



**My
Poetry
2021**

By Anne

Mania

Mania looks at you
Straight in the eye
“Nothing to be afraid of
Cause away you can fly

You can do anything
Anything. Any way
Nothing can harm you
You can just fly away.”

Depression

They say the sky is blue
That's what they say
But all I see is gray
And the rain pounding away

They say tomorrow is sunny
But I know that isn't true
All will be gray, gray, gray
And the rain will be here too.

Wolfland

When I was very little
There was a special land
Where I would escape to
And everything was grand

I got there inside my closet
Where there was a special door
It was the entrance to Wolfland
And my spirits there would soar

It was there in Wolfland
All my friends I would see
Then there was the big bad wolf
But he could never get to me

Yes, it was the big bad wolf
Who lives inside my wall
And though he wants to eat me up
He can't get to me at all

It was in my dreams at night
That he would appear
And I would always fight him off
And in morning I'm still here

Yes, I'm still here
To live another day
To fight off the big bad wolf
And grown-ups call it play

And now that I'm a grown-up
Nothing scares me anymore
After living with the big bad wolf
Everything I can endure

Yes, it's good to endure
But life is much, much more
Sing and dance with your friends
And let your spirits soar.

Memory

Some things that I hear

Some things that I see

They may have happened years ago

But it's yesterday to me.

What?

What car do you drive?

What town do you live in?

Who the hell cares—

To me that's a given.

Meals

They are very delicious
The meals that you make
As long as they're followed
By coffee and cake.

Blessings

It's nighttime

I'm tired

I need a rest and

Just thinking of how much

I am blessed

Good food

Good friends

A roof over my head

And when I feel sleepy

A comfortable bed.

Stirring

What is stirring inside me?

My whole insides are throbbing

Like the waves in the blue, blue sea

Enveloping the sand

The waves crash along the shore

Over and over

More and more

Under the fiery sun

The sun soon sets

As it lights up the sky

Darkness follows

Sun whispers "good bye."

Book of Poems

How do we create
From our poems a story--
A luscious and a lovely
Blooming morning glory

As patches for a quilt
That we loved to crochet
Then crochet them all together
In an artistic way

We'll crochet the poems we've written
Into a grand design
And we will all be smitten
And love it all the time.

On The Sea

Sometimes I feel
I'm in a boat on the sea
No motor, just sails
And the wind moving me

But where should I move
All around me is sea
And when it gets dark
I can't even see

I have some power
Over where I can go
But with water surrounding
Where, I don't know

So I'll quietly lie
Close my eyes and sleep
And leave it to God
My soul to keep.

Excited

So excited now
So excited and how
What a delightful day

So excited now
So excited and how
Everything's going my way

So excited now
So excited and how
All I can say is "hooray"

So excited now
So excited and how
Hope I can sleep feeling this way.

Work Done

My work is done

I now can relax

Enjoying nature

To the max

Hearing the wind

As it swishes through trees

And the birds chirping

In the breeze

The sun lighting up

The flowers and leaves

And mother nature cheerfully

Loving to please.

Times

I'm feeling alone
In a dark room
Not knowing where I'm going
Not having a home

I'm now reliving
Times of the past
When will they ever
Be over at last

I am my own evil
This must end
I'll walk in the sunshine
And be my best friend.

Heaven

They say "Marriages are made in Heaven"

Well, if that is so

Do I want to go to Heaven?

Absolutely "No."

Lies

I read the lies
They say about me
However, I am free

And if anyone
Wants to doubt me
I don't care—I'm me.

Moving On

Lots going on
In my head today
Twirling around
In a haphazard way

Pieces of a puzzle
To put into place
But what will the picture
Be in this case?

I'll just move ahead
Day by day
While trying so hard
To find my way

And thus moving forward
Being gracious and kind
Wanting beauty and truth
Which I know I will find.

Music

I hear melodic music
Played by angels up above
Drifting down from heaven
Whispering their love.

Kindness

Bruce is always

Kind to me

Embracing me

Affectionately

No one else

Has been to me

As sweet and kind

As he.

Damn

Damn you
Why do you treat me like this?
One minute the fist
Next minute the kiss

You say I am evil
You say I'm unkind
I say you're f—king
Out of your mind

Wasn't always this way
Used to think you were swell
All the while leading me
On a road trip to hell

Then one day
You couldn't work anymore
Illness was knocking
At your door

And you became sick
Very sick too
And I was the one
Who took care of you

I took you to doctors
You could not do a thing
I showered and shaved you
And did everything

Now you are gone
Now I am free
Living my life
Joyfully

Who Am I?

Who am I?

I try to figure this out

And what is my life

All about?

And is there a God

To whom we must pray?

And what is prayer

Anyway?

Does God have control

Over what we do and say?

Then if we do wrong

Are we punished anyway?

Can't think of this too much

And not because I'm lazy

It's just because after a while

It can drive me crazy!

Tonight

What is the matter
With Bruce tonight
He gets me annoyed
And I don't want to fight

Yet I know
He is not feeling well
So I let everything go
Won't argue. Won't yell

Tomorrow morning
Will bring a new day
Hope he feels better
That's all I can say.

Right And Wrong

What do you want?
How do you do?
What's right, what's wrong
For me and you?

And sometimes it is
A game we play
To make friends feel good
By what we say

And if it is moral
It is OK
And if not
It must go away

Some things are really
Really wrong
And on our agenda
Do not belong

And other things
Are really right
Let's practice them
Day and night

And let's have fun
Let's laugh and sing
And love the goodness
That we can bring.

