

MARCH 10 POEMS, ADULTS (Click here to read adult poems)

1. UNTITLED

Hands scrape,
pull away the rubble,
a woman emerges--
to everyone's surprise
she comes out singing!
Selavi!

- Diane Mayr

2 LIFE, I WILL HAVE THE BEST

Life, I will have to ponder
It will last until a time yonder
How far will I wander?
Getting to yonder?

Life, I will have to esteem
Sometimes even redeem
Will I have to scream?
Or even be mean?

Life, I will have to cherish
Might have to be bearish
Struggles could be nightmareish
No one must parrish

Life, I will have to enjoy
Oh boy, oh boy
Set a goal to bring people joy
Might meet some of the hoy-paloy

Life, I will have to be thankful for
Even if I want more
Remember it is not a toy
But a thing of joy

Life, I will have to praise God
For this fabulous bod
Friends I will laud
Even if they are odd

Life , I will have the best
 Reach the crest
 Come through the test
 Get to rest

- Janet Kay Gallagher

3 FRANKIE'S SEAT

Each year we saved a seat,
 Each year the seat was empty.
 We'd spent our lives with schoolchildren,
 He'd spent his life with demons from 'Nam.

Each year we took our seats
 And wondered where he was.
 Then we'd order breakfast and tell stories
 And say thank you to our favorite teacher.

Each year we realized
 We could never understand his world
 And he didn't want to understand ours.
 But still, each year we saved a seat.

And then, for just one time,
 There he was at Bob's.
 Leather, Harley tattoos, beard, and smiles.
 And he was saving our seats.

We got the news today.
 Surely there will be Harleys where he's going.
 For sure there won't be any demons.
 Save a seat for us, Frankie.

- Gay Fawcett

4 THE LIFE OF SPADEFOOT JOE

There once was a toad named Spadefoot Joe
 Who lived in a burrow below.
 His hind feet had spades,
 Unique digging aids
 That got him where he wanted to go.

From egg, tadpole, to froglet he grew—
 Within two weeks. How? Nobody knew.

A tiny creature
 With an odd feature—
 He wafts a peanut butter smell to you.

He's gray with yellow vertical eyes.
 He dines upon insects, bugs, and flies.
 He's really harmless—
 Not at all charmless
 When he woos his mate with lamb-like cries.

So, if you should see him, watch your feet.
 He's friendly and fun, really quite neat.
 He's good for our earth.
 Give him a wide berth.
 Leave him for other people to meet.

- V. L. Gregory

5 HAIKU

Starting in God's mind,
 Extending from birth to death.
 Life goes beyond sight.

- V. L. Gregory

6 UNTITLED

Sometimes it seems too much
 I can barely stand one more thing
 But in the dark of my night
 You come into mind
 And I am certain I can do anything

I spent many years planning a definite way
 To end it all quick without any pain
 Then we met in the cooler
 And you took over my world
 So there was nothing left to complain

Did your hand hit my face
 Or did I push you too hard
 I can't really remember the truth
 But I packed all my stuff
 And decided to live in my car

I didn't know this had made you so sad
 That you didn't want us to end
 How could I know you were thinking up ways
 To end all the pain in your soul
 I wish I had been there my friend

So now when I feel like I can't handle it all
 Like life is just too hard to succeed
 I think of you and what you have done
 And that surviving is my old choice
 Now I am a mom, and I don't have the right just to leave

- Adrienne

7 POINT JUDITH LIGHT

That Sunday you wanted a drive,
 So we drove south, you and I,
 Singing alphabet songs, to the sea.

Some roads lead only to the sea.
 We passed a sign for "Scenic Drive,"
 You pointed out a lighthouse, which I

Saw was a mammoth lowercase "i"
 Topped with a beacon, and the sea
 Strove with its moon-driven drive

To drive us, home, beyond what my eye could see.

- Steven Withrow

8 THIS MOM'S LIFE

You have to eat right
 Please just do not fight
 You need to take turns and to share
 Now go outside for some fresh air

That is what I said
 It is time for bed
 Just come on and be nice
 Don't make me say it twice

What's the hurry and what's the rush?
 How hard is it remembering to flush?

