

The background of the entire page is an abstract, textured pattern. It consists of numerous vertical, irregular brushstrokes in shades of bright yellow and warm orange, set against a lighter, pale pinkish-beige background. The strokes vary in length and thickness, creating a sense of movement and depth, reminiscent of a sunset or a sunrise sky.

MORNING

STAR

WAY

By Anne

MORNING STAR WAY

“Mommy, Mommy, play with me.”

“I can’t, Cindy. I’m in the kitchen fixing food.”

So, I go in the kitchen and sit on a chair.

“I hate kindergarten, Mommy.”

“But you have to go.”

“Yes, but I hate it.”

I don’t tell Mommy that my teacher, Miss R, makes me stand in the corner. But I don’t care. What’s the difference if I stand in the corner or sit at my seat. Same thing. But Elizabeth always cries standing in the corner. It doesn’t bother me at all.

So, what do I love doing, now that I’m no longer a spoiled brat? I am an independent thinker. Or maybe it is an independent stinker. Am I married? Well, sometimes I am and sometimes I’m not. Right now I’m not. And it’s going to stay just like that. And no-live-in boyfriends either. Does that make me a prude? No. It makes me an independent stinker.

And “I’m just wild about Harry.” He’s the love of my life. “And Harry’s wild about me.” He’s also my model. I’m an artist. I pay him cash and food. He’s also been staying over my apartment. I think he’s been kicked out of his apartment for nonpayment of rent.

So, he’s got a pretty good deal—room and board and a few other perks. And I’ve got a pretty good deal—there’s always a model around and a few other perks.

So, what's this no-live-in boyfriend bit? Well, he's not my boyfriend. He's my everything. Or to put it more precisely, he's my everything—good and bad.

How did I get to meet him? By accident. He was running down the street as I was going out my apartment door (which is on the street.) He pushes me inside with him and slams closed the apartment door.

“What the f—k is going on?” I say.

“I need protection,” he says.

“I can see that. But you're not getting that from me. But you are kind of cute. The only protection you'll get from me are condoms.”

“OK,” he says and gives me a passionate, passionate kiss. I lead him to the bedroom and things get more and more passionate.

When it is all over he says, “I'm Harry.”

“I'm Cindy,” I say.

Well, that's one dynamic start to a relationship. And that's all I know. He won't tell me anything about his life. Well, I prefer that to hearing lies.

And, about us, we are both about 30. (I'm not even sure of his age because he won't tell me.) We are both white, both with brown eyes and straight, short dark brown hair. He has a slight southern accent, although he won't tell me where he's from. Actually, the only thing I know about him is that he's good in bed.

Well, that's how our relationship started.

I work in an art store three blocks away from where I live. When I'm working Harry is out of the house, unless he is sleeping. He won't tell me where he goes. I can't follow him if I'm at work.

But Harry is my everything. I guess you can say he's my live-in everything. He does come home with cash. He buys me clothes and jewelry and we go out to dinner about five times a week to nice places.

And he is my model. And a good one. He can stay still for half an hour without a break. And my paintings of him are good. I bring my paintings to the art store where they are for sale. And someone bought one of Harry. Seems I'm not the only one "wild about Harry."

One day Harry walks in the house and says, "We are going on vacation tomorrow."

"What!" I say.

"You heard me."

"But what about my job?"

"We are going on vacation," he says. "Just call your boss."

So, I do. I call my boss, Judy, and tell her what happened.

"Yeah, Cindy," says Judy. "Something is up. Don't worry. I can get temporary workers. Just take care of yourself and let me know when you can start again."

“Thanks, Judy, for being so understanding.”

So, I spend the evening packing. Harry says tomorrow we will pick up some meals to eat in the car.

“What car?” I say. “We don’t have a car.”

“We do now,” says Harry.

“And where are we going?”

“You’ll see,” says Harry.

The next morning the car is right outside the door, double parked. It’s a black Honda. We put the suitcases in the trunk, pick up some sandwiches and cold drinks and off we go.

Harry drives. We go and go and I loose track of where we are going.

“Where are we going?” I say.

“You’ll see,” says Harry.

