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# ***Moods***

*Jacqueline Druga-Marchetti*



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by Jacqueline Druga-Marchetti

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# Dedication

To Wolfie for all the poetic inspiration you have given.





# The Legless Man Poem

The legless man hobbled across the street  
With diligence he crossed  
Almost all traffic stopped  
Except the yellow Volkswagen didn't see him  
That's all right; he was hunched over his walker  
He made great speed  
His limb less pant leg dangling back and forth as he moved  
Left, right  
He set his goal  
How did it happen?  
How did he lose his leg?  
My contemplation to ask him consumes me  
I want to leap from my car  
Call out in a Shakespearean manner, "Legless man, oh legless man where art  
thou leg go?"  
But soon the legless man has passed  
Gone  
Onward to the next street  
The mystery of his lost leg will remain just that ... a mystery  
Forever



# Drunken Author

He could be virtual vat of literary talent  
Spewing forth great tales  
If he didn't drink  
He staggers in not only words but motion  
Beer after beer  
Bothering patrons with his putrid smelling alcoholic breath  
"Come back," he shouts. "My name is Tim. Buy my book"  
Oh who cares?  
Go away  
Drink another beer  
Drown you pitiful woes in the plastic cup of Budweiser.  
You resent me because I'm great  
You're not  
You want to write the all American novel  
You can  
Maybe  
If you weren't such a louse  
And, of course, a drunk



# Ode to my Water Bra

I used to live in a world of shame

Hiding in large clothing

Hoping no one would take notice

Bu they did

I chuckle at their comments

What choice do I have?

I could show my pain. But I know the truth



My breast by no means are large  
They are small with potential  
A whim trip and a checkbook ended all that  
Her name was Gloria  
She enlightened me  
She gave me a water bra  
Forty bucks, the secret of a century  
A secret that transforms  
Suddenly it was as if I didn't have children  
My second puberty  
The handy bra makes my breasts round  
I am cleavage city  
I want to touch them  
Everyone wants to touch them.  
I wear tight shirts once more.





# The Hamster Poem

Little things can enrich a life  
A small creature of God can brighten a child's face  
Tiny little fury  
My daughter's smile as he runs up and down her hand  
A name given—Herbert 5  
A bond established. Her friend  
She tells him her secrets, the perfect ear  
How fast the joy can take a turn with the rise of the morning sun  
When he is no more  
Lifeless, motionless,  
Cold hard dead  
Gone away to hamster heaven  
Not the first. Why? Why? Why? Why does this happen, she asks.  
I've no answer. How does one answer that? God's will?  
I think back to her first hamster Ben. Such a gem  
Ben gave birth. We kept two. Sadly parting with the rest  
Little tiny Herbert-one, the other we called Damien.  
Damien killed little Herbie. A lynch mob of sorts. Pouncing upon his frail body.  
Until Little Herbie moved no more.  
Cold, hard, dead  
Sad  
But we still had Ben and Damien  
How my daughter loved Ben. Ben loved the ductwork.  
Running amuck in the tin caverns, always returning for his meal  
Until winter set in.  
Hamsters have no concept of furnaces  
Ben fried  
Hot, hard, dead.  
Ah, but Damien remained, a restless wiry loveable hamster

Where he went, we still don't know  
Herbert two was the replacement.  
He was talented. He danced.  
Hyper active, he amused us with his leaping talents.  
What a wondrous feat, a hamster that jumps  
Until he leapt against the wall of his plastic home  
His head hit hard  
Herbert fell  
Tragic  
Lifeless, motionless  
Cold hard dead.  
Alas we had not given up  
Hence brought another. He too, Herbie  
He as perfect as perfect could be.  
For about a week  
Then he too befell the fate ...  
Cold, hard, dead.  
Will there be another? That remains to be seen.  
I do know this.  
Without a hamster in our life,  
My daughter and I feel like the furry friends that have left us  
Cold, hard, dead.



# CONTROLLED

I'm not above it.

In a sense I looked forward to the challenge.

Until I thought about it.

Was I nuts?

Easy?

Please.

Leaving it in the hands of fate

I held the remote

Aimed and hopeful

Sitcom wheel of fortune.

Nick at nite, TV land.

Whatever was playing

I'd pick one of the two.

Lucy. Cheers.

Ah, Cheers.

Perhaps my mind would have started spinning had I not seen Cliff

He sat on is pathetic stool, looking the good guy

I know what he is.

He is my demon, yours.

He wears the uniform of America's version of the neo-nazi regime

The Untied States Post office is my Hitler Equivalent.

Do we realize how much the PO controls us? All of us?

Rejection, publication, first copies of books. Coupons we need.

We wait for checks. We send checks.

Never to show

If the mail carrier fouls up, we're shit out of luck.

I live at 1451 Dormont. Not 1451 Alabama!

Hello! Big difference in the spelling there!

God!

Woe is the indigent mother who waits for her support check

Never comes

Woe is the lonely spinster who never got the party invitation

Sick is the writer whose offer of publication gets delivered to an old blind man  
that never leaves his house.

I'm outraged daily and *they* are the ones who shoot people?

Give me a break.

We put our trust in an institution that boasts only a 3% percent margin of error

Only?

On average the postal service handles 5 million pieces of mail a day.

Only three percent!

150,000 letters per day ... gone.

One million fifty thousand a week ... gone

In one year that is close to 55 million pieces of mail

Vanished

How does one lose 55 million pieces of mail?

I would think it's be a viewable pile somewhere,

In a few years it's a new geographical location.

Maybe God is playing pranks

Zaps away our mail

Ha ha ha – funny guy

Where the hell is my book!

Like Mormons to John Smith, Bill to Hilary Clinton,

We are totally controlled without knowledge by the United States Post Office

It angers me, because as a writer my life hinges on mail delivery

It took over my assignment ... damn it.

Get me started, I don't stop.

I veer way off the course.

I can't even look at Cliff ... repulsive

Newman on Seinfeld makes me gag

Mr. McFeely from Mr. Rogers ... Satan.

I've veered off again.

See.

Where was I?



# Goodbye Rob!

Jerry and Judy sat across from each other, every time we had group  
Katelyn, Vickie Clair were also involved in starting the little coop  
They had a very common ground, they griped of Jackie all the time  
In a secret meeting, Jerry said, 'the group will soon be mine'  
Well, Rob got wind of the little plan and he decided to be a spy  
When Jerry found out Rob was a plant, he said, 'Rob had to die'  
Goodbye Rob

Rob was a cunning man and thought he had fooled all  
Jerry saw right through Rob like a big glass wall  
The group fooled Rob, praised him much, Vicki told him he was hot  
Rob fell for it like a ton of bricks and dropped into their plot  
Katelyn devised a little scheme that every one would buy  
Guilt free and within a week, Rob, she said he's gonna die  
Goodbye Rob

Vicki baked up a little cake, laced the arsenic with care  
Clair wore her best negligee and lured our Robbie there  
The four females gathered happily, said 'Rob let's celebrate'  
The moment Rob put the fork in his mouth he made his fatal mistake  
Rob at several helpings, licked his fingers with a grin so wide  
Katelyn skipped around the room singing, "Ha! Rob's gonna die!"  
Goodbye Rob

In a matter of seconds, Rob stood up and did a choking dance,  
They waited until he turned blue before they called the ambulance  
Jerry is a big time doctor in a local hospital  
It just so happened when Rob came in, Jerry was on call  
Well, he looked down to Rob, shook his head and said a sad, 'oh my'  
Lifted the chart and diagnosed that Rob is a suicide.