Once again, put the toilet seat down
 Enough, really, with the farting sound

Love your mom with all your might
 Come over here, hug me tight!
 This is my life growing two boys into men
 But the thing I say the most often—
 Is just how much I love them.

- Claire

9 LIFE IS SIMPLE

This poem was about life's simplicity
 but as stanzas we just didn't agree.
 We changed it and hope the author won't mind.
 He's touched in the head and nearly blind.

You see the final stanza grabs the glory.
 He's the punch line in a poetic story.
 So the rest of us stanzas took a vote
 and we promised each other not to gloat.

On behalf of the stanzas in this poem,
 we put the last stanza fourth just to show 'em.
 'Cause we're tired of all his pompousness.
 So fourth's now fifth and the result is this.

This poem will fall without me at the end,
 rules are for keeping and we must not bend.
 The author you know will never again trust us
 and I think that will be poetic justice.

Originally the fourth now juxtaposed.
 I should be happy I guess, I suppose.
 In truth I'm scared as the grand finale.
 Um what do I do now?

- Ken Slesarik

10 LIFE IS

Life is wonderful
 For I am alive
 To sing or skydive

Life is a family
 Where friends are invited
 To love and beloved

Life is one big adventure
 To read and write
 Travel and explore nature

Life is discovering
 Who I am
 Where I am going

Life is not the pits
 Right or wrong
 I love it all

- Mary Nida Smith

11 NUMBER 2

Tall, thin, and skinny,
 Straight, and to the point.
 All you want is to use me,
 And throw me around your joint.

My body is so ridged,
 Feel it with your fingers,
 Then throw me away when you're finished!
 Your hate for me still lingers.

I may be non-descript,
 Sometimes, I get broken,
 You store me away like I don't matter.
 Not a word to me is spoken.

We make mistakes together,
 Like a child, you rub my head.
 Then you just blow me off,
 My heart is full of lead.

When life gets complicated,
 And puts you to the test,
 Suddenly, I'm all you've ever wanted,
 Oh sure, now I'm the best.

Dress me up and make me pretty,
 Adorn me with some flash,
 Show me to your friends like I'm some sort of prize,
 Then throw me in the trash.

You call me cheap old number two.
 You totally disregard.
 The life of the lonely pencil,
 Is really, very hard!

- Genia

12 THE LIFE OF A HOUSEWIFE

“What’d you do today Dear?”
 he comes home to say
 Well, this housewife you know
 works hard for no pay

I weeded the garden
 paid some of the bills
 cleaned the bird cage
 dusted the blinds and sills

I washed all the dishes
 vacuumed the rug
 glued on the handle of
 my #1 MOM mug

I tackled the laundry
 picked up the toys
 wrapped birthday presents
 read an article “Raising Boys”

Baked and frosted a cake
 sprayed the shower with foam
 started the dinner
 then wrote a cute poem

I helped with school work
 brushed and walked the dog
 grocery shopped even
 fixed that sink with the clog

I sewed on a few buttons
 placed a couple calls

ran several more errands
wiped down dirty walls

Jeeze, I never sat down
but the house – Still a mess
I did do a lot
Stop adding to my stress!

- Jackie Huppenthal

13 LIFE

Love everything.
Inspect each moment.
Feel the beautiful.
Embrace it all.

- Judith Lachance-Whitcomb

14 TAKE OVER MY LIFE

A life so easily controlled,
He took my life and made it his.
A dream so cautiously taken over,
He changed it to look like it was his.
Daily molding me into what he wants,
He changed my face, my clothes, my being.
Making me an image of his dream,
This dream is so different from my own.

Days go by and I loose myself,
Weeks go by and my clothes look dull.
Months go by and he chooses my friends,
Years go by and without seeing my family.
Time flies and he succeeds,
He has made his dream woman
A woman who listens without questioning,
A lady so lost she never looks up,
The ground has become her daily friend,
For his eyes are filled with anger.

