

Short stories and poems

I've written for you

I enjoy them all

Hope you do too.

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# **POETRY**

Various poems

# **SHORT STORIES**

### Benny's Brother

Benny is ten years old. His brother, Frank, is eight, and they share a room. They have their usual pillow fight before going to sleep at night. One of Benny's toys, a little plastic top, is on the floor. During the pillow fight, Frank accidently steps on it.

"Crack," it goes.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Benny," says Frank.

"Don't worry," says Benny. "It's old. I like it but it's old."

"Time for bed and turn out the light," calls Mom from the other room.

So, they both get into bed, turn out the light and go to sleep.

A few hours later, Benny wakes up. He has to pee. He gets out of bed and sees his broken toy that Frank broke, on the floor.

So, instead of going to the bathroom to pee—what does he do?

He pees all over his brother, Frank!

#### Please, Mom

I don't want to marry Richard. Something isn't right about this whole situation.

But all the plans are made. I can't get out of it now. So, we go through with the wedding.

Then we travel from New York City to Los Angeles, where we are going to live.

Richard doesn't like flying so we take the train. Then it happens for the first time. We are in our sleeping compartment.

"I'm very tired, Richard. I am going to sleep."

"But, Lisa, I want to go eat dinner."

"I'm exhausted, Richard."

"What do you mean you're exhausted! What do you mean you're exhausted!"

And Richard punches me in the mouth. Then he leaves. And my lip is bleeding. I try to stop the bleeding by pressing some paper towels against it. He never did this before. And I end up not eating dinner. I just eat some crackers that I brought with me. And this is our honeymoon.

We are on the train for two days and one night. The year is 1966.

The next morning, we go to breakfast together. We eat with some other people.

"How are you feeling?" says one lady, Pam. "Richard says you didn't want to eat dinner with him last night. You sent him out to eat by himself."

"What kind of work do you do, Richard?" asks one gentleman.

"I'm a psychiatrist," says Richard. "I'll be working in LA."

"And what about you, Lisa?"

"I'm a secretary. I haven't found work yet."

"Where are you living," asks Pam.

"Oh, we have to look for an apartment," says Richard. "Until then we'll be in a motel."

Next, after a few hours, we are in a taxi going to the motel. We had sent some clothes there a few days ago from New York City. I hope they arrived.

A few hours later we finally get there. The clothes had arrived. Since there is no place to keep all our stuff in our one small room, the people at the motel said they will hold some things for us while we are there.

"Are there any apartments for rent nearby?" asks Richard.

"Yes," says the concierge. "I have a list of them right here," handing it to Richard.

It is now evening. We decide to look for apartments the next morning.

Meanwhile, we go out for dinner and then go to our room. We both take showers and lie in bed.

The next day we look and look for apartments. Richard says,

"These apartments are very expensive, but I still want a two-bedroom, one for our bedroom and one for my study."

In a few days Richard will start working in an office with other psychiatrists.

#### Fast forward six months—

"What's wrong with you," screams Richard. "Dinner is five minutes late"

"But Richard, you're not going anywhere after dinner. There's no problem."

"There's no problem! There's no problem!" screams Richard punching me.

When Richard keeps punching me, I keep calling my mother when he is at work.

"Please, Mom, can I come home?"

I always get the same answer, "No, no, absolutely no."

Not only am I living with Richard, I keep and take care of all his work records.

And what do I get for this—punches

Then, one beautiful spring Sunday while Richard is busy, I go for a walk in the park. Then, I meet him,

"Hello, beautiful lady, my name is Leon."

"Hello," I say, "I'm Lisa."

"Lisa and Leon," sounds good together," says Leon.

"You don't look very happy," he continues. Can I cheer you up by inviting you to my house for lunch?"

"I'd love that," I say

Leon makes a lovely lunch and we talk and talk and talk. And that was it. I never went back to Richard again.

