

THE SONG
OF
THE POET

BY
JUDY GRUENFELD

The Song of the Poet

The song of the poet
Though you may not know it
Is expressed without music
Though lyrics infuse it.

The song that he sings
Will be sure to bring
Much pleasure to those
Less taken by prose.

The song he imparts
From deep in his heart
Will soon bare his soul
As his tale he infolds.

A song to be sung
Need not come from the lung
It is not so remote
That it comes from the throat.

Of the words that appear
There is no need to fear
For in order to hear
You don't need a trainer ear.

The poet that's in me
Writes in its own key
Which I now offer you
Read and unlock my tune.

THE PROPHECY

Come here my sweet child, there's something I must tell you
We have been chosen, I want you to know
Angels pure and mild with souls that are fresh as dew
Will bring us a gift to nurture and grow.

A very special soul [neshama] soon will be ours to keep
Bringing along with it burdens to bear
Though we may feel some times that we would like to weep
The Lord [Hashem] will wipe away all our tears.

We can't ask questions of Him and His wondrous ways
He would not give us a test we can't pass
He will be there to help us through all of our days
Forging a bond that forever will last

We'll draw our strength from the One who is up above
Us, He will comfort and assuage our fears
Always secure in the fact that we have His love
Ever to keep us so near and so dear.

When the time's right, He will reveal why us He chose
In the meantime, we have nothing to fear
Safe in the knowledge that God [Hashem] on us always glows
One day the answer will be crystal clear.

[Note: The Song of the Poet includes two slightly different versions.
These differences are in brackets above]

ABOUT MY SON

At night when I lay in bed
Many thoughts go through my head
Most of the about my son
And just how far he has come
"What does his future hold?" I ask
"Am I equal to the task?"
"Will there ever come a day?"
"When for him I need not pray?"
"What do the years have in store?"
"Lord, couldn't you have given him just a little more?"
It seems that almost every night
Falling asleep is a difficult fight
But when the day is bright and new
I put all my faith in You
You have never let me down
For strength and courage I have found.

[Note: referencing her older son]

A Soul So Pure

A soul so pure who rose above, he
Brought forth a covenant and symbolized love
Reaching out to all who came by, he
Arose from a sickbed, no thought he could die
Hospitality his trademark, on the third day
Arrived there three visitors coming his way
Mother and Father laid out on a table, fit for a king,
 though he was not able.

Better Busy than Bored

I came home from the workshop
One Friday afternoon
So tired and so glad to stop
The week couldn't end too soon.

We didn't have too much down time
I told my Mom when I came home
She said that that's a very good sign
There was no time for me to roam.

I assembled boxes till my hands were sore
And then my boss gave me some more
There is much more work to do
So get busy, all of you.

We rushed and rushed throughout the day
I'd say we really earned our pay
We did a good job, we really soared
Better busy than being bored.

Ronnie & Judy Gruenfeld

Eliezer's Grin

I know a boy who is pure joy
When he smiles the sky lights up for miles
When he laughs you're drawn right in
To all that is pure and free from sin.

His voice is heard though not with words
By those who hear though not with ears
When looking into his big brown eyes
I see all that's important and all that is wise.

One day while perches on tippy-toes
He made an attempt to kiss my nose
He couldn't get it just quite right
And so the kiss became a bite.

The sweetest kiss I've ever had
Was given to me by you, little lad
You're the bestest hugger in the world
You give of yourself with a love that's unfurled.

We look for life's meaning when we are down
But I just have to turn around
And take a look at where I've been
And remember Eliezer's grin.

My Teacher, My Son

It's been 32 years almost to the date
When unbeknownst to me he sealed my fate
A baby boy was born, you see
A special child was born to me.

We changed him, we fed him, we cooed to him sweetly
We hugged him, we kissed him, we dressed him so neatly
We took him for walks, we bathed him at night
We taught him to talk, we hoped he was bright.

The hair on his head shone like spun gold
By this time, you see, he had turned three years old
And my sweet little boy had a beautiful face
But I started wondering, where is his place?

He's not like the others. Something's not quite right.
Autistic, said doctors. That was my plight!
To whom could I turn? Where can I go?
My hot tears would burn. I just did not know.

