

A Sampling of Poetry

Youth

They were the best days of my life;
Bereft of worry and of strife.
The days of youth have long since passed;
Forever long, I'd wish they'd last.

Who would have thought it oh so hard
To leave behind my toys and games?
I trade them in to be a bard,
To soothe my soul with words and names.

I see the shadows of my youth,
The memories of bygone days,
And wish they would come back, forsooth.
What once was color now is gray.

I cling on tightly to those times,
As one may see within these rhymes.
I know not what the future holds,
But know Who holds my future's mold.

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“The Voyage of Life” Part 1

Better, they say, is it to die,
To live in the house of mourning,
Than to make a house of our sty.

Time of our life - our gilded youth -
The sillage to which we cling,
Becomes brandished with Vermouth.

Under the sun, with dreary toil,
We build ourselves a name
Under six feet worth of soil.

Meaningless life - it's yours to spend
On toil, wine, and game;
Even these repel not the end.

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Those Old Hands

Those old frail hands
Tell many a story.
Those old frail hands
Could never bore me.
Each wrinkle a sign of age,
Like a tree with its rings.
Could entirely fill a page
And answer all my longings.
The wisdom that they hold,
The experiences they've had,
From young until old,
And from good and from bad.

Perhaps they spent their time
Intertwined with their lover's hands,
Caressing love's desire sublime,
And it's sweet sarabandes.
Perhaps they held life's gift:
The greatest gift of which is life;
Caressing life when life's adrift,
And caring in its strife.
Perhaps they had to take life,
For God, flag, and country,
And in defense, fought for life,
And rose the flag in victory.

They've toiled in their share,
Reaping of body and mind,
And made small their fare,
In age is it signed.
They've held each other
In times of need and hurt.
In earnest prayer to their Father,
In their sorrow of life wert.
They've wiped away tears,

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And gently loved and cared.
They've spread joy in their years,
And out if service, shared.

Did they strum the nylon?
Did they dance on ivory?
All signs of which are gone,
Yet live on in memory.
They've turned innumerable pages
In countless books bygone,
From damsels, lovers, sages
All in their places yon.
And when you are called home,
On the precipice of heaven's lands,
You will rewrite this poem,
With your new young hands.

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Mourning Dove

I am like a mourning dove,
Whose song is meek and mild.
In its tone I hear its love
That could soothe a tempered child.

He sings his song, as if alone,
His song is sung all through the morn.
But then I hear an echoed moan
And together, now, they are forlorn.

They wear a cloak of grey,
Their mourning shrouds they wear.
And hidden amongst the day,
They sing on and with little flair.

Among the chirps of other birds,
Comes the gentle 'woo' of its mourning
And in his song he's not deterred,
For praise he gives his God, adorning.

Despite his song of distress,
His song continues throughout the day.
Why he sings is anyone's guess;
Perhaps he's here to ease our dismay.

In twos they cry some more;
And in their pairs they fly away.
I sit, I watch - I sit some more,
I wonder if my sorrow's here to stay.

The mourning dove still sings his song,
And though he may be here to stay,
His song is sung to the throngs
Of those that mourn here still today.