## A moment worth mentioning ...

A moment worth writing about  
No one else may think  
A reminder of what I do  
Letting me know I am back  
Not that I was gone  
On pause maybe or in a state of lack of realization  
Stuck in a rut of figures, percentages, line edits, promoting  
A distance from the state of mind I longed to be  
Where every person is a potential character  
Every song is a rush of emotions  
Taco bell may be a next scene  
I love what I do  
It lives through me  
I live through it  
How many people can say that?  
It is who I am  
My reiteration delivered via a barista who made my quad venti mocha  
He started my drink, while I was still in line  
I was in my world  
My demented thoughts teetered between my stare of the biscoti behind the glass  
And the young girl whose tummy flopped a little too much over her low rise jeans  
Then it happened  
My moment  
Bright eyes, saw me, tipped his chin, and said, 'hey, you OK? You have this look'  
In thought, dazed, I told him, "yeah, thanks for asking"  
A quirky curl of my top lip and I smiled, "I'm just writing."



## How do I loath Thine Husband

How do I despise thine husband, let me count the ways . . .

Is it his thickly parted lips, that never seem to meet,  
a wisp of air that hits his brain, and words he never speaks.

Eyes that lost their luster of, and hide his putrid soul,  
the man years ago he ceased to be, and started acting the big fool.

HARK! I call his name, yet he doesn't seem to hear,  
he willows an excuse of birth, God giveth him one deaf ear.

A minuscule changeling of a musical chord, a distant baby cry,  
but he doesn't hear my simple question . . . Why . . . why . . . why.

Or how of the young girl's giggle for him, of not my offspring she be,  
a few moons post-pubescent wench, whom I wish would take him far from me.

What of this sour dervish man who causes me such dismay,  
and fills my head of wretched thoughts of him I wish to slay.

Why do I keep this spouse whom my hatred at times, tips a vat?

He spews from me vile inspirations that load my pages, at least he's good for that.



## MOM POEM

An imprint of a tiny hand, we gave when we were five.  
To serve you a reminder of a specific place and time.  
Though kindling of a gesture, to envision when we were young.  
I'd rather you'd see the bigger hand to see how far we've come.  
Not only in the size, but in spirit and the heart,  
We have grown along life's road, which you gave us the great start.  
Like the lines that mark our palms, many paths we all did take,  
And each hand it tells a story, a life's work, or special trait.  
One has hands that fix and build, because apart he took all things.  
Another has hands of generosity, compassion and giving.  
There is one whose hands they heal, and she fights in saving lives.  
Another's hands tell a million tales, some of them quite contrived.  
For support and advice, he has the hands that are always there.  
Another knows his hands strive forward, hardworking, without fear.  
Whether we are speaking, or we're fighting, we all know there is no doubt.  
When one is in a time of need, all for one we all reach out.  
Remember when you held our hands to lead us on our way?  
Do you realize the strength you gave that brought us to this day?  
Many roads they lay ahead for us, some easy, some hard.  
But the path you paved behind us, gives us strength to all go far.  
Just as when we were younger, your hands they pulled us through.  
See this hand print as our symbol, of how our hands are now and always here  
for you.



## CROSSED OVER

You thought you heard my voice, in your newborn baby's cry.  
The look upon your face. The tears welled in your eyes.  
I heard you peep my name, wishing I could be there too.  
Darlin' I want you to know. I'm always there with you.  
I had left here years before, and with time you miss me more.  
I'm here to see you through I'm standing right by you  
It's the essence of my soul, and I know you feel my pull  
I wish you wouldn't cry  
I'm by your side,.  
How long has it been, since I sat in that chair.  
Drinking coffee smoking cigarettes, I laugh without a care.  
I watch you by yourself, what happened, you don't know.  
They may have turned their backs on you, but you are not alone  
I crossed over long ago and I just need you to know  
I'm the whisper in your ear, I'm the hand for when you fear  
I can't steer you right from wrong  
But I raised you to be strong  
I look and I see pride.  
I am right here by your side.  
I watch your oldest smile, I was there when he came into life  
Accomplishments that you have earned, they're there within my plight.  
You may not see my face or even hear me say  
I'm the angel on your shoulder, tomorrow and always.  
Close your eyes and say a prayer,  
in a breath you'll hear I'm there  
In troubles when you're down, you know I can be found  
and no matter near or far, just like as shining star  
I can be your light  
I am right here by your side



I am never far . . .

Turn around. Turn around. Turn around. Turn around. Turn around. I am here—

And I smile . .



# Waiting

He combs his hair before breakfast, nice and neat, parted on the left.  
He wears his best shirt and smile.  
While he sits and waits.

Will they come? He knows they will.  
They said they would. There's no doubt.  
He sits and waits.  
A box of chocolates would be nice. Some cigarettes.  
But more than gifts, their presence.  
So he sits, and waits.  
He recalls their youth, things he did with them, stories he will share.  
All while he sits and waits.  
When were they there last? A week, a month, a year?  
It couldn't be that long. They're family. His memory just fails at times.  
Age does that.  
He waits.  
He finishes his dinner. Perhaps desert is when they plan to arrive.  
Share coffee. A hug.  
They said they'd come again. Why wouldn't he believe them?  
Out the window he peers. Darkness is not his despair.  
Maybe they meant tomorrow.  
He has no where to go. No way to get there. Nothing to do.  
So he waits and waits alone.



## A Glass of Emotions

You asked me today, 'Where did it go. Why do I not feel?'

I'll tell you.

Imagine me a glass, tall.

Translucent so you can through my soul.

The depth of which is my existence.

A vat that holds an abundance of all that I am.

Imagine me at one time full.

The water that creeps to the brim, is everything I feel.

For every lie you have told. You have a taken a sip.

For all the stories that I have shared with you that you have never heard.

Another sip.

All the times I needed support. Your passive means and way of pretending was merely a sip you took from me.

When I needed company and all I had was an empty room to view.

A sip.

When I needed to hear a voice, someone to talk to, and you gave me only silence.

It was then you took a sip.

You asked me today, 'Where did it go. Why do I not feel?'

I'll tell you.

I once was a tall glass filled with the fluid of all my emotions.

You drank one too many times from me.

I am empty.



## Shall I Judge You?

You say ‘Shall I judge you today?’ Should I sit straight in my chair, peer over my coffee and roll my eyes when you speak?

I say, ‘shall I judge you’ and I shake my head. I’d rather tell that story that makes your eyes roll.

You say, ‘shall I judge you?’ I punched my time clock for forty hours, and earned a paycheck of which I will save most of. What did you do? How much did you earn?

