

Poetry Series

**Bri Edwards**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2019

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Bri Edwards(some time ago)

About Me: [edited November 1,2014]

Ok! it is now March 23,2017 and i am STILL ALIVE! Way to go, Bri! !  
but....FLASH! my real name (no lie) is Brian Edward Whitaker, BUT if you use this information in a cruel or dishonest way, i shall hunt you down and tickle you mercilessly! especially if you are a broad!

PH seems to leave the apostrophes out of my bio, so i have replaced them; maybe they will stick now? I think one of my high school English teachers gave me the only D I ever got on a postcard [gee, over a year after writing this bio i went to edit it and found that i wrote postcard instead of the correct word(s) : 'report card'; i guess that is what happens to a retired I worker! ] Proofreading does make a difference! That was my LOW mark! Just so ya know, ya know? But who's counting?

I was a conscientious objector during the Vietnam conflict/war after i quit college my senior year. Ive been a delivery truck driver, a day laborer, a hospital aide, an operating room technician, and last, but not least, a USPS window clerk, now retired. PLEASE buy stamps etc.

I have one child and have been a good husband.....four times. Yikes! I enjoy birdwatching, walking, talking, being a pain to my wife (not really) , and writing poetry. Most of my poems have been written since I retired in 2004.

PoemHunter is great! not perfect, but who/what is? i have moved to (near) eureka california. i am still married! i have become a grandfather, though i don't consider it a big deal.

a friend recently asked if a poem i had sent to her was pentameter. hmm? i looked it up. something to do with arrangements of words in poetry. i told her i (usually) just write what sounds good to me. hopefully some of it sounds good to the readers!

in my list of poems i give, for each poem, a title, and i follow the title with some clues [in brackets] about the poem's content and length. at least that is how my more recently-submitted poems are listed. this is to aid readers in picking something they might enjoy, or at least not hate. in most of my poems i try to be funny, at least a little bit! i also have very serious poems. some are VERY long (but not TOO long) , and those sometimes deal with serious subjects of human behavior/(behaviour for some of my overseas friends) and experiences. they may take ten minutes or more to read? , but hopefully some will read and enjoy them.

i almost always use rhymes. maybe that will make up for my lack of

seriousness, romanticism, and attention to confining-patterns (such as in pentameters!) .

i will be challenged if anyone would like to suggest a topic or title for a poem. i wrote one for an ex-wife's boyfriend once (a valentines day poem; i did have to ask her to tell me something about their relationship/him, in order to write something personalized and somewhat truthful) . feel free to ask.

my PH friend, Brian Johnston, has been running a monthly (for a few months so far) poetry writing contest ('Challenge') in which he challenges all members to submit a poem using a title he has chosen. he makes up a 'poem title' (referring to the month and year and the word 'Challenge')

i also have a habit at times of correcting or suggesting or questioning poets in my comments about their poem(s) . most poets on PH have accepted this without complaint. [maybe they HAD a complaint, but they did not tell ME.] some have even thanked me! a few have requested that i send less-than-flattering comments to them directly as messages so other readers will not see them. fine with me, if i am asked to do that and remember.

i am NOT a man of few words, as you may be able to assume by the length of this.

please feel free to suggest i read one (a particular one) of YOUR poems. i will try to accommodate you, but please proofread the poem at LEAST once first, and don't feel i'm being mean if i don't praise it.

some of my poems deal (in part at least) with my feeling that i have lived long enough (66 years) and am ready to go to the next step, which to me is dirt. i am an agnostic/atheist which also shows up in some of my poems. the photo of me on PH is really me and, yes, i am eating pizza, a rare treat for me. have a nice time on PoemHunter! bri :)

i just reread the instructions for what to write here.....in my bio. it says write down a brief note, but it also says there are no limitations for this text, SO i guess i haven't broken the rules with my wordiness!

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some suggested SHORT POEMS by me:

[Humor] Speak To Me, Moon..... [Speaking To The Moon; Fantasy; Humor; Very SHORT] 8/28/2014

A Father's Toast At His Gay Son's Wedding Reception..... [Same-sex marriage; Humour/HUMOR; Johnny Cash song/Sheldon Silverstein poem; SHORT]

Won't You Be My Poemhunter-Valentine? ? ..... [my silly VERY SHORT valentine wish] 8/12/2014

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some suggested MEDIUM POEMS by me:

Mary's Pet....[Humor; Human nature; Pets; Scary? ; Grade school] 11/21/2012

Bye-bye Jimmy.....[Nature observations; Death; Personal] 10/29/2012

Holes I've Known..... [Holes, of course! ; HUMOR/humour; MEDIUM length]  
6/17/2014

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some suggested LONG POEMS by me:

[Jake's] Christmas Eve.....[Exploration; Food Gathering; Fatherhood; Santa; Rat;  
LONG; Humor] 12/15/2012

'6 Foot 3'.....[LONG; Scary; Gross; Murder] 11/18/2012

When The Carousel Animals Got Loose.....[LONG; Humor; Fantasy; Adventure]  
8/9/2012

Creation (maybe not what you think) .....[Girl-to-woman; Baby-making; LONG;  
Relationships] 12/15/2012

Finding Oneself..... [EXTREMELY LONG; Growing Up; Relationships;  
Humour/Humor] reviewed 12/1/2012

bri :)

## ' Spider' Is Watching You.... [ A Little Girl's 'pet' Spider; 'cute', Says Valsa G.; Idea From Stephen Katona On Ph]

Little girl, do you feel many eyes watching you each day,  
while, in sun or rain, outside you carry on ....at your play?  
It's just me, your multi-eyed little pencil-case-spider-friend.  
Remember when last year, on playground, me you did defend?

Those boys tormented me until you rescued 'Spider' from poking,  
then into your case you slipped me; some thought you were joking,  
BUT you faithfully protected me. Then one day, 'cause the case WAS stuffy,  
I crawled out and onto your shoe. Please DON'T think that I was huffy!

Then those mean boys saw me, and told your even-more-mean teacher,  
who came up to your seat and said: 'You must REMOVE that creature ...  
from my classroom and from this, your place of academic learning! '  
So you placed me on a sycamore, and from that day, for you, I'm yearning.

At night I sometimes dream of following you home, but too far I dare not roam,  
because now I have a spider family to care for, because you saved my life.  
Therefore ...  
I'll always be thankful that you came along in time to save me from those noisy  
boys,  
and I'll think of you when my little girl AND boy spiders are playing.....with  
their spider toys.

(March 19,2015)

Bri Edwards

# ' What Is A Great Guy? ', She Asked Her Mom.... [loneliness; Choosing A Mate; Medium; Bri's Advice Column; Serious, Seriously! ]

When it comes to saying which guy is Great,  
it is really up to each gal (or guy) to rate ....  
for themselves, .....though I'll give THIS advice:  
'Don't ever marry the same guy twice! '

I'm writing this for a special friend of mine.  
She's mixed up, but someday she may be fine.  
A guy she loved (loves?) broke her heart,  
when, for various reasons, they both did part.

She's my stepdaughter N, and a teacher now.  
But to the heartache-of-loneliness she does bow ...  
TOO OFTEN! She's got herself in a depressing rut;  
some days aren't bad, while others wrench her gut.

Her Mom and I will always wish her the best.  
Sometimes all she may need is lots of rest.  
It's tough on her, but it's tough on her Mom too.  
If she were your kid, what would YOU do?

N once said she sometimes wishes Mom would 'just listen'....  
when in N's two lonely eyes teardrops do glisten.  
Phone calls sometimes end in hanging up (one or the other) :  
sometimes the hang-upper is N; sometimes it's her mother.

I DO have some more concrete thoughts on this subject.  
N may choose to hold onto some and others she may reject.

N, find a guy who makes you happy more than he does not.  
Find a guy who has a job or is seriously looking for one, a lot.  
Find a guy who's not been scared by a former failed marriage.  
Find a guy who doesn't marry expecting a baby carriage.

Find one without a serious anger problem or poor self esteem.  
[Of course guys AND gals are not always really what they seem! ]  
Find one who does the dishes; it doesn't matter 'slow' or 'quick'.

But it DOES matter if, to an important task, a person doesn't stick.

Of course 'looks' can be important for both of you. A healthy body too.  
But it's, after all, the qualities in one's brain and heart .....  
which can kill a relationship eventually, if not from the start.

Good luck, N, with killing the nagging loneliness bug.  
If you were here right now I could give you a hug ...  
which might not help much, but you never know.  
Remember, I'm a phone call away if you've got steam to blow.

(September 4,2014)

Bri Edwards

## " I Squished An Ant";..... [ Growing Up; Parenting; Death; Siblings; Fiction; Medium]

My dad, God bless him, some thought was weird,  
and not because he chewed tobacco and ..... had a beard.  
But unlike some dads who leave raising kids up to "Mom";,  
Dad parented gently, though he could be stern (while calm) .

One summer Sunday when I was four, I went outside to play.  
[We had a fenced in yard, near San Francisco Bay.]  
I had on brown shoes ....., which my dad had tied.  
[I never could get the knots right, no matter how I tried! ]

My older sister was playing hopscotch..... on our concrete walk.  
She'd never let me play the game with her; always she would balk.  
But maybe 'cause I'd just turned four, she said "Go ahead and try";.  
I got to number three, but landed on an ant; I began to cry.

Sis started laughing and then she called me "a Big Crybaby";.  
[I've always been sensitive around "Death";, but  
"Crybaby";! ? ..... MAYBE.]  
I removed the ant-killing shoe; knots I could UNdo.  
On its bottom I found the ant, dead, and stuck like gum or glue.

I cried even louder, and 'she' said "It's ONLY an ANT! ";  
I ran inside and upstairs to Dad, so fast that I began to pant.  
"Daddy"; I cried between my sobs, "I squished and ant! See? !  
";  
He viewed the corpse, then calmly said "Let's bury it under a tree";.

My sister had come inside to see what had transpired.  
She took a look at my shoe and saw the ant (expired) .  
Then Dad said to her "Would you help us lay the ant to rest? ";  
[Dad had lots of great ideas, growing up; that was one... of his best.]

