



**Life is
A Game
of Chess**

**By
Anne**

Who am I and where am I going?

What shall I pursue?

Is there any great future for me?

What should I or should I not do?

“Did you call Lilly up yet?”

“No.”

“You’ve got to call her back. She called you.”

“Mom, leave me alone.”

“You have to call her back.”

“I have to do my homework.”

“But call her back.”

Rrrring goes the phone. Mom answers it.

“Yes, Lilly. I’ve been telling her to call you back. Here, Annie, it’s Lilly.”

“I can’t talk. I have to do my homework.”

“Annie, it’s for you. Talk to Lilly.”

“No, Lilly, I can’t come over and I can’t do my homework in your house. I have to hang up now. I have to study.”

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I hang up the phone.

“Mom, I have to study. And why do I have to be friends with Lilly?”

“You’d better be good to your friends or you won’t have any. And you have such a bad disposition.”

“Yes and I’m tired of fighting. I need to go to a psychiatrist? Can you send me?”

“No. That’s just for rich people.”

Well, that’s what I remember about my home life. Also, that my parents want me to go to college. I’m afraid I can’t do it. I’d like to go to Junior College, a 2-year college. But Mom says, “no.” She says I’ll just be half-baked. Now I’m going to read some poetry. The poets know what life is all about.

And I do like English class in high school. I love the reading we do. And I also love art class.

So maybe that’s where I’m going in life, to be a creative writer and visual artist. Yes, that’s who I am and where I’m going.

However, I wish life were so simple. I’ll express who I am with my poetry and paintings. So who am I and where am I going? Read on...

Chess (Or Making Up My Mind)

Playing Chess. Playing Chess

So interesting to do

But will it keep me from my writing?

And from my painting too?

I think I'll try

To do all three

And still I'll see my Lover

Who means so much to me

But if I must give something up

It will be the game of Chess

Too much of what we love

Does not bring happiness

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When I write and when I paint

I'm doing what I love

And I'll also see my Lover

He's who I'm dreaming of

I finally did

Make up my mind

I'll stick to writing and painting

And to Bruce, so sweet and kind

If I try to do too much

Overwhelming it well be

I have to choose so I don't loose

I need tranquility

Life Is A Chess Game

Life is a Chess Game

With the future up to you

What are you and your Chess pieces

Constantly going through?

And your opponent

Has ideas of his own too

You have to figure him out

And what you're going to do

That's why I'm not playing Chess

My life game is enough

There's plenty now to figure out

Two games are too tough

With all that there's to figure out

Don't need another strife

I'm sure to win with a grin

I love this game of life

Do Not Understand

I do not understand my parents

They made me feel so sad

Then there was my husband

Who treated me so bad

Now I know what I must do

Live the life I want for me

And I am doing so

From age 67 to my age now of 80

My husband passed

When I was 67 and 4 days

I am now the age of 80

And moving forward in all ways

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I'm feeling down right now

Which means I must write or paint

That's the only way I know

Who I am and what I ain't

I am happy that I accomplished

All that I have done

Even before my husband passed

And life was not much fun

And living with my parents

Was as difficult as can be

And more so with my husband

He continually punched and criticized me

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But I must put these thoughts aside

And not let them ruin my mission

To live a life of beauty and art

And be all that I am wishin'

And I don't always have to do

Sometimes its good just to be

To taste and smell and hear and feel

And see all the beauty that I see

And I must try to remember

All that I need to say

Thinking and thinking about it

Day after day after day

In The Car

I'm in the car

The car at last

Taking a journey

Into the past

I'm a little past two

And I see

My mother standing

To the left of me

She walks in front

To the other side of me

And I'm very puzzled

By what I see

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I know she's my mother

But something's not right

Her hair is different

But she's my mother all right

That's what I remember

At the age of two

Also, a birthday party

That I went to

The Mumps

And I remember the mumps

At the age of three

Did not want to eat breakfast

So my mother was mad at me

I can still see that spoon

She held up in the air

But my mouth was shut

It wasn't going anywhere

My father walked in

Saw me and that was it

We were away on vacation

And we had to call it quits

WWII

I remember when

WWII was done

“The war is over. The war is over”

Cries everyone

I look out the window

And I see

People out in the street

Happy as can be

“I want to see the war is over”