“Harry,” I say excitedly, “where did you get that diamond ring on your finger? I never saw it before.”

“Yes, and if you are a good girl, maybe you will get one too.”

“And what will it mean?” I ask.

“It means you’re good in bed,” says Harry.

We drive and drive and finally we get to this little cabin off the main road. Harry stops the car.

“Get out,” he says. “We are staying here for the night.”

We bring the suitcases inside the cabin. We open them to take out our clothes.

“What’s this,” says Harry, “a pad and pencils.”

“Yes, if I have time I’ll sketch.”

“Well, that’s good. You probably will have time.”

“When will we reach our destination?” I ask.

“We’re here. Let’s eat the food we brought.”

So, we sit at the table and eat and finish it all.

“What do we do for more food?” I ask.

“We’ll buy some tomorrow morning. There’s a restaurant right down the street.”

“And is this the place where we’re going?”

“Yes,” says Harry.

I go to the bathroom. There are paper towels, soap and toothpaste. That’s it, but it’s enough for the time being because I brought some stuff.

Later we go to sleep in sleeping bags and on pillows that are there on the floor.

In the morning we drive to the restaurant, The Morning Star. We eat breakfast and buy a large order of take-out. Then back we go in the car and drive to the cabin.

Good thing we have smartphones because there is no TV.

“Is this our vacation, Harry?”

“Yeah,” he says.

Next day at 7am he’s gone. Don’t know where. I decide to go for a little walk and look around. I’m careful not to get lost. I see a street sign, Morning Star Way.

That’s a good name for a painting, I’m thinking, Morning Star Way. I start heading back. I arrive home. You know our cabin looks so nice from the outside, so mysterious hidden in the foliage. I’ll paint it, Morning Star Way. I run in and get a chair, my pad and colored pencils and a pillow to lean on.

I start painting and become truly absorbed in what I am doing. I spend about two hours on the painting and it comes out magnificent. I bring it inside and put the pad in the bottom of the suitcase where it won’t get messed up.

Then I hear a car stop in front of the cabin. It’s Harry!

“Hi Harry,” I exclaim running out to greet him.

“Hi Cindy.” Look what I have for you.”

“Oh Harry—a giant teddy bear. Thank you. It’s certainly big—over half the size of me.”

“Let’s go for dinner. We leave tomorrow morning.”

“I love the teddy bear. Thank you.”

“Let’s put it in the closet while we go for dinner,” says Harry putting it away.

“Why in the closet?” I ask.

“To keep it safe,” says Harry.

We go to The Morning Star and that’s it. That’s our vacation.

The next morning we go to The Morning Star for breakfast, come back and pack, and we’re gone.

Harry drives back home. As he approaches my building he says, “I’ll let you out with your suitcase. I’ll see you later.”

“OK,” I say.

Harry does just that and he drives away. Oh, he forgot my teddy bear. But he’ll bring me it later.

It’s now late afternoon. I’ll call Judy.

“Hi Cindy,” says Judy. “How was your three-day vacation?”

“It was good. I did another painting.”

“You can bring it to work tomorrow,” says Judy. “We missed you.”

“Thanks, Judy. I’ll be there.”

Harry never showed up that evening. In fact, it’s almost a week and I’ve never heard from him.

I tell this to Judy. She says, “He’s gone. Good riddance. Cindy, you fall in love with the wrong people. You must stop this.”

Just then the door opens with a bang. It's the police:

“New York City police. Cindy Smith you're under arrest for the Bank Robbery of Connecticut National Bank in Connecticut.”

“WHAT!!!”

NOW WHAT? (A TRUE TALE)

Here I am at college, UVM. Everything is so new and different. And I meet Dean (not his real name). And he is also different. And he wants to get married. I tell my parents about him and that we want to get married. They are totally against it. They say I'm too young.

Well, maybe I am too young. What else shall I do? I have Dean's pin and I am the envy of many of the girls here. I sort of like being popular.

But my parents don't see it that way. They don't see the pin as a way to being popular. They take it much more seriously than I do. And they don't like Dean either.

So, all this takes my mind off college work. School I find very difficult. But then a miracle happens. In the middle of my second semester I begin to really appreciate school. And I want to finish and go on to an interesting career.