Then one day a friend with whom I was staying
Said, "Listen to me. Why don't you start praying?"
"But that's not my way. It's not what I choose."
"Try it," she said. "You've nothing to lose."

The road I not travel is a quite different one
And who is my teacher? You guessed it, my son!
This all is quite special. With him I have soared.
He's' shown me the way back home to The Lord.

[Note: referencing her older son]

OUR SPECIAL SCHOOL

We began as a seed
In somebody's mind
We were planted and watered
And nurtured in kind
We started to grow
Each and every day
We reap and we so
More than you can know
With love and with kindness
Each teacher provides
We bloom and we blossom
Like the strength of the tides.

PLEASE DON'T STARE

Please don't stare when we are there
We're just like you, we have feelings, too
If you've a question we don't mind
What we don't like is the other kind
Of treatment that we sometimes get
From people well intentioned, yet
Just don't know how they should approach
Us and the subject they should broach
We did not choose the path we're on
But you can make the journey one
That's not so painful if you try
To see things from the other side
Put one foot in our shoe
And see things from our point of view
But for the grace of G-d, it's true
The one being stared at could have been you.

[Note: referencing her older son]

The Tzaddik

He doesn't speak
He doesn't have to
His eyes tell you
All you need to know
When you look into them
You see big, round, clear blue
Pathways to Heaven
A pure soul
Is reflected back and you
Unencumbered by the emptiness
Of our material world
His eyes see only
What is important
The filter out the pettiness
Of our mundane existence
And concern themselves
Only with improving the middos
Of those who are
Alleged know him.

Two Special Souls

Of special souls, I've seen my share
But there are none that can compare
With a very special pair
But I can claim witness to bare.

One of them has golden hair
At the other's beauty, you must stare
You can't look upon either face
Without being transformed to a higher place.

One's eyes are brown, the others blue
And then you see only what is true
Too gentle souls center from beyond
That share a very special bond.

Lord, Your miracles are not few
But when I gaze upon these two
I am always moved to tears
And motivated to face my fears.

If given the option we'd not chosen this
But then I think of all that we'd miss
When I way all the gains and all of the losses
I'm grateful that choice is only the Boss'.

When I Look at You

When they look at you
They see someone in a wheelchair
When I look at you
I see someone proudly zipping down the street.

When they look at you
They see saliva dripping down the corner of your mouth
When I look at you
The sea pearls of wisdom coming forth.

When they look into your eyes
They see nothing
When I look into your eyes
I see a pure soul.

When they look at you
They see a handicapped person
When I look at you
I see another one of God's perfect creations.

Daughter Dear

My daughter, dear
Please do come here
With you
I must be true.

I've never been up front
You see
And told you
What you mean to me.

My friends all know
Just how I feel
I tell them so
I must be real

But I do have one huge regret
Since you married my son
I have never told you that
Long ago, my heart you won.

[Note: referencing her mother-in-law]

MY FATHER AND HIS FATHER

When he came across the sea it was so long ago
Just to live and be free and escape from his foe
You can't breathe putrid air and take life as it comes
When you're living in fear of deadly pogroms.

As he watched the ship's mast from the steerage below
Left behind was his past, and his future unknown
With the clothes on his back and a will to succeed
He made up for the lack and had courage to proceed.

An arduous trip by our standards today
He got off the ship and then made his way
His life was not easy as child or adult
Orphaned of his father when just three years old.

He worked very hard all his life,
For his mother, his siblings, his children and wife
He had no role model from which he could learn
To be a good father when it was his turn.

His children, he hit them, by night and by day
Though he loved them so dearly, he knew no other way
One of those children is my loving Dad
The very best father a girl ever had.

And though he has scars that the eyes cannot see
The father is a very special to me
What makes him so special to me is a boon
His face still lights up when I enter the room.

MY PRECIOUS CHILD

My precious child, I love you so
My love for you will only grow
If ever you're lost and all alone
Know you'll always have a home
Within my heart while I still breathe
And to that love you can always cleave
The world may not see you through my eyes
But no matter what your size
You'll always be my precious child,
You'll always be my precious child.

