

MORNINGS

Be it Comedy or Tragedy,

A large and looming catastrophe.

My life is, what it is.

One morning late, I did awake,

but on the wrong side of the bed.

Slowly, I crept into the bathroom,

combed my teeth and brushed my head.

I stumbled to the bathtub; the water boiling hot.

I stayed there for an hour, stewing in the pot.

As I awoke, an hour late; feeling like a fruit,

I ran outside to catch the bus, but in my birthday suit.

So, from now on; I'm up on time, drinking cups of tea.

But something tells me in my head,

the morning's not for me.

THE BUG

This constant annoyance from the company is likened to a bug

Much larger are they; more akin to a thug

They sell you a product

They take your money

All is good in the land of cream and honey

That is of course

Until you discover, they've sold you a dying horse

This item, I will give it no name

In every household, they all look the same

It is deficient in such an aggravating way

All I request; with it, we might play

Upon final payment, our contract sealed

Soon thereafter, the deficiency revealed

Yes, it's irrational to give it such thought

Without ceremony, to be thrown into the field

The only decision remaining; to kill it -- with which gage of shot

If only it were that simple; a satisfaction to yield

I could just as easily, run into that thug-of-a-bug,

with my windshield

HALLOWED GROUND

Today I walked on hallowed ground
Listening for voices long past
There echoed no familiar sound
Tread lightly, for this place once revered
Desecrate this plot, His wrath must be feared

Earthen depression provides solace for this vessel
With time; the stone above, must wrestle

God of us all has passed by, gathering these souls
Caretakers entrusted, having failed in their roles
The promise of rest in peace, has not been spoken
Litter strewn upon this blessed site; the promise broken

Why have you committed this trauma?
What gives you the right?
Memories struggle here, without His light

Once loved, then abandoned, now alone
Messages meaningless; scripted on damaged, desecrated stone

Walk this place; respect not found - your heart desires prayer

We have rendered disgrace...on hallowed ground
For the ages to wear

STAIRS TO NOWHERE

*I'm tired; leave me, to lay eternal beside my brothers
The weight of your problems, must be left to others
With my maker's blessing; having passed His test
I require peace
That my expired soul might rest*

*Intrepid, I'm prepared to climb these stairs to nowhere
You had opportunity to know me better
Unfortunately denied
Knowing in this we failed; the very reason for this letter
Our conversations strained so; such distance we kept
Not hearing from you, please know; my heart wept*

*Don't feel the need to visit this place often
I'm not here; only a vague memory will remain
With time, it is my hope, your soul will soften
Ease your pain*

*I have nowhere else to go; all that is left here - of me
Provides this hallowed place, with my dusted stain
Say your goodbyes, one last time
My letter to you is complete
From me, there will be
No more
Rhyme*

THE RELUCTANT POET

*Poetry is not my strong suit; the thoughtful word, not my preferred voice
Miswords from nowhere, screaming at me; apparently - I have no choice
These parables, not my gifted creation - unable to rejoice
The subject hasn't really mattered
I offer my critical opinion, on pages scribbled, ink splattered*

*Should you meet me in the flesh, an image sorely battered
This twisted mind struggles, as if on another's stage*

*In this brief moment, the written word, dampens my quiet rage
While my persona - not booming
Handle me roughly - find my intellect looming*

*I've written passages in every possible mood
I'm often found on the other side, of a healthy brood
I smile, yes, on that rare occasion
Don't be fooled; here, you will not find the amiable liaison*

*For those who must stand before me; experience my tort
Discover my passions run wild; therefore, patience short*

*I will suffer through these messages from beyond; flung at me with abandon
Apparently, there are no other poets writing just now; so, for them, I will stand in.
I will do my diligence - impart their desired lines, with higher wisdom; however unruly*

At times, tongue-in-cheek

*I must sign off now; yours truly,
The reluctant poet...(Until next week)*

