

Anthology of WriteBeLight



Presented by

My poetic Side 

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Benefit of the Doubt

It's tough sometimes to see it her way, when you know the for real explanation.
She pleads with you, that you'll agree, she does so with determination.
You stand your ground, a very closed mind, you stare at each other and think.
As long as it takes, face to face, let's see whose first to blink.
But, you saw the crumbs upon her hand, it's a slam-dunk case.
Just give the kid the benefit of the doubt, she's got the cutest face.

Bite My Lip

In the past, I've let it slip, said words unkind, cruel and flip.
Sparking chaos, very hurt feelings, hands in the air, sends them reeling.
I've had to learn, and it's been tough, hold off from speaking off the cuff.
Instead, put me in their shoes, imagine the hurt, feel the abuse.
The message from this I want to send, stop and see you on the receiving end.
Who made me the big fat expert. On every topic, newsflash and excerpt?
With this approach, I find instead, like a light bulb lit over my head.
When biting my lip, I do digress, my life is happier, a greater success.

Binge Brain

I binge watch my shows, full of drama and twits.
Backstabbing garbage, and ding-bat nitwits.
The next day, I'm guilty, this time-wasting urge.
My finger, my ear, my brain try to purge.

It creeps upon me, to my stomach, I'm sick.
My diagnosis, thinking, my brain is bulimic?
I'm OK for a time, had my full dose of,
The crap that I watch, but "Oh No," ...nervosa!

Grit my teeth, try real hard, no remote with a tap.
But, hey, what the heck! I'll just catch the recap!

Even Keeled

In my mind, I like to think,
I'm your life raft that will not sink.
Always have I been there for you,
Thru the years, my job to do.
I was your ride, your car was towed.
And, there with cash when repo'ed.

When Boyfriend's love from burn to smolder,
I was your cheerleader, crying on my shoulder.
No shade from me, you needed to heal.
Won't rock this raft, keep it even keeled.

No mistakes are worthless, from them you'll learn.
Rise up again, after you crash and burn.
But this advice comes from the heart.
You are my kid, from end to start.

But, once little one, I can no more enable.
Gloves are off, hands on the table.
We'll wrestle it out, tears, pain revealed.
Dust will settle, our bond even keeled.

Your mistakes come of choices from you.
I can relate. I've made mine, too.
Sometimes tough love and sometimes not.
Getting along well, other times fought.

But, though my touch you cannot now feel.
We'll work things out, we're even keeled.

Proofread Before Sending

Disregard the text I just sent.
Spoke it wrong, not what I meant.
The words fell in a way unfounded.
Totally the opposite in which it sounded.
It wasn't that my eyes were blurry.
I point the finger at that DAMNED Siri!
For instance, the word STUCK to spell.
The "F" word appears! What the hell?
You look great, those pants -- all that.
Not in those pants you look really look fat.
I meant to say, "You're a real smart fella!"
Not that you are a real Fart Smeller!
So be very careful. You have to, indeed.
Before hitting send, you've got to PROOF READ!

Exiting The High Road

I have gone as far as I can,
I'm parking my four wheels.
The high road is behind me,
Hear my brake pads squeal.

I wasn't raised a welcome mat,
Your slimy feet to wipe on,
Or garbage to be thrown at
Forever spit and dumped on.

Who made you royalty anyway?
A crown upon your head?
Caustic, low-blow comments,
To me you've always fed.

It's over now and I am done,
Pulling the proverbial plug.
To you, your face I'm saying,
You're a sorry, abdominal thug.

So, look into the mirror,
You're all the things you've said.
Out of here you loser,
My feelings for you are dead.

Love Letter to Slumber

You are so dear to me, Oh Slumber.
Although, not always with me.
Eyes left wide in the darkness.
Lights glow in a dark, black sea.

But, when I fall under your spell,
Arise, refreshed, healthy and well.
My body cells rejuvenate.
Each evening your presence, I cannot wait.

Nightly for you I hunger,
The dreams saved for me, Oh Slumber.
Head on my pillow for the needed rest.
Please come to me to be your guest.

My shoulders in a relaxing shrug,
Anticipating your comforting hug.
Eyelids close as if to peek.
Patiently here, your touch I seek.

Please Oh Slumber, I beg you please!
Tonight an abundance of your lovely Z's.
For without you nightly, I would surely perish.
Do not forsake me, this greatest wish.

Detached Attachment

Envision a snail sliding, slow as molasses.
Tic toc the time, methodically passes.
Before my lap top I still sit hoping.
The file I clicked would quickly open.

My screen I stare with a long gape.
Open, you file, NOW for God's Sake!
Get up, stretch, leave my lap top for a minute.
File still not open, still not finished.

The pointer, now a circle forever turning.
I sit here pleading, silently yearning.
If I leave and go take a lunch.
Return, file's open, just a dumb hunch?

Distracted by a ring tone, hear it ding dong.
I scream out loud, Why is this taking so long?
The only thing left, my predicament to suit.
Log off. Shut Down. Push button. Reboot.

The Slacker

Hear him daily moan and whine,
Saying "I'm sorry!" all the time.
Points his finger and won't own it,
Everyone else is the culprit.

Leaves the copier with no paper.
Someone else has to fill.
Out to lunch he goes with us,
Doesn't chip in for the bill.

That's not me, my fault, he says.
Something else was the cause.
Place no coal in MY stocking,
Mr. Boss Santa Clause!

His mistakes the only issue.
No sympathy you see,
No big box of tissues,
He will ever get from me.

The last cup of coffee.
From the coffee pot.
Smell the burner burning,
Cause he didn't shut it off.

He's just a lame slacker.
No chance to improve.
His butt out the front door.
All of us approve.

The unemployment line.
The Boss should really send.
Or else for us hard workers,

A "NO BONUS" year end.

To the Two-Faced

You know who I'm talking about.
Have dealt with the type.
They've stabbed you in the back.
How do they sleep at night?

You've helped them out many times,
When they've needed a hand.
And cheered for them when down and out,
"You can do it! Yes, you can!"

But, yet, when you're not there,
Slow and steady comes the knife.
Will someone please tell me?
How do they sleep at night?

Maybe someone at your work.
Or, your heart have held near.
The explanation is,
It is in you they really fear!

You're talented and gifted,
Do everything well.
As they watch you, so clear,
See their anxiety swell.

So, learn from their actions.
Put up a big tall fence.
Coo Coo Nuts! I tell you.
It's your only defense.

Take heart in knowing.
To others done the same.
The approach the two-faced takes.

It's clear who to blame.

The truth is they're pathetic,

Their only way to fight.

Shake your head at them and say,

"How do you sleep at night?"

Here's To Your New Car

Dynamite new car!
You must have so much pride.
Too da loo, rust bucket,
With the Bondo on its side.

Candy Apple Red,
Your new 4-wheel Baby.
Don't treat it like a dumpster,
Keep it clean and shiny!

Congratulations to you.
Want you happy and alive.
So, please do remember,
Never text and drive.

I mean this so sincerely,
The importance of your life.
Drive safe, courteous, and cautious.
Think of others and their life.

May the shopping carts never,
Scratch the paint and make it peel.
Good thing you paid extra,
For an invisible force field.

Enjoy your brand new ride.
May you and it be well.
Brand new set of wheels,
Take in that new car smell!

Do not drive aggressive,
Never tailgate.
It's so pretty and new,

The Pigeons can hardly wait.

Binge Brain on Youtube

Had some fun putting this poem in video form.

Bite My Lip on YouTube

Published this on YouTube.

Don't Take After My Mother

Mom told me stories of her poor treatment at home.
Treated bad all the time, accepted and condoned.
Her Mom was uneducated, but not easy to fool.
My Mom, never finished, she dropped out of school.

My Dad she then married, a year came their son.
He was privileged, never blamed for the wrong he'd done.
My sister then followed, they were joined at the hip.
When I was born she said that I made her sick.

Then my little brother, the apple of her eye.
Just me she beat pushed in the corner to cry.
The strap or a stick, was what she used.
Or horrible words, left no trace of a bruise.

Old enough to leave, put a roof over my head.
Had to see her, for example, when a relative would wed.
My own wedding came, living very happily.
Let her visit with my kids, until she'd bad-mouth me.

Years passed, and two weeks before my Dad died,
She screamed cruel words, tears welled in his eyes.
The day he was buried, became a day like no other.
The scowl she threw at me said I no longer have a mother.

She's still alive and kicking, lives with Brother's family.
Several years now have passed and she still has not seen me.
Does she care? Probably not, has reaped what she's sown.
For MY kids no childhood like the one I have known.

Macaroni and Cheese

For all of the Mac and Cheese Lovers!

Seconds

The clock ticks away the seconds.
3,600 an hour.
86,000 plus daily.
Over this you have no power.

No matter if you're working,
Or yourself to spend the day.
Breathe in all of the seconds,
Till breathing's taken away.

If you are in a healthy body,
Admit your mistakes, confess.
Cleansing yourself of guilt,
Your inner voice fills with zest.

And, if your earthly body,
Isn't quite up to snuff.
This does not mean at all,
You're not made of the right stuff.

I could spend my seconds being lazy,
Or working towards a promotion.
Whether or not I'm sleeping,
My seconds are always in motion.

Like the wrinkles in my brow,
Visible clearly across my face.
It's the seconds that carved them there,
Each one, their designated place.

So, whether or not you're mobile,
Very fit or sedentary.
The clock ticks the same for all,

With or without batteries.

Sand Dollar

At the beach when I was young,
The summer day was very long.
Sandy feet and sun-burned skin,
Street lights on, had to be in.

Black and white TV we'd gaze,
Oops, I give away my age.
To my room with shells collected,
Broken ones equally accepted.

One creature on sea bottom creeps,
Positive proof beauty's skin deep.
Who the heck gave it its name?
No resemblance to a buck, or change.

But, Sand dollar is its label,
In the sun on the picnic table.
To dry off all of its green fuzz.
Always done this way, because.

To reveal the beauty beneath.
To the eye truly a treat.
From nature its body is carved,
With an image that renders a star.

Now white from the sun's bright bleach,
Makes me miss my days at the beach.
The Sand Dollar I like the most,
Gathered hot days on the East Coast.

Its shell today like a screen I gaze.
In color now, clearly the days.
This round little shell of me reminds.

Better part of my childhood times.

Sympathy Card

I heard from someone your father had passed.
In Hospice, in comfort, his last breath he gasped.
Also, an Obit in print in the local,
Character and family, the points of focal.

It's always in very sad times like these,
My reaction is how to put one at ease.
Should I go to the Funeral Mass?
Afterwards, to some bar to raise up a glass?

I sit here and begin to think really hard.
Given our past, send just a sympathy card?
To tell you the truth, I didn't know you that well.
Shared stories, and such, each other would tell.

And, then there were times at each other were mad.
And, when you were fired, inside I was glad.
Because in the job you just didn't fit.
So going to Mass makes me a hypocrite?

Who's supposed to be made to feel better?
When actually you and I were not birds of a feather.
For me, I'm not going to appear to be fake.
I'm not really your friend, to give and to take.

So, from me the most that you can expect,
A demur card I'll send, just out of respect.
Acknowledge your sorrow, the card will contain.
Can look you in the face, if I see you again.

Now with my glass, I make a brief toast.
Creators of Sympathy Cards possess the most.
Without them we might, appear quite the ass.

Sent a card and got by with a tiny bit of class.

And, a toast to your Dad, you will get from me.

I lost my Dad too, so for you so sorry.

So please take this, the way that it sounds,

Showing sympathy somehow is what really counts.

If People Were Ring Tones

What if I asked, what kind of tree would you be?
What kind do you think has your personality?

But if it was a ring tone yourself to be found,
Would you be a smart or obnoxious sound?

The point here I'll make for one to see,
Is the type of ring tones some sound to me.

The teller at the drive thru is always so chipper.
Constellations he loves, like the Big Dipper.
For him it would be twinkle little star.
This I would hear as I drive up in my car.

For my boss, Beethoven's Symphony 5th.
DA DA DA DAAAA, rung two times for this.

And for a co-worker, who so loudly talks.
First thing at 9, until 5 o'clock.
Something short, but babbling quick.
A Robot jabbering would be what I'd pick.

The very buff bartender, whose drinks really please.
Off with his shirt! How about a strip-tease!

The woman in her 50's loves 80's fashion,
Saturday Night Fever's Disco passion.

The guy with gas from food brought from home.
A fog horn for him, so much like his groan.

What ring tone for me would maybe well suit?
Bright and cheerful, like the sound of a flute?

No nothing for me, no horn myself toot.
See, I'm the quiet type. I'll keep it on mute.

Habitual Rituals

I am a creature of habit,
Very predictable.
At break time a handful of carrots,
And, soup in my favorite bowl.

No, not born an elitist,
Grew up with holes in my socks.
No high priced education,
Graduated the school of hard knocks.

First thing when I awake,
Laundry in the machine.
Five minutes is all it takes,
Fold them when fresh and clean.

Then to the exercise bike,
Peruse YouTube videos.
This ritual very much I like,
Medium speed the bike wheel goes.

And, outside fill the feeder,
Black oil sunflower seed.
Help out the winged ones,
With something good to eat.

My shower takes 10 minutes,
Then dry, flat iron my hair.
No record for the Book of Guinness,
Give myself the best of care.

Pick out something to put on,
Grab the keys, then to my car.
35 minutes until I get there,

From home not very far.

My route is always the same,
Same cars I see the other way.
They are probably a lot like me,
Daily routine day by day.

Coffee in a plastic cup,
Some creamer, just a touch.
Take time to sip and savor,
Cup of Joe I like very much.

If the Java I then overdue,
Caffeine buzz will surely get.
I hate that feeling, "Don't you?"
Sometimes break into a sweat.

My day continues on,
A salad at lunch time.
Daily grind to which I'm bound,
Predictability for me, just fine.

It's time to go home now,
Same route but in reverse.
Straight home and never roam,
Keeps me on a steady course.

After dinner clear the table,
Maybe a TV show.
My reality not a fable,
Regularly go with the flow.

But, wait a minute please,
I'll play hooky once instead.
That idea sounds really great,
I'll sleep on it, time for bed.

I own my habitual rituals,
Right now I am steadfast.
Maybe when I retire,
Break the mold of which I'm cast?

My life, perfect it's not.
Some days a struggle to survive.
It is the only life I've got.
I am grateful to be alive.

Key to Success

I have this friend of mine.
Who loves to continually whine.
Comes to work each day,
Nothing but B.S. to say,
That was up until one time.

She did a half-ass job.
Lost track of stuff in a log.
Basic facts about clients,
No rocket ship science,
Then misplaced office keys on a fob.

These keys were no ordinary things.
Cause the fob was a gold-plated ring.
The Boss's prize possession,
She needed a confession,
How'd she lose track of his bling.

From her face tears began to pour,
She sobbed more and more and more.
He didn't want to hear it,
And, called her a nit wit,
A prostitute and a dumb whore.

Taken to the hospital on a gurney,
She then got a hold of an attorney.
She took the Boss to court,
Large settlement from her tort,
Sent the Boss away on a long journey.

So, today take a look at her face,
Fine clothes, well-mannered with grace.
The tables are now turned,

I was shocked when I learned,
WTF! She now owns this workplace!

So, I guess the key to her success,
Nothing to do with how she dressed.
Even though a lazy slob,
In her hand, the key fob,
Money and property, she now is blessed.

Egg On Your Face

Eggs upon a plate,
The only proper place.
Doing something stupid,
Gets you eggs upon your face.

It wasn't done on purpose,
Just weren't paying attention.
The piper now you'll pay,
Regardless of your intention.

No one is actually perfect,
This is the reality.
With eyes in back of your head,
No faux pas, potentially.

So, don't become too cocky,
As perfect as you can be.
You're just a human being,
No getting away scot-free.

Upon this subject before us,
I could go on and on and linger.
When the mistake is yours,
At no one point your finger.

A quote by someone whitty,
Said with so much charm.
Admit your mistakes quickly,
"Crow is best eaten when warm."

Worker Bees and Drones

They say, wounds are self-inflicted,
Happening in our Bee Hive.
We clash because we're conflicted,
Lacking the want, desire and drive.

It's so easy to blend into the fabric,
Don't try and reach very far.
Hold onto all those bad habits,
Keep oneself under the radar.

The Workers work hard and prevail,
Sustaining the cash flow.
While Drones ride their coat tails,
Take it easy, and take it slow.

The Workers take time from their kids,
Work weekends and thru the night.
Drones don't give a flying fig,
Party hard, stay out till dawn's light.

The Queen, herself, is no better.
Just no accountability.
Sets a very bad example,
Workmanship so shabby.

Call her Captain of the S.S. Flounder,
A ship's course in circles set sail.
Climb aboard all you complacent,
Don't care if you sink and fail.

For me I'll buzz for a time,
Help produce a lot of sweet honey.
Do my work and never mind,

Turn the sticky stuff into money.

Snapshots

Snapshots, a video poem presentation.

I Owe Ogden

Elementary school I met you.
Although not in person.
Upon myself you left me,
A long-lasting impression.

Only in printed pieces,
Was where I saw your face.
I was very lucky lately,
Stopped by your resting place.

Where a small head stone marks,
You next to your true love.
You'll forever keep them laughing,
Angelic Audience above.

You rhymed in many genres,
My favorite limericks.
People in all situations,
Some of your subjects.

From funny to sarcastic,
The points you make surreal.
Full of laughs and great humor.
My favorites make me feel.

Although you wrote so many,
I'll just jot down a few.
"Adventures of Isabel"
A strong little girl, who -

Wasn't afraid of anything,
Anything at all.
For such a little kid,

She stood so strong and tall.

And, then "A Word To Husbands,"

Funny and to be shared.

I bet most peaceful marriages,

Involve a husband who cares.

"A Drink With Something In It."

A Martini, a stemmed glass,

An ode to a cocktail!

That guy had so much class!

And, one about a very,

Very special day.

A brat who dissed on Santa,

And learned the hard, hard way.

"The Boy Who Laughed at Santa Clause,"

With an unreal Holiday ending.

I'll admit the end is grim,

But, brat had it coming to him.

His work, the Rhyme of Ages

Poet Rock Star tried and true.

Ogden filled thousands of pages.

Lucky are we, influenced by you.

Social Butterfly

When animals mark, they spray their mist,
Where they want to homestead.
Yes, you're a dog, that I admit,
In my space, you're uninvited.

You consider yourself a social butterfly,
Appear so congenial and concerned.
I think you're really a slimy spy,
Using what you've gathered and learned.

So bright, so sunny, funny and cheerful,
To your victims with decorum.
Listen intently, from them an earful,
Unaware you'll use it against them.

Or, if someone wants share their trip,
They took last week in their car.
You answer, one up-man-ship,
Your time off, much better by far!

So, come on over, do come closer,
Would I be too suggestive?
Saying you're a pathetic poser?
Perfect example: passive aggressive.

Keep down your leg to urinate,
You mangy dog with fleas.
Not your territory, it's my space.
F.O! Narcissist sleaze.

Runny Nose

Runny Nose - a Video Poem Presentation.

Password Protected

This isn't what I expected.
Everything I type is rejected.
No matter the letters selected,
My lap top must be infected.

I followed instructions directed.
Secret phrases that I elected,
To keep my identity protected.
I just would have never suspected.

No access! So mad and dejected!
Many attempts, carefully dissected.
Disable, the firewall erected?
No matter what's done, ejected.
Start again, from scratch, resurrected?

The Piano

The Piano: A video poem presentation.

Bowser Needs a Bath

Bowser Needs a Bath: A Video Poem Presentation.

Fun With A Hypochondriac

Fun With A Hypochondriac: A Video Poem Presentation

Fear of Flying

Fear of Flying: a Video Poem Presentation

Stuck in the Mud

So, what with you is the deal?
Is there no room in your brain?
I'm not trying to re-invent the wheel.
Why are you so resistant to change?

It's a chance to do something new.
To become more efficient.
What's the dagger you just threw?
Your bad attitude is what's consistent.

Why are you stuck in a comfort zone?
Spending more time on Facebook.
Do little as possible, go home.
As little as possible on real work.

Not like you're being asked to move mountains.
Just have to do a few more key strokes.
One less trip to the water fountain.
Wasting time telling your sick jokes.

I'm not trying to make less work for me.
Remember, there is no "I" in "TEAM."
I'm just making a polite plea.
Not trying to bruise your self-esteem.

Life's more interesting with variety.
Growth, development, and nurture.
But, Oh Yah, I forgot,
You came with the furniture.

I know you been here longer than I.
So, I just make one more phone call.
It's amazing what one can learn.

When they thought they knew it all.

Un-Ring The Bell

Un-Ring The Bell: A Video Poem Presentation

Bad Mood

Bad Mood: A Video Poem Presentation

Blue Jay

Blue Jay: A Video Poem Presentation

My Boots

My boots look great on my feet.
They're made of un-real leather.
Buy myself a little treat.
Put them on in cold weather.

Wear them whenever I want.
They'll go with everything.
Run around on my little jaunts.
Happiness to me they will bring.

I walk along and hear them click.
Heels about 3 inches high.
On pavement or cobblestone brick.
Looks from all when I walk by.

Open my eyes and back to reality.
As I stand before the store window.
Set in my downtown locality.
These boots I don't actually own.

I wish I could afford them, though.
Give myself a little reward.
They are the latest of trends.
And, I work so very hard.

But, my paycheck is what will hinder.
My bills taking priority.
Keep my family warm in cold winters.
Nothing left for frivolity.

Mean Streak

Mean Streak: A Video Poem Presentation

I'm Not Unfriendly

I'm not an unfriendly person.
If you met me in person you'd see.
I extremely friendly, for certain.
Just prefer to be a mystery.

To be a friend, one wouldn't ignore.
One certainly wouldn't disregard.
Friendship can be a lot of work.
Being a true friend can be really hard.

You see, I have many demands.
From my family, to whom I've pledged.
I'm a person with only two hands.
For now requests, unacknowledged.

I don't mean to intentionally neglect.
I prefer to remain to myself.
I can render to you my respect.
Time for friending, for now on the shelf.

So, I thank you all once again.
Please respect my anonymity.
I can still be your virtual friend.
On this site, in our proximity.

So, truly I won't ever forget.
The hands that you've extended.
I apologize if I've made you upset.
Your friend without being friended.

The Man on the Sidewalk

The Man on the Sidewalk: A Video Poem Presentation

Hot Ticket

I work with this foreign fella.
He is really quite funny.
He said, "Proctol exam with an umbrella."
Do they say that in his country?

His accent is really quite thick.
I honesty find it amazing.
His mind is so very quick.
I get a kick out of what he's saying.

The reason to me it's astonishing.
Thinking first in his native tongue.
Then, in English, he's admonishing.
But, his jokes are all in good fun.

He is extremely intelligent.
An electrical engineer.
From his land, to this he went.
Twenty years he's been living here.

American's the melting pot.
People from so many lands.
All kinds, this country's got.
Work together hand in hand.

Because when you get down to it.
Maybe we all want the same thing.
At the same table, to sit.
End our differences, we should bring.

For this guy's case, he was disappointed.
For changes made to his plan.
The changes, his skills he appointed.

With a little humor, this naturalized man.

Clouds

Clouds: A Video Poem Presentation

Social Suckerfish

Beware of the Poachers,
Their goal's to ingratiate.
They come off quite charming,
Hope you go for their bait.

They seek e-popularity,
Lacking in self-esteem.
Appearing full of sincerity,
Jackyards to the extreme.

Enormous proportions,
Their inflated egos.
Approach them with caution.
Stalking? Potentially so.

Reject them, they'll go,
And collect those around you.
When questioned, they'll lie.
It's the lengths they'll go to.

Not all have bad intentions,
With the names they collect.
Good reasons, their collections.
There's no evil intent.

Trying to make better,
Their community.
Volunteers they gather,
To help those in need.

Or just the same hobby,
Or other beliefs.
Share drama and sobs,

Find some relief.

For bad ones there's a name.

Friend Collector Disorder.

FCD means the same,

The friendship hoarder.

So, do yourself a favor,

Web experts insist,

Protection of privacy,

Hide your friends list.

Pig Skin

Pig Skin: A Video Poem Presentation

Skunk At A Garden Party

Skunk At A Garden Party: A Video Poem Presentation

Clowns with Frowns

What's up with this?
What's really going down?
I want to shake my fist.
These crazies dressed as Clowns.

