

January 16, 2002

The day is one to ponder
Where do we go from here?

We know of the two positive aspects of life
Death and Taxes

I do wish we could place guarantees, then life
would be secure
But how defined, how boring.

My gray hairs have come to the fore
But my lines are set in fast, maybe after many days of
contemplation.

Do we understand what are purpose is?

I am a mortal man who must give totally until I die.
It seems fate also decrees that emotional reward will be hard

The day is one to ponder
The day is only 51 years
My life is not half over

So love me for what I am...

14 February 2012

What am I excited about.

Let's ponder that question.....

Wait I have it , I know it, it is real...

I love my valentine , with Hummm lets ponder that also..

How much do I Love Jackie, with all of my heart, that is not quantifiable..

I love her with all my soul, hmm, that is too vague.

I love her smile,,, aha we are on a roll..

I love her voice

I love her kindness

I love her sweetness

I love her for the gentleness she shows others.

I love her for understanding me, THAT IS A BIG ONE..

I love her nose

I love her green eyes

I love her for the kindness she displays everyday..

I love her for keeping a journal about US

I love her for allowing me to be in her life

I love the feeling of LOVE when I am around her ..

I Love my Romantic Hummingbird, who gets caught on my silly KNOCK KNOCK joke..

Really what is not to LOVE about Jackie...

She has opened my heart to a NEW feeling, one that is to last until time

We have spoken for ONE YEAR, had a brief encounter, and now she will be with me forever.

We have planned on a long life together, finally it is the way It's supposed to be.

My dearest, you make my heart sing, my soul to bear fruit, and be united with knowing what TRUE LOVE is all about

Thank You

The Sea The Moon

Salty freshness creating desire

Natural or un.natural

Does everyone feel and be like me?

It's freedom and release

It even makes you feel warm

Romance with a Natural light, lighting the heart, uplifting, soothing romance,

God romance

Dream, inhale and dream

The sky, the sea, summer, all.

Drink it all in

It's never ending, like poetry, music, anything.

Nature at night, by the sea

We all have many tears
Some we hide from in blissful sleep
Some we shed as tears

A tear is a lonely smile of the heart
Falling in your hand
To hold and see

We all have been lost in nature, but still allow our senses to capture our inner longing for peace. The air smells of dreams to come and futures to unfold. Get lost more often and experience bliss.

Leaves curl brown and gold
Under the lonely sky with wisps of dust roaming the countryside

Dusty roads converge on a sparse lonely Prairie field
Green blades of thimble weed slowly choke a rose

Long ago I was full of life now I am forgotten except for the lonely sky which watches me grow old

Sunset, in a colorful painted vibrant sky, beckoning peaceful thoughts on a quiet desert scene. Follow your minds eye to a tranquil inner peace. Merge with long centuries of travelling individuals, as you feel the warmth fade and flowers close their beauty for the night.

A crisp winters day...this is the early morning of fantasy and slow motion.

Smooth rolling mounds, jewels of snow, light catching an ice crystal in suspension, to share its rainbow with you.

This is a winters day many people never see

Pity

The air smells of dreams to come, within the ageless sea of my mind

For a voyager far and wide am I

A sailor within my mind looking at the sea

Ribbons of light hearted rainbows drifting along the heavenly currents.
The sky is alive to dreams to senses coming.

For if you could feel my soul, what thoughts I could share.

Memories, drifting, pages pass by a Tamaracs', by the old road, bowing
their chained links to the sun.

The sun makes a beautiful rainbow to share and I say thank you, for sharing

If life could be lived over
If the promises were always kept
If we loved and held each other close
If we could understand who we are
If we accepted people for who they are
If we could only do these ifs

You would never need the word.

Sadness enters my heart
Knowing that I have lost
A part of my life

A sorrow and a pity
Escape from within

Once we dreamed of dreams
Of clouds, of pleasant days
The small house
A picket fence
Children running around

Yet what is left
Your one person
I would wish for a friend
But I am denied

We fight now for children
I fight for what I am
You fight for what you think

What a shameful loss

June 1, 81

Do not let the
Tide of my persuasiveness
Over power your own thoughts

I am still very patient
Knowing all the while
How hard it is for you to
Accept

1974

Meeting and liking
Loving and growing
Trusting and building
Having and knowing

April 81

To want to give again
To want to love again
Without saying "I want"
Because I do not want
I am complete

81

To define love, I have not so many words
To feel love, I have all the feelings I need

Feelings need not end, words must
But love carries on, like the tide
Love is both numbing and feeling
Taking turns with a touch

To search the soul is never wrong

But sometimes the truth is pain
Forever is a long time
Love is forever

Dec 2020

2 souls
2 same paths
Where is my partner
Are we angels
Looking for a dream
That we can share