I say, ‘good for you’. I wish I could do the same, but my money goes elsewhere. Things my children need. Bills that are too high. Do I regret it? No. I’d rather not have a cent and have no regrets, then have a bank full of money and nothing to show.

In your ‘shall I judge you’, You look upon my friends. You state you need more hands than you have, to count the people who associate with me, who aren’t of the norm.

I think, ‘what a pity’ that you fail to receive the enrichment others can offer because they don’t look or act like you.

‘Shall I judge you’ rings through your mind, as your face turns red with embarrassment because I have told a joke, or spoke too loud again.

I smile. I do that often. I’d rather give laughter to a room, than silence that too many others already live in.

I suppose ‘shall I judge you’ was somewhere in your mind when you distanced yourself from me because I’m just ‘not right’ and eccentric.

I think, ‘what a shame’ because those who walk away, are those who can ill afford to lose a friend. I never would have abandoned you.

Are you thinking ‘shall I judge you’ when you make plans to shut yet another out.

Is it your punishment to them because they don’t do things the way you want? If you think they value you so high that they would change to keep you, why walk away? Why not stand by them and help them instead?

You say ‘shall I judge you’ and then filling with anger and bitterness, you think of many ways.

Happy and carefree, I say, ‘shall I judge you’ but then I answer, ‘not today.’





## Death . . . is but my line.

I killed someone today.

What did they do to make me that angry.

Was it their harsh words, the way they looked

Whatever the reason, they inspired the violence that ripped from them, their heart in the single swipe of a hand.

I killed someone before.

Sent them into an agony. Hands about their bodies.

Mouths gnawing at the flesh.

Painful screams all, while I smiled.

I remember the snide remark that sent me into a tizzy.

I was tardy. My words not full. My breast not large.

My mail was not delivered.

They made reference to my children, about my spouse. My mother and so forth.

They trampled on the hopes of my friends, colleagues.

But it didn't matter.

From my existence they were wiped.

With the barrel of a gun, point blank, I rage with entertainment.

My mind describing every splatter of blood that sprayed against the grain of gravity.

Or how of the Hero's fist that annihilated, with the force of one mighty blow.

Only for the hero to deliver another

Just because

I kill someone all the time on the pages of my insanity

In the exorcism of my demons, my readers' delight.

My mind is finally fulfilled.



# PATRIOTISM

Perhaps it's just me . . .

My heart broke, and I felt loss as I watched destruction upon our soil.

In the wake of another 'day after' my thoughts are even stronger.

The flag before my home flaps strong in the wind of freedom,

I pause to think, to pray, to hope.

I dawn the colors of our nation in a symbol of unity,

a symbol of pride.

My heart is heavy, my head is high.

I stand behind my president, my government and any choices that they make,

However I fear, as time passes, as the visions fade,

my thoughts, my feelings that the masses share,

will be my thoughts and my visions, of the scattering few.

Will the flags of unity still wave strong in one week or two? Mine will.

Will patriotism still be growing?

I hope, I pray so.

Will those who speak their voice of retaliation so passionately

become mere whispers of whimpers when reality sets in?

When moves are made.

My voice will still sing freedom. Will yours?

Will the tough talkers fast become the voice of so called reason when the impact of it all fades?

Today, as I dawn my colors of pride in a national day of remembrance,

I am patriotically insulted.

The bitter words of two mothers spewed forth to me,

that they would hide their sons if they had to,

hide them to keep them from fighting should we be thrown fully into war.

My response; we would not have our freedom if that attitude was shared centuries ago.

Our forefathers fought for our freedom,

WE MUST fight for the freedom of generations to come.

Retaliated they did, with remarks of my age,

how I am not old enough to fully remember any war.

True.

I was just a small child for Vietnam, but I too have a son.

My son *is* old enough to fight in this war.

And should he be chosen or choose to go, I would not argue,

I would not hide him. Nor even think that.

My heart would be heavy with worry,

my mind and lips seeping prayer, but I would be proud of him.

And if I too had to fight, I would.

I would stand for this country,

I would die for this country.

Would you?

Their response ... was silence. Their heads turned.

Conversation quickly changed.

How sad.

It's only been three days.



# TRASH

I am dirt.

Formless, shapeless, with nothing that binds me together.

A mound of repulsiveness, people would like to sweep up.

But they don't.

I hate life, therefore I hate you because you are happy.

I believe not in dreams, or the achievement of,

so I strike out at your dreams and what they stand for.

You say nothing, so I say more.

No one notices me when I step in the room.

I fade, not shine,

There is nothing bright about me.

I am dull, so I scream loudly to make up for it.

Nothing pleasant comes from my mouth.

Foul, obnoxious

words derived from my lack of being

Directed at you. You take them.

I gave up on intelligence, but I think I have much,

my words are unwise, but sharp.

They cut more than any knife

Leave deeper wounds

I have wounded you

I move with the grace of a three legged elephant.

Multitudes of pounds overweight,

Yet it is not my appearance that makes me revolting

It is all that I am, that people see.

They say beauty is only skin deep.

So true. But my skin is thick,

abrasive like my personality.

A good thing. For it protects my inner being.

My abundance of negative energy that swirls  
Creating a thick black bile that reflects my soul.  
Like bad gas, a repugnant odor I release in a verbal form.  
I combat your niceties with my loathsomeness  
Putting you down, defeating your any good  
I win. You let me.  
No one dares to do anything about me.  
I am a problem people just wish would go away on its own.  
Like pollution, or litter.  
I will worsen until steps are taken.  
I will never get better.  
I am a representation of all that is wrong with the world  
wrapped up in one being.  
I have a name. In fact I may have many.  
I am someone you know.  
But one thing is for certain.  
You will always be better than me.  
You are above all that I stand for.  
Above my pettiness.  
You think before you speak ill words.  
You think . . . before you speak ill to me.  
Do you realize with ease  
you could trample me?  
Throw me away in a snap  
Why?  
Because I am the epitome of trash.





# Freedom Anthem

What was it we did seek?  
When our thoughts were growing.  
But we found our dream  
and it keeps on going.  
Through a will  
and a way  
A place we dreamt,  
we found our way . . .  
And we sought the land,  
in a home we'd die for.  
Freedom ties our hands,  
to a battle that we strive for.  
Through a will,  
and our hearts,  
we beckoned out,  
a fresh new start.  
We stand strong  
That freedom falls  
not by us.  
Oh we face on,  
our heart and souls,  
no pain to great,  
to reach our goal.  
But what we are,  
we'll always be.  
Our voices strong.  
We stand for 'Free'!



## POOR SAMMY

I never thought it would be time to have to tell this tale,  
But the truth eventually does come out, that will never fail.  
I'll take it from the start, and give you all I know.  
Especially answering the vital question, 'where did Sammy go'

I will not tell you who I am; you'll have to guess that one.  
Because I could go to jail, after all is said and done.  
I will tell you I'm not Jackie, no one can be that great.  
I'll get going with the saga, no longer will you wait.