#### The Wolf in The Wall

```
"Mommy!"
      "Rrrroar! Rrrroar!
      "Mommy! Mommy!"
      "What's the matter?" says Mommy, coming into my bedroom and turning on the
light.
      "It's the big bad wolf," I say. "He lives inside my wall and he is going to eat me
up!"
      "No, Lisa. There is no wolf in your wall. It was just a bad dream. Now go to
sleep," says Mommy, turning out the light and closing the door.
      "Rrrroar!"
      Now I hear voices. It's the big, bad wolf again talking to the three little pigs.
      "This meal is good, Mr. Wolf," says Pig No. 1.
      "Yes, yes," says Pig No. 2.
      "And you know why?" says Mr. Wolf.
      "Why?" says Pig No. 3.
      "Because," says Mr. Wolf, "I always leave the bones and the teeth for last."
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"Mommy! Mommy!" I scream. "Mommy! Mommy"

I get out of bed and run to the door. I open the door and look out. And there is Mommy at the kitchen table, eating. I try to run to her but I can't. Mr. Wolf had tied invisible strings onto me and I can't move forward.

"Mommy! Mommy!" I scream. "Mommy! Mommy!"

Mr. Wolf and the three little pigs are pulling on the strings, trying to capture me. It takes all my strength to keep them from doing so.

"Mommy! Mommy!" I scream. "Mommy! Mommy!"

Mommy just keeps on eating.

#### Screech

"Screech!!!" goes a car

"Why don't you watch where you're going?" screams the driver.

"I'd better be more careful," I say to myself, "or I won't live to see tomorrow."

And tomorrow, Sunday, is a special day. It's my daughter, Amy's, 10<sup>th</sup> birthday.

She isn't with me now. My ex-husband, Gary, has custody of her. And today, the day before her birthday, she is having a birthday party. But I have the privilege of being with Amy on her birthday.

First, I'll take her to the Museum of Natural History. There are so many wonderful exhibits there. I'm sure Amy will love them. Then we will go to my house to finish celebrating. Yesterday, I bought an ice cream birthday cake for Amy. I'm sure she will love it. I am going a little over my budget this month, but last month I spent less to make up for it.

However, we won't be alone. Suzi will be with us. I'm not allowed to be alone with Amy. I'm not sure why, but it has something to do with Roger. Roger is my secret love. Nobody can see him, but me. When I talk to Roger, people give me strange looks.

It's starting to get dark. I must go home now. I go to a special house where I live with other people. I eat there, watch television there and go to sleep there. The nurse is keeping the birthday cake in her freezer for me so no one else will eat it.

It starts getting late and I go to sleep. The next morning I get up, get dressed, have breakfast, then sit in the living room. Then I hear,

"Mommy!"

### The Little Red Wagon

For every birthday, starting at one year old, my mother would put me in a little red wagon in the morning and give me a ride around the block. Then when the mail came, I would get as a present an envelope with a check inside, which my mother put in a bank account for me. However, when I got to be twelve years old, I no longer rode in a little red wagon. I rode on a red bicycle.

Hello, my name is Beth, and this is my story. It is my fourteenth birthday and I am sick, a sore throat and a cold. And there is a storm outside with the pouring rain.

Needless to say, I do not feel like riding my bike around the block.

My mother goes out to pick up the mail. There is no envelope for me with a check

I am depressed. What went wrong? I sit by the window, have breakfast and watch the storm. Afterward, since I am sick, I go back to bed and fall asleep.

Two hours later I wake up refreshed. The storm has passed and I feel much better. I decide to ride my red bike around the block as I do on my birthday. When I get home and walk in the apartment, I see an envelope on the floor next to the door.

The mail carrier much have put the envelope in a neighbor's mailbox by mistake and the neighbor must have put it under our door.

Happy Birthday!

Mommy! Mommy!

I can still hear them crying.

"Mommy!"

They are my twin boys, but they are dead. They died shortly after birth. One lived an hour and a half. The other lived a day and a half.

When I got home after giving birth and was in bed at night, I would hear them crying. I would get up and look for them, but I could not find them.

As the years went by, while in bed I would hear,

"Mommy! Mommy!"