Greet the morn
See the world as it really is
Greet the morn
For there are friends to be made

The fool
Is a thinking man
Of irrelevant thought

A tear is a lonely smile
Of the heart falling
In your hand
To hold and see

Pride is a sixteen-pointed star
Painted orange
Love is a circular enclosure
Enveloping all in a rainbow

Sitting in the sunshine
Thinking of heaven
Sitting in the sunshine
Seeing my friends
Sitting in the sunshine
Everyone is my friend

1972

A crisp winters day
This is the early morn
Of fantasy and slow motion

Smooth rolling mounds
Jewels of snow
Light catching an ice crystal
In suspension
To share its rainbow with you

This is a winters day
Many people never see

Pity

1973

Leaves curl brown and gold
Under the reddened sky
Wisps of dust roam the countryside

The sky
Red, rosy and orange through the clouds
Thinking of where to show itself next

Dusty roads converge
On a sparse countryside
Green blades of weed
Slowly choke a rose

The wind picks up momentum
Hurling the aging leaves
Among the trees already barren
Falling to earth, rocking back and forth
Slowly landing
Hidden from view

Clouds disappear
Letting the sun shine



With heated effect
Upon the parched earth

Dry dusty roads
No moisture to grow
Death among the frail
Turning brown and golden
Under the reddened sky

Wisps of dust road the countryside

72 POEM

When relentless shadows
Plague the nights decent
Causing all around to scurry and flutter
To seek their warm shelters
Within a mist of rest and sleep

And flowers close their beauty to the sun
Hiding their faces from aging another day
Not sharing their private rest



Ans candles glow with their softened hue
Breaking not the nights approach
For its shadows are soft and peaceful to the mind

And the air smells of dreams to come
And tomorrows futures to see
Eyes and mind alive to nature's way
Waking up to tomorrow

This is when I place my head
Upon my pillow and sleep
Among sandcastles, youth and true loves fair
And wake to a beautiful morrow

72

Never mock life
Or gaze to long
At the novelty it offers and causes

But accept it and life
Will be happy
And Futures bright

THOUGHTS

Listen...
To the world outside
Feel its every breath in yourself

Listen.....
I'm heading down the road
Watching life speed past me

Goodbye Vancouver, for awhile
You have given me a new life
Filled with many friends I will miss

For I will never forget you
The days and nights filled
With the happy and sad things, we did
New loves, an ocean beautiful and bountiful,
You gave me

Listen
Winds of time

Listen.....

To my voice crying out
I have a new life
Thank you

People milling around
Forgetting the simple pleasure of a smile
But we made the rain go
And the sun smell good
The world was ours

Who could have made our tomorrows
And collect our sorrows
And mix them with divine love

Always your hand was on mine
Walking for years alone
Crossing the countryside
Never knowing where to go

Then your smile
I will never forget that smile
I love you so much

When drifting futures roll
Among my eyelids
And the air smells of dreams to come
And people have been caressed by the silent wind

I'm sitting in a park
Watching the waves roll up stones
Wet and wild

You're lying beside me on the blanket
Thinking
Of England and tears
And of the one who loved you very much

The sun molds it's golden embrace
Around my face
My body feels it's warmth

My hand feels your every breath
As you mine

Will the sun peer through the clouds again

Or will its embrace be filled with yours

But these are just dreams
Floating in the air
Landing on those who accept
For I'm just sitting in a park
With you at my side

Look toward the sea
And see the moon's light
As an embryo in the water clear

Envision blue, gold, yellow
A rainbow for the morn to come

Chilly day
A chilly morning
I feel the wind bite at me and wrap
It's bitter hands about me

Seeing your tangled in the breeze
Whipping and masking your face
With light touches

This is a chilly day
But I am warm inside thinking thoughts
Of love and beauty
And your hand in mine

THE SEA, THE MOON

Salty freshness creating desire
Natural or unnatural
Does everyone feel and be like me?
Its freedom and release
It even makes you feel sexy

Romance with a natural light
Lighting the heart, uplifting
Soothing romance, god romance

Dream, inhale and dream
The sky, the sea, summer, all



Drink it all in
Its never-ending, like poetry, music, anything
Nature, at night by the sea

We walk along
Seeing life together
Watching people and us grow

When will the waves stop?
Where is the end?
Seeing sand castles afar
Where is the end?

