



Short stories and poems

Just for you too.

Enjoy. Enjoy.

This book is for you.

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Anna

“I know I’m a loner,” says Anna to herself. “When I paint, I am talking to the pictures I am painting. When I run, I am talking to the breeze on my face. When I write, I am talking to God. Yes, I’m a loner. And I have many friends.”

Anna’s family owns a hardware store, Hill Hardware, at the bottom of the hill near her home. Her brothers and cousins all work at Hill Hardware, but not Anna. She wants to work there, although she had some trouble working the cash register there. But that was a long time ago, before they had the modern cash registers.

“I could use some extra money for art supplies for my paintings,” thought Anna. “However, my mother always makes sure I have the art supplies I need. She is the only one in the family who appreciates my artwork.”

“I’ll ask my brother, Steve, if I can work at Hill Hardware. He manages the store. And our cousin, Grace, just started working there. Meanwhile, let me start painting.”

And Anna does just that, putting her heart and soul into her work.

“I wonder,” thinks Anna to herself, “if I can display my work where I buy my art supplies. I noticed other artists doing so. And if I sell anything, I’ll have some extra money.”

“You know,” Anna goes on thinking, “I have some picture frames right here at home. I’ll frame some of my work right now.”

As Anna frames the paintings, she starts wondering if she can hang some paintings in Hill Hardware. She calls up her brother.

“Hi Steve, how are you doing?”

“I’m okay, Anna, What’s up?”

“I was just wondering, Steve, I have two paintings I just framed. Can you hang them in Hill Hardware? Maybe someone would want to buy them. Besides, I’m the only one in the family not working at Hill Hardware. Grace just started working there.”

“Oh,” says Steve, “so you think you can compare yourself to Grace.”

“No, Steve. But I am an artist.”

“That’s a matter of opinion,” says Steve.

“Okay,” says Anna and she hangs up, saying to herself, “Maybe I’ll display these two paintings in the front window here at home. Can’t hurt.”

And so, she does.

Four days later, the doorbell rings. Anna answers it. There is a young lady at the door.

“Hello, I’m interested in the two paintings you have in your front window...”

The End

See More Ahead

Dr. Lip

Dr. Lip, a psychiatrist, was recommended. I decided to go to him. When I got to his building, I took the elevator to the fifth floor. There was the main area where his office was with several corridors leading to other offices. On the walls of the corridors were many interesting paintings. Since I was early, I walked up and down the corridors looking at all the lovely paintings and I was excited to see one painted by an artist I knew, who lived in my building.

Soon Dr. Lip called me into his office. I mentioned to him that I enjoyed walking up and down the halls admiring all the lovely paintings and that I knew the artist who painted one of them.

“That’s interesting,” said Dr. Lip, I thought you were nervous and that you were pacing.”

“I don’t think you should jump to conclusions like that,” I said.

“I had another client who thought the same way you do,” said Dr. Lip. “But she changed her way of thinking since coming to me. Also, she was a courtesan.”

“Oh,” I said.

“Do you know what a courtesan is?” asked Dr. Lip.

“No,” I said.

“A courtesan is a high-class prostitute.”

“That may be okay when you are young,” I said. But you won’t have any customers when you get older. Where is your money going to come from?”

“She bought stock and planned on living on the dividends,” said Dr. Lip.

And he went on and on about this courtesan until he finally said, “When would you like your next appointment?”

“Never,” I said.

The End

See More Ahead

Day Camp

I was all excited about Day Camp. But I was also nervous because I was starting Camp two days late. That was because the first two days I had a sore throat, as usual. So where was I to go when I got to Camp?

I met a boy on the bus going there who was in the same Camp Group as I.

"I'll stay with you," I said. However, when I got off the Day Camp Bus, we were separated. But I was wearing a blue bow on my shirt. That meant I was in the Blue Group. My counselor noticed it and said I was in her Group.

