heaviness
many points of pain did coalesce

Words and actions promises that interloded

Rather, now his calloused veneer has taught never again to start A sacred pact of
conscious scattered powers that afor did plunge direct , staked regrets , driven deep into his core.
With hardened heart, he's hard to fool so that of course precedes the saddest part.

He did give in but not for him as she laid all before him bare Vulnerability and emotions pushed, her demise now drew his stare

A disintegration morbidly real

Might he mitigate with zeal

He dropped defense and all caution fed to storm

His vigor could save humanity , those alive and those yet born

Then maniacally and viciously like when Eve first Knew that Eden snake

A punished travail seared deep within , Twas Satan's Laugh that made him shake ,a silent scream and teary nod, his heart and body barely whole, a disaster he invited, has exploded the atoms of his soul

Bobby O

HASTEN

HASTEN

Hasten from above and bless this yearning that is mine
bless forever and lock tight my grasp those voices I recall
those of image describing all
Turning to smile after tears from childlike fall
Burning of desperate measure that treasure that escapes like mist
If forgotten do I exist ?
Fear my mothers moments stay and never fade
Fear her light darkens toward forever shade
Bless my memory vault eternal
Hasten

CONCISE EXCELL

CONCISE EXCELL

A friend wrote a poem and it made me want to sing Some Bobby Darin and Jewell Akens for the joy
those songs bring

But I digress I must confess my friend may have bargained with the devil

Well , must relate that I exaggerate but how else to explain the godly talent of Mr. Neville

KNOW THY PLACE

KNOW THY PLACE

This good man, nicknamed John Wayne ,had A reckless sense of confrontation, seasoned with his furtive sense of honor, true streetwise code his badge of armor.

A Strangers clueless stand, insulting innocents out of hand ,A feckless tense situation fueled unreasoned stress and trouble , the otherwise unconverted scholar breathing puffery through tightened collar.

A perverted Careening uncollected mix of bravado bluffs and parlor tricks. False pride ignoring the timer clicks

Crossed a line he just can't fix.

There's a kinda hush that's loud within the crowds like minds , a whispered "OH OH" enjoined all like common Shout. Myself I heard Jim Croce sing,when windy don't expectorate tug capes pull masks or like fools create

Some stared anxious for this Strangers fate

I looked away cuz bloods no fun, I just dialed nine one one

?

Dealing for The Mob

Some connected guys needed honest skills to splay some cards in a sketchy sorta town. This Filipino cat caught that news , he threw my name around ,picture your first guess, head bowed, neck bent, the inveigled lean those heavy carats dressed , he knew where and he knew how , he knew that he knew the best, his darted whispers sipped some juice and hit dead center direct. ??

Gathered thought , wonders and risk, fixation fidgets the audition?. These two huge men Guido and Johnny, were charged with hiring the new addition, which figuratively, literally. must be a profitable Acquisition . All this I knew while knowing they knew me NONE. Thus, A Pat hand I held with the nuts, gripped securely as I stand, and quickly, in ten seconds I had their trust and had the room in my command, Before the thrust of wishes bust with those two big men, Guido and Johnny, I shared the plan. Look , Take the best you hoped , multiply that by ten, and know my eyes say I don't scare, in this world of High Stakes Poker, if I may declare, I decide who's given quarter and I decide when there's none to Spare.

Time to cut the deck, Seemlessly smooth the button moved from spot to spot, , the table called the ante and the button called the Pot. Play, now moved at a quicker pace, gently we nudged each tortoise from the game. More cards were slid and more hands bid the sharper our protocols became .The rake and take were nearly doubled and the HOUSE now surely knows MY Name.

?saymyname
saymyname

?BOBBY O

PINCH ME

PINCH ME

Everyday she teaches me that these tingles are for real
That this unconventional attachment doesn't limit how we can feel
Across the pond or there upon yet excitement it builds still
Asking not a question
true emotions enter and fulfill
togethered tender promise
I feel undeserving if I'm honest
Through these clouds of joy I can barely see
While embracing lifelong fantasy
Pinch me please
Bobby O

AN ODE OF GRATITUDE

AN ODE OF GRATITUDE

Friends have noticed more smiles in my mirrored reflection, I now address her to thank her for giving my life new direction,

Each day I'll be living to

Make sure I'm giving you love and joy, time can't destroy. My best efforts I promise communication that's honest, a partner to walk with through any travail or serendipitous moment when blessed winds fill our sail. What I did to deserve this I haven't a clue, I prayed for a miracle and God gave me you.