I am not me anymore,
I am an image of his dream,
Trapped in a body I hardly recognise,
I am looking for a way out,
A voice that will tell me it is ok,

I want to know I can be fine on my own.
 He made me belong to him,
 He made me depend on him,
 My soul he took over,
 My dream shattered into pieces,
 I am a stranger in my own life.

Who said I needed to be put in my place?
 Who gave him permission to destroy my being?
 Did he ever really love me?
 He could not have loved me,
 Why change something you love?
 Why ruin your own special diamond?
 This man knows my weakness,
 But he has not seen my strength.
 He may have changed my being,
 But a soul knows its true self.

- souldose

15 LIFE

Life is a journey
 so they say.
 But mine is a boat trip
 all the way.

The water's been choppy
 with lots of falls.
 I've had bouts of anguish—
 not been a ball!

But as I continue
 this journey no end,
 The sights keep improving
 around each new bend.

And as I grow older
 I'm starting to think,
 That long as I paddle—
 I never will sink!

- Euleta Usrey

16 LIVE LIFE

Life's difficulties...
 Far outweighed by life's beauty.
 Live life. We have one.

- Beth Carter

17 LIFE'S TOO SHORT

Live life to extreme.
 Shun obnoxious, rude people.
 Life. It's way too short.

- Beth Carter

18 EMBRACE LIFE

Life throws surprises.
 Embrace. Laugh. Learn. Pay forward.
 Live. Give it your all.

- Beth Carter

19 LIVING LIFE

To Live Life You Must...

Always notice rainbows
 Listen for laughter
 Inhale sweet scents
 Dance with no music
 Enjoy morning coffee, wine
 Take walks, explore nature
 Touch, kiss, hug
 Celebrate when it's not a holiday
 Be spiritual but not preachy
 Appreciate good friends, family
 Have lazy days
 Be productive, too
 Soak up learning

Be yourself
Pass it on.

- Beth Carter

20 BETTER CHEMISTRY

When Earth was an acned youth given
to volcanic tantrums and cosmic collisions,
certain atoms,
bobbing like microscopic apples
in toxic pools acidic enough to eat a car battery
(if cars or batteries had existed then),
happened to align themselves just so,
thereby acquiring the capacity
to repeat their likeness among other atoms.

Life, of a sort, was off and running.

This accident of chemistry made possible,
four billion years hence,
the pair of Mallard ducks
that just strolled by my window searching
for a suitable place to duplicate themselves.

It wasn't simply from atom to duck.
Bacteria came early
in numbers too staggering to guess
producing enough oxygen
to clothe our spinning rock,
cool its temper,
keep it out of fights with passing asteroids.

Soon these ducks will repeat their likeness
in the next generation.
So will gnats and elephants
and horseshoe crabs.

Those ancient molecular stews
did what came naturally.

Today, through better chemistry,
so do we.

- David L. Harrison

21 GIFT OF THE MALE MANTIS

She sits utterly still,
queen of death
awaiting his gentle touch.

Sensing deep in his genes
she'll kill him during the act,
he approaches.

Either way his life is spent.
He comes bearing his one gift.

- David L. Harrison

22 MY LIFE AS AN ISLAND

Life as an island, something that most would not choose to experience
has a certain measure of comfort.
My life as an island, offers insights otherwise overlooked
by the distractions of the outer world

I am protected by the moat of the sea.
Isolated from the rest of the world.
I cherish the security offered by the solitude and seclusion.
My life as an island is a world without judgment,
that insensitive sentiment offered in spiteful and sarcastic tones.

Living as an island draws me into myself,
tugging at the threads of my soul,
knitting my inner workings into a perfect entanglement,
enhancing my desire for increased seclusion
simultaneously contributing to the whirling confusion of living.

The harsh realities of the world,
avoided in my life as an island,
penetrate through the waves washing onto
the shores of my brain.

