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Being Older

I get to see

What parts of my life

Were best for me

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My Secret Life

Fight if you must

It's do that or bust

But in the end

Remain a friend

Live for yourself

To yourself be true

For those who love you

Love you for you

I have a secret life

That belongs to me alone

It's reading and writing

Poem after poem

It is my secret language

Of which I do control

And I love it, yes, I love it

For reaching my soul

The soul which God has given me

The soul in which I'm clean

God has given me the gift

To dream and dream and dream

And in my dreams I search and search

The life that I aspire

Prompting my soul to go

High and high and higher

Now I do what need be

For all others and for me

Sharing my spirituality

With a life of reality

Your brain wants to take the easy way out

When you're not sure what is right

Challenge your brain to think and think

Understanding is a delight

Married

Why did I get married?

It was the thing to do

I also wanted a baby

For that I needed marriage too

Why did I get married?

Was it for better or worse?

Except for my lovely daughter

Marriage can be a curse

My Website - AnneLCohen.com

The psychiatrists seem to have missed one thing

And it makes no sense

Why O Why did I have to endure

My husband's domestic violence

I'm so glad I'm away from it now

And my husband is six feet under

And I love living alone

I will not make another blunder

It's true that not all men will do

The punches that he threw

But I don't want to take care of anyone

Except myself, that's true too

I, now, love my life

I love to paint. I love to write

If you want to see my work

It's AnneLCohen.com -- my site

The Nightmare

It wasn't until I was married

And didn't know what to do

The man of my dreams would punch me

Well, nightmares are dreams too

And that was what my home was

A nightmare day and night

However, I wanted a baby

Although the marriage was a fright

I thought a baby would change him

He would be kind for the baby's sake

But that rarely happened

And my smile was simply fake

But now all that is over

He's not with me anymore

And all the mean things he said to me

I can just ignore

And if I can't ignore them

Instead of making me blue

I just pretend it's someone else

He is talking to

You can get the shrinks together

To say what's wrong with me

But I don't even care

I'm happy just to be

I am happy with my friends

With my family too

I am also happy when alone

With being blue, I'm through

I refuse to have that nightmare

All's well with me and how

I sing and dance and do what I love

Life is a blessing now

Why Am I Tired?

Why am I tired

So much of the time

It's as if I just had

A huge hill to climb

Well, the huge hill

That I climbed was free will

It's my writing and painting

To stop—I never will

But I will cut back

On what I do each day

And just think of it all

As fun and as play

For Me

What do I want to do for me?

What do I want to do for you?

Whatever I am doing for you

I'm doing it also for me, too

Luz

I've got to mention my friend, Luz

Who keeps my house aglow

And shining, shining, shining clean

The best you'll ever know

And Luz has lovely grandchildren

Who keep her busy too

And I wish her all the best

In whatever she may do

TRUE TALES

True Tales - A True Tale

I'm writing a poem

To all of you

About "True Tales"

Which I pursue

When I write "Grandma"

It's my father's mother

"Bubbe" is my mother's grandma

Her father's mother and no other

Hope you enjoy my

"True Tales"

I enjoyed the writing

Like a ship that sails

Triumph & Glory - A True Tale

I realize now

I'm of a certain age and state

About which

There can be no debate

I do not have the energy

To pursue

All of the things

I'd like to do

I'm lucky to live

In the computer age

With "zoom" now being

All the rage

Being Older by Anne

It's as close to "person to person"

As it can be

And for me because of my age

My reality

I love zoom

And the telephone too

They bring me close to those

I want to be close to

Ane all of you people

In my life

Please remember

You bring me pure delight

Triumph & Glory - *Epilogue*

If I pursue more

Than I can comfortably do

It cuts back on my ability

To do other things too

Thank you for listening

To my life's story

I think of Being Older

As Triumph & Glory

Desert Flowers - A True Tale

“The desert flowers are beautiful this time of year,” says Carla as she opens the mail.

“I’d love to go see them,” I say.”

“Forget it,” says my husband, B. “We do not need to go through any desert. It’s hot enough in August here in Los Angeles without the desert.”

“Great!” shouts Carla reading a letter. “The gambling resort is compting us a room again. And we have to go through the desert to get there in Nevada. So, Annie, you will see your desert flowers after all.”

“Well, you lucked out this time,” says B.

“I don’t know how Carla does it,” says her husband, Steve. She makes so much money with only \$200.

There is then a funny look on B’s face.

“Well,” continues Carla, “everything is free there. Not just the room, but also the food and drinks. “And we’ll bring you and B with us,” says Carla. “Maybe they will also compt you your room.”

“La de da de da,” goes Steve with his flute. “Let me go upstairs and play my flute.”

“Good idea,” says Carla. “I hear enough of it.”

Being Older by Anne

We leave the next day for Nevada. And I get to see the lovely desert flowers. And the unlovely desert. We run into only two other cars in the desert. That's it.