Sis started to say "No";, but I think Dad gave her a "look";.  
So she helped us find an envelope and, in it, the ant, we took ....  
to our backyard and Sis helped me pick out a tree.  
A garden shovel was brought by Dad, and I got down on one knee.



Sis (with Dad's help) dug a shallow grave; it wasn't very big.  
Then with two rubber bands I made a cross with a broken twig.  
I said "I'm sorry, Ant, that I squished you. Please don't be mad."  
Then I glanced at my sister who almost (but not quite) looked sad.

I placed the envelope in the hole, and covered it with some dirt.  
Then Dad said a few words about ants and such, to make me feel less hurt.

(February 19, 2015)

Bri Edwards

# **&quot;Big Fat Cat Without A Hat&quot; ....Gets Hooked ..... [sequel To &quot;Big Fat Cat Without A Hat&quot;, As Suggested By M. J. Lemon: Medium; Becoming Responsible For One's Behavior]**

Tom cats [adult male cats] often wander at their leisure, and when they meet a female, they may 'give in' to ..... their &quot;pleasure&quot;; .....which at times causes increased ....cat populations, but rarely do the &quot;dads&quot; ....take care of their creations.

The &quot;Big Fat Cat Without A Hat&quot; was no exception to ... the rule.

He thought he could treat every female cat as though .... she was a tool, used by him to satisfy the natural urge that all Toms .... feel, and then move on to the next encounter, filled with .... feline zeal.

But finally &quot;Big Fat Cat&quot; ran up against a female, unique, who insisted that he play the daddy role. She was a cat ....NOT weak ..... in her resolve, and when her kittens were barely a week old ..... she found the Big Fat Cat and confronted him; she was ....very bold.

I suppose it helped that she was cute, with long silky fur, big green eyes with long lashes, and a mighty convincing .....purrrrrrr. He, of course, being male, was flattered by her attention, AND it helped that (at first) the kittens she did NOT .... mention.

Could it be he had forgotten her ....about the action ..... months before?

(After all, he, like most Tom cats, treated each female cat .....like a whore, to be used to satisfy his urges, for one night, not more.)

But, NOW this new mother let Big Fat Cat know what was &quot;the score&quot;;.

&quot;The score&quot; was that he was a dad AGAIN, and HE had ....

work to do.

This time the mom and the five kids expected HIM to ....

be a TRUE .....part of the family.

Yes, she laid down the law, in no uncertain terms,

causing &quot;Dad&quot; to feel (almost) ashamed, ....and to feel ...

some squirms.

But then Big Fat Cat (Without A Hat) had an epiphany;

he could play the role of Dad at times, and other times ....be &quot;free&quot;!

So, he played a bit with his five kids, and brought to .....all of them some mice.

But each week he did what Toms will do, three times, or ....(at least) twice.

(May 8, 2016)

Bri Edwards

## **&quot;Fabulous Fab&quot;, Editor-In-Chief, ....Or Unscrupulous &quot;Thief&quot;;? ?**

If you read this, you should know of whom I speak.

But do you REALLY &quot;know&quot; Fab?Is he so very &quot;squeaky clean&quot;;? ?

Does he solicit unpublished poems JUST to make his 'books',  
OR does he also make money?He is another of the crooks? !

As a crook, does he offer poems to a wealthy, aspiring poet?  
Then s/he claims s/he wrote them, and, 'before you know it',  
s/he publishes YOUR poems in her/his name! ? ?Insane?  
Of course it's not me make this very plain ...

.....for YOU to 'see'.It's how I got my poetic fame,  
by buying from Fab, and not cheap they came!

(August .....5th...2019)

Bri Edwards

## **&quot;Submit Button&quot; Blues ...[ What I Do If I Find No &quot; Submit Button&quot; On A Poem's Page; Bri's Solution To A Real Problem On P H Recently ]**

Of late, sometimes, I'd found no &quot;Submit&quot; button.  
I knew I should find somethin', but I found nothin'.  
I used to send my poem comment as a message instead..  
so poet could see it, though it might fill her with dread!

Then I'd return to poem page to look once more,  
and I'd find a Submit button where it wasn't before!  
NOW I move from poem page to Member Page, yes, yes, yes,  
and back again, finding the button, ....I do confess!

So, if YOU've experienced the submit-button blues,  
follow my simple example; follow &quot;in my shoes&quot;.

(August ....25th ....2019)

Bri Edwards

# **(book # 6) : Sheila And Clifford: Back In The States ..... [very Long; Ongoing New Romance; Sequel To Books 1-5; Fiction]**

## Chapter 28

[Sheila speaks]:

Back in the States, back in New York, back at the "grind";  
But I really liked my job; one better for me, I might never find.  
And I wasn't looking for one, BUT it'd been nice to have a breather, ....  
a break from routine. And finding Cliff, down there, wasn't bad either!

I'd wondered, on my way back, if I'd really miss ..... him,  
and found I really DID. It hadn't been a fling OR a whim.

[Cliff speaks]:

I called Sheila's phone, on my way to see my aunt and a bird.  
I left a message on her answering machine. "Love" was my key  
word.  
The next evening, from my motel, I called and got connected.  
Just listening to Sheila's voice as we chatted, caused my "guy" to  
become "erected";

Sheila told me how she missed me and how wet ....she was getting.  
I closed my eyes and envisioned Sheila in bed, her free hand her pussy petting.  
She claimed she'd never had phone sex before; it really didn't matter.  
Before long my guy couldn't wait and (on a tissue) "he" did splatter.

I told her what had happened and how I longed to be with her, .....  
to hold her tight, to suck her FIRM breasts, and stroke her pubic fur.  
When I said THAT, she lost control; her gasps became a .... prolonged mooan.  
Then, abruptly, she giggled, and said "I'm all GOOEY now. Bye. Don't  
forget to phone!"

[Sheila speaks, again]:

It was TRUE I'd never had "phone sex", but Play Girl I had read.  
When I was mostly working and not dating, I kept men's photos near my bed.  
[[My Mom caught me masturbating once .... when I was a teen. "GOD!  
&quot; ....  
SHE SCREAMED. But she didn't tell my Dad. She wasn't quite THAT mean.

The next day she gave me the long-overdue Mom-daughter "talk". It was kind of like giving me my first pair of shoes, AFTER I'd learned to walk. I was fifteen, for God's sake, and though I'd not yet let a boy "touch me";, I had been kissed, and had kissed back. Back then the "word" was "Love (Free) ".]

## Chapter 29

[Sheila speaks]:

I hadn't told Cliff yet that when we met I paid to live back home. I mean in my parents' house in Brooklyn. Never far from them did I roam .... except to vacation. BUT I did have my own "apartment" there .... (with a separate entrance) . Often the four of us, a meal would share.

It's true I never had sleepovers there with men, but Mom and Dad did not worry (much) if I slept "out";, now and then.

They were not really prudes; with four kids, how could they be? I said "four of us"; ate together, including Fred, the "slow";-one of my siblings (3) .

Fred was mentally retarded and needed Mom as caretaker. I heard that when he was diagnosed, the news was a heart-breaker, BUT Mom and Dad always did for Fred whatever they could do. It was a triumph, when, at age of ten, Fred learned to tie his shoe.

Five days a week he attended a day program (Day Care) , where he and other mentally-disabled had activities which they did share. And every few months Fred went to a "respite home"; for a week; that gave Mom and Dad the break from Fred they sometimes did seek.

[Cliff speaks]:

Sheila Gold was her name, the latter name the same as her hair. Her dad, Sol (Solomon) , had Swiss Jewish roots; her mom's name was Claire. Claire was French/Scottish by birth, perhaps with a bit of Dutch. Claire grew up Catholic, but neither parent cared for religion very much.

My last name is Sexton. My parents were Bob and Jill. They said they were both descended from Pilgrims. I didn't believe them, and I

never will.

I was raised Lutheran. As a youth, my prayers, to Heaven, I'd send,  
but though I still believe in God, I think religion often does, logic, bend.

I never really was able to pin down Sheila on religion.

She didn't seem to want to discuss it; not even a smidgeon.

That was no big deal to me. Politics was a no-go topic too.

I think she may have voted at times, but, for sure, I never knew.

I was a little shocked to find she lived with "Mom and Dad",  
but it made things easier later, for which we both were glad.

## Chapter 30

[Sheila speaks]:

It was 1990 when we met. [Who'd ever heard of Iraq? ! ]

Cliff called from his aunt's; I'd returned to work; I wanted Clifford back!

Back, close to me, though the drive to Darien CT was still fifty LONG miles.

I longed to smother him with kisses, and (perhaps) even some smiles.

[Cliff speaks]:

Visiting an aunt and cousins, and watching birds .....was OK,

but my mind kept returning to Sheila, and our days of play.

AND our future together. Yes, I'd started to form a plan,

knowing full well that a woman like Sheila could subjugate most any man.

[[I wished I had parents, or at least siblings, to tell about my find.

But my aunt (and uncle) listened to my "boasting"; they were very kind.]]

[Sheila speaks, again]:

Unlike Cliff, I had close family with which to share my exciting news,  
but at first I kept my mouth shut; another time I'd choose.

At the office I was "boss"; again; at home I was the "unmarried  
female child";

I think both Mom and Dad suspected .... that my vacations were quite wild.

I had started plans also for my hoped-for-future-with-one-man.

I'd never thought of myself as a wife and mom, but I began to think "I  
can";



Was I rushing things? Would Cliff and I pick up where we'd left off?  
OR, would we both "get over it"; ....., like getting over a cough?

[Cliff speaks, again]:

Another five days and I was back in dear old Connecticut.  
Back to my 'adequate bachelor pad'. Back to work. BUT ....  
we'd talked, at least briefly each day, ever since our parting,  
and, though vacation had ended, it felt, for ME, like life .....was STARTING.

## Chapter 31

[Sheila speaks]:

I basically invited myself to visit Darien after Cliff'd been back a week.  
Saturday morning I packed 'naughty panties' and from The City I did 'sneak'.  
I'd have to drive back Sunday night, but I dared not wait ANOTHER week.  
Phoning daily was nice for a while, but I wanted MORE than tele-speak!