Everything went fine until I had to pee. I was shown where the bathrooms were, so that was no problem.

"I'll go into the bathroom with you," said an older boy.

"No," I said.

"If I do, I'll show you what I have that you don't have."

"No," I said.

"Are you sure? You might like it."

"Okay," I said, curious.

We went in the bathroom and closed the door. He then pulled down his pants and showed me his erection.

I can't remember exactly what happened next. No matter how hard I try, I can't remember. The only thing I remember was his erection and how different he looked from my baby brother. They both were boys but they looked so different.

I also remember the pain I had. And I remember walking out of the bathroom and never wanting to go in there again. And I usually didn't, which resulted in my wetting my pants and kids laughing at me.

My mother was also annoyed. "How do you get your clothes so dirty?" she complained.

I knew something was wrong and I was troubled.

I told my mother that a boy came into the bathroom with me. I didn't know what else to say. But she just got angry with me, so I decided to keep it all to myself. And I did—until now.

That all happened when I was six years old. I am now eighty-one.

The End

See More Ahead

That's The Breaks

My twin boys died. They were born too premature and they didn't make it. The first born lived an hour and a half. The second born lived a day and a half. They were my babies.

Sometimes in bed at night I would think I hear them crying. I would get out of bed to comfort them, but I could not find them. I looked everywhere. I could not find them.

For years I would call up the nurses at the hospital where I gave birth. They would comfort me. At some point they didn't even know me or the doctor but they were still very kind and comforting.

My husband, Bernie, claimed they died because the doctor was no good. And since I was the one who chose the doctor, it is my fault that they died.

My psychiatrist told Bernie to stop telling me that. I went to a board- certified obstetrician and it was not his fault or my fault that they died. Bernie agreed but he still continued for years telling me that I killed my children.

I couldn't handle Bernie anymore. I certainly did not want sex with him, but he insisted. So, I made up stories to myself that he wasn't Bernie. He was somebody else. I had a new lover every night.

But during the day I would hear, "You killed my children."

I was also working for him. I worked for him ten years and one month. I was his office manager. I kept the records, did the bank balances, did the billing, paid the bills, and more. And for this I got paid zero.

And he was forever punching me—something I kept to myself. But he got away with it because he was a psychiatrist and I was a psychiatric patient. But all the bitterness is over now. He died and is not with me anymore. But I worry about my daughter. She was just two and a half when all this started happening.

When I was a child in elementary school, there was a boy in my class who put things very well and I agree with him.

He would say...

“That’s the breaks. That’s life and life goes on.”

The End

See More Ahead

The Paper Clip

Well, that's it. Done. I just finished a 20-page paper on the Civil War. That was some job. And it is due tomorrow. Hope to get a good mark. I'll fasten it with this paper clip.

My name is Sally and I'll be graduating from high school soon. I'll put the paper in my book bag.

The next morning, I leave the house and I rush outside with my book bag and run to the bus stop. Oh no! My book bag wasn't closed all the way and the paper fell out! And the paper clip came off and the pages are flying all over the place! I rush to capture them all, hoping I'm not missing any. And the bus is coming.

I stuff the papers in the bag, fasten the bag and jump on the bus. I don't know if I got all the pages and it's due today.

When I get to school, I have twenty minutes to get organized. I take out all the pages I have of my paper. Here is page 1. And here is page 2. Oh, I can't find page 3. Oh, here it is. Am I missing page 4? Oh, I have it.

Well, what do you know. I have it all including the paper clip.

"Ring!" There's the bell.

The End

See More Ahead

He Married Me for My Money

I was young when I got married—24. And he's not around anymore—like he's 6 feet under.

We met at a dance. When Ernie took me home, he saw my father's sign in front of our house, the sign with my father's name with an MD after it. I know he saw the sign because he made a comment: "I didn't know your father was a doctor." I realize now that meant Ernie was counting signs—dollar signs.

