



Fascinated
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By Anne

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Fascinated

A True Tale

I was fascinated with him. And with his culture. He was a farm boy. I was from the city. He would get up early to milk the cows. And at the same time, I would be going to bed. When he was younger, he went to a one-room schoolhouse. I had to walk upstairs to get to my classes.

I met him at college in 1960, at The University of Vermont. His name was Neil and he was a senior. He belonged to an agriculture fraternity. I soon had his pin.

During my freshman year at college, Neil would come home with me on school vacations and stay at my house. But for some reason my family didn't go for this. And they didn't like that I was pinned to him and that his culture was different from mine. I was supposed to hang with and marry my own kind. Why? I don't know.

It took a while for me to get used to college, not just the studies but the whole way of life. The courses were hard for me at first but as time went on, they got better.

One day near the end of my freshman year I went, as usual, to visit Neil at his fraternity. He was so excited because the Government had informed him that he was going to Germany when he finished college. Was he happy! That's when I knew it was over between us. But that was okay. Time for me to move on too.

At the end of the school year my parents drove up to take me home. I was in the middle of packing my belongings. Neil came to see me. I still had his pin. Officially we hadn't broken up yet. When I tried to give him his pin back, he got insulted saying,

"Keep the pin." And "You're choosing your father over me."

Then he said, "I'm going to help your parents pack the car."

"No, don't" I said.

"I'm going to help your parents pack the car," he repeated.

"No, don't" I repeated. But he was gone.

Soon I finished packing and brought the rest of my stuff to the car to go home. Neil was nowhere in sight. As I was getting into the car my father came up to me and said,

"You're not going back next year."

"But I broke off with Neil," I said.

"It doesn't matter."

And that was it.

Business

Do you want to go into business with me

Or leave things as they are?

It's up to you what we will do

Cause everything's good so far

Doing

How am I doing?

I'll tell you once again

Everything is wonderful

Because I have a pen

Eighty-Three

I don't give a damn

About anyone else

I just give a damn

About me

That's the way

It's gonna be

Now that I've reached

Eighty-three

Freedom

I love my freedom

It's so true

But with my freedom

What do I do?

I'll do whatever

Pleases me

Like chocolates for breakfast

And cinnamon tea

I'll live by my own terms

Loving myself

And my freedom

My greatest Wealth

Gentle

Everybody has a dream

But help me, what is mine?

To live a life calm and serene

But the world is far from fine

At my age I can see

Good and evil surrounding me

What can I do to inspire

Gentle feelings to go higher?

Higher and higher

Like the angels above

Higher and higher

Being "Gentle with Love"

What a world that we live in

“Gentle with Love” is not a given

How to others do we show

Being “Gentle with Love” is the way to go

Happiness

The snow is white and fluffy

That's what winter brings

The flowers fragrant and colorful

Are welcoming the spring

The birds are bright and cheerful

Each spring the birds will sing

And I will wish you happiness

And the best of everything

Music

Hell must be

A gruesome place

Unless there's music

There

I wonder what songs

The Devil sings

And what instrument

He brings

And what music

Up above

The Angels sing

With all their Love

And here we are

In between

With music below

And above

This should make us

Dance and sing

And enjoy

The Love

Integrity

We could do this for money

And this may sound quite funny

But money will then be the end

And not Integrity, my Friend

Intrigue

What is it about him

That intrigues me

He is very honest

And unique as he can be

Love

Where do I go?

What do I do?

I feel as if part of my life

Is through

I'm getting older

But now I see

Other projects

Awaiting me

So, I'll open that door

And go through

It's the Door of Love

I open to you

Now that I'm older

I can feel

That it is Love

That makes everything real

Plan

I decided something new

Just gonna do what I want to do

Not gonna worry what others think

I'll drown their thoughts in the kitchen sink

Gonna live the life I want to lead

I'll live for me, yes indeed

I'll help the less fortunate when I can

And be good to my friends. That's my Plan

Plot

Something isn't right

And I don't know what

I am going to write a story

And figure out the plot

Praying

I think I may need a vacation

Where to, you may ask

Not that kind of vacation

Where you lie in the sun and bask

I need a vacation where I can escape

From all the thoughts that plague me

Where I can look above to the God I love

Praying that He will save me

And with some time

I am fine

Loving all

And all that's mine

Should

Now that I've gotten to 83 years

And "What should I do now?" to me appears

I say "Whether I'm bad or whether I'm good"