[Cliff speaks]:

I'd worked some on my book in Texas, at least some in my mind,  
but birds, phone calls, and relatives kept me busy, I did find.  
Back one week in Darien, I put 20 hours in at my bank job.  
I also cleaned and straightened my home, not wanting Sheila to think me a slob.

[Sheila speaks, again]:

Cliff could never be a slob, no matter how he'd try.  
He welcomed me that weekend .... with a gift that made me cry.  
At the game arcade in the Bahamas we'd used a photo booth;  
he'd had "x7" enlargements framed, and written a poem entitled  
"The Truth":

### The Truth

With Sheila Gold I've struck it rich like the California 49ers,  
but MY treasure is your body and soul, not the metal found by miners.  
The telephone is well and good when we must be apart ....., but  
you're welcome always in my home, as you're always welcome in my heart.

Here's a little gift for you; I've got another for myself.  
A photo of us from the Bahamas, to keep on table, desk, or shelf.  
I hope someday I'll see you each day, and NOT just in a frame,  
and both of us will feel we are winners ..... in a dating game.

Love, Cliff XOX

[Cliff speaks, again]:

So Sheila stayed with me 29 hours; not that I was counting!  
Within the first hour we released sex stresses which, for both, had been  
mounting.  
I'd told her the restaurant choices, and said "Sheila, tell me when",  
to which she said "I'm not hungry, except for YOU! Let's do  
"IT" again! "

Being a good host (I hope) , I complied with her simple request.  
She kept me busy another twenty minutes, before she let me rest.  
Then we lay entwined upon my bed, our heartbeats winding down ....  
...until all I heard in the room was my dear Sheila's purring sound.

## Chapter 32

[Sheila speaks]:

It's true, I'd really fallen asleep, inside Clifford's arms.  
The poor guy needed to pee but feared he'd ...set off alarms.  
Finally he could wait no longer. He kissed me lightly and arose.  
I opened up my sleepy eyes to see him naked from head to toes.

After we showered and dressed, he gave me the "home tour";  
He said, with a wink, "Only five women have been here." Then he  
added "maybe fewer";  
He had a set of library shelves in a den, filled with scores of books.  
He proudly showed me the whole place, even the "crannies and the  
nooks";.

We dined on Italian for supper and toasted each other with wine.  
We both fell asleep easily that first Darien night, and slept just fine.  
Sunday Cliff showed me Darien, including his childhood home,  
the high school, "his bank", and woods where he, for birds, did roam.

I found some shops to browse in, while he tagged along;  
I bought a string bikini, but I did not buy a thong.  
We had an early supper; steak and seafood was the fare.  
TOO soon it was time for me to leave. TOO little time we did share.

(January 2015)

[to be continued in &quot;(Book # 7) : Sheila And Clifford: GETTING BETTER  
ACQUAINTED&quot;, beginning with chapter 33]

Bri Edwards

## **(book # 9) : Sheila And Clifford: The Ring, And Cliff Meets Sheila's Family ...[ Pretty Long; A Continuing Fictional Story Of Two Americans; Some Sexual Content]**

### Chapter 36

[Clifford speaks]:

Yes, Darien had a small Tiffany's store and that was where we went. Entering it, I could not help myself; I asked Sheila "Shall we buy or rent? " Two good pokes in my ribs later, a suited-clerk asked "How may I help? " Again I couldn't help myself and said "Can we get a ring and keep my scalp? "

A polite but subdued chuckle the clerk did utter, and said "why, of course". Two hours later we left and ate some lunch. I was hungry as a horse. That's how I usually feel when I see so many zeroes. Men who get married, with NO engagement ring, are among my heroes!

A week had passed since the IOU for a ring ...had been read. It could take two weeks perhaps, the store clerk had said. About two weeks later, after Sheila got her ring (she got it in June) .... I got to meet her family, which, for me, was none too soon.

[Sheila speaks]:

I'd worn a high school ring for a short while; what a waste! A waste of my money I mean, which I'd earned at a part time job. While in accounting school I'd bought a sparkly party ring (just 'paste') . NOW I had my-ring-from-CLIFF, which stood out from the mob.

### Chapter 37

[Sheila continues]:

I can't explain the difference it made .....to my attitude. I didn't love Cliff any more or less with the ring; had I just been rude ..... to not take him to visit my family? Did my brother REALLY matter? Sometimes I felt my behavior equaled that of .....Alice's "Mad Hatter"!

[Clifford speaks]:

On the evening of July 3rd I drove myself to Sol and Claire's, with chocolate and cut flowers, but not meaning to 'put on airs'. I'd heard that Sheila's family all loved chocolate .....,

and a mom who doesn't like cut flowers .....I'd not met yet.

Sheila had told me where to park and to ring the bell at her parents' door. I wanted to make a good lasting impression; I hoped many points I'd score. I'd not heard much about them yet, but I hoped to learn. I assumed they knew little of me, and we'd learn about each other in turn.

So I was a bit surprised, after I'd settled into a comfy nook, to see displayed (next to coffee table magazines) my book! It was not mentioned until Sheila's brother, Fred, handed me a pen. He said to me "Clifford, sign it." I did, and everyone smiled then.

The flowers were placed in water and set on the dining table. There were LOTS of horse photos and figurines; I thought I was in a stable. Well not really. I'd heard Fred had a passion for horses and blue. Yes, blue the color. Later I got to see Fred's room, and found it very true. Blue walls and carpet, bedspread, lampshade. Almost all was BLUE.

Everybody had eaten before I got there, but chocolate was had. Fred especially seemed to enjoy the candy, for which I was so glad. A little wine was offered and accepted. Even Fred had a half a glass. I heard about Sol's Navy time off Korea. Quickly time did pass.

At 10 P.M. Sheila said "It's time for Clifford and me to say Good Night". Claire gave me a big hug; she really squeezed me tight! Fred shook my hand and said "I like you. You're my friend". And so Sheila and I went to her in-house apartment. Day one thus did [almost]end.

## Chapter 38

[Sheila speaks]:

Except for a brief hug and kiss when Cliff arrived, I'd been 'good'. Most of the time Mom and Dad (and Fred) shared the one couch, while Cliff and I sat in stuffed chairs facing them. Sometimes Freddie stood. The evening went well except once when Mom said "Sheila, don't slouch! "

Yes, Mom would always be a mom, thinking me a little kid, and though, Clifford, I'd been "dating", I thought Mom's eyebrows might rise, and they DID ....

when I led Cliff to my in-their-house apartment for the night.

Fred didn't seem bothered at all, and Dad, I think, thought it was alright.

[Cliff speaks]:

I hope I did not blush at all when Sheila took my hand and led the way. A bit later I used her private door to go outside for my bag for my stay. By the time I returned, Sheila had the window blinds closed shut, and she was standing waiting with her great big smile ....., and dressed like a slut.

Yes, she had on a torn T-shirt, raised up to show her breasts. Her black panties said "LOVE ME NOW" in front, and, in back, 'BE MY GUEST". And the placement of the messages was kinky, especially "NOW's "O", for it was situated at the bottom of her crotch, over her "love hole". I hadn't really expected such a welcome, but I really was impressed. I gladly responded to her "orders". But we did it quietly; our voices were suppressed.

[Sheila speaks, again]:

It was rare that we got "down and dirty", but it was a celebration. It was the first time I'd thought of Cliff (while in MY bed) ....., without needing masturbation.

## Chapter 39

[Sheila speaks]:

I'd told Mom that Cliff and I would be downstairs by 11 A.M. We actually made it down by 10, which was a surprise to them. Cliff and I got up early and had our breakfast together. I was happy when I found that July 4th was giving us nice weather.

The five of us would have a picnic/cookout in our small backyard. Dad would have a few firecrackers, though legally they were barred. Mom had already boiled a pot of white AND red potatoes. I helped her make potato salad, and another with greens and tomatoes.

Dad was the grilling expert, but only did hamburgs and 'hots'. He let Fred help with preparations and cooking; a little, not lots. Fred watched TV reruns of "Mr. Ed", about a talking horse. Dad quizzed Cliff about his "prospects" at the bank. I said little of course.

I didn't expect Cliff to mention the inheritance he got .....when his Mom died, but he DID. And I think it gratified Mom and Dad to know he was well-supplied .....  
with money to take care of their "little girl" and any future babies. It seemed my folks had no reasons to disapprove of Cliff, or to suggest ....some

“maybes”.

[Clifford speaks]:

I learned more about Sol’s career as a mail handler in the Post Office (USPS) .  
I’d never thought about how much handling packages needed, I confess.  
He’d had to work nights or evenings most of thirty years,  
but his and Claire’s pensions kept them in hamburgers and beers.

They even managed twice a year to have a vacation-date,  
while Fred was placed in a respite home, paid for by the state.  
A little cabin in the Catskill Mountains they would rent,  
a far cry from, when as newlyweds, they used to camp in a tent.

I managed to include myself a bit in the food preparation,  
hoping to get a few points by helping at .....a kitchen “station’.  
But mostly I talked with Sol, and “talked about horses” with Fred.  
I also watched as Fred fixed both of us sandwiches: peanut butter and jelly on  
bread.

When we sat at the picnic table for our meal around five,  
I was feeling a bit strange, as though Mom and Dad were alive.  
I mean my parents (both dead) . We’d had picnics too.  
Oh, we did not have a lot of picnics, but I remembered a few.

[Though I was an only child, and at times I did yearn .....  
for a brother or sister ....., in time I did learn ....  
(when I talked to friends who had one sibling or more) ....  
that being an “only child” had benefits; with them (you) I won’t bore.]

I remembered to compliment Claire on her culinary skills.  
And I noticed that Sol interrupted his meal to take two little pills.  
He said he had high blood pressure and high cholesterol too;  
he said he walked and did exercises ....., but maybe too few.

Claire told me that, starting in high school, she learned how to cook.  
She said her mom was much better at it, and used no cook book.  
Before she had kids, Claire worked in a small bakery,  
and she told me if I stopped eating hots ....., her baking skills I might see.

So I took no more offered burgers OR hots to eat,  
looking instead to find out what Claire had prepared for a treat.  
And I was NOT disappointed with the pineapple cake (“upside-down”) .

With ice cream on top, no one at our table dared frown.