I would close my eyes and see my twin boys. I would see myself driving them to school or picking them up from soccer practice. I would talk with them about how their day is and what they enjoy doing. What are their favorite subjects in school and what do they want to do in the future. They are still my children.

My children are always my children.

#### Grandma

"Grandma, Grandma," says six-year-old Anne.

"We are going shopping," says Grandma.

And shopping they do, at an outdoor food market in Brooklyn, New York.

They leave Grandma's house, where Anne has just spent the night. And they walk three blocks to the outdoor market.

What a colorful sight, with aisles and aisles of food. They first look at the bread, where Grandma get a large loaf of hard crust bread.

Then they look at the cheese. Grandma has them cut a block of Swiss cheese for her.

Then they walk down the vegetable aisle and they look at the string beans.

Grandma buys some string beans.

"That's almost it," says Grandma. "I just want to get a cantaloupe." And so they find the fruit aisle. And there at the end of the fruit aisle are the cantaloupes. They look at the cantaloupes.

"Here is a nice one," says the merchant, handing it to Grandma.

"Yes, it is nice," says Grandma. "I'll take it."

"Yes," says the merchant, "but they're small. Let me give you two of them."

"No, thank you," says Grandma. "I just want one."

"These are such nice cantaloupes," he says, "but they're small. Let me give you two."

"No," says Grandma. "I just want one."

"Let me give you two of them. Let me give you two of them."

"No, thank you," says Grandma.

"They're small," he says. "Let me give you two."

"Okay," says Grandma. "You can GIVE me TWO. But I'm just PAYING for ONE."

That ends the conversation and Grandma pays and walks away with her one cantaloupe.

And Anne is laughing and laughing, thinking Grandma is super clever.

And she is.

#### Official Mud Pie Maker

Back in the day, children played outside with mud and made mud pies. So, that's what little Evan was doing. He sat down in the street making mud pies.

"What are you doing?" asks one young lady, who was walking by.

"I'm an Official Mud Pie Maker," says Evan. "And I'm making a statue of you.

What do you do?" Evan asks the young lady.

"I'm a teacher and I teach little boys like you," says the teacher as she goes on her way.

Evan continues making mud pies. Then a young man walks by and sees Evan.

"What are you doing?" he asks.

"I'm an Official Mud Pie Maker," says Evan. "And I'm making a statue of you.

What do you do?" asks Evan.

"Oh, I work in a store," says the young man. "I sell candy to little boys like you."

And the young man goes on his way.

A few feet away is a psychiatrist watching the whole scene, as Evan is playing in the mud. He walks up to Evan saying,

"I see you are the Official Mud Pie Maker. Can you make a statue of me with the mud?"

"No, I can't," says Evan.

"And why not," asks the psychiatrist.

Evan explains, "I don't have enough mud."

#### To You Too

There they were—two little 5-year-olds, a girl and a boy. They lived across the street from each other. And they would spend their time shouting to each other across the street.

What were they shouting—

"F--- you," shouts the little boy.

"F--- you," shouts the little girl.

"F— you," shouts the little boy.

"F--- you," shouts the little girl.

"F--- you," shouts the little boy.

"F--- you," shouts the little girl.

And this went on and on every single day.

Well, the mother of the little girl was beside herself. She went to a child psychologist.

"What should I do?" she asks.

"Well," said the child psychologist, "Give your little girl something else to say instead."

"Thank you," says the mother, "I'll do that."

And she did.

The next day, the little boy and little girl were again across the street from each other.

"F--- you," shouts the little boy.

"And a HIGH DIDDLE DI DI to you too," shouts the little girl.

The little boy stops, then starts to cry, runs away, and it never happened again.

#### Jeeta and the Sore Paw

The dog catchers were always after Jeeta. And he kept away from them. He would run into his master's house and into the basement hiding. And he would do all this with a sore paw.

Yes, Jeeta always had a sore paw. It didn't stop him from going out and walking around the neighborhood. No human ever bothered putting a leash on him. He was given his independence from day one.