I did not understand

All I could see

That it was something grand

My father was saying

That the war was over, too

And I was three years old

When WWII was through

Parts of My Life

There are parts of my life

I don't like to think about

So I will

Just leave them out

Suffice it is to say

Things were not always

Going my way

Not all that I did was OK

However, I did have mania

Part of my manic depression, true

But there was no one to help me

With what I did and did not do

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Then I had depression

Which made me very sad

But life is now much better

And that makes me very glad

Manic depression and bipolar disorder

Are the very same thing

It is a mental illness

And sadness it can bring

But I am

Better now

Life is very good

And how

I am engaged to Bruce

He's wonderful to me

I write, paint and read

Happily

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I have a website

With my paintings and books

AnneLCohen.com

Take a look

I've traveled a lot and I've lived

In US, Israel and Italy

I've gone to school and worked

And I'm happy to be me

My life now is happy

And I also must say

I have lovely friends and neighbors

In New York, USA

My Marriage

My marriage was a disaster

But it's over and past

And I have a lovely daughter

A blessing at last

That's all I will say

About my married life

Too many regrets

About being a wife

Was drugged up on meds

To get through the day

But my husband's now dead

So it's no longer that way

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I now love my life

Because I am free

Even went back to school

For a Master's Degree

I sit on my terrace

When it's cool, warm or hot

I'm still learning to live

And I enjoy it a lot

My Master's Degree

Here we go

What do you know

Life can be very sweet

If we make it so

I'm glad I studied creative writing

With an emphasis on poetry

I loved what I learned

Although I earned

A Vanity Degree

My Future

What will my future bring

I really do not know

But if it's anything like the present

I will love it so

LIFE AT UVM—A TRUE TALE

I'm just starting college now. It's my first year and it's 1960. My roommate, Roz, is delightful. We get along well.

"Annie, you going to the talent show tonight?"

"Sure, Roz. Do you want to go together?"

"OK."

And so we do.

Roz is seated on the right side of me and a boy is on the left of me. We all watch the show. It is pretty good. Except there was a boy playing classical music on the piano. No one was interested.

Then there was intermission.

"Hi," says the boy on my left. "I'm Tom."

"I'm Annie," I say.

Then he steals a kiss. He then asks me where I'm staying. I tell him.

After the show Roz and I leave together.

"What was that boy's name," Roz asks me.

"Tom," I say.

"I saw you kiss him," she says.

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Soon Tom and I start going out. He is a senior and a good student. I do my best but find school difficult. And we are so different. I'm from the city and Tom's from the country. And his life is so different from mine. Unlike me with just one brother, he has ten brothers and sisters and he lives on a family farm. I was fascinated with his background. Also, before college he was educated in a one-room schoolhouse.

He would visit me when I went home on vacation to my parents. They didn't like him. I don't know why. However, I was grateful later on that he didn't drink or smoke and that he also kept me from doing so.

Well, after my year at school Tom went into the army in Germany. I was looking forward to going back to college, but my father wouldn't send me back. He said I was flunking out. But I wasn't. I just didn't do well.

Well, after a year Tom comes over my house in his army uniform to introduce me to his pregnant wife.

Well, that didn't help. My father still wouldn't send me to college—to any college, using the excuse that I was “flunking out.” Only I wasn't.

But he did send me to secretarial school. In those days a woman could always get a job if she knew typing and shorthand. So that's what I did. I got a job. I worked during the day and went to Hunter College at night.

I did much better in Hunter College but nobody seemed to care. I was at the age that my parents felt I should marry.

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What a drag. Married life was not for me. I found out the hard way.

I met Gary at a dance. He was very charming. I fell for the charm.

He had gotten into medical school in Italy. Soon we were planning on getting married and going to Italy. However, I could tell something wasn't quite right. But between his charm and my not getting along at home, the charm won me over.

After we married he was a dictator. If I didn't do something the way he wanted I was yelled at and often punched.

But I wanted a baby. I thought that a baby would bring us together. It helped but he was still a dictator yelling and punching me. However, I was very happy with my baby girl. I had natural childbirth and I nursed. Both were wonderful.

Also, life in Europe was more relaxing than New York City life. But the home situation left me tense. Meals, breakfast, lunch and dinner, had to be perfect and on time to the minute and we were always fighting.

My daughter was the light of my life.

Well, although my married life was difficult, I managed to accomplish a lot, especially after we came back to New York. I kept house, worked and went to school.

Now Gary is deceased and I am free. I have my daughter, my fiancé and my friends.

All is well.

MORE POETRY

PROBLEMS

With all the problems

Out there to see

We can handle them

Hopefully

Sometimes the problems

Are just in our head

Let's put them to sleep

When we go to bed

And if a problem

Is too big and too much

Let's find someone

To help we can trust

Let's try and find out

Just what we can do

To make a good life

For me and for you

WHAT TO DO

It's hard to know

What to do

When you are feeling

Down and blue

And when you are manic

It's even worse

You don't even realize

That this is a curse

Then when we get better

How do we feel?

We did not always know

These problems were real

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And the thing

That we must do

Is to work things out

So we will get through

We must believe

And at the end of the day

Times will get better

We say and we pray

YES. PLAYING CHESS

Changed my mind on the game of Chess

Began to like the idea

Chess pieces have no feelings

It's just a game, that's clear

At the same time you have to figure

What you can do and not

You're out to get the other guy

And make sure it's not you in a bad spot

You must use your brain

Although it's just a game

I think at last I'm beginning to see

The influence of this great game on me

DAY AND NIGHT

I hope my stories and verses

That I love to write

Are a good companion to you

Whenever you need them, day and night.