Well, there was money in the family, just not in my pocket. And if my father had his way, that's the way it was going to stay. And I was so naïve, thinking I didn't know if Ernie loved me or if it was sex he was after. I should have realized, the sex he could have gotten anywhere.

Well, I soon found out Ernie wanted to be a doctor. Although he was a doctor, a chiropractor, he wanted to be a real doctor. (His thinking, not mine.) He had been in medical school, but he dropped out. (Dropped out—not flunked out. At least, that's what he told me.) And he couldn't get back in. So now he decided to go to the University of Rome, Italy, where he can study medicine.

So, we talked and talked and talked about this. He would leave in four months. Then came the subject of marriage. We would get married and go to Rome, Italy, to live.

As for me, I was working as a stenographer in a bank. The job was ok. It paid the bills. I lived at home. I paid rent, something I wanted to do, was not asked to do. I also went to Hunter College at night. I paid for tuition and books. I definitely wanted to finish college.

Bottom line, we got married and sailed to Italy. Life in Italy was wonderful. We spent two years living in Rome, where Ernie did his studies at the University of Rome. Then he transferred to the University of Bologna and we lived in Bologna for three years. He went to school in Italy for five years all together.

After three years of marriage, our daughter, Laurie, was born. She was born in the US and was the light of Ernie's eyes and mine. She was the best thing that ever happened to our marriage.

However, something happened to Ernie soon after we were married. I felt as though it wasn't a marriage license we had but a sales receipt that Ernie had. It wasn't too bad until we boarded the ship for Italy. As we started to sail away, I gave Ernie his wedding present I had gotten him, a blue long sleeve shirt. For some reason he didn't like it.

Then it happened. He had a temper tantrum and punched me. And that was just the beginning. Until close to the very end of his life, when he couldn't walk or talk anymore, he would have temper tantrums and yell and punch me. At one point I suggested we go for marriage therapy. He refused. He said the problem was me.

Well, we got to Italy and over the course of a few weeks, rented an apartment and got all the papers Ernie needed for school. At the same time, I had to learn how to speak Italian, keep house and cook. However, Ernie did not want me to go to work. Just as well, there was enough to do just taking care of him.

And he never got the money he thought he would get from my family. It never bothered me because he didn't want it for me. He wanted it for himself. At one point, after

we went back to the States, he asked my mother if she could lend him \$30,000.00. She did. She also charged him interest.

Over the years we're doing ok, especially Laurie and me. Ernie doesn't need too much now. He's six feet under.

The End

See More Ahead

Louise and the Potato

Hi! I'm Louise and I'm three years old. I'm at my great grandmother's house. I'm in the garden with Aunt Anna. I love the pink roses and the sunflowers. But Aunt Anna doesn't want to pick them. She says they will last much longer on the stem.

"Let's go inside, Louse," says Aunt Anna. So, we do. We go into the kitchen and all the grown-ups are eating.

"We will eat soon," says Aunt Anna.

And we do. The grown-ups finished and the kitchen is all cleaned up. Aunt Anna and I are sitting at the table.

Only I'm not very hungry. But Aunt Anna fixes me a potato mashed with lots of butter. I love it but I am not hungry for the potato skin.

"Eat your potato skin," says Aunt Anna. "I'll cut it up for you."

"I don't want it," I say. The grown-ups didn't eat their potato skins."

"Yes," says Aunt Anna. "They are the sweet potato skins. And they feel so bad. They are in the garbage now, crying."

"Oh my," I'm thinking. "Those poor sweet potato skins. I feel so bad for them."

Well, what do you know. I ate the whole potato.

The End

See More Ahead

Jill's Party

I'm waiting for a taxi to take me to Jill's party. Here's a cab now. I get in.

"Please take me to 10 Grove Street in Plymouth."

"Plymouth is out of my district," says the driver. "However, I can take you to the end of my district. It will cost you \$40. Then I'll take you to 10 Grove Street for another \$50. All together, I'll charge you \$90.