Clowns are to be funny,
Giggle, laugh and smile.
Not wielding machetes.
Acting twisted, vile.

Horrid Harlequins seen,
On the campus grounds.
Terrify kids in Dorms,
Dudes with bloody frowns.

Haunters armed with weapons.
Try to terrorize.
Just a Circus reject?
Horrid painted eyes.

Make-up their face.
Vivid ugly silly,
Giving people nightmares,
Horrors and the willies.

Just put an end,
To all of their antics.
Find them better friends,
Knock off creating panic.

So, you crazy Bozos,
Wipe off your frightful paint.
Stop getting enjoyment,

From making people faint.

The tin toy with spring,

Stuff inside and lock.

Break the crank that turns,

Keep Jack in the Box.

Wind Chimes

Wind Chimes: A Video Poem Presentation

Carpel Tunnel

Hemingway said, first drafts are crap.
I don't agree at all with that.
From life, use what's heard and felt,
Just can't sleep until the words pour out.

Take up space inside your head.
Empty them out on paper instead.
Inside your skull, brain cells howl.
As you're thinking of the perfect vowel.

Poke at your mood, persistent perturb.
Shovel in hand, dig deep, perfect verb.
Verbs to me are truly the goal.
Like alphabet soup, float in a bowl.

Try your best, to catch in a spoon.
Pay close attention, or thought leaves soon.
Getting a bad case of Carpel Tunnel.
Big words spill out, small end of funnel.

Are all writers, very deep thinkers?
Or, just a bunch of heavy drinkers?
Me, not sorry, no need to coddle,
Yo, Bartender, just leave the bottle.

In this child, who would have known?
Beats a heart so very forlorn.
Poets, writers, approach, forthwith!
Praise yourself, your talent, wordsmiths.

Helps to stop loose ends from fraying.
Hope you're feeling it, know what I'm saying.
Price you pay, dull pain in wrist.

A couple of aspirins, help with this.

Veterans: Doughboys Past and Present

I salute your discipline, perseverance,
Unrelenting, absolute, total adherence,
For first known as the day of cease fire,
Your love for country, freedoms, desires.

For without your sacrifice and devotion,
Quality of life endless backward motion.
This day, do not toss aside,
Treat it with the utmost of pride.

Take heed, the 11th hour, and the 11th day,
On the 11th month, Woodrow Wilson did say,
His words, a year later, after 1917,
The world had heard, watched, and seen.

Allied Nations and Germany reached,
Agreement to continue, remain un-breached.
No longer smothered in a blanket of fear,
People together would stand and cheer.

Although WWII and Korean horror,
Observance onward until 1954.
When, no longer labeled Armistice Day,
But, newly tagged as Veterans Day.

So, take this observance very seriously.
Important reason we live so freely.
Names in stone amongst uncut grass.
And, those still living and not yet passed.

We all owe you our deep gratitude.
We're free to have different attitudes.
On how our government should be run.

Standing free, albeit under clouds or sun.

The Blueberry and the Grasshopper

The Blueberry and the Grasshopper: A Video Poem Presentation.

What's in Store

What's in Store: A Video Poem Presentation.

Smarty Pants

People of high intelligence,
It seems almost unfair.
Their capacity for logic,
They're very self-aware.

Some that I've met,
Very egotistical.
Add in impatient,
Maybe despicable.

Don't quickly get their point,
At you they'll surely holler.
They don't waste time,
They are problem solvers.

That line, I wish I was,
When brains passed out like theirs.
I wouldn't be greedy,
Please, a pinch of the share?

But, in this wide world,
Takes brains of all kinds.
Some are simple ones,
Others, just great minds.

Look into their eyes,
Very deep and you'll see.
Highly technical,
Cellular machinery.

I know that each of us,
Have our own intellect.
Is it the same under a scope?

Would you have to dissect?

Or, would it be apparent,
When they open their mouth.

 Could you tell right away?
When their words came out?

If they're not self-righteous,
I'll stand close and see.
If some of their smarts,
Maybe rub off on me.

But if rude and self-centered.
The point for them to grasp.
Maybe borderline genius.
Or a sarcastic smart ass.

Super Silvery Satellite

The Super Moon is finally here!
Closest to Earth in 69 years.
NASA knows, tells us when,
Year 2034, it'll be back again.

The Moon, the Earth's natural satellite.
In movies likely to cause much fright.
Or, when in love, someone is so,
Capture the Moon with a giant lasso.

And, other flowery poetic themes,
How special to ride upon Moon beams.
Down South people get feeling fine.
Mix high octane, boozy Moonshine.

On clear nights, when the Moon does rise,
The world appears covered in silvery light.
Those children looking to see behind,
If the Moon's following by their side.

Urban legend says it brings out crazies,
Appearing in its very full phases.
I remember when it was all the fashion,
Kids, with pants down, their Moons flashing.

Make sure you see it. Please, don't delay.
Scientists say it's slowly moving away.
And, when gone, surfers have waves to ride.
Just have to hang ten on the solar tides.

Paranoid

Paranoid: A Video Poem Presentation

Rain Happens

Rain pours down upon us.
Supposedly a good thing?
Metaphorical cleansing,
Do we really get clean?

Supposed to feel better,
So many songs say.
Stand in a downpour,
Look to heaven and pray.

What's really in those raindrops?
Have you got a sense?
Put your nose to your skin.
Detect an essence?

Are these the tear drops,
From heaven up above?
No, nothing sad at all.
Just tears expressing love.

Or the water they're made of,
Is it peaceful and placid?
Or lingering with toxins,
Smoke stack's poison acid?

Or full of sun rays,
From summer showers?
The prism of a rainbow.
A bouquet of fresh flowers?

Or do they contain,
Soap to wash pain?
Dry them off of your skin.

True what those songs mean?

The rain hitting our windshields,
Blows wind and wet leaves.
Splash through a deep puddle.
Cleans your car's underneath.

In Spring, gentle rain,
To cover the rows.
A few weeks will pass.
Farmer's efforts produce growth.

In winter, we're thankful.
No freezing drops flow.
So glad we're not covered,
Thick ice and heavy snow.

The rain from the sky,
There's no argument.
Need water to survive.
It's truly heaven sent.

Onto the ground then filtered,
Through bedrock and then.
Hiding back in the clouds,
Until it's time to rain again.

Shop Until You Haunt

Once a quiet country road,
Has grown to a shopping mall.
Anything your heart desires,
Those stores have it all.

But, a small family plot,
Set next to pavement.
Stands by undisturbed.
Where their 10 graves went.

They were all members,
Of the Chevy Chase clan.
Some women and children,
And a couple of men.

Early, 1800s circa,
Their small resting place.
One can only imagine,
The harsh lives that they faced.

But, stories are told.
Of a family undaunted.
In a nearby furniture store.
Maybe the family haunted?

There's aged 29, Adeline.
Sarah with no date.
Dearborn, aged 37
At 56, was William's fate.

The other remaining stones,
Names faded, go unread.
Set alongside the others,

In their small death beds.

Store employees report,
Lights on and off on their own.
And, a lamp on a table,
Smashed up from being thrown.

The store electric doors,
Opening suddenly.
I don't think I'd work there.
I'm just saying, just me.

But, I'd like to think.
A happy family, I do.
Are they perusing the stores?
Trying on pairs of shoes?

Or helping themselves.
To the restaurant food.
Maybe leaving a tip?
If they thought it tasted good?

But progress, is progress.
Even in death, so profound.
Is the Chase family happy?
Or not taking this lying down.

Lipocytes For Sale

I'm having a sale this week,
A deal on my fat cells.
They hang out on my hips.
They're not welcome there at all.

I do what I can.
I really do try.
Eat the right things.
Get plenty of exercise.

Would like to find the switch,
On this fixture, but not a light.
It's the white fat cells,
Of unwanted cellulite.

Lipocytes compose,
Adipose tissue.
Cells that store the fat,
The meat of the issue.

It's energy that we need,
To keep us going.
Mine likes me so much,
My waist just keeps growing.

Don't get me wrong,
There's nothing wrong with curves.
But, having too much fat,
What use does it serve?

There are two kinds of fat.
That'd be white and brown.
I'd like to find the excess,

On someone else be found.

I'm going to try my best.

Trick my cells into shrinking.

I'll check out the phone book,

For a fat shrinking magician.

I guess the science says,

It's up to hormones, enzymes.

Stored fat gets released,

Hopefully from my thighs.

From there I'm very hopeful,

That all is well and working.

Can now look forward,

To physically fit twerking.

A Romance With My Pants

A Romance With My Pants: A Video Poem Presentation.

Croaky Karaoke

I had to work late.
I was feeling quite starved.
Decided to get take out.
From a local dive.

Me, I'm no snob.
I'm an average Joe.
So go to that place.
Cheap eats, grab and go.

So, walk in and sit down.
At a bar stool.
Just a working class slob.
Just your average fool.

Ordered up a white wine.
Barmaid poured the drink.
She gave me a menu.
I started to think.

Should I get the pasta?
Or, maybe chicken fingers.
Turns out I was in time,
To hear some locals sing.

You know what they call that.
To sing the Karaoke.
No matter if your voice,
Sounds like a frog croaking.

No, got to stay focused.
Just get up, get my food.
Return a Friday night.

If I'm in the mood.

I'll think of a song and practice.

That's the way to succeed.

Oh, here comes my pasta.

It's time for me to leave.

Return and sing a ballad.

Wear my heart upon my sleeve.

Just hope I'm good enough.

Or, they'll all get up and leave.

Thankful Again

It's Thanksgiving again.
Well, another year.
I'm, so thankful, you know,
That I'm sitting here.

To put down on paper,
In writing, to say,
I'm just two days away,
From Thanksgiving again.

Able to put together,
My long shopping list.
Of what I will need,
Will have to purchase.

Here's to the employees,
Who showed up today.
So I can in my cupboards,
Put my groceries away.

To later cook a big meal,
Makes my home so warm.
Because I was able,
To pay my utilities on time.

And made it back home,
Without the black ice.
On the road from the store,
No 10 car pileup.

As I stand at the stove,
Cutting veggies into pieces,
Thankful that my Dad,

Upon passing was so peaceful.

That a great co-worker who left,
To battle depression.
Will return in a few weeks,
Back to his profession.

And, not just those around me,
That I'm thankful,
Because my life's like a car,
And, Love, I've got a tankful.

So, again thanks to all,
Helped me be so able.
To put together this meal,
For all at my Thanksgiving table.

House Chardonnay

I sometimes liken myself,
To a bottle of Chardonnay.
Not the expensive type,
Bit average, still OK.

In the mud, I'm not stuck.
Like a crammed in cork.
Don't need a cork screw,
To get me to open up and talk.

My sense of humor,
Described as slightly dry.
And, not actually Brut,
I'm still bubbly, aren't I?

I get along with,
The lightest of foods.
Crisp, bright and peachy,
Fit most all of your moods.

But, all may not prefer me.
That's OK. That's fine.
Desire rich and full bodied,
Like all of the red wines.

Swirl wine in their glass,
Check out the long legs.
Mine don't run from the rim,
They'll stand by you instead.

Red drinkers rather the type,
Sealed in the bottle for years.
Well, if the cork's bad, it's obvious,

Wine's gone bad, my poor dear.

Yes, it's all about the price.

Or, the region because.

Try a few sips of me,

You'll still get a good buzz.

So, you prefer bottle of red,

In lieu of one of white.

Go, knock yourself out,

Your loss of appetite.

He Can Beat The Beach

He Can Beat The Beach: A Video Poem Presentation.

Terms and Conditions

Terms and Conditions: A Video Poem Presentation.

The Shopping Carts and the Zodiac

Long lines at the market,
Put me into thought.
Played a game to myself,
With this idea, why not?

Link some in the lines,
To the Chinese Zodiac.
You know, the placemat,
At most restaurants, in fact.

The Rabbit I thought,
This thin person in line.
No, not the lettuce,
But, good luck came to mind.

Looking down at his phone,
Replying, many texts.
Lot of good going on,
His smile, makes me guess.

The Snake I visualized.
A woman, much makeup.
Air thick with her perfume,
Filled my nostrils right up.

She's wise and intense?
But, tends to be vain.
Yes, the Snake fits her here.
Would be appropriate, then.

The Monkey for the child,
Trying to persuade Dad.
Is intelligent, can influence,

For that large cookie bag.

The Ox for the Grand Mom,
Grand Kids by her side.
Bright, patient, inspiring,
Wee ones are her pride.

The signs of the Zodiac,
Explain dark sides, traits.
Of the creatures on the mat,
While in line, I still wait.

The Dog can be stubborn,
The Boar, marital rifts.
The Rooster so eccentric,
Rat's, aloof, a spend thrift.

The Tiger is aggressive,
The Horse, so impatient.
Sheep wants to be unknown,
Dragon likes life complex.

Along with the traits,
The placemat also lists.
The creatures to avoid.
Sign might not mix well with.

The 12 on the placemat,
I decline to reveal me.
Just will say I get along,
With the Signs of my family.

Snap, Crackle and Pop

Snap, Crackle and Pop: A Video Poem Presentation

Savvy Wanted

I wish I had more savvy,
More practical knowledge.
I'm smart, I'm hands on.
No money to finish college.

Just much more insight,
So much more acuity.
I could totally rule my world,
Cracker Jack quality of canny.

I have an excellent brain.
Do my very best to learn.
I'm willing to look things up.
Wheels within my head do turn.

Somewhat sophisticated I am,
Would prefer more cerebral.
I know, not Einstein, of course.
Just assurance that I'm not feeble.

The brain's an organ of soft tissue,
With so many file cabinets.
Storing so much stuff,
Both good and bad habits.

Guess it's time, sharpen the blade.
Not always grinding at tasks.
Back to school, get good grades.
One in fiction, one in facts.

This request I make to me.
Improvement, reconstitute.
It's the only way, I see.

Being in state of more astute.

Arm Wrestle

I'm stuck in an arm wrestle,
With the Opposite of me.
This person's wasteful, frivolous,
I'm a frugal worker bee.

I rather get good sleep,
But, Opposite, she just might,
Try hard and convince me,
It's fun to stay out all night.

I like to eat leafy salads,
Lo-cal dressing, no doubt.
Her, a big juicy steak bomb,
And, "Side of fries," she shouts.

I like to buckle down,
Keep my ducks in a row.
Opposite's wild and crazy,
Doesn't know the meaning of "NO!"

Get together at a pub,
Just an appetizer, go light.
Opposite wants Prime Rib,
With béarnaise on the side.

I get out of the house,
Want fresh air in my lungs.
Opposite's sprawled on the sofa,
Off to the side, her legs hung.

Looking forward to one,
Very productive day.
Opposite plays hooky,

In bed sleeping, her way.

My arm's getting weary,

Opposite may win over me.

But, I call upon Will Power,

Of that stuff, dude's got plenty.

No Cell Zone

Turn off the tunnel vision.
Straighten up your poor neck.
Look up and all around you.
From your texting, take a break.

You're constantly on your phone,
As you're walking down the street.
In danger of being plowed down,
Knocked dead, off of your feet.

Maybe walking on the sidewalk,
Your blind spot to those you're with.
Then you bump into their shoulders,
Left with a dented relationship?

Try plowing your handsome nose,
Steer a path towards tasty scents,
The fresh bread steaming out,
Of the local bakeshop vents.

Try smashing your shining eyes,
Into all those walking past,
They turn and look back at you,
Probably appreciate eye contact.

Skid to a stop, your sweet smile,
Before those tired and worn.
You might just make them feel,
A sense of comfort and warmth.

Crash gently your head in the moment,
Realize it's always present.
Listen close and you'll hear "Hi!"

When it was you, who first said it.

Lift your head from your phone.

For your walk, at least, tuck away.

Give all of your born senses,

A chance to be part of your day.

Because, just remember,

Maybe the driver behind the wheel,

Who, too, was texting inattentive,

Gave that moment your life to steal.

There's Nothing In My Poem

Think of the word nothing.
Is there actually nothing to see?
You disagree with someone,
You shout, "You get nothing from me!"

Or expecting a package delivery,
Mailman tells you, "Nothing's arrived."
Because your game is rained out,
Nothing on the sport channel that's live.

If your favorite show's not on,
Guide says nothing's scheduled for air.
No empty seat in a packed theatre,
Because there's nothing but filled chairs.

At the store, searching for that gift,
No one ever helped you out.
It's fair to say there's no one to thank,
So, with nothing you walk out.

Go a day without work,
Is a day without wage.
So you get nothing for nothing.
That fits nicely on the page.

Double negative phrase,
Telling you what to expect.
Goes something like this,
"You ain't seen nothing yet."

The funny golf caddy movie,
Starts with the Star riding his bike.
And, old guy yells at his grand kid,

"You'll get nothing and like it."

But, if you look nothing up,
In Webster's Dictionary, you'll observe.
That nothing is really something,
Like Pronoun, Adjective, Adverb.

So, there's nothing in my poem.
Were you expecting a blank page?
I think Webster's would say,
Nothing but an outrage.

I'm Trapped

When it came upon me,
It was very clear.
Stomach talking, very loud,
There's pounding in my ears.

To my bedroom, I go.
Annoyed by all sound.
Got a sense, will take days.
Stomach bug, I've been found.

Thought of food just now,
No, please don't come near.
I'll not keep it down.
Very certain, real fear.

I lay here wondering.
How did this happen?
This Virus caught me.
Just total entrapment.

I am longing for,
The days I feel great.
Get over this thing,
At least loose some weight?

But, as the Doctors say,
Got to run its course.
Cannot rush the process.
Just a thing you can't force.

The pain and the aches,
Will eventually wane.
The fog will burn off,

From inside my brain.

For now get some rest.

Sip hot, brothy soup.

Give my body the time,

It needs to recoup.

Keep the lights on dim.

Try to sleep or just nap.

Hope when I wake tomorrow,

Set free from bug's trap.

Or, is this just revenge,

For all of the bugs I've squashed?

Don't know if that's true,

From my mind, just a thought.

Sick Day

I took a sick day.
I'm feeling some guilt.
I feel like I've tarnished,
Good attendance I've built.

But, I am really sick,
And, not up to no good.
No, this is no fun,
Using the day like I should.

Employee like the others.
Not someone super human.
I succumbed to a bacteria,
Or, to a viral vermin.

Try not to think about,
The work piled on my desk.
Try to lay here in silence.
Try hard, get some rest.

Yes, try and be still,
Very quiet and just be.
Besides there nothing good,
On daytime T.V.

Well, the sun is now setting.
Feeling better, I find.
Back to work tomorrow,
Back in my chair, my behind.

But, there's that one person,
Who will doubt my story.
No matter how sick I felt,

With symptoms so horrid.

I do not want to be nasty.

Wish any bad luck her way.

Just maybe she'll soon have to,

Use up a sick day?

Then I can question,

All of her woes,

See how she likes it,

When I step on her toes!

Vanity Plate

Vanity Plate: A Video Poem Presentation

Spine Crime

It was like a balancing act,
This little squirt that I saw.
His knapsack equal to him,
Making him stand up so tall.

But, the appearance of just fine,
Was not fine at all to me.
I was wondering by day's end,
How much pain his back feels?

The weight of his knapsack,
Was keeping him straight up,
But, why is the acceptable,
Treating his spine so abrupt?

Why so much homework,
In so many big books?
What's his teacher thinking?
Is anyone taking a look?

It is obvious to me,
As I wait for him to cross.
Does the Crossing Guard care?
See the potential loss?

This sweet looking little kid,
Trying to walk his very best.
Maybe balance the load,
With a front-worn knapvest?

Or maybe these books,
Could come in CD form.
Eliminate the weight,

When carrying homework home.

The loss of good posture,
The back pain for years.
Potential permanent damage,
To his spinal column I fear.

But, it's not just this little one.
It's all kids, all grades.
I want to shout out,
For the kids that I crusade.

Or, maybe say nothing,
My kids went through the same.
But, I have to be honest,
To school in my car they came.

But, the kids who are walkers,
Or, to those on the bus,
Something must be said,
From each and all of us.

So, if this little one falls,
I'll help him to his feet.
Maybe stop into the front office,
With the principal to meet.

Ask him what he thinks,
Is this something for the Committee?
Spend some of the school budget,
On books for DVR or CD.

Or will he blow me off.
Tell me he'll get back.
Makes me kind of wonder,
Vested interest in knapsacks?

Or, is it the annual raises,
Maybe his that he protects,
On the backs of the school kids,
With sore spines and stiff necks.

When The Snow Blows

This is no Pub Crawl,
Bar-to-bar walk with drinks.
But, a Car Crawl on an icy road,
Drivers behind the wheel like dinks.

It's the first snow here,
In the cold Northeast.
Sandwiched in between,
Thanksgiving, Christmas feasts.

Fresh snow now falling,
Does make one feel alive.
But, I'm stuck in the traffic,
So that lovely spirit dies.

Why do the people,
Get so crazy, so shaky.
When the first frozen rain,
Turns all fluffy, all flaky.

Once again getting used to,
The road under one's wheels.
Slip, slide, out-of-control,
I know just how they feel.

I'm behind the wheel here,
Red lights stretched out in front,
Hoping I don't slide,
Into that Mercedes trunk.

Car wipers' rhythm,
Makes me think of a poem.
Or maybe make a bee line,

Just head the heck back home?

Cars near a stand still.

So, I'll look at the scenery.

Snow now covers, just yesterday,

What was once the greenery.

Scanning the car radio,

Trying to find some music.

Instead of the Jamokas

Insipid jabber makes me car sick.

See the sights alongside,

Now catching my eye.

When on the good days,

Don't notice, as I fly by.

Conditions should improve.

And, all of this is mute.

Fingers crossed for, at least,

Normal back-home commute.

But, Winter begins,

On the 21st of the month.

Today's a piece of cake?

Compared to what's yet to come?

So, next time this happens,

Make some fun of the commute.

Bring a thermos of hot chocolate,

Cream cheese and bagel to boot.

And, Piggyback some Wifi,

A home just off the road.

Otherwise, be stressed out,

Because this is when snow BLOWS!

The Label Sticks, Wear It

You are a pretentious, phoney faker,
Who appears to have everything.

But, I know of one sweet, perfect tool,
From your collection that's missing.

A way you can be all, fast and efficient,
Being hurtful, abusive, maleficent.

You love to stereotype, without validity.
Trying to sway people to see what you see.

You're an unfair, name caller, that's your kind.
Speaks volumes to all of your frame of mind.

So, I'll ask Santa, the best gift for a faker.
For you, handheld, portable, label maker.

You'll like it, because it looks like a gun.
Shoot your assumptions like bullets, so fun.

Just one thing from you in return,
As people will find quickly and learn.

That to their desks, you'll be stopping by.
When you label them, you're to look them in the eye.

No more your put downs, and words like those.
Be prepared to get punched in the nose.

Be sure that sticky tape doesn't run out.
Save some labels, for them to pass out.

Attach to you, is where they'll stick.
Labels like pot-stirring, stupid, a-hole, d**k.

So the lines above are full of names.
Am I as guilty as you at your game?

I beg to differ with you of course,
You're the labeler who started it first.

Thanks For Not Sharing

You are so skilled and intelligent,
At work and in conversation.
But, those that matter to your financial future,
Would have a contrary explanation.

The reason they miss your well-honed talents,
Is not because you are not able.
But, because from the beginning to the end,
You bring personal problems to the table.

You complain at length Monday thru Friday,
About your new daughter-in-law.
Because she limits your visits with,
Your beautiful grandchild toddler.

In fairness to your new relative,
I can sympathize with her.
Because nothing she does is good enough,
In this, I'm sure she'd concur.

Your calls into work at lot of days,
Are when you'll not be in.
The problem that you want to share,
Is all the pain within.

Apparently, the years of smoking and drinking,
Have badly deteriorated your health.
Pain in your back and your ass too,
Is all you can talk about.

And, all the drugs you say you're on,
To handle pain and anxiety.
Shadow all the great things that you've done,

In our little office society.

Because, when you're really on your game,
No one can hold a candle.
I've seen myself your capacity,
The heavy workload you can handle.

So, I'm sorry to say that you've become,
In this case the perfect sample.
Of someone who is known for their problems,
And, not as an excellent example.

