

My Poems for 2020

**I Will Speak with My Father Again**

I was eleven when my father  
left for Heaven.

But, I knew he was suffering even at seven.

On many occasions before his death,  
we would play ball 'till we were  
out of breath.

Keeping score of Yankee games,  
and learning all the players' names.

On summer days or when I was not in school,  
walking with him to the train became the rule.

A nickel he would hand to me and say,  
*"Buy me the News and NY Mirror to read.  
And keep the change for your good deed."*

He would do his best to spend time with me.

But I could see the pain he was in,  
however hard as he tried to keep it within.

Then while staying at my God Mothers place,  
she woke me with tears on her face.

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**I knew what she had to say before she made a sound,  
for the feeling of death was all around.**

**And so on Good Friday that April day,  
my loving father passed away.**

**That was the end, goodbye to my father  
and best friend.**

**And now I say,  
when it's my day to pass away.**

**I *WILL* speak to my father again.**

## **FRIENDSHIP**

**Friendship is something all living beings need.**

**It cannot be gained through theft or greed.**

**Friendship is a gift that must be earned.**

**This is true and cannot be spurned.**

**Communicating through mail, text or phone,**

**a person with friends is never alone.**

**When sorrow strikes you it will be felt by all,**

**and by your side those friends will stand tall.**

**Whatever the need, what the reason,**

**friendship will always be in season.**

**And you must be there for them as well,**

**Whenever a friend rings the 'Help Me Bell!'**

## **GROWING UP!**

Growing up is rough,  
some kids act very tough.

If you yell, “Go away”,  
they will persist and prolong their stay.

The school bus is even worse,  
they jump around, scream and curse.

If they choose *you* that day,  
there is no place to hide or get away.

It is hard to study,  
even with a buddy.

The fear these bullies instill,  
can make you sick and lose your will.

They are truly the emotionally weaker,  
for their troubles run much deeper.

And you always will be the better one,  
when all is said and done!

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when all is said and done!

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***I DIED TO LIVE***

I suffered for some years,  
watched as my family shed their tears,  
for me.

My dear wife stayed by my side,  
holding me tight as we tried  
to sleep.

However elusive that would be.

While I prayed my soul to take, hopefully before daybreak.

On Good Friday of Easter week,  
an angel came my soul to seek.

He promised me a life without pain,  
but I must leave my body on this terrain.

The choice is mine to make right now!

Leave this earth and be pain free,  
or have my family take ever care of me.

A tear came to my eye,  
rarely, if ever did I cry.

So I chose this to be my last night.

The pain has won; I am too weak to fight.

I hope my family understands,  
that now I am pain free,  
and forever in God's hands.

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**WALKING**

**Walking brings energy into my body,  
and awakens my brain.**

**I also enjoy walking in the cool rain,  
it helps sooth any ache or pain.**

**To notice life all 'round,  
from the birds in flight,  
to the squirrels I delight.**

**The creator placed us here to see,  
his creative beauty from land to sea.**

**Life so diverse in every way,  
Lest man destroys it today!**