The Sky

I look at the sky so lovingly blue

Where the trees' dark green leaves let it poke through

Fluffy white clouds dancing gently nearby

I lie on the grass and watch with a sigh

So peaceful so calm, I'm feeling so blessed

Heaven has come down to earth as I rest

Why can't it forever be just this way

God's Holy Presence in my life to stay

But yes He will stay here deep in my soul

Forever making me tranquil and whole

The breezes softly caress me and then

God's Holy Presence I'm feeling again

The whole world should always feel as I do

Watching green leaves with the sky poking through.

Work Out

I just worked out

And I feel great

But to run around the block now

I can wait.

In Bed

I am now

Safely in bed

I'll say good night

To the thoughts in my head

I'll listen to music

Instead.

On My Terrace

Sitting on my terrace

Reading a book

But after a while

The heat overtook

Although I love sunshine

This heat's not for me

I'm going inside

And turn on the AC.

Tumble

Nonsense rhymes I see

In *The Golden Treasury Of Poetry*.

Now I'll offer thee

A nonsense rhyme by me:

Tumble. Tumble

Towsy Wowsy

Clickity Clickity Clat

I wonder where I'm at

What do you suppat?

I'm up to no good

Bubbley Wood

Clickity Clickity Clow

I wonder where I'll go

What do you suppo?

Back to hell and back

Backity Hack

Wackity Wackity Wack

I wonder where I'll be

Wherever you subblee.

My Sweetheart

Today my Sweetheart I'll see

In his arms I'll be

Everything will be just right

When my Sweetheart is with me.

OK

OK

As they say—

“It’s OK

Not to be OK”

Well, what do you know

If that is so

I’m not OK

In a way

My mind

Keeps questioning, although

All the answers

I don’t know

As in philosophy

You can question some

But after a while

You’re back on square one

So what’s the big deal

Just leave it so

And keep moving forward

Way to go.

Games

Playing games
Not for me
Cause I'm way past
The age of 3

However. However
I must confess
I would like to learn
The game of chess

You have to figure
In advance
Your opponent's moves
Then take a chance

In the near future
I will learn to play
The game of chess
And get carried away.

Writing

Sometimes I
Just don't feel right
But I will change
If I write

The words will go
From my head
Down my arm to my pen
And I just write, again and again

At times I don't know
What I'm writing till I look
At the sentences
That are in my notebook.

Vacation

Just want to take a vacation
From all the “should’s” in my head
And focus on the “love to’s”
That I’m going to do instead

Today the weather is lovely
I’m going to go outside
And just relax in the sweet summer air
And let my heart go along for the ride.

“The Answers”

For all the questions that may be
In the field of philosophy
“The Answers” which I believe are true
By Robert Clairmont, I'll print for you:

“ ‘When did the world begin and how?’
I asked a lamb, a goat, a cow:

‘What’s it all about and why?’
I asked a hog as he went by:

‘Where will the whole thing end, and when?’
I asked a duck, a goose, a hen:

I copied all the answers too,
A quack, a honk, an oink, a moo.”

The Moon And Sun

The moon shines down on the world at night
The sun shines during the day
Let us appreciate their light
Their beautiful display

The sparkling shimmering stars and moon
Make night a peaceful dream
The day returns bringing soon
The sun with its cheerful gleam

These heavens we all admire
And we can clearly see
That God never ever tires
Of pleasing you and me.

Pictures

Here I sit in pensive mood
Painting pictures in my mind
Enveloped by my solitude
Paints and paper I will find

And I'll paint what I love most
Of God's creations, so I'll see
What exists from coast to coast
Then I'll have some company.

Magic

The magic of poetry
Flows within me
I hear poet's music
Like the waves of the sea

Sometimes they are gentle
Sometimes they crash
Sometimes they linger
Or gone in a flash

These visions and voices
God's poems on display
And He is walking beside me
Sweet day after day.

I Need You

I need you near me
Your sweet caress
To feel you against me
Happiness

To have your heart beat
Next to mine
Lightning strikes through me
Sublime

It's the closest to Heaven
Here on Earth
And each time I'm with you
Rebirth.

Cheerily

I'm starting to see life more cheerily
The sun's shining in through the cloud
I'm dressing up now in clothes really colorful
Instead of a black linen shroud.

Pretending

I have to stop pretending
That everything is OK
Bruce is going through so much
But somehow he gets through the day

It's worse than you can imagine
But the details I won't write
He lives with it every day
He lives with it every night.

The Breaks

“That’s the breaks

That’s life and life goes on”

That’s what I tell myself now

So I don’t feel so put upon

I’ve got to stop thinking about the past

Cause I have surely moved ahead

I’ll now pat myself on the back

And give myself some credit instead

And maybe I can help another

Achieve whatever is her goal

And so converse with each other

And strive together soul to soul.

To Sleep

Don't know what to do
Don't know what to say
I'm feeling confused and a little blue
I'll never fall asleep this way

Maybe if I write
The feelings will travel through my pen
Then stay in the notebook out of sight
And not bother me so much again

It's way past midnight
I'd like to sleep
And as I write
Inside I weep

I feel like the Humpty Dumpty guy
Sitting on a wall
And then something went awry
Then splat, that's it, that's all.

Fun

Well that was fun
That last poem was a treat
Cause now just maybe
I'll fall asleep

But, don't count on it
I say
I'll turn out the light
Anyway.

OK-OK

OK-OK-Another day
Got a lot done but I don't see
Why do I have to keep producing
It's not enough to just be?

Just be? Just be? Just be what?
Be me? Be me? Just be me?
Just eat potato chips
And watch TV?

That's enough for now
Gonna go paint
Can't figure out who I am
Can't figure out who I ain't.