Only heaven knows

We look at life
In different ways
Though all end the same specter

Do not drink the cup of life
Bring it to your lips
Wink at it
And leave a kiss at the bottom

Taste the cup of life
Nectar!
Savor it
Cherish the final globule
And laugh

72

When your thoughts
Drift by your eyes
And the water rushes lazily about your feet
And you see sand castles along the water's edge,
Failing to give up life
Then you should be as such
For your love of life is greater

Share this with the wind
Share this with life
Share this with the morning blue

Share it with me

I asked for a wish
And received one
Only I gave it away for someone else
To know of love and feel it
In the heart

73

A man of ragged wear
A nautical smile
And a turned-up nose
Asked to love

A man of greying whiskers
Aging face and red saddened eyes
Asked to love

The children skating, laughing
Enjoying life, did not see this man
On the bench

He carried no frown upon his forehead
For his gnarled hands and warm heart
Carried his life through

No-one saw this man of sorrowful eyes
And greying whiskers
For he died thinking of youth
And asking of love, on the bench

Still he was thinking.....

Looking out through a shielded, mosaic tincture
Gazing about the mottled landscape of green
A passerby
Of few words nodded a friendly smile

At me....
United
Together, wine drunk from the lips of others



Friends with them
A friend with my soul

TENDERLY

When you feel lonely
Walk along the beach
With the wind whipping your hair around your eyes

Kick the sand
Feel it in your shoes
Smile at the child walking your way
Laugh with the clouds drifting by

Think...

Of pleasant memories
But linger not

Sing with the birds
Hold hands with life
Feel it!!!!
Feel its heart touch you tenderly

Feel its warmth for you

When you find something that replaces this,
Then hold onto it

For you're never lonely
Think of life, of it, of you
Together

Sandcastles, people, children, sand, love, tears, laughter

They're all there

I lay my dreams at your feet
Thread softly, least you thread on my dreams
And my heart

A man does not find life through a skeleton



But a skeleton can find life through a man

Whose hurt is greater
The thorn or the rose?
A thorn shows its pain
A rose does not

Whose hurt is greater?
To the thinker

The rose



JUST THOUGHTS ON A FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Thought.....
Thoughts are the fruits of mankind
Natured And nurtured by knowledge
To be used for others
For the return is greater.....

SOMBRE

The landscape of white
In the early morn
Blocking all signs of life
Within its misty sheen

A twilight of fog and mist
All movement slow

The trees stand barren of their colors
A CHILL set the air
Clouds somber by asking of the wind

Snow flying around
Sailing in the air
Children outside having fun
Snow angles being made

Children having fun on the landscape of white
In the early morn

MAYBE

Come and share my morning
With the sun
Watching butterflies, kites and balloons

Running barefoot, licking an ice-cream cone
And remembering joy in every day

Come and share my morning with the sun
Come and share the morning with me

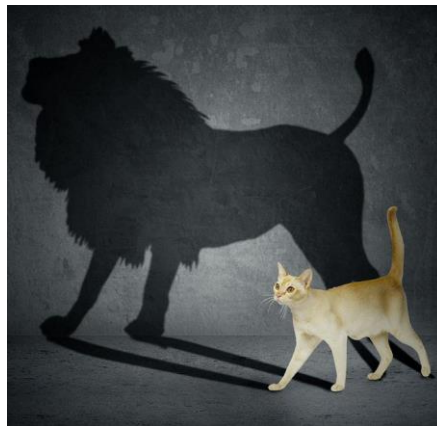


Slinking
Skulking
Padding about alone
Walking proud

A light
A flare up in the eyes
A look, ghastly

Coat shimmering in the light
Unknown in the moonless night
Yet...
During the calm
It's shy and petite

For nine lives you posses
Life is no longer a mystery



Warm water
Swimming lazily around
My bodies length
Caressing me with its gentle waves lapping
Upon my chest
Holding me close



I linger with mind and body in my bath
Thinking of Jamacia
Full of bosomed girls with short dresses, tall men with tans

Lying on the beach, soaking up the sun
A hammock and surf

My bath is nice
It keeps the dirt away, a shower would be better
My bath is nice, it lets me dream of Jamacia

REGURGITATION

Oh the flighty wisps of feet
Swaying to the beat of the floor below
Up and down
Down and up
And quick, quick, slow
Pounded, embedded, memorized in our minds
But then there are others

Well.....

MEANS A LOT

Broken planking, rusting nails all around
Water running merrily beneath our feet
Sitting upon a once used ferry
In the twilight of morn

Asking of no more from each other than ourselves
Can you believe in yourselves, when thoughts of ROMANCE enter
Seeing two people fall in love
And no one knows

Look upon the water, slowly running,
Among the willows free
And watch the traffic beckon you to come forth with their lights

A glow of desire upon our faces
Rushing to and fro through eternity
My hand touching your face
Following the lines and ridges
Seeing your smile and glowing eyes



We made love among the growing grass on this cool night
Asking of no more from each other than ourselves
We're part of each other now

The sun shows us among the broken planking
Rusting nails all around
Water running merrily beneath our feet
Sitting upon a once used ferry
In the bursting morn