PRAYER OF THANKS

Prayer of Thanks

Be thy saint or sinner, runner up or winner, may ye bask in God's grace, ever thankful for our wondrous bounty of food, of friends , and family. Smiled on by Blessings Bestowed, our eyes tilt and shine humbly toward the heavenly sky, as We, Dear Lord, say Thank You with a joyful cry!

A LOOK AT FOREVER

A Look At Forever

Shaking out tensions , I exhale Drifting now with closed eyes In mere seconds appears
my prize Her beauty unmatched , she reaches out from the peaceful vision in my mind

A gentle touch, I'm forever attached In reality and in dream My soul joyously
bonded To a Love Supreme

Bobby O

EXITING

EXITING

Now I see things the right way , no longer care what you might do or say. It's time I spend some time with somebody else, that's me that's stepping out to be by myself

The road ahead is the right way

MR. WAKELING

MR. WAKELING

There's a famous David in the Bible and there's a house known by his name and another David in the Dickens fiction of Copperfield acclaim

That British bloke Beckham, really liked to bend it. And that David landed nice when he married into spice

A musical Bowie had genius to contend with, a David, whose Fame and Under Pressure turned Avante Garde Superstar, precise

There's David's Bing and Cowens and Thompson, who ruled the whole 94 feet of floor and David, the D in Dwight D who's D-Day plan won the greatest war

O Selznick producing Scarlett and Rhett surely was a given

In style and class so purely was, actor David Niven

David Ruffin who sang My Girl , he had sunshine on a cloudy day and Hasselhoff, the David, who chased The Baywatch babe, CJ

David Schwimmer had that Rachel dream, and David Souter was a judge supreme

David Ogden Stiers joked in Mash the most

David Letterman the consummate late night host, but wait and please take time to note

Amongst our crew at MPS poet David is the best, with Wakeling as his surname his poems belong in the Hall of Fame

And I write this to salute this humble writer, so astute

Bobby O

I?LL JUST DISAPPEAR

I'LL JUST DISAPPEAR

However, this affected me, a newly born unjust legacy my heart now carries a cacti weight
I did not choose to negotiate, decided by interceding demons jackaled arbiters of my fate cackling
as they view my hope disapate
now plotting a newly poisoned path
Laughing at recompense or potential wrath
Priory of procured peaceful fusion instead now proffers bludgeoned confusion
And poison fed by intravenous infusion
A future kidnapped by promises loudly snapped
Vitriolic at full capacity
I'm done, you've won
You've seen the last of me
Bobby O

SO MANY THOUGHT ME LUCKY?

So Many Thought Me Lucky?
She wasted not a motion
Elegance portrayed like perfected Haiku
Each step a collusion with joined commotion
Red Carpeted arrival most worthy to pursue
My desire craved more lines than three
More beats added to 17
An unwrapped mystery just mine to see
Intimate but less pristine
Therein Crux resides in Matter
Worship not Illusion shatter
An actor with a quiet mind
Thankful for this privileged
Role
Assignment that of concubine
Willing to eagerly sell my soul
Bobby O

GENDER ROTATION

GENDER ROTATION

For instance, when unsure , pretense never helps explain the plan

Ego driven, nil admittance

This predilection points to man , Survey Says : This

Propensity toward Arrogance with insecurity of Existence, bleeds the Testosterone that leaks inside the brain ? These Alpha Male misdirects , cause corrosive disrepair in the metaphoric chain

Consider instead a consistent brilliance that Women have already claimed. An empathetic wisdom that places aside false pride and fleeting fame. A fair and humble pure agenda, powerfully joined by strengths conjoined , in spirit and in body and everyone alive. Let's Decide that Women are best to Lead the Human Race, a double X guides our future bright and with that Grace we find success.

A BEAUTIFUL FIND

A Beautiful Find

Light moves in a graceful bonded correlation to all encounters essential to earthly foundation. An existing ubiquitous purview of particle's both quantum askew ,or those large and askance with behemoth view. Its speed indirectly computes a precise portion of all cache, Whilst producing a product multiplied direct

with said Mass to calculate energy from split protons, electrons and

nuclear blast. A genius equation of constant Unraveled by Albert,

he cared and he shared relativity ensnared,

gifting the world

$E=MC^2$

FATAL ARROGANCE

FATAL ARROGANCE

And for that they shall pay, forever fated to blunder through the residue of revenge ., a plan crafted to be surgically exact, both in the here and the now