TV

When I was young and watched TV
The ads I could not stand—well—
If I did not like the commercial
I refused to buy what they sell.

My Rope

When I feel that I'm at the end of my rope

I say to myself, "come on"

"When I feel that I'm at the end of my rope

I just make a knot and hang on." (Franklin D. Roosevelt)

Me

Here I am
In pensive mood
Wondering-wondering-wondering

I'm very happy
And I have good friends
Wondering-wondering-wondering

My past was rough
But I am tough
Wondering-wondering-wondering

Wondering how life would be
If I did not have a disability
Had to fight like hell
To get where I am today
Wouldn't do it any other way
Bruce is so sweet and kind to me
Wish he did not have so many difficulties
There were times in my life that were very hard
Where the only friends I had were me and God
And I am very grateful for these two friends
With them everything is possible.

Manic Depression

Having manic depression is not easy
But there are things about it that I wouldn't change
It frames the way I think and feel
And I like myself that way.

Debbi

I haven't mentioned
My daughter, Debbi
The sparkle in my life

She lives alone
Just as I do
But I wish she were happier

As for me
I am now happy
With the life I live
I also love my apartment
Will stay here forever.

Lazy Day

What a lazy lazy day
With all that I don't do
But my brain gets carried away
Why can't it be lazy too.

Worrying

Stop worrying about Bruce

I know to stop I should

Stop worrying about Bruce

I wish that I could.

Paint

I have to go back and paint
That's all that relieves me
And keeps me going
From a mind that deceives me.

Crazy

I know I sound crazy

But I'm really OK

It's just the way I operate

From day to day.

The Umbrella

Being under the umbrella of peace

No one can harm me

It will shield also all whom I love

So nothing will alarm me.

An Optimist

I am an optimist

As all can see

If I were not

I would not be

But on the blue waters

Of the sea

Sometimes, a storm

And the storm is me

Sometimes the blue

Waters are calm

Calm and poetic

As a Psalm

I am an optimist

As all can see

As the sun shines over

The calm, calm sea.

Don't Know

I don't know whether
I'm lazy or calm
And I don't really care
I just like the feeling of peace
That I feel in the air.

Something

Here I am
All alone
Just myself
And feeling good

Feeling good
Because I know
I'm true to myself
And others

I look forward
To when Bruce and I
Will be
Together again

BUT I feel that something
Is not quite right
Something broiling
Inside me

It's the past memories
That still plague me
Being treated like
I'm not good enough

Treated like
I'm not good enough
And just being
Put up with

I know those memories
Still bother me
Because I
Believe them

I believe that
I'm not good enough
And just a little
Stupid

Life today
Is wonderful
However the past
Still plagues me

Pulling the memories
Out of the past
And putting them
On paper may work

I remember
As a child
Bullies tormenting me
Calling me names

Even a boyfriend
Tormenting me
And believing
The names he called me

And a husband
Abusing me
Emotionally
And physically

I feel those memories
Leaving me
From all
Over me

I can pull all of this
Out of me
But where then
Do I put it?

Leaving me
And blowing
Out
The windows

I let it all
Blow away
My ceiling fan
Will blow it out

Swish—Swish
Out the windows
Out! Out!
Out! Out!

Blow it
Out the windows
Out the two windows
In my bedroom.

Now that space
Inside me
I fill up
With daisies and buttercups.

The fan will bow it out
The two windows
While I lie
In bed writing

Shabbat (Sabbath)

The blessings of the Sabbath
Are coming soon
It is a flower
In full bloom

All week through
We work our best
Then the Sabbath
Our day of rest

As God's commandment
It shall be
A day of rest
For God and me.

My Best

I try to do my best
But I don't always know
In which direction
I should go

You'd think by now
I should know what to do
Since I have been here
Since 1942

I think that I will
Relax my mind
And enjoy all the beauty
There is to find.

Being an Artist

My poetry isn't what I write

My paintings, not what you see

Go look inside the words and the paint

And what you find is me.

Label

There is always a label they put on you
In therapy, but so far
There is never one that says "artist"
They just don't know who we are.

Damnit

Damnit to hell and back again
I'm tired of being nice
There are evil women and men
And they love what they do again and again

Don't dress it up in fancy clothes
Maybe they're depressed and sad
Maybe they don't realize
No. No. They're evil and bad

They love to hurt. They love to kill
And grab whatever they can
They love the feeling of power
It's part of their being and plan

So board up your windows and doors
And don't let them get inside
Cause they'll take whatever they want from you
Then go for a Sunday ride.

Bump and Thump

Bump. Bump. Bump
Thump. Thump. Thump.
That's the road I was on

Bump. Bump. Bump.
Thump. Thump. Thump.
It was rough to travel upon

Inside me all would tangle
Outside me all would jangle
But I did my best
And would not rest
Fixing from every angle

It did not take defiance
It did take compliance
And all the time
I did just fine
At this art and science

Life is much happier now
Much, much better and how!
The road now is smooth
With never a groove
With a present and future—Wow!

Life

If there is a God in Heaven
Let Him come down to Earth
And let Him see
Life's cruelty
Before He judges our worth.

Politics

Now comes politics

What are we to do?

What the Dems and Republicans

Say of each other

Is absolutely true.

My Baby

My baby. My baby
My precious. My sweet
I cannot feed you
There's nothing to eat

So now I will leave you
In a Church all alone
Hoping that someone
Will make you their own

I pray to the Heavens
To grant my request
That you will always
Be happy and blessed.

The Living Train

Sometimes I am tired
Sometimes happy or bitter
Where am I going?
What should I consider?