"That's a lot of money," I say.

"Take it or leave it," says the driver.

"Ok, I'll take it," I say.

Well, Jill does live far away from me, but I never realized how far.

After driving a while the driver says, "We're almost to the end of my district. That will be \$40 for this part of the trip.

"Jimmy. Jimmy." I yell out the window.

"Stop the car," I say to the driver. He stops.

"Jimmy, get in the car. I'm going to Jill's house."

"Driver," says Jimmy as he gets in, "Just drive two more blocks to the end of your district."

"The young lady wants to go to 10 Grove Street," says the driver.

"That's just two more blocks," says Jimmy. We can walk it.

Well, that's how I saved some money. I paid \$40 instead of \$90.

Was that driver pissed!

The End

See More Ahead

Fireplace

Fireplace

Warm and bright

Crackle. Crackle.

Pure delight

Fireplace

With calming airs

We forget worries

We forget cares

Fireplace

Warm and bright

Crackle. Crackle.

Pure delight

Crackle. Crackle

Crackle. Crackle

Crackle. Crackle

Crackle. Crackle

Twin Baby Boys

My two little twin baby boys

You would have given me such joys

Two little bundles, a lovely sight

Nursing you would be pure delight

But God said this could not be

You are now close to Him

But far from me

To Pursue

What to do

What to pursue

Jack of trades a few

Master of two

With writing and painting

I'm master of two

Now doing algebra

The jack of trade I do

For What?

What am I living for?

Where am I going?

Was told I'm too deep

But my curiosity is showing

Will put it into words

Into words and just a few

"Do what I love

Love what I do"

Do

I'm going to try to take it easy

And not give myself so much to do

However, I know that is impossible

I'm doing, doing, doing, do

The Nightmare

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 was 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

Coffee

My day has just begun
And it doesn't look like fun
However, still happy to be me
I had my morning coffee

I had my morning coffee
And I'm taking a rest
Now I know all is fine
And I'll be my very best

Poetry. Poetry. Poetry.

I am now feeling much better

Realizing what I need do

Write Poetry. Poetry. Poetry

And then a short story or two

Yes. Poetry. Poetry. Poetry

And also some paintings I'll do

Plus keeping up with my friendships

Very wonderful too

Yes. Poetry. Poetry. Poetry

That makes the magic feeling

That is how I recover

From the stresses with which I am dealing

Pink, Pink Rose

Pink, pink rose

Gentle silky flower

You smell so sweet. You are complete

But if I pick you from the bush

You will not last an hour

Algebra

I have been doing algebra

From a long, long book

I love it, although

It's not my first love

But I will continue, I know

Dream

Here I am

Dreaming again

Who will I be

And when, when, when?

It's on my website

Just who I be

AnneLCohen.com

That's me, me, me

We do have choices

On who we be

And right now, I'm happy

I'm me, me, me

Yes, I'm a dreamer

And a doer too

And happy to meet

You, you, you

New Year's Eve

It's New Year's Eve and I just want to rest

Rest from all the drama I see

I really don't care about New Year's Eve

I just want a peaceful New Year for me

A peaceful New Year is what I would like

But my mood sometimes changes and I'd like something more

Can we live a life of two opposite lives?

And be the same person each time as before?

An interesting thought

Can I be so clever?

And I try doing so

Now and forever

New Year's Resolutions

It's New Year's Day

Hooray! Hooray!

Resolutions—one

Have fun! Have fun!

Rest

So much is happening

I need some rest, please

My mind says I do

And my body agrees

The world won't stop turning

If I take a rest

And afterwards I know

That I'll be my very best

If God can rest

After six days of creation

I can rest too

I'll take my stay-cation

Who Am I

Who am I

I'd love to know

And how should I live

And how to make it so

There are many ways

That I can be

But most important

I must be Me

Let me be Me

To myself I plead

I must be me

Yes, indeed

To My Bruce

All my love I give to you

You are my only one

And all the good times we have together

Are always lots of fun

Happy Birthday

Love always,

Anne

Getting Older

I must go on with my life

I will not let depression win

And just because I'm getting older

That is no cause to give in

I will get older but become

Better than the year before

I'll work out my brain, work out my body

And praise God for a Life I adore

Snowing

It's snowing and snowing

What a storm!