Dean is furious because I wanted to give him back the pin and not get married. He blames it on my father, who doesn't like him. He says that I am choosing my father over him. And he also tells me to keep the pin. So I keep the pin.

When my parents come to pick me up after the school year is over, Dean says he will "help" them put things in the car while I finish packing. I tell him not to but he doesn't listen to me. That does it! My father then refuses to send me back to college.

I am devastated. I go back home after my school year was over and just stay home for a few days not knowing what to do. When I ask my father again if I could go

back to school he gets angry. He said I was “flunking out.” But I wasn’t. I just failed history, something I did not want to take at all but my boyfriend insisted that I take it.

Dean graduates and goes into the army. After basic training it’s ROTC in Germany. When I ask my father again if I can go back to school since Dean had graduated and is in the army, he just gets angry and says I was “flunking out.” And Dean, after a while, comes to visit me to introduce me to his pregnant wife.

However, some time passes and I ask my father if he would send me to secretarial school. In those days a woman could always get a job if she knew typing and shorthand. He said he would. I go to secretarial school, do well and graduate.

But work doesn’t go so well at first. After a month of working I get fired. I get another job and do much better at my second job. Soon I go to Hunter College at night while working during the day. I do much better in college but my parents don’t care. I think they are more concerned now about my getting married while I am more concerned about having a career.

I leave Hunter College after a year but years later attend and graduate from Empire State College with a BS Degree. Many years after that I go to Wilkes University and receive a Master of Arts Degree in Creative Writing and a Concentration in Poetry.

Now what?

FLASHBACKS (TRUE TALE)

The wedding was beautiful, yes, beautiful—a beautiful mistake.

I really didn't want to get married but I felt I had to. No, I wasn't pregnant, but I felt I had to. It was the thing to do. It was time to get married. It isn't so much like that now but this was in 1966.

We went on a honeymoon about a week after the wedding. We took a ship from New York to Italy. It was in Rome that Gary (not his real name) was going to the University.

That was a long time ago. Gary isn't around anymore. He died when I was exactly 67 and 4 days. Everyone noticed immediately how cheerful I became. And every year that's gone by is better than the one before. But I get flashbacks, flashbacks of the pain I endured both emotional and physical. But the emotional pain is the worst. I relive it over and over again. Why won't it stop?

I remember the first time Gary punched me. It was the first evening on the ship. It had to do with a blue shirt I had gotten Gary for a wedding present. We were discussing something about the shirt. He didn't like what I said, so he punched me on the arm.

Since then, very often, I had black and blue marks on my arms. Then Gary would want me to wear long sleeves, even in summer, to cover them up. Well, if he

didn't like them, why did he punch me? But I did not wear long sleeves in summer. That's crazy.

Then there was the time we lived in North Carolina for five months. Gary at this point was a psychiatrist. I remember us visiting one couple and I was having a very enjoyable visit. But Gary was annoyed with them because they didn't catch on to what he was saying.

"Your wife is very pretty," they said.

Gary responded by saying, "Yes, but there is a picture of her in the closet."

But the couple did not catch on.

Gary was referring to the novel, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, by Oscar Wilde, in which Dorian Gray was a very good-looking man but very evil. And there was a picture of him in his closet. And for every evil act Dorian Gray performed, the picture got uglier.

After the visit Gary complained to me - "These people are so ignorant. They don't know literature."

My flashbacks go way back – till ten years old and even younger. I'm thinking now of my birthdays.

"Don't tell anyone you are having a birthday party," my mother said to me.

My mother hated my birthday parties. She hated have a whole bunch of kids over the house.

But I was excited. It was my birthday – a big day for me. I was ten years old (or something around there.) I go outside.

“It’s my birthday!” I tell all the kids. “It’s my birthday!”

Then my mother came to meet me. I saw her first talking to one of my friends.

Then she walks over to me very annoyed saying, “I told you not to tell anyone you are having a birthday party.”

“I didn’t,” I said.

“You did because your friends are asking me if they can come to your birthday party.”

“But I didn’t say I was having a birthday party. I just said it’s my birthday.”

“Well,” my mother said, very annoyed, “If you are going to tell them it’s your birthday, they are going to know you are having a birthday party.”