Got on "The Living Train"
When I was eighteen
Looked out the window
Saw scene after scene

There were scenes from my present
There were scenes from my past
At times I got out
Became part of the cast

In times of distress
I was a survivor
But now on that train
I am the driver

When there are storms
I weather the strife
And when the sun shines
See the beauty in life

Let's strive together
To accomplish our worth
And when our days are over
Return to the earth

I am in charge
As Henley foretold
"I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul."

Life After School

What would I
Like to do
When my days
At school are through?

Continue to write, to paint
Play piano, relearn the guitar
Thought about public service
Read, take a course—enough so far

Thought about learning chess
But that may be one too much
That's about it, more or less
But I'll do nothing that causes stress

I have my friends
And Bruce and me
And that's where I am
Glad to be.

2184

So much going on in this world
What do we have in store?
Let's project a slice of life
In twenty-one-eighty-four

Everywhere is desert sand
Hardly a tree in view
Rocks and rocks, caves and caves
And very few people too

They don't have any clothes at all
They live inside a cave
They drink the water when the rains fall
And in the rain they bathe

They eat tiny raw crawling creatures
Which to me does not appeal
But I guess it's better than starving
At least they have a meal

The world is starting over again
Wonder how it will be
Build things up, then tear them down
Throughout eternity.

Autumn Is Coming

Autumn is coming
Summer goes by
The summer lovers
Say good-bye

Autumn is coming
It starts to get cool
The children are going
Off to school

Autumn is coming
With colorful leaves
Pressed against the blue sky
On elegant trees

Autumn is coming
Soon summer retreats
We'll be drinking hot chocolate
With marshmallow treats.

Little Flower

Little Flower

Pink and white

Little Flower

Pure delight

Little Flower

In You I see

The Universe

And God and Me.

My Younger Self

What would I tell my younger self

If I could go back away

What would I tell my younger self

If I could go back today

What would I tell my younger self

This is what I would say

Don't get married or have any kids

But live as I do today.

Happy New Year

A New Year's greeting

For all to see

A New Year's greeting

For you and me.

Accomplishments

I accomplished all I wanted in life
That and maybe more
And there's a whole lot more to live
Lots of fun in store.

A Sweet New Year

A Sweet New Year has begun

Let us pause and pray

And search deep within our soul

If we have gone astray

Let's do what's best for you

Let's do what's best for me

And fill our days with loving kindness

Throughout eternity.

Thank You God

Thank you God for all your treasures
I'll never cease to see
All the beauty in this life
You have given me

You have given all of us
He and she and we
Hope and love and blessings
Let's open our eyes and see

And when there are others
Who have not what they need
It's up to me to share with them
And share with love, indeed

To share with love and kindness
To share with hope and joy
With each man and woman
With each girl and boy

And if life is not right now
We can hope and pray
That life will soon be better
In another day

And we will see God's blessings
Although we may now grieve
We must hold each other's hand
And we must all believe.

My Daughter Debbi

If I did not marry

Would I have Debbi today?

She is the treasure of my life

Would want it no other way.

Justice

We talk of justice for all
For all people, true
But also for the animals
They're God's creatures too.

Pensive Thought

Sometimes when I'm in pensive thought
And don't really want to be
I turn on the music and sing along
To my favorite tunes—country

Maybe I'll learn to play the guitar
I did so in the past
And sing along with the disco lights going
And really have a blast

Sometimes when Bruce comes over
I'll sing and dance for him
He's my greatest audience
I'm a star with him.

Off to Sleep

Now I'm going
Off to sleep
It's been a busy day

Now I'm going
Off to sleep
Soon to dream away

Now I'm going
Off to sleep
And in God's hands I'll stay

Now I'm going
Off to sleep
Until the light of day.

Nightmares

I still get nightmares

About my past

Wake up in a panic

Glad it's over at last.

O My Gosh

O my gosh

The world today

The violence and Covid

Just won't go away

Just want to stay home

Under the cover

Just me alone

No boyfriend—no lover

I'd better change my attitude

Cause this isn't good

Although so far, most of the time

I do what I should

Thank goodness for zoom

In my computer room

And I sit on my porch

And with my neighbors I can talk

And I will continue

To paint and to write

And to listen to music

I'll then be all right.

Woke Up

Woke up to

A bright new day

(Although it's raining)

All is going my way.

Fox Hole

I feel like I'm in a fox hole

What am I supposed to do?

I hear someone coming in the door

"Covid 19—is that you?"

A True Word

“Many a true word is spoken in jest”
Absolutely true
And that’s why, as you may have guessed
I’ll keep on laughing—how about you?

All that is assuming
What I hear is not a lie
But sometimes I just have to laugh
Cause if I don’t laugh I’ll cry

What is true and what is false
At times I just don’t know
Between politics and Covid
I just don’t know what’s so

I do not know what’s so
But I know who I am and will be
Like a diamond with many facets
There are many sides to me

There are many sides to me
There are many sides to you
And we must work together
To build a world wonderfully true.

My Passions

What are my passions?

Let me see

My greatest is writing

Creatively

Another passion—

With my hand to paint and draw

Guided by my heart

With colors galore

Alas there is music

I cannot do without

To dance and to sing

That's what life's all about.

Enough! Enough!

OK! OK!

Enough! Enough!

Of thoughts of the past

And all that bad stuff

I keep at it

Again and again

And keep saying, "Enough"

But when? But when?

The trouble with trauma

It clings to your soul

Till the end of your days

You're paying the toll.