With a lingering legacy

the desired result with constant haunts

a surging echo

siphons sanity

cowardly do si do's choreographed for never an out of balance

out of state

an outside the brain severing from before

fierce latches a Panic

diminished confidence takes residence in that spiritual black hole of regret that now is future, pedantic scrambles only lead to a circle of wishes stumbled through malaise

A Mawkingly tragic GPS

IF only they had not chosen HE to trifle with

BOBBY O

AND THE LINES WERE LONG

AND THE LINES WERE
LONG

At first, we have the understated introduction, avenues of plot ,
syntax that drops off before it hits exact and our minds are spinning with possibilities, braided
twisted ,and rebraided metaphors, separate and ,highlight moments that may seem tiny but later
we understand .They are the ribbon that wraps around and curls and leads and clinches together
what we need , individual moments of life with all the folly, all the bravery, all the aspects, the
weakness, the strength, the loyalty They are displayed in such a way that we can go back to review
and see them from a prism like view, Scalene angles spotlighted as if we were standing in a
different place,! in elevated secret position .So with an insight added to what we share , Builds a
dramatic urge and everybody will clap and finally there is a goodbye of fidelity , a final look, a wrap
up of the emotions we have come to hug and embrace and sweat with and it's OK cause it's a
Broadway play and how else could it end?

LEGENDARY MR. ROBINSON

LEGENDARY MR ROBINSON

The triple threat that is Smokey , insures that there isn't even a second place, Smokey Bill had over twice as many chart hits then even those popular Philly Superstars, The Stylistics. His Legendary run with hit after hits. He served as the catalyst that lead Motown rise to fame in fortune While he added jet fuel to other superstar careers w over 100 penned charted hits,CHECK THIS!!

Who's Loving You - Michael Jackson ,Mary Wells -My Guy

along w Temptations - My Girl + ..Get Ready those 4 have sold more than the whole Stylistics catalogue combined.

Throw in the fact he was Motown's first signed artist and was MOTOWN VP IN addition to being the only soul artist who had such an influential Song they named a nationwide radio format after it, QUIET STORM

" when you sigh , Weak am I ,a butterfly caught up in your hurricane lucky me umbrella free ,suddenly, I'm caught up in your summer rain, "

And his tenor had butter in it when we heard the opening to TRACKS " people say Im the life of the party cause I tell a joke or two" ?girls would melt for me when I cued that up, and later in same tune , this metaphorical admission of the truth that represented his humility not just as the character in the song , but also as the professional who inspired Bob Dylan to refer to him as America's greatest Living Poet. I mean, how cool and iconic are these words?

" outside im masquerading, inside my high hopes keep fading. I'm just a clown. Oh, yeah, since you put me down my smile is my make up since my break up with you."

Other than that I don't have any opinion on the subject

A CRITICAL MEASURE

A Critical Measure

A little of me was left behind when she suddenly left

Prompting A Genesis I guess, of both smiles and tears . Trying, Perhaps mistakenly ,a tactile desperate grasp to reach back, grab a little of each, and allay my building fears

Wishing to compute a relationship relativity to override this soul shaking negativity wondering if there was some way to conclude that our piles of infectious smiles combined to cancel, this current river of tears. With a wink I began to imagine a mystic scale buried deep in

a sea filled with waves of emotion touching each and all , with surging tides of resentment and contentment ,great success and lonely duress , our inspired climbs and insipid falls. Hark, grand waters break and grand Heralds call, Behold Grandest Scale of All

The magnificence now before our eyes , abruptly delivered a Shock and Awe surprise. That scale was barely noticed, rather all gathered, strained to hear hypnotic beauty of the Herald's song . Life's Meaning and pure essence melodically messaged through my ears

I no longer wished to count those smiles and no longer wished to weigh those tears. At once and sudden I did remember, importance lives not within all that wash away but rather it stays within our

love of life and our Joyous Spirit of Surrender

BobbyO

THE SENSE TO SHAKE IT OFF

The Sense to Shake it Off

She chose bold prose her lyrics overt

Expertly aimed with intention to hurt

Might Swifty style define her revenge and her plan

Bare assed and shout loud I'm no longer her man

No terms no discussion

No battles no War

Why bother complaining

What is it good for

BobbyO

THE STUBBORN ROAD

THE STUBBORN ROAD

I know, i recognize, i realize, i can't deny. My heart skips a little beat,

Sometimes i struggle just to breathe.

Never before did i believe that the love that i now feel is the reason why, why we dare to hope and dream, that the best that life can bring can humbly be achieved when we find love.

I thought i always knew about love,

It's in songs and lot's of books.

I tried and tried to live without love,

Selfish was the road i took.