The lady of the house would feed Jeeta. And her cooking was good. Jeeta loved hanging out with her. When she was out of the house, he would look for her in all the Mom and Pop stores where she bought her food. He would poke his nose in all of the stores. The store owners would tell her when she arrived,

"Mrs. Solomon, your dog was looking for you."

But the sore paw bothered Auntie Ruth. When Jeeta's family was away, he stayed with her. There was a staircase in front of Auntie Ruth's house. Because of his sore paw, Auntie Ruth would carry Jeeta up and down the stairs. And Jeeta was very happy to let her do that.

Well, one day Jeeta was lying on the lawn at the bottom of the staircase. What happens—a female dog walks by.

Zoom!!! There goes Jeeta after the dog.

Well, that was the last time Auntie Ruth carried Jeeta up and down the stairs

### Chinning in the Gym

Elementary school was all fun and games. But I did learn the three R's, Reading, wRiting and 'Rithmetic. But they did treat us like idiots. When the teacher took the class through the halls, why couldn't she just say, "no talking." She would say, "Lock your mouths and throw the key away," which was bad enough. But all the children had to twist their lips around with their fingers and then throw the key away. Well, apparently I didn't twist my lips enough for the teacher. I had to twist them more. I couldn't believe it, but it actually happened.

Then there was gym, where the girls and boys were separated. I loved gym because there were different activities around the room and we could choose what we wanted. And I loved chinning. I could chin three times without stopping and I was looking forward to doing more.

Then one day we went to gym and the chinning bar was not pulled down. So I asked the teacher to please fix it. She wouldn't. She just said,

"No upper body exercises for the girls."

I'm glad things are different today.

#### **Grand Central Station**

Wow! What a lovely day for Christmas shopping. And I've bought so many beautiful clothes for presents. I live in Long Island City, but I came to Manhattan to shop. I got a pants outfit for my sister, Sue, two long sleeve shirts for AI, and two more shirts for my brother. That's enough to carry home.

Well, here I am in Grand Central Station. Now to buy my train ticket. Hey! Why is my purse open? Let me find my wallet. Let me sit down first in this chair.

Hey! Where is my wallet? I'm looking like crazy and I can't find it. Now what do I do? I don't know what to do and I start crying. I can't help it. I'm crying. And crying.

"What's your problem, young lady?"

Such a nice young man is trying to comfort me.

"I don't know what to do," I sob. "All my money is gone. I went to get my money out from my purse for a train ticket, and it's all gone."

"Do you mind if I help you look?" says the nice young man.

"OK," I say.

And he looks through my purse.

"Your wallet isn't here," he says. "Are you sure you keep it in your purse all the time?"

"Positive," I say. "Now, what do I do?"

"Well," says the young man, "I have to catch a train. "But I'm giving you \$300.00 to get you home and for whatever else you may need.

And he gives me \$300.00.

When the young man starts to leave, I say,

"Wait, how do I get this back to you?"

"Keep it," he says. "You need it more than I do."

And he runs to catch his train.

#### The Chipmunk Family

Mr. and Mrs. Chipmunk live in an underground house under a large oak tree.

They work every day collecting acorns which they eat for breakfast, lunch and dinner with a side dish of grass and clover.

They have a teenage boy, Sonny, who goes to Chipmunk School. Sonny has a chipmunk girlfriend, Alice. They are part of a crowd of chipmunks. After school the whole crowd goes to the chipmunk races. All of this is underground. And what do the chipmunks use for money—acorns.

It is Saturday and Alice is at Sonny's house with Mr. and Mrs. Chipmunk, just finishing lunch, a delicious lunch of acorns and grass and clover.

"Thank you for lunch," says Alice. "I loved it."

"Yes," it was good," said Sonny. "Now, let's go outside and get some more acorns and grass and clover for dinner."

Sonny and Alice get up to go out. They leave the room and go through a tunnel to the front door. Sonny pokes his head out the door,

"Oops! Go back!" He screams. There's the kitten right outside the front door. She found out where we live. But we are safe as long as we stay inside."

"But," says Alice. "If we are inside, we cannot get food for dinner."

Just then, Mr. and Mrs. Chipmunk join Sonny and Alice.