Be someone who could rise above,
By covering your inner emotions.
Leave home things that don't belong at work,
Be someone perfect for a promotion.

So, there's still time to redeem yourself,
To make it again all right.
Just shut your mouth, keep things to yourself,
You'll be seen in a professional light.

An Active Ass

There was a cute little Donkey.
Who liked to have so much fun.
Would eat lots of fruit and fiber,
Which would really make him run.

Little Donkey was so active,
Equus asinus was just so amped.
But all of that hyper movement,
Would sometimes give him cramps.

So, off to the barn and stable,
To squat down and take a nap.
Soon after he felt refreshed,
Like he just filled his tank with gas.

The rest did him a world of good,
Started to skip, jump, bray and shout.
But instead of the stable front door,
His excitement thru the back door shot out.

It wasn't like the roar of the ocean,
Not during high, but the lowest of tides,
For the remnants of his excitement,
Where like skid marks, on pavement, far and wide.

So, the Donkey had learned his lesson.
And, tried hard not to be so hyper.
Slowing down, eating more binding foods,
And sporting a very good diaper.

Cough and Cold

Cough and Cold: A Video Poem Presentation

Grave Cite

When all of the air has left my lungs,
When all the moisture's gone from my tongue,
Whether I plan it first or whether not,
My remains will end up in some kind of plot.

But, if the ground is not my passion,
Cremation's an option, and spread my ashes.
Over somewhere I loved and spent much time,
Into the sea breeze, that sounds sublime.

But, I will dwell upon this hope,
It is a way for me to cope.
When no more of life's troubles to face,
I'll think of my grave as my parking space.

I will rise from the chassis that was once my shell.
And, travel places I knew so well.
And, visit those still upon this Earth.
Or go back in time before my birth.

Into the Eternity of the Human Race,
Return time to time to my parking space.
That way if someone visits to talk,
I'll be there for them, alongside I'll walk.

But, my hope is that they'll not be sad.
I'm having more fun than I've ever had.
Visiting people, places, going on forever.
To me this would be my version of heaven.

The 12 Laws Plus 1 Rule

There are 12 Universal Laws,
Thought-provoking topics.
But my favorite of the dozen,
To me has the best of logic.

For now, I will touch upon,
A few that I like as well.
I suggest you look these up,
Take time on the list to dwell.

The Law of Divine Oneness,
Everything connected to everything.
What we say and do in our lives,
Equal effect on other living things.

The Law of Action is needed,
To manifest things on Earth.
Engage in things that support,
Dreams, emotions, your self-worth.

Perpetual Transmutation of Energy,
The law that we have power within.
To improve the lives we live.
High vibes not low ones, give in.

And, related to our mental state,
Is the Law of Polarity.
Suppress and transform bad thoughts,
To strong and positive for clarity.

The other 7 on the list,
Gender, Rhythm, Relativity,
Then Compensation and Correspondence,

Vibration, Cause and Effect, in brevity.

But my favorite of the 12 laws,
Is the Law of Attraction.
Negative thoughts produce the same,
Likewise very positive action.

These are the immutable Laws.
That apparently cover the rules.
Of the life we want to live.
In the manner in which we move.

Oh, yes! Ralph Waldo Emerson's quote,
My understanding, just paraphrase,
What you think about all day long,
Will be the product of your future days.

Now, it is all up to you.
Take these with a grain of salt.
Maybe add one more, the Golden Rule,
For this one, set your default.

Prescription For The Symptoms

So, you're looking for a remedy,
For that pain inside your ear.
What if the drug's side effects,
Outweigh your issue here.

If you look on the bottle,
The list is oh so long.
The symptoms you'll experience,
Things that could go wrong.

Your lungs may be affected,
You may have shortness of breath.
You also may experience,
Severe pains within your chest.

There's your digestive track,
A case just like colitis.
Don't forget kidney failure,
Yellowing skin and hepatitis.

All of the eye problems,
Blurred vision and dizziness.
Headaches, rashes and hives,
Arms and legs there's weakness.

The symptom that takes the cake,
"May attack your normal organs."
That line kills it for me,
The Mother of all warnings.

Maybe sway from harsh drugs,
Is there something more passive.
Instead, for that ear ache,

Just take a couple of Aspirins.

If the Doc leaves you a message,
To follow his advice and dominion,
Call him back and tell him that,
You're getting a second opinion.

But, decide to take his advice,
To relieve what inside is stricken,
Just make sure that he also writes,
A script for all of the symptoms.

Spies in Red Felt: Effen Elves

NO! NO! NO! No, not that,
No way to handle good kids or brats.
Using a spy dressed up in red felt.
Find better way, behavior to be dealt.

What I write here is just to pose thought.
Spy approach to Christmas might suit your Tots.
So, I ask that you just hear me out.
Then leave a comment, jot your feelings down.

Spy's supposed to report all to Santa.
Good or bad, it really doesn't matter.
Should we think of this as just dalliance?
Make kids acceptable to state of surveillance?

Critics argue that it is a threat,
To the trust from you, your child should get.
Maybe even a form of borderline cruelty?
You impose upon them when they act unruly.

Maybe I'm just of the fashion of old.
I like the thought, you're bad you get coal.
Others argue Spy backs up a lie.
Because Santa doesn't exist, there's no such guy?

Is using the Elf putting your family in danger?
Of forgetting the Holiday is about a child in a manger?
Isn't the spirit of giving, what we should feel?
And, for all of humanity on Earth to heal?

So, the question I pose, is it harmless fun?
Or, leaving children with harm can't be undone?
The choice, of course, is up to the parents,

Caregivers, Grandparents, whomever is apparent.

I never thought Santa the type of guy,
For tracking, he'd deploy a bunch of spies.
Because if you're creative, you just might find,
A kinder, gentler approach, to keep kids in line.

Invasion Of The Boring Guy

This middle-aged guy stopped by on the weekend.
To help someone close tie up loose ends.
To construct a frame on a very small shed.
Get the project close to an end.

Now Saturdays are my, great day of sanctuary.
My break after a week that's made me so weary.
So getting chores done, before the day is spent.
Getting all out of the way, on this I don't relent.

So, I returned home happy because I got everything done.
Now, to put my feet up, get ready to have some fun.
Everything was perfect until they opened the door.
My very special person walked in with this bore.

They sat at the table, made themselves at home.
I decided to be pleasant, made them snacks and more.
An hour passed by and then quite another.
I heated up leftovers, and began to feel like a Mother.

Waiting on them, lending a sympathetic ear.
Listening to Boring Guy's problems from prior years.
Dinner was done, me still feeling like a waitress.
My close friend and this bore had invaded my fortress.

The Boring Guy to me was definitely a wooz.
His overstayed visit was borderline abuse.
I looked at my friend with a determined glance.
Get rid of this guy, or I'll kick him in the pants.

Finally, somehow, Boring Guy got the hint.
Never again will I allow this Goober in my midst.
And, I'll speak up, too bad if they brood.

No company today, I'm just not in the mood.

Because there is an old saying of which I believe,
The best guests are those who know when to leave.
That way you will spend with them many more nights.
They don't take advantage and are extremely polite.

Part of the Heart of a Family

I was thinking, just the other day,
Over the years, the pets I've had.
Just an average bunch of mammals,
Nothing considered very rad.

These loving creatures were part,
Of my childhood to future days.
Whether Holidays or vacations,
They participated in various ways.

Jed, our dog, a friendly mutt,
Of Collie and other mix,
Textbook buddy, who loved whipped cream,
Wide-eyed at the spoon to lick.

Mini, our cat, had three kittens,
By her side, they remained.
Mini, herself, out lived them all,
Until as a ghost she returned.

I swear I would see her on the couch,
Next to my Mother, when knitting.
So surprised, I looked a second time,
Mini then gone, no longer sitting.

Since then, I moved and married,
Two kids with pets of their own.
At Christmas I got a Hamster,
In a cage, I brought him home.

His type is known as Golden,
So, fluffy, small, petite.
Kids gave him the name "Homey"

His death really impacted me.

Precious one, my Greyhound dog,
A rescue, is what they say.
From day one, she became my friend,
Best buddie, best pal, my Grey.

The affect my Grey had on my life,
Is something I will never forget.
Gone now, but patient, I picture her,
Waiting for me at Heaven's Gate.

I left out some of the other pals,
Fishes, a budgie, or parakeet.
Feathered, four-legged or not,
All of them were very sweet.

Today my home, so quiet,
No pets to care for anymore.
Memories and pictures are all that's left,
And, the scratches on furniture and floor.

The Nutcracker Soldier's In Denial

The Nutcracker Soldier's in denial,
Of whom he really is.
Married with 3 children,
A Ballerina, one of his kids.

He and Mom pushed her through life,
To become a Ballet dancer.
He said to me see this clip of her practice,
From the clip, I saw the answer.

His daughter, rehearsing with a male dancer,
On a floor constructed of teak.
The clip didn't focus on her at all,
But, the male dancer's perfect physique.

His words of praise went on and on,
Of his daughter, he is so proud.
The impression I got about what he said,
In my head, was screaming out loud.

It was the male dancer he wished he was,
Not life as an accountant, it's clear.
About this man, I don't understand.
Why not a dance career?

He still could have had a family,
Maybe from them a dancing troupe.
Not vicariously living through his daughter,
And, to himself, being true.

Maybe it was his father,
Who discouraged his young son?
A career in dance to his Dad,

For a boy, just isn't done?

For me, my kids can pursue happiness.

I feel this old saying is right.

"If you work at a job you truly love,

You never work a day in your life."

The ending to this dance story,

I feel validates my point.

Because his daughter has grown sad,

Dance mishaps have damaged her joints.

He told me later, she was quitting.

And, again about life she feels good.

Gone the pressure of doing something disliked,

Being up front with her Dad, as she should.

So, he should learn from his daughter,

And, if a chance to do it over again.

Put on that pair of leotards,

Dance happy through life...The End.

He's A Good Egg

He's A Good Egg: A Video Poem Presentation.

Christmas Wish: No Holiday Hangover.

It is that time of year again,
That centers around sweets.
And, those great specialty drinks,
Yeah! Rich, decadent eats.

Everyone looks so forward,
To the fourth of the seasons.
They'll give themselves permission.
With their diet, they will reason.

For me I will try,
Really hard to not give in.
They'll offer me some goodies,
"No thanks," I'll say and grin.

I know that they only,
Want to mean well.
I'd accept upon their offer,
If guaranteed, I won't swell.

Oh, that I could try,
Sweets many times over.
Wake up in the morning,
Without the slightest hangover.

So, Santa if you're listening,
The gift I wish to get.
Eat and drink everything,
And, my clothes would still fit.

Maybe this gift Sir Elf,
Oh, Santa Clause, I beg,
People look at me and say,

"You've got a hollow leg."

Optimism and Pessimism Meet for Lunch

The Optimist and the Pessimist,
Met today for lunch at a diner.
Mr. O. thought the place was quaint,
Mr. P wanted something finer.

They were seated by a window,
Mr. O said he loved the view.
Mr. P moaned about sun glare,
Mr. O said, "I'll switch with you."

The waitress brought the menus,
And, told of specials du jour.
Mr. O chimed, "Those sound delicious."
Mr. P replied, Those sound obscure."

Mr. O decided on a salad,
And some chowder, just a cup.
Mr. P snarled, "I'll have the same,
So our orders, you don't mess up!"

Mr. O looked out the window,
Picked up his water to drink.
Mr. P eyed his fork and growled,
"The service here really stinks."

Came the chowder and the salads,
And, crackers for the twosome.
Mr. O sprinkled in his cup,
Mr. P smashed his into crumbs.

They finished with their lunches,
And, waved for their check to come.
Mr. O exclaimed, "This was great!

Having lunch with you was fun!"

Mr. P shrugged his shoulders.
And, reached to grab his cash.
"I'll never come back here again.
This visit, today, is my last."

They split the check between them,
And, left their separate tips.
Mr. O said, Cheer up You Codger.
Be positive for once you Nit."

Mr. P looked at him and grinned.
"My demeanor will never erode.
Just take your opinion of me,
And, blow it out your nose."

Mr. O looked back at him.
Smiling and full of glee.
"Just the answer I'd expect.
So, I'll agree to disagree."

The moral of this story,
I guess is easy to tell.
Some go through life thinking,
Glass half empty, not half full.

Law Of Probability

So, I broke your special wine glass.
And, when ironing scorched your shirt.
There's too much salt in the potatoes,
Rinsed the lettuce, left some dirt.

Oh, the sheets upon the bed,
Weren't smooth and without wrinkles.
The cupcakes I made your friends,
Not enough of your favorite sprinkles.

And, when I asked, you allowed,
For the day to borrow your car.
You complained I left the driver's seat.
Pushed way back, way too far.

My car that day in the shop.
In need of some repair.
That was only because,
Errands for you are everywhere.

So, for me the mistakes I make.
Of which I'm apprehensive.
Probable to occur more often,
Do more means greater percentage.

The only way to fix this,
Is to do little, leave a mess.
No more broken glasses,
A lot less tidy, I guess.

I rather keep things neat,
I've never been a slob.
Keeping the place spiffy,

Is something I really love.

So, I'll try to be more careful,
It is of you I'm so fond.
To say I'll not again mess up,
It is probable I'd be wrong.

To the Angel Kat and All

I have to shout to all,
So, that I'll be heard!
There's proof now that Angels,
Are really here on Earth.

This one's a perfect package,
Of authenticity.
She's the rays of sunshine,
That warms both you and me.

Reading this, you'll know,
Of whom I speak of here.
She's a poet pal to many,
So enthusiastic, and so dear.

She loves so much her Grandma,
Her Mom with mind's-eye sight.
A cheery disposition,
An outlook that's so bright.

She has lost some loved ones,
In her heart, forever in.
One thing is very sure,
She's definitely from Heaven.

She stops by and offers,
Her persona, so inviting.
Her thoughtful words, so nice,
Posted on our poetic writings.

She asked and we offered,
Words to Gatlinburg, Tennessee.
To let them know our prayers,

Of support through tragedy.

I'm sure she's an Angel,
With her pretty, long blonde hair.
I've never known a poet,
With a heart so full of care.

Her loving heart, I know,
Is to these words of old,
This Angel here among us,
Has, truly, a Heart of Gold.

So, Merry Christmas Kat!
An Angel here on Earth.
The world's been so much brighter,
Since your Mom gave you birth!

And, Merry Christmas to all,
On this poetic site.
Pat each other on the back,
In support of our love to write.

The F Bomb

Here it comes!
Best get away!
I feel my nerves,
I feel them fray.

So, freely people,
Love to lob,
That over-used swear,
Infamous F Bomb!

Some throw it out,
When they feel sad.
Of course, used most,
When they are mad.

I feel uneasy,
In my skin.
When said that way,
I feel chagrin.

But, I get a kick,
I sense the laughter.
No problem here,
There's no cringe factor.

It's written down,
In letters or blogs.
Or, blurted out,
When two dudes talk.

It'll be in lyrics,
Right there in songs.
Then repeated by all,

From old to young.

But, words like crap,

Dam, Hell and Shit.

I say those myself.

Well, not all of it.

The F Bomb I will,

Try to disguise.

Here, I'd say,

Tasty effen pie!

Maybe something like,

That's so mucked up.

How about this,

Sweet frigging truck!

A effen word.

Don't get frigging nervous.

Hell Yeah! Dam It!

It serves a purpose!

Or if you're texting,

F Bomb to throw,

Two simple letters,

Text them F.O.

Christmas Spirit

I've got the Christmas Spirit.
Want to do crazy things.
In a dead-quiet library,
Stand on a chair and sing.

The acoustics there,
Be perfect, it seems.
I'd belt out a song,
Sounds like goat screams.

I've got the Christmas Spirit,
Missed the poignant meaning,
In a young poet's writing.
My thought was fleeting.

So, I'll stand corrected.
I apologize.
Was looking through,
Christmas Spirit eyes.

I've got the Christmas Spirit.
My heart's light and fluffy.
I smile at people,
Looking stuck-up and stuffy.

But, I'll understand.
They're from a different place.
Not a life like mine.
Not the same issues to face.

I've got the Christmas Spirit.
Think of those without.
Not warm and dry.

In a safe, secure home.

So, I'll ask Santa.

God and the Universe.

To use their powers,

Make their situation reversed.

I hope you're in the Spirit.

All is good in your world.

Your best is still to come.

There's no more turmoil.

That you get that promotion,

A big fat pay raise.

Out of a bad relationship,

Move towards happy days.

Each day you wake up,

Right away you'll find.

Your worries are gone,

You have peace of mind.

And, cross my heart,

Look to heaven above,

That never, never, ever,

Think that you're not loved.

Snowflake Blanket

Snowflake Blanket: A Video Poem Presentation.

Birthday Suit

Turn on the fixture,
First hot then cold.
No not a material,
Suit of clothes.

It's time to clean,
It's time to cleanse.
As another year,
Comes to an end.

To wash away,
All of those thoughts.
Kind that have kept,
My stomach in knots.

Just clean away,
This emotional silt.
Abolish inside,
Those feelings of guilt.

Stand in the shower,
As long as it takes.
Down the drain,
My past mistakes.

Fingers crossed,
No more be seen.
But, try as I may,
I'm a human being.

Feel the water flowing,
From the shower head.
Disintegrates hurtful,

Words to me said.

I finally feel,
So squeaky clean.
I'm comfortable in,
My very own skin.

So ready for,
The year's that's new.
Step from the shower,
My new Birthday Suit.

Side Seat Drivers

My side seat drivers,
Along for the ride.
Never diss my driving,
Never bruise my pride.

One sits in the back,
The other in front.
He's a little older,
So he rides shotgun.

No matter the weather,
Keep their windows open.
Breeze blows in,
I'm either toasty or frozen.

No quarrels about it,
Never start a dog fight.
When I drive with them,
I'm sure to dress right.

They are great buddies.
Always ride together.
One rests his head,
Side rear view mirror.

This gesture he does,
Doesn't block the view.
Great spirit of teamwork,
Between these two.

Heads pop in, then,
Again, pop out.
Eyeing the creatures,

Their smells about.

Then oh, so suddenly,
Those steadfast stares.
Two noses stretching,
Outward to fresh air.

These are not human kids,
But, hairy with four legs.
Always welcome for the ride,
They never have to beg.

Naked Spoof

A gift I was given,
A poster of a movie.
I really loved it so.
It was cool and groovy.

So colorful and bright,
I hung it on the wall.
Until I realized,
Not what it seemed at all.

I looked more closely,
Immediately offended.
Right before my eyes,
A male appendage!!

Blinking my eyelids,
Took a second glance.
Drawn in the wrinkles,
Of the actor's pants!!

And, then another,
This time in a sign.
Within the letter W,
Actress's bust line!

Cautiously looked closer,
On the poster's right side.
In a pale mountain range,
A huge backside!

What's wrong with this artist?
Using his talent this way?
Where's are his manners?

What would his Momma say?

Now he's got me gazing,
To see if there's more.
What else is he hiding?
For my eyes to abhor.

Oh, now I get it!
It's plain to see.
This prankster artist,
Has played a joke on me.

The work is for fun,
He's created a spoof.
Subject of this film,
About the naked truth.

I've heard of this before,
Sense of humor so crass,
Hidden in cartoons,
Takes a lot of sass.

In this optical illusion,
It's artwork with some game.
But, in the eye of the beholder,
Either raunchy or just lame.

Put Off Procrastinating

Put off procrastination,
Let it go no further.
Stop getting muddled,
In useless Dogma.

Procrastination has all,
Of the time there is.
Your deadlines, commitments,
Cannot be missed.

Procrastination costs you,
There's much regret.
It ruins your credit,
Left deep in debt.

No, don't put off,
Replacing the toilet paper roll.
Or you'll sit empty-handed.
When you need it most.

Procrastination's no friend,
Of yours or mine.
Let it wait forever,
At the back of the line.

No, don't put off,
Doing your laundry,
Have to join a nudist camp,
Won't that be a quandary?

Procrastination doesn't ever,
Lend you a hand.
Just leaves you stuck,

With your head in the sand.

Blinding yourself,
To all that's productive.
Not having to deal,
That's why so seductive?

Your life and work,
A continuous shamble.
Procrastination's holding,
In its grip, a preamble.

To keep you backed up,
In arrears, its goal.
Break away from its grip,
Climb out of that hole.

Do not succumb.
You'll know only sorrow.
Will put off today,
What you'll put off tomorrow.

Procrastinating is an art,
Keeping up with yesterday.
Live here and now,
The clear and present day.

Is there anything worthwhile?
To procrastination, in fact?
Nope, just worthless behavior.
A monkey on your back.

Stop procrastinating,
Make it something you forgot.
There's so much to gain,
Strike while the iron's hot.

Wheels Up

I imagine you waiting,
For the word to board,
Your flight back there,
On your path forward.

Thought out plans,
Ducks lined up, efficient.
I wish you success,
To be self-sufficient.

I know no matter what,
You will succeed.
You are my Son,
Like me, indeed.

Of course, you've got traits,
From your Dad.
He's the Good Cop,
Me, the Bad.

Kept you in line,
But, an easy job.
Not much need to punish.
As a result, few sobs.

When I sit and think,
How far you've traveled.
So much more focused,
Me, sometimes unraveled.

So, you sit and wait,
For your plane, wheels up,
Still my Little Boy,

My emotions well up.

My job is done,

You turned out fine.

Still, a bittersweet moment,

Happy, sad, the same time.

So, until the next time,

We're together in the sun,

A special connection,

Between Mother and Son.

One Fell Into The Woodstove

So many superstitions,
In so many cultures.
Good and bad events,
Visions of Doves or Vultures.

This thought came to me.
In my mind did unfold.
I found a Junco Bird,
Stuck in my wood stove.

I was about to lite a fire.
To keep the house warm.
Instead, an ashy figure,
A feathered dark form.

I soon realized,
I looked through the glass.
Bird flew into the chimney,
Where I'd put the wood stack.

I thought of the fear,
Of impending death.
Superstitious burden,
On my house was left?

When a small feathered bird,
Flies inside a house,
Could be Sparrow or Titmouse,
Birds smaller than a Grouse.

But this poor little Junco,
Flew into the stove,
No open door or window,

Inside he then dove.

Nevertheless, into action.

Saved the sooty bird.

Reached in and grabbed him,

In my grasp, he squirmed.

Opened the cellar window,

He then flew away.

Far from my chimney,

I hope he will stay.

Lit a match to the kindling,

Heat and flames towards the draft,

Threw in some small logs,

Closed the door, clipped the latch.

Fire's going great,

And, I began to think.

I'll install some screen,

Small holes of chain link.

The irony was then clear,

The superstition was right.

Stopped impending death,

For the Junco Bird that night.

Water

Water: A Video Poem Presentation.

He Is In Love

He looks in the mirror,
And sees his reflection.
His eyes, nose and cheeks,
He has much affection.

He stands to one side.
And, strikes a quick pose.
Flexes his muscles,
Points up his smart nose.

Turns to the left,
Turns to the right.
Tells himself proudly,
"What a handsome sight."

Runs his fingers,
Through his short hair,
Twists and looks behind,
To flex his derrière.

Thinks to himself,
What a great invention.
For the inventor of the mirror,
There'll be a place in heaven.

He thinks, "Love is Grand.
And, Good looks do help."
This guy's in love,
In love with himself.

One might argue,
He's just a narcissist.
Thinks he's just perfect,

And, oh so marvelous.

Another point of view,
He's a self-assured being.
A lot of self-confidence,
With a healthy self-esteem.

He'd say, if no one tells you,
And, compliments you lack,
Look at your reflection.
Pat yourself on the back.

When All Else Fails: Punt

Mr. Reason was a simple man,
A fine member of the town.
Very, quiet, kept to himself,
Reason, rarely made a sound.

Mr. Haughty was boisterous.
No violet that was shrinking.
More open land was his cry,
But, offensive when he was drinking.

Now, Reason had no problem,
With Haughty's point, so proud.
He just wished he'd be demur,
Not obnoxious and so loud.

Reason thought if you want,
Your point for people to hear,
You can do so politely,
Not scream it in their ear.

So came the annual meeting,
For voters and the quorum.
Tackle tasks before the town,
Age-old and folksy forum.