Sammy was a little guy, no older than twenty-four.  
He read his work at group one night, I nearly hit the floor.  
His words rang true to many of us, the writing smooth and above the rest.  
With the exception of Jackie, he surely was the best.

Sammy laughed a lot, and spewed forth tons of charm.  
But he had a simple problem, he was missing both his arms.  
His mind would rattle wonders while others were his pen.  
It didn't matter, we'd all help him out, Sammy was a friend.

After group he picked up the phone, and dialed it with his nose.  
He called the Access driver for a ride to take him home.  
How absurd that notion was, he'd wait hours at the least,  
I told him, 'come on Sammy grab your stuff, I'll drive you up the street.'

Sammy was so very grateful, he did his best to give a hug.  
A bump of his chest to mine, followed by a little shrug.  
We gathered up his belongings and headed to my car.  
Sammy assured me quite fervently, he didn't live at all too far.

The ride was over quickly, and we pulled into his drive.  
The fatal error was underway, Sammy invited me inside.  
I didn't think much of it, our conversation was going good.  
And sammy told me that he'd serve me—excuse the pun—some finger food.

Sammy's home was small and adjusted for his disability.  
He bought out chips and salsa, along with crackers and some cheese.  
We sat upon his sofa, all seemed to be going fine.  
Friendly chat with my new friend, while sipping some red wine.

It happened out of the blue, something coming, I didn't see.  
Was it my imagination or was Sammy hitting on me?  
I didn't want to assume he was, so I made it like a jest  
and kindly, with a snicker told him, 'Sammy, your foots on my left breast'

Sammy murmured, 'oh my error,' then started to pull back.  
Before I knew it, Sammy lunged and I was under his attack.  
Squashed between sofa cushion, my back against the arm.  
Sammy's toes began to roughly manipulate, my breasts that were so large.

I was stronger than this little man, and I began to fight.  
Up I jumped from the couch, that's when Sammy locked on tight.  
Into the coffee table I bumped, hoping to knock him lose.  
But Sammy, like a wrestler had his legs tied like a noose.

Legs around my mid-section, and he began to squeeze.  
All the air started to escape, and Sammy ignored my pleas.  
I flung myself from left to right, trying to shake off this little guy  
But Sammy held on tighter, I thought for sure I was gonna die.

I flung outward to the right, slamming sammy against the wall.  
One twice, three times hard but Sammy would fall.  
The plaster cracked really hard and dust began to fly  
But Sammy clung on more to me, despite how much I cried

We wrestled across the livingroom, but I never left my feet.  
I was bound and determined, that I would not be beat.  
No matter how much I tried to shake hi off, all I did was wrong.  
Then sheer panic struck when he looked at me, said, 'hold still this won't be long.'

I looked with realization, of what was hoping to be  
And I decided right then and there, he wouldn't have his way with me.  
He positioned himself nicely, his waist against my chest  
with full intent of indulging pleasure, between the creases of my breasts.

That was it, I became enraged and a lot is still a fog  
I grabbed his hair, whipped back his head, reached for the cheese log  
The knife was so convenient, it almost fell into my grip  
I reached up, and without thinking, the blade met him with a rip

The blood began to gush all bout my brand new clothes.  
I didn't care at that moment, Sammy was finally letting go.  
The fiery assault he tried to give, ended as a dud.  
Lifeless Sammy slipped from me and landed with a thud.

I looked upon his pathetic body lying on the floor.  
Calling the police were not an option, I decided to do more.  
He had no family to miss him, he was society's runt pup.  
No one would even know that he was gone, so I decided to cut him up.

It didn't take long, it wasn't difficult, cutting up all the parts.

Sammy inadvertently helped, he was already missing two big parts.  
I wrapped him in several weighted hefty's and took him across town  
Piece by piece into the river, so he never would be found.

There is a little I left out, and now I must confess.  
Sammy might not be the first victim in my mental mess.  
Jon, Jeanette, Mark, Jason, even Rev. Jacks.  
Think of them, then think of me, they won't be coming back.



## The ‘W’ Inspiration

Who was with Wendell when Wendell was whittling wood?

Whistling weary ways while Wendell worked?

Was Wendell’s whore Wendy with Wendell when Wendell was whittling wood?

Why was Winnie, Wendell wife’s, wincing when Wendy whisked Wendell with wispy Wednesday ways?

Will Wendell win Winnie while Wendy Whore’s with Wendell?

Why? Why? Why?





# Annoying Neighbor Man

Neighbor man

Oh, Neighbor man

I hate you.

You bring from me all the dark despising feelings I save for Satan

How did it reach this?

The city life. Street parking

Select few have driveways. Parking pads

Your family is fortunate. You have both

I have none

You use neither.

What does your Asian family hide?

Why do you not use your driveway?

You have five cars.

Yet, the only car near your house is the ghetto welfare mobile, wheels held by bricks

You make me sick trying to disillusion the government that feeds you

Pays for your house

It's called Welfare Fraud

A thirty-thousand dollar SUV, a Twenty grand Camary

You get food stamps and welfare checks.

I know this

I know the mailman

I bribed him with Jack Daniels

When you take my parking spot, I want to slice your tires

When I see you, I want to vomit

Maybe I'll vomit on your car

Your entire family gnaws at my gut

You live like peasants

Drive expensive vehicles

Live tax-free in our country, take our states resources  
All while you shelter the lucrative restaurant under an uncle's name  
I've seen you hide the boxes of your expensive new purchase in other people's  
garbage  
One day it will all catch up to you  
They'll check for the green cards you do not have  
Ship you away  
Free up the parking on the street  
You'll be gone and I will be happy once more.



# The Scorecard

The bottle of bourbon is just a part  
Not the beginning  
Nor the end  
It will never be the end  
It is a mere inning  
In the never ending scorecard  
You don't know that you keep  
You say you'd rather read my words  
Than hear my tone and see my nasty look  
It is said that the pen is mightier than the sword  
You are about to be stabbed by the deadliest ball point bic  
Are you ready for that?  
Read em and weep  
Weep  
A bottle of bourbon lasts me at least six weeks  
Six weeks  
You drank half a bottle in one night  
Half a bottle  
My kids don't see you drink that  
They see disappearing liquor  
Suddenly mom's an alcoholic  
She drinks too much  
I blame you  
They pacify me as if I am covering  
Wrong!  
All because some bartender made me a strong drink  
You had to have one too  
The scorecard again  
No one can have if you do not

No one can have more or something better  
I have a cigarette  
You have two  
I have a drink  
You have two  
Ever hear of the word moderation  
It's a good word  
Try it some time  
Mod  
Er  
Ray  
Shun  
Give and take is only a phrase  
Life isn't always about keeping score  
It isn't always about only doing when others do for you  
It's about giving  
It's about having none so someone can have one  
It's about smiling while watching someone enjoy  
Achieving mentally when you can't achieve physically  
And if there must be a scorecard  
Once and a while  
Let the other person  
Win