2AM

It's 2am. Can't sleep
I'm in bed
Forget about sleep
Do some writing instead

Was reading a memoir
Was pure delight
I'm sure that a memoir
I will write

But with me it won't be
Pure delight
With all the dirt
There is to write

Lots of battles
Lost and won
Though from disaster
Good can come

Life right now
I find worth livin'
Ever since I was
Sixty-seven

The days go by
More and more
Each one better
Than the one before

I'll turn each wrong
Into a right
Ending the memoir
With pure delight

Peace

The canopy of peace

Embraces me

Giving me hope

Of what can be

We need to strive for justice

And to keep moving forward

I'll do my share believing

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

Children's Books

I thought of writing children's books
We'll read to children, I and you
A story lovely for little ones
Also for the reader too

The purpose for the story
I'm hoping it will be
To get people to think before they act
So a better world we'll see.

This World

I do not think this world will last
Much longer
Unless we act and make our views
Much stronger

This beautiful world
We were given it
And we destroy it
Bit by bit

There are those
Who do their best
To make
A painful last request

Please. Please
Don't you see
You are destroying what God gave
You and me

So those who are guilty
At this point—
Just close their eyes
And smoke a joint.

The Unheard

I'm on the side
Of those unheard
Who love nature's beauty
Want to spread the word

And it's not just nature
But we want to survive
And there is work to do
To stay alive

We talk and write
And many see
What steps must be taken
By you and me

But there are those who
Turn their backs
And say, "No. I've made up my mind
Don't confuse me with facts."

Point of View

One thing of learned
From all of you
There are many ideas
And points of view

And I've learned
More than anything
I'm not the only one
Who didn't do the right thing

That doesn't excuse
What I did that was wrong
But sometimes I'm weak
And sometimes I'm strong

And sometimes my judgment
Isn't so good
And I didn't do
What I should

Well that's how it is
What more can I say
Except to do better
Day after day.

Holy Days

Now are the days of Rosh Hashana
And the day of Yom Kippur
The days of solemn reflection
Of the past and what's in store

We don't always have the power
To bring about what comes next
But we have the power to respond
And do our very best.

Nice Things

In reading over what I write
I say nice things, it's true
But to follow my own advice
I will really try to do

I should leave out
The word "try"
Cause it only means
I may not comply.

What The Hell

I'm saying
Such nice things with ease
But there are times I'd like to do
What I damn well please

Well, instead of doing so
I'll write it again and again
And with that, live it all out
With the use of a pen

Will call it fiction
But don't know if I—
If I'm the good one
Or the bad guy

Does it really matter?
It's all in a book
And if I don't like it
I don't have to look

And if I look
And like what I see
I'll be very happy
That I am Me.

Morning of a New Day

The day has just begun
And to God I say
“Thank you for bringing me
To a bright new day.”

Girl Scout Meetings

We had our Girl Scout meetings
When I was in Junior High
At a veterans' place
Which happened to be nearby

So when the meeting got boring
A small group of us
Would go into the kitchen
And the leaders made no fuss

They left us alone in the kitchen
And they didn't seem to mind
And we looked through all the cupboards
To see what we could find

Not much in the cupboards
A few dishes, we didn't care
Then came the refrigerator
And guess what we found in there?

Just what you'd find in a veterans' place
Beer! Yes, what a treat!
There we were, twelve years old
Drinking beer where the Girl Scouts meet

So that is my story
It is now complete
Of what we little angels did
Where the Girl Scouts meet.

Same And Different

In some ways we all are different
But in some ways the same—so true
That way we understand each other
And what others are going through

But in some ways we're all very different
And that too is good, of course
Can you imagine a horse race
And we all bet on the same horse.

New Year's Resolutions

I have New Year's resolutions

For me and everyone

Let's get along with one another

And—Have fun! Have fun! Have fun!

Crash

Did so much for so long
At full blast
That's it. Enough
Now I crash

I'm in bed. That's it
That's where I'll stay
For one and a half hours
Then face the day

So now outside now I sit
On my balcony
After eating lunch
Feeling more like me

It is mostly quiet
But I hear children play
The nicest of sounds
On any day

Sounds of birds and of insects
And children at play
I'm no longer crashing
But loving the day.

Worried

I'm so worried about Bruce
He's not doing well
So much stress is striking him
He is going through hell

So many issues
Physical, mental and legal
His whole life now
Is one big upheaval

But he manages by reading
His books again and again
And I keep praying for the best
But When? When? When?

If I didn't have my writing
I don't know where I'd be
Probably in some hospital
For mental insanity

No matter how bad things are
I'm still the lucky one
It's much much worse for Bruce
And for Vitaly, his son.

Here Nor There

I'm not either here nor there
But just trying to cope
No matter whatever happens
There is always Hope

Hope is what keeps me going
I'll never let it leave
It's a hymn sung by the angels
"Have Hope and Believe."

Suicide

There is so much suicide
But Why? Why? Why?
Also by children very young
Why do people want to die?

I don't know the answer
But I can take a guess
They just don't think they measure up
And so no happiness

They need somebody by their side
To say, "You're doing fine
You will always be my friend
I need you all the time."

But why is it worse today
Than it ever was before?
Seems like nothing is ever enough
We need more and more and more

It's that crazy attitude
That gets us in this mess
Make good friends. Have faith in God
And we'll be surely blessed.

Writing Poetry

I'm writing so much poetry
More than ever before
With it comes my faith in God
More than ever before.

Faith

I write about faith in God

But who is God? Who is He?

Do I have faith in God?

Or do I have faith in me?

A Peaceful Day

I'm lying in bed and relaxing
It's been a peaceful day
But Bruce isn't getting better
It makes me sad to see him this way

Need all the Hope and Belief I can get
Life isn't going his way
His son and I both need him
There is nothing more I'm going to say.