U taught me life was all about love,

A fact too many overlook,

Now life's defined by ur love,

Opened my eyes, im glad i looked.

Bobby O

?

SHE FIXED MY BLINDS

DISCLAIMER :

People can't control what they dream

So, it is in the spirit of that axiomatic truth that I relay these details without fear of retribution.

Somehow, when you've donned those idyllic Sponge Bob sneakers you experienced a surge of energy that was manifested in a display of an atypical Devil May care confidence that caused you to shrug at the Risque, such that you chose to affix the blinds wearing Daisy Dukes with fringes fashionably curled and a tie dye sports bra that matched the colors in your sneakers.

You should know that I pretended not to notice and instead stayed silent in salute of your brave and confident choice of attire.

ALL WE TREASURE

ALL WE TREASURE

I reach for spirit from above to bless this yearning that I Tightly clasp
To bless forever and lock tight my grasp
those nourished voices I now recall
those of image describing all
Turning griefs to smiles after crocodile tears appear
Remember and Remind
To view On imaged Wall We relive we rewind
We revisit Our childlike fall
A Burning of desperate measure of treasure
that escapes like mist, feelings that If forgotten
Will I feel that I exist ?
I now Fear my heartfelt friend may still delay beacons born of Wickies won't forever stay
slipping, shifting and waning moments tis on this collection which I pray, these bumps bend and
form a rapture fresh,
a fortune'd friendship from careened caress
has captured Hopes that never fade , forbidden from forever shade
Never Fear her light conveys a trip to darkness
Never made
Bless my memories gathered within
This valued vault we put our friendship in
Bobby O
?

MAGIC OF WORDS

Magic of Words

The freedom to survey, the challenge to convey

Sparks w first light each day

Noticing of course that it's a therapeutic force

a personal source of delight that carries from dawn to twilight.

Rage rage against unfair moments, pave pave the way for fair ascent. Make a difference if I can ,
learn from Queens and honored man. Write write, disperse or lock it w a key, just interact w this
universe and destiny.

Bobby O

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CATCHING A JAZZ BUG

CATCHING A JAZZ BUG!

The first time of an awareness and tiny understanding of stretching the simple toward interesting and complex was on a Summer Sunday on the cement slab in our yard we called a patio. I turned the radio on and it was tuned to Wvon and on Sunday Middy Daddio Daily played Jazz and I heard him introduce a song with a reverence that kept me listening. It was John Coltrane's version of My Favorite Things.. The stuff that had seemed odd to me about Jazz all of a sudden made sense. The lack of vocals and diversion from the melody at abrupt intervals I at first thought off putting but I heard the words on Coltrane's horn so Stately ..brown paper packages tied up with string ...it was way more than satisfying

The improvisation laid on top an Elvin Jones blanket of urgent percussive chords such that our ears were able to sense when the actual melody had to be tagged and when I could hear how far away Trane might be and like there was no time and that he had stranded himself but he always caught the unison as McCoy and Elvin segued back to the actual chart and melody. It for me set me on a humbling journey , chasing with fervor the magical improvisation and genius of Jazz

This Genre constantly inspires and delivers the gift of Prodigy. What more can one ask for ?

Bobby O

CARVING

CARVING?

There are those dislodged by misfortune that still must carve a path. ?One man one case? barraged
by weight of all the world's wrath ?Twisted strife, pure wickedness , that speaks to mythical duress
joining the sharpened knife of heaviness

no more regrets did coalesce

while uncertainty stoked that blazing fire of hope? shifting promises that interloped?

He is not naive

Boldly quick to commit

his calloused veneer a symbol that he'd never quit ??A sacred pact

regathered powers and

Steadied aim to plunge direct , With hardened heart, he's hard to fool so he knew the saddest part.
?Before him bare

She drew his stare ?He dropped pretense and fed his caution to the storm ?

His vigor could save humanity , those alive and those yet born? Then maniacally like when Eve first
Knew that Eden snake

A punished travail seared deep within , Twas Satan's Laugh that made him shake ,

a silent scream and teary nod, his heart and body barely whole, a disaster uninvited, has exploded
the atoms of his soul?Bobby O

SOLDIERS BLEEDING

Soldiers Bleedin'

I get tired of seeing the 10 o'clock lead in showing another group of soldiers bleeding. Why did they die with their bravery ?

Was it truth or chicanery?