My special day wasn’t special anymore.

Then there was another time I didn’t even have a birthday party. My parents decided to have a “weinie roast” instead. It was in a park and it was depressing. There were a few people there – no one I felt close to.

I remember my father saying to me, “Aren’t these weinies good?”

“I didn’t have any,” I said.

Then my father got me one. It was OK.

When I was about twelve, however, my parents made me a surprise birthday party. It started out by my father getting me out of the house. He took me to his hospital to talk with the nurses. He was a doctor there and this was the first time in a long time that I spent some time with him.

I also was happy to speak with a nurse. My father introduced me and told her that I wanted to be a nurse.

The nurse was telling me about the time she was taking care of someone who was having an arm amputated. She said she felt strange holding the arm after it had been amputated.

And I was so happy that my father was paying so much attention to me and taking me to his hospital. This never happened before.

Later, my father and I go home. I walk into my house and a whole bunch of people yell, “Surprise!”

It was a surprise birthday party for me. I was devastated.

There are also flashbacks of more recent events:

My former therapist Dr. N said, "It's a good thing your husband is a psychiatrist or you wouldn't be getting the right treatment."

My former therapist, Dr. H, had no idea what an artist is. As a way of cleaning up my old apartment he wanted me to throw out all my paintings and keep just one. I did throw out four of them. I couldn't bring myself to throw out anymore. As for my poetry he did not want to hear me to recite it to him. He wanted to read it himself. Well, the beauty of poetry is hearing it spoken.

Fortunately, I have better doctors now.

And life is much, much better now

Not only do I survive, I thrive

Life is much, much better now

I'm so glad to be alive.

YEAH! (A TRUE TALE)

Yeah! That's it! The Irish hang out in the pubs and the Jews hang out in the coffee shops. Who do I hang with? It depends. It depends which crowd I'm with. I'm Jewish with an Irish uncle, an Irish uncle who never drinks.

I'm also Jewish with a Jewish husband. A husband who is a royal pain in the ass. He's more than a pain in the ass. He's abusive and leaves black and blue marks all over me.

How did I get myself in this mess? I'll tell you. I don't know. They say shit happens but it isn't so simple.

It's now the early 1960's and I'm working as a stenographer at The Bank. I do my best but I'm afraid my best isn't good enough. However they keep me. While working at The Bank I go to Hunter College for a year at night and I do fairly well. I take four courses and I get three B's and a B+.

However, the family I grew up with want me to get married. But I don't want to. I want a boyfriend and a career. But the plot thickens. I also want a baby. Nowadays you can do just that—a boyfriend, a career and a baby—but not in the 1960's.

However, I did try it before working at The Bank. I have bipolar disorder and I became manic. My mania said it was all right to get pregnant even though I was single. So I did. My father convinced me to have an abortion. I did that too. It wasn't until this current year that I got over the trauma.

But having a mental disorder in the sixties was a problem. I was going to commit myself to a psychiatric hospital.

My friend said, "You do that and the orderlies will rape you."

Well that scared me. And who would listen if I complained. I would be a psychiatric patient.

And that's the way it would have been in the sixties.

His name was Joe—the baby daddy. He was my teacher in school, School for Physicians' Aides. I thought he really liked me because he said he would get me into college. Well, it turns out he was an alcoholic. All he wanted to do was drink, smoke and have sex. He even tried to kill us all at a Christmas party by turning on the gas in the oven.

My parents at some point realized I needed a therapist—something I had asked for at age 12, but they couldn't be bothered.

So I ended up going to Dr. Shaffer for almost four years. I really tried to make the therapy work (if you can call it therapy) but she was a nasty bitch. She gave me NO medication and if I tried to confide in her she would say, "That just shows how sick you are."

So I hated going to her but my two cousins told me they were going to a therapist, hated it, but were now glad they went. So I stuck with it.

At the same time I was going to work, going to school at night and hanging out with my friends. Then I met my to-be husband, Bernie. He seemed very nice and caring and he liked that I was going to school.

Somewhere along the line I felt something wasn't quite right but I stuck with the relationship and we were soon married. We were then off to live in Italy where Bernie had gotten into medical school and I fell in love with Italy. We went to Italy by ship.