MY SON

My son
You mean the world to me
Without you
Who knows where I'd be.
The joy
You've given selflessly
Cannot be measured
In its entirety.
Bright smile
Bright eyes
And all the while
Your heart's large size
Is without guile.
From the day
We brought you home
You've led the way
And we've been shown.
Just how much love
A son can bring
A treasure-trove
Of thee I sing.

On Marriage

To my husband:
I went to bed
And then I slept
But in my head
A dream I kept.
I waited there
For you so long
So we could share
Our favorite song.
You let me sleep
The dream to keep
And put away
For another day.
I won't forget
The night you dared
To wake me up
And say you cared.
I want to share that moment with you again

And again

And again.

To my wife:
Roses are red
Violets, sublime
For 30 years
Waking you was a crime

A crime

A crime.

Thanks for Being There for Me

Thanks for being there for me
It meant more than you know
Just knowing that you care for me
Made it easier to go.

Thanks for staying by my side
Where I needed you to be
Ever there to love and guide
You mean so much to me.

Thanks for being there for me
In good times and bad
Just knowing that you care for me
An easier time I had.

Thanks for staying by my side
Always, throughout my life
Ever there to love and guide
From your devoted wife.

TRIBUTE TO A LOST FRIEND

I miss the you that I once knew
The cheery smile that said,
"You're welcome here at any time"
"Come in, We'll break some bread."

Your spirit seemed to fade before me
Like the late on a summer's eve
And when I tried to light a spark
My pleas you did not heed.

Your heart beats still. Life's blood does spill
Throughout your every vein
And though you breathe and walk and talk
Your spirit's not the same.

But when the soul within you dies
The body very soon decries
The light of life can no longer shine
Good-bye, beloved friend of mine.

ACHTUNG!

Mama who has been through Hell
Fortunately, has lived to tell
Of the woes that came her way
When in Europe forced to stay.

Now she's old and bent and broken
But to her children she has spoken
Of the vermin and the rot seen
Scratch a German, find a Nazi.

[Note: referencing her mother-in-law]

DEPRESSION

When the demons get their grip
And I feel I start to slip
I go deep inside myself
The pain I tried to squelch.

I know not where it's coming from
Or why the clouds descend
I only know I'm trapped inside
A hurt that will not end.

Impending doom will start to loom
Of life and all its strife
Why does it have to be this way?
I sit and wonder, hope and pray.

My heart of heavy amidst a bevy
Of blessings I should count
The tears won't stop. I seem to shed
A plentiful amount.

If in the end I should descend
Amidst toil and travail
I won't give in, I'll try to win
And even to prevail.

Dorothy

Dorothy,
I wish we'd met
You're someone
I shall not forget
Your sharp tongue
And your caustic wit
Did not hide your pain
One bit.

The loves you lost
Dream that were tossed
Right into the abyss
Can't ease the ache
By words well placed
Your heart,
Much it did miss.

I hope at peace
Now is your soul
The hurt
Somewhat abated
The broken pieces
Finally whole
For too long
Have you waited.

[Note: likely referencing Dorothy Parker]

For Barbara

Barbara, how I miss you so
Barbara, where did the years go?
Barbara, taken far too soon
Barbara, can you touch the moon?
Barbara, there's a hole in my heart
Barbara, since you to depart
Barbara, your visits during the night
 wake me with a terrible fright
Barbara, life is not the same
Barbara, since I do remain
 here on earth and without you
Barbara, oh, what can I do?
Barbara, how I long to be
 back among your company
Barbara, we'll just have to wait
 I'm tired and it's getting late.

For Dorothy

Dorothy, You captivate me
Dorothy, How cruel life can be
Dorothy, Your caustic wit never slackened off a bit
Dorothy, A bitter life
Dorothy, A bitter wife
Dorothy, I'd like to know more about your heart and soul
Dorothy, Poor baby wronged
Dorothy, For love you longed
Dorothy, Were you my little girl
Dorothy, I'd treated you like a pearl
Dorothy, Love you would have known
Dorothy, How you would have grown
Dorothy, Can we back go back years
 I would vanquish all your fears
 And dry up all your baby tears.

[Note: likely referencing Dorothy Parker]

My Black Blouse

Mama wouldn't wash my black blouse
I was fourteen years old
Mom said I was too young to wear black
So the black blouse stayed in the hamper.