The schools and the town budget,
Many topics were at hand.
Haughty did not wait his turn,
"More land!" bellowing, "More land!"

Haughty yelled and spewed fumes,
Of the Wild Turkey he had gulped.
As he squawked, it was obvious,

A full fifth he had helped himself.

Three sheets to the wind, was Haughty.

At Reason, Haughty shunned.

Angry words now between them,

Townspeople wanted to run.

Reason agreed with Haughty.

About the need for open land.

"Everyone in town agrees too.

"That's in the Master Plan!"

Reason realized right away,

Haughty he could not manage.

Only way to get his attention,

Was to kick him in his package.

The room grew suddenly quiet.

And it was clear to see.

Haughty with mouth wide open,

Asked, "Why'd you do that to me?"

Reason looked back at Haughty.

"I'm an honest man, not a faker.

You wanted more land,

So, I gave you a couple of acres."

Pavement Predator

He's an ugly monster,
Or maybe it's a she.
In this darkness,
Really hard to see.

Its life came from the rain,
Freezing temperatures.
Cannot predict its birth.
Not really sure when.

So, if I had eyes,
In the back of my head.
I'd gone a different way,
Away from here instead.

But, it is too late.
I've traveled way too far.
A big honking pothole,
Just devoured my car.

But, hold on, wait a minute,
It could have been worse,
I landed on another car,
Guy inside gave me a boost.

I promised to call the tow truck,
So he could be towed out,
Next time be more aware,
And, take a different route.

Because you'll not know when,
You'll fall in its grip,
Just a freak of the season,

Keep your eyes out for it.

Sweet Saboteur

Beware the diet saboteurs.
With their "good intentions."
They know you're on a diet.
You've aforementioned.

Anytime they'll send.
Gift cards for sweets.
Ice cream and more,
High-calorie treats.

No, they're not evil.
They're familiar folk.
They too, struggle.
In the same boat.

You've been successful,
Sticking to, and zealous.
They're without willpower.
For this, maybe jealous?

If gobs of sweets come,
To your work or to home.
Donate it to a charity.
Others deserve some.

It's so tempting,
To fall off the wagon.
You'll surely regret it.
You couldn't slay the dragon.

Next time, you're on the subject.
Each talking about their weight.
Change the topic yourself,

Don't take the bettor's bait.

Maybe they're just a prankster,

Having fun, trying to win.

But, the best revenge of all,

Healthy physique, you're in.

Blabberwocky

My poem was written,
But, was dropped on the desk.
And, became a big jumbled,
Unbelievable mess.

I tried hard to fix it,
But an endless loop.
A pile of word babble,
And, alphabet soup.

Lasagna and hot dogs,
On shiny clean dishes,
Try high octane whipo,
On potatoes with whiskers.

Cyber space scene,
In my cup of Earl Tea,
Brush the hair of an anteater,
Or, shave a dog's flea.

Turkeys in tuxedos,
Oliver and the gruel,
In a flattened pontoon,
Float on a carpool.

A dare-devil peacock,
Turns around on a dime.
For a chicken wing side dish,
With ice cream, just fine.

Jammed paper jelly,
Leaves a dull paper cut.
Tail wags the kite,

The kite wags the pup.

The receptionist smiles,
At the peon with clout.
Baby walks in smiling,
Throws the bathwater out.

Palm trees and snowballs,
In Beta Fish tank.
Play hands-on football,
Food scraps then flank.

In the end, I can't find,
The meaning at last.
A poem for the shredder,
And, dreadful first draft.

Tipsy Tirade

They met many weeks ago.
Have a lot in common.
Outdoors and the same foods,
Other things together fond of.

Love notes back and forth.
The weeks that followed were happy.
Sticky sweet their words for each,
Some cliché and others sappy.

But soon in time, after all,
Their foundation began to crumble.
Got on each others' nerves,
Words under breath would mumble.

One night they met for drinks.
He had one too many.
Sparked a heated exchange.
Swear words, there were plenty.

Dust cleared, a wall between them.
Their faults made up its bricks.
Would there be a future for them?
Would this couple's love be fixed?

Don't know yet the story's ending.
Their next meeting place or venue.
No time right now to finish,
This story's to be continued.

But, one thing is for sure.
To some this applies, I think.
Alcohol fueled their fire,

Those two just shouldn't drink.

Horizon Ahead

Horizon Ahead: A Video Poem Presentation

Job Security

My spreadsheet's a work of art.
Much information it contains.
Ask me anything you want,
For my part, took some brains.

I'll tell you where you'll find,
The fiction from the facts.
Reveal CFO's fudges,
Because it's smarts he lacks.

In the end, you'll find your budget,
Of which you have to spend.
And, if there'll be enough,
Until the project's end.

And, how much you have billed,
Each customer for the labor,
Materials, freight and more,
Whatever they should pay for.

I create this masterpiece,
About every 14 days.
Depends on the week ending,
And, at what point the job's phase.

I can do what the Software can't.
So, one thing's sure as surety.
Keep hold of my vital place,
Take comfort in job security.

Not to toot my own horn.
My talent's worth every ounce.
I know without my skills,

Paychecks would surely bounce.

And those whom depend on me,

Are too, just working stiffs.

Feed a family, roof over head,

Work hard putting up with sh*t.

And, two weeks from now,

New spreadsheet, new page,

So use the old sheet,

To line your bird cage.

T.M.I.

Stepped into the Ladies Room,
Because nature was calling.
Couldn't help but overhear,
A conversation so appalling!

These women were in their stalls,
Talking about aches and pains.
Rashes in various places,
Trouble with varicose veins.

What one of them ate,
Now, this is kind of funny.
The Sushi she said she had,
Gave her "a run for her money."

The other countered that,
She had the opposite reaction.
Had Mozzarella Sticks,
Now lack of backdoor action.

Now the topic turned,
To muffin tops and cleavage.
How the size of certain private parts,
Would vary their amount of heavage.

I finally had enough,
I said, "Ladies, please pipe down.
They can hear you in the hall,
And, possibly across town!"

The two women stopped their talking,
One started on vacation.
I was just trying to make a point,

About sharing too much information.

I finished up my visit,

Opened the door in front of me.

A small crowd of men had gathered,

Shrugged my shoulders saying, "It wasn't me."

The Sound of Excuses

No, not music to my ears,
You always have an excuse.
Of why you can't clean your room.
There's no reason you won't choose.

Your room's décor is disarray.
Knee deep in sports drink stash.
Smelly laundry, stinky sneakers,
Old take-out and more trash.

You always sleep until Noon.
Unbathed, disheveled hair.
What's that smell from your room?
Emanating polluted air.

You need to go outside,
Be one of the ones among us,
Not turn into a mushroom,
Choosing a life of fungus.

The New Year's now upon us.
You must change your daily regimen.
Otherwise, I'll call Haz Mat.
Dispose of moldy specimens.

Again, you stand and argue.
The sound of your excuses.
Stock still and unmovable,
Like you hair filled with those mousses.

This time I put my foot down.
No, I'm not being so mean.
And, this is not an idle threat.

Grab this broom and start to clean!

Heart And Mind Call A Meeting

The Heart and Mind called a meeting.
To be held as soon as it could.
Because if they waited too long,
The outcome might not be so good.

The Person who was the Body,
To whom Heart and Mind belonged.
Had to make a big decision,
And, the Person did not have long.

Person had been offered a job.
Far away from where she lived.
The pay would be excellent.
Many benefits employer would give.

The company would include housing,
Expenses, a car to get around.
This job has so much to offer,
Deals like this are not easily found.

There's one drawback, of course.
She would have to move from her Love.
He could never leave his job,
To his boss he was his son.

She called upon her Mind.
Mind said, "Go this minute!"
You'll find someone new,
If you don't you'll regret it."

Then she turned to her Heart.
Who said, "Love is worth more than gold.
Your present-day relationship,

Perfect, between you and your Beau."

Mind countered Heart's story.
Saying it was shallow, and a whim.
And if the Person stayed put,
Her unhappiness, she'd blame on him.

Heart began to beat quickly.
Beating such a rush of blood.
Giving Mind an awful headache,
That it couldn't utter a word.

Heart's pleads became much louder.
"Other jobs will come again.
Stay for now with your Love,
Patience pays off in the end."

Person knew what she should do.
Talked to her Love later that night.
He supported the move and job,
Said, "Meantime, we can Skype."

She agreed with her very true Love.
And, accepted the job offer.
Saved money for over a year.
Nice nest egg for their joint coffer.

Had enough that they could marry.
A new home, they did find.
She transferred, a workplace closer,
Their love passed the test of time.

Stuck Between The Lines

An email from a friend,
Has puzzled me very much.
Trying to figure out,
If a sensitive nerve I've touched.

Our conversation quite friendly,
Nothing out of the ordinary.
Like, "How does your garden grow?"
No tone from me contrary.

I'll admit I'm kind of wordy,
Can tend to bloviate.
Everything from soup to nuts,
About the day on my plate.

Wasn't bragging on me,
Asked him various questions.
Like how's his day going?
No need for a confession.

He was having his lunch,
While typing to me.
A break in the day,
A moment or two free.

So, I see this reply,
ALL CAPS ARE NOW TYPED.
Like he's shouting at me,
Maybe picking a fight.

Don't want to reply yet,
Or sarcastic to be.
I really like this guy.

Is he angry with me?

I decided to walk away.

Give me time to digest.

That's the problem with emails,

May not behave your best.

What you write can come out wrong,

Not realizing you may offend.

And, then the damage is done,

Once you click the mouse and send.

I returned to the email.

Asked if I should apologize.

Waiting now for a reply,

What's up with this guy?

Now I'm impatient.

With myself, just pissed.

For letting this get to me.

Is there something I missed?

He then typed he was sorry.

For making me feel flustered.

It was an accident, unintended.

CAPS got stuck with peanut butter.

Cawing All Seagulls

Grey and white Seagulls fly,
Mostly near bodies of water.
Some perch on street lamp posts,
Clean parking lots of fodder.

But, these Gulls wear skirts and ties.
Outside, they're never around.
See food in the workplace kitchen,
They dive for it, leaps and bounds.

Then caw about the calories,
Foods that made their waist thick.
Hate themselves for eating so much,
Always caw, "I'm on a diet."

They are kidding themselves.
To me, this doesn't fly.
If you're serious about your weight loss,
Don't go in there, just fly by.

If the kitchen table's empty,
Then they swoop into the fridge.
Eat a co-worker's vanilla yogurt,
Cawing, "There's no name on it."

Office Avian are good for something.
If your goal is to get thin.
Bring into work tempting goodies,
In no time, they do it in.

But, remember to be careful.
They're without patience and moreover.
Once they hear a plate on the table,

Get out of the way or get knocked over.

A Great Day

A Great Day: A Video Poem Presentation.

Booze Hound

He's not a happy Labrador.
Or a sweet and cuddly Beagle.
A Chihuahua in a purse.
Or a Pug with cute, soft wrinkles.

No, not a Doberman Pinscher,
Or a noble Great Dane.
Or a cute little Jack Russell,
No, he's not one of them.

He isn't very well-mannered.
Nor, a person you could tame.
To behave himself in public.
And, not garner such a name.

This person I'm talking about,
Maybe so, familiar to most.
Loses all control of himself,
And embarrasses the host.

He'll pass out on the couch.
Lose his cookies in the trash.
Next day forget it all.
In his mind, had such a blast.

Yes, a hammered horse's ass,
Hope, in your company not found.
No manners or consideration,
This two-legged Booze Hound.

Messing With The Messenger

I know it's not fair,
No, not fair at all.
When being a conduit,
Can be made to feel small.

A person with talent,
And so well versed.
But having to be messenger,
Can feel like a curse.

It is tough sometimes,
Being the go-between.
Pass notes between two,
Hard to avoid it seems.

It's like that old saying,
"Don't shoot the messenger."
On their ship of arguments,
Rough on this passenger.

Messenger knows well,
These two use their tactics.
To settle their deal,
Both feeling quite frantic.

Back and forth they go,
Their deal try to tweak.
One is belligerent,
The other feels weak.

Take out their frustrations,
Messenger's fed up.
As this process continues,

Delivers the head's up.

Keeps a stiff upper lip,
A dutiful servant.
Quick to his tasks,
Staying subservient.

Again back and forth,
This may take several times,
For self-proclaimed savants,
To have made up their minds.

Finally they agree!
On this deal before them.
Wait for it in writing,
Then a signature in pen.

Now the pressure is off.
This agreement should suffice.
To the messenger they are friendly,
Trying hard now to be nice.

Inside the messenger feels,
They should treat him right.
"It is nice to be important,
But more important to be nice."

So left beaten down and bullied,
But his skin will heal thicker.
For the next time this happens,
Those two together bicker.

The Sum Of Three

There's three wise Ones I speak to,
I talk to them each day.
They are of the same family,
Who help me find my way.

I ask them for their help,
To calm those troubled minds.
Hard experiences in life,
Facing man and woman kind.

I ask to help the children,
In far-away foreign lands.
Who have lost their brothers,
Life, limbs, legs and hands.

I ask them to feed the hungry,
To avail of so much bounty.
For help to those with eyesight,
Yet, still refuse to see.

To the young with many problems,
Then, contemplate ending life,
That they hold on for much longer,
To show them a guiding light.

I thank the three Ones too,
For all, that's been given me.
For this I am so grateful,
Again, I thank these three.

So, like today and tomorrow,
Onward towards infinity,
The Father, Son and Holy Spirit,

All Holy Trinity.

For they make up the One Person,

He's still here, that's no doubt.

I'll stay true, believe in God.

This Divine one with the clout.

Meet The Elephant

I know you've been there.
It's like a silent BOOM.
When everyone sees it,
The elephant in the room.

Nobody has the courage,
Afraid to bring it up,
But, the Boss has his shirt,
On inside out!

Everyone's in the meeting.
Keep our eyes on him.
As he gets up to talk,
Turns around, meeting begins.

It's hard to stay focused,
On the discussion at hand.
When staring right at you,
His shirt tag with name brand.

Start thinking for a moment,
Is this a new style?
I really don't think so,
Shouldn't we tell the guy?

What if it was you?
Put yourself in his shoes.
No keep it to yourself.
Don't panic, keep cool.

I remember in the day,
Girl's slip showed below skirt.
We'd say, "It's snowing down South."

She'd get the meaning of the words.

Well, the meeting's just over.

We give each the side eye.

Try to hold back the smiles,

As we quickly walk by.

But, I went to his boss,

And told him the story,

He smiled back and laughed,

At least the meeting wasn't boring.

The Science Of Bad Habits

I despise bad habits,
Need a solution to find.
I cannot change others'
I can only change mine.

Try to beat these things,
Take up a small arsenal.
I won't reveal them all,
Because they are personal.

I wake up in the morning,
Feel regret all over,
There's no aspirin for this,
The Bad Habit Hangover.

Feeling like a failure,
Myself, I despise.
Blew off the gym,
Avoided my exercise.

Left the dishes in the sink,
Said, "I'll do them in a while."
Then waited too long,
Now a crusty, large pile.

Should have folded the clothes,
Left sitting in the machine.
Do them all over again,
Get them fresh and clean.

Einstein knew,
The definition of crazy.
For me, get the same results,

If I continued to be lazy.

I got rid of my bad habits,
Seized the day, just grabbed it,
Freed myself from this regret,
I developed good habits.

I have a picture of Einstein,
On his face, a silly look.
Applied to me, his advice,
I love that picture they took.

I wondered about him,
This genius, we had.
Did Albert have any?
Any habits that were bad?

I guess even a genius,
Is just human with faults.
They said Albert chose never,
To wear any socks.

Most familiar about Einstein,
But, I'd never ask, never dare,
To tell him that he should have,
Combed his disheveled hair.

So, maybe not bad habits,
Just eccentric little quirks?
Just mannerisms of a genius,
Of ingenious great works.

So, were my bad habits,
Just me being bad at chores?
Don't care, I kicked the habits,
I don't do them anymore.

Dog Needs A Walk

You see them in the morning,
You see them dusk to dawn.
Dedicated dog walkers,
Their Pal pulls their arm.

If you have no place,
Like a fenced-in yard.
To handle dog's business,
Life with them can be hard.

So, the walker's at the ready,
Before they leave home,
Take their daily route,
Get the dog's business done.

When family first got Rover,
Kids were so happy.
But, as time went on,
Their help walking was lacking.

In a house full of kids,
Usually Mom at the tether.
No matter how she feels,
No matter what the weather.

What the kids take for granted,
What they never assume,
They would ever have to wait,
To be taken to the bathroom.

Poor dog has to be patient,
For the walker, they beg,
In the meantime, no accidents,

They have to cross their legs.

Maybe teach the kids a lesson,
They might learn, no less.
Dog has an accident on the rug,
They will have to clean the mess.

You know the dog is sad,
If they made a mistake.
They want to make you happy,
There, all over their sweet face.

So, to all you walkers,
To you I salute.
I sympathize with you,
I was in your shoes.

My Greyhound had to walk,
Four times, no matter what.
Two times in the daytime,
Two times after that.

It was a labor of love,
I know she was grateful.
Two pals were we,
My dear companion, so faithful.

Light

Light: A Video Poem Presentation.

Step Outside Yourself

You're always in perfect order,
Same old life you're leading.
Why don't you just admit it,
"More excitement!" your heart's pleading.

Afraid to, as they say,
Step outside the box.
Don't color outside the lines,
Your integrity would be lost?

I'm not saying that you should,
Run nude out in the cold.
Just try to be different,
Someone new, toss out the old.

Get outside this time of year,
Take a walk or try a sport.
The days are getting longer,
It's darkness that's getting short.

Be late for work one day,
At your desk, be the last.
Take someone that you love,
Out for a big breakfast.

Stop your constant bragging,
About time spent at the gym.
While you see and walk by trash,
Instead of tossing it in the bin.

Knock off your one-up-man-ship,
Let a person get in edgewise,
What you will learn from them,

You might find as a big surprise.

The saying "No one's perfect,"
Couldn't be any more true,
A fresh start is in order,
I'm sick of the same old you.

I know Winter nights are dreary,
Can leave you feeling delirious,
Instead, get ready for Spring!
And, don't take the Groundhog serious.

What's So Funny?

I wacked my elbow,
Just the other day.
Nothing funny about that,
I'm just saying.

My arm was aching.
What an irritation!
Tingling, and painful,
Weird sensation.

You see, I bumped,
My Funny Bone.
Working in the yard,
Around my home.

Not chocolate cake,
Peanut butter inside.
I bumped my elbow,
I just wanted to cry.

Didn't feel like laughing,
Most certainly not!
Jumped up and down,
Up and down a lot.

Went inside the house,
The ice, grabbed a hold.
Put it on the spot,
Could feel the cold.

Went to the laptop,
Looked up the saying.
Wanted to know where,

The bone got its name.

The pain comes from,
Hitting your Ulnar Nerve.
Which runs past the elbow,
And, causes the hurt.

The real name is,
Humerus, that connects,
The shoulder to the elbow,
That's how it works.

The arm-bone's title,
Sounds like humorous.
I don't think it's funny,
But, nevertheless.

I'll write to the Journal,
Of Medicine for help,
See, if they'll consider,
Calling it something else.

Maybe they cannot,
That bone's iconic.
Still a miss-named thing,
I'll call it ironic.

For The Love Of Absence

So you work all these years,
You are a very loyal pair.
Get up, go to work,
Come home, discuss your day.

Talk about the future,
About the time you'll retire.
All the things to do together.
A happy couple, side by side.

So, one day a bad storm,
Stuck inside, can't leave.
Together 24/7,
Here comes cabin fever.

You decide to make a list,
Stuff you two will complete.
Each other with their tasks,
Say, fix the toilet seat.

Then start to pass judgement,
Criticize with those words.
Slowly but surely,
Get on each other's nerves.

Then, it suddenly hits you,
Is this to be retirement?
Not so bad being apart,
Not stuck in confinement.

So, you look at each other,
A big hug and a smile.
Grab a cup of coffee,

Discuss this for a while.

Then the forecast's in your favor,
Stuck inside no longer,
Back to work tomorrow knowing,
With absence, your hearts grow fonder.

My Veggie Buddy

So, I'm sitting here,
About to start lunch.
Will tell you about something,
I just love so much.

I waitressed a lot,
When I was a youngster.
Once an uneaten garnish,
That was tossed in the dumpster.

But, today it is,
One of the biggest crazes.
Written about quite often,
On health magazine pages.

You can pulverize it,
Into a shake.
Or, have it like me,
Into a salad, I make.

Loaded with vitamins,
A very healthy food.
Good for the digestion,
For your plumbing, it's good.

No Fat or Cholesterol,
And, very low in Sodium.
Some Protein, Vitamin A,
Very high in Potassium.

My love for this thing,
I want to cheer and hail.
One of the best things out there,

My veggie buddy Kale.

After munching on a leaf,

I feel alert, not groggy.

Dressed in olive oil, Balsamic,

It never gets soggy.

In a perfect world,

In a perfect dream,

Maybe Kale with hot fudge,

Over chocolate chip ice cream.

Snow Day For My Sole and Spirit

My Sole and Spirit,
Are nudging me.
They want a day off,
To the mountains to ski.

To hop in the car,
And drive to the North.
A few hours away,
To get to the slopes.

So, I checked the web site,
For the conditions.
Sole and Spirit hoping,
Fingers crossed, wishing.

I checked Loon Mountain,
Cranmore and Cannon.
Gunstock and Waterville,
Sunapee and Ragged.

A lot of open trails,
And lifts, it looks good.
But, what's bumming me out,
All the snow's machine groomed.

Now to the weather,
Looks like the mid-30s.
Sole and Spirit pleading,
"Please, can we go please?"

Today is Thursday,
No snow in the forecast.
But, night snow making,

Is probably the best bet.

I think I will chance it.

I need to get out.

These two need a break,

Time to blow steam off.

Shoot for this Sunday,

Earlier the better.

Buy a Full-Day Ticket,

Wear my warm sweater.

Don't forget my "Cat Crap",

Foggy goggles to stop.

A little extra money,

Buy something in the shop.

My skis are tuned.

Got my helmet and gear.

Sole and Spirit can't wait,

Until my butt's in the lift chair.

Glue To Heal The Blues

Someone came along,
Broke your heart in pieces.
Person for whom you held,
Extraordinary feelings.

You're stunned, left standing,
Not knowing what to do.
I'll offer a remedy,
Some broken-heart glue.

Its color, unassuming,
Sparkles blue, will simply,
Repair your crushed spirit,
That sent you to your knees.

The color reflects emotion,
The angst of feeling blue.
From betrayal and dishonesty,
Out of nowhere ensued.

The moment you apply it,
To inside what's broken.
Whispers reach your heart,
Kind words contained, spoken.

Gradually, cracks and crevices,
Soon, will smooth over.
There before you now,
Is a heart no longer broken.

This mixture then will change,
Turns invisible and clear.
Like nothing was ever wrong,

Or, ever happened here.

The ingredients consist of,
Healing messages to send.
And, in time you'll find,
A heart now on the mend.

Take all the time you need,
Put sadness in the past.
No longer crushed and destroyed,
A strong person, back on track.

Learn from the experience,
Responsibility's on you.
Protect your heart from damage,
Never again need the glue.

For if you're complacent,
What's healed can still scar.
Chance to love again,
Meets impenetrable barrier.

Protect yourself in the future,
Remember, you're in charge.
There'd be only you to blame.
If you're careless with your heart.

Forever In A Heart

Forever In A Heart: A Video Poem Presentation.

Fish Or Cut Bait

Things started out hopeful,
All with smiles on their face.
A year has since passed,
Sorry, time to cut bait.

You fished and won,
A new opportunity.
Slowly and with vigor,
Progression with surety.

Then, suddenly, without warning,
Rug's pulled from under you.
Searching the nooks and crannies,
To salvage anything good.

But, it's useless you see.
Best was done, by far.
You, the beginner was forgiven,
Horse hasn't left the barn.

So, pick yourself up,
Hold your head high.
It is tough cut bait,
But, new fish will swim by.

And, when they do,
Check the size of your hook.
If they're too big to handle,
Don't give them a second look.

And, if you don't learn,
From the whoop-ass just given,
You'll get canned in the process,

For that no one's forgiving.