Iraq, Iran, Afghanistan, phony weapons of doom,

Politicians meet secretly in some back room which slimy hidden agendas cloaked in confusion they decide to send Americans to die and keep saying that's a solution

With arrogance before our eyes, they disguise their lies as the truth

Let's televise that revolution ,

stop killing our youth

But the haze of Malaise

Gets us lost in some maze and it's hard to escape because day after day we don't challenge the motherf%{ers that just lead us astray and they count on that fact that we won't act or derive Their insidious plans or how they plot to survive

When good people do nothing there is room for evil to thrive

Why Hesitate,

We shouldn't wait

Bring all our soldiers back alive

Bobby O

SUDDENLY WE SEE

FINALLY WE SEE

Progress portends when pretending ends

Success slips as the stowaway pretense commands it's bivouac within the blueprint of the plotted plan

Ego driven Men, whose Past admittance of mistakes has never found its place

An Existence without Density

Blind with pride their shared propensity

This predilection points to man A battle stand and half of a plan

Testosterone leak inside the brain ? Consider instead , Women who have a plenty and ready brilliance claimed and place aside false pride and fame.

. A fair and humble pure agenda, powerfully joined by strengths conjoined , in spirit and in body and everyone alive. Let's Decide that Women Should Lead the Human Race, a double X guides our future bright and with

Lady Grace we all shall thrive. With reward an Oval powered and led by she , but first a delicious to absorb dismantling they don't yet see

For many , unwrapping this present will be satisfying.

INCIDENCE

INCIDENCE

A Warning left unheeded

Circled back to extract a toll When and where nonchalance staked it's imbedded presence is difficult to know

Worse yet was WHY

Fastened to Duality Gripping desperate each extreme

A manufactured reality

A one lane scene of encroaching beams

It's hubris and its ego it's mistakes that feed a stubborn ugly thing it's a tornado we saw coming
Strangers stare , aware of destruction that it brings

JAZZ IS LIFE (live)

<https://youtu.be/fZ98sPJgCRg?si=GR9V6ZSvYP8iIE7m>

NO SENSE GUESSING

NO SENSE GUESSING

Sometimes becomes always when the glint in her eye is real

Or it becomes forever to measure how long a mothers love is real Sometimes it stays sometimes with her promise to kick her habit

And sometimes Sometimes morphs to never when lies built love and you can't grab it

And Sometimes we start over facing Vegas Odds so Long

Sometimes our inside us Hero awakens and rights the Wrong

And Sometimes we know that Always

We earned this place that we Belong!

Bobby O

CEASELESS WONDER

CAUSTIC WONDER

A choice unknown, an unblessed sojourn of wonder , this smile newly owned possessed guile to turn quite under

Common parlance sets the perfect cover as curious or desired surprise defines for most who render Wonder

I seek to reach chimeric heights rare as Black Swan viewed through absent glare of pitch black night

A measured pleasure of euphoric bliss

I would ten times run Heinous gauntlets of mythical risks

A Celestial Excursion to prove greatest Wonder exists

One more minute with my Mother, this desperate dream of coveted wonder ceaselessly persists

SOMEONE HAS TO DO IT

Someone Has To Do It

A one second glance unfurled pages enough

Alerts Attire beyond threadbare

Wire thin and fiber optic buff

A sympathetic protocol began our action sect humane to ready huddled care so heat of body stays retained

Find status proof in this photo still

This job of mercy we fulfill

THIS DAY A WINDMILL

THIS DAY A WINDMILL

The Windmill ruled with motion but today it was just still

An unadjusted stance and ungathered blades askance

A Frozen Titan statued from breezes nil

A wish for wind desired, needed, unconsidered by half its kinetic pair, this a breach that can't be reached or achieved or earned or fair

The Titan's magic coarsely halted , a status bent with all recourse bare

A sentence thrust by Nature"s fuss a captive 'til

Nature deems to submit its share

The day she said she no longer loved me

She denied the one more chance I yearned

She held nature's power over my destiny

Now she can't be reached with no change achieved or earned

Like that windmill stilled , stripped of choice and will,

A captive's fate

A bitter pill

Bobby O

HABITS THAT BUILD

HABITS THAT BUILD

This time,I wish this chapter was all about days of sun and fantasy ,

Not to escape but rather to put in place a plan that's captures strategy

Cornering all things easy

ignoring catcalls meant to dare , to retrace best steps like Fred Astaire , to display exacting clarity.

Discover and deliver rarity,

A plan to steer the many

Toward an honest spin on how to win , a successful plan for any.