Wishes

I am trying to relax
To enjoy the autumn weather
To feel calm and peaceful
And to hold it all together

I've made some very lovely friends
There's Debbi, Bruce and Vitaly too
Everything good I wish for me
I wish for all of you.

Esteem

I'd like to hold my self-esteem high
You give me so much credit
But even when I really try
My heart and head don't get it.

Wherever

Wherever you go

Whatever you do

“Big brother

Is watching you”

Whenever I go to the mall

And it's happened many times before

I get a message on my phone

“How did you like the mall? How did you like the store?”

It is very scary

Your life is not your own

Pretty soon they'll read your mind

And put it on some phone.

Recording

I got the recording
You sent to me
About organizing
My poetry

I have to think about it, true
Exactly what I'm gonna do
And I shall now be thinking
About my memoirs too

As for children's books
It will be
A different type
Of poetry

I think right now
I'll take a break
Too much on my mind
For goodness sake.

Children's Books

Writing children's books

Means you

Have to know how children think

And know what children do

Lots of children's rhymes

You hear

Are very destructive

Beware! Beware!

Then you wonder why

They are having a nightmare

Like:

"Rock-a-bye baby

On the tree top

When the wind blows

The cradle will rock"

"When the bough breaks

The cradle will fall

And down will come baby

Cradle and all"

Like:

"Three blind mice...

She cut off their tails

With a carving knife"

Lovely

Also:

And in The Wizard of Oz
You may recall
What made the wicked witch wicked?
Nothing at all

Then the good witch
What did she do?
Tell Dorothy to steal
The wicked witch's shoes

And Dorothy fell asleep
By and by
In a poppy field
I wonder why?

Also:

"Old Mother Hubbard
She went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone"

"When she got there
The cupboard was bare
And so the poor dog had none"

Also:

"There was an old lady
Who lived in a shoe
She had so many children

She didn't know what to do"

"She gave them some broth
Without any bread
She spanked them all soundly
And put them to bed"

My goodness. My goodness
Such examples, just look
Now I can write
A children's book.

Thesis

As for the coming thesis
In which I will engage
I'll organize my poetry
A collage on each page

And to connect my poems
What to put in, what to exclude
I may put them into categories
Of expressing a mood

The thesis may also be
A type of memoir too
Of my thoughts and feelings
That I reveal to you.

Volcano

I am a volcano

The lava rising inside

I soon erupt

The lava flows down the outside.

Grateful

How did I ever get to be
As old as I am today?
I know I should be grateful
In some crazy way

And I still have lots of fun
I laugh. I dance. I sing
And I am just as free
As the birds are on the wing.

Feelings

Feeling happiness and gratefulness
For my life today
Life wasn't always like this
I'll make sure it continues this way

Wish I could say the same for Bruce
Bruce and his sons as well
Praying their lives will greatly improve
Right now it's a living hell.

Chiropractor

Just came from the chiropractor
It's amazing what he can do
I'm feeling at least 20 years younger
Mentally and physically too.

After Death

If we are good we'll go to heaven
Hell, if we're bad, but let's see
After we die we are all buried
That's enough for me.

I once asked my Grandma
If an afterlife is true
She just smiled and said to me
"This life is a life too."

However we must be and do
The very best we can
Not only for ourselves
But for our fellow man/woman.

She Is A Tree

She is a tree

Elegant and high

Her slender branches touching

Embracing the sky

And her crowning glory

Allowing us to admire

Her lovely, luscious leaves

Music in her choir.

Beauty

So much beauty in this world!
But as for me inside
There is a dark, dark dungeon
Where sometimes I reside

I cannot escape it
But, wait, I have the key
The key that I call "artist"
Is way inside of me

It opens up the prison
And now I see the flowers
Smiling in the sunshine
Dancing when it showers

I can smile in sunshine too
And I can dance and sing
Escaping now to freedom
Breathing what freedom brings.

Sabbath

It's the Sabbath Day

Time to rest

Time for calmness

And to be blessed

I'll always cherish

The Sabbath Day

When we put our cares

And work away.

Climate Change

There's climate change
There's Bruce and me
There's politics
That makes three

There is so much going on
There is so much to do
So just where do I stand
I'm living on this Earth too

Maybe if I write about life
Something like fiction, easy to read
Maybe more people will wonder too
And so we will help where there is a need

This is where I stand today
I know now what I hope to do
To leave this world a better place
When my time on Earth is through.

Feeling Alone

Feeling kind of alone
Although there's much to do and see
No way can I connect
Until I first connect to me

What's my opinion on this or that?
Another thing that cannot be
Whose opinion is it
If I do not know me?

And how do I get to know me?
I'll start by what I do
I have to eat. I have to sleep
Before whatever else I pursue

I think I'll just enjoy life
And do whatever relaxes
Because "the only things I have to do
Is die and pay my taxes."

Is It Over?

It's over but it isn't
It's still inside my head
It's in my thoughts and nightmares
You died but you're not dead

Even when the sun shines
And the world is all aglow
There is no one who can help me
Lying naked in the snow

I suppose I should be grateful
Because I did survive
God took away my innocence
But I am still alive

But where do I go from here?
Can I break down the bars?
And in the day reach for the sun
At night, reach for the stars.

My Memoirs

I will write my memoirs
There is nothing that I need
Everything is wonderful
Except inside I bleed

But I will take that blood
And wipe it all away
For I refuse to live in pain
In sunshine I will stay

And at night I'll shoot for the moon
And among the stars I'll be
I'm living life my own way
It's now completely up to me

I had no choice at one time
Nothing that I could see
But now those days are over
I'm rejoicing that I'm me.