Mama would wash my black blouse
I was just starting high school
Mama said it didn't have to look like everyone else
To the black blouse staying in the hamper.

Mama wouldn't wash my black blouse
I went to the store and bought it by myself
Mama said she should have gone with me
So the black blouse stayed in the hamper.

Mama wouldn't wash my black blouse
I was trying to learn to define who I was
Mama said I was her daughter and couldn't wear black
So the black blouse stayed in the hamper

Mama wouldn't wash my black blouse
I'm forty years old now
Mama wonders why I can't make up my own mind
My confidence is in the hamper with my black blouse.

Nicholas

Nicholas, the Russian Czar
Nicholas, long ago you were
Nicholas, at your greatest height
Nicholas, oppressed the people's rights
Nicholas, for want of retribution
Nicholas, you aborted a revolution
Nicholas, my grandfather on your hit list
Nicholas, he gave you the slip
Nicholas, to America came he
Nicholas, you're dead but not so, me.

Nightmare

A restless morn follows a sleepless night
At last the dawn arrives in spite
Of dreams that haunted me throughout
What seems to be another bout
Of tossing and turning as memories flood
My unconscious state and will not abate.

I know you're gone for many years
But nighttime brings out all my fears
You seem so real as you sing your song
I reach out to feel what I've missed for so long
And though you visit me while I sleep
It ever causes me to weep.

I always pick up with the start
Caused by the pounding in my heart
Your memory so clear that I can see and hear
Your voice reminiscent of days long gone by
A voice insufficient but clear to my ear
It's time to let go but I cannot do so.

So painful the memories of years that have passed
So painful the memories that tears they do last
Throughout the day and throughout the night
Far longer than is for the best
Dear friend, how it miss you with all of my might
But please do desist, we both need our rest.

POOR MAMA

I never thought I'd live this long, she said
Everybody's gone
My husband
My sister
My brothers
My sisters-in-law
My brothers-in-law
I'm the only one left
I never thought I'd live this long, she repeated
She repeats a lot these days
The light that when sparkled in her eyes is gone
Now only tears glisten
As they trickle down her dry, wrinkled cheeks
I never thought I'd live this long, she said again
Everything hurts
My back
My feet
My joints
My hip
I can't walk anymore
I used to walk a lot
Now, I'm too tired to talk
Is this the golden age we were looking forward to?
I never thought I'd live this long, she repeated again
No one comes to visit
Not my son
Not my daughter
Not my grandchildren
Not my neighbors
Well, sometimes they do
I have no more friends
They're not here anymore
What can I do?
I have to take it as it comes
I never thought I'd live this long.

The Forest of Depression

Feeling depressed
Is like being in a forest.
Sometimes you see a way out
And sometimes
You go deeper and deeper
Into the jumbled woods of your mind
Overwhelmed by the endless
Tentacles of branches
That grab you
And hold you prisoner in your own head.
Seeing only the massive forest
I wish I could concentrate
On one tree at a time
But they all blend together
Distorting my perceptions.
Were there a way out
I would freely roam the meadows
Luxuriating in the soft, soothing grass
Or would I only see the clouds
That rain on and expand the forest?

Your Sonny or Your Life

My life I think I have neglected
But my child I have protected
As mother of a handicapped son
He was priority number one.

He's come so far; it's been so long
Now's the time to sing my song
The house is quiet in the night
And poetry, I like to write.

Throughout his life my son has soared
And now it's time to hear my word
The trouble is, I must confess
Inside my head lies a jumbled mess.

From years and years of day-to-day
I don't know what I have to say
My heart will mend to my chagrin
Where does he end and I begin?

[Note: referencing her older son]

A Homogeneous World

Right as rain the storm clouds came
Inch by inch and did not flinch
Covering up the daylight sky
Howling, as the wind swept by
Above the blue the darkness crew
Round and round and downward bound
Drenched the earth with all its tears
Covering up well hidden fears
Heaven's reach is out of bounds
A world in which pure souls are found
Near mortals we and cannot see
Beyond the sky and just drift by
Ever wondering where to turn
Reaching out, hoping to learn
Life's greatest mysteries
And awake
In time to see a
New dawn break.

Another One of Those Days

Today just wasn't a very good day
Allow me to elucidate, if I may
Mr. Murphy and his law
Followed me around and he kept score.