Come Out Of The Woodwork

Come out, come out,
Wherever you are!
I see you in there,
You can't go far.

Hiding in the woodwork,
Trying to blend.
Listen to me,
The message I send.

We miss your talent,
Words on the page.
Sometimes funny,
Other advice, sage.

Someone hurt your feelings,
Or, maybe you theirs?
It's something personal,
Of which we're unaware?

I know that it's tough,
Feeling sick and tired.
It's not for us to know,
So, keep it inside.

But, if you're ready,
To offer, to share.
Then bring it out,
Into the fresh air.

No bones to pick,
You'll get none from me.
So, show yourself,

When you are ready.

For we miss your words,
No need for shame.
If you stay in hiding,
There's loss, no gain.

So, come out, come out,
Of the grainy woodwork.
Dust yourself off,
Let us have a good look.

Just a few words,
No reinvented wheel.
Express yourself again,
We've felt what you feel.

Here I will name,
Just a hint or two.
The lover of photography,
Shades of sadness, too.

He likes comments,
Good, bad, both.
The warrior cowboy,
All to return is my hope.

So you absent poets,
You know who you are.
Come back into the fold,
Twinkle with us, bright stars.

Has Anybody Seen Phil?

Never thought,
I would see the day,
Phil's gone missing,
His den's empty.

The top-hatted men,
In the pre-dawn air,
Can't find the groundhog,
Anywhere!

Do you think it's because,
Of Staten Island Chuck?
Dropped by the Mayor,
The Mayor of New York?

The Zoo Chuck lived in,
Keepers later learned,
Chuck went to heaven,
Investigation's ongoing.

Do you think Phil's upset,
About the Possum Drop?
On New Year's Eve,
In Georgia? Maybe Not.

That Georgia critter,
Is a stuffed, cute toy.
Our hero Phil's,
A real live boy.

So, Phil's not here,
To predict the season.
Sees his shadow,

More winter's the reason.

But, if Groundhog Phil,
Has no shadow to see,
Then we look forward to,
An early Spring.

But, for now we remain,
In the dark.
I just hope that Phil,
Is on a lark.

Taking a vacation,
From Punxsutawney,
All the hoopla that's,
Feb. 2 Jamboree.

For the rest of us,
All bets are off.
Keep your warm clothes close,
Winter clouds remain aloft.

Love In The Shadow

So, lookee here,
What do you know!
Groundhog Phil's
Got a wife in tow.

Left the top-hatted men,
Running around harried.
Not letting on,
He went off to get married.

Now, Phil's back at work,
To provide a prediction.
How long we'll have,
Cold-weather conditions.

Men of the Inner Circle,
Every year at the den,
Stand by Phil and wife,
As the announcement begins.

But, it is not the sun,
Making Phil's eyes blinded,
Squinting from the sparkle,
Of his new wife's diamond.

With that look of love,
On their furry faces,
Suddenly the two,
In a kissing embrace.

As they smooch and smooch,
Lovely newlyweds.

Only thoughts of each other,
Fill their Groundhog heads.

So, will Phil predict,
If he sees his shadow?
Way these two behave,
We may never know.

For they are not cold,
And, don't care how long,
The cold weather will stay,
Their hearts keep them warm.

But, I hope no shadow,
More Winter would suck.
Yet, in reality, anyway,
I don't give a Wood Chuck.

Noodles And A Packet

Oh Ramen Soup,
Of thee I love.
Your inventor must have,
Come from Heaven above.

I like the chicken,
Flavor to make.
Or, the noodles raw,
No need for the packet.

Such an easy lunch,
Or, snack if I need.
But, all is not paradise,
Not paradise, indeed.

For all of your flavor,
And, all of your zest.
One ingredient for me,
Just not the best.

I'm talking about,
The sodium content.
Heart racing, rapidly,
High blood pressure, hell bent.

I hate that feeling!
It is like M.S.G.
Monosodium glutamate,
In the food, Chinese.

1,380 milligrams,
Soup sodium seasoning.
Equals three-fourths teaspoon,

There's just no reasoning.

As much as I love Ramen,
Hot and Sour soup, too.
My cups in the future,
Will be very few.

I have a doctor's appointment,
In about four weeks.
I want all in order,
My health at great peak.

For now just visualize,
Your flavor, rewarding.
Have to settle for low-sodium,
Something tasting like cardboard.

Sweet And Mean Dreams

As I fluff my pillow,
And, rest my mind,
I wonder the dreams,
In my sleep, I'll find.

Will they be blissful?
Full of great fun?
All of life's battles,
So, easily won?

Or, will they be dark,
With pain in my path?
Nowhere to run,
Facing the wrath.

I hate the dreams,
When I grind my teeth.
Like they will crumble,
No comfort in reach.

I love the dreams,
In which I'm flying.
Soaring in the clouds,
Inhibitions, none finding.

No dreams of the waitress,
Can't serve every one.
Line's longer and longer,
It just goes on and on.

Yes, dreams of the beach,
With family in the sun.
Or a day with my Greyhound,

How she loved to run.

And, never the dream,

In a crowd, unclothed.

What the heck does that mean?

What's the story to be told?

I heard one explanation,

It's from a thought unfinished.

Or, a conversation interrupted,

Pride made to feel diminished.

Or, just complete frustration,

In situations at hand.

No power to correct,

Or, a platform to stand.

Maybe it's simple,

It's happened me.

The bad dream's a result,

Of a pizza with pepperoni.

The Nature In Humans

The Nature In Humans: A Video Poem Presentation.

In Your Eye, From The Sky

Raining cats and dogs,
Dropping like flies.
Feels like snow,
Here's mud in your eye.

As mad as a hornet,
As healthy as a horse.
Fit as a fiddle,
Crazy like a fox.

I hear these sayings,
Puts a smile on my face.
I looked up some,
From where, what place?

Someone came up with,
A witty way with words.
Images in my mind,
For what's it's worth.

But, one I find risky,
I'd never have said.
Someone going on stage,
Go and break a leg.

That saying upsets me,
Don't say on a whim,
Would I be to blame,
If that really happened?

Just old sayings,
No need to get hyper,
But, last night's game,

Was really a nail biter!!

Team G.O.A.T.

The G.O.A.T.'s steely eyed,
Focused, truly,
Frisky and hardy,
But, never unruly.

Six feet, four inches,
Man, that's tall.
Only Quarterback to date,
Five Super rings, in all.

The New England Patriots,
True Football Champs!
For Tom Brady so many,
Titles, high ranks.

For like the goat,
With a constitution of steel,
Chewed it up, spit it out,
With gentlemanly zeal.

He has a beautiful family,
And, a beautiful wife,
"Do Your Job!" tells his team.
Have a beautiful life.

The Patriots Team,
Their mighty will,
Lead so well by,
Coach Belichick, Bill!

Five Super Bowl wins,
Under their belts.
Fans on the edge,

The cards that were dealt.

Tom and team never,
Left New England without hope.
Greatest of all time!
Tom Terrific the G.O.A.T.

Mugs, Hugs And Jugs

I'm here all alone,
Just sitting and thinking,
The funny saying upon,
And, from the mug I'm drinking.

Shaped exactly like,
A green hand grenade.
Maybe you've seen them,
Heard these words said?

Meant for hard workers,
Piles of work, found under.
Complaint Department with ring,
With, "Please take a number."

Or, the prankster guy,
Too low, he would stoop,
On his favorite mug,
"Coffee makes me poop."

Another mug he has,
And, I'm not faking,
Two pigs, one piggyback,
Oinking, "Making bacon."

And, the mugs in most hands,
Very common ones.
"World's Greatest Dad,
World's Greatest Mom.

Coffee mugs make great gifts,
For any time of the year.
Like, "I'm strong like my coffee,

I have nothing to fear!"

And, the mugs you get,
With your child's sweet face.
For once look put together,
Hair combed and in place.

The mugs I find clever,
What's on them, you cannot,
See the hidden image,
Until some thing's poured in hot.

I did see a mug,
Women dressed and so prude.
With hot coffee now full,
Women gradually become nude!

Men, don't leave those around,
For the kids to see.
When you come home late,
From the bachelor's party.

You'll have to explain,
As the kids sit and wait.
And, sip from your cup,
Full of their hot chocolate.

Pull This Trigger

One common saying,
I needed to figure.
Is what they mean,
Saying, "Pull the trigger!"

The very first thought,
That came to mind,
I should duck and cover,
Find a place to hide.

The saying is just one,
Of several idioms,
A phrase that is,
Characteristic expression.

There is a time,
While drinking, it's used.
Finger down your throat,
If you need to puke.

Oh Puke! Oh no!
Do I hate that word.
Been used for years,
Wish I have never heard!

The Trigger saying,
Is really kind of cool.
Put something in motion,
Start to get things moving.

So, I will do just that,
Don't want to over think.
Going to pull the trigger,

Make myself a drink.

Check The Spell Check

I thought I put down,
Words, confused a bit.
If spelled incorrectly,
Missed by spell-check.

Like, it feels so right,
To write and sit,
About a half-off sale,
Boat sails that fit.

Or handwrite a tale,
About the ones on whales,
They splash their tails,
Calls sound like wails.

You've seen the scene,
About the force of a bear,
Majestic and mighty,
With strength, so bare.

The model, she wears,
Then falls, rips and tears,
Such beautiful wares.
Now she's in tears.

Go back, read again,
It's serious, not fun.
If wrong, you'll cry,
End up looking dum.

Fix That Face

This day is so boring,
It's just really dragging.
The ticking of the clock,
Annoying and nagging.

Trying to keep busy,
Feel like I'm stuck,
In the deepest of deep,
Same old rut.

Even though it's Friday,
Still such a drain.
After the weekend upon us,
Will be Monday again.

Instead of complaining,
Feeling full of disgust.
Give myself a new direction,
For this, I truly must.

Find a new approach,
To the working day.
Get up, get moving.
Out of my own way.

Because, no finger pointing,
I'm the one to blame.
Get off the road to nowhere,
Get back into the game.

So, enjoy my Saturday,
And, on Sunday, rest.
Fix my attitude for Monday,

And, old ways just forget.

Love In Motion

Love In Motion: A Video Poem Presentation.

Friendly Competition

They do this every year,
Each in for one-hundred bucks.
And, if you lose,
Let's just say it sucks.

The pool amounts to,
About \$1,000 take home.
Lose the most weight,
First to reach the goal.

It lasts about,
Six weeks or so.
I'll not be a part,
Of this bet, HECK NO!

For it's no one's,
Business about that,
The pounds I weigh,
Or, my percent of fat.

I think it's rigged.
I have that feeling.
A thin person started this,
Motivation, unappealing.

But, nonetheless,
They have no inhibitions.
They tease each other,
Friendly competition.

Ah ha, I saw a sneak,
Down the hall.
Trying to sabotage,

Lure them all.

Every morning, snacks,
Magically appear.
Office kitchen table,
Pastries everywhere.

Someone will win,
Next year, try again.
Come back to compete,
Lose the weight re-gained.

I Heart My Heart

Who wouldn't love,
A Heart like mine?
Works very hard,
And, never whines.

Sometimes forget,
That it's there.
Take it for granted?
I wouldn't dare!!

I have all the respect,
There is in the world.
My precious red diamond,
My priceless jewel.

It has been broken,
Once or twice,
By people who,
Just weren't nice.

I'll protect my Heart,
And, never again,
Let anyone hurt it,
My Heart, I'll defend.

Right now it's happy,
In a very good place.
Treat it with care,
With goodness and grace.

So, this Valentine's Day,
This card I send.
To my wonderful Heart,

Most dependable friend.

Disorderly Conduct

Put into words,
What I'm feeling.
Trying to focus,
Mind is reeling.

Maybe it's just,
The time of year?
Some apprehension,
A bit of fear.

The lack of sun,
Maybe the reason?
Many find this,
The toughest season.

Something please,
An explanation.
Blurry thoughts,
No concentration.

Needing just,
A touch of faith.
Helps one along,
To a better place.

Missing sunshine,
And vitamin D.
Robs my bliss,
The peace in me.

Empty now,
Feeling alone.
Wondering why,

To this I'm prone.

Once so busy,
Bustling pace,
Now lost within,
A vacant space.

It's such a mess,
All's gone amuck,
Arrest my mind,
Disorderly conduct.

To Have And Let Go

Guess I'm off the hook,
Not my idea, though.
Not my decision,
To let it go.

I didn't mind,
The responsibility.
Was never a burden,
Or hardship on me.

I'm now free to do,
Other things I want.
Not having to worry,
About what I cannot.

I will miss the time,
Got used to it.
Now an empty space,
Where nothing fits.

So, turn the page,
Close the book.
No more chapters,
To write and proof.

I'll grab some paper,
Start fresh, a page,
Never look back,
On what has aged.

Freedom Phrases

Days are spent,
To each, their own,
Fruits of labor,
Productive tones.

Instances arise,
Handle at best.
Dealt in the brain,
Then put to rest.

Sometimes though,
Feelings shredded.
Won't leave the mind,
Stays imbedded.

Relief is needed,
For anger's tested.
Keep close, composure,
Hold feelings close vested.

Then grab a pencil,
Or, pen in sight,
Those groups of words,
Set together, fight.

This kind of integrity,
Would do all some good.
Write down first on paper,
Appropriate move.

Phrases hold feelings,
Your heart and mind.
Been a practice for ages,

Of the thoughtful kind.

It's a kind of freedom,
Not available to all.
Those from same fabric,
Will inside, stand tall.

Writers have power,
Must nurture within.
Their defenses are these,
Paper, pencil and pen.

I Swear I'm Stuck

So there it is,
At the tip of my tongue.
Sitting and laughing.
Feeling at home.

My tongue, I need,
Important for speech.
Yet, that word sits there,
So far out of reach.

I have the ability,
To taste the meaning,
To chew and swallow,
Digest the reason.

But, for this I'm faced,
Stuck here in limbo.
Disconnection between,
My brain and syllables.

To be able to express,
That word stuck there.
Frustration mounts,
As I rock in my chair.

Forget it for now,
Find an alternative.
Cat's got my tongue.
Use a different expletive.

Wind

Wind: A Video Poem Presentation.

The Kernel's Lost. Try Floss.

Popcorn you devil.
Popcorn you fiend.
Bit down on a kernel,
Caused pain in my teeth.

Took out a toothpick,
To lodge the thing free.
Caused my gum irritation,
And it started to bleed.

Got a small mirror,
Opened wide.
Show yourself kernel.
Why do you hide?

I'll try to find you.
I'll try in earnest.
Rather do that,
Than go to the dentist.

Can taste the blood.
Salt on my lip.
Better stop picking,
Just be done with it.

Get a glass of water.
Rinse out my mouth.
Dab off the blood,
With a paper towel.

Leave it for now.
I'm at a loss,
When I get home,

I'll try dental floss.

Dam you kernel,
For this you'll pay.
Once dislodged,
Throw the popcorn away.

Pain In The Glass

What can appear lovely,
So very wintry,
Is not at all kind,
To my car's windshield.

Been really lucky,
So far, it's clear.
Not too stormy,
The Northeast this year.

Don't get me wrong,
Not great, I know.
Still certain that,
A chance of snow.

The icy white stuff,
Stuck on the trees,
The wires, too,
Unpleasant tease.

It doesn't matter,
If there's wind.
Pummels my windshield,
There's just no end.

Driving slow,
Or, driving fast.
It's doesn't help.
Pain in the glass!

I've got insurance,
A hefty price.
Might raise my rates,

That's just not nice.

Now, here it comes,
Big whitish blob.
Hits my windshield,
I'm going to sob.

Windows closed,
No snow comes in.
Oh, that crash!
Jump out of skin.

Pull off the road,
Damage, check out.
I see a scratch,
I start of pout.

Get back inside.
Drive on to work.
Oh well, bright side,
Not rocks and dirt.

Time Bandage

It's said that time,
Will heal the hurt.
Will sooth the angst,
The bubble burst.

Someone should,
Come up with this,
A Time Bandage,
Called Healing Kiss.

Put on them,
Pictures of,
Anger and hurt,
The loss of love.

Whatever it was,
The problem then,
The Time Bandage,
Will help it mend.

Bandage sticky,
In sizes, all,
No matter how large,
No matter how small.

So, in a while,
Happy and well.
The Time Bandage,
With its healing help.

Peel off gently,
See what's healed.
Might be faint scars,

But, a permanent seal.

I Could But Won't

I could write,
About our spat.
But, keep it to me,
Not writing about that.

Or, your mannerisms,
Like you wear a crown.
Not writing about that.
Won't jot it down.

I could go on,
And, turn to gossip.
My lips are sealed,
Shut down that faucet.

I could tell you,
Your cooking's awful.
Won't say those words,
Might be unlawful.

Could be a spendthrift,
And, really splurge.
Instead be disciplined,
Squash that urge.

I could tell you,
You're getting fat.
Won't hurt your feelings,
Not saying that.

I could be angry,
That you went away.
Keep it to myself,

Let you have your way.

What I'll write down,
The word's I'll show,
Glad you were in my life,
So, to you I toast.

Be A Link That Thinks

I've never been one,
To walk on by.
I am a problem solver,
That's me, that's I.

Offer help needed,
Hope it's appreciated.
Impacts me,
And, my work's related.

But, when a person,
Is lazy, not serious.
And, makes my job harder,
That makes me furious.

I'll never sit there,
With my arms folded.
Or, be rude and impolite,
Make one feel scolded.

I'll hit the ground running,
Do it, get it done.
Heaven forbid, you miss your butt break,
Or, your gossip fun.

If a faucet's running,
Not stand by and stare.
I'll turn off the handle,
So, there's no waste there.

I'll keep my promise,
People depend on me.
Do more than I have to,

It is this point, you see.

When you're part of a chain,
That consists of links, many,
Be one of the strong ones,
With few mistakes, if any.

If you just sit by,
Be like the others, lame.
It will be your reflection,
No different, just the same.

Soap And Water

May I ask,
A favor, small.
A little something,
Not much at all.

It's been a while,
Week and a half,
Since you've washed,
You need a bath.

I just want,
To run and hide.
When you come close,
It's like low tide.

Might splash perfume,
No, don't bother.
Won't do the job,
Like soap and water.

How can anyone,
Just not bathe?
I'm pleading with you,
Please, just behave.

I sympathize,
For you, no fun.
You're just a puppy,
Rather play and run.

So, get in the tub,
And, soak a while.
You'll feel much better,

My nose will smile.

We'll brush your teeth,

Dry with a towel,

You'll look great,

And, fresh not foul.

For Hokey: Lion's Heart

Lion's Heart: A Video Poem Presentation.

Odd One In

Was feeling like,
The odd one out.
No one hears,
Even if I shout.

Laughs down the hall,
Don't include me.
I was standing there.
Didn't you see?

Out for drinks,
After work.
Not invited,
No second look.

Didn't get the Memo.
No email chain.
Missed out on,
All the fun again.

I tried to approach,
Tried to say, "Hi!"
Still ignoring me,
Passed over and by.

Got used to alone,
The quiet and peace.
Grown accustomed to,
My new life's lease.

Time marches on,
Change or don't.

Yesterday for me,
I've outgrown.

Party's Over

It's been a month,
Since you've arrived.
I'll help you in,
Your quest to survive.

But, reached a point,
Have to draft rules.
To avoid getting mad,
And, feeling blue.

No more drinking,
During week nights.
Only ends up,
In tears and fights.

No forever running,
The washer and dryer.
My bills are soaring,
Costs tripled, higher.

No leaving the house,
After 10.
Return only,
Before then.

Lock the house,
This I demand!
Or else be met,
With the Boogeyman!

No video playing,
After 11.
I'll pull the plug,

Well before then.

No more requests,
To me, for money.
It turns my stomach,
Just not funny.

Sorry that these,
Rules are made.
Only that,
I'm feeling played.

The party's over.
My mind, no doubt.
The goal's to get you,
On your own and out.

What started as kindness,
From me, a gesture.
Now a pain in my heart,
That starting to fester.

I've paid my dues,
I've raised you right.
No more arguments,
No more fights.

No good deed,
Unpunished, goes.
Respect my wishes,
Follow these rules.

Get Off It!

What are you waiting for?
An invitation?
Why not just for once,
Make a decision.

Going back and forth,
Getting all tense.
Use what you've got,
Some common sense.

Instead, you sit,
Upon the fence.
"Stuck in the middle,"
Is your only defense.

What it truly is,
You just won't admit,
You are unsure,
Scared and timid.

Want all to think,
"I'm so cool!"
Cool as a cucumber?
No, just a fool.

Get up and put on,
Your Adult pants.
Stop hemming and hawing,
Stop the stupid dance.

This is your chance,
A good one you've got.
What are you waiting for?

Get off the pot!

B.O. Bomb

Woke up to an alert,
About a fire.
At a health club,
Caused quite a stir.

Looked out the window,
Still dark outside.
Off in the horizon,
Glowing massive light.

Turned on the news.
Been there in the past.
Have a place for kids,
Where they had a blast.

Firemen were there,
Put the flames out.
Began investigating,
How this came about.

I had a theory,
The cause of this.
The place had an odor,
Like a smelly armpit.

Locker room perspiration,
Over the years,
Build up inside,
Brings your eyes to tears.

I bet what sparked,
Where the fire came from,
Gym gasses from the masses,

Known as a B.O. Bomb.

Wouldn't take much,
To cause an explosion.
Sweat and smelly towels,
Mold and erosion.

In any event,
The place was leveled.
Pile of ashes,
Equipment disheveled.

If you go to a gym,
Plan to join a club,
Make sure it's clean,
Inside they scrub.

If they don't,
Might be too late.
You'll be blown away,
Not fit, without shape.

Validation

Extremely rewarding,
Feeling in the world,
When you've been validated,
Your opinion was heard.

You have the intelligence,
A problem you see.
You find a solution,
That person agrees.

Important to you,
You've been recognized.
You stuck out your neck.
No fear of being chastised.

You checked your facts.
Truth to substantiate.
Heart pounding inside.
No more could you wait.

You're fair in judgement.
Then received affirmation.
Such a feeling of reward.
Just the greatest sensation.

Maybe it's not popular,
With those without care.
Step outside a comfort zone.
They would never dare.

It is survival of self,
In which, others benefit.
Harmony then prevails.

You should never forfeit.

It may take some time.

For them to come around.

Be patient, and strong.

Forever stand your ground.

Do not seek it for selfish,

Hurt others or for greed.

Be thoughtful and caring,

Validation, a shared need.

Be Reason Able

Like the seasons,
Each three months long.
You have your reasons,
Some just because.

One might have,
A special date.
There's a reason,
To lose some weight.

Feeling so grumpy,
Most all the time.
Maybe the reason,
Need sleep to feel fine.

Reached that point,
Both can't agree.
Just be reasonable,
Agree to disagree.

Tired of that lazy,
Freeloading louse.
Tell them your reasons,
Get them out of the house.

Wish that pesky caller,
Would leave you alone?
Good reason to delete them,
From your phone.

Feeling uneducated,
And, like a fool?
A very good reason,

Go back to school.

Squinting a lot,
Headaches too?
See the eye doctor,
Maybe glasses, new.

Excellent weather,
Feeling inside, surly?
Go play hooky.
Leave work early.

All have our reasons,
A little or many.
Change or remain the same.
Can you think of any?

I'm Sorry

I'm Sorry: A Video Poem Presentation.

Melancholy Blue

What makes a mind,
Go so deep inside?
Once outgoing, happy,
Now in thought, it hides.

Maybe it's chemical,
Just metabolism.
Shock to a person's,
Body system.

Taken down by illness,
High temperature ensues,
Well again, but laden,
Melancholy and blue.

In some it occurs,
Like a flip of a switch.
Happens over time,
Then, succumb to it.

Some make a choice,
Move on, decide.
Others struggle,
Feelings never subside.

The mystery of that state,
Just up, left, and went,
To a deep dark place,
Forever despondent.

In My Opinion

Opinions come,
Both good and bad.
Some have been given,
Some have had.

Some are uplifting,
Others, heartfelt.
Or the just the opposite,
Below the belt.

Opinions have substance,
Have been taken,
Taught a lesson,
Have been awakened.

Whether they are asked for,
Or whether not.
Could be just criticisms,
A low blow, a shot.

In the end,
They do not define.
Stay strong in your heart,
Stay strong in your mind.