# HERBERT UPDATE – A HAMSTER LIVES ON

In how short a span of time?  
No more than 2 years,  
six, seven, eight rodent pets?  
Where was my error?  
We fed them, loved them, held them.  
Feeling a sense of doom I opted for one of those toy hamsters  
Battery operated.  
Dancing a jig  
He fried out for no reason on my third press of his paw  
After contemplation  
Refusing to be defeated, another I bought  
He was a miniature  
Good little guy  
Lasted a little over three weeks  
He was going round and round in his wheel one day  
Little feet running  
We were watching  
How fast he went.  
Then suddenly, the wheel kept going  
Herbert's feet did not.  
Herbert did not.  
He too fallen to the fate of his predecessors  
Death  
I am happy to say  
Now it has been four months since Herbert 7 arrived  
Still alive, happy and healthy  
We see him about once a day when he scurries about the house  
He escaped his cage one week after we bought him.  
His freedom keeps him alive  
For now





# SALVATION ARMY POEM

Have things gotten that bad?  
The Salvation Army has gone too far  
Using strategy in their plea for donations  
Stooping to new lows  
Placing red kettled soldiers in front of my local Starbucks  
Not a typical bell ringer who hands out Bible fortunes  
But physically challenged individuals in wheelchairs  
Placed there simply to target the Espresso Generation  
Those who are willing to pay six bucks for a drink  
Are surely those who are willing to give a buck for a cause  
Play on their guilt  
My guilt  
The Salvation Army is ill informed  
Most Latte loungers have no guilt  
I know. I'm one of them  
Perhaps that's why they used someone like Mary  
Physically challenged  
Her alcohol tainted breath encompassed her  
Her intoxication aromatically apparent in the huffs of steam that emerge from  
her mouth  
God forbid you'd pass her without a donation  
God forbid you pretend she isn't there  
Jolting for attention  
She let everyone know you avoided her  
Shouting out—  
Indigent Racist!  
“Go on! Enjoy that five dollar Latte!”  
“Others can't afford water!”  
“I hope you choke on it!”

She was mean, nasty rude  
But how does one retaliate?  
You can't yell at or even flip off an individual in a wheelchair  
Something is just not right about that  
They got rid of Mary and replaced her with Bill  
He has no feet.  
He has ulterior motives, I can see it.  
A lawsuit waiting to happen  
He perches his wheelchair on the edge of the sidewalk  
Teetering close to the first parking spot  
No one parks there out of fear of hitting his apparatus  
I do  
I pulled in and bumped him once  
Sent his wheelchair forward about a foot  
He lucked out  
Soon he won't be so lucky  
When a hurried motorist zooms in that first spot  
Smack into Bill  
His wheelchair sails forward into the Starbucks window  
His wife is a rich woman.  
I donate to the Salvation Army all the time  
But I am reluctant with this new tactic  
I am defiant  
What will they try next  
Dirty children, perhaps lepers?  
What happened to the days when the Salvation Army only solicited at Christmas  
I was happy to hand out  
Place money in the pot  
Now it pushes my limits  
Their plea for my dollars via my pity  
Backfired

I don't feel bad  
I just feel harassed.



# WAR

I may not have seen the beginning  
I have seen the end  
I've watched the birth of a new life  
An infant inhale its first breath  
I watch the end of the world,  
People inspiring their last  
A peaceful existence sought  
A peaceful existence found after the push of a button  
The release of a chemical  
No, not I  
We won't  
Never  
Inhumane  
We did  
The dust settles  
Slowly for decades  
The sun is hindered  
Sickness ravishes  
I watched the fall of men  
The sadness of women  
Children starve  
Food and water are scarce  
The hand of God has swept down  
Taking here and there  
All over  
Following man's dictate  
Buildings crumble  
Dreams gone  
When did it start?

No one knows  
It has ended  
Without reason  
Quiet  
I have seen the light of life  
But live in the dark of aftermath  
Oh what despair hath great nations brought  
War





## Nine Months

The conception of life  
The cycle of pregnancy  
Is the conception of love  
And the cycle of relationships  
Funny how things work that way  
Like the cell that is planted that begins a new life  
The first hello is the seedling of a relationship  
Both start to form  
Rapidly  
With both, sometimes you aren't even aware what has begun  
Once realization hits  
The first three months can be exciting  
All attention is paid to it  
You tell everyone  
You can't stop talking about it  
You eat out a lot more  
Sometimes there is uncertainty  
Sometimes things fall apart  
They do not mix  
But if the life, the relationship survives  
The second trimester takes a different effect  
You feel a bit more confident  
You can tire easily  
But rejuvenate suddenly  
Increased sexual urges  
You're getting used to it  
Comfortable  
Things get bigger  
You begin to feel the life of both

See it forming with your own eyes  
People recognize that you have this gift  
By six months you are certain things are smooth  
If there haven't been major complications  
You face the future brightly  
As the next three months advance  
Often you start to plan for the new person in the house  
It might be an adjustment  
But so much time has spent nurturing, caring  
You are prepared for what to expect  
You know what the outcome should be  
It takes nine months to form a complete  
Complex human being  
In nine months a complete  
Complex relationship has formed  
After nine months you should be sure of the path  
Without any uncertainty  
A future for both  
How could you not look forward to many years  
Sometimes difficult, sometimes smooth  
Regardless  
In each case  
You know you love what has formed  
And the person that is now a part of you  
In either case  
After nine months of caring  
Along with growth  
And togetherness  
There should be no doubt  
Of what lies ahead



## MY DEAR ALI-GIRL

I have a daughter, her name is Ali  
She's as sweet as sweet can be.  
She's twelve years old, and a little thing  
Some say a picture of me  
But she has a darker side to her,  
One that hits against her will  
My darling little Ali girl  
Is addicted to ibuprofen pills  
It started a year or so ago,  
With a headache here and there  
I'd give the child an Advil  
So the pain she would not fear  
The headaches began to increase each day,  
Her tiny hand held out  
I'd grab that bottle of orange tablets  
And she'd pop one in her mouth  
I started to have a fear, you know  
Of something really bad  
So I took her to the doctor  
To see just what she had  
The old guy said don't worry  
She isn't gonna die  
The headaches are just a symbol  
She has problems with her eyes  
I got her a pair of glasses  
Thought we saw the headaches end  
But in another day or two  
It started back again  
I pulled the bottle right back out

Gave one for her great pain  
But the mother in me worried  
She had a tumor on her brain  
Well, a mass had not formed at all  
My daughter was healthy and just fine  
The doctor said it's sinuses  
She may outgrow it with in time  
Time became our enemy  
The headaches weren't the end  
Any aching excuse would do  
Ibuprofen was her friend  
It didn't really dawn on me  
How bad it really come  
Until I saw her crafty addict side  
And the depths she had sunk  
She claimed she hurt her ankle  
And limped the entire day  
The school nurse gave instructions  
See a doctor right away  
I took her to our family man  
And much to my surprise  
I witnessed her addiction  
With my very own mom eyes  
She cried to Doc, the pain the pain  
Help me make it through the night  
He said, "I'll give you Ibuprofen'  
And her eyes they lit up bright  
She now has a prescription  
In a bottle bright an gold  
And she takes the high dose faithfully  
Just like the doctor told

I fear the worse is yet to come  
When is it gonna stop  
When she reaches a magnitude dosage  
Of a thousand milligrams a pop?  
I don't know why she loves it  
But one day I pray she sees  
That being hooked on Advil  
Isn't the way that life should be  
Until she sees the errors  
Of her ibuprofen ways  
I can only follow the doctor's instructions  
Give her pills four times a day.