I should have known when I fell out of bed
What would probably lie ahead
I didn't listen to my inner voice
Because I really had no choice.

So, up I got to face the day
Not knowing what would come my way
But had I known of all the dread
I would have gone right back to bed.

My coffee spilled and made a mess
On what moments before was a nice, clean dress.
When my buttered toast fell to the floor
I wondered what else the day had in store.

I didn't have to go very far
For when I got into my car
And put the key in the ignition
I realize I was in a precarious position.

I put my foot down to the floor
Of gas, I gave it a little more
While moving the transmission stick
All I heard was a clickety-click.

As I pulled the car key out
I now had not a single doubt
That the date might well be wasted

And perhaps I shouldn't face it.

But obligations came my way
And so I called the Triple-A
We'll be there in an hour or two
That's the best that we can do.

When the tow truck finally showed
From right down to a nearby road
The car they said they could not goad
To start and so it had to be towed.

But wait a minute, that can't be
I have a special son, you see
You must try and do your best
As we're to be someone's Sabbath guest.

Lady, all that I can do
Is take it to the shop for you
As far as your son don't worry about
Him till the time when school lets out.

You don't understand, I told the man
You can't be late for a Sabbath date
I see, he smiled, when all the while
He thought my fuss was really unjust.

I called the school my son was at
And ventured forth to tell them that
My car had died and I came unglued
And I did not know what I should do.

Then to the rescue came my husband
Just as if the whole thing was planned
You should have known that me you could trust

There is no reason to be so nonplussed.

Though watching the clock as it did tick away
We arrived just in time to save the day
My son came home from school, the men went to shul
I glanced at my child and could not help but smile.

He just sat there mute and looking so cute
But not missing a thing as he is quite astute
"Shabbos" was all that he had to say
And the cares of the day just melted away.

EVEN THOUGH

Even though you think you can't go on, you do
Even though you think there is no hope, there is
Even though you think there is nothing to live for
You find something
Even though you think you're at the end of the rope
You're not
Even though the pressures of life seems so great
That you'll never rise above it
A glimmer of hope shines through
Even though you think you're all alone
A friend comes by to tell you that you're loved
Even though you think
You can't make it through another day
Something inside you won't let you give up
Even though darkness comes at the end of each day
A new day always dawns
And brings with it a new beginning.

My Favorite Toy

Words are a toy
For me to enjoy
My very best playmate
By night or by daylight
Just give me a pad
And give me a pen
As I've never had
So much of the yen
To sit down and scribble
And I'd like to ask
Please save me from drivels
As I tend to my task.

Poetic Dreams

Of writing I am fondest when
The ink just oozes from the pen
The ebb and flow of words I know
Will start off slow and then will grow
As water ripples in a pond
When stones are thrown and go beyond
The place they landed and create
A peaceful and a tranquil state
The ripples sway and the waters dance
And put me in a dreamlike trance
The cadence of the words will flow
To an altered state of my ego
Of places that I long to be
And places that I long to see
Will come to life and thus will be
A part of my reality
Created by my mind and then
Brought to life with ink and pen.

Snowfall

As the pristine beauty of the snowflakes fall
I sit and watch in total awe.

Now that snow falls inch by inch
Gone are robin, jay and finch.

The breathlessness of every flake
Causes me to come awake.

Another miracle is abound
As each one floats down to the ground.

No two alike, these wondrous flakes
Each its own unique form takes.

As a snow falls layer by layer
I sit and watch while deep in prayer.

Awareness is all that you need
To appreciate the wonders and pay heed.

To all that comes from up above
Given with unconditional love.

With eyes wide open I can see
The blessings that the snowfall brings.

The Will to Go On

In dreams I have soared
Passed the reality of my situation
And in victory I have roared
Passed the limits of my expectation.

A fight to the finish if I'm to excel
On wings will I fly beyond my perception
Myself to propel
In my determination.

Inspired by those
Who crossed over the line
And willingness to expose themselves
To the sublime.

What qualities to possess
If I'm to reach success
Sometimes elude me
And often confuse me.

But driven by foresight
I try with all my might
Through the darkest of night
For my dreams to take flight.