Always believe in,
You, yourself.
Remember to take them,
With a grain of salt.

Dream Ride

A chassis of,
A sharp light blue.
Sand-colored interior,
Huge sunroof, too.

Powered hard top,
So, automatic.
Put the top down,
Just so romantic.

Heated seats,
How warm depends.
Very adjustable,
For every rear end.

Bluetooth for cellphone,
Or, navigation.
Sunday joy rides,
And, celebrations.

It's a four-seater,
Very comfortable.
It's my dream car,
Just plain wonderful.

Gets great mileage,
So good on gas.
Turbo powered,
Really hauls ass.

Cooler temperatures,
Still so keen.
Windows up,

With backseat screen.

I've driven shit boxes,

Up to this point.

I'll own it someday,

Don't think I won't.

Mr. Jack Ass

This guy I know,
First name is Jack.
Coincidentally,
Last name is Ass.

Appropriate name,
Doesn't hold him back.
So, very annoying,
He has the knack.

Has a very,
Wandering eye.
Leers at women,
Chauvinistic guy.

Ladies' cabooses,
He just glares.
A total Goober,
With nothing upstairs.

Ever change,
His lascivious way?
Hell would freeze over,
To see that day.

If things were different,
The tables turned.
Would it impact him?
Would he learn?

Should the size of his package,
Determine his pay?
He thinks women,

Should be treated that way.

Makes one think,

About his wife.

What goes on at home?

Happy married life?

I wonder if the Mrs.

Knows what he's like?

If she did,

Tell him, "Take a hike!"

I think his Company,

Should give him the boot,

Or face a Sexual,

Harassment lawsuit.

Promise Me Please

As I face,
My demise,
I look deeply,
Into your eyes.

Sullen, sad,
Full of tears.
You sit by me,
Full of fear.

My pain is real.
I can't deny.
I've stopped asking,
The reason why.

So many bad,
People around.
Why, then me,
In this state I'm found.

But, not up to me,
Not mine to make.
A Holy decision,
On me he's placed.

So, all that's left,
For me to do.
Is value these moments,
I have left with you.

I do not want,
You to be sad.
Focus on good times,

Together, we've had.

The day I came,
To be myself,
Day I found love,
With you, yourself.

The life we had,
Each other, both.
Filled us with joy,
Filled us with hope.

I've been blessed,
I appreciate.
Even though,
This now's my fate.

As I fall into,
Eternal sleep,
Go on with life,
My memory keep.

Promise me though,
You'll find happiness.
No more sadness for me,
Honor this request.

Please.

Hidden In The Views

My free time,
I make the most.
I try my best,
To read your post.

But, there are times,
I'm just too busy.
So, you may not,
Hear from me.

But, please realize,
Visited, I have.
Clicked on your work,
Read what you had.

Just when I,
Wanted to say,
Something came up,
Took my attention away.

Then, time passed.
I was freed up,
To come back again,
And, read your stuff.

So, if I can't,
A message, leave.
Don't be mad,
Or, at me be peeved.

Look at the number,
On the Views counter.
I'm in there, somewhere,

Amongst the others.

It's just that I,
Don't always have time.
But, I read your stories,
And, your rhymes.

Tears

Tears: A Video Poem Presentation.

Sun's Out

At least the sun's out,
Wasn't yesterday.
School closings and more,
Not weather for play.

To cold and windy,
For big and little tots.
Snowfall resembled,
Those Dippin' Dots.

The snow on top,
Of the black ice,
Even four-wheel drive,
Wouldn't suffice.

But, this morning's sky,
So clear and blue.
As I look out of,
My frosty window.

Wind chill factor,
Exactly zero.
11 miles per hour,
East wind blows.

Hope that the sun,
Will melt the streets,
Much safer for,
My car's four feet.

Salt and sand,
Spread by the plows.
Not good for paint,

On my car, at all.

Snow in the winter,
Curtail summer drought.
Try to think of that,
As I shovel out.

For now the bright side,
To dwell in my mind.
For the sun's out today,
Spring's not far behind.

Achilles' Heal

I stood up for myself.
It was tough to do.
But, had to, at last.
Although it hurt you.

That tone that you use,
From that voice, yours.
Stabs me in the heart,
Deep down to my core.

The truth of it though,
You've used it for years.
Makes me question your love,
And, break down in tears.

Should have spoken up sooner.
But, kept it inside.
Like when I was a kid,
When, I'd run and hide.

They say when you're hurt,
By someone you love.
It's a sign they don't like you,
You're not held high above.

Then, little by little,
Over time feel their words.
Pain grows ever deeper,
Accustomed to the hurt.

Now despising yourself,
Allowed it to continue.
Until you finally gain courage,

Decide to put an end to.

So, you get it off your chest.
But, no better do you feel.
Realized you've unveiled,
Your secret Achilles' Heel.

The one that developed,
Soon after you were born.
From someone supposed to love you,
And, to you bring no harm.

They continued to hurt you,
This someone you loved.
Apparently, they didn't like you.
Didn't hold you high above.

So embedded it remains,
This weakness, this space.
Buried so far within,
Inside an inner place.

Up, Up And Away?

Calling all travelers,
To the U.S.A.
And, those that live here.
I need to hear what you say.

I am planning a journey,
Visiting a loved one.
I haven't flown in years,
Off to have some fun.

So, if you've been to,
These airports below.
Please leave a comment.
Share what you know.

Coming to Minneapolis.
MSP for short.
I hear it's pretty big.
Is it a nice airport?

Then, there's Chicago.
ORD its name.
O'Hare like MSP?
Are your comments the same?

A stop in Philadelphia.
PHL is its code.
What will it be like?
Will I leave in a good mood?

Oh yes, then LaGuardia.
With a Code of LGA.
New York's large airport.

Any good things to say?

Rochester, Minnesota.

Looks cute and small.

Won't underestimate RST.

It's attributes at all.

I'll admit this is true.

I have apprehension.

Anxious and uneasy,

Affect my hypertension?

So, there's my list.

Short, but moreover.

I'm really going to takeoff,

Somewhere Hell must have froze over.

The Choice Is Yours

They are available,
Most every day.
What you decide,
To make your way.

If I choose,
Not to eat.
Soon I will not,
Stand to my feet.

If I choose,
My body to nourish.
See my life,
Begin to flourish.

If I choose,
The easy path.
Empty life,
No adventures to grasp.

If I choose,
No hand to lend.
Selfish, self-centered,
Message I send.

If I choose,
To be so greedy.
Resemble a tightwad.
Shriveled and seedy.

If I choose,
A level of generous.
Cheerful heart,

Life so splendid.

Make my choices,
You make your own.
By my deathbed,
With loved ones, or alone?

So Rewarding

Being rewarded,
For a good job done.
A pat on the back,
Would really help some.

The best rewards,
Come in cash?
One might argue,
A little with that.

Say the brakes,
Failed on your car.
Or, the washer,
Won't spin anymore.

A trade between two,
Might be in order.
You scratch my back,
And, I'll scratch yours.

One fixes the washer,
The other the brakes.
A rewarding deal,
These two did make.

Or, when someone,
Needs your help,
When grocery shopping,
For yourself.

Maybe you could,
Help with their list.
While getting your things,

A rewarding gift.

Not that you'd,
Do all for free.
Pay for their stuff,
With their money.

The rewards you get,
You two to share,
You helped them out,
They have time to spare.

So, while you were gone,
They did the dishes.
Multi-tasking between two,
Granted each other's wishes.

In the end,
The best like no other.
Rewarding feeling inside,
When you helped one another.

Noga Pants

Women today,
Love to prance.
Out the door,
In Yoga Pants.

I don't think,
A great idea.
Very scary,
Bad habit, I fear.

They wear them to,
Work and play.
They wear them about,
Most every day.

I wouldn't wear them,
To my job.
My Boss would think,
That I'm a slob.

I work with many,
Construction men.
Who like to gape,
At women's rear ends.

Yoga Pants,
Belong in the Gym.
Not in Church,
Reciting Hymns.

Or, even shopping,
On weekends.
Hope they don't wear them,

With Depends.

I'm so sorry,

If I'm crass.

Dress appropriate.

Show some class!

Ski Trip

Ski Trip: A Video Poem Presentation.

Wonderful Wings

I love the birds.
They bring cheer.
But, not all of them,
Stick around all year.

So unusual,
A Blue Bird's here.
At the feeder,
Early Spring this year.

A great old stand-by,
The Chickadee.
To eat from my hand,
I wish to see.

Tufted Titmouse,
I like that bird.
A scratchy call,
When it's heard.

The little Junco,
A ground feeder.
Cleans up the seeds.
He's a keeper.

The regal Cardinal.
His mask of black.
So brilliant his color.
My love for him lasts.

The pint-sized Goldfinch,
And, the House one.
Gold's color returns,

For the Summer sun.

The Northern Oriole,
Orange and black.
I'm always happy,
When he comes back.

The Grosbeak too,
Black, white and red.
Hogs the feeder, though,
Until his hunger's fed.

The Cedar Waxwing,
Like a race driver, looks.
With his sleek chassis,
That bird's so cool!

But, my favorite,
Is the Humming Bird.
By the feeder hovers,
He's the best in the world!

Smiling Jack

Smiling Jack,
Not the cartoon.
A jeweler I know,
A shyster buffoon.

Such a large,
Collection of gems.
Keeps them shiny,
Always polishing them.

I stopped inside,
His store on Main.
He was helping a customer,
Hand in hand with a friend.

At wedding rings,
They did gaze.
A marriage they planned,
Set in several days.

Jack was smiling,
There was no doubt.
When out of their wallets,
Many bills, they pulled out.

Jack's eyes, they sparkled,
At their faces.
Brighter than the stones,
In the glass cases.

"Send me the date,
Inside I'll engrave.
As a loving reminder,

Of your day!"

Then they shook hands,
And left the store.
Jack didn't see me,
I was blocked by the door.

Out loud to himself,
In a joyful, shrill voice.
"What a profit I made,
On their cheap choice!"

"If they knew,
How they were ripped off,
They'd probably punch me,
And, call the Cops!"

I stepped forward,
Into Jack's view.
"I'm ashamed!" I said,
"Ashamed of you!"

"That sweet young couple,
Just starting out.
Ripping them off,
Man, you're a louse!"

"There you stand,
Your face beguiling.
How they trusted you,
As at them you're smiling."

Suddenly, it was then,
Jack smiled no more.
Turned my back and left,
In his store no more.

To this day I wonder,
If he's changed his ways.
Instead, now Honest Jack,
For the rest of his days.

Homework Notes

I've been given homework,
By a dear Pal of mine.
We'll see his favorite band.
Should have a good time.

I've downloaded their songs,
And, their latest CD.
Play them over and over,
Until second nature to me.

I booked a flight,
Will include two stops.
Never flown like that,
Across the country I'll hop.

Got a room for two nights,
Tickets are all set.
Many chances like this,
In life you don't get.

This dear Pal of mine,
Is so special to me.
I'll do most anything,
To make him happy.

Because believe in me,
Out of my comfort zone.
Got to get off my rear end,
Before the opportunity's gone.

Supermarket Meany

Oh, I can see,
You're one of, those kind.
In a busy grocery store,
Think you're the only one in line.

You love exceeding,
The 12-item limit,
Takes the poor cashier,
Forever to finish.

You always mishandle,
A dozen of eggs,
Once they were good,
Now all cracked, instead.

There you are standing,
In the middle of the isle.
Leaving no room,
For others to get by.

Won't bring the ice cream,
Back to the freezer,
You dump it to melt,
On a shelf, just leave it.

Yes, that's you,
One of those kind,
Privileged, in the world,
This goes on in your mind.

Thinking you deserve,
Whatever you wish,
The dictionary's definition,

Of someone selfish.

I've got some news,
I want you to hear,
Get yourself some manners,
Please, start to care.

Being rude to others,
Comes to no good end.
You'll be left all alone,
Pathetic, with no friends.

Electromagnetic Static

It's 29 degrees,
But, it feels like 15,
Winds 25 miles per hour,
Gusts sounding like screams.

The Sun is brightly shining,
Not a cloud in the sky.
Humidity at 30 percent,
Pressure says the air's dry.

If you scuff on the rug,
You will produce static.
Snaps like a whip,
Field of electromagnetic.

Makes the hair on my head,
All itchy and light,
Tap a person's shoulder,
See a blast of white light.

They'll get mad at you, though,
Because it really smarts.
Like a finger in a socket,
An explosion of fireworks.

If you want to play a joke,
To get your cheap thrills,
The minute you tap their shoulder,
Turn and run for the hills.

A List For That

I love my lists.
They keep things straight.
Being disorganized,
I can't relate.

My food items list,
Has salty and sweet.
Coffee and creamer,
And, healthy treats.

My bathroom list,
Toothpaste, cotton balls,
Shampoo and conditioner,
I've covered it all.

My automobile list,
Stuff for my car.
Without this list,
I wouldn't drive far.

And, then that list,
Most important to me.
It's the list,
Of the lists I keep.

Got Game

Got Game: A Video Poem Presentation.

Moved Out

Your boxes of things,
At every turn.
The books and toys,
That helped you learn.

You're heading off,
To the setting sun.
Making your way,
Love, life and fun.

The years behind,
Now a distant past.
As they saying goes,
They flew by fast.

From when together,
As you developed inside,
To who you are now,
Leaving our sides.

My wish is that,
You never again,
Have to return,
To this nest.

But, to build your own,
Home and family.
To know success,
Being financially free.

We supported you,
The best we could.
Now we send you off,

As all parents should.

Old Mother Hen

The old Mother Hen,
Had always ruled her roost.
Helped her Chicks along the way,
Always there to give a boost.

But, when the Chicks grew,
Into Roosters and Hens,
She then tried to roost,
On all of their nests.

Some Roosters welcomed this,
Because of the help she gave.
Actually, they were lazy,
Much of their work, she saved.

Other Roosters got grief,
From their Mrs. Chicken.
The old Hen was too pushy,
Chickens' stomachs were sickened.

Now the old Hen is ill,
Not long are her days.
Will the helped out ones help her?
Give back some of the time she saved?

Turns out that the dependent ones,
Were there, didn't pass the buck.
Stood by preening her feathers,
In the end, gave a cluck.

Gas Bag

I shouldn't have had,
That spicy app.
I feel inflated,
And, want to nap.

But, that is not,
To happen at least.
This gas inside,
Must be released.

Oh, here it comes!
About to blow!
The biggest belch!
Going to explode!

Then, someone asks,
Was that a frog?
Or, maybe instead,
A barking dog?

I say not a word,
To anyone.
For, another belch,
Is about to come.

Again, they ask,
What's that sound?
Has there been an earthquake,
Underground?

Now, myself,
I can't contain.
Another burp,

Out my mouth, again.

Was it a tornado?

Was it a train?

Whatever it was,

There must be pain!

Finally, I begin,

To feel placid.

Simply because,

I took an antacid.

Don't Deflect

So, you made a mistake,
You're only human.
But, your game of deflection,
Does not suit you.

Admitting you're wrong,
Is the best path to take.
Don't make up stories,
Fake scenarios, make.

Pointing your finger,
At others is wrong.
It is only with you,
The blame belongs.

You manipulate others,
To ease your guilt.
On twisted facts,
Your foundation's built.

The funny thing most,
The irony of all,
Is the mistake you made,
Was extremely small.

But, your behavior today,
No surprise to me.
It only supports,
That you are weak.

The easiest thing,
Just apologize.
All will be forgiven,

Of this, I surmise.

There isn't evidence,
That this will be true.
But if you change your ways,
People will support you.

We all feel bad,
When we've made a mistake.
Only if unintentional,
There's a lesson to take.

Sanctuary Bar

Work day was tuff,
Had to work late.
Just wasn't enough,
The lunch I ate.

But, it's not just food,
I need to be fed.
But, time to myself,
Be with just me, instead.

It's not that I'm sad,
Or, even depressed.
I just need to sit,
And, decompress.

I'll get off my chair,
Put on my coat.
Take my coffee cup,
And, my lunch tote.

Turn off the light,
Head to the hall.
Don't come back,
Until tomorrow.

In my car,
Turn the key.
Go to a bar,
Very near me.

Turn the wheel,
Towards the lot.
Found a close,

Parking spot.

Out the door,
To the walk.
Hope no one,
Wants to talk.

Just want to escape,
Again to feel human.
All by myself,
Me, once again.

Grab a seat,
At the bar.
Order a drink,
Home's not very far.

Nibble on popcorn,
Watch the T.V.
Not really looking,
At what's on the screen.

Sit and dwell,
How the day went down.
It's a noisy bar,
But, I hear no sounds.

Ice has melted,
Into the booze.
I'm so relaxed,
But, not enough to snooze.

Get my tab,
Pay the bill.
Just one drink.
Please, no refill.

Leave the joint,
Get back to my wheels.
Begin to head home,
I like how I feel.

Back to the house,
Park in the garage,
It's still twilight,
And, not too dark.

So, the last few minutes,
For my "Me" time has passed.
Still, happy to be home,
After this day, at last.

Take Out The Trash

Trash just never,
Goes away.
Have to deal with it,
Every day.

Sometimes a little,
Sometimes a lot.
Sometimes smelly,
Sometimes not.

Empty eggshells,
In their carton.
I forgot to empty it,
I beg your pardon.

Bought those bags,
Scented smell.
Trash still stinks,
I can tell.

Coffee grinds,
Old leftovers.
Lift the bag,
Over my shoulder.

Out the door,
Into the cold.
Wash out the barrel,
Or else, there's mold.

The barrel's full,
Take it to the dump.
Don't look at me that way!

Don't be a grump!

Share the work,
Every day,
Keep the place clean,
It's the only way.

Think of the future,
Recycle tin, paper.
Glass and plastic,
Think of Mother Nature.

Butterflies

Butterflies: A Video Poem Presentation.

Eat Crow And Apologize

That great feeling you get,
From helping out.
Someone with less,
Down and out.

And, when you do it,
Be ever so quiet.
Not boastful and loud,
Inciting a riot.

Badgering others,
Who do not follow.
The choice is their's,
They're hearts aren't hollow.

Don't question, then,
The lives they live.
Just because your cause,
They couldn't give.

When you talk the talk,
Create an impression,
Be honest with yourself,
Do not others, pressure.

Because they don't take,
Instructions from you,
They have their own lives,
To themselves are true.

If you want to shout,
Someone's bad news,
Ask people to chip in,

Those with less than you.

Do so in a polite,
And, courteous way.
If others can't help,
Tip your hat, on your way.

And, when at home,
On your bed you rest,
Accept the outcome,
Do not obsess.

We all need to,
Sleep at night.
Not face each day,
Looking for a fight.

It is only you,
That you embarrass,
When you beat a dead horse,
Bully and harass.

In the end, I know,
That's not God's way,
He loves us all,
Not up to you to say.

My Reflection

I look in the mirror,
I see a Lioness.
Integrity, honesty,
With strength to protect.

Productive and strong,
Helpful and kind.
She sleeps well at night,
Has peace of mind.

From her brave heart,
She speaks the truth.
Her upbringing then,
Today she continues.

Others near her,
They'll not try to sway.
They've learned quite well,
It is best that way.

Unless they kindly ask,
For her point of view,
She will oblige.
Her roar is true.

She is as equal,
As others on Earth,
Bring unto the world,
Her will and her mirth.

Season Of Respite

It's sunny and,
Fifty degrees.
I see it now,
Winter's at ease.

The warmer weather,
Will fix the pain.
My utility bill,
Should begin to wane.

I will open the windows,
Let the fresh air in.
And, a new regimen,
I will begin.

Get up and out,
Go for a walk.
See the local creatures,
Birds and hawks.

To easier days,
I look forward.
Respite from the harsh,
Now, fresh and toward.

Time to plant and grow,
Foods and flowers.
Take advantage of,
The day's long hours.

From inside, now out,
Into the fresh air.
Waste not, these times,

Of this, take great care.

Mother Nature's Broom

Mother Nature
Has a broom.
Stands above Earth,
Power over life and ruin.

Sweeps with the wind,
The rain and snow.
Pounding thunder and lightning,
Making sunshine glow.

And, when she feels,
It's about time,
She'll start to clean,
The dirt and grime.

She'll blow the dust,
Dry the mud.
Dissolve salt and sand,
With her soapy suds.

The hail will pounce,
Gusts scrape away,
The residue of those,
Harsh Winter days.

She'll move the air,
At high velocity.
Warm and cold clash,
Pushed to the sea.

Branches will break,
Power lines will snap.
Eventually become frayed,

Pendants as they flap.

For her task,
She'll quickly complete.
Oh, so powerful,
Never skips a beat.

What's left for all,
Is fresh and new.
Fair weather clouds,
Across a sky of blue.

Awaiting June

Sneakers and flip flops,
Hit the pavement.
The snow has melted,
Winter's been spent.

See bare ankles,
And, bare knees.
Now dressed up in,
Cut-offs and capris.

Cool T-Shirts,
Sassy tanks,
Use vacation time,
You've banked.

Sticky popsicles,
Creamy ice cream.
Soft summer breeze,
Your baseball team.

The warm Sun,
Makes for balmy nights.
I await Summer's return,
I'll leave on the porch light.

Waiting On The Landing

I book my flight.
I climb aboard.
My phone's now turned,
To Airplane Mode.

I buckle myself,
Into my seat.
Nervously together,
My knees and feet.

The Attendants motion,
The safety rules.
Pay close attention,
Or, play the fool.

The turbines start,
Their increasing roar.
Pilot pushes forward,
Take-off's in store.

I close my eyes,
And, say a prayer.
Other eyes at windows,
Emotionless stares.

Suddenly we're light,
Up in the air.
Fuselage bird,
Without a care.

I try to sit quiet,
Hope calm's then hence.

Before I know it,
Soft landing imminent.

In A Pinch

I suppose I should be happy,
But, I didn't see it coming.
I was a little surprised,
I certainly wasn't bumming.

But, still caught off guard,
By this touch of no class.
Not at all gentlemanlike,
Actually, quite crass.

Nonetheless, it happened.
This guy grabbed my rear.
Just for a second,
Then took off out of there.

Out with a very close,
Good friend of mine.
He asked, "What's the matter?
You're blushed, are you crying?"

"No," I said, "This guy....
He just grabbed my ass.
As I stood up, and,
He was walking past!"

"But, No, I'm not angry.
Still, just the same.
What an odd way to tell me,
That, I've still got game."

Spring Clean Up

Cuts on my fingers,
Aches in my joints.
No not a fight,
Spring cleaning's the point.

Pull out clothes worn,
In the Spring and Summer.
Exchange them with,
Winter ones that are warmer.

Donate the good things,
That fit no more.
Stick to and complete,
This seasonal chore.

Then sweep and rake,
The rocks and sand.
Start to feel,
Blisters on my hands.

Make a pile,
Burn the brush.
Fire will go out,
Before the coming dusk.

Wake up and see,
Sunrise across the land.
As the plantings peek through,
New life they demand.

Little Old Church

Driving today,
On my way to work.
I noticed a path,
To a little Church.

Small and old,
Peeling paint.
Still a place,
For devoted faith.

I imagined this Easter,
Fills up with people.
All gathered within,
This structure with steeple.

Though not polished,
Or huge and grand.
It suits the needs,
The neighborhood demands.

Whether the Holy Days,
Or, Sunday best,
Or, a funeral mass,
Before one's eternal rest.

Or, a marriage between,
Two in such love,
A ceremony with,
The release of doves.

Look past the appearance,
Of the walls outside.

For what's happening within,
Feeds religious pride.

That all should gather,
For the Easter feast.
Stand in the church doorway,
Each other warmly greet.

Lily of Easter

Lily-white flower,
Symbol of the Day.
What Jesus endured,
Before arising again.

Stands for such purity,
New beginning and hope,
Innocence and peace,
For us all will envelop.

Standing tall in the wind,
Against difficulty, defiance,
To comfort us all,
On this, we're reliant.

So, take care for this flower,
Linked with the Resurrection.
Appreciate its importance,
Always show affection.

April's Special Week

April showers approach,
To rain down on the streets.
Wash the salt and sand,
From beneath our feet.

Easter season upon us,
This year's Holy Week.
Those showers will cleanse us,
Grant forgiveness we seek.

