



This story starts out
With fright
But it turns out
To be a delight

WHATEVER I *DAME* WELL PLEASE

I knew I was bad from the age of two. My father would come home from work and my mother would greet him with—

“She’s driving me crazy. She’s eating my insides out.”

So, I continued being bad. Why not? It was so much fun. In kindergarten I had to stand in the corner. What did I care. Elizabeth would cry if she had to stand in the corner. Not me. What’s the difference between standing in the corner or sitting in your seat. Besides, you only stood in the corner if you got caught. And most of the time if you got caught it was worth it.

Then there was Junior High. That’s where you learned about sex. There you could feel it emotionally but you couldn’t talk about it or do it. So, what do you do—find a boyfriend from another school so no one in your school will hear about your sex life. Just make sure your boyfriend has access to condoms if you go down that path.

Then I got older—like 18 years old. Now what? The girls talk about getting married and having babies. In those days you didn’t have babies until you were married. Well, who wants to get married and be under the thumb of a man? Solution—Be mistress to a married man. As for the babies, you can always babysit. This leaves plenty of time for a career.

So, I finally figured it all out but as the song goes:

“I should worry

I should care

I should marry

A millionaire

He should die

I should cry

I should marry

Another guy”

At this point in my life I see marriage is going out of style. What is it—a party and a piece of paper. Yet some people have babies anyway, married or not.

So, what do I do with the rest of my life—**Whatever I *dame* well please.**

And **what do I *dame* well please**

Tune into my website: www.AnneLCohen.com.

Also! Also!

What shall you do?

Please read the poetry

I’ve written for you

POETRY

CANCER

I wasn't going to write about it

But now I have my fright about it

The surgery on me

I wasn't going to write about it

But now I have my fright about it

Is it cancer? We shall see

FIGURE OUT

I've been trying to figure out

What my life is all about

Now I wonder if I

Will live or die

SURGERY

Don't know what to do

Till my surgery is through

Happy I will be

If cancer's not in me

COUNT SHEEP

I'm going to bed

But not to sleep

I'm going to bed

To count my sheep

To count my sheep

Till morning's light

To count my sheep

No wolf in sight

DON'T CARE

Don't even care now

Who done what to me

I'm just content

With what I've got for me

LIFE

Life can be sunny

Life can be sad

Life can be good

Life can be bad

Sometimes we have no choice

Sometimes we do

How you want to look at life

Depends a lot on you

MY WEBSITE

AnneLCohen.com

I'm glad I have a website

That's as colorful as can be

I'd like to get to know you

If you'd like to write to me

SAD

I'm feeling a little sad

I'm feeling a little bad

I think I'll call up Bruce

To see if he'll make me glad

Can't get to Bruce

On the phone

I'm feeling so very much

Alone

TO LEARN CHESS

Should I learn the game of chess

Will it give me something to do

When I feel blue

STUMPED—MY SURGERY

Is it a bump

Is it a lump

Is it cancer

Now I'm stumped

Well, whatever

It may be

It is coming

Out of me

THE “SHOULD” AND “COULD HAVE BEENS”

The “shoulds”

The “shoulds”

I hate the “shoulds”

If you don't obey them

You are bad

The “could have beens”

The “could have beens”

I hate the “could have beens”

If you listen to them

You are sad

So, now I live

My life with ease

No more “shoulds”

No more “could have beens”

And I'm swingin' in the breeze

JUST BE

I love to write

I love to paint

It's who I am

And who I ain't

What else, what else

Would I like to do

What else, what else

Would I like to pursue

I think that I'll

Just rest and be

Along with all

That's inside of me

CHESS AGAIN

What do you know

I grow and grow

Now it's the game of chess

That's gonna make it so

I'm just a beginner

My game's very bad

But all the hard work

Is making me glad

Cause even though

I don't do well

I'm learning and learning

And that's really swell

It's a special game

And a special find

I'm forever using

My God-given mind

I hope to learn

More and more

Of this game of chess

That I've learned to adore

THERAPY

Therapy. Therapy

What do you know

With the wrong therapist

You will not grow

It even may be

Bad for you

So, find the right therapist

Whatever you do

BE YOU

Be you. Be you

Be true to you

In everything

You see and do

All your foes

Cast aside

All your friends

Will be your bride

Learn to love

Learn to care

But too much caring

Beware. Beware

You need some space

To move about

You need to laugh

You need to shout

And each night

You have to say

“I’ll do my best

For one more day”

SOMETIMES

Sometimes I get tired

Sometimes I get depressed

Sometimes don't know what to do

I try and do my best

Sometimes my best

Isn't good enough

With all those rules

And all that stuff

What do I do

I haven't a clue

But, yes, to myself

I will be true

KIND AND GENTLE

Got through it. Got through it

Got through it all

They say that "Pride goeth

Before a fall" (Book of Proverbs)