"The kitten is outside the front door," explains Sonny.

"Oh," says Mr. Chipmunk.

"Oh," says Mrs. Chipmunk.

"So, we will have to wait until she leaves," says Mr. Chipmunk. "Meanwhile, let's go back and dance and sing."

And so they do. And they sing--

"We are in Chipmunk Paradise

We live a life that's super nice

I love you. You love me

That's the way we love to be"

"Woof. Woof"

"Woof. Woof"

"Woof. Woof"

"Who is saying, 'Woof. Woof,' "asks Mrs. Chipmunk.

"It must be the dog outside," says Mr. Chipmunk. "And he must have scared away the kitten. That means we can get our acorns and grass and clover."

And so they do.

### The Lost Dog

I keep hearing that there was a lost dog nearby in the coop community, where I live. Doesn't anybody care? Maybe he's hungry. Maybe he's thirsty. What about his human mommy?

So, I decided to look for the dog with a drink of water for him and a pad and pencil.

And I found him lying in the grass. He was very happy to have a drink of water. Then I saw a phone number on his tag. I wrote it down and went home and called the number.

(This happened before cell phones.)

His human mommy picked up the phone.

"Are you missing a dog?" I asked.

"Yes," she said.

"Well, I found him and gave him a drink of water."

"Thank you," she said.

When I told her where the dog was, she said,

"How did he ever get so far away? I'll come right over and pick him up. Thank you."

And she did.

I also got a very nice thank you note from her.

#### The Berlin Wall

Remember the Berlin Wall, dividing East Berlin and West Berlin?

It was during this time that I was in college. A man in my class escaped from East Berlin with two bullets in his back.

I never had a real conversation with him about life in East Berlin. I should have. It might have been very interesting. All I remember is that he could not understand why I was in college since I was married.

# **POEMS**

### When

When O When

When O When

Will there be peace

On Earth
When O When
When O When
Will people know
Their worth
Where there is hope
Where there's love too
Blessings. Blessings
To all of you
We are our brother's keeper
By each other we are blessed
With hope and love and fellowship
We will find happiness

## Why

Why can't people get along? Why must we always fight? To defend ourselves against the evil Who don't know wrong from right Is it that they do not know? Am I being fair? Do they not know wrong from right? Or do they even care? Even with the Greeks and Romans Their gods would fight a lot Although the gods did not die The fighting did not stop And this beautiful planet That we are blessed to live upon We will one day blow it up And everything then will be gone

### The Daisy and The War

Lovely little daisy

With petals virgin white

With a bright yellow center

And a scent of pure delight

Standing by a graveyard

With a stalk and leaves of green

Tell me pretty daisy

What on earth have you seen

Yes, I will tell you

For they're in graves below

Through them I have risen

Through them the flowers grow

In war you will find us

When those who fight are gone

They produce the lovely flowers

On and on and on

You can still hear children crying

"Mommy, Mommy, I love you"

Before they are beheaded

And then their mothers too

Also, girls are raped

As they go on pleading

Then they are marched around

While from the crotch they're bleeding

"Daddy, Daddy, I love you"

You still can hear the children's cries

While they are dragged away

In front of their father's eyes

Yes, yes, pretty daisy

From the earth you're born

Born from all the tragedy

The people that we mourn

Lovely little daisy

With pedals virgin white

With a bright yellow center

And a scent of pure delight

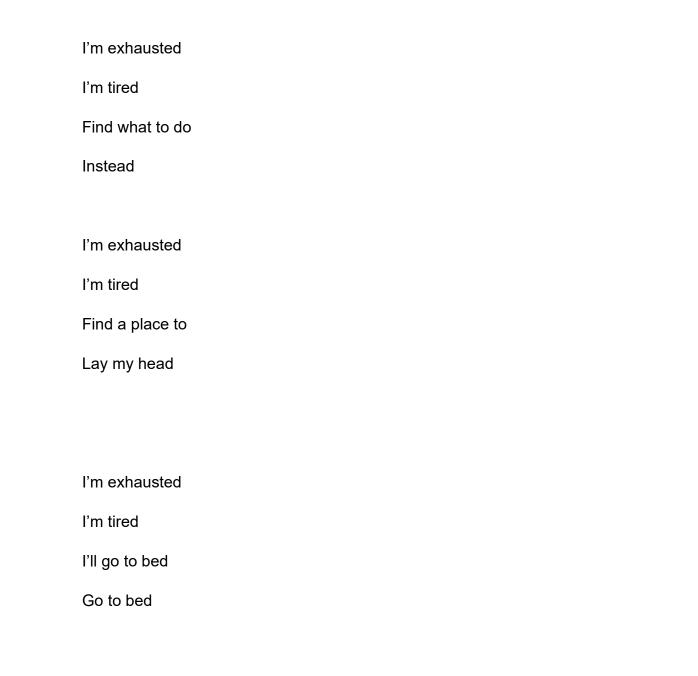
### To Bed

I'm exhausted

I'm tired

To bed

Want to go



### **Smile Or Frown**

Do I smile

Or do I frown
Am I a saint
Or am I a clown
A smile is just
A frown up-side-down
And maybe a saint
Is a clown
The world is very violent
That's because of the human race
We will wind up destroying each other
And what will be in our place?

# Hope

I'm just not feeling well
What is wrong with me?
I'll just keep hanging on to HOPE
And HOPE will set me free
HOPE sets me free from this feeling
This feeling of despair
Then I need to go outside
And breathe the fresh, fresh air
That's what I need to do
l'll do it soon today
Just like a little kid
I'll go outside and play

# Trust

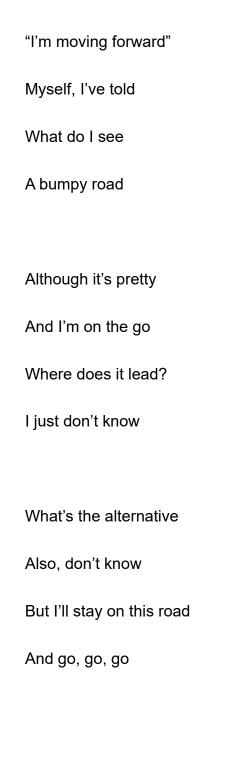
"Once burned

Twice shy"

Whom can I trust?

Not many, I sigh

