

Beauteous and Lovely Youth

1. "By Eights"

When I was eight years old the world was new and bold,
Full of mystery and adventures untold.
A place where woes and cares had no place,
And the passage of time had no trace.
All year round every day seemed a careless summer,
For our souls were light of burden and blunder.
At this wondrous age I pressed my palms together and made a wish,
A simple wish I with all my heart desired God to accomplish.
"Dear Lord God, when the time comes and I meet Saint Peter at the pearly gate,
Please let me enter into Heaven as forever eight."

When I was eighteen years old the world was familiar,
Questions had answers and mysteries were clearer.
I knew my fate and the path that lied ahead,
I knew I had to guide my feet and with integrity that path tread.
The future was before me, and oh how brightly it glistened,
Far more beautiful and enchanting than I had ever imagined.
So, a new prayer I prayed to the Almighty,
One that altered my former wish ever-so-slightly.
"Dear Lord God, when the time comes and I pass into the realm of the serene,
Please let me enter into Heaven as forever eighteen."

When I was twenty-eight years old I knew the world well,
To be honest I knew it better than I care to tell.
The world had slapped, kicked, punched, and thrown me to the ground,
And to make matters worse, time turned foe and chased me ceaselessly like a bloodhound.
Although I learned long ago never to give in,
To get up and fight until the win,
A new wish filled my swollen heart,
One I wished for with every broken part.
"Dear Lord God, when the time comes and I reach the land unseen,
I think we better stick with eighteen."

2. "When I am all Grown Up"

When I am all grown up...
Life will be better, you will see,
For there will be no one to give orders to me.

When I am all grown up...

I will start and end each day by jumping on the bed,
And if it should break no need to panic, I will buy a new one instead.

When I am all grown up...
I will blow soap bubbles indoors,
Even if it does lead to sticky floors.

When I am all grown up...
I will eat with my hands whenever I please,
And won't worry about my fingers collecting grease.

When I am all grown up...
I will eat dessert before dinner,
Why let the best part of the meal linger?

When I am all grown up...
I will buy tons of dolls instead of the three I have now,
What is money for if not for buying toys anyhow?

When I am all grown up...
I will wear my princess costumes every day,
For Halloween takes too long to arrive, then quickly goes away.

When I am all grown up...
I will have ten dogs always running about,
Instead of just a hamster who runs on a wheel until he is worn out.

When I am all grown up...
I will have slides, swings, and seesaws for furniture,
Sure, couches and sofas work, but they are a lot duller.

When I am all grown up...
I will stay up deep into the night,
Maybe I will even stay up until I see the sunlight.

When I am all grown up...
All my dreams will come true,
And I will never think back to the hard times before I grew.

But wait a minute, when I am all grown up,
Is it possible for all my wishes to develop?

I have never seen a grown up...
Jumping on the bed,
With their bad balance they would surely fall and break their head.

I have never seen a grown up...
Blow soap bubbles inside or out,
They only ever use soap to wash up, no doubt.

I have never seen a grown up...
Eat without using utensils,
Not even the grown ups in fairytales and fables.

I have never seen a grown up...
Eat dessert first,
Most are on diets, for which sweets are the worst.

I have never seen a grown up...
Go on a doll shopping spree,
Come to think of it, they would not even buy a doll if it were free.

I have never seen a grown up...
Dressed in a princess costume,
Not even if they were invited to a party in a ballroom.

I have never seen a grown up...
Have too many pets of any kind,
For they work all day and their free time is confined.

I have never seen a grown up...
Enjoy slides, swings, and seesaws at the park,
Surely they would think that owning such things would be a lark.

I have never seen a grown up...
Willingly stay up late and skip sleep,
If it were up to them they would slumber until they dreamt of a thousand sheep.

Maybe I should not be in such a hurry to be grown,
Maybe the few childhood rules I have to follow have been overblown.

I may not always be able to do everything I wish,
But I can still do them sometimes, which is better than living in adult anguish.

When I am all grown up I will have new interests and pursuits,
But until then I will enjoy being a kid and all that constitutes.

3. "Recipe for Happiness"

The recipe for happiness is simple and sweet,

A recipe as familiar as our own heartbeat.
The ingredients were second nature to us in youth,
A time when we saw past all facades and felt the truth.
But since the years can make us forget,
Here is a little rhyme to act as a memory offset:
Soak up every ray of warmth of the sun,
God's source of renewal since the beginning of creation.
Throw open your windows and turn your ears upwards,
For the purest sounds and sweetest airs are sung by birds.
Step out your door and take long, frequent walks,
To slow down time and be free of its locks.
Breathe deeply as you sit under cool trees,
And feel the touches of the passing breeze.
Lie down and look at the sky unfiltered,
For in that vast space all your questions will be answered.
Let your imagination shape the clouds,
Filling the firmament above with the best crowds.
Step into the ocean and sway with every wave,
For our hearts call to the sea's power to save.
Always trust the guiding light of the moon,
To reveal nature's changing nocturnal tune.
Blink at the smiling stars that always twinkle,
And smile back and let your heart be wishful.
And, of course, most importantly of all,
The step if abandoned leads to downfall.
Always let your inner light brightly shine,
For that light is a gift from the Divine.
Follow these steps and you will hold happiness in your hand,
Transforming every day into your own personal wonderland.

4. "Journey's Birth"

Travel boldly on the road of your choice,
To find the way be attentive to your inner voice.
That which occupies waking and sleeping thought,
Is the very thing that can be found if sought.
Be steadfast, studious, and unwavering to your desires,
No other pursuit could possibly rank higher.
Life is an art that you create,
Do not linger or doubt, there is no need to wait.
So, put to use the gift of Time,
And do not make waste of my rhyme.
Your head, your heart, and your feet you must lead,
And to outside forces pay no heed.

Take the first step on the path before you,
And all you have ever dreamt will come true.
Start walking, quickly, this very day,
You hold the key and you know the way.