That's when it happened—the first time he was abusive. It was on the ship, about a week after the wedding. I presented him with a blue shirt for a wedding present. He was very negative about the present and he punched me in the arm.

Well that was my life with him—one punch after the next.

When Bernie finished school and we were back in the States I suggested we go for marriage therapy. Bernie refused. He said the problem was me.

Well, the good part of the marriage was that we were blessed with a daughter, Debbi. I also finished college when we were back in the States. I also had a career, something I always wanted. Bernie became a psychiatrist and I managed his office. So I had a career, only Bernie didn't pay me.

Then he got sick and couldn't work anymore. So I became his caregiver. This was good because I had always wanted to become a nurse. Well a caregiver is very much a nurse.

However, before Bernie became really sick, he worked five months in a hospital in North Carolina. That was interesting, living in North Carolina.

Then we came home and later on life was not good. It got the point that I was showering Bernie, shaving him and changing diapers and sheets at two in the morning.

He ended up in a nursing home and died when he was 77 and I was 67 and 4 days.

Now, years later, everything is better. I am a visual artist (I paint) and a creative writer. My daughter is the light of my life although we both live alone.

I have a fiancé, Bruce, and we both love each other. Now I have a boyfriend and a career.

Life is good.

POETRY

A Tiny Collection

A tiny collection

Of my poetry

I wrote it with my heart and soul

A gift to you from me.

Wilkes University

On September 11, 2022

I graduated Wilkes University

With a Master of Arts in Creative Writing

And a Concentration in Poetry.

Blessed

I love how I'm living

Doing my best

In many ways

I've been blessed

Would love to see that you

Lead a blessed life too

With all there is on Earth

To feel, to see, to do.

Nothing Can Stop Me

There is no one on Earth

Or below or above

To keep me from living

The life that I love

Nothing can stop me

Wasn't always this way

I can live. I can laugh

I can work. I can play

I can paint and create

I can write and create

I can do what I want

And celebrate

I've a wonderful fiancé

And a lovely daughter too

It's all up to me now

The dark days are through

It's all up to me now

No longer broken, but whole

I'm happy and healthy

A wandering soul

Seasons

I see the squirrels running around

And the birds flying while they sing

The summer is now ending

Bright colors autumn will bring

Then will come the winter

Ice and snow and bare, bare trees

Howling, howling winds

Instead of a summer breeze

Then will come the springtime

And summertime once more

As for me, I will be

A year older than before.

Wildest Dreams

Sometimes I need a little help
In getting to where I want to go
But there was no one to help me
“No. No.” A resounding “No”

That’s OK—A resounding “No”
I’ve heard it all before
I will get there on my own
I will open the door

I will open the door
To a room of beauty and bliss
I never in my wildest dreams
Thought I would achieve all of this

In achieving this
I have a clue
Maybe the same
Will happen to you.

Rest

Sometimes I need some rest

Resting is just fine

We all need a vacation

From the mountains that we climb.

My Lover

I rarely see my Lover

I hope that he's OK

Whenever I get to see him

It is a special day.

The Porch

Sitting on the porch is special

On such a warm summer's day

Looking out on Mother Nature

And all her beauty on display

The trees are green

The grass is too

With lovely, lovely flowers

Under a sky of blue.

Thank You

Every morning when I wake up

I thank God for another day

A day of peace and gratitude

Of love and work and play.

Happiness

In my life

I've been held back

This will happen

No more

I continue to paint

I continue to write

With happiness

At my door

I continue to learn

I continue to give

Loving it

More and more.

Lover

My lover is not feeling well

Which makes me very sad

I feel that I'm not helping him

Which makes me feel so bad

I know there is something

I can do

So that he won't

Feel so blue

I can create pictures and poems

And put them in a book

So that he will feel better

Whenever he takes a look.

Ideas

So many ideas

Inside my brain

Which shall I do

From which, refrain

It's enough to drive me

Very insane

Yet I must think

God gave me a brain.