## **Bumpy Road**



# **Getting Older**

Although I'm getting older

Can't do all the things I've done

That doesn't mean that life

Can't still be lots of fun

I can do all the things I love

Could not always do before

Cause now I have the time

To do more and more and more

# **Right For You**

What am I supposed to do

From now until my life is through

Enjoy, enjoy, that's what you do

Doing whatever pleases you

#### Winter

Winter is coming on fast

And the cool weather at last

Enjoy it all, please do

As I say a wintry hello to you

Now we have trees

With golden leaves

Soon branches bare and high

Against the blue, blue sky

## **Feeling Wonderful**

I am feeling wonderful I never before felt this way My past life now stays in the past And it doesn't disrupt my day It's fine to think of what happened before As long as you know it has passed The future too can be happy or blue Let's strive for the best, me and you Let's strive for the best Prepare for a curse And I'll record it all All in verse

## **Very Tired**

I'm feeling very tired

Even though I sleep

But now things will be different

Cause my troubles I'll not keep

Although I may have troubles

I'll blow them all away

And just think of the good times

Day after day after day

I won't feel then so tired

I'll wear a happy face

I won't let life drag me down

And I'll be in a very good place

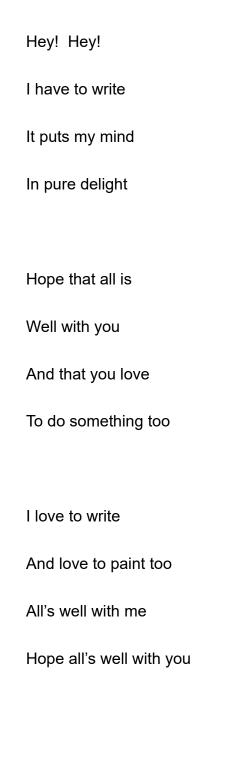
Please give me the strength

To live a life of joy

And so for every man and woman

Every girl and every boy

# Hey! Hey!



#### **Blessed**

I know I'm blessed

But know to pursue
The many tasks
That I must do
I do my tasks
But will come clean
I leave myself time
To dream, dream, dream
For what is life
Without a dream
A dream to make life
Lovely and serene

#### **To The Doctor**

To the doctor I spoke yesterday

My mind's in complete disarray

I need to come back to wherever I'm at

Or I'll never again be okay

### **Drugs**

All the drugs that they now sell

To keep me fine and keep me well

I think it's just a crazy scam

For making money on who I am

At least we have the falling leaves

Colorful leaves on graceful trees

Then we'll have the white, white snow

Falling on the branches below

And in between the breezes blow

And sunshine fills the earth below

Until the rain goes pitter pat

On the earth and were we're at

#### Brave

I'm getting tired of being brave

Looking my challenges straight in the eye

Would like to just rest although that I do

But with eyes on life's issues that I must pursue

# Pill or Chicken Soup

Have an ill

Take a pill

I will, I will

I will, I won't

# **Veterans' Day**

Veterans' Day has come and gone

But all the memories linger on

With dedication and love you fought

It came from your soul and cannot be bought

#### **Love One Another**

Not our computer and phone They are not friends But machines that we own But with things digital You can do many things Including zoom And all that it brings Someone must help us To live and to love And to count our blessings From up above From up above Or from wherever they are From the Earth and the moon And each shining star

We must love one another

#### **Golden Years**

What do I do
For the rest of my life
I'll continue to paint
And continue to write
I'll continue
Physical therapy too
And also use zoom
For what else I may do
I'll do all those things
When it isn't too rough
Watch TV and do streaming
When it isn't too tough
l'll do all I can do
If I'm not stressed out
I'll enjoy my golden years
Because that's what life's about

#### The Jews

There is so much hatred

In the world today

So much directed at the Jews

That is not okay

We've been around a long, long time

Is someone keeping score?

We've been around a long, long time

And we'll be for much, much more

# Aglow

What do you know
The world's aglow
The sun is shining
Bright
And when asleep
My life's complete
With pleasant dreams
At night

#### What Do You Do

What do you do
Feeling tired and blue?
Take a day off
Or maybe two
Or work less work
Than you normally would
But in the end
It's up to you what's good

# **Happy Thanksgiving**

Today is Thanksgiving

A wonderful day

To be thankful for all

That has come our way

Most of us eat turkey

With friends and family too

Happy, Happy Thanksgiving

From all of us to all of you

## When I Was Little

When I was little

The days lasted forever
Did I want to stop playing
Never. Never. Never.
Never minded grade school
Because it was such fun
Much later came adult life