Glad I'm inside

Where it's nice and warm

Don't have to shovel

Don't have to shop

Even computer

Decided to plotz

But I have my writing

My books and TV

And also my artwork

To accompany me

And my phone still works

Yay—cellphone

With her beside me

I'm never alone

So let it snow

Let it storm

I'll just stay inside

Where it's nice and warm

Life

Sometimes don't know

How I feel

Frustrated maybe?

Is this feeling real?

Or am I just down a bit

But want to strive

To be very happy

Because I'm alive

Yes, just think of it

When you're dead all is gone

Unless Heaven above says

Live on. Live on

But life on Earth

Is a life too

So, let's get going

Me and you

Wanted To Rest

Just wanted to rest for a few days

Glad I got the chance

But now I'm feeling better

And ready to sing and dance

Let's sing and dance and be joyful

For that's what life's about

We'll have some fun with everyone

And sing and dance and shout

Purim

Purim is a holiday

When we eat a three-cornered cake

And we're commanded to be joyful

No matter what's at stake

Sleep

I could go on and on

Stating how I'm feeling

But I'm getting very tired

And sleep is what's appealing

The Moon

The world is in such terrible shape

We must cultivate the moon

Because at the rate we're going

We'll need it very soon

Winter

Right now it is winter

With wind and with snow

Let's look forward to spring

Nature's beauty will show

A Friend

What I need

Is to sleep, eat and rest

To get up my energy

To be my very best

Sometimes I need

The help of a friend

And we will work together

Until the very end

I Wonder

Sometimes I wonder
My role on this Earth
Or by just being here
I'm showing my worth

But what is my role
As far as I can see
Maybe my role
Is just being Me

Happy Home

Let's work and play together

Each sister and brother

Let's work and play together

Each father and mother

We'll make a happy home

One we'll all enjoy

With each father and mother

With each girl and boy

I Am Sorry

Sometimes we mess up
And don't do things right
Just say "I am sorry"
And try not to fight

And if you can
Make right from the wrong
We still have our values
And want to belong

My Friends

And when I'm with my friends

And as happy as can be

I'm glad I'm friends with them

And they are friends with me

But sometimes there are subjects

On which we don't agree

That is perfectly okay

Friends we still can be

Right Now

Right now I am tired

To you I'll say good night

See you tomorrow

With the morning light

Valentine Season

Valentine Season
Is here for a reason
We need more Love
Today

The world is rough
The world is tough
But Love is
On its way

I send my Love
To my friend, Bruce
And to my daughter
Too

And to many
Others
To you and you
And you

AnneLCohen.com

What am I living for?

I don't know

I'll just make it fun

Ho! Ho! Ho!

I've accomplished all

I'm out to do, so

Now I'll relax

And see how things go

I still love to paint

I still love to write

AnneLCohen.com

Is my website

Your Day

There are lots of things to do in life

And lots that you should not

Trying to explain it all

Puts me on the spot

Just do what you can

To make life good

Making all happiness

May be doing what you should

When you go to bed at night

Try to understand

The way you have passed your day

Did it work out as planned

And if things could be better

That's ok too

Tomorrow is another day

We will see it through

Me

Sometimes I feel that I've had it

Can't go on anymore

That's ok. I'll find a way

To go on just as before

And after I find I can do it

The stronger I will be

I'll find a way to go on each day

And be happy that I'm Me

A Song

The world can be such a beautiful place

When people get along

Let's just be kind to each other

Hold hands and sing a song

Why

Why do you keep on

Yelling at me

Why can't we be happy

And just be

Is God Angry?

