

## Paint the Sky Gray

Do you see the polar bear toil  
As its bony legs trudge alone the snow?  
Starving as the ice recedes and spoils,  
Yet, some still shrug in disbelief even now,  
Now as the evidence is mountainous,  
What hill must society trek to relieve this doubtfulness?

The fiery devils that plunder forests and homes,  
Leaving nothing in its' wake alive,  
Our next fate the glass, sealed domes,  
Will this be our answer to survive?  
Survival of the fittest is our future, not too far to see,  
One foot in the grave and bent to one knee.

The newly born babes deprived of air,  
As the greenhouse gases become more stifling,  
Living in a world of noxious affair,  
Crying out, gasping, gasping, a thought so tightening.  
Will this suffocating air not stir your doubtful heart?  
Or will these thoughts awaken a start?

## **Paint the Sky Gray (Continued)**

The heat drying up the wells and land,  
Crops failing to thrive in sunbaked surroundings,  
Farmers and third-world countries feeling the loss firsthand,  
Hunger and famine creeping in with these beginnings,  
The start of a new world, drowned in human waste,  
This message needs to be met with great haste.

Mother Earth is crying out as she shrivels and yells,  
Anger and panic settling in her fragile crevices,  
Causing earthquakes, floods, storms, and wildfires as she tries to exhale,  
Humans the ultimate agitator of these losses,  
Testing the bounds of nature unleashes the ticking of time,  
Listen for the tick, tick, tick with every chime.

Will there be a home for our grandchildren or great-grandchildren with these careless acts?  
Please, listen to my call for action as I lament the slow death of our home,  
This melancholy leaves a certain hue on the sky with these effects,  
Do you remember the glass, sealed dome?  
There you can peer at this unremarkable array,  
As our destruction paints the sky gray.

## The Golden Tower

The fair maiden with red flowy hair lives in a golden tower by an emerald river

Her melodious voice is heard in the village below her,



-The melody cascades

down the green hillside

painting the town merry

The echoes of the starry song becoming legendary,

The fair maiden, an enchantress beckoning for a shiny knight, clad in chain mail to come

Seeking a rescue from her tower of golden hue, her heart beating like a drum,

Ta-Dum, Ta-Dum, Ta-Dum, Ta-Dum, that may wither away with no hope

Her imprisonment becoming more unbearable as she tries to cope.

## **The Golden Tower (Continued)**

The cries of the damsel transcend down the emerald river

Past the white capped mountains that shiver,

Shiver with the isolation in her weeps

Passing seasons come and go as her pain heaps,

Finally, Autumn drops its' red and yellow leaves in the late October land

A knight from afar with charismatic charm climbs atop the tower with a face so grand,

"Oh, fair maiden with flowy red hair, I am the one you seek, let me in this golden tower!"

"My eyes will only stay so long with this golden hue, less I be blinded this important hour!"

"Come my shiny knight and rescue me from this golden prison!"

"I have waited many seasons as my doubts had risen!"

The fair maiden and the shiny knight now forever a love for the stars in the sky,

You can look up and see the twinkle pass by.



### **Chanterelle and Fellowship**

The hunt for the wondrous Chanterelle

Seeps along the mountain slope

Walking, finding, hoping, alas a bombshell!

Boom we have found hope!

The chanterelle mushroom has been revealed on that cold, dreary day

Illuminating the moss with its egg-yellow skin,

Excitement is heard throughout the hunt with this great array

For it is not only the find but also the bond felt within,

All the hunters feeling closer than ever before

Gratitude, resilience, happiness, and hope a common thought,

For the good of the one is the good of the many and more

A strong bond for the pursuit and fellowship is taught,

The love of the mushroom and others bursts through the green covered forest

An ingredient for the find is revealed along the slope,  
Love a commonality found, making this feeling the dearest  
This union of mushroom and fellowship brings back hope.



## **The Sun's Kisses**

The sun kisses the land as it starts to bid it adieu once again, Saying,  
“Goodnight world, rest your head upon a quiet pillow,”  
“Let me take away your sorrow and pain,”  
As darkness befalls and billows.

People slumbering and dreaming of a distant world,  
A world only seen in the peaceful breathes of sleep,  
Comfortably tucked into the soft sheets all nuzzled,  
Warmth radiating throughout the beautiful deep.  
Such a deep world of forever dreams locked in hope,  
Singing the chorus of bliss and endless sunshine,  
Only having to conquer the hilly slope,

Then will life begin to make their soul-shine.

A blissful life full of sunshine and answered wishes,

What a world to dream of and joyfully sing,

Gaze on that serene view as the sun kisses, Kisses people's cheeks and gives them wings.

Soaring away into that blissful life people aspire!

## **My Cat Link and His Yellow Chair**

### **(Limerick Poetry)**

There once was a love affair

Between a cat and his yellow chair,

This love was one-sided

His heart was misguided,

As the chair was quite unaware.