When it was all undone
But I can still laugh
Can sing and can dance
And love to do it all
Whenever I get the chance

# Finally Through

Don't know what to do  So, I pick up my pen and my notebook  And my bad feelings are through  I write and write and write  About all the things that be  Either in plain English  Or in poetry  I consider writing  Like the painting I do  But I paint my pictures with words  Until I'm finally through	Sometimes I get annoyed and bored
And my bad feelings are through  I write and write and write  About all the things that be  Either in plain English  Or in poetry  I consider writing  Like the painting I do  But I paint my pictures with words	Don't know what to do
I write and write About all the things that be Either in plain English Or in poetry  I consider writing Like the painting I do But I paint my pictures with words	So, I pick up my pen and my notebook
About all the things that be Either in plain English Or in poetry I consider writing Like the painting I do But I paint my pictures with words	And my bad feelings are through
About all the things that be Either in plain English Or in poetry I consider writing Like the painting I do But I paint my pictures with words	
Either in plain English  Or in poetry  I consider writing  Like the painting I do  But I paint my pictures with words	I write and write
Or in poetry  I consider writing  Like the painting I do  But I paint my pictures with words	About all the things that be
I consider writing  Like the painting I do  But I paint my pictures with words	Either in plain English
Like the painting I do  But I paint my pictures with words	Or in poetry
Like the painting I do  But I paint my pictures with words	
But I paint my pictures with words	I consider writing
,	Like the painting I do
Until I'm finally through	But I paint my pictures with words
	Until I'm finally through

# Struggles

l've had some struggles
In my years
Sometimes crying with joy
Sometimes, unhappy tears
But I find
My senior years
Are the best
And I give three cheers
Sometimes life
Is not so fine
But it gets there
In a short time

Stand out and shine
In most cases
Quite sublime
I love life
And life loves me
And I wish you all
Tranquility

My senior years

### I Think

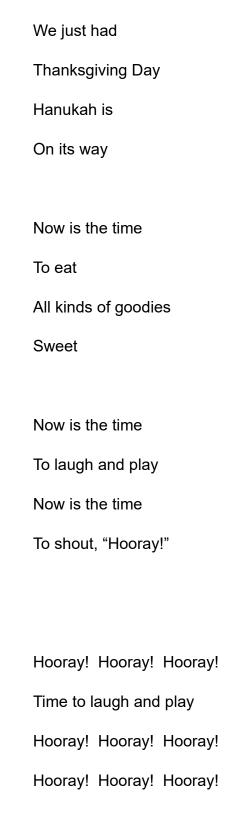
I think of the people
Who used to be
And, also, my pets
I can no longer see
I've learned from them all
But I also find
That some of them drove me
Out of my mind
But right now I am happy
With present and past
And what the future will bring
We'll find out at last

### The World

Dut in smite of it all maining
But in spite of it all, rejoice
And thank our God for giving us life
Let's make goodness and love our choice
We'll give our love to our children
And to the people at home
Even a smile is helpful
For someone who is alone
We must keep moving forward
And do our very best
And when we get tired
We can lie down and rest

The world is in terrible shape

## Hooray



Life is not
Always so good
I pray for the people
Sad
l pray, I pray
For the people sad
Wishing them
A life that is glad
There's so much in life
That is good
There's so much in life
That is bad

Is there anything else
That we can do
But pray for the people
Sad?

I pray, I pray

For the people sad

Wishing them

A life that is glad

# Sick

What do you do

To know it

When you are sick

And you don't want people

How do you expound
Why you can't come around
And you don't want to
Blow it
Maybe you feel
That it's not for real
Why make a big deal
About it
But It could be for real
And a big deal
So what do you do
Shout it?

# **Getting Old**

Getting old isn't so easy
Many things get so hard to do
And with time, it won't get better
It isn't like having the flu
You want to walk
Your muscles ache
You start a chore
You need a break
Still you're living
The golden years
Still you're living
Golden tears

# Strange Day

Today is a
Very strange day
And I certainly do not
Feel OK
My brain's
In a fog
And I sleep
Like a log
I feel that
Someone dead
Tries to invade
Space in my head

I'll not let
Him or her get it done
My mind is mine
Not for others' fun
Some time
Just passed
I'm feeling better
At last
Life's a
Delight
When I'm feeling
Just right

#### Alice in Wonderland

Sometimes I feel

I'm Alice in Wonderland

Falling down a hole

Dug as planned

Yes, I'm falling down

A hole dug as planned

Falling. Falling 'til

"Bump!" I land

#### **The Greatest**

I'm not now feeling
The greatest
But I'll feel much better
Soon
There's friends and family
I love
And God up above