Claire said "It's best eaten when fresh; don't let it get old."  
So I had two pieces, while Fred had THREE. He was more bold.

Chapter 40

[Sheila, speaks]:

It was a great July 4th day; the best I could remember.

It was like my family and Cliff bonded, and he became a new member.

That night, not too late, Cliff and I said to all "Good Night! "

Cliff and I then had our OWN "fireworks". No, it WASN'T a fight.

(around February 2015)

Bri Edwards



**(book 17) : Sheila And Clifford: Becoming Parents ....  
[ Chapter 51; For M. J. Lemon, My One True S. And C.  
Fan; A Section Of A L O N G Sequel Poem; Fiction ]**

Bri speaks: .....{yes it is 'the author' speaking now! }:

Darien Connecticut is where our loving couple will raise their child,  
though visits to the Bronx will happen also; the commute is usually mild.  
The Bronx is where Sheila's 'home office' is, and her Mom & Dad, and Fred.  
Fred is her brother; he has Asperger's Syndrome, and he 'loves' BLUE, not Red.

{For 'new readers' in Sheila and Clifford's life of lust and love,  
let me, Bri, fill you in a bit on what came before I wrote 'the above'.  
Sheila is from New York City and used to be a bit sexually-wild.  
Cliff's parents are dead, and so far he seems more sexually-mild, ....  
BUT that doesn't always stop a baby from being successfully conceived.  
He IS the 'Dad-To-Be', UNLESS, by Sheila, or them both, I've been deceived.

Sheila and Clifford met in the Bahamas, where 'sight unseen' they  
shared .....  
a vacation home [they HAD emailed! ]. It's where S, to C, first her body bared!  
In the Bahamas also were residents and Sheila's 'friends', Ike and  
'Vi'.  
If you read some earlier chapters, I doubt you'd forget them, even if you tried.

Sheila runs a tax preparation 'family' business. She likes to buy .....stuff.  
Clifford inherited millions, so part time work in a bank is for him enough.  
He also likes birdwatching, and he's a writer, having at least one book for sale.  
Sheila had two abortions before meeting Cliff. Does her uterus EVER fail? ? ?

Sheila speaks:

'Pipe down, Bri! I think I can handle telling the story now from here.  
But you made a nice synopsis of what's come before now. Thanks, my 'Dear'.

I guess, from what I've read and heard others say, I had a pregnancy-  
'easy':  
a little 'morning sickness' early on, and a craving for certain foods  
when not queasy;  
I could handle my daily routine pretty well; I could prepare for our firstborn child.

BUT sometimes, when I least expected it, anticipation drove me almost (not quite) 'wild'!

My mom and my brother Fred were the ones who seemed to be more excited than I.

Clifford was enthused and very supportive when I needed it. With love, he did me ply.

Some say Jews don't 'do' baby showers. But that's mostly due to superstition, so .....

since my family and I are not superstitious, when friends asked me, I said: 'By all means, GO ...

for it! ! ! ' &quot;

Clifford speaks:

'Who would have guessed just a few years ago that I would become a father after 30?

I was glad to go along with Sheila's suggestion that we have a child, EVEN with diapers-'dirty'!

We could work out our schedules to care for our baby, and if need be get a part-time nanny.

We both read 'tons of stuff' to prepare us. Sheila was not-too-pleased though ....with her BIG fanny!

She'd expected her boobs to 'inflate' as her body got ready for breastfeeding. And, of course, her belly swelled a lot, but ..... 'WHY' a big FANNY was she needing? ?

At Lamaze classes we learned about and practiced, with other couples, how to relax.

And other things were taught to make The Birth (for parents & child) successful to 'the max';.

'Natural Childbirth' was our plan; arrangements were made for a midwife, and NO drugs!

But when our baby's time to arrive came, after 10 hours of labor, we needed More Than Hugs! !

So, off to the local hospital, in an ambulance we all rushed. A doctor was found for a C-section,

and our daughter was born within another hour. [No abnormalities were found upon inspection.]&quot;

Bri speaks (again!) :

And so Sheila and Clifford, united in love and marriage, became parents of Shannon Elisabeth ....

Damn! I don't remember their last name. Well, you don't need to know it. (Her nickname is Beth.)

('written' with keyboard in early September 2017)

Bri Edwards

## **(book# 10) : Sheila And Clifford: The Wedding... [wedding; Original Vows; Medium; Continuing Story; Fiction]**

Chapter 40

[Sheila speaks]:

When Cliff first visited my home, no one dared to ask:

"When will you get married? " It looked as though it was MY task.

When I told Cliff "Yes" .....I meant it, but HE didn't say when.

In two weeks more, Mom asked "When? " I said: "I'll ask. Ask me then."

So in early August I cuddled up with Cliff one starlit night,  
and asked outright: "Hey Lover Boy, when can we unite .....  
in marriage for REAL? No more 'playing (weekend) house' ",  
to which HE said "You pick the date, My Sweet; I'll not grouse."

Leave it to Cliff to sneak in the name of a bird!

But I got my answer, and now it was up to me! How weird.

Now I'd have to decide whether to do it quickly, or to plan .....

a formal affair with some sort of ceremony, followed by a band.

I thought about it for a week, and talked to my mom.

She said: "Get him to a judge. Can you still fit into the dress from your prom? "

I laughed at that but it made enough sense to me,  
except for the dress part; it was ten years old. Golly gee.

By late August we'd gone to Darien's city hall to get ....

a marriage license. We lined up a judge, almost while the ink was still wet.

Cliff and I reserved a room in a hotel for a 100-people affair.

I mean a dining and dancing room. We'd also get married there.

[Clifford speaks]:

I'd visited Sheila's Brooklyn home three times before the wedding.

I met some more New York 'Gold relatives', so they'd see what she was getting.

I met her grandpa who started the accounting office she now ran.

And one weekend Sol, Claire, and Fred came to Darien ....., in their minivan.

[Sheila speaks, again]:

A nice new dress for me, strapless, and a dark gray suit for 'my Dear'.

We invited 150 friends and relatives, from both far and near.

One hundred and ten RSVP'd: "We'll be there for sure."

The next two months seemed to go by in a blur.

One night we toasted each other, and pledged one another our troth.  
We wrote our own vows, Cliff's based (loosely) on the Boy Scout Oath.  
November weather was kind to us in 1991, on the weekend we got wed,  
and I believe all the guests enjoyed it. They surely got well fed.

Most of the guests were my relatives and friends, and friends of Mom and Dad.  
Cliff's Texas aunt and uncle and two cousins came ....., for which I was very glad.  
Oh, Cliff had a FEW friends there too, and the editor of his first book.  
We had three paid photographers, and plenty of great shots they took.

[Clifford speaks]:

It was my idea to write my vows and Sheila decided to follow suit.

The Boy Scout Oath was embedded in my brain, which Sheila thought was "cute".

But I did not suggest I wear my old Scout uniform, or carry a newspaper bag.  
AND we did NOT start the afternoon off by saluting anybody's flag.

[Clifford's wedding vows]:

Dear Sheila, on my Honor I will do my best ....  
to do whatever you reasonably do request;  
to obey the rules we set for you and me,  
and to always be as helpful as I can be;  
to be physically strong, mentally awake,  
and well-behaved, for both our sakes.

[Sheila's wedding vows]:

Dear Clifford, on this our wedding day,  
before our friends and relatives, I do say,  
I love you more than I dare express,  
more than all others, I do confess.  
I'll do my best to be your cheerleader,  
and when you write a book, I shall read her.

(around February 2015)

[story to be continued in: "(BOOK #11) : Sheila And Clifford: The Honeymoon  
..... (and Violet & Ike, again!) "



## (marriage) Equality..... [see The Title; Personal Fantasy; Humor? (Let Me Know) ]

I'm an American. So you know I KNOW about equality, right?  
And I'm married. I strive for spousal equality with all my might!  
Let me share with you how I help to keep my marriage EQUAL.  
I'm so good at it that this is my 3rd marriage sequel.

[My wife's a good wife, and so she does her fair share..... of the house work.  
I'm a good husband, and I'm no slacker. Oh, NO! From MY chores I do not shirk.]

My wife makes our bed. I mess it up.  
She washes plates and bowls. I wash my cup.  
She washes our clothes. I say "Nice job."  
She hangs them on line. I tell her 'They're dry.' I'm NO SLOB! ..... Oh, NO!

She cooks supper, though it's sometimes late.  
I eat every meal and even lick my plate.... and hers.  
I turn on lawn sprinkler and she mows the lawn.....  
though, to do so, she starts mowing at the crack of dawn.....  
(and wakes ME up!) .

The problem is she has a full-time job..... at a bank.  
I have no "OUTSIDE" job. At regular jobs I stank.  
But I'm glad that at home I can, and do, do my part.  
I don't, like SOME BUMS,.... just sit at home and fart.

Bri Edwards

## [humor] Speak To Me, Moon..... [speaking To The Moon; Fantasy; Humor; Very Short]

Speak to me, Moon, of what you see.

Oh! I forgot; you CAN'T see. Pardon me.

Then speak to me, Moon, of what you hear.

Damn, you are deaf also, Moon. How queer!

Ok then. Speak to me, Moon, of what you feel,

as you gaze down on our cities of concrete and steel.

What's that you say, Moon? You don't like what you see.

Well, I didn't build them, so please don't blame ME! ! |

(March 2014)

Bri Edwards



## [war] Boy In An Envelope..... [war (Vietnam 'Conflict') : A Parent's Loss; Condolences; Very Long, But Worth The Time]

The long envelope was addressed to Mr. Robert K. Hess.  
One corner was torn away.....and it lacked a return address.  
I'd just received it that day, with a batch of others;  
it was a light mail-day; some days the volume smothers.

I opened up the envelope, what was left of it, and read.....

"Dear Mr. Hess,

    Sorry this comes so late. I know your son is dead."

I caught my breath. I'd received a similar letter years ago,  
but this one contained a photo also, which caused my tears to flow.

The photo, black and white, showed a father with his son.  
Each was dressed in camouflage, and each carried.....a deer gun.  
On the back was a name and address, the same as envelope.  
And written in pencil it said "Me and Dad, hunting antelope."