My Ex

My ex is dead

No longer can he

Punch and scream

And manipulate me

I no longer need

So many pills

To treat the tragedy

Of the ills

I now have someone

Sweet and kind

Who puts me in a

Good frame of mind

My special someone

Will always be

The only one

Who is for me.

Happy New Year

New Years come

New Years go

And we grow one year older

Each year—ain't it so

With each New Year

Let's be clear

To hold close to us

Those who are dear

Each year we must aspire

To climb higher and higher and higher

When we get to where we want to go

Will we ever really know?

Who I Will Be

I'm beginning to see

Who I will be

At this stage of my life

And still will stay me

I'll continue to write

My poetry

Paint and write stories

But also you'll see

I am now writing songs

Happily

Both the lyrics

And their melody

I'll continue to read

And exercise too

I'm glad to be me

Be glad to be you.

The Life I'm Living

I love the life I'm living
Was not always such
I have a friend who's sweet and kind
And I love him very much

I feel that I'm the feminine
Of "Job" in the Bible, I do
Many good things were taken from me
Now they're back, plus a few

I worked very hard to get where I am
You can do it too
When you fall, get up, get up
Though it's hard to do

You can make it
Over the hill
If not now
Next time you will

And you can find
Someone who
Is very happy
To be with you

I've climbed many hills
Again and again
Saying over and over
"If not now, when?"

I feel I'll be successful
By showing how good life can be
For people who have mental illness
Or who are elderly

I deal with both
And I can say
I'm glad to be who
I am today.

Redirect

Sometimes you need to redirect

The thoughts inside your head

Change the thinking that is bad

To something good instead.

Alone

I'm feeling now

All alone

But I feel secure

At "home sweet home."

My Bruce is not

Doing well

He's going through

A living hell

Hope sometime soon

It will be

As before

Him and me.

The Good Life

Life is not

Supposed to be

Only roses and lace

Tranquility

Life is the storms

That we've been through

And helping others

Make it too

Life is sweet

Life is sour

Life can blossom

Like a flower

Life is wet

Life is dry

Life is learning

Reasons why

Life makes you think

Life makes you feel

Life makes you wonder

What's true and real

And when you finally

Reach your end

Heaven welcomes you

As a friend.

Living With A Narcissist

According to my husband

He may have bad traits too

But as for me, not many

I have only two

I have only two bad traits

I have only two

Everything I say

And everything I do.

I'd Better Laugh

I think I'd better laugh

And just not curse and shout

About my complicated past

And what my life was all about

A lot of it is done with

If I let it be

And just write down the lesson

In prose or poetry

Or else I'll write a story

Fiction or maybe true

And it will be a present

That I present to you.

I Love You

I love you, Bruce

You'll always be

A treasure that God

Gave to me

And my daughter, Debbi

I love with all my heart

You'll always be within me

When near me or apart

And Vitaly also

You mean so much to me

I see the love you give your Dad

And love goes out to you from me.

Grandma

I remember now my Grandma

And all that she taught me

About how to live my life

And how life should be

Yes, I remember now my Grandma

And the one thing she did claim

The one thing that stays after you're gone

The one thing is your good name.

Where Am I Going?

Where am I going in this life?

Is it one thing or the other?

Not really sure but here's what I do

I put one foot after the other.

Alternative

Sometimes I feel that I've had it

Don't want to do anymore

But what then is the alternative?

Just rest and then do as before

And if I don't want to do as before

Maybe I'll do something new

There's so much in life that's amazing

There's so much that we can pursue

But we also need to rest

To eat and sleep well too

Then we can do our best

In all that we wish to pursue

I'd like to end by saying

That even God had to rest

After his creation

Of which we all are blessed.

JAZZY TONES

NEW YEARS, NEW YEARS, NEW YEARS

New Years, New Years, New Years

What shall the New Year bring?

Peace and joy and happiness

And true love on the wing

True love on the wing, dear

True love on the wing

Peace and joy and happiness

And true love on the wing

WATCHING THE WORLD GO BY

Sitting, sitting on my porch
Thinking with a sigh
That I must be getting old
Just watching the world go by

I would love to be a bird
Flying in the sky
Seeing fields of green, green grass
And watching the world go by

I'm seeing the young lovers
Hugging as they walk by
While sitting, sitting on my porch
And watching the world go by

Just watching the world go by, dear
Just watching the world go by
Sitting, sitting on my porch
Just watching the world go by.