Is God angry with the world?

He sends us floods and storms

People get hurt. People die

He sends death in many forms

But if we learn to love each other

Help is on the way

We'll turn bad into good

And children laugh and play

Where We Dwell

Let's get together and talk

And discuss what we need to do

Hope all is well where we dwell

And our neighbors too

A Little Tired

I'm getting a little tired

But I'm not ready to stop

Maybe I should do something different

Instead of running I'll hop

Bed Soon

I need to go to bed soon
And dream a peaceful dream
And wake up in the morning
With thoughts so calm and serene

I hope the entire
World will be
As peaceful and calm
As you and me

Today

It was raining today

And tomorrow too

We need some cheerfulness

We do

A Glow

Even though it's been raining

A few days in a row

God has let some sunshine in

So, we can see a glow

Sunshine

Even though it rains and snows

With some cold weather too

We've been getting a little sunshine

Lovely for me and you

Who Am I?

Who am I?

I'd like to know

Where am I going

I don't know

My name is Anne

Spelled with an "e"

I'm 81 years

Yes, that's me

My hobbies are

To paint and to write

And to take it further

Would be a delight

The world has changed

Since I was small

Yes, I love all things modern

Love it all

Started writing

When I was ten

And painting I've done

Since Heaven knows when

But something is missing

And gee wiz

I'd like to find out

What it is

Maybe it's Me

That I can't find

Oh, where is she?

I'll go out of my mind

Maybe oh maybe

She's in the air

In my books and TV

Yes, everywhere

I'm out to be

A colorful Me

Where oh where oh where

Is she?

She lives in my mind

My colorful Me

She runs down through my pen

And she's Fantasy

Whatever I paint

Whatever I write

Is Fantasy

And pure delight

And if you don't think so

That's ok

It's me and I'm doing things

My way

Living my way
Is a perfect plan
I'm beginning to know
Who I am

And if I lose track
I'll just pick up my pen
And see what comes out
At the other end

Or with colored pencils
I'll make a design
Or my paints
They, too, will be fine

I'm single now
Which means I'm free
Free to live
A life for me

Of course, there are others

And that's just fine

They'll live their life

And I'll live mine

The World is a Mess

The world is a mess

We can all agree

But what can we do

For a remedy

So much fighting

So much hate

What about love

Love's a wonderful trait

Why don't we try

To do what we can

And be kind to others

And make that a plan

Even a smile

And a cheerful "hello"

May make someone's day

If they're feeling low

Let's make a plan
Make it pleasant and clear
To be good to each other
And what they hold dear

Unfortunately
We may need to fight
To stand up for each other
And for what is right

I must confess
The world is a mess
Yet we cannot stop working
For righteousness

Can You Right a Wrong?

How can you right a wrong?

Can you unsing a song?

Sometimes you can right a wrong

No, you cannot unsing a song

I'll Listen

Don't have much more to say
But I'll listen to you in every way
Can you tell me how to make
This whole world a better place

Maybe we should just start
And follow through with a heart
And show our children how to live
By an example that we give