There was a date also written: November 12,1963.  
Memories of my son now swept rapidly over me.  
There were about ten pages, handwritten, staring at me now.  
I could not make myself read it yet. My head did slowly bow.

The next day I took it up again, with very mixed feelings indeed.  
But my mind and soul both seemed to feel, the letter I might need.

"My name is Hank" the letter said. "I knew your son in NAM.  
This photo of you and your son, for years has helped keep me calm."

I stared at the photo for a while. Did my son look like that long ago?  
I scanned the letter and found no return address. The letter, I was about to  
throw.

But I couldn't do it! I had to read it someday. Again I set it aside.  
Ten years I've been without a son, but, for him, I'm still filled with pride.

It took a week before I read some more. I had plenty more to do.  
I thought reading the long letter might help, the parent-child bond, renew.

"I've enclosed Tom's dog tags. He gave them to me before he died. I should have turned them in but I didn't, and for two days, at night, I cried. Tom was my buddy for six months; we shared more than you want to know. It wasn't ALL bad in The NAM. Once we saw a live comedy show. He was a bit of a crazy kid, who at crazy times would sing a song. He spoke highly of you, though he said you didn't always get along."

The letter went on and on. I was tempted several times to quit. Sometimes, due to some torn off page corners, I missed a little bit. Yes, there'd been corners torn off of pages, and of the envelope too. Dog tags were missing; through the open envelope corner I suppose they flew.

Hank spoke of a visit to Saigon, and of the oppressive heat, of villagers who'd had legs blown off, and meals they had to eat. He did NOT mention drugs, nor the girls I imagine they'd sampled, nor TOO much of fighting, nor of anything or anybody they may have trampled.

He mentioned seeing a cobra one day and he mentioned the sounds at night. He said much of their time there was boring. Beer came by helicopter flight. There were church services held in "the field". They burned much of their shit. The few times they had enemy contact, each soldier tried.....to not "get hit".

"Part of the year has terrible rains. They call them a "wet" monsoon. One of the few things like in the States, was the stars at night and the moon. Some of us (just a few) wrote regularly to folks back home. Some were concerned more with leech removal and having a good lice comb.

"I spent a second tour in The NAM after your son died. Was I nuts? Partly, your son's death was why I stayed. I wanted to kick some V.C. butts. I got my chance in my seventeenth month there. I got two gooks, but they got ME. I lost an arm and one eye, but my medical care is free.

"I've also had flashbacks of being hit, or those I killed, and of your son. If I could rule the world now.....I'd get rid of every bomb, mortar, and gun. One good thing, I guess, came out of that mess. I met my dear wife Susie. She took care of me in Walter Reed. I've got a son, Tom; he is a doozy.

"I've debated telling you how your son died. Now I guess I will. It was not drugs or suicide.....as happened to some. It happened on a hill. I've heard Tom's listed as "Missing In Action", but I tell you he did die.

But I don't know if I can say his death was needed. No, I will not lie.

"We were ordered to take a hill overlooking a "strategic valley".  
We were warned not to commit any "atrocities" like was done by Lt. Calley.  
Maybe we did, and maybe we didn't. It was not clear who the enemy was.  
When we were ordered to take the hill, we did as a "good soldier" does.

"We were told there were NVA and VC and maybe Chinese on the hill.  
We were told to advance cautiously, but to proceed at will.  
We kept in touch with the home base until our radio operator was shot.  
The radio was "killed" too, so we were a bit "in the dark"; ours was a sorry lot.

"Our platoon started with forty men, most as young as Tom and me.  
By the time we'd gotten off the hill, I think we were down to twenty-three.  
Halfway up Tom got hit in the chest, I think from machine gun fire,  
but he could have been hit by a sniper bullet; treetop snipers could get much  
higher.

'I was ten feet away and I went and cradled his head.  
He gave me his tags, which I'm sending to you, but in a few minutes he was  
dead."

By now I was choking, and my tears were soaking the page; I stopped.  
I wondered if my son died with a buddy, with his head up-propped.  
The next day, after a sleepless night, I returned anxiously to the letter.  
I thought a day's rest would prepare me for letter's end, but I did not do much  
better.

"I know, sir, some war movies show soldiers carrying their dead away,  
but, I hope you'll believe me, on THAT hill THAT day, there was.....NO damn  
way.  
You wouldn't have gotten your son's body back; I'd probably have lost mine.  
I hope you'll forgive me, sir. I hope, with my decision, you'll be fine."

Once again I hesitated, with page in hand, but I could not stop reading now.  
I grabbed more tissues and drank some water, and to the end I did plow.

"Our forces took the hill at last.....after it was mostly destroyed.  
To accomplish this, however, it was carpet bombed and napalm was employed.  
I don't really know if they looked for Tom. The hill was "held".....for a few  
months.  
That's the way things went sometimes.....for us U.S. Army grunts.

"I haven't given you my return address; it was hard enough, as is.....  
to write to you at long last, and give you what, for Tom, once were his.  
I know he cherished the photo; I took it from him when he died.  
The dog tags have been a comfort for me many nights when I have cried.  
But I'm on a new med now, from the VA doctor, to calm my nerves at night.  
They seem to be working and I thought you should have what was Tom's. It's  
right!

"I hope this envelope reaches you safely. I hope you haven't moved.  
I hope you believe my story, and, that Tom had a NAM buddy, this proved.  
With my sincere condolences on the loss of your son.

Sincerely, Hank

p.s. I'll remember him each time my boy's little hand, on mine, does yank."

My eyes were red and tired by now, but all my tears had dried.  
I'm sorry I failed to find a return address. My boss will know I tried.  
My name is not Mr. Hess. My son's name was Ron, not Tom.  
Ron died, I'm told, in '68, when his patrol was hit by .....an errant bomb.

I work in a Post Office Dead Letter Office where we get our share of mail.  
I know many, hearing of my job, will think "Post Office? ", and then think "snail".  
Each day I look at mail pieces marked "undeliverable, return to sender".  
Hank's envelope came here to be opened, as no return address he did tender.

Sometimes we have good luck and the mail finds its way back home.  
Today we'll send, to the waste bin, this heartbreaking, belated 'tome'.

[My name is Rose Cranston. Ron was 19 when he died. I miss him.]

(March 31,2014)

Bri Edwards

# ' Hollow ' Halloween: Janice And Mr. Bones ....[ Boozing; Loneliness; Mental Health; Psychiatry; Halloween; Fictional; Long Enough ]

Janice worked 9-5 as her boss's secretary.  
At work she was sedate. But her evenings could be scary.  
You see, Janice lived a bit on the 'wild side',  
something which, from her coworkers, she did hide.

She was single,25, had a tattoo on her ass.  
In the evening she drank and smoked 'a little grass';.  
She 'bar-hopped' and some nights took some guy back home.  
Janice lived by herself, but did NOT like .....being alone.

One October 31st, yes, a night of Halloween, .....

Janice was 'flying high', feeling like a freaking queen.  
She'd dressed as the Bride of Frankenstein, in itself scary,  
and on her way home from a bar walked into a cemetery.

She must have passed out there, among the mossy graves.  
At 3 A.M. she woke up, seeing, at first, multi-colored waves.  
But then a strange man appeared, quite pale, tall, and thin.  
She wanted sex, and before too long he was well in-  
side of her.

At dawn she awoke, lying across two gravestones.  
'He' was not there, but she recalled his name: 'Mr.  
Bones';.

[[ 3 months pass ]]

That November 1st she had called into work 'sick';.  
She'd gotten home, had showered off real quick.  
She felt VERY 'creepy'. Soon she was alone in her own bed.  
Sleep overtook her again the moment her pillow hit her head.

A few weeks later all was not well. 'Mr. Bones, indeed! '  
She was drawn back to the cemetery. She felt a pressing need .....

To find the man called 'Mr. Bones', but he was not there.  
She cruised the bars and shops nearby, 'not turning up a hair'\*

She'd gone back to work November 2nd, to no avail.  
She just could NOT concentrate and, at her job, she did fail.  
She said she was having psychological problems; she WAS!  
She saw a psychologist to figure out the cause.

BUT Janice was too embarrassed to tell the doctor &quot;ALL&quot;;  
After three visits and no improvement, both the 'doc' and she hit a 'wall' .....  
beyond which neither felt they could proceed. The visits now did end.  
She fell into a deep depression; spiraling down her life did wend.

Nights were the worst times for Janice. Nightmares did abound.  
In her past she could not stand to be alone; now she wanted no one around.  
She lived on her three credit cards, paying the minimum allowed.  
She ate mostly &quot;fast-food, take-out&quot;;, avoiding any crowd.

She tried, and failed, to kill herself. She ended up hospitalized.  
After three days a &quot;shrink&quot;\*\* came by, one highly-specialized.  
Dr. Graham [not related to &quot;Cracker&quot;] spoke in soothing tones.  
Janice, sedated, told her of her night with &quot;Mr. Bones&quot;;.

[ But first the hospital spoke to Janice's mom, as part of protocol.  
&quot;Mom&quot; was a widow. She said: &quot;Doctor, make her well. It's all  
.....I want.&quot; ]

A few more days passed while Janice recovered more and more.  
Doctor Graham hypnotized Janice, hoping to learn the &quot;score&quot;;,  
&quot;the score&quot;; meaning &quot;the reason&quot;; for Janice's mental  
troubles.

The doctor would try to find AND burst some &quot;imaginary  
bubbles&quot;\*\*\*,

&quot;bubbles&quot; being beliefs of Janice which were not backed by facts.  
Graham hoped to find, in her patient's mind, useful psychiatric 'tracks',  
'tracks' hidden in Janice's subconscious, tracks to make her well.  
The doctor knew that mental problems could be 'a living Hell'.

Back through her recent past the doctor took Janice, searching.  
She took the patient back months, Janice sometimes lurching ...  
forward from her sitting position, her face at times looking pained.  
Though the process looked at times distressing, much could thus be gained.

They 'went back' at last to October 31st, and 'Mister Bones';  
NOW, besides lurching and grimacing, Janice let out ....some groans.  
BUT, 'No pain, NO gain', an 'old saying', certainly did apply.  
Soon, in a day or two, Janice was up and about, smiling. Here's why:

It came out while she was hypnotized, there'd been no nighttime sex!  
Beer and drugs? Yes. A cemetery? Yes. Wishful thinking? Maybe. But NO  
SEX! !