YOU ARE NOWHERE

You say you want to see me

You say you really care

But when I really need you

You are nowhere, nowhere

You say you madly love me

I'm the only one for you

But the sun and moon above me

Must see it isn't true

I'm sure there is another

With whose love you share

Cause when I really need you

You are nowhere, nowhere

You are nowhere, nowhere

You are nowhere, nowhere

When I really need you

You are nowhere, nowhere

OUR LOVE GOES ON AND ON

No more lonely nights for us

Our lonely nights are gone

The moon and stars shine bright for us

Our love goes on and on

Our love goes on and on, dear

You're sweet and kind to me

We love to laugh. We love to sing

You and I will always be

No more lonely nights for us

Our lonely nights are gone

The moon and stars shine bright for us

Our love goes on and on

The moon and stars shine bright for us

Our love goes on and on

I WONDER

I wonder, wonder, wonder who

Who made me and who made you

I wonder why we were to meet

And make our lives so complete

Was it all from up above

That you were sent to me to love?

And I was also sent to you

For a love so real and true

I wonder, wonder, wonder who

Who made me and who made you

I wonder why we were to meet

And make our lives so complete

I wonder why we were to meet

And make our lives so complete

WHERE ARE YOU?

I lay my head upon my bed

I'm really tired, true

I lay my head upon my bed

But where are you? Where are you?

I remember strolling in the park

Hand in hand, it's true

I remember strolling in the park

But where are you? Where are you?

I remember going out to eat

With you beside me, true

I remember going out to eat

But where are you? Where are you?

I remember sitting on the couch

Laughing and talking with you

Now when sitting on the couch

Where are you? Where are you?

I lay my head upon my bed

I'm really tired, true

I lay my head upon my bed

But where are you? Where are you?

YOU, YOU, YOU

When I'm feeling bad, bad, bad

With all the woes I had, had, had

I know it's over—true, true, true

Because I'm blessed with you, you, you

It's over, over—done, done, done

Now it's time for fun, fun, fun

You and I will always be

Me for you and you for me

It's over, over—done, done, done

Now it's time for fun, fun, fun

You and I will always be

Me for you and you for me

MOON BEAM

Moon beam, moon serene

In the sky above

Gently shine your light on me

And on the one I love

We are not now together

But the gentle moon we see

The same moon that shines on him

Is the moon that shines on me

WHERE OH WHERE?

Where oh where have you gone?

I can't find you at all

Not a text, not a call

I can't find you at all

Where oh where can you be?

Why did you leave me?

I don't know where you are

Where oh where, near or far?

Not a trace of you at work

Why did you leave me?

Not a trace anywhere

I need you desperately

Where oh where can you be?

Why did you leave me?

I don't know where you are

Where oh where, near or far?

GO FROM ME

Go from me

Let me be

I don't need you

You don't need me

It wasn't always like this

You used to give me thrills

Now when we're together

You only give me chills

Go from me

Go from me

Let me be

Let me be

I don't need you

I don't need you

You don't need me

You don't need me

Go from me

Go from me

Go from me

Go from me

I WILL SING AND SHOUT

We started out as two, dear

Then came three and four

We started out as two, dear

And then there were two more

I love you so to pieces

That's what it's all about

I love you so to pieces

I will sing and shout

I will sing and shout, dear

I will sing and shout

I will sing and shout, dear

I will sing and shout

FAR FAR AWAY

Looking at the flowers

On a summer's day

Thinking of my Lover

Who is far far away

The sun shines on the flowers

The sun shines on me too

The same sun on my Lover

Under skies so blue

At night the moon is glowing

With the stars so bright

I'm underneath the heavens

Strolling in the night

Underneath the heavens

My Lover's sure to be

And the same moon and stars

Cover him and me

Looking at the flowers

On a summer's day

Thinking of my Lover

Who is far far away

Conclusion

I'll say "so long"

It's the end of my book

I have a website

Please take a look

www.AnneLCohen.com

Is my website, please see

My paintings and books

And autobiography.