Getting Serious

Sometimes I get too serious
But I know just what to do
There's music, painting and coloring
And the writing too

Sometimes one thing does not work
But another will
Life is full of choices
Thrill after thrill after thrill.

Optimist

I am the eternal optimist
Don't want to make a fuss
Because even after evil comes
Good can come for us

It doesn't come so easily
That I surely know
But sometimes if we work at it
We can make it so.

My O My

My O My

The philosophy I do

I'm beginning to believe

What Robert Clairmont says is true

Why am I here?

What am I supposed to do?

It's all very clear

"A quack, a honk, and oink, a moo."

Frame It

I am reading all my work
Framing it so it will be
A picture of a certain mode
That I consider yet confounds me

I think the frame will be quite big
And a frame I'd like to knit
And in big bright letters it will say
"I will never quit"

All the questions that I ask
About who I am and why
I never will stop searching for
Until in the grave I lie

And even then I may not quit
If as a soul I be
I'll be wandering around forever
"Rest in Peace" is not for me.

An Outsider

My work as an outsider

What do I see?

I see someone baffled

By reality

Why so many questions

About the present and past?

Just do what you must

And have fun at last.

Evening

It's evening and it's getting late
Soon time to go to bed
If I know me I'll soon find
A gazillion things to do instead

Then when I finally get to bed
There, I'll read and write
Am I not supposed to sleep
Somewhere in the night?

And I will fall asleep
To sleep well is my goal
And thanks to God when morning comes
For He restores my soul.

Self-Reliant

To be self-reliant is positive
You hold your head high everywhere
But sometimes you need a little help
Where is your family?
Where are your friends?
Nowhere

When times are good
Friends you have many
And your family will brag
To them you belong
But when times are bad
There isn't any
Anyone, anything
Still you have to be strong

What keeps you going?
What do you do?
You've got to believe
That you will get through

You've got to believe
And that's the only way
You'll get through it all
Day after day

You also need someone
Who worships you
And takes pride in all
That you pursue

This world can be
A lonely place
Where there is no love
For you to embrace

You also find joy
When you find love
From the Heaven below
And the Heaven above

So I wish you well
In all that you do
In all whom you love
And in the life you pursue.

Coffee

I sit here with my coffee
Wanting to be awake
However I'm feeling peaceful
Very good for goodness sake

If I don't know when life is good
That is very sad
Because then I'll find out surely
When life is very bad.

Evening Light

Sitting on my terrace
In the evening light
Listening to the birds chirp
What pure delight!

The birds are brightly singing
To say goodbye to the day
And to welcome in the evening
As the sun soon fades away

Soon we will see in the heavens
Stars twinkling with delight
Saying hello to the darkness
The peacefulness of the night

God gave us such a beautiful world
Why can't we live in peace?
And just enjoy the sacredness
As our joys increase.

Bipolar Disorder/Manic Depression

Mania and depression

They call a mood disorder—not true

They have nothing to do with moods

And I will explain it to you

Mania and depression

Are they moods? What a notion!

It's the difference between a drink of water

And drowning in the ocean.

Bruce on the Phone

Just spoke with Bruce on the phone
We said good night to each other
We may be living miles apart
But Bruce is still my lover.

Dear Bruce

When I now think
Of all the things that be
To understand all
Would take eternity

But all that I want—
To spend eternity with you
With all its colors and sounds
It's shapes and pleasures too.

Me

I've got to say one thing
That I never thought I'd see
I'm finally getting to know myself
Through my poetry.

My Life

My life has been such a turmoil
One thing after the next thing
And I remember it all so clearly
Is this a curse or a blessing?

I remember events so clearly
Ever since the age of two
I remember the good with the bad
And how I was influenced too

As a creative writer
I now have plenty to write
Filled with deep emotions
And the battles inside that I fight

I've had bipolar disorder
Ever since junior high
And I've been battling it ever since
As the time goes by

And I've been winning the battle
No more misery
I'm close to Bruce. I'm close to God
And I am close to me.

God's Image

We are all in God's image

It's true

Black, white or Asian

In which God's image are you?

So Peaceful

I'm relaxed and peaceful
At the end of the day
There must be a reason
Why life is going my way

Is it a reason created for me?
Or one that I create?
Or does it even matter?
And is it small or great?

I plan on spending the rest of my life
Doing what I love to do
And to just be kind to all I meet
And they'll be happy too.

Politics

Now comes politics
I'm not sure how it looks
I get this nagging feeling
That they all are crooks

My grandfather was in politics
He wanted that for me too
Since "the pen is mightier than the sword"
What can I possibly do?

I know what I can try to do
Try to get people to think at last
Instead of just reacting
To what has happened in the past

And you just can't trust everything
In newspapers and books today
We have to have discussions
And hear what the next guy has to say

And not just "hear" but "listen"
And not just "read" but "think"
Or we will all destroy ourselves
And drive ourselves to pills and drink.

“Here Nor There”

I feel I’m neither “here no there”

Not knowing what to do

There is so much in this world

That needs attending to

I am trying to figure out

What I should do or be

To help each other make a difference

And act constructively

There are things that I can do

And there are things I’ve done

Life can be so serious

In the midst of having fun!

To You

Just want to say to you

To you and everyone

Hope you are having a very good day

And having lots of fun.

Opening Up

Life is opening up now
I think about that a lot
But we'll never get back to the old (ab)normal
Is that good, bad or what?

There are lots of things to joke about
And I'll tell you why
Because if we don't joke and laugh
We'll have a fit and cry.