No 'Mr. Bones'. Only in Janice's mind did Mr. Bones exist;  
a Halloween trick had been played on her, a nonexistent tryst!

Now, more months gone by, Janice no longer frequents after-work bars.  
But she's at a new job, has a cat, and collects colored rocks in jars.  
She goes to McDonald's, but she also walks her building's treadmill.  
AND she's dated the same guy three times this month. Wish her luck! Bri will.

(October 16th and 25th 2017)

\* 'not turning up a hair'; .....not finding a thing; finding nothing  
(that is looked for)

\*\* 'shrink'; ....a psychiatrist

\*\*\* 'imaginary bubbles'; ...misconceptions; untruths in Janice's  
thinking

Bri Edwards

# 100th Birthday [missed By 'Mom'] ..... [short; My Mom; Death; Serious But Not Sad]

Well Mom missed this day by almost nine years.

At ninety-one(?) we escorted her from this "veil of tears".

But no tears I had the June day she passed.

Her will was NOT to live just in order to "last".

She'd actually tried to end her life three years before,

but by bad timing and stomach-pumping she missed Death's Door.

Then again she found herself in a hospital, ailing, in 2005 (?) .

My sister and I pushed a "morphine drip" till she was no longer alive.

Rest In Peace, dear Mom. [December 30,1913-June 20(?) ,2005(?) ]

(December 30,2013)

Bri Edwards



# 1st: North Carolina Barn-Living Notebook ...[ About My Temporary Living Condition ]

Near two weeks it took to drive 3000 miles..  
to stay in a barn with sheep, hens, & goats, NO smiles.  
In the Appalachian 'hills' of Marshall North Carolina ...  
we're settled, ...on the opposite side of Earth from China.

About a week here, most hours spent in barn (converted) ,  
'twould seem at quick glance the hills are near-deserted,  
as I think they've 'always' are no buildings TALL.  
I've found pros & cons to now tell ya'll.

Most notably, and believe me this is surely a 'con',  
our composting toilet reminds me of a stinking pond.  
Not meant for 'two', it has some 'maintenance' needs.  
I'm about to go outdoors & poop in the weeds.

BUT that would be unfair to the two squat goats,  
as I'm told they eat the weeds, not corn nor oats.  
They also eat our kitchen fruit and veggie wastes,  
while the plump-looking hens eat the egg shells post haste.

The bucolic scenes around 'our' barn are some pros,  
with hillside pasture, and tall trees through which wind blows.  
Our rooms are finished & furnished with but minor glitches.  
There may be barn ghosts, but no coven of witches.

Some rain has leaked, dripping through the old barn roof,  
but our living quarters and we have been dry, ...PROOF ...  
that Carolina luck is with our stay, at least so far.  
If 'luck' changes, we hopefully can escape by car.

The driveway's cut uphill, a quarter mile through trees,  
and I 'pray' we never get hit or blocked by fallen 'debris'.  
There's evidence of smoke alarms where none now exists,  
but if smoke chokes life from us, we'll not resist.

(cont.) ...?

(early January....2019)

Addendum, requested by my mate:

.....

Tick Bite Poem....[ Beware The Arachnids Who Seek To Suck Your Blood, Their Faces Buried In Your Flesh! ; Tick Bite Treatment; North Carolina Hiking ]

Ticks are tiny, 'Almost-Harmless'-looking insect-like creatures.  
With a magnifying glass I've seen their very tiny features.  
I've had them on my body twice(?) , many years ago indeed.  
[They may crawl onto you or your clothes from tree or weed.]  
One I found in a private place, while I sat, before I peed.

Our hosts in N. Carolina assured us no ticks would be moving..  
around this recent tick 'bite'went far towards proving...  
....them wrong! ! !

I picked up branches on a warm day to use as hiking sticks.  
At no time did I wonder if I'd also be picking up some tiny ticks! !

That night, in bed, I felt a tiny, sore bump near my left axilla.  
In the morning I found a tick about the size of a small gorilla,  
(near my left shoulder)with its face dug into my tender flesh.  
I drove to a nearby town's 'Urgent Care' center, feeling fresh,  
....but concerned lest the little beast deposit microbes of disease.  
A nurse practitioner pulled tick off in 2 pieces, putting me at ease.

After antibacterial ointment & bandage were applied, I did drive..  
.....to a pharmacy for two antibiotic pills, costing well less than 5...  
dollars (US) .

I read drug precautions (not quite clear): ambiguity I somewhat hate.  
Then I questioned the pharmacist before I took pills,1 hr. before I ate,

People may get upset stomachs with pills when taken with no 'milk or food',  
but instructions ALSO SAID 'food can slow absorption of this drug'.How rude!

(February...22nd....2019)

Bri Edwards

## 3-Minute Novel: Steve's "Best Cellar"; ....[ Serious; Depression; Mid-Life Crisis; Sex; Solitude ]

Steve lived wife had up and left him,  
and gone away with a widowed neighbor, Bill.  
Steve's and Jane's marriage never was too great,  
and their fights had increased five-fold of late.

Oh, he was not alone was Tim,  
an Irish Setter; a smart dog, he remained there still.  
And Steve had his music, his own and CDs.  
He strummed a guitar and 'classical' put him at ease.

Smoking a little 'pot' helped him "mellow out" too.  
But on a 'bad day' he'd descend the creaky stairs,  
to his basement bar/den to savor some 10-year scotch,  
and watch an hour of porn, his hand in his crotch.

He didn't take Tim with him, and he'd SHOUT  
at the girls on the screen, sometimes in pairs,  
as they pleased much older men, older than they,  
And with his sex organ in hand, Steve would play.

And he lived on take-out and microwaved dinners,  
cereal, sandwiches, bananas, and iced tea.  
He worked from home, was a playwright of note,  
kept to himself, & chain-smoked a pipe as he wrote.

Yes, in his career several plays were big winners,  
and for the 'losers' he still collected a good fee.  
But the years were wearing him down, as well as Jane.  
Jane used to scream: "You're driving us both insane!"

He never denied was most probably true.  
Now with Jane gone, he still sensed the danger.  
He'd pondered his problem, considered a "shrink",  
But he scorned being told how he should think.

Only his agent or lawyer ever those two.  
His "screen-girls" helped, but each was a stranger.  
He tossed back his last future was plain.  
In his "Best Cellar", a bullet blew a hole through Steve's brain.

(January ....10 & 11 .....2019)

Bri Edwards

## 40th-Year-Reunion Tears.... [fiction; Misunderstandings? ; Short Enough; Humor? ]

My reunion tears fell not, , , , , till I was out the door,  
when the bartender called 'STOP! ' I said 'what for? '  
She said here's your total; it was NOT an 'open bar!'  
I tried to get away in a hurry, but I didn't get very far.

I hopped in my Jag, but a lot attendant blocked me.  
He said 'STOP! Did you think parking here is free? '  
I opened my window and quickly tossed him fifty.  
He said 'Gee, thanks, sir. And I think your car is nifty.'

So I 'dodged one bullet', but the bartender was quick.  
She caught up to me and banged on my car with a stick.  
Now I was pissed, but I'd attracted many onlookers,  
some were classmates and some neighborhood hookers.

I screamed at the bartender but she screamed right back.  
'It's 50 for your drinks and 20.... for your fancy bar snack! '  
Now some classmates approached. They said 'calm down Bri.  
Don't tangle with HER! Last reunion she punched Bill in his eye!

So i said 'thanks guys', and I tossed her a 'Ben Franklin', and fled.  
She backed off and I peeled out, and there's no more to be said.

Bri Edwards

## 5 'Religious' Limericks.... [some 2006 Thoughts Of An Agnostic Humanitarian (Me) ]

1

Who, In Their Right Minds, Would Waste So Much Time?

God may have made the Earth "way-back-when";  
there may be no real end.....to God's ken.  
But I would be wary  
to call the dictionary....  
an act of God instead of "crazy" men.

(February 2006)

2

Life After Death For Apes?

Orangutan died in its zoo cell.  
I wonder, "Do big apes go to Hell?  
Do they Heaven reach?  
Or do some go to each, ....  
or (I believe) just to dust from gel? "

(February 13,2006)

3

Therefore I Became And Still Am An Agnostic

Four decades past, I still went to church.  
Then maturing thoughts left me in a lurch.  
Zion Church would not bend,  
and Hell I could not defend.  
AND....I'd no faith in a prayer search.

(February 18,2006)

4

The Easy Way Is Not Always The Best Way

Cartoon portrayed a rebellious salmon.....  
passing those who upstream were jammin'.  
His sign said "Go With The Flow",  
but, as most of you know,  
"flow" can corrupt though you reach mammon.

(February 22,2006)

5

It's Not Much But It Makes Me Feel Better

Come tomorrow I may spend a grand,  
sitting, writing checks, I'll make my stand ....  
against AIDS and poverty,  
and inequality,  
and loss of Nature. I lend a hand.

(February 25,2006)

Bri Edwards



## '6 Foot 3'.....[long; Scary; Gross; Murder]

I'll tell you a crime story that you've never heard,  
But first you'll have to promise to not spread the word.  
It started many years ago on the Massachusetts coast.  
Most of those who know of it are now themselves ghosts.

It is a murder story frightful and most ghastly.  
If you mention it to the police they'll laugh, and YOU may be the victim, lastly.

After high school in the 60's I attended Boston College.  
I went there for the social life, and to gain some more knowledge.  
While there I joined a fraternity made up mostly of jocks.  
Initiation week they made us attend classes with no shoes or sox.

I'm getting off the track a bit as does happen often.  
I think too many drugs in the 60's caused my brain to soften.

A member of my fraternity was a B.C. basketball star;  
He was scouted by the pros and it was felt he'd go far.  
He was 6 foot 7 and his meals were supersized.  
He was my closest friend and I enjoyed looking up at his eyes.