# I AM BORN, NOT MAID

Slavery was abolished in 1865

Donna Reed was a fictional character

So was June Cleaver for that matter

I wasn't sold to anyone, as far as I recall

Nor do I only air for a half an hour

Yet every day I feel as if I wake up

In some unrealistic

Fucked up

Never ending

Independent Gal meets Donna Reed world

I'm not Super woman

But if I get tired, there's something wrong

Yeah there is

I live off of less than four hours a sleep per day

That's not even in one long stretch

I get up after a couple hours sleep

Drive whoever to wherever

Come back

Clean up the mess that I am only one fifth responsible for

I'd like to not have to sweep the floors

But if I don't no one will

They say they will. They don't

Why is my flag still in the living room?

I make the beds—one of the four is mine

In which I only sleep on half—if that

I clean the sink, the toilet

Funny how I'm pretty positive it's not me peeing around the base of the  
commode

But I clean that up too



After that it's lesson plans, errands, store  
Home educate, work, cook  
Sneak a nap  
Serve the meal, work again. Then work some more.  
That's job one—I do that every day, seven days a week  
There's also jobs two three and four  
Let's not forget the laundry that I dry fold, hang and put away  
One fifth of which is mine  
Perhaps I am venting, and it isn't that lopsided  
Perhaps I am not that inundated. It seems it  
Maybe I should have been a slave  
They had start and ends to their days  
Or Donna Reed  
At least she got commercial breaks



# Who I Am

(1)

When I was ten years old  
I would sit in the dark, quiet of the night  
Parents asleep  
Paper before me  
Pen in hand  
Scribbling 'big' ideas  
In the form of poems and short stories  
Some good  
Most not  
No one around to bother me  
To stay 'how cute'  
I wanted to be a writer

(2)

When I hit fourteen  
I would sit in my room  
Manual typewriter before me  
I tap away my thoughts  
My big scenes  
Flying from the top of my head  
My 'miniature' hundred page books  
Some good. Most not  
All contrived from the fantasies of my mind  
I'd do these in the dark, quiet of the night  
Everyone asleep  
No one to bother me  
To say 'she's weird'  
I wanted to be a writer

(3)

As the teen years progressed  
So did I obsess  
My typewriter was electric  
The ink ribbons used to the fullest  
Black, blue, red ink  
Different types of paper  
My books were written on  
I wrote of destruction  
My fears  
My novels of youthful visions and characters  
Some were good  
All of them me  
Written in the dark, quiet of the night  
While everyone slept  
No one to bother me  
To tease me  
To say, "Something's wrong with her"  
I wanted to be a writer

(4)

My early twenties brought children  
And a thing called a Word processor  
My stories matured  
The ides expanded  
Everyday  
Tapping away  
In the dark, quiet of the night  
While everyone slept  
No one to feed, diapers to change  
Tears to wipe  
No one to say, "Why do you write, you aren't very good."  
No one to bother me

I wanted to be a writer

(5)

Time became my courage

Computers a godsend

My schedule expanded

I set my goals

I'd submit

Get rejected

That didn't stop me

Hundreds of no's

Waiting on that one 'yes'

Until then I sat

Every single day

Book after book

Night after night

In the dark quiet of the house

While everyone slept

No one to interrupt

To ask for a ride

To get me to settle an argument

To say, 'Are you done yet?'

I wanted to be a writer

(6)

There is nothing wrong with me

The years have made me different

Eccentric and creative

I love my work

How many can say that

Sleep is a pause for me

Not an eight hour event

My choice

I love it that way  
I am a vampire of the literary world  
Daylight is my everyday reality  
'Mom do this', 'mom can I do that?'  
The night is my escape  
I thrive when the sun sets  
The dark is my inspiration  
Quiet and still are my sanity  
When everyone is asleep  
I ... am a writer



## PART OF THE KITCHEN

It may seem contrite  
And tagged nit picking  
I just need to explain  
I am the kitchen  
Everything inside is part of me  
Just like everything in your body  
Is part of you  
The stove is part of me  
Your arms are part of you  
When you clean me up, think of me as your body  
Think of my floor like your hair  
Would you wash it without brushing it  
Would you only brush the front of your hair?  
And promise to get to the rest later?  
No.  
Would you brush your hair with the dog's brush?  
Would you use your brush on the dog's hair?  
Do you wash behind your ears?  
The garbage can is my ears.  
The dishes in my sink are the same as you face and hands  
Sure you wash them more frequently  
But the rest needs cleansing too  
Not every other day  
Everyday  
Mostly twice  
Would a steel worker bathe twice a week?  
My stove, fridge, are like my arms and legs  
They need tended to.  
I am an entity as a whole



Like your body  
If every part of me isn't done every day  
It will get a head of me, and I will be horrendous  
Dirt stacked up  
Like your body would  
Think of me as your child  
If the mother feeds me, takes care of me, stocks me  
It's only fair that you lean me  
As a body  
Your body  
As a whole

## Random spurts

I sit  
Wait  
Watch  
And hope  
A glance  
Twitch  
Do  
You know?  
Linger  
On  
Just  
My words  
Written  
Spoke  
Most  
Unheard  
One day  
You

I  
Will see  
Levels  
We  
Need  
To be



# HERO

The thrill  
Danger, that is unsurpassed  
Without notice  
Without a second thought  
The rush  
Excitement that lurks  
Every corner  
Without a second thought  
The save  
It's a drug of life  
You give to someone  
Without a second thought  
The fearlessness  
Of death and pain  
Of what lies ahead  
Without a second thought  
The unselfishness  
It's not a job  
It's what you do  
Without a second thought  
The impact  
You leave behind  
Forging ahead  
Without a second thought  
The legacy  
You leave  
At least one person will know  
Without a second thought ...  
The hero that you are



# THE PRINCESS OF INSCRIBED IMPRESSIONS

Sorry

I'm a princess

Not when it comes to clothes

Or money

But my work

I'm a princess

Of the worlds I create

And the world I create them in

When it comes to my stories

I'm spoiled rotten

Forget 'Criticize I can take it'

Truth is

I can't

My world

My inspirational music

You don't like it

Who cares

Praise my work

I'll love you

You'll be in my good graces

You can hate my hair

Hate my looks

Think I suck as a person

But microscopically not enjoy my work ...