The insecurities that lie within me
Do battle with feelings
That only deceive me
By thinking that I never could free me.

From limitations self-imposed
Saying that I could not cope
We'll only perpetuate what is a lie
Therefore, I will continue to try.

When Wandering through the Meadowland

When wandering through the meadowland
The grass felt soft, like silky sand
The dew still wet and smooth and sleek
Felt cool and soft beneath my feet
The blades of grass tickled my toes
As anyone who barefoot goes
The sun was warm upon my face
And thought me of another place
Where angels sing and clouds go by
Adrift on wings in clear blue skies
When making waves upon the earth
A new day dawns and thus gives birth
To life that's fresh and crisp and clean
And waiting there just to be seen.

Words

Words are my friends
From day's start till day's end
They always do
What I want them too.

If I pick up my pen
And I'm in my glory
When now and again
I want to write a story.

It's quite an expense
With no recompense
But maybe some day
My bills they will pay.

Poems are my favorite
Don't agonize over it
They spill out of me
When in the mood I be.

A Matter of Priority

I sit at home and write about
What is my heart's desire
I hope one day things turn around
And a publisher I inspire.

It could be sooner, it could be later
One can never know
My husband is not a very good "waiter"
And tells me "out" to go.

Don't run amok, I do insist
You be a little lighter
With a little luck and a twist of the wrist
I could become a writer.

I must pursue my dream come true
If given room to vent
I'll make it through in spite of you
If I do not relent.

It's true, he said, and I have read
That's fantasies turn real
But, by then I may be dead
If I don't get a meal.

I give you food, my husband, dear
If you promise me now and here
Should I one day accomplish my feet
My words you then will eat.

A Native New Yorker

The streets of New York
Are where you call home
No matter its quirks
Wherever you roam.

A language unique
Does this city bear
Though somewhat oblique
And hard on the ear.

A native you are
No matter how far
From the city you go
Your accent does show.

With the force of a brute
Unless you stay mute
The place of your origin
Makes you sound foreign.

I can't help but think
While not quite astute
When English you speak
You sound awfully cute.

Anna Belly

It was many and many a year ago
In a forest by a tree
That a young girl there worked whom you don't know
By the name of Anna Belly;
And the young girl worked right next to me
Taping and sapping the syrupy tree.

I was a child and she was a child
In this forest by the tree
But we worked with the zeal that had much more appeal
I and my Anna Belly
With a work, oh, so dedicated were she and me
Taping and sapping this syrupy tree

And as it happened so long ago
In this forest by the tree
The day was so hot and we got so sweaty
I and my Anna Belly
But the time was as right as it could be
For tapping and sapping this syrupy tree.

Then one day when the trees were already
As luck would happen to be
We worked very hard, side- by- side
I and my Anna Belly
We went all around the forest that day
Taping and sapping the syrupy trees

As luck would have it there was quite a market
For the sap from our syrupy trees
And so through the forest we both did our darnedest
I and my Anna Belly
We sold all our syrup and turned quite a profit
On pancakes and waffles to eat.

(Adapted from Edgar Allen Poe's Annabel Lee)

A Tale of Two Pockets

Regarding money, some people are funny
What's mine is mine, and is not thine
But what is thine I could think of as mine
If only you would think so, too
As a wife, I'm well provided for
But I always think I could use more
So into my bank account
Each week I put a certain amount
Of money taken from my pay
Which I earn each and every day
My husband of this is aware
And says that this is really not fair
He thinks that we both should share
When his pocket becomes bare
But, sweetheart, said I, if only you try
To think the thing through
And see my point of view
I work very hard for my money like you
And I'd like to sock it in a different pocket
And sometimes don't you think it's true
That you deserve a pocket, too
To put a little money in
When it gets to feeling thin
My husband said he would explain
And then the explanation came
I think you miss the point perchance
Aren't both pockets in the same pair of pants?