Playing freely and spontaneously on
my life as an island, I encounter
bitter truths, which shatter my fantasy of wellbeing:

I am not playing freely.
 Self-judgments constantly plague me
 Reality skirts the fringes of my mind
 revealing the cruel facts of my life as an island.

My life as an island...
 is lonely.

- Kathy Stump

23 FLAKES OF SACRIFICE

Falling from great height,
 A gentle suicide;
 "Fighting the good fight,"
 Beautiful death in stride.

Punished by the world
 In paradox of strife,
 Destined to be hurled
 To die in warmth of life.

It knows even though
 Substance melts at rapid pace,
 We behold its glow
 And admire all its grace.

Consider the soft, sweet snow in its plight:
 It perishes for our peace and delight.

- drj3kyll

24 TRITINA FOR LIFE AND DEATH

"Rage against the dying of the light,"
 they say. But how do you escape death
 when you are in its grasp?

I hold tightly to your ever-loosening grip,
 praying for light,
 hoping to postpone death.

I don't know how to do this—negotiate your death,
 watch you lose your grip
 on day's last light.

Light. Dark. Life. Death. We are all in their grasp.

- Tricia

25 ELIXIR OF LIFE

Yeasty sweet aromatic mix;
 Coffee-elixir scented fix.
 Bright happy cheer-filled chatter;
 Laughter above the clatter.
 Friends, frappes', fun and food–
 Uplifting somber mood.
 Coffeehouse healing;
 Always appealing.
 Energy blast,
 Comfort flows fast.
 Ah, sweet day;
 Going my way.
 Gulp, chew;
 Renew.
 Bless?
 Yes!

- Vera Jane Goodin Schultz

26 WINTER'S BLANKET

It falls in softness like burned ash.
 The crystal shivers in the night
 and covers autumn's bed in cache.
 Their future fruit hides under tight.

The crystal shivers in the night
 and still they fly to cover gloom.
 The future fruit hides under tight
 and sky fore sees their fertile bloom.

And still they fly to cover gloom.
 They blanket fragile seeds of birth
 and sky fore sees their fertile bloom,
 yet snow flakes cover seeds in earth.

They blanket fragile seeds of birth.
 The sprouts arrive on a wet day
 yet snow flakes cover seeds in earth.
 It falls in softness like burned ash.

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27 UNTITLED

Loving and learning lessons
 Inside; true confessions
 Fears of what's ahead
 Each day; thoughts of dread
 Instead of peaceful living
 Days of kind giving
 In a courtroom, that rapist; we're forgiving
 Life is a path
 Some days are like math
 They just don't add up
 We weep; a sad pup
 At times we want the pie
 At times we want half
 At times we laugh
 At times we cry
 At times our path
 Does make us sigh
 Looking towards the sky
 We all search for answers
 For life's cruel cancers
 Stress can be too much
 This and this; such and such
 But if we clutch GOD tight
 Everything will be all right
 Our days will be sunny; so sunny delight
 Let's fight to the end
 Without breaks or bend
 Let's depend on each other
 Love ones; aunt and mother
 And when it's all over; all of us can smile
 In the best shoes; walk the best mile
 I'll end it like this
 While walking the future mist
 If it weren't for life; I would cease to exist.

- Ashley Burns

28 WITHOUT

Without plunging, a waterfall is only a river
 Praise the falling, the walling, the surprise of water standing on end

Without sinking, a sunset is only slow-spreading light
Praise the creeping of night and its battle for sky control

Without night falling, the moon just hangs, a pale, cold rock
Praise the backdrop of black, the reflected white glow of sun

Without wintering, summer overstays like holiday houseguests
Praise the sharp freshness of ice, the clean slate before spring

Without dying, life is a treadmill
Praise deadlines and pressure, and the shortness to make time matter

Without ending, the story is unfinished
Praise the anticipation, the fear, the delight of The End

– Laura Purdie Salas, all rights reserved

29 TEARS OF BLOOD

It is amazing is it not?
how a dam could burst open,
with no fore warning?
the terror and carnage it leaves in its wake...