But I wonder

If that is true

Cause I'm very proud

Of what I'm able to do

But, of course, I know

And I'm able to see

That there exist many

Superior to me

Yes, there exist many

Superior to me

So, I try to be

The best I can be

The best I can be

For this I will strive

And be kind and be gentle

While I am alive

GOD

A supernatural God is a myth

A myth that cannot be

You can call nature, God

That's reality

And an afterlife

When our time is up

Yes, what would you like to be

A daisy or a buttercup

FANTASY AND REALITY

I live in this

Little fantasy

Of a personal God

Who takes care of me

I live in this

Reality

Where I make sure

To take care of me

POSSESSION

My mind is my greatest possession

To her I must be true

I'll think about what I say

And I'll think about what I do

MEANING OF LIFE

What is the meaning of life

Is there any way to measure

I think learning and understanding

Is our greatest pleasure

GOLDEN YEARS

My golden years are truly golden

With blessings from above

I write, paint, read and play music

All the things I love

When I write I create a picture

Of what is in my head

When I paint I paint the picture

That you can see instead

My music comes from my cell phone

Which is always near to me

And I play and sing with my music machine

So very joyfully

BEWARE

I've been hurt so many times

By parents who did not care

And a husband who was a narcissist

My advice—Beware

Life is rough. Life is tough

You have to be the same

Be kind to who respects you

The rest beat at their game

AGAINST CHESS

I've decided against the game of chess

If I lose or win, what's there to gain

All that thinking and plotting

Just to win a silly game

HAPPY AND FINE

I am happy

I am fine

I don't have cancer

What was there was benign

TOO LAZY

Too lazy to think

So, I write

Too lazy to write

So, I paint

Too lazy to paint

So, I dance

Too lazy to dance

So, I think

What do I think

I think I will write

REPAIR THE WORLD

What's my mission?

I have a plan

Gonna write. Gonna write

That's who I am

And maybe soon

I'll find some one

Who also feels

Writing is fun

But for what purpose

What is my goal—

To repair the world

And make it whole

To inspire others

To do so as well

So the world is better

Where we all dwell

LOVE ALL

I love creative writing

I love painting too

I love music and dancing

All on my list to do

LAZY?

Am I lazy

Or need to rest?

Am I resting

Or creating my best?

I have a website

For all to see

I'll get to know you

While you get to know me

“THE STORIES OF MY LIFE”

I have so many stories

Interesting to hear

At some point I'll write them down

In letters dark and clear

I shall call my little book

“The stories of my life”

Book 1, Book 2, Book 3, Book 4

I could go on forevermore

Am I good? Am I bad?

Am I happy? Am I sad?

Read my books and keep score

As I write more and more

CRAZY

Am I crazy?

Am I sane?

Am I stupid?

Have I a brain?

With bipolar

You don't always see

Fantasy from

Reality

PROBLEMS

I'm sorry your problems

Have to be

But please do not

Afflict them on me

I have my own life

With problems too

And I don't need one of them

To be you

I'll listen to all

You have to say

If you treat me in

A civilized way

But so far

That hasn't been true

So, I'll just say

The hell with you

HONEY

I miss my Honey

He's not well

I miss him

Everyday

I hope to see him

Very soon

And laugh a little

And play

And tell him

That I love him

And he loves me

He'll also say

I love you, love you

Sweetheart

Today and

Everyday

RELAX

Very soon

I'll go to bed

Hopefully then

I'll soon fall asleep

First, I'll listen

To music

And relax my brain

From a day that's complete

Relax my brain

Relax my body

Relax my soul

And go to sleep

THRIVE AND GLOW

Where am I going

I'd like to know

To be my best

To thrive and glow

To help all others

Achieve their goal

To nourish their body

And nourish their soul

To love one another

Be kind and true

You support me

I'll support you

KIND AND SERENE

I'm going to sleep now

What will I dream

To live in a world

Kind and serene

A colorful world

With music and dance

A world where there's always

A second chance

It's up to us

To make life that way

To laugh and to love

Day after day

SOMETHING

There's Something out there bigger

Bigger than me and you

Is it Mother Nature?

Is it the Stillness too?

I feel it with my heart

And deeper within me

There is Something out there

We can feel but cannot see

DREAM

Why can't I sleep

And let go of the day

Nighttime is peaceful

Let's dream it away

But my soul wants to wander

Wander along

And dance a sweet dance

And sing a sweet song

Am I in charge

Of what my soul wants to do

To sleep I will go

And my soul will sleep too

SO HAPPY

I feel so happy

Happy and gay

Life is going well

Today

It's true I'm getting older

If you measure my life in time

But in degrees of happiness

Life's more and more sublime

I do what I love

And love what I do

Enjoy I'm alive

What about you?

What about you?

What about me?

Let's find some joy

In whatever will be

SO MUCH

So much to do

So much to pursue

If you measure your life

As a chore

What about

Relaxing

Life gets to mean

More and more

The world we live in

Is a rough, rough place

And no better

Is outer space

God did it all

In six days too

On the seventh He rested

From all He'd been through

If God must rest

So must we

Now and forever

Through eternity

TIRED

Sometimes I get tired

I've had it and that's it

Then I hear a voice inside

"Do not quit. Do not quit"

Because no matter how I feel

There's always a bright new day

Somewhere the sun is shining

And it may just come my way

It may just come my way

And shine so cheery and bright

And I hear that voice inside

"You're right. You're right. You're right"

BEING ALIVE

The days are long

And I wonder why

Why I'm alive

And why I will die

I guess I will have to

Figure that out

While I'm awake

And moving about

I'll just be content

And kind to all

And do what I can

To make life a ball

If I'm kind to you

And you're kind to me

And we do what we love

What else can there be?

What else can there be?

We must eat and must sleep

And wake up the next

morning

How life is a treat!

SO LONG

The time has come

To say, "so long"

Be kind and courageous

Loving and strong