You came with a happy face
Drawing people near you, then
Not asking anymore

Graceful and delicate, dancing in circles, memorized steps
Listening to people, asking questions
Never giving answers at once

Sweat pouring from my forehead
Looking around for you to be my partner in dance
Together, wispig along the floor
Feet moving in unison
3 minutes of waltz

Practicing over and over
Boredom sets in the faces of others around
Yet, you are there with a happy face
Asking on no one to know you

I guess its none of their business

I like you



I'm a sailor
Drifting along with the blue clouds and minds
Nodding at the rainbows
Searching the days

For the air smells of dream to come
And sandcastles to be made
That were removed years ago

The waves crash upon the yawning shore
Foaming as ecstatic men of wisdom
Seeking knowledge

Soothing, caressing the soft sand
Beneath your feet, cool to our touch

The sun molds an amber cloud
Near the horizon
It's warm but cool at last

The night flies and fireflies
Illuminate the coming night

A curtain setting down
Upon this beach
All quiet, all asleep

Yet I am walking
Along with pleasant memories of the morn
Feeling the wet sand
Beneath my feet

THOUGHTS ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON

This ending of another day
Is like many in my life
People mingle, crowd, nod a friendly smile
But none see mine

I share myself as much as I know
I hope I share enough
For like a flower
Or the shimmering breeze
Only briefly shows

To share a smile, to share the cup of life
To taste, to savor the last drop
Then leaving a kiss at the bottom

Crowded buses
Dancing in the studio
Singing a joyful song in the pub

Among friends

To see your face and smile
Then looking briefly at the run in the waitress's hose
A 40 watt bulb illuminating

For these are just thoughts
And I'm sitting in a pizza shack
With buses rolling by
Waiting for a friend
Maybe she'll pay for the coffee

What I know of drifting tides and damp sleeping bags
Walking along quiet beaches
Caressing the sand between my toes

I learned from talking to people
And seeing life in others eyes
And visiting harbors in my sleep
With you at my side

Maybe someday we'll share
The morn together

Tense moments
My heart tells strongly its beat
I'm listening to the news on TV

Waiting.....
I've felt this before
In my past, many minutes
Sometimes hours went by

You become aware of sounds
The creeping traffic
A maddening horn

No coffee on the stove
Nor a can of brew on the shelf
You feel alone and anxious at equal times
Sitting on the couch, with my brown baggies, running shoes
Of clean white
A tee-shirt of many colors

Oh well, waiting for a phone call is not that way
It's worse

72

Tiny dancer
Eyes bright and wide
Moving about
Soft as the wind
Hard like jazz

On the toes, ballroom
Sigh

Your face is a curious smile
A wink at a passerby

Tiny dancer
Eyes bright and wide
Feeling the sounds of man
Filling the air
Dancing with a fluid grace

Moving, feeling, acting out melodies
An actress, a comedian on stage
Or with people

Tiny dancer
Eyes bright and wide
You are full of life
Many others know the sounds of man

Going down the road
Sun beating strong
It's 80 degrees out

My mind dreams of cool
Sunlight valleys and trees
And a malted milk

Of mountain streams
And children smiling

Days of drinking orange in the Boston Pizza
Maybe some beers or two

But these are dreams
And I am going down the road
Sun beating strong
Whew!!!

Tiny children
And tiny dams
Water running clear
Small hands building
Molding

Children laughing and playing
Tiny dams and tiny dreams
Flowing slowly, murkily

Sounds fill the air
Water rippling
Falling in drops
Around small eyes

Tiny children
And tiny dams
Water slowly running

Let's race our tooth picks
And boats of wood
In this sunny day

I came to the city
With the sun in my eyes
My mouth was full of laughter
And of the good times
I knew

Seeking the pot of gold
I know I must go
And seek a better life

I'm going down the road
Seeking a new face
I came to the city
With the sun in my eyes
And I found
The pot of gold

She was one of big bright eyes
My mouth rang with love and laughter
And my heart is knowing the good times

124 ST

Sitting in the arm of
A crooked old tree
My eyes intruding through the branches
The air smells very fresh tonight

Two girl hitch hikers thumbing along
They receive a ride quickly
Must be a good night

Cars bustle past

" what the heck", a green spider
On my arm
The trees alive with them
I'm waiting in the crook of an old tree
Behind some buildings
Waiting to see the one I love

But this is not me

Thoughts

Two people pedal past
Not noticing me in my covered space
This is not me
I'm freer than this inside

Why must I hide
My feelings from you and others
If people only accepted
And not rejected other

Why must people be of hidden voice?
Why?

Thinking of past memories
Of one I loved
Never to have

I'm lonely
When I have no one
At my side

The day is a mellow day
Not good
Not bad
Just a cool clear day
And my mind is the thing clouded

Thinking of someone at my side
Thinking of someone I love
Thinking of who I am