You're in the doghouse

I may never say it

But I'll never listen to you again

Or share my work with you

I'm like that, you know  
Obviously by my royalty checks  
I don't write for the money  
I write for me  
The excitement of creation  
So tell me you can't get enough of my work  
Lie to me if you must  
I won't know  
That's the princess in me





# Looking Back Six Years

Many of times I wondered  
What would I say  
If faced with myself of yesterday  
More so what would be said to me  
Of that I find more interesting  
Seven years ago it all began  
My search and determination  
To be someone  
To be published  
I remember that year too well  
My second year of trying  
The second year of failing  
Depression, lack of confidence  
I wanted it so bad I could taste it  
I could see my past self saying to me now  
What is your problem?  
Oh my God, you're published?  
You go girl?  
Why are you bitching?  
You used to swear you wrote only for the thrill  
You'd never care if you made money  
Only to see your book in print  
You did  
Eleven times.  
What I would give to have an editor hand me a deadline.  
I opened six rejections today  
Remember those days?  
The dreaded thump  
Hating to open the door on Monday Mornings

Saturdays were almost as bad  
Those days of too long queries  
No respect  
You were in the newspaper ... three times  
Not to mention TV, radio  
Oh my God, my past self would say to me  
I do it?  
You mean all this heartache is worth it?  
I actually do it!  
Yes!  
Then my past self would probably vow to not be my present self  
But in return I'd reply, 'wait until you get here, you'll be me'  
Never!  
Wanna bet?  
How can you be so sure?  
I am you.



## For This We know

Today I was reminded  
I wept  
Tears of hope, sorrow, and pride  
I watched the faces  
of those who will come home  
and those who gave the ultimate sacrifice  
For the Red, White and Blue  
For their country for which they fight  
For those who gave their life  
All of which are deserving of our every gratitude  
They fight not just for your freedom and mine  
They fight for all men, women and children  
Every four corners of this earth  
So all can enjoy the liberties  
And God given gifts  
We as Americans are fortunate to have  
Freedom is not an option, it is a must  
It is our right  
For the soldiers—past, present, and future  
I pray  
I thank them  
Think of them  
My heart full  
Full of strength and pride for  
A country so strong  
That has a force that carries our flag  
With bravery and courage  
Through relentless perils  
They do this for us

Their countrymen  
So that we may reap the benefits of their struggles  
For this we should know  
And forever be reminded  
So those who gave some and all  
Their battles, losses and victories  
Triumphs and defeats  
Shall never be in vain.



# We used to Love

We used to love  
All that's changed  
We used to share smiles  
Now we exchange dagger glances  
We'd talk for hours  
Now we drown in silence  
Hold hands, sing songs  
Went to avoidance of touch  
And blaring each others least favorite music  
Best friends  
Turn to mortal enemies  
We'd get drunk until three in the morning because it was fun  
Now we get drunk because we can't stand the sight of each other  
I used to arrive from work  
Honey I'm home  
You'd giggle, Skip to me, We'd hug  
All that's changed  
I call out my greeting, 'Honey I'm home'  
You call out yours. 'Who cares'  
What happened to the days when you couldn't wait to hold me?  
Today you couldn't wait to throw my shoe at me  
Always was your hair done?  
Clothes neat, water bra to perk up your breasts  
Now, you pull your hair up  
Wear my favorite tee shirt to irk me  
And let those breasts hang low as you travel to and fro  
My little mistakes were amusing to you  
Not anymore  
Before you'd never mention the toilet seat

Now you scream my name, 'You son of a bitch put the seat down'  
My socks could lay around  
You lifted them; sniff them, in a cutesy way  
Now you shove them in my mouth when I sleep  
You were my love muffin and I your twinkle toe bear  
Now you're my mother, and I, your pain in the ass  
We were destined to be together  
Sniggling on the sofa  
We wait to go our separate ways and hug different ends of the couch  
I hold out high hopes of better days  
Even though you write obscenities on the bathroom mirror to greet me in the morning  
I still smile  
You don't  
At least those haven't changed.





# FATE

(for Wolf)

You were doomed from the start

The moment of conception

A bastard child

A product of an illicit affair

Your mother, a married man

His whereabouts unknown.

A father you never knew

You were given a name and told that he died

How convenient

You were doomed to be different all of your life

Treated as such from all of your family

You took that role and lived it

Your fate you supposed

A man without origin

Without true roots

You were doomed to be labeled

No one would ever really trust you

Born unto an angry mother

Whose messed up her life

Somehow she blamed you

Everyone blamed you

The chip on your shoulder grew heavier each year

Relationships failed

The women in your life misled you

Cheated

All like your mother

You were doomed

To be the better person

Prove them all wrong  
Better your life, like you've done,  
and be one hell of a man.  
You were doomed, you know  
To meet me  
To be loved unconditionally  
Wanted, needed and appreciated for who you are  
Never to look back on what was, but on what will be  
And without a doubt ...  
Spend the rest of your life with me



# I'm Done

No more.

I'm stronger than this and I know it.

To let one situation cascade

Allow it to bother me to the point we fight

No more

With my heart I love you

But the question remains

Is love worth the aggravation?

Is it worth the fights, bickering, silence

I have lived life without being in love

Which is the less of the two evils

Live alone

Live with love

Which holds more pain?

Being in love hurts far worse than never loving.

I can live without it

I can't live with being like this

This is not me

Not what I want my life to be like

I'd rather be by myself

Than be with some one who infuriates me

Angers me with as much intensity as any good emotions

With love it's six of one, half dozen of the other

Alone, it's all or nothing.

You know where you stand when you are without someone

You know whose in charge

Who controls how you feel

I want no one to control my emotions but me

So that's it.

No more  
I'm done.



## All of me

To often we miss knowing how much one person effects every part of us.

I can not believe how much you effect all of me.

With my eyes I see what I have before me.

I see a beautiful person, inside and out.

With my ears I hear all of what you say.

My lips speak what I feel, they kiss you and each time you kiss me

Still feels as exciting as the first

My heart beats for you

It knows now what love is

My soul is encompassed by you

It swims in all you project

All of me knows what you give to me

All of me feels for you

All of me wants you

All of me needs you

And all of me ... loves you completely





## DON'T START

Don't even start

Knock it off

What I said to you, was not out of line

You know it.

It happens all the time

It isn't fair

I say something about it

and you get mad at me?

Yeah, there was some edge

But I am justified

How many times can the same argument be had

I swear, Wolf if you want to complain

That I am fuckin bitching at you

I'll bitch

I will

You need to know what 'true' bitching is

And it will be a hell of a day.

So knock it the fuck off

I did nothing but normal complaining

Don't think it's out of order



# ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!

It's coming. It's happening. Yet, people they tell me to wait. After all these years.

I'm with you. Beside you. We'll cut through all the song and dance. He don't stand a chance.

I always dreamed I'd find a resolution. So I went to the United Nations.

I lost .... I lost.

Argue. Fighting.

There's nothing left for us there. So we won't give another care.

If you've had enough of his stuff, don't put up, just go through it.

With you by my side we can fight, we'll get tough, let's go do it.

Tell him to just get out!

These aren't words we toss about

Grab his sons and find a route

If he don't leave Iraq we'll blast him out!!!