It was Jesus who saved us,
Brought peace to our lives.
Still some disrespect,
Not behave contrite.

I hope that the showers,
Bring them enlightenment.
As they continue through life,
Filled with childlike excitement.

So, forgive me please,
I aim not to preach.
But, occasions like Easter,
Work wonders for me.

My Easter Day

Not planning a meal,
On this Easter Day.
Not out with the kids,
Hunting eggs, at play.

No marshmallow Peeps,
Chocolate bunny, hollow,
Wake up with a toothache,
All day, tomorrow.

Instead appreciate,
All the Easters past.
The years flew by,
In an instant, so fast.

With Church and dinner,
Those Hollywood films.
So dramatic and long,
Sometimes overwhelmed.

Give thanks I can,
Walk outside.
Breath in the fresh air,
Fill my lungs with inside.

And, say a prayer,
Peace will conquer all,
Bring love and sustenance,
And, comfort for all.

Lyric-less

I know a young man,
Who listens to music.
But, won't learn the words,
"A lyric, no use for it."

He only cares to hear,
The melody and the beat.
I say, "You're missing out.
The poetry's a treat!"

The artists are so gifted,
Putting music to their words.
Some are just so creative.
Others, the worst you've heard.

But, I'll always have respect,
For the writer's message.
For whatever's on their minds,
As they state their rite of passage.

So, I hope he'll change his mind,
Hear the words as they unfold.
How they fit well with the music,
And, the story being told.

The Engineer and the Salesman

The Salesman's job,
Is a product to sell.
Can't make a profit,
If he doesn't do it well.

The Engineer's job,
Is to carefully calculate.
If the Salesman's promise,
To the customer can be kept.

The Engineer has to measure,
With precision and care.
Salesman wants to kiss,
The Customer's derriere.

The Engineer knows,
What can and can't be done.
Salesman tries to keep him,
Under his thumb and gun.

An argument ensues,
The two greatly bicker.
The Engineer wins,
His wits are quicker.

But, the Boss steps in,
Engineer knows that,
Boss will make him pull,
A rabbit out of his hat.

The Engineer is skilled,
Comes up with a compromise.
Company gets the job,

But, the Salesman gets the prize.

The Engineer's goal,

Accuracy is his mission.

But, the Salesman's the one,

Who ends up with the commission.

I Hate It When That Happens

I hate it when that happens,
When they forget to lock the door.
I'll go and check it myself.
Won't they listen anymore?

I hate it when that happens,
When I miss a thing on my list.
Go back and get it tomorrow,
At myself, I shake my fist.

I hate it when that happens,
When I feel a cold coming on.
My throat is feeling scratchy,
Stop my nose from starting to run.

I hate it when that happens,
When they wear too much perfume.
I'm about to pass right out,
They suck the air out of the room.

I hate it when that happens,
When the day just drags on by.
Can't seem to ignore the boring,
No matter how hard I try.

You'd think I'd have control,
Over things from happening.
I'll see what I can do.
I'll find a new routine.

Foggy Fever

Is it the weather?
Or, is it just me?
Want to close my eyes,
Just sit here and be.

I feel just like I'm in,
The foggiest of fogs.
I think 3 cups of Java,
Most likely is the cause?

I usually drink more water,
Along with the caffeine.
It could just be Spring Fever,
The culprit, I'm thinking.

Ah, to sit in the Sun,
Soak up those rays.
Have a look of sun-kissed,
When, inside at my desk.

But, it's only mid-week,
Few more days to go.
Still feel like a good nap,
Would be the best approach.

So, I'll eat my lunch salad,
Lots of water, take in.
Open up the plastic bottle,
That holds my vitamins.

Back to work I go,
Focus on the task at hand.
Sunshine out there beckons,

Quitting time at 5 sounds grand!

Driven Drive

I am driven to be fair.
I am driven to be kind.
Not such easy things to do,
Each and every time.

I am driven to be productive,
Not let others waste my time.
Be distracted by distractions,
That suck brains cells of mine.

There's a time for social fun,
For laughter and for jokes.
To sit and shoot the breeze,
But, too much, my mood's provoked.

There's always that gnawing feeling,
That lost time is un-retrieved.
You'll end up on the short end,
There's always less than you need.

And, you'll look back in disgust,
Distractions got the better of you.
Leaving you without the resources,
To get all things done, you needed to.

Blinders On

I won't look,
For any sympathy.
Instead, I'll offer,
All my empathy.

I won't look,
For any attention.
Remain anonymous,
That's my intention.

I won't look,
For a pat on the back.
When seeking success,
In what's my knack.

I won't look,
For thanks, any.
Glad to be of service,
With your tasks, many.

I won't look,
For any praise.
No disappointment,
To ruin my day.

I won't look,
To argue with you.
In my pursuit,
To learn what's true.

When you deal with me,
You see what you get.
A human being,

Living without regret.

Peregrine Pride

Hattie and Orton,
Sit on their speckled eggs.
Soon, three little ones,
Will show their feathered heads.

Peregrine Falcons,
At the Mayo Clinic,
A 30-year Program,
Successful and winning.

Since 1987,
Rochester's their home.
Minnesota's tall buildings,
Where they've thrived and flown.

Begin nesting in mid-March,
Until late-June, their done.
No matter the conditions,
Serious work, and no fun.

The three little Falcons,
Should pip 5th of May.
Takes 24 ? 36 hours,
To see the light of day.

Hattie is named after,
Dr. Mayo's wife.
Her name means hearth keeper,
Home ruler, day to night.

Orton's named after,

Town of granite, color rose.
Stone of its City Hall,
Beautiful rock to behold.

So, as Hattie sits tight,
Orton will hunt food.
For the two of them now,
But, soon, for their brood.

A bell tower nearby,
Chimes its bells each hour.
So loud is the sound,
But, Hattie doesn't cower.

She does her due diligence,
Keeping the eggs warm.
Safe from the predators,
As, inside her babes form.

Very soon hatch together,
New to this proud Town,
To someday fledge a family,
Peregrines of their own.

You can watch Hattie and Orton by copying and pasting, into your browser, the link below:

<http://history.mayoclinic.org/tours-events/mayo-clinic-peregrine-falcon-program.php>

Day After Long Weekend Blues

It's the day after a long weekend,
And, everyone is grumpy.
Looking wrinkled and tired,
Half asleep and just plain frumpy.

The weekend was so great,
Weather perfect and very warm.
Sunny with fresh breezes,
Relaxing and oh, so calm.

As the weather greatly improves,
More chances to get outside.
Days are growing longer,
Time for after dinner bike ride.

But, for now inside and working,
Deadlines to be met.
Phone calls to return,
Meeting times to be set.

Slow but sure we'll get back,
To all the work at hand.
Keeping up with pushing papers,
All of the job's demands.

One thing about this work week,
It is a day, one shorter.
Weekend will again be upon us,
Two days without work's bother.

Rain Power

The rain on my windshield,
Being cleared by the wipers,
Like bullets at the glass,
From a watery sniper.

Minor flooding occurs,
I splash through the ponds.
Hidden are the pot holes,
Of which I'm not fond.

This time of year,
The roads are really bad.
Water's so destructive,
Such power over man.

Once the rain stops,
See the sun's in the sky.
Will evaporate the rain,
And, the road's become dry.

Then the pavers can come,
To fix holes and patch.
No more white-knuckle driving,
That's my steering wheel grasp.

Svelte

Oh, how I wish,
I felt really svelte.
Never have a problem,
Buckling my belt.

The problem maybe,
Water retention.
My use of the salt shaker,
Pay closer attention.

It's not that I'm that,
Really overweight.
Could lose a few pounds,
And, strengthen my gait.

The battle of the bulge,
For me, hard to win.
In my sincere desire,
And, goal to be thin.

Don't smoke cigarettes,
Or, at all eat sweets.
Walk twice a day,
Fast paced on my feet.

When I was younger,
It was very easy.
Metabolism, no problem,
Extra pounds didn't tease me.

But, as I age,
My goal's good health.
Never be a burden,

That is true wealth.

I'll get up every day,
After a good night of sleeping,
Find a perfect balance,
Between exercise and eating.

Phony Baloney With Swiss On Lies

We see through you,
Like a slice of Swiss.
You're a phony baloney,
We're convinced of this.

We can tell you're lying,
Your lips are moving.
So, says that song,
To which we're grooving.

To totally deny,
What you said.
You've made it now,
Lay in your bed.

You're tone of voice,
Condescendingly so,
Hurtful and mean,
The shade you throw.

It's kind of sad,
You don't realize.
We see through you,
And, your lies.

We're done with you,
You're not superior.
Go back to your world,
A sad little sphere.

Lead Foot

She doesn't care,
If she wastes gas.
Always refusing,
To let anyone pass.

Pedal to the metal,
Excessive speed.
Never drives the limit,
Always exceeds.

Music blaring,
Windows down.
Subwoofer pounding,
Horrible sounds.

So rude to others,
She better watch out.
Spark road rage battles?
There'll be no doubt.

Type A person,
Never staying put.
Could cost a life,
With her lead foot.

Check The Attitude

He has an approach,
Of which I abhor.
Does as little as possible,
And, nothing more.

Disagrees that one,
Should show desire,
Be goal orientated,
Set the bar higher.

He insists,
The more you do,
The boss will want,
More of you.

I say, isn't that,
How we grow?
In life and work,
Initiative show?

For him, he has,
Been at his station,
Some 30 years,
Of aggravation.

Always doing,
The same old thing.
Never any different,
Not challenging.

But, all that stress,
Sparked surgery.
Slight heart attack,

Permanent injury.

After a while,
He came back to work.
With no change in attitude,
Same old jerk.

I think that he,
Should have quit.
If your job's so bad,
Be done with it.

He said he's not,
Going anywhere.
His work days are done,
When he dies in his chair.

For me, the more,
I do, I'll learn.
A happy, healthy life,
Is what I'll earn.

And, I will retire,
Won't die at my desk.
Out enjoying life,
Doing my best.

My Sling Shot

I have a tool,
Of which I use.
When those varmints,
Of me, abuse.

A trusty sling shot,
Bought at the store.
To help those creatures,
That I adore.

My sling shot is always,
Close at hand.
To shoot Lima Beans,
At things, can't stand.

The beans don't harm them,
Just scare them off.
My little bird feeder,
On a hook, aloft.

I sometimes use,
Marbles of glass.
To aim at the Squirrel's
Fuzzy gray ass.

He gnaws and wrecks,
My feeder's sides.
Where the birds,
Reach the seeds inside.

But, I never can,
Actually hit them,
No matter how hard,

And straight my aim.

On my list today,
Restock ammunition,
Set in a jar,
Kept in the kitchen.

The Lima Beans,
Have a dual purpose.
Eaten by others,
Who get them first.

The beans just don't,
Fly real straight,
Still, stand by,
Patiently wait.

Start With A Cup

Going without my coffee,
Would be insane.
How it jumpstarts,
My waking brain.

I never drink it,
Without cream.
Drink it black,
I wouldn't dream.

Will not have it,
Way too strong.
Gives me the jitters,
Just doesn't belong.

So, as I write this,
I sit and wait.
If I go without a cup,
I'll get a headache.

Bird Bath

Sipping so gently,
Their little beaks.
Fresh hydration,
Their bodies seek.

Dip their heads,
And, gently fill.
Water drops,
Into their bills.

Some dive in,
To take a bath.
Splash with vigor,
Wet wings, thrash.

Into the bath,
That's filled there so,
They stop for a while,
Get refreshed and go.

Every morning,
I rinse and clean.
Bird bath of mine,
By the feeder's seen.

I clean the husks,
From sunflower seeds.
An important task,
Bath's germ free.

Writer's Block NOT!

I love the times,
When I think in rhymes.
Doing the dishes,
Or, in free time.

Doesn't matter,
What I do.
No one around me,
Has a clue.

Know that I,
Set a goal.
To every day,
Write one more.

Think of my poems,
When I'm down.
Turn what's sad,
Upside down.

Others want,
Get off their chest,
Terrible experience,
All the rest.

But, there are times,
When you feel blocked.
Just can't think,
Your mind is locked.

I too, sympathize,
Been through the crap.
Can't un-ring the bell.

Just dealing with that.

But, you like me,

Have a talent.

A kindred spirit,

With an open heart.

Friggen Hornets

Oh, those dinks!
They're on the screen.
Ugly winged creatures,
Just nasty and mean.

Try to find places,
To build their nests.
Disgusting, useless,
Horrid pests.

I'll do my best,
To fight them off.
Before they build,
Nests aloft.

Where the point,
The roof meets.
I see their hanging,
Dangerous feet.

Because if there's,
Just one thing,
The dreadful pain,
From their sting.

Mothballs and spray,
My arsenal.
To shoot at them,
And, dead they fall.

Dead and gone,
To buzz, they're barred.
To hover no more,

As I work in my yard.

Think Before You Kink

One task in the yard,
That really blows,
I'm constantly undoing,
The garden hose.

I keep it neat,
In a circle there.
By the hydrant,
That faucet, there.

But, someone always,
Comes along,
To wash their car,
On the lawn.

Rinse the soap,
From the hood.
Doors and the sides,
Lookin' good.

Wipe the drops,
Before they dry.
Or, many spots,
On the paint, I spy.

I have no problem.
Glad they care.
Washing their car,
In the fresh air.

But, when they're done,
Not neat with the hose.
Instead, left in kinks,

Don't care to know.

Suet Seeker

Woodpecker on the suet,
He loves it so.
Eyes it from branches,
On the trees, he roams.

Hammering out,
The worms and bugs.
Huge holes he leaves,
On the dead, old trunk.

I love to hear,
His noise on the tree.
Brings me comfort,
I hear, but can't see.

Darting and flying,
Pileated is huge.
Downy woodpecker,
Small, and cute.

Keep a good stock,
Of suet for them.
Hope they'll return,
Again, and again.

Please Stop The Cough

I plan to spend,
This Sunday,
Coughing and coughing,
From allergies, today.

I fear that my,
Sniffles will last.
Nose red and sore,
Until allergies pass.

They said that the,
Pollen explodes,
Leaving the dust,
On cars and road.

All that stuff,
Flies up and away,
Until the rain,
Relieve's the day.

In the meantime,
Laryngitis.
Try my best,
Put up a good fight.

Sip hot tea,
And, soup of broth.
Put in earplugs,
As I sit and cough.

Have You Seen My Voice?

I've lost something,
Important to me.
Gone from my grasp,
How can this be?

My vocal cords,
Are on the fritz.
Any remedy,
To help with this?

It's what I use,
To express myself.
But, now it's gone.
Like this, never felt.

I'll have to call in,
A day from work.
Hope my voice,
Will come back, return.

Done With The Sick And Tired

There must be a cure,
To fix all this.
Because, I'll say,
I'm sick of being sick.

Sick and tired,
Of the same old thing.
I'll come up with a solution,
Then, to the table, bring.

I'm sick of their gossip.
They've nothing better to do.
What a waste of time,
Aren't you ashamed of you?

Done with being sick,
Of the news on T.V.
Turn off the channel,
Set my mind free.

No more be sick of the weather,
When it's cloudy and dark.
I'll try to be cheerful,
Take an umbrella to the park.

Just plain stop complaining,
About being sick.
No more in my vocabulary,
I'm done with it.

Stay Young

Want to go back,
To when I was young.
Up at the crack of dawn,
Ride my bike through town.

Eat most anything,
I would want.
Great metabolism,
Never a second thought.

With Spring being here,
Past behaviors, go back.
Only within limits,
Of my joints and back.

A fresh-face feeling,
To greet the day.
Still be responsible,
Safe boundaries, don't stray.

Still eat healthy,
Don't overdo.
Stay young at heart,
Dump the blues.

Never Kid Myself

Tried to kid myself,
Just couldn't, I know.
Inside the guilt,
Felt it grow and grow.

I just can't do that,
Must myself, be true.
Because why the heck,
Would I want to play fool?

I've heard the saying,
"Kidding myself."
When, I won't face facts,
While at me, they pelt.

So, bite the bullet.
Do what's right.
Sleep so soundly,
Through a peaceful night.

Because in the end,
In the mirror, only me.
I know the truth,
No one's fool, I'll be!

Happy Mother's Day Hattie

Hattie the Mayo Peregrine,
Has a new babe.
Born May 10th,
Fluffy feathered and brave.

The two other eggs,
Three in all brought forth,
Are still in question,
Will they ever see the world?

Hattie's still patient,
With a protective eye.
Keeping the chick safe,
As predators fly by.

Once we are sure,
That the other two hatch,
Hattie will teach them,
Their own food to catch.

But, for now it's unknown,
I see the two pushed aside.
Maybe no life,
Will be found inside.

For now, Dear Hattie,
Will care for her chick.
Soon it will grow strong,
And its own mate someday pick.

For The Victims

If there's one thing,
I could do, if I may,
Is offer my condolences,
To some on Mother's Day.

Because not all,
Of this day, are happy.
All roses and sunshine,
Sticky sweet and sappy.

Instead, we feel,
For us, should be a day.
Somehow we survived,
The abuse, got away.

We were subjected to,
Our Mother's wrath.
Stayed out of her way,
Never crossed her path.

Because if we did,
There'd be Hell to pay.
That's why we want nothing,
To do with Mother's Day.

I'm happy for those,
Who felt a Mom's love.
With kisses and hugs,
Were held high above.

A Mom, when she looked,
At her child with pride.
No, not a Monster,

From whom you should hide.

For if you were found,
The beatings began.
With a belt or a paddle,
Or the back of her hand.

So, forgive me, but I,
Want to acknowledge those,
Who'd rather give their Mom,
The thorns from a rose.

And, for those kids,
Who didn't escape,
I know they found love,
When they crossed Heaven's Gate.

Mom

Moms have to be,
The bad cop sometimes.
That's Ma's job,
Keeping you in line.

Moms are brave,
And, intuitive.
If she suspects something,
Not an inch, she'll give.

There's nothing like the sound,
Of her voice when she's angry.
Like when you left the mess,
For her to clean in the pantry.

And, when she smiles,
Melts your heart with joy.
The times she happily said,
Oh, you good girls and boys!

The times you worried with her,
Through events uncertain.
Having her by your side,
Your bravery's not deterred.

But, now she's aged,
Right before your eyes.
Mind's not as playful,
Little things slip by.

Still, through the years she took,
On all responsibility.
Together, forever bound,

Even though she set you free.

Hostage Hacks

Here we go again,
Imagine that,
Again, we face,
A cyberattack.

The culprits are,
In email, attached.
A ransom virus,
Your computer will catch.

The best defense,
Don't open them.
Unless, you're sure,
From whom it's sent.

Otherwise,
Your computer's locked.
They want Bitcoins,
Before they'll un-hack.

So, please be safe,
From these goons.
Don't open those emails,
If it's unknown.

Plastered Poetry

So you find nothing,
Today, to do.
So, go get trashed,
And, write a few.

Lines of love,
Or, lines of hate.
Inebriated you are,
You're shitfaced.

You create some rhyme,
You call poetry.
After pounding a few,
From a Shot Ski.

Then, post the poem,
To yourself you boast.
"What a work of art,
To me, I toast!"

Suddenly the spins,
Get the upper hand.
You lose your balance,
Can no longer stand.

You wake in the morning,
Ringing in your ears.
Go read your post,
It brings you to tears.

Can't believe your eyes,
You posted that thing!
Promise, next time,

"I'll just have some tea."

Bullies Never Grow Up

Bullies are terrible,
No doubt about that.
Will say you look bad,
Or, that you're too fat.

They can't help themselves,
Their character is mean,
Definitely a problem,
With their self esteem.

They try to come across,
To all, so appealing.
While trampling upon,
Other people's feelings.

If I see a person,
Looking tired that day,
I continue in conversation,
About their looks, I'd never say.

That their eyes are set,
With dark circles under them.
I'm sure they're aware,
They need support from a friend.

Not someone who says,
A criticism, so loud.
Beating down upon others,
Does that make them proud?

Well, in my opinion they,
Enjoy their disservice.
Being hurtful to others,

For their own selfish purpose.

Because, if they looked,
In the mirror they'd find,
Their wrinkles have spread,
On the face of a small mind.

And, the haircut they chose,
To everyone, looks bad.
But, keep it to myself,
Don't want to spoil their glad.

Because if I bring it up,
I would stoop to their level.
No, not worth my time,
To burst a Bully's bubble.

Restless

I sit here unsettled,
Like something's missing.
This nagging feeling,
In my ears, keeps ringing.

Feeling as though,
I left a stone unturned.
That there's so much out there,
For me still to learn.

What of these thoughts,
Just wasting my time?
Do they contain a message,
I've been yearning to find?

It's these types of things,
Keep me up through the night.
As I strive to improve,
The quality of my life.

And, the saying goes,
Not the destination, but journey,
Yet, I long for the calm,
In a world free from worry.

Content

Finally happy with myself,
With just me, today.
Wrote all of the checks,
Needed to pay my way.

I sit here content,
With my time at hand.
Continue for a while,
Before I get up and stand.

To place one foot in front,
In stride, before the other.
Moving ahead and forward,
With no worry or bother.

For, I have reached a point,
Very happy in my work.
Ignoring the petty,
Buffoons and jerks.

I cannot change people,
Can only change me.
I'm content with who I am,
Have peace of mind. Feel free.

Betrayal And Broken Trust

How can she forgive,
The fear that was imposed.
The scrapes and bruises now,
Hidden beneath her clothes.

At first there's love and hope,
Between each, a new relationship.
Helping each other, teamwork,
Sharing secrets, being intimate.

A supposed trust exists,
In thought between the two.
Yet for some reason, one,
Trust morphs, becomes skewed.

He jealously lashes out,
Finger pointing, accusations.
Yelling escalades to beatings,
On her, cuts and lacerations.

Finally inside the strength,
Wells up in her, the victim.
Takes steps to start the wheels,
Turning forward to an end.

Now alone in her thought,
Questions how this could happen.
Her gentle one turned monster,
No more her trusted love and friend.

New Glasses

My old glasses were slipping,
Off my face were falling.
I can't think of anything,
Just so annoying.

So, I got some brand new,
Glasses sharp and clear,
They really fit great,
Where they sit upon my ears.

My prescription changed.
Seems my eyes improved.
Doctor says it was the Kale,
For daily lunch, I choose.

Thus, I have a fresh face,
I love my new lens.
The frames are really cute,
I look great, I can't pretend.

Don't mean to sound smug,
I'm not trying to brag.
Worn glasses since I was ten,
With my new look, I'm really glad!

Freight Train

There's not much out there,
Causes such a pain
Creating jammed traffic,
The noisy freight train.

It chugs along,
Pulling cars,
Full of materials,
From near and far.

You can never tell,
When it will arrive,
Squeaking its brakes,
While you wait in line.

Can't take a left,
Or, even right.
Streets are narrow,
Lanes are tight.

So, just sit and wait,
Five miles per hour.
Late for work,
Over us, has power.

There's just no winning,
About it, nothing good.
High pitched squawks and squeaks,
Like nails on a blackboard.

So, try as I may,
Will search and look,
For a different route,

For my morning commute.

Table Manners

I am so shy to say,
Wanted to be discreet.
Have to tell you about,
The baloney in your teeth.

You have a great smile,
Really turns heads.
But, please I ask of you,
Hide your baloney and bread.

It's a simple request.
Close your mouth when you chew.
The most simple of manners,
Parents should've taught you.

I pretty sure they did.
Maybe you grew lazy.
Thought no one would notice,
That kind of talk's just crazy!

Again, I beg of you.
In my presence, if you please.
Do what you want by yourself,
Close it or I'm going to leave.

Leftovers

I just love leftovers,
Just a day or two old.
Seem to taste great,
But, hot, not cold.

Like Pizza, heat it up.
Or, the cheese is like lead.
Make the crust crispy again,
That chewy kind of bread.

Pasta and meatballs,
Always make too many.
They re-heat pretty well,
Just enough for me is plenty.

And then at Holiday times,
Always cooking way too much.
A day or two to finish,
Fixings, desserts and such.

But, what is really easy,
Leftovers on your plate.
Out of the frig and heated up,
So convenient when running late.

What's In A Bin

Recycle bins, full,
Of paper and glass.
Roadside, I see them,
As I drive on past.