Day of Joy and Rest

We just had Sabbath Day

And we do our best

To make this day a day of joy

And a day of rest

Beauty to See

This world should be a world of joy

So much beauty that we see

But for many, life' a curse

And the world now goes from bad to worse

The World

The World must be

In our hands

Peace, Love, Tranquility

Are our plans

Mom and Dad

Please Mom. Please Dad

Let me come home to you

My husband beats me up all the time

I don't know what to do

Anew

Now my husband is dead

My life, it starts anew

I feel so much better now

Because the punches are through

My Plans

What kinds of plans

Should I make for my life

Now that I'm joyful

And free

Dancing

I feel that there is something else I must do

But I can't figure out what

I think I need to start dancing again

I always loved it a lot

Yes, I need to start dancing

Something I need to pursue

I'll just turn on the music

And dancing is what I'll do

Hungry

Now I am getting hungry

That means that I will eat

And I'll start dancing again

It will make my life complete

Music Machine

I also have a music machine

I'll use it just to have fun

Singing and Dancing, Writing and Drawing

Also, lots of fun

My Clue

Don't pile on

Things I must do

Or I'll do nothing

So true. So true

Tomorrow

Whatever I do tomorrow

Laundry gets put away

And as far as anything else

It can wait an extra day

The writing I'm doing and loving it

There's a smile upon my face

It won't go away. Can wait a day

To get typed up in my place

And I'm doing my reading

From the Bible, true

And from the computer, I also read

I love it all, I do

Time Limit

I'm giving myself lots of things

That I really like to do

It will get done. It will be fun

And no time limit to do

Pure Delight

I'm giving myself lots of time

To write and write and write

And as it gets done, it's lots of fun

It is pure delight

Late

It's getting late

I need to stop

Just for tonight I'm done

It's been fun

Didn't Do

Tomorrow. Tomorrow

I will pursue

That which tonight

I didn't do

Hurtful

People just complained to me
About my husband's quality
What about me. Couldn't they see
The life I had to live

And my poor daughter
She had to endure
A life that was hard
And hurtful and more

Good-Night

I'd like to go on

And write and write

But I think it is time

To say good-night

Dark Night

The night is dark

The night is long

I'll dream my dreams

Just like a song

To Go to Bed

Can't tear myself away from my writing

I know I must go to bed

I think of all I want from life

And all that's in my head

My Daughter

My daughter, Debbie

I love you

You are the world

To me

I want to see you peaceful and happy

With a life of tranquility

My Bruce

My Darling Bruce

You are so kind

I'm glad your life

Is turning out fine

Quiet

It's quiet now

Time for sleep

Should go to bed

Til the morning sun creeps

In Stead

Yes, I know

It's time for bed

Rather write poetry

Poetry, in stead

After Last Night

I'm up. I'm up

Time for the day

Time to laugh

Time to play

Gotta Eat

Gotta eat

What a treat

A spaghetti meal

Can't be beat

Let's Be Friends

Let's be friends

With one another

And try to understand

Understand each other

Sometimes

Sometimes we are different

Different by far

Yet sometimes we're alike

Yes, we are

We Think

I love you

You love me

Even though we think

Differently

To Understand

We must learn

To understand

That to be different

Can be grand

You learn from me

I'll learn from you

Being different

Interesting, true

Walk. Walk. Walk.

Walk. Walk. Walk

Talk. Talk. Talk

What a pleasant way

To spend the day

Let's Meet

Let's meet in a group

You and me

And discuss how we feel

Openly

Also OK

It's also OK

For me and you

That we feel

The same way too

Music

Music. Music

Refreshes the soul

When I listen to music

It makes me feel whole

The Day

The day has started

What must I do

To make it successful

The whole day through

Rest

Sometimes the best

Success

Is to

Rest

Indeed

I'm living the life

I chose to lead

But I feel I am missing

Something, indeed

Writing and Writing

I'm writing and writing

That is true

But looking forward

To painting too

Missing

I feel that something's missing

Something missing, true

Maybe one day, it will turn up

When there's no more to do

Plenty

There is plenty to do

In life that is grand

Does not have to be

Something planned

Winter Day

It's a gray winter day

And that is fine

I know how to make

My own sunshine

Very Soon

Very soon

I'll be on my way

"Hello" and "Good-by"

To you, I'll say

To Write to You

I'm coming to the end of my book

What else is there to say

It is very nice to write to you

But I'll soon be on my way

Delight

I would like to hear from you

If you care to write

And if you do write to me

It would be a delight

Something to Write About

Is there something to write about

Something from me to you

I'd like to hear from you, Dear

If you would like it too

What I Had to Say

The end of this book

Is on its way

Thanks for reading

What I had to say