One night in the off season he went drinking at a bar.  
He left the joint at 2 A.M. but he didn't get far.  
He was found by a sanitation worker early the next morn.  
His skull had been bashed in; his massive throat was well-torn.  
It was a campus and Boston sensation, a sad one it was true.  
I was crushed by his passing and from college I withdrew.

I had lots of money from my grandma; I did not need a job.  
I moved to Miami and became a beach bum, not a slob.

Within three years two more murders were added to this story.  
The descriptions of the bodies found were EXTREMELY gory.  
One, a 6-4 white male prostitute, had been eviscerated.  
The police photos of a black female socialite,6-3, were XXX-rated.

My parents lived in Santa Monica and insisted I move home.  
I settled in their guest house but at times I still did roam.  
I met and dated a wealthy,6-5, fashion model.....

The largest piece of her flesh found would fit inside a large bottle.

I started, then to see a shrink; I worried I'd go crazy.  
I'm telling you my story's true, though at times details are hazy.  
I spent ten years in analysis, which cost a lot of money,  
But I believe it helped restore my faith and my outlook was more-sunny.

Then one summer I did Rio Mardi Gras; it was my BEST vacation yet.

But back home I learned my doctor had been found in his red Corvette.  
What was left of him, I should say. I hesitate to here linger.  
He'd been shot twelve times and was missing his left ring finger.  
His skull and most of his ribs had been busted.  
The once-shiny car had been burned, and his body was all-crusted.  
By the way my doctor was 6 foot 4; could that be a clue?  
I then checked into an upscale nuthouse for a month or two.

I was there on my own accord. My parents thought I was 'shopping'.  
The docs did not believe my stories; my anxiety was not stopping.

So I moved back to the guest house. 'Mom and Dad, did you miss me? '  
Fat chance! They were busy with their lives, though once my mom did kiss me.

I found another psychiatrist, this one of short stature.  
I met a pretty clerk at Starbucks and at the altar I did catch her.  
The marriage lasted all of six months. No pregnancy, thank God.  
I had it annulled, gave her twenty grand, but I still miss her bod.

My weekly doctor's visits went as well as I'd expected.  
I tried a run for Santa Monica mayor but did not get elected.

Two more murders in my story just happened this year.  
They were the murders of my parents for which I shed no tear.  
It was an inconvenience, though, cleaning up the mess.  
The police photographer threw up; .....hardened detectives cried no less.  
I had to hire TWO murder cleanup crews. Their bills were a sin.  
But still, afterward, I found pieces in the bushes, which made me grin.

There were other bodies I now realize I've forgotten to mention.  
I can see from the look in your eyes I've gotten your attention.  
All the victims were at least 6-3 (my mom WAS 6 foot 4, my dad was 6-7) .  
Maybe all are gazing down now at us from a tall-people's heaven.

My doctor says I'm the murderer; she told me for a fee.  
I'm really glad I met you; you're pretty as can be.  
I'll bet you're as tall as me; I am 6 foot 3 inches tall.  
It's getting dark and I love you. Let's drive to the mall.

Bri Edwards

**A ' Man About Town ': &quot; Woodsy The Owl &quot;  
...[ Short; Littering; A Wise Old Owl Speaks! ;  
Humorous; Inspired By A P H Message From &quot;  
Crayon Poet &quot; ]**

Old Woodsy was a 'man about town',  
pickin' UP litter. Yes, not pickin' it DOWN!  
He carried a bright....PINK...burlap sack,  
which he hung, by a string, acrost\*\* his BACK-  
side.

&quot;Whoo....[whispered Woodsy] would throw....  
all this trash all around AND let the wind BLOW....  
it 'here and there' across sidewalk AND grass? ?  
If I catch one whooo did it I'll kick her/him in their A+S! &quot;

(August...19th...2018)

Bri Edwards

## A 4-Ring Circus: Bri's Married Life

In my youth there were circuses that had rings (three):  
in BIG tents, or buildings, they entertained kids like me,  
using three circular areas in which could be found:  
gymnasts, lions, acrobats, a dancing bear, & a clown.

My adult life has been a 'circus' with rings (four) ,  
a 'marriage-circus' with gold finger rings that I wore  
to say to all: "I've chosen to partner with this, my wife."  
Alas, my first three rings have been removed —due to strife.

But my LAST ring stays on —unless I'm taking a shower.  
It's NOT that there's no strife; there IS. But there is a power  
which keeps us together through the marital 'Thick & Thin'.  
And I feel, with each passing year, this will be for us a WIN!

(August....2019)

Bri Edwards

## A Book's Life.... [fantasy? ; Books; Loneliness; Long; A Bit Of Humor And 'Other Things']

I was conceived inside my author's brain,  
written down on paper, in language plain,  
edited and rewritten (at least twice) .....  
until (I think) .....I arrived "quite nice".

Along with nineteen clones of myself,  
I was sent to a London store, put on a shelf,  
purchased by a lady (quite pleasant) ,  
and given to her son for his birthday present.

"A Bad Boy's Life" is how my title read,  
about a boy ....now most likely dead.  
The son thanked his mum, as he should;  
he wasn't a "bad boy", but a boy .....good.

He read me through, cover to cover,  
and some surprises he did discover.  
Then I was placed on another shelf ....  
with other books, not by myself.

There I sat, proud that I'd been read.  
If I could have talked, 'that' I would have said.  
[While in the store, I'd heard it told ....  
that some books there were ..... NEVER sold! ]

Well I sat and sat, gathering dust,  
feeling that "to be read again" was a must.  
I sat there for three long years!  
If I'd been able, I'd have shed some tears.

FINALLY, in the fourth year of my existence,  
I was paid off at last for my persistence.  
The boy's younger sister did take me up .....  
and (with her eyes) my words (she) did sup.

(That means she 'drank me in' by reading;  
her eyes sure did some speeding!)

It was great to be read once more,  
but then she finished me. ....What a BORE!

Again I sat on the shelf, ignored.  
At night I listened as others snored.  
I longed to hear footsteps come my way,  
but I was in for a long, LONG stay .....  
on the damn shelf! !

Once, the boy picked me up again;  
he flipped through my pages, gave a grin.  
It wasn't much but it wasn't nothin',  
BUT it was like turkey ..... without the stuffin'.

More books were added to the shelf,  
but I may as well have been by myself.  
I thought: "Is my fate to be HERE ten more years? "  
This time my thought DID bring me tears.

Then one day all the books were stacked .....  
on a table, and some then were packed .....  
into a cardboard box from a grocery store.  
With the others in 'my' box, we 'counted' twenty-four.

Now, though daytime, we were in the dark.  
On what journey would we then embark?  
A few days later the box was lifted,  
and to a thrift shop .....we were 'gifted'.

Now we all were examined and sorted.  
A woman who examined me just snorted,  
and placed me on a shelf labeled "Boys".  
Across the room were clothes and toys.  
My new "home" had a sign; it said "one dollar".  
Why, when I was new I cost TWELVE! I (almost) .....  
did holler.  
Next I had to wait a few weeks on THAT shelf,  
next to a book about a mean old elf!

But one day an old lady, pushing a shopping cart .....,  
picked me up. Just THAT brought joy to my book-heart.  
[Oh, you may say: "Books have no heart or soul",

but we do, as sure as a hotdog has a roll! ]

She put me in her cart and paid a dollar bill.  
My heart was brimming so; book-blood almost did spill.  
She carried me home and placed me on a shelf,  
and this time I WAS all by myself ....  
almost.

Nearby was a framed photo of an old man,  
and an African Violet .....growing in a tin can.

For years after that I was read each day.  
Sometimes (as she read) words she would say:  
"Bad boy, you remind me of my faraway son".  
[AND sometimes, looking at the framed photo]:  
"Frank, dear husband, to where did you run? "

The first year or two she took me places too.  
She took me to church, and to a zoo.  
There she'd sit on a bench and clasp me tight.  
I was rarely out of the old lady's sight.

Finally, one night she left a candle burning .....  
which started a fire. The smoke was thick and churning.  
That night our lives ended, but we both were tired,  
and while peacefully sleeping (together) , we BOTH expired.

(August 6 and 14, 2015)

Bri Edwards



## A Bored Apple Seed.....[humor, I Hope]

While sitting in our screen house I spit out one apple seed.  
You'd think it would be grateful since from my mouth it had been freed.  
But no, you ungrateful seed. Instead you turned and looked at me,  
a frown upon your face, indeed!  
You landed upon a white-painted floor plank, a few feet from the ground.  
From there you saw trees and grass and bushes all around.  
Perhaps you wished you had feet so you could find a spot,  
to sprout your stuff, instead of sitting idle, a seed without a pot.

[Or maybe you spied my bird feeders, stocked with sunflower and nyjer seed.  
To them the titmice and chickadees, and goldfinches come to feed.  
Could you possibly wish, if you could not sprout, .....  
to be eaten by a bird and vanish..... until the bird poops you out? ]

Where you landed it does not get wet, and you cannot reach the soil.  
You look now so unhappy; I think your apple anger is about to boil.  
I suppose the least I could do is give you a big kick,  
and knock you off the flooring, onto fertile ground, to grow into a stick.

[But I DIDN'T and now another week's gone by.]

I'm back, my little apple seed, and as I settle into my chair,  
I notice a marked change in your appearance that last week wasn't there.  
You no longer frown nor even look at me, sadness and anger are no longer  
shown,  
but instead you're just a bored apple seed, like many other seeds I have known.

(Nov.2012)

Bri Edwards

# A Collection Of Limericks Brought On By Bri's Boredom...[ Fourteen Limericks Written In About Seventy-Five Minutes ]

1 -

Time Limit For Limericks

An hour and fifteen minutes I've got  
to see how many I can jot  
icks I do mean.  
About limericks are you keen?  
I hope some of mine hit the spot!

2 -

Boredom Doth To Poems Give Birth

Yes, I'm bored but writing can help me,  
to get through this day; you wait and see.  
Already I'm less bored.  
To my muse I've implored,  
to give me rhymes to offer thee!

3 -

A Sunny Day 'Tis

In "Sunny California" I am now,  
sitting lazily, not behind a plow.  
But south of me farmers toil,  
bringing plants forth from soil.  
Other farmers may raise pig, hen, or cow.