"Whatever I feel like" is what I should

Sublime

Yes, it's very interesting

About my life sublime

Very different from all others

And I'm glad it's mine

That is not to say

That mine's an easy life

But I enjoy it and employ it

The good times and the strife

TV

I was going to watch TV

But pen and paper I can see

So soon I'm here with pen in hand

But watch TV? Not so grand

Website

What am I writing?

What am I painting?

I'll tell you this

With delight

When people ask me

What do I do?

I can give them

My website

Work

You work very hard my friend

But let's not make this the end

Maybe just give me less time

And I hope that works out fine

Peace

Peace is where you go when you're dead

With a rock above your head

While you are here—Live—Live

And with a smile—Give--Give

Vacation

Sometimes all you need is a rest

Even from what you love best

A vacation may cost too much money

But a staycation can be just as sunny

A weekend staycation with home as your view

Or a 2-weekend staycation you can pursue

Enjoy. Enjoy. Relax and rest

What a vacation—the very best

Staycation

My Staycation. My Staycation

I'm feeling just fine

I love my Staycation

Most of the time

I just have to tell Me

I do need this rest

To feel better soon

And do my best

No more saying

Do this and do that

Now if I'm tired

I lie down flat

And that I'll be doing

And that I try best

Cause my Brain and my Body

Need a good rest

Santa

I wonder if people think

That I'm a dumb ole lady

Maybe I'm so, because I know

I do not want to be shady

However. Yes. However

I like to think I'm clever

Maybe so, but I don't know

How much of this is treasure

Thinking I do, when I am bored

Then to the computer I go

Hoping. Hoping Santa Klaus

Will give me the gift of "Now I Know"

There is the gift of Ignorance

To me, that applies

Just as the gift of Santa Klaus

Is in a young child's eyes

Clever

Am I clever? Maybe so

But of this I'm very sure--

Every thought that I say

Someone's said before

Write

I love to write

Yes, to me it's delight

But when I'm gone

Will my thoughts go on?

I don't know

We'll have to see

Maybe so

But seen by me?

Discussion

Do people always understand what I try to say

I hope they do because I need to say it anyway

And I'd like to have them all listening to me

And know what I am saying even if they disagree

And then I would like to have

A discussion on it all

Then I'll feel the greatest

As if I'm ten feet tall

Victory

There are so many things

I hate or adore

But everything I have to say

Has been said before

But everybody is different

In their special way

And that applies also

To what I need to say

I love Victory

Victory loves me

I love Victory's friend

Should his friend love me?

“Love thy neighbor as thyself”

Maybe this should be

However, what should happen

If I happen to hate me

Sleep

I am very tired

Too much thinking's doing it

I just want to relax

How on earth do I quit

I now have a stomach ache

Too much thinking is doing it

How on earth

Do I quit?

I think I will watch TV

The idiot box just for me

There's good stuff on the above

But it cannot teach you how to Love

I think I will lie down

But I don't think I will sleep

I'm going to write another book

Maybe I'll call it "Sleep"

Why should I call it "Sleep"

I'll figure it out by and by

But I need the rest

And Sleep I'm going to try

Happiness

The snow is white and fluffy

That's what winter brings

The flowers fragrant and colorful

Are welcoming the spring

The birds are bright and cheerful

Each spring the birds will sing

And I will wish you happiness

And the best of everything

See

I don't think there is anything wrong with me

When I ask intelligent people with what they agree

Let me see

Let me see

True Me

I'm going through some kind of transformation

I always thought something was very wrong with me

Maybe I'm a mental case, although it may not be

And I will use my talents to bring out the true me

Envision

Why do I think in Poetry?

Thinking Poetry is Me

I think regularly day and night

But in Poetry to envision a Site

Friend

I'll end this book with a smile

If you can call it the end

And I'm realizing now all the while

That you are truly a Friend