



Short stories and poems

I've written for you

I enjoy them all

Hope you do too.

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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 accidentally 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!

The End

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 End

The Wolf in The Wall

“Mommy! 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! 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.”

“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.

The End

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, 10th 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 End

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

Happy Birthday!

The End

Mommy! Mommy!

I can still hear them crying.

“Mommy! 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.

The End

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.

The End

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."

The End

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.

The End

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

The End

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.

The End

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 Al, 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 End

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! 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 End

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 End

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.

The End

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

Want to go

To bed

I'm exhausted

I'm tired

Find what to do

Instead

I'm exhausted

I'm tired

Find a place to

Lay my head

I'm exhausted

I'm tired

I'll go to bed

Go to bed

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

I'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

"I'm moving forward"

Myself, I've told

What do I see

A bumpy road

Although it's pretty

And I'm on the go

Where does it lead?

I just don't know

What's the alternative

Also, don't know

But I'll stay on this road

And go, go, go

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

Joy

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!

Hey! Hey!

I have to write

It puts my mind

In pure delight

Hope that all is

Well with you

And that you love

To do something too

I love to write

And love to paint too

All's well with me

Hope all's well with you

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

We must 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

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

I'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

Sometimes I get annoyed and bored

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

Struggles

I'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

My senior years

Stand out and shine

In most cases

Quite sublime

I love life

And life loves me

And I wish you all

Tranquility

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

The world is in terrible shape

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

Hooray

We just had

Thanksgiving Day

Hanukah is

On its way

Now is the time

To eat

All kinds of goodies

Sweet

Now is the time

To laugh and play

Now is the time

To shout, "Hooray!"

Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

Time to laugh and play

Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

Sad

Life is not

Always so good

I pray for the people

Sad

I 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
When you are sick
And you don't want people
To know it

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

I'm 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

Going to bed

What do I want

To do instead

Yes, and I

Am doing it now

Writing and writing

And writing and how

My Colorful Life

Hard to believe

The colorful life

That I now lead

That I have led

And living it

I must admit

Would not change

A bit instead

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

Now I'm lying in bed

Will I sleep

No, I'm thinking instead

My body says sleep

But my mind says no

I've got these thoughts I keep

Let's sleep tonight

Before morning's light

Let's sleep tonight

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 out

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

AI

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’

I’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

I'll live my life

And do my best

And forever

I'll be blessed

What a life

This life of mine

Except for one thing

All would be fine

My precious daughter

Is not feeling well in her life

She is not happy

And this cuts me like a knife

Hopefully soon

All this will pass

And my bundle of joy

Will be happy at last

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