

## Broken Warrior

With salacious thirst I devour drink,  
No will to cease or mind to think,  
Regarding bottles born of glass,  
As golden prize of greatest class,

And so I sink in profane mirth,  
Doubting truth and sense and worth,  
Seeking mindless loss of touch,  
To smash my injured heart as much,

Til at the hour morning breaks,  
When ordinary man awakes,  
I stumble on in altered bliss,  
Deeper sunk into abyss,

And somewhere further down I fall,  
When slumber overcomes it all,  
Of ghastly memories finally free,  
My battered senses cannot see,

Hours go by, my body stirs,  
My muscles ache, vision blurs,  
Worst of all my fears rush in,  
To Hell I'm ushered once again,

Battles won and brothers lost,  
Senseless gains at supreme cost,  
Sounds of terror fill my ears,  
I can't escape the welling tears,

I rise once more, a drink I seek,  
Again to make the monsters weak,  
Break the vicious chains at last,  
And slip those bonds of memories past.

## Creepy Things

When daytime has ended,  
Nighttime will fall,  
And darkness seeps out,  
From where creepy things crawl.

Dim noises that echo,  
A creak and a chirp,  
A groan and a thump,  
From where creepy things lurk.

A ghostly white moon,  
Casts a pale silver glow,  
Through the cracks and the shadows,  
Where creepy things go.

Black trees and black bushes,  
So different from day,  
Stand silently watching,  
Where creepy things play.

And the world drifts along,  
So soundly in sleep,  
Completely oblivious,  
That creepy things creep.

## My Row of Trees

Along a narrow, winding road,  
Stood a row of trees,  
If ever there were arbor kings,  
Surely it was these,

Many years had seen them grow,  
Reaching tall and far,  
Shading horse and wagon once,  
Now shading every car,

Each season I admired them,  
Green leaves to stark bare limbs,  
I marked each year by season's guise,  
These trees, they were my friends,

In spring they brightened every day,  
Wavering in the breeze,  
In fall they spread a carpet gold,  
Of slowly falling leaves,

And yet one day not long ago,  
I winced at what I saw,  
A big machine parked near the row,  
Steel tracks and metal claw,

And with dismay I watched forlorn,  
Each mighty tree thus fall,  
One by one, come crashing down,  
No longer proud and tall,

In three days' time, the trees were gone,  
Brown earth lay bare instead,  
What nature toiled decades to grow,  
In hours man hewed dead,

And so it is I miss my friends,  
Though only they were trees,  
The shops and stores that took their place,  
Fail to waver in the breeze,

But we too change as seasons pass,  
I someday too will fall,  
So it is, with men and trees,  
Time cuts us, one and all.

## The River and the Meadow

That ancient river winds its way,  
Where lush green mountain meadows lay,  
Amidst the grassy slopes it flows,  
No memory of the past it knows,

To one such meadow by the river's side,  
Young Robert Swift brought Rose his bride,  
And together there they built a home,  
Of meadow sod and river stone.

Robert was the river's flow,  
Calm and quiet as the winter's snow,  
Rose was the meadow in disguise,  
Wildflowers and butterflies.

And so the seasons passed along,  
With winter's hush and summer's song,  
And soon was born a daughter fair,  
Little Bonnie with raven hair,

There in the meadow Bonnie grew,  
Yet in her flowed the river too,  
She was both of them in one,  
Cool and sweet with sparkling sun,

Half a decade old was she,  
The beauty in her plain to see,  
In her the river's flow would last,  
The meadow in her heart was vast,

But that same year the summer failed,  
Cold wind and frost too long prevailed,  
The river and the sky grew gray,  
And with them failed the meadow's hay,

No matter how the family tried,  
So too the crops and garden died,  
And knowing winter's bitter might,  
The family knew how grave their plight,

A decision hard at last was made,  
Robert to give their horse as trade,  
For food and blankets before it snowed,  
Over mountain dome down market road,

As Robert parted he kissed them both,  
And to each he made a solemn oath,  
To soon return with warmth and fare,  
To answer Rose and Bonnie's prayer,

And so the horse was traded well,  
Not long was Robert there to dwell,  
And soon began the journey home,  
Up market road to mountain dome,

But even as he ventured hence,  
He encountered winter's sound defense,  
The mountain snow had grown too deep,  
The road too slick, the pass too steep,

For three straight days young Robert tried,  
With his body spent, he nearly died,  
By rescue party he was found,  
And nursed to health back in the town,

Over many weeks his legs grew strong,  
But all could see his mind was wrong,  
Tortured by the promise made,  
To little Bonnie and Rose, who stayed,

At last the sun broke through the gray,  
And though they tried to make him stay,  
Robert Swift set off once more,  
And disappeared to mountain lore,

A few days on, with some concern,  
Two men from town set off to learn,  
What fate had to the family come,  
In the meadow by the river run,

With no small toil they came and saw,  
And still they speak of it with awe,  
For beside the house of sod and stone,  
Lay two fresh graves of meadow loam,

And though they looked and called his name,  
The search for Robert was in vain,  
Until finally they did explore,  
Faint footprints by the river's shore,

The story now is seldom told,  
Those who remember best grow old,  
The little house of sod and stone,  
Have returned to mix with meadow loam,

But each season there is still the same,  
Wildflowers and butterflies remain,  
And too the river still swiftly flows,  
No memory of the past it knows.