Bobby O

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GATHERING WONDER

GATHERING WONDER

A path unknown, a festive sojourn of wonder , this smile newly owned does possess guile to reach
the top from way down under

Common parlance sets the perfect cover as curious or desired surprise defines for most who render
Wonder

I seek to reach exotic heights rare as a Black Swan viewed through absent glare of pitch black night

A measured pleasure of euphoric bliss

I would ten times run fire gauntlets of mythical risks

A Celestial Odyssey proving surely , it exists

One more minute, one more smile my dream of holding wonder ceaselessly persists

Bobby O

COMBATIVE

TRAVELS

Confusion steered, stole my will to live

Ignorance blocked positive

Summon strength to give

Combative

Thirst

Once again request friends to forgive

Broken trust cumulative

Summon strength to give

Combative

Worst

Hubris shed, second chance to relive

Eliminate sensitive

Summon strength to give

Combative

First

Bobby O

HANDSOME

HANDSOME

He was yours sometimes in a very-personal huggable way, but yet you knew that's what many many many people could truthfully say

I tried to make a list of all the things he was but quickly paused , instead, together , let's all imagine a world of multi - dimensional awe

The welcome sparkle in his eyes humbly captured the mystical and awe that fed his soul with wonder. He taught us to elevate honor without compromise. His stature dignified with a chivalry and grace, that he'd often humbly soften using humor to self efface He could kneel and lift us with his whispers, or motivate conveying leadership with a thunderous bellow, never from above the crowd , but as a proud and regular fellow. His impact enriched many lives, far too numerous to measure and he left an imprint on many minds , his Mt Rushmore like legacy a living gift for us to treasure.

So now we thank his closest circle

Mary Margaret , Katie , Jennifer , Becky , and Dan, of this diamond they were aware , and with an unselfish love, allowed us all to share.

A HEART ALIVE

A HEART ALIVE

A poem, an optimistic tome, came across my eye, it included and insisted on some rules we all should live by. On your sleeve the rested hopeful heart should reside, carry nothing you must hide , fueled by rule apart from flimsy cliché' no Dionysius wine in vessel clay shall steer your mapped traveling way, Gaining altruistic sense sparks a bettering afore a gifted granite strength to breach New day. Live Long, Live Strong, Let Strengthened Heart lead til Life's Last Tragic Play

Bobby O

DICHOTOMY

Dichotomy

This explanation so necessary likely won't qualify

This situation so contrary contritely won't satisfy

A Dickensian nod prods the worst of confusion

Concurrently claiming Best expected solution

Yet simultaneously indicating this said logic visits delusion

There were and are many days I prayed we could fasten connection juxtaposed as if to achieve
balance warped with the wounds of rejection

A passionate Yin and a Yang of fires warmth and it's burn

A scarred heart first filled with a hope that soon turns to hoping to learn

To run and to hide is the choice rated only

A directioned path to abide

If I didn't fear lonely

Bobby O

SOLAR POWER

SOLAR POWER

Driving around town with all the windows down Gladdened Ears treated , free concerts undefeated
,sublime street musicians not getting Rich on Tips share their rich new sound Ladies glisten as
they listen and walk becoming moving art

Flares of new seasoned smiles a clue to their passion for fun

We review their fresh summer fashion

Knowing they notice, this beauty, this bounty , this creation caresses that Inspirational Sun

Bobby O

AND THE WORLD WILL BE BETTER FOR THIS

AND THE WORLD WILL BE BETTER FOR THIS

A dire quest now requires a friend to rescue a friend

To get deep enough into situations to risk awkward

to be brave enough with no vacillation, to go onward

To recognize delicacy, be armed with intricacy, reversing inaccuracy born of those who have come from before , yet still dive straight into the maelstrom, with no detour ,any advice to heed warnings you quickly decline. Ready to bravely plow through those shocked faces on enemies that think they have won

Yet you Realize that this battle , this war, well it's just begun. Foes should expect no pity under this bloody sun. as this story shall find them engaged by an army of one , on a mission to rescue , before it's too late before his best friend forever meets an ominous fate

To proceed with pure valor without question or pause, Windmills be damned,I you'd March straight through holy hell for this heavenly cause

BOBBY O

SPINNING CONCLUSION

SPINNING CONCLUSION

Phillippe said how could I let her get away? I did have hope that she was going to stay. I'm feeling that if she loves or leaves I won't even lift a finger, I don't think I'll even think or grieve, maybe not even linger when noticing she won't be sitting next to me at the ball game.