Enough is enough is enough

We want him out, we want him out for good now

Enough is enough is enough

UN peace talks are done out that door now

I always knew he was an evil doing man

Still the world questions how bad is ol' Saddam

He's dust ...

He had his chance from the start

He's Dust...

Now we will blow him from the heart ...

His military falls apart!

Enough is enough is enough we got him out, we got him out for good now.



## My opinion

Like a parent discussing a matter with his child  
You flick your ash,  
Turn your head slightly,  
And without looking my way at all,  
You emotionlessly say, “Last night’s over. I’m finished talking about it.”  
Like I was asking for permission for something?  
Was I trying to get out of trouble?  
You wouldn’t even look at me.  
Discussion done.  
End of the matter.  
You are boss?  
What the fuck is that?  
This is a partnership.  
I am not your child.  
I am not under you  
Beneath you  
I am also far from less than intelligent than you  
Don’t talk down to me  
Opinions are opinions  
They are neither right nor wrong  
So this is my opinion  
An argument with you is not a battle of words  
It’s a battle of stamina  
A battle of control  
Who can stay ‘right’.  
That is why you ended the discussion the way you did.  
You end it. You controlled it.  
My opinion  
Here’s another one of my opinions

I carry a lot of the weight of this relationship.  
You don't know that  
You don't see that  
You need to  
You will.  
Welcome to the new face of this relationship  
I think I'll take your attitude for a while  
I'll give after I get  
So you want more affection  
Absolutely, display some first  
You want my attention  
Bring it to me first, instead of waiting for me to bring it to where you are sitting  
You want conversation  
Talk  
Talk—not bitch or complain—talk  
Conversation  
I'll return it.  
Initiate for a while  
It's on you  
My opinion  
You firmly live by the rule, the world owes you  
You'll give once you get  
An attitude I don't believe you will lose  
If you don't  
With the weight of initiation on your shoulder  
We won't be back to square one  
We'll be at nothing  
My opinion





# The Stranger

It's difficult to explain why I'm being this way.  
Why my action change, spin, and flip.  
How can I expect for you to understand, when I fully don't.  
One moment bliss  
The other feeling down.  
I know why this happens  
Not always why it goes to such extremes.  
A simple glance taken wrong  
A word not spoken  
Off limit conversations that stew and fester  
Frustration over things I can't say.  
When love is limited in some aspects  
It is limited in others  
If I can't breach a certain realm  
Then I feel as if I am shut off  
So I shut down.  
Who suffers?  
You, me, both?  
There are days I feel as if I don't know you  
I don't know why that is  
But it happens.  
Stirring intuitions  
Unfounded ... of course  
But there.  
When I feel you're a stranger,  
I treat you like such  
I know that's not fair.  
But that's me.  
I shut off my heart when something isn't feeling right.

A self defense, who knows.

Perhaps instead of asking why something doesn't feel right

I should ask why I shut my heart off so easily to you.

Maybe I have an unbalance

Maybe it isn't me, but us

Or you.

Who knows.

There are no answers to my feelings right now

If I had them, I'd give them

Trust me



## So what.

So we've been together for a while  
It doesn't mean I fall under squatters rights.  
Your life is your life  
My life is yours as well?  
I'm torn, you know.  
Between what is right and wrong  
What I want and need  
They all are different  
My obligations are with you  
My heart seeks freedom  
Who are you to tell me what to do?  
who are you to dictate my life?  
Cant you see my reluctance?  
No, of course not.  
You see what you want.  
Love  
Yeah, I suppose love is there  
Always will be  
It isn't what it was  
It is what I remember it being?  
Was it ever?  
Two separate lives  
In one car  
On a road going nowhere.  
That's us  
Someone stop the car  
Let me out  
I see my destination  
Anywhere is better than here



## FREAKY FRIDAY

Good God, I am a lesbian, was racing through my mind.  
When opened my eyes and lay in bed to see what I did find.  
A shapely woman peered at me, and gave a sleepy glance.  
She said, 'Good morning sunshine, rise and shine,' you look like you're in a  
trance.  
I could barely speak or move, until she went to stroke my face.  
I scooted back with some top speed, as if I were in a race  
I knew this woman Vickie, but how'd I end up in her bed?  
Was I that drunk, experimental, what was going through my head?  
I jumped right out of bed, and thought, oh boy, what I did miss?  
Then I caught a good glimpse in the mirror. Oh my God, how am I Chris?  
I slapped my self across the face to make sure I wasn't asleep.  
The woman in the bed she giggled, 'what's wrong with you, you silly peep?'  
I tried to reason what had happened, this surely couldn't be.  
Then it hit, if I were Chris, surely he were me.  
I called my house, Chris confirmed, then I asked what should we do?  
Chris responded quite contently, 'Really, I like it being you'  
'UGH!' I shouted, petrified ... what was going down?  
Then I freaked, when Vicki whispered, "Big guy, hey you wanna fool around?"  
I threw on my shorts, and bolted fast, straight out of the bedroom door.  
Grabbed my keys, ran from the house, I couldn't take any more.  
In the car I paused to think, what happened? What went so array?  
Then it hit me, the night before, we met a guy named Jay.  
Jay rambled on and on, about how he used to be his wife.  
We thought he had too much to drink, but he was making a fun night.  
He said if we didn't believe him, by the river perched a stone not far.  
A wishing place for those who hate the person that they are.  
All you had to do was touch it with some one else, and make you little wish.  
By the time you wake up, bodies you will switch.

Well, being drunken arrogant writers, we all went to the dock.  
And there was the sign that read, 'here is the wishing Rock'  
Laughing on some substance high, induced by three Jim Beams  
I said, "heck, I think I'll be Chris, and he said he'd be me.  
With the mess finally figured out, I went to Rob my friend.  
Hoping that his insight, could bring about an end.  
I rattled off the story, and he laughed as if I were half crooked.  
You did what? He laughed while asking me, "For real a wishing Rock?"  
I said, "Rob, oh, rob, I'm a woman. I'm not what I do seem.'  
He smiled so brightly, "Chris are you saying you now play for my team?"  
After I flipped out one more time, he agreed to go with me.  
Down to the South side, so he could finally see.  
With a 'hmm', and a rub of his chin, he said, 'if you really are my Jack.'  
"Just touch the rock and demand strong, you want your body back.'  
Good idea! Rob's solution, I was happy as could be.  
I laid my hand down, closed my eyes, and shouted, "make me back to me!"  
With a sarcastic chuckle, Rob snickered out, "Yes, that ought to work.'  
"you know you would believe me," I said, "If you weren't being such a jerk!"  
I slipped away and hid myself until the mess was through.  
Falling asleep in my car, hoping I'd be me again soon.  
My wishful dream awakened me, and I was filled with hope.  
Until I glanced down at my hand, and cried, 'this has to be a joke.'  
The cell phone ring it jolted me, and I answered still in shock.  
'hurry, hurry,' the voice declared, "We must get back to that rock.'  
I sighed out as the person carried on, "Oh, God what do we do?"  
"This is all your fault, Rob," I barked out.. "Thanks a lot ...cause now I'm you."

