

THE DEMISE OF A BUG

"I spider," said the spider.
"Gopher her," said the gopher
Had the spider spied her?
Will the gopher go for her?
"Oh spare her," said the sparrow,
As the alligator ate her!

A Sonnet to Winter

Often misunderstood is Winter's love;
Its caress is strong and pure
Crisp leaves fly softly as a dove.
Much life is still and will endure.

Winter's dance of love is falling snowflakes;
Each unique – mingling – making one
Glistening white cover, which gives and takes
As it lies quietly beneath the sun.

A clear, pure wind is Winter's song
Blowing outstretched branches back and forth.
The sun's reflecting shadows long
As a brisk wind blows from the North.

But Winter has a secret hidden beneath its wing =
Winter's silent protective love, brings the Spring.

ON PARTING

We may long for a river to be a pond
Even knowing it must race on and on
And in the wind the clouds must flee
Even if we long for them just to be.

But not all in the world is forced to part
For that which lies deep within the heart,
Is never lost, but is always found
With love, which circles round and round.

Transformation

I can rise on shimmery, blue wings
To a sky that emits its own blue glow
To a place where all birds sing
And pure, caressing winds blow.

I can plummet into deep ocean waters
And mingle with translucent, rainbow fish.
I can enter their hidden quarters,
And splash and sway as I wish.

I can race with African cheetahs
Across the vast African plains
Run swift as a cheetah does
And make their wants, my aims

I can join mountain sheep
Be fleet of foot and never fall
From rock to rock I can leap
And climb up the steepest wall

And as I penetrate deeper still into forests serene,
I'm transformed and the dreamer becomes the dream.

Disorganized Organization

No matter how hard I try
I can't seem to get organized.
When all seems in their places
A new question will arise . . .

Should have I organized alphabetically
Or in some categories yet unforeseen?
For when I try to retrieve a thing
It's usually someplace in-between.

And I can't find it!!!!!!

Each time that you blink
A thousand flowers could dance
Trust more than your eyes.

BE Keepers

You are the BE keeper;
"To be or not to be"; it's up to you
It was written on the entrance gate;
"Know thyself"; it's never too late.
"To thine own self be true."
You are the BE keeper; it's up to you.

MAKING ONE CIRCLE AND MANY POLYGONES

One day I made a square
Then I cut the corners everywhere
Until at last I had a purple
Purple purple purple circle.

Then I took a 5 point star
(Oh my wit will take me far!)
I cut each point from the star,
(in cutting I meant no wrong),
And before me lay a pentagon.

Now I wanted to do more tricks,
So I picked up six toothpicks.
This time I chose to close my eyes,
Then I could have a nice surprise.
I was about to vex along,
Until I looked and saw a hexagon

I wanted to make many more
'Cept I thought I'd become a bore
Then my thoughts began to soar
I joined 7 sticks on the floor,
And just as I had known before,
I was glad that I had kept along,
Because before me was a heptagon.

Too much, the excitement was too much!
Now I knew I had a special touch.
The next I know you won't believe,
But there's no reason to deceive.

On my paper I made 8 lines,
Connected together, looking fine –
Until off the page came an octopus
Which ate my pencil without a fuss

So just to say I could go on
And on making more agones,
But now I'm into other things
Like skipping stones and making wings.

Enter S on net to the Internet

The net is wide; it catches stars and trash.
It's you that holds the net; delete or save
Use it for love or hate, uplift or cash.
You're the captain or you're the slave.

What you see can deceive; mixed images
Can take truths and together be untrue.
Thoughts that are opinions are not the facts
Information can be discerned by you.

A poison's great power is that it mimics
What is good and then can access and kill.
This is not take cause with the cynics.
But to warn – access the internet with your will.

Through the internet, pure, pristine thoughts can connect
Making a vibrant force the world has not seen yet.

OUT OF THE TSUNAMI NIGHT

Inside she ran to her husband
With terror she couldn't hide
"The sea is coming."
"The sea is coming, she cried."

Outside, he saw the torrent of despair;
Where once precious belongings were now debris
And loved beings were rendered
Lifeless bodies – tossed and thrown by the sea.

Quickly they gathered the orphans
And they ran to their little boat.
It was meant to hold just fifteen –
With 31, it must stay afloat.

Desperately the motor was turned over.
Miraculously, at the very first try,
It started with no time to spare.
They looked as the cruel waters hid the sky.

At first the boat was made to flee.
No! The waves must be faced.
The boatman was told to turn;
They'd go with the sea and not be chased.

"Jesus is Lord," it said on the sail;
To that belief, they'd be true
As holding on tight, they clung
And on everyone the treacherous waters blew.

Their clothes were more than soaked.
They were forced to be one with the sea
They were buffeted from left to right,
Not knowing what was to be.

Then over the wall of water, they went from murk to light
They had fought and they had won.
They were true warriors of the Tsunami night;
And before them was a new and glorious sun.

Their thoughts were directed to the shore
Once there was fear; now there was none
And they know at their core
Their new path had just begun.

They saw a new horizon and a much different view
And together with faith and courage they knew there was much work to do.

DNA Questions

Does my DNA spiral to joy
Or to despair?
Do I look at you through a glass
Or a mirror?
I got here through a code will I leave hear
Transmuted and aware?