Some are large,
While others small.
Wine bottles and cans,
Very full, they are all.

It brings a smile,
To my mind.
Revealed are the drinkers,
In those homes, inside.

And, the bins with the many,
Fashion magazines,
Inside of those homes,
Live the Fashion Queens.

Or, the bins with the handled,
Fancy shopping bags,
Nothing in their closet,
Later use for a rag?

But, who knew when they recycle,
Exposed in the bins on the ground,
Something about the person,
And, their lifestyle is found.

Back And Forth

This work is the best,
That I've ever done.
Oh, no it's not.
Revise it again.

But, I like it the way,
Down on paper, it is.
You're so very wrong,
It's flat without fizz.

Oh, why do you have to,
Be so very harsh?
There's room for improvement,
So, get off your arse!

I appreciate you,
Wanting me to be better.
You're welcome, for that,
I'm just a go-getter.

Ok, you win.
There'll be no shortcuts.
No more excuses,
Ifs, ands or buts.

Now, that's the spirit,
I'm so proud of you.
Again, I appreciate that,
Here's my heartfelt, Thank You!

Evil Twin

My evil twin,
Doesn't eat healthy.
Never outgoing,
Always stealthy.

Leaves the dishes,
In the sink.
For many days,
Until they stink.

Never cleans,
The bathroom.
Mold then grows,
Into hairy blooms.

Eats take out
All the time.
Trash piles up,
With grease and grime.

My evil twin,
Is always there.
Never helpful,
Just for her, she cares.

Never for other's,
Or, their well-being.
She's just so nasty,
Witchy and mean.

I think we all,
Have a twin.
But, our goodness,

Overcomes and wins.

The Parade

Rain or shine,
They'll hold the parade.
For all service people,
Who exceeded the grade.

Those now living,
And, for whom have passed,
Their fight for freedom,
For peace to grasp.

Ugly, horrendous,
Those actions of war.
Yet, brave men and women,
Determined, travelled far.

So, I will thank you,
For your service.
Heavy toll on yourselves,
Fulfilling your purpose.

All of those veterans,
Here on earth, in the grave,
My heart goes out to you,
For the price you paid.

Hug It Out

I looked up,
The other day.
As I was heading,
Down my driveway.

Across the street,
In the morning light,
Embraced he was,
With his ex-wife.

Hugging her,
Oh, so tight.
I don't think,
Saw me go by.

Curious because,
It was their fate.
Divorced, fighting,
Two years, to date.

He moved in,
With their young ones.
She lived separately,
Away and from.

What was once,
A happy family,
Trips together,
Holidays, parties.

After they split,
She'd stop by,
To visit the kids,

And, maybe try.

To reconcile,
Find common ground.
Then, more and more,
She came around.

So, there they were,
On his front lawn.
Are things to change?
Together move on?

Or, just hugging,
All warm and cozy.
He or she to remarry?
Haven't the foggiest, I'm not nosey.

The Outing

It took a while,
But, finally revealed.
The truth inside,
An envelope sealed.

Like a fisherman does,
On his hook, his bait.
With his keystrokes,
He lied in wait.

Sugar-sweet words,
To lure them in.
Typed up facades,
With a forked-tongue grin.

But, his ruse did last,
Only so long,
Before they fought back,
Forceful and strong.

See him flee,
Slither away.
Be oh so careful,
He may return someday.

Don't be fooled,
Please don't forget.
Never again tangled,
In his Internet.

I Feel Better

I feel better when,
I wake up refreshed.
Grateful for the day,
After blissful rest.

Knowing that I,
Didn't waste time,
Trying to clean up,
The not-cleanable slime.

Grateful that I,
Learned a great lesson.
Friend poets like you here,
Are truly a blessing.

Happy to know,
That when some cry wolf,
Their true colors come thru,
As a result of the truth.

So, yes, I feel great!
For each bright, new day.
To write down in poetry,
What's on my mind, to say.

Putting into words,
Good things and what bothers,
Dedicated to do so,
Without harm to others.

But, there are those,
Tried to trouble my mind.
I will defend myself,

In a few of my lines.

Feeling once again better,
The truth is just that,
Never making of myself,
Someone's welcome mat.

Food Fight

Here he comes.
Back this year.
That smiling Ass,
Has no fears.

A large rodent,
A speedy rat.
On my hard work,
He's growing fat.

As I dream,
Of radish and beans,
In my bowl,
Tasty sight seen.

Those healthy plants,
Raised from seeds.
Gorge and satisfy,
His hungry greed.

But, not this time,
My sling shot's handy.
He'll get no veggies,
He gobbles like candy.

There it is,
The evidence.
Entrance to tunnels,
Under the fence.

I think I'll set,
A tasty trap.
Lure him out,

And, then dispatch.

Garden treasures,
Not for his belly,
Show yourself,
All, dusty and smelly.

And, there he is!
That lettuce is mine!
I take a shot.
I missed this time!

So, enjoy your spoils.
Have a good night.
Be back tomorrow,
To again, food fight.

A Hat For That

All have skills,
No arguing that.
For each of them,
We wear a hat.

Whether it's cooking,
Or, maybe baking,
A Chef's hat is yours,
For the taking.

Maybe you're great,
At fixing cars.
Mechanic's your hat,
No holds barred.

Or, just really handy,
In the house, around.
Know just what to fix,
Making that strange sound.

But, there is one hat,
Not all can wear.
That of a Poet,
Sits on our heads, here.

When we're happy,
Or, when we're sad,
Or, want to honor,
A Lass or a Lad.

Or, maybe an occasion,
In our history.
Our pen to paper,

A poetic story.

So, no matter the lid,
On my noggin, I don,
I hope my poet one,
Forever remains on.

Look Both Ways

Wish I had,
A crossing gate.
To keep me from,
Mistakes I'd make.

Free from errors,
And, bad judgements.
No falls off cliffs,
To downward descend.

But, life does not,
Work that way.
No flashing gate,
With alarms ablaze.

The train will barrel,
Down the track.
It's only you,
To hold yourself back.

Take a deep breath,
And, clench your fist,
With eyes wide open,
Take a risk.

Because, those trains,
Won't become derailed.
Either, achieve success,
Or, just maybe fail.

There's one guarantee,
You'll learn from life.
But, odds get better,

If you do what's right.

So look both ways,

Before you cross.

They'll be some success,

And, of course some loss.

All Washed Up

Oh, kitchen sponge,
Cleanse thyself.
Try turning yourself,
Inside out.

A great job you do,
Just done so well.
But, after a while,
Boy! You smell!

You clean the dishes,
Frying pan, too.
Has to be something,
To clean up you.

I've tried bleach,
I've tried strong soap.
I guess I'll just,
Throw you out.

We've had fun,
Great cleaning's been had.
Tossing you away,
Makes me sad.

But, it's time to go,
You're disgusting and dark,
Off to the store,
A new sponge in my cart.

Oh, don't you look,
At me that way.
This new sponge will,

Look like you someday.

Who Needs Weeds?

One thing in life,
No one needs,
Those forever thriving,
Green, thick weeds.

Some of them,
Come with thorns.
Scratch at you,
Slice with scorn.

Under your skin,
Cause infection.
Focus on the pain,
Lose your direction.

Other weeds,
Leave a rash.
Red and inflamed,
Spreading fast.

The only thing,
Left to do,
Yank them out,
Their roots, too.

A constant battle,
On guard, stay.
Be ever diligent,
Don't look away.

If your back's turned,
They'll thrive for sure.
Strangle what's good,

Full of life, no more.

It's Monday

Today is Monday.
Of the work week, first day.
Put my nose to the grindstone.
Feels good to earn my pay.

I'm dedicated to my work.
Lucky to love what I do.
Keeps food on the table.
And, the lights on, too.

Some aren't so fortunate.
They hate going to work.
Co-workers are dinks.
The boss is a flipping jerk.

But, I will remain,
At this job, I love.
If my boss ever treats me badly,
Up his rear, his head, he can shove.

Vividly Versed

There's something in your poem,
Yet, naked to my eye.
I read it, over and over,
To find your point, I'll try.

Your words are so descriptive,
Commanding vocabulary.
Me, I flip through the pages,
Of my open dictionary.

I wish I had paid attention,
In my literature class.
To great writers like you, here,
In my school days long past.

I know it's not too late.
I will put in the time.
Attempt to hold a candle,
To the words, such as your rhyme.

Try not to get discouraged,
If I never master the knack.
Like your talent to express,
A message for me to grasp.

Dream Lunch

If I win the Lottery,
Could happen, I've a hunch.
I'll plan with my poet friends,
To take us all to lunch.

I've been playing my numbers,
For quite a lot of time.
I remain quite positive,
Good odds on me will shine.

The lunch would be bright.
Some healthy and fun fare.
I know some couldn't make it,
Just Skype, so you'd be there!

It's just a thought of mine.
The Jackpot would be grand!
To see you face to face,
Hug and shake your hands.

But, if it never happens,
On that, I'll not worry.
In the meantime, let's forever,
Continue poetic stories.

Waning Will

My discipline is waning,
Like that phase of the Moon.
Illumination decreasing,
Darkness fills the room.

Promises made to myself,
Trying hard to keep.
But, I'm tired, and exhausted,
Close my eyes, and try to sleep.

But, escaping the very problem,
Does nothing to correct.
Words without actions,
Have no positive effect.

Is there something I can take?
A pill or remedy?
Or, just reach deep inside.
For the determination in me.

Because, I know in the end,
Making excuses and whining,
Do not end aggravation,
I know the blame's all mine.

Crispy Wing Things

Oh, scrumptious Wing Dings!
What a tasty invention.
So, crispy and delish!
Chow down at least eleven.

A little Duck Sauce,
Of fruit, soy, sugar.
Dip in these tasty things,
Flavor lasts forever.

Can't make these at home.
Only get them as takeout.
How about a draft Lite beer,
Just can't live without.

Not something for everyday.
Only as a special treat.
Too much of a good Wing thing,
His diet's in defeat.

He tells the Waitress he's ready,
To order some, no doubt.
What's that she just said?
Wings Dings, we just ran out!??

Sadly, he sits and ponders,
As the thought of those morsels linger.
Shrugs and goes to Plan B,
"Just have the Chicken Fingers."

Let Go Your Ego

Your bags are neatly packed,
Set to leave any minute,
Look forward to your journey,
That is your ego trip.

As you look in the mirror,
Set neatly on the shelf.
But, your face won't fit,
Because you're full of yourself.

Always self-assured,
Sitting on the fence.
Keenly quite aware,
Of your self-importance.

In the middle of the room,
Oh, so loud you shout,
"I'm someone just so perfect,
Me, you can't do without."

Your pointed nose is stuck,
High above in the air.
Sitting on your throne,
You know it's just a chair.

Saying to yourself,
"I'm lovely, so sublime."
Movie plays in your head,
"Legend in my own mind."

I've made you dessert,
Take a look with your eyes.
A big, giant slice,

Of some perfect humble pie.

Self-esteem is good.

You should have confidence.

But, you're only human.

I mean you no offense.

My advice to you is this,

Be who we like to be around.

Act polite, be a good listener,

Many friends will be found.

In the end, you will get,

No tug of war from me,

Let go of your ego,

Of conceit you'll be free.

Clocks and Calendars

Can we live without,
Our calendars and clocks?
Keeping tabs on our lives,
In time, days and months.

I love the time and clocks,
And, my watch collection.
Colorful bands and faces,
Of which I've much affection.

But, wouldn't it be nice?
To bank all of their time?
Use it as I please,
Every minute's mine.

I'd take as long as I want,
To do what needs to be done.
Save the most of all,
For the days I choose for fun.

But, it doesn't work that way,
Time keeps marching on.
Same minutes, hours each day,
Overnight, sunrise, sundown.

Yet, still wish I could.
This, I hold so dear.
To have endless hours,
In moments with you, near.

Itinerary

How about some celebration!

Time away from chores.

Plan a little get-a-way,

Fresh air, go out, explore.

We'll leave early mid-week.

Few hours to Vermont.

Ferry over Lake Champlain,

Good weather, we hope, for our jaunt.

Land in New York's Port Kent.

An hour, the Lake, across.

Enjoying this time together.

In new surroundings, we're lost.

Up early with the Sun.

Head South to Saratoga.

Two bucks, bet on a horse,

Hope to win big Moola.

But, even if we don't,

This won't wreck our trip.

Drown our sorrows a little,

Summer beverages we will sip.

Off again, we quickly go,

To visit an historic site.

Fort Ticonderoga, we'll venture.

Then head back before the night.

Back home we turn full-circle,

I'm feeling sad and forlorn.

Love to travel in the summer.

Still, I'll welcome cold weather's return.

Farting Around

Was that thunder?
That rumbling sound?
No, that's just him,
Farting around.

Hard worker for sure,
Certainly not lazy.
But, when work's done,
Eats and watches T.V.

Loves spicy foods.
The hotter the better.
Wasabi crackers,
With Pepper Jack cheddar.

His favorite fuel,
His kind of gas.
Keeps him in motion,
And, putting on past.

Ripping here,
Blasting there.
Snacks from the frig,
To his favorite chair.

Would never think,
He's wasting time.
Knows how to relax.
Has peace of mind.

But, if a scent,
Wafts in the air.
Best advice,

Run from there!

Says it's on purpose.

He brags and gloats.

"Hey, I don't like to share,

The program remote."

From beginning to end,

He emanates a sound,

"I work hard and have the right,

To just fart around."

Fun Bags

I've a couple of things,
I so appreciate.
They're full of fun and games,
To make every day great.

I'm sure to hold them high,
Be sure they do not sag,
They're so important to me,
My two, big fun bags.

Now, I'm not one to boast,
Not one to shout or brag.
But, they are pretty impressive,
For a middle-aged hag.

They make people smile,
Make a dog's tail wag,
Just so prime and perky,
Talkin' bout my fun bags.

So, I'll offer some advice,
Certainly not want to nag,
Go exercise and get yourself,
Some nifty fun bags.

Because if you don't,
Stand tall with your back straight,
You'll wake up every morning,
With a terrible back ache.

Miss You Too!

It's nice to be missed,
I missed you, too!
But, I just had to,
Take a day off or two.

To travel and rest,
Go anywhere and wander.
A break from my routine,
Makes my heart grow fonder.

As the saying goes,
"All work and no play,"
Makes you grow tired,
Of what you do every day.

But, I have to work,
A roof over my head.
But, sometimes on Sunday,
I get that afternoon dread.

That's when I know,
Of time off, I'm due,
Step away from the same,
Old things I must do.

But, when I return,
To my schedule at hand,
I feel so refreshed,
Ready for the demand.

Then, I'm glad to be back.
Happy to return.
Until the next time off,

Of which I will yearn.

No Cabbage For You....Well, Maybe

I know you love cabbage,
Of course, you do.
I've always saved the best,
From the garden for you.

But, there was one day,
You were nasty to me.
Tears filled my eyes,
I was too blind to see.

Before the incident,
That tore me apart,
You shared cabbage recipes,
So dear to your heart.

What hurt me the most,
I'd always been there.
But, I realized the hard way,
You lack the same care.

So, no more for you,
Soup with savory seasoning.
No more zesty coleslaw,
So, crunchy and pleasing.

You'll have to do without,
I'm done with you.
Guess what, this season?
"NO CABBAGE FOR YOU!"

But, I know I'll forgive.
I've a very big heart.
It's not in me to keep,

You and cabbage apart.

I'll offer you this,
Show you kindness, instead.
This cabbage from the garden,
With the biggest of heads.

I think this reflects,
You so well, in reality.
It mirrors so perfect,
Your bombastic personality.

As you look at its surface,
A few rough spots outside.
But, as you pull back the leaves,
You'll still find a heart inside.

Back Pat

Can't get that dread,
From under your skin?
Seems embedded there,
So deep within?

You feel such guilt.
Doesn't go away.
Like a carpet stain,
That just won't fade.

No amount of cleaner,
Or sudsy soap,
Seems to wash it away,
Feel you're losing hope.

Still, must not let it,
Of you, get the best.
So you made a mistake,
You didn't pass the test.

So try again,
And, again if you must.
Until you succeed,
In yourself, should trust.

You'll feel such freedom,
Possess integrity.
You'll improve your life,
And, its quality.

For, you're unique,
Different from the rest.

Walk away from guilt.
Take life on with zest.

Cheer yourself on.
Pat yourself on the back.
Pretty soon you'll be,
Right back on track.

Grow A Pear

So you know information,
That could save the day.
But, you're still reluctant,
To speak up and say.

Because you don't want,
To make any trouble.
It's easier to stay,
Inside your bubble.

Deep in your heart,
You want to speak up.
So, reach down inside,
And, find your guts.

If you don't strike,
While the iron is hot,
Then you're just as guilty,
For the trouble that's brought.

So I will now take,
This sharp little pin.
I'm going to pop,
The bubble you're in.

Then you'll be out,
In the fresh air.
Where the sun will help you,
To grow a pair.

Wander While You Wait

How do I tether,
My wandering mind?
Losing my focus,
From time to time.

I guess that daydreaming,
Is one term for it?
Here at my desk,
In my chair, as I sit.

Thinking about T.V.
Last night what I watched.
Egotistical actress,
Whose surgery was botched.

Then, there's that news,
A storm's on the way.
Will linger and rain,
For maybe three days.

A report on the radio,
That actor just died.
Lost a battle with cancer,
I wanted to cry.

Sit and dwell upon,
The stories told.
Stare at my monitor,
Wish my report would load.

The Fog Did Its Job

I looked out the window,
On this week-day morn.
A dark, gray fog,
Blanketed the corn.

The air was heavy,
So, were my thoughts.
The atmosphere, dismal,
In the murk, I felt caught.

Grabbed some coffee,
And, began to think.
Pondering the moment,
From my cup, I did drink.

As I relaxed in my chair,
I felt my mood lift.
The sky then brightened,
I thought, what a gift.

To be able to sit here,
Have for me, this time.
Just sit and be quiet.
Clear the fog from my mind.

As I looked at the clock,
Thought again, of the fog,
Better move my rear end,
Or, I'll be late for my job.

Look Closer

I was just having,
One of those days.
Seemed like everyone,
Just got in my way.

Was cut off in traffic,
Woman driver, so rude.
Waiter forgot the side,
When, I ordered your food.

It really got to me,
I felt so abused.
Stepped on, shoved aside,
Thought, "What's the use!"

Then, suddenly a person,
Blocked me from passing.
Offered up simple-looking
Yet, strange eyeglasses.

When I put them on,
I could plainly see.
The troubles people had,
Struggling to deal.

The rude driver, distracted,
By the loss of a friend.
Who suddenly brought,
His life to an end.

Waiter, with my order,
Side dish that was missing,
Slapped around by his wife,

After, loving and kissing.

I gave the glasses back,
To that mysterious guy.
Thanked him so much,
For opening my eyes.

I'll have more patience,
That's what I'll do.
Before getting angry,
Put myself in their shoes.

Don't Even Try To Please Everyone

You're going along,
Throughout your day.
Working hard,
Earning your pay.

Then you overlook,
An important task.
Still got it done,
But, the boss was crass.

You cooked a meal.
A recipe you learned.
Looked away for a minute,
It was a little burned.

No problem, you thought.
It's still edible.
But, your hubby said,
It looks terrible.

Then that time,
When you said,
Silly little things,
That popped in your head.

But, the person listening,
Didn't take it that way.
Said you were harsh,
Not nice that day.

All you can do,
Is apologize to them.

You meant no harm,
Didn't mean to offend.

You've got a heart of gold.
Hear me, my friend.
You can't please them all,
Between beginning and end.

So don't waste time,
All heartbroken and low.
Not everyone in the world,
Can take a joke.

Remind My Mind

Middle of the night,
Lie awake in dismay,
Over indulged,
The previous day.

Go back to sleep,
With a promise to me,
Don't do that again,
Of this I'm free.

A few days go by,
On my best behavior.
I feel success.
About face from failure.

Nose to the grindstone.
Just working hard.
Think I'll go out.
Time for rewards.

Laughing and joking,
Out on the town.
Kick up my feet,
Then homeward bound.

Hop into bed.
Off to needed sleep.
Wake up again,
Feel failure down deep.

Then I think about,
An idea instead.
Remember not to forget,

Keep this in my head.

We aware of how bad,
To be awake in the night.
That argument within,
My inward fight.

If before the urge,
To go out and play,
Remember how bad,
I'd feel the next day.

Remind myself to keep,
That promise to me.
Don't overindulge,
Of dread and angst, be free.

Grateful That ...

Grateful that,
I got over my cold.
Grateful that,
Like doing what I'm told.
Grateful that,
I come up with ideas.
Grateful that,
I didn't break into tears.
Grateful that,
I'm not too old.
Grateful that,
I've got a hand to hold.
Grateful that,
I like my job.
Grateful that,
I don't act like a snob.
Grateful that,
I could write this all down.
Grateful that,
These few words, I found.

Being Again, Tested

Driving by,
Those who walk.
In the morning,
Engaged in talk.

Gentle breeze,
Across them flows.
Oblivious to?
The trouble for those?

Living miles,
Away from them.
Hunkered down,
On their islands.

A terrible force,
Will hit them soon.
Life and property,
They may lose.

But, maybe the walkers,
Are talking about that.
Reminiscing about,
Blizzards, months back.

Trees blown down,
For days, power lost.
When the sky cleared,
Calculated the cost.

Sympathetic to those,
Their hearts go out.

As Mother Nature's,
The one with clout.

For me, I wish,
Them all the best.
Once again,
We're put to the test.

Thick Skinned

I find myself,
In a situation.
Not of my making,
Or, creation.

Human beings,
Make mistakes.
Most understand this,
Other's don't partake.

Some fluff it off,
With a grain of salt.
Other's point fingers,
Always find fault.

None of this,
Matters to me.
My assignment,
Seek a remedy.

Bring the news,
To whom that's lost.
Time and money,
The actual cost.

When I do,
I prove my words.
Back them up,
Then move forward.

Next time can this,
Be avoided?
Understanding,

Is then afforded.

No jumping to,
False accusations.
A mature approach,
For all occasions.

Nonetheless,
There's always those.
Just can't get past,
On their face, their nose.

Yell and fuss,
Act like a kid.
Because of what,
Someone else did.

But, don't go to them,
They yell at me.
"You're the one,
Behind the catastrophe!"

I stand my ground,
Do my best,
Be sure to wear,
My bullet-proof vest.

Like a duck,
Let it roll off.
My skin will grow,
Like leather, so tough.

I don't pull info,
From out of my armpit,
I deal with the facts,
And, don't take any shit.

Back From My Poet Past

I was sitting at my desk,
While looking out the windows.
The sky is somewhat cloudy,
Can't see which way the wind blows.

I haven't written much,
Of the lines that I used to.
I moved on from this past,
A new life to adhere to.

I had stopped posting my work,
To this most times cheerful site.
There were times when stuff was dark,
There were people picking fights.

But, I began, again, writing words,
In video versions this time.
To the thoughts I had of things,
In verses that should rhyme.

I am also on this site,
Under my Poet Vids profile.
But, I will focus on WBL,
This is more my style.

So, I got an email today,
About a password to reset.
I have it in a safe place,
And, this time I won't forget.

I have decided to return,
From my poem writing past.
To this WBL profile,

For my poetry-writing tasks.

Looking at the Dashboard,
Requests to me for friending.
I responded to these poets,
They're no longer pending.

Just wanted to let you know,
I'm back from my rhyming past.
To bring fresh words to you,
I know it'll be a blast!

On My Best Behavior

A co-worker and I,
Are on the same team.
Lately, myself ask,
Will he be nice or just mean?

I sit across from him each day,
Paying attention to his speech.
Together, trying to find,
An agreement to reach.

I listen to his pros,
And, then to his cons.
I express my thoughts,
And, do not drone on.

I look at his expression,
Will his reaction be nice?
Or, on eggshells should I tread?
Just to avoid another fight?

Then the words that come out,
Of that unpredictable mouth,
Hurt my feelings once again,
Making my good day go south.

When he acts this way,
I keep a straight face.
Try to stay away from him,
Give him plenty of space.

I try to remain positive,
Pleasant in my behavior.
To get through these times,

This approach is my savior.

I need advice and some help,

Should I turn to astrology?

Seek advice from the stars?

Will I ever get an apology?