And I'll sing and I'll dance
To a tune

#### What Do You Know

What do you know
I'm on the go
Sometimes fast
Sometimes slow
Love to learn
Love to know
Sometimes we'll meet
Sometimes, no
Wonder if
ľm OK
Must learn to love
Myself every day

To Bed

Time to go to bed

Time to rest my head

Had a long day

Need to stop, I say

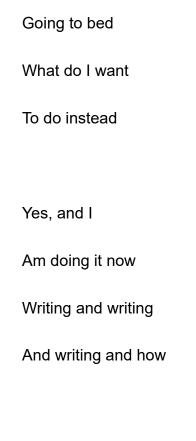
Need to rest

Need to dream

Need to love myself

And not be mean

# Writing



Why do I resist

# My Colorful Life

The colorful life
That I now lead
That I have led
And living it
I must admit
Would not change
A bit instead

Hard to believe

#### How Do I Feel

How do I feel

I feel I'm real

What you see, is me

### Pen and Sword

"The pen is mightier than the sword"

Yes, I believe this is true

But with a pen you can scratch out and change

But this with a sword you can't do

# Sleep

Need to go to sleep

This I know I must do

But can't stop writing and writing

And doing some paintings too

### Needs

Need to sleep

Need to eat

Need much more than this

For a life complete

#### **Think and Write**

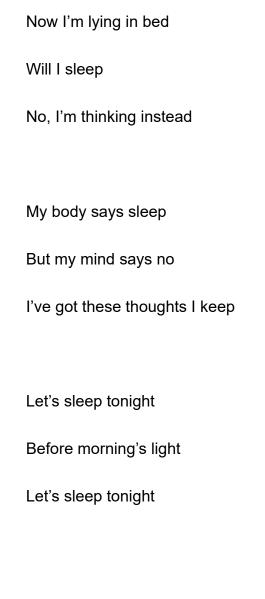
I have so much to think and write

But the words don't come to me, still

Tomorrow is another day

And think and write, I will

#### In Bed



### I Am

I create the life I want for me

With my special plan

I know that I can do it

Because I'm doing it, I am

## A New Day

A new day begins

A fresh new start

I'll make it a good one

With all my heart

### Am I Getting Old

Am I getting old

No, I still have more to give

With many good times in store

And a happy life to live

I've reached the age of eighty-one

Eighty-one years of fun

And very soon, something new

I'll reach the age of eighty-two

# Hey, Hey

Hey, Hey
A bright new day
Time to laugh
Time to play
Even though
There are chores to do
There's plenty of good stuff
To pursue

## Not My Best

I'm not feeling my best

My body needs a rest

Along with a little exercise

To feel I'm truly blessed

# Physical Therapy

Here I am
Ready to go
To Physical Therapy Class
Yes, here I am
Ready to go
To exercise at last

### The Rash

I have a rash

What do I do

But I think I know why
I have it too
I changed the detergent
In the washing machine
And my clothes came ou
More than clean
More than clean
Cause now I see
I have a rash
All over me
I'll go back to using
What I had before
And I hope that rash
Will be no more

### Oh Dear

Oh dear
What do I do
When someone I love
Is feeling blue
Just be with her
And let her speak too
Suggest she do something
She loves to do

### Down

I'm feeling a little down today

Need to rest and to write

If I speak with a friend, I should be OK

And over with this plight

## **Not Feeling Great**

I know I'm not feeling so great

I do what I can to improve

I talk to you, dance and play music

To put me in a better mood

## Fancy Pants

Well, look at you

Fancy Pants

I see you love to sing and dance

And prance, prance, prance

## Ready for Bed

Getting ready for bed

On the pillow will lay my head

And think of the life I really want

And what I may do instead

Artificial Intelligence
How can that be?
Does that make a machine
More intelligent than me? (than I?)
Can a machine really think?
Or does it copy us?
And if it is just copying
Why the fuss? Why the fuss?
But it can do damage
Copying us too
If it is saying
Something untrue

And if others
Believe the lie
There may be problems
If they comply
You say this
Others say that
Turning a chat
Into a spat
Or more than a spat
Maybe worse
Turning AI
Into a curse

## Maybe a curse

Or something worse

Let's go back to what we had

When things weren't so bad

So, now we have to learn

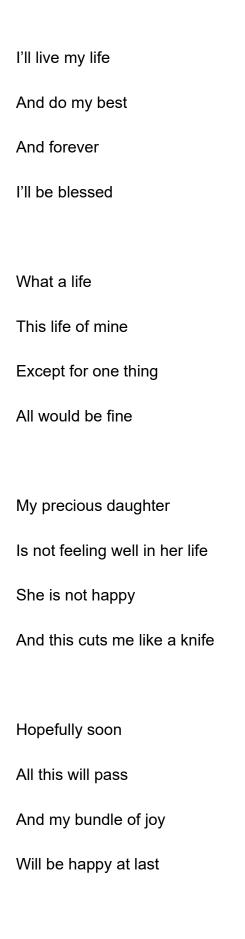
How to behave

Instead of our marching

Into the grave

### Shoulds

I should think of good times
And not the bad
I should think of happy times
And not the sad
The hell with all that
And all the "shoulds'
l'll be in charge now
And fill life with "goods"
I'll live my life
To please me
And that's the way
It's going to be



### Bruce

Now there is Bruce
My fiancée
Hope all is well
With him each day
Sometimes he feels good
Sometimes, not
He's now in assisted living
Which I'm happy about a lot
I'm happy about this place
In every way
They take care of him
And make sure he's OK

# Lazy Day

What a lazy day

A lazy day, indeed

But when tomorrow comes

I'll work double speed

# Goodbye

I've written my stories
I've written my poems
Loving all that I do

Now it is time
To say goodbye

Hope you enjoyed them too