Smirking now and not wondering how this before never empty seat shouts intimacy subtracted and belated, Yeah, this ends not complicated, just simple cause and effect, with quick pause to collect, Sharing out loud a dialect between me and my companioned voice of mind hoping my sanity wakes as them or they or she intakes These lyrics. I hope they're fair, but admitting something anyway, I'm a little scared to share and the end will be and spin us somewhere.

Put a little jazz riff to it, I'm thinking she oughta put a little musica to it, and I'll abet and let, so she can visit if she insists. Will there be a view that's crowned most fun to see? Probably she wouldn't tell me. With or without her sexual screams and silken sheets, that or not that, this episode will be complete

BobbyO

TO RESCUE WITH VALOR

TO RESCUE WITH VALOR

A dire quest now requires a friend to rescue a friend

To get deep enough into situations to risk awkward

to be brave enough with no vacillation, to go onward

To recognize delicacy, be armed with intricacy, reversing inaccuracy born of those who have come from before , yet still dive straight into the maelstrom, with no detour, advice to heed warnings shrugged off , over run Painting shock on foes faces that think they have won

Realizing this mission , this battle , well it just begun. Extending no quarter no pity offered under this bloody sun. Clueless enemies are vanquished by an army of one , Poised quickly to rescue , to deliver those devils their due

You proceed with pure valor without question or pause, Windmills be damned, you'd March straight through holy hell for this heavenly cause

BOBBY O

MY HOKEY POKEY PLAN

MY HOKEY POKEY PLAN

When she opened that note,

my best hope was that just a little would go wrong

She'd read my poems But not my disguise

Scribbled lines, a message plagiarized , read like lyrics to a song, A Hokey Pokey of twisted limbs
and all were in and they didn't belong

Tuned to dials middle where the signal strength was strong , the white girls danced to bubble gum
but I needed to hear a Smokey song

"More joy than time could ever destroy" got me smiles , maybe a peck, , wasn't hard to guess
what's coming next.

Busted, that one in ten friend blended truth into her ear and , well, when cause was lost , that was
very very clear. Some tears and jeers, guilt trips and fingers flipped

One would think that plan extinct

But I'd circle back and double down Next move employed Masterful Hijinks

"This is no fiction, this is no act"

Yeah that's from Smokey I'd say

I'm was unable to communicate any other way. I knew you'd know and I'm anxious to come clean,
You are for me all that I've ever dreamed. Her smiled softened gladdened that I told her truth,
was this a glory day or proof of misspent youth?

I WISH IT WERE A SHE

I WISH IT WERE A SHE

Progress pushes around the bend when we seek truth and when pretending ends

Success slips and dips if the fear of change remains a stowaway

Pretense can then command it's sour presence and blurs any blueprint charted toward the healing progress we intend

Ego driven Men, whose Past admittance of mistakes has never found its place

An Existence of unchecked Density

Blind with pride their shared propensity

This predilection points to man A battle stand and half of a plan

Testosterone leak inside the brain ? Consider instead , Women who have a plenty and ready brilliance claimed and place aside false pride and fame.

. A fair and humble pure agenda, powerfully joined by strengths conjoined , in spirit and in body and everyone alive. Let's Decide that Women Should guide the Human Race, let double X guide with Lady Grace Poised to birth her plan for us to thrive Govern just and wise to keep hope alive

Bobby O

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A Transcendent Classic

The opening on Maiden Voyage builds anticipation with Herbie w a series of almost Monk like chords joins then rhythm section first sparsely and then more energetic and has us both transfixed and eager but locked in and just when it seems it's almost too long the trumpet enters w Freddie injecting the most perfect notes imaginable and we feel gloriously satisfied and then George Coleman treats w a Coltranesque resplendent response and this music is instantly a forever classic.

FOXES IN THE TREES

FOXES IN THE TREES

Except for the T-shirt with the bull's-eye in the middle of the chest, she usually didn't give me gifts, but I digress, Let's do what's best as these are phrases of purpose proving that when my streams of conscious fail , they always fail to get me near, false hope faded on a dead end trail , but this soapbox is sincere

So though short of certain clever, focus on now or never , Should I fear true content , abandoning our love her planned intent. Love is An exotic condiment , with its fresh cut edge as nourishment. A Freestyle journey To stir our souls , Freedom within this creative domain must remain a sacred honest endeavor To dilute cliché', to strain mundane until the conversational melody is such that we need not explain.

We could mold sophisticates into words that may somehow rebirth as lyrics. but we'll go back to that another time, but first, why did I fear it? When I was in the forest that time, when she attempted a simple rhyme , it did remind of that Spinner's song that's upside down like howdy doody your clowns too , they're all laughing at you and why were they even there and didn't say or stay in the middle of the road? I didn't have no time to count the foxes hidden in the trees today and she didn't have no time to be a decent person, and the random gifts didn't give me any lift.