Autumn

The weather is getting cooler now
The sun isn't so bright
The colors of leaves are changing
Yes, we are into autumn
That's right

Autumn is so beautiful
With autumn colors all around—
There's red, there's yellow, there's orange, there's brown
And all of that will be gone
When the snow and ice are on the ground

But let's enjoy the autumn
The days and the early night
The crisp and cool air
Everywhere
And in all of this, delight.

Feeling Peaceful

The night is peaceful
But I can't sleep
Although I count my blessings
Instead of counting sheep

I'm feeling at peace
With all I do and say
And hoping all others
Feel peaceful their way.

Memories and Memoirs

Living my life has been complex
However, I survived
Not only just surviving
I think that I am thriving

When I think about my part in the past
There was too much silence
Especially when the problem came to
Domestic violence

It's not that no one knew
It's just that they didn't care
Thanks to Heaven it's over now
And I am as free as a bird in the air

I am free
As happy can be
I'm loving my life
And glad to be me.

Last Night

Last night I had a nightmare
In the dark of the night
However, I got through it all
And I see the morning light

I see the morning light
It shines on me with glee
I'm now living in the sunlight
No more misery.

Living My Life

I'm living a life
Not meant for me
But it is the life
I want to see

To get where I'm going
I did but not try
And I'm getting there slowly
But the hurdles are high

The hurdles are high
And a lot of them too
But the more I jump over
The more I can do

I'm doing them all
Every single one
And it's now at the point
That I'm having fun

I don't take it for granted
It may not last
I can't see the future
And I remember the past

The past was difficult
But my views were sound
"If I can't go straight
I'll go around"

That was what
My great grandmother said
And that was what
Was in my head

And though a future
That was meant for me
Was not the future
I wanted to see

So I'll go on my journey
And may others join too
Leading a life
We all want to pursue

Whether I'm right
Or whether I'm wrong
I'll do it all
With a dance and a song.

Freedom

There's something I said about freedom
That I now recall
"If you don't have freedom of thought
You have no freedom at all."

Tired

I'm very tired

I need a rest

My brain is tired too

I'll take it easy

While wondering about

The next project I will do

I'm thinking of my Memoirs

And my poetry

And how I'll tie things all together

For a story about me

I think I'll just write and write

And maybe then I'll see

Just where I am going

And I'll write accordingly.

Just Realized

The theme of My Memoirs
And holding it together
Is that I never, never give up
Never, ever, ever.

Summary of My Life—My Memoirs

So, I'll start with WWII
I was three years old
"The war is over! The war is over!"
That's what I was told

At five was kindergarten
How I hated school
Couldn't stand my teacher
Thought she was a fool

Other than that
School was OK
It was very easy
Something to do each day

Then came Jr. High
What a joke!
Learned nothing and was bullied
Nothing to do but hope

Then came high school
Loved art and English
Just kept going
Till I finished

Went to college one year
But couldn't stay
My father disliked my marks and my boyfriend
So for a second year of college my father wouldn't pay

Went to Israel to live and work for a year
What more?
Then was living with another boyfriend
No longer thought of the one before

Then came time to go home
Then went to another school
Another boyfriend—my teacher, said he'd get me into college
And I believed him like a fool

Did not finish that school
Went to secretarial school and finished—all right
Got myself a job
And went to Hunter College at night

Then got married
It was trouble
Terrible marriage
The trouble became double

Lived in Italy five years
Where my husband went to school
Also had my daughter
That was cool

But the marriage was bad
We always had fights
With black and blue marks all over me
Days and nights

Cared for my husband
When he was sick
But he died and I'm free
Free to enjoy life and be me

So that's a summary
Of my life
Want to stay free
And be no one's wife

I am engaged
To someone I love
But to live together
We'll have no part of

So that's my life
Up to today
It's now a wonderful life
And I'll keep it that way.

My Memoirs

I offer you My Memoirs
A gift to you from me
Hope you enjoy them—
My personal history

My personal history
With all that I went through
I had to be tough
And I'm tough today too

The most difficult thing
With which I had to deal
Is my mental illness
And how it makes me feel

It feels like drowning
In a stormy sea
I cry "help"
But no one hears my plea

Will I go under?
Or will I survive?
Well, here I am!
I'm still alive!

I'm alive—I made it
And you will see
How my illness made me stronger
And I'm glad to be me

Here's some of my poems
That I write days and nights
My pleasures, my passions
My pains and my plights.

My Writing

After looking over my writing
I can plainly see
That most if not all of My Memoirs
Will be written in poetry.

Magnificent

You are magnificent

Being who you are

Under the sun and under the moon

And under every twinkling star.

My Memoirs

Now I do my memoirs
Every bit with Love so true
It's really neat
To complete
A story of my life for you.

I've Got To Rest

I've got to rest

I'm beginning to tire

So much to reach for

And to aspire

But I'll now take some time

Just to hear and to see

To sit on a hilltop

To breath and to be.

Who Are You

Who am I?

I am me

Who are you?

You are you

You are thee.

Another Nightmare

Another nightmare

Another night

Something is brewing inside me

However, at morning

All is all right

Nothing like two cups of coffee.

The Past

The trauma from the past
Keeps bothering me
Feel like stepping upon it
Like a bug, fly or bee

I've moved passed it so well
And did it on my own
But it flashes before me
And won't leave me alone

I will just remember
That it's over and past
Just like finishing a novel
And I close the book at last.

Worry

I worry about Bruce
All the time
He's not doing well
At all

I feel bad because I'm
Not more patient
But I'm human too
That's all.