FEET

I hate feet. I don't think they're neat.
In all kinds of feet the world is replete.
There are fat feet and skinny feet
Hot feet and cold feet
Wide feet and narrow feet
These feet and those feet.
There are feet that get sweaty
And those that stay dry
I just can't seem to like feet
No matter how hard I try.
When I think of feet I start to twitch
Which reminds me of feet that constantly itch.
When I go to the beach or I go to the pool
I see all those bare feet and I blow my cool.
Put on some sneakers or put on some shoes
Or to be sure your feet you will bruise.
Most awful are toes and goodness knows
I hate it the most when through shoes one shows.
Some toes are stubby and others are lanky
Whenever I see them I'm sure to get cranky.
The fact that I hate feet and think they're the dregs
Keeps me wishing that we could just walk on our legs.

From Saturday Night to Sunday Morning

We went out to the movies
Last Saturday at night
And afterwards decided that
We would go for a bite.

My husband was not very thrilled
This evening for to be
At a movie that was billed
Especially for she's.

I really don't like these chick flicks
They're not my cup of tea
Next time around I will pick
The movie that we see.

In the meantime eat, please try
What you have on your plate
Bagels then I want to buy
Before it gets too late.

We'll bring them home if that's all right
Yes, that will ease my plight
We'll eat them in the morning
And thus, salvage tonight.

I looked straight across at my "beau"
As he ate his meal
I think it's now time that you know
Exactly how I feel.

If with this bad attitude
You do not desist
You may not still be around
When it's time for breakfast.

Mama's Closet

We cleaned out Mama's closet today
She's really getting old
There really was no other way
And to Mama, this we told.

You can't keep all your junk in here
It's really quite a mess
We'll throw out what you do not wear
So you'll have to deal with less.

Okay, she said, with both your views
I cannot argue much
She then pulled out some wooden shoes
From Europe that were Dutch.

Said I to Mom, "What have you there?"
As sis began to stare
"They're wooden shoes that you can wear"
"Would you like the pair?"

Sis looked my way. "What do you say?"
"They're here for you to take"
Said I, "I'd love those wooden shoes"
"Who wouldn't, wouldn't shoo?"

[Note: referencing her mother-in-law and sister-in-law]

My Pillow and My Blanky

When I've had a very bad day
Which causes me to ooh and ouch
I want to just go home and stay
Comfortably sprawled out on my couch.

With the help of my pillow and my blanky
I will calm down and will be less cranky
Wrapped up around me all nice and cozy
From my head right down to all my toesies.

Life is really at its best
When I'm afforded proper rest
There is nothing that can beat
The qualities of a good night's sleep.

My blanky keeps me nice and warm
Why I snuggle up is no wonder
Protected from all of life's storms
When my blanky I am under.

There is no better place for me
There's no place I would rather be
Than curled up and nestled my favorite way
With my pillow and blanky at the end of the day.

My Son, The Blood Donor

"Hi Mom," he said
When he came home from school
"I'd like to do something"
"I think it's real cool."

"I'm now seventeen"
"And of age says the state"
"When I can donate blood"
"If you'll cooperate."

"I brought home some papers"
"I need you to sign"
"To give your permission"
"On the dotted line."

"That's so very thoughtful"
I said to my son.
"And I certainly know"
"Why you want this done."

"You're aware of your duty"
"And do things so fine"
"It's easy for you"
"Since you've drained all of mine."

[Note: referencing her younger son]

One Nag at a Time

As soon as they enter your life
And once you have become their wife
The glue that holds your mind together
Just seems to loosen and tether.

They can't find their socks in the morning
Though you've given them sufficient warning
To look through the drawer they're supposed to be in
You can say it from dusk until dawning.

Good breakfasts you want them to eat
The meal you've made just can't be beat
But he has no time to relish the treat
So in your mouth goes your own feat.

Then when the children arrive
Your life never is quite the same
Some days barely glad you're alive
For everything wrong you are blamed.

In many directions you run
All but you are having fun
You'd love to just put up a sign
Saying, "One Nag at the Time."

My life has been somewhat garbled
With many things I've come to dread
No wonder I keep losing marbles
They keep drilling holes in my head.

SWEET YOUTH

Sweet youth that comes and goes so fast
With their soap thick and shiney
Has given way and is my past
And now I'm old and briney.

What was a smile and a laugh line
Has now become a wrinkle
What once would flow when you would go
Has now become a tinkle.

Of bulges there are more than charms
In places you were thin
What used to grow under your arms
Now grows under your chin

While looking back at where I've been
And now at where I'm headed
I guess I'd have to stop and grin
It's better than being deaded.