Once upon a time, it was a raging river
full of monsters and souls of the past
led by a demon of witchcraft
his was a dark soul, of pain and anger

in ages past, the demon was not so
he would keep to himself in the woods
alone in his tower
he preferred peace and solitude

One day, things went terribly wrong!
the demon roared a terrible cry from his tower, in the woods
all the villagers by the woods felt a chilling fear
no one knows what changed the demon till this day

All of a sudden, sounds of trees crashing could be heard
and a river of horrific monsters and
deathly white figures came forth!
nothing was spared in its path, all things perished

after a time, the tide subsided
there was a man by the demon, in the heart of the woods

he looked extremely sad, the demon was whispering to him
tears of blood were streaking down both their eyes

“why did u do what u did?”

“Tis between me and my maker” answered the demon.

“why do u need tears from your soul?”

“To see if it is still possible to tear” sighed the demon.

And with that the demon and his horde vanished!
the man built a dam there, to prevent future destruction
in his heart he steeled him self from what the demon had revealed to him
but he failed to realize, the water of hatred eats even the strongest steel

and for a long time, there was peace
but, whenever the man had a moment of weakness
a crack would appear on the dam
sadly, no-one noticed this...

And one fine day, the man remembered his greatest loss.
it then dawned on him, the demon never vanished,
it was within him all this time. And now,
the demon was awake, tears of blood streaked down his face

And behold! the dam burst open!
and everything that lay in its wake are no more
the man was spared, for the demon is his “other”
and he walks the earth, alone, to this day...

he came to be Witch-king...

- Fahad

30 LIFE

Life
is not
a bottled fragrance
sealed to perfection
sparkle tagged
on a well-lit shelf.

Life
is more
of a laboratory
research, developed

by the group
for a single use.

- Euleta Usrey

31 LIFE

we skim
the brim of our life
everything that
runneth over the lid
everything that
threatens to extinguish
the flames we built
below the cauldron of our love
nevertheless
our consistent watching
over it
could never prevent
some spillage
from staining the sides
.
life's little exigencies..

- fiveloaf

32 LOVE STORY

Full of Life

See the creatures that swim, skim and dive
 Fly, flutter, flicker and soar.
 And others who saunter and gallop and trot
 Slither, swarm, follow, explore.
 The beings that scurry and hip-hop and skip
 Skillfully climb, hunt and leap
 And those upon Earth with their six legs (or eight!)
 Who crawl along, tiptoe and creep.
 For life is a verb and a verb with more ways
 To be than we know – without doubt.
 Oh what is this life that biz-buzzes, chirps, roars?
 What is this life all about?

Full of Life

In the silence, plants spread out their leaves -
 Speckled, green, jade, olive, lime
 And sprinkle the Earth with their colors and shapes
 Simple, exotic, sublime.
 So tiny are some that they barely are there,
 Others are massive and bold.
 A few stay for moments, forever are young,
 Some stand more than centuries old.
 For life is an adjective showing more ways
 To be than we know – without doubt.
 Oh what is this life that is never the same?
 What is this life all about?

Full of Life

And a part of all life, look around -
 See all the people like you.
 The people with names and with dreams and ideas
 People with various views.
 The people of peace and the people of war
 People with power – or not.
 The people with riches and choices galore
 And people who don't have a lot.
 For life is a noun filled with names, filled with things
 Too many to count – without doubt.
 And what is this life – if we had but one word?
 LOVE is what life is about.

- Liz Korba

love takes away their breath
 yet in that fatal breathlessness
 they find life
 like a lily blooming in winter
 i relish in your cocoon
 the sweet smell of scented petals
 garnishing my thoughts
 for i know i will never wilt
 and dews will never form
 only frozen in time
 with you..

- fiveloaf

34 UPSTREAM

Swish.
swimming

Swish.
upstream

Swish.
all the way

Swish.
driven

Swish.
by instinct

Swish.
by survival

Swish.
of the fittest

Swish. Swish.
like a salmon

Swish
almost there

Swish. Swish.
At last!

Swish.
The egg!

Swish.
And death.

And life.

- Barbara Turner