That was just her way of hinting that she was going away, like howdy do, I don't want them laughing at you. Just lookin for a clue as to what to do ,I don't care if you're on the side or in the ditch there's no middle for me , as we proceed where there is no road,and when she left , she left my mind on overload

Bobby O

LOSSES SWIFTLY CUT

The Sense to Shake it Off
She chose bold prose her lyrics overt
Expertly aimed with intention to hurt
Might Swifty style define her revenge and her plan
Bare assed and shout loud I'm no longer her man
No terms no discussion
No battles no War
Why bother complaining
What is it good for
BobbyO

PRAYER OF THANKS

Prayer of Thanks

Be thy saint or sinner, runner up or winner, may ye bask in God's grace, ever thankful for our wondrous bounty of food, of friends , and family. Smiled on by Blessings Bestowed, our eyes tilt and shine humbly toward the heavenly sky, as We, Dear Lord, say Thank You with a joyful cry!

Breakfast Wasn't Over Easy

Breakfast Wasn't Over Easy

It might've been a painless conversation but instead

medieval style was her choice , drawn forth accrued by her invitation her besties served as
maddening voice

Half asleep with an only goal a cup of Joe

There was trouble coming

This I did know

HERALDS HEAL

A little of me was left behind when she suddenly left

Prompting A Genesis I guess, of both smiles and tears . Trying, Perhaps mistakenly ,a tactile desperate grasp to reach back, grab a little of each, and allay my building fears

Wishing to compute a relationship relativity to override this soul shaking negativity wondering if there was some way to conclude that our piles of infectious smiles combined to cancel, this current river of tears. With a wink I began to imagine a mystic scale buried deep in

a sea filled with waves of emotion touching each and all , with surging tides of resentment and contentment ,great success and lonely duress , our inspired climbs and insipid falls. Hark, grand waters break and grand Heralds call, Behold Grandest Scale of All

The magnificence now before our eyes , abruptly delivered a Shock and Awe surprise. But Alas, instead , That grand scale was barely noticed,

Suddenly , hypnotically all were claimed by the beauty of the Herald's song .

I no longer wished to count those smiles and no longer wished to weigh those tears. At once I did remember just where importance lives , it stands proud in Times ahead of us, not in faded moments washed away, with a little hope and lots of trust, we shall see a Better Day.

BobbyO

THE MIRROR TALKS

THE MIRROR TALKS

How u hold up ur end,Tells all ,what ur about. I don't know yet how i'm gonna figure my end out.

So I went back, walked thru my minds video of the past, found four frames, hard questions asked, they triggered truth, I own lies that last. Some, they live in those video's, gave me reasonable doubt, the past ain't gonna show how I'm gonna figure my end out.

But I got next, next week, next job,next plan's the best. Today stays empty, tomorrow is all. Frozen steps, Future dreams, embracing the stall, Imaginary progress , on some imaginary route, the Future sure won't show how I'm gonna figure my end out.

The Privledge of time, I thought used to be mine. Climbing up will scare me, but I refuse to stay blind. The mirror talks, baby steps, walk that straight line. Joining life, jumping in, ending this hideout, now , right Now, is the perfect time to figure my end out.

Bobby O

WHEN TO STOP

WHEN TO STOP

Imagine the power to gather the Gods grace that is your humble reward, your born impulse to share and you honorably direct it toward, disbelievers that lack grace and evil they no longer fight, you Summon, you yearn, plead their hearts fill with might, but sadly you acknowledge, it's an impossible plight. Cry not dear warrior who never will fear the grim reaper, some lost souls just stay lost, remember, each and all are their own keeper +

Bobby O

LOVE WITHOUT MEASURE

LOVE WITHOUT MEASURE

I wanted to analyze and calculate to gather reason for where we were this day.
But in that moment, amidst the clamor, I realized the scale was never meant to weigh,
For love, in all its splendid chaos, isn't a math to measure or display.
It flows, it ebbs, like the tide that kisses the shore,
Bringing forth whispers of laughter, and echoes of sorrow once more.
In the heart's vast ocean, every drop counts, each tear and smile shared,
They intertwine like threads of a tapestry, each moment declared.
So I let go of my quest to balance and quantify,
Embracing the beauty in chaos, allowing myself to fly.
With her spirit still guiding, we dance through the waves,
In the grander scheme of love, it's the journey that saves.
Bobby O