TALIBAN SOLDIER

I'm a terrorist and I shoot my gun
And I blow up bombs; it is lots of fun
Yes, the Jihad life is the life for me
I would gladly die just so I could be
A Taliban soldier...

When my turn is here whether far or near
I will gladly serve using all my gear
I will kill you folks, no it's not a hoax
I will proudly boast that I wanna be
A Taliban soldier.

If you're on a plane or you take the train
You'd better watch out just let me explain
I would not think twice, your throat I would slice
And my only price is I wanna be
A Taliban soldier.

But our best hit yet, such rewards we'll get
Is the New York blast, we'll wipe you out fast
There's the Anthrax scare, go out if you dare
But you should beware, 'cause I wanna be
A Taliban soldier...

Tennyson's Venison

I've heard the good
Alfred Lord Tennyson
Was partial
To meat known as venison
When asked as he supped
If he'd had quite enough
He replied,
"I could have more and then eat some."

The Food Machine

Ronnie G., the food machine
Started out as being lean
But through the years despite our fears
His appetite grew and he did, too.

There was no way it would abate
And so he kept on gaining weight
Though we would beg and we would pleas
Ronnie G. just would not heed.

His food intake could not be controlled
No matter how much he was told
You'll find that you'll be in harm's way
And then the price you'll have to pay.

For as you keep on getting bigger
It will cause damage to your ticket
We may have to live without you, lad
And that will make us very sad.

Then one day chest pains began
And to the doctor Ronnie ran
You'll need a by-pass, doctor said
Or you just may end up dead.

Unfortunately, due to the plaque
Ronnie G. had a heart attack
He was rushed right into surgery
Where doctors did a C-A-B-G.

But the damage done throughout the years
Was far too great to make repairs
And much to no one's great surprise
Ronnie G. met his demise.

The Runner

My son came for a visit
But he couldn't stay too long
He said he had some business
To take care of in the morn.

"What's so important," I asked him
"Why be in such a rush"
He said he's full of vigor and vim
And asked me not to push.

"But," I said, "You stay not long?"
"And I do miss you so"
"If you leave soon I'll feel wronged"
"This, I want you to know."

"But, Mom," he said, "Please understand"
"You I would never shun"
"It's just that I have made some plans"
"And have a race to run."

"But," I said, "A longer visit"
"Will not be a disaster"
"If you leave a little later"
"Just run a little faster."

[Note: referencing her younger son]

The Voyage

My mother's cousins sailed by ship
They traveled steerage rates
Long ago they made the trip
To the United States.

They docked in New York City
As many people did
But did not think it very pretty
And continued on their trip.

We'll head out west to make our lives
This town is not for us
Don't worry, we can pay the price
And please don't make a fuss.

We'll travel north a little bit
The border's where we'll aim
When the money runs out we will quit
And then we'll stake our claim.

They ended up in North Dakota
Who could ever know
With little money and a quota
How Far they would go.

TV Shows

I've had my Phil of talk show hosts
I'll Dona different hue
Psychologists, I'm proud to boast
Are not something I view.

If you want advice galore
Or to get something free
You'll have to gnaw and kick and Graw
Please spare me the M-c.

So to the Lake rides I will go
With puppy Springer right in tow
In Jeopardy if it gets darker
I won't wait there for the Barker.

WWW.HELPME.PLEASE

I'll learn to work computers
If it takes a year or three
The do's and don'ts of DOS and fonts
Won't get the best of me
I sit down really anxious
To apply what I have learned
The darn thing is obnoxious
And "on" it can't be turned
My frustration builds and I do pore
And more knowledge I do seek
Perhaps I'll learn a little more
At my lesson next week
My husband reassures me
The computer can't be broken
And yet he must be sure to see
That it I do stop pokin'
"What do you fear?"
"Why stay up all night?"
"The problem's only slight"
Said I to him, "Now listen, dear,"
"The problem is, it bytes."
"I see," he said, "Now come to bed."
"It's the middle of the winter."
"The mouse slid through the window"
"And is hiding in the printer"
"There is no need to dread," said he
"Though you'll never learn to hack"
"But mark my words, the day you'll see"
"When at it you'll get back"