When we finally get there and stop at our rooms, Carla disappears. Steve soon goes to the bar, sits down and starts working on something with pen and a paper he got at the bar. B and I just wander around. We order two drinks which we didn't like and actually paid for. We found the whole place boring. However, we did gamble a little, but lost.

Later, the four of us go to Steve and Carla's room.

"Was anyone else up in this room?" asks Carla. "I sense that someone else was here."

"Well," says Steve, "there was. Bruce was here."

"Who?" says Carla.

"Bruce," says Steve. "He was sitting next to me at the bar. I told him that I played the flute. He seemed interested. So I asked him if he wanted to come up to my room and I'll play the flute for him."

"Then what happened?" asks Carla.

"He came up to the room with me. But when I took my flute out he said, 'What's going on here' and he's gone. I think he's gay."

And those are the highlights of our trip to Los Angeles and Nevada.

Dad in Ukraine - A True Tale

Dad lived in Ukraine under the czar. It was then they had the pogroms, when gangs of people went through the Jewish neighborhoods, killing the Jews and destroying their property. Dad and his sister were children then. Their mother, my grandmother, used to hide them in the woods. After one of the pogroms Dad saw his neighbor lying dead in the street. The worst pogrom Dad remembers was on a beautiful Christmas morning.

Dad also was in Ukraine during the Russian Revolution and, afterwards, when the communists took over.

He, his sister and future brother-in-law managed to escape Ukraine and ended up somewhere in Europe. They were going to be sent to South America, but Dad's sister came down with the measles and was quarantined. Afterwards, they were sent to the United States.

Dad became a US citizen in 1931.

My Bubbe - A True Tale

I love my Bubbe, my great grandmother. She was the greatest. She was born in 1869 in Mitga-olovit, a small town near Bialystok, Poland.

And she was so happy when her father hired a teacher to teach her brothers to read because she also wanted to learn to read. So, when the teacher arrived she and her brothers had a lesson. However, after the lesson the teacher charged Bubbe's father for the boys and also for Bubbe.

Well, Bubbe's father had a fit. He didn't want to pay for her.

"Girls don't have to read," he said.

And that was the end of her lessons.

However, when she came to this country and married my great grandfather, he taught her how to read. And she then read the newspaper, The Forward, cover to cover everyday.

She also could write her name. She couldn't write except she could write her name. And when it came to elections, after women got the right to vote, Bubbe voted. And you would find little pieces of paper around the house with her name on it, her practicing signing her name. When she would vote, she wouldn't put an "X" down. She signed her name.

That was my Bubbe.

Safari - A True Tale

Uncle V and BobbyBoy were very close. BobbyBoy was very young, 5 years old. And they were planning a safari in Africa together and explore Africa. BobbyBoy's cousin, Little Lois, 4 years old, wanted to join them going to Africa.

BobbyBoy objected.

"Let her come," said Uncle V. "She's a girl. She can do the cooking."

BobbyBoy agreed.

So, the three of them planned their African safari trip.

Then one day Little Lois was in New York City with her mother in the lobby of one of the museums. And there was a statue of African elephants, a huge, huge statue reaching almost to the high ceiling. And Little Lois was looking at the statue, and looking at the statue, and looking at the statue, and then said,

"You'd better tell BobbyBoy I'm not going to Africa with him."

Smart Uncle Schmouel – A True Tale

Uncle Schmouel, they said he wasn't too bright. Except he was. There are book smarts and street smarts. What he lacked in book smarts he made up for in street smarts.

Uncle Schmouel was a musician. He couldn't read music so he played by ear. He made instruments from wooden crates with strings from hairs from a horse's tail. His stepmother kept throwing his instruments into the fire and Uncle Schmouel kept making more.

This was in Poland. He then came to New York. He got a job on the docks. He worked there when the Irish were there and he worked there when the Italians were there. They all knew he was Jewish. They used to kid around about it with him. He took it all and got along with everybody.

Good Ole Uncle Schmouel. He had plenty of street smarts.

Stood Up - A True Tale

Cindy, my aunt, had a date. Something happened, yes, something happened. He stood her up. Well, she got over it.

Then came WW2. And Cindy went into the army as a WAC. She was stationed most of the time in Paris. She saw children eating out of garbage cans. Then she didn't want to eat. She wanted the children to have the food. Of course, Cindy couldn't do that. She had to eat.

After the war was over Cindy came home. One day she was in the kitchen doing some work by the sink when the doorbell rang. She answered the door. It was the guy who had stood her up years ago.

Cindy invites him in and he starts talking to her. He talks about the time he stood her up.

"I was a fighter pilot in WW2," he said. "Every time I thought I would be shot down I thought about the time I stood you up. I just had to come by and apologize."

Lots of Love

Hope you enjoyed my "True Tales"

And my poetry too

I enjoyed doing the writing

Lots of Love to all of you.

The End