4 -

I'll Clone Myself In My Spare Time

My mate, with her daughter, has off-flown,  
to parts of Europe, leaving me alone.  
While I sit and bide my time,  
I might as well construct rhyme,  
to amuse , I will [ME] clone.

5 -

Reading, Reading, Reading

I must finish reading latest novel  
which I do read here, in my hovel.  
From library it does come.  
I'll read it AND eat a plum!  
At the author's feet I so do grovel.

6 -

To Build A Fence

Our new neighbor cut down some hedge,  
next to his new board fence, at border's edge.  
But now a gap did exist;  
I fenced TOO! I did insist!  
It will stand strong, I do now pledge!

7 -

Using Up Food Left By Wife

My mate did NOT leave me with "no food";  
Oh no, ma'am or 'd be so rude!  
I'm but a man; I can't shop,  
and what I cook is just slop!  
But I'll eat what she left, though meals be crude.

8 -

39 Minutes Left

I've thirty-nine minutes on the clock  
To finish these tick, Tock!  
Could I reach as much as ten?  
We'll find out soon and then  
I'll get to mending my poor holey sock! !

9 -

I Hear The Young Grandma With Her Grandkid

Upstairs a fifty-year old watches &quot;boy&quot;;,  
her grandson, a toddler, ...to her a joy.  
But once I heard her say &quot;Ow&quot;;,  
followed by &quot;OW! ! &quot;..Holy Cow.  
Perhaps he hit her in her head with toy? ?

10 -

Will I Make It To Limerick # Ten?

The race to ten limericks is now ON! !  
Will 'ten' be beauteous like a ... Swan?  
Or will it seem I was rushed?  
Will my audience be hushed?  
Will they not dare, at me, to look upon? ?

11 -

Are You, Too, Thrilled By Bri's Limerick Skills? ?

Not to pat myself on my own !  
But was I not VERY fast, NOT slow? ?  
I think I deserve some cake,  
and ice cream I will now take  
from the freezer.....WHERE did it GO? ! ! !

12 -

And Almond Nuts & Maple Syrup As Well

You think cake and ice cream will please me?  
Will the nuts and syrup in cupboard tease me? ?  
If wife left them there,  
I guess she won't care ...  
if belly's HUGE, next time she does squeeze me.

13 -

Fly, Fly For Your Dipteran Life! !

I hear a buzzing round about me now.  
Does "Fly" think I live in the stall of cow?  
Maybe I do smell a bit,  
maybe smell like cow s-h-i-t!  
Maybe I smell like filthy suckling sow?

14 -

If Truth Be Told, I Thought I Might Make It To Fifteen (Seven Minutes Left)

This fourteenth limerick may be my last.  
Mind's shrinking, & fingers are fading fast.  
I hope these words don't get lost.  
YOU must read.....at any cost! !  
Oops!Alarm is time is passed.

(September ...3rd ....2019)

p.s. I took extra minutes to proofread, adding some commas along the way!

Bri Edwards

# **A Father's Toast At His Gay Son's Wedding Reception..... [same-Sex Marriage; Humour/Humor; Johnny Cash Song/Sheldon Silverstein Poem; Short]**

In these days of rapidly-spreading same-sex marriages,  
when same-sex partners even push baby carriages,  
it can be an advantage for a man to have a name like Sue,  
BECAUSE if he loves another guy, and they decide to say 'I do', .....

AND the 'guy's' parents are a little leery of their son's choice,  
[even though, that-their-son-has-finally-'found love', they do rejoice],  
THEN, at the reception, after the father starts his speech: 'How do you do? ',  
'Dad' can follow with the one-liner: 'At least our son-in-law's NAME is Sue.'

(June 18,2014)

Bri Edwards

# A Hole I Dug ... [ Toil; Humanity; Misery; Futility; God; Future Generations; Sort Of Short]

In my youth I began to dig a hole ....  
in which to bury the woes of the world.  
But as I dug (some said: 'like a `mad' mole') ,  
more and MORE worldly woes unfurled.

I'd throw mounds of dirt to every side,  
making room for murder, greed, and rape.  
But the more I dug, the more I found to hide:  
thievery; drug abuse; too much `red tape'.

In adulthood, in my prime, .....I kept digging.  
Bulldozers, not shovels, I did ....use then.  
I worked night and day, the toil was unforgiving.  
I dreamed I'd finish, but I had no guess when.

Woes I'd once thought were buried .....kept returning.  
I was a damn fool to think I'd gotten them `once and for ....all'.  
And NEW woes for Mankind were now churning.  
Had God kept sending woes since Eve and Adam's FALL ....from grace?

In my old age, I stopped excavating;  
my life's work had seemed a forsaken waste.  
It mostly just brought stress, constipating.  
NOW I sought a laxative, in dire haste.

But, alas, my grandchild took up the task,  
the task at which I'd spent much precious time.  
I did not tell her why I quit; she did not ask.  
Perhaps she'll have better luck than I did ....in my prime.

(November 2016)

Bri Edwards

# A Lonely Cloud.....[nature Observation; Humor]

I saw a lonely cloud one day.  
It looked small beyond the Bay.  
I tried to find a second and failed,  
even though I looked each way.

Think of it! A single cloud.  
Its loneliness spoke to me aloud.  
I wonder how it felt up there.  
Was it very proud?

A rarity I think it was;  
like an active bee with no buzz;  
like a single potato chip;  
like a peach skin with no fuzz.

Like one firefighter at a fire;  
a solitary pigeon on a wire;  
a Facebook member with no 'friend';  
a single member in a choir.

It's like an Easter basket with one egg;  
a basketball star with one leg;  
me with just one word to say;  
a fraternity party with just one keg.

I guess you've come to realize by now  
that when I saw that cloud I thought 'Wow! '.  
If I'd been Adam, with Eve at my side,  
to that small distant cloud I might bow.

(August 2012)

Bri Edwards



# A Mouse In My Stomach.....[long; Human Body; Animals]

[added September 12, 2016, at the suggestion of PH member Stephen Katona, who claims his dad had a coughing fit after Steve read this aloud to his 'dad' as his father was eating his porridge: 'WARNING: THIS POEM MAY ENDANGER YOUR HEALTH.....choking hazard! ! ']

Two months ago, in the mail, I got a company's exciting offer;  
I could get a host of diagnostic tests, in exchange for a few of MY coins in THEIR coffer.  
Soon to my town was coming a great big mobile-medical van,  
in which my body could be subjected to sonograms and x-rays, and even one cat SCAN.

So I called the toll free number, immediately; that is really quick.  
They made my appointment for last week, and said 'to that time' I had to stick.  
Here at last was the chance to find in me: cysts, plaque, clots, and tumors.  
I'd heard some negative things about the company, but I'm SURE they were just RUMORS.

The tests all seemed painless, even comfortable, as if there was NOTHING being done.  
Pretty nurses (all the 'patients' were men) served coffee and donuts between each test. It was really sort of FUN.

This afternoon, by first class mail, I received my results from their expert doc.  
What I read, two pages long, sent me into shock.

I have a little mouse in my stomach, exhaling between each stomach squeeze,  
.....  
just sitting there expectantly, waiting for some little bits of cheese.

And that's not all!

From head to toes my body is inhabited by various creatures young and old.  
If I hadn't read the OFFICIAL results, I'd not believe it; I need support on which to HOLD.

I have bats in my belfry (that's my BRAIN) : I tell you so you'll know.  
Brown bats are in the right hemisphere and vampire bats in the left, flying to and fro.

Fleas sleep beneath my toenails. Be careful whose dog you kick!  
Woodpeckers make holes in my pelvis, as if each bone was just a stick.  
I have armadillos in each armpit, where they hole up for the night.  
And there are needle fish swimming behind my kneecaps. TO ME THAT ISN'T RIGHT!  
Termites scurry up and down my spine, messing up the works.  
Moths inhabit the soles of my feet. And they chew holes in my socks (one of a moth's quirks) .

And that's not all either! !

There is a magpie egg in each eye; no wonder I need specs.  
And throughout my vascular system, worms and snakes, one test does detect.  
Of special interest, they found inside my heart a coiled cobra snake.  
So you'd better be especially careful not to 'my heart' break.  
There's a live mud turtle in my liver; each day it walks half a mile.  
And hovering inside my gall bladder there's a hummingbird, sipping bile.

There's a young badger in my large intestine, getting larger by the day.  
And inside my small bowel there's a pine squirrel with which the badger does often play.

There are spiders in my lungs, hanging from webs and waiting for a fly.  
Earwigs infest my ears and silverfish infest my sinuses; please don't ask my WHY.

There is a pair of scorpions in my spleen, and the female is expecting.  
But my kidneys are CLEAR, thank goodness; all intruders my kidneys keep rejecting.

I have land crabs in my scrotum, living on my tiny pubic hair roots.  
And scarab beetles feed on scraps inside my mouth; they are insect-world galoots.

I have a blow fish in my bladder, my body's own fish bowl.  
There are rodents in my rectum. During testing, ONE came out my hole.  
[The last finding mentioned in my test results I already knew about.]  
There's a swarm of bees living in my penis, making lots of honey,  
and I agree with the doctor's words: 'When a bee flies out, it sure looks funny.'

Now I KNOW what you are thinking: 'What SHOULD Bri do? '  
But to tell you the honest truth, I'm not too worried. It's TRUE!

SOME WILL SAY SUCH AN INVASION OF FAUNA IS DANGEROUS. I think that's just a rumor.

Besides, the report says 'You've got NO PLAQUE, NO CYSTS, NO CLOTS, and certainly NO TUMOR.'

(2012)

Bri Edwards

# A New Sarah Josepha Buell Hale's "Mary Had A Little Lamb"; Stanza 4....[ Inspired By Don Kubicki's Poem: "Dylan And Don A Duet", Co-Written With Dylan Thomas ]

"What makes the lamb love Mary so? "  
The eager children cry;

[You hear Little Boy Blue's horn blow?  
The students sure weren't shy! ]

"Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know, "  
The teacher did reply.

[Now watch little Jack's Beanstalk grow!  
In the Odyssey, Polyphemus lost his eye.]

(September ...13th ...2019 ]

Bri Edwards

# A Poem For My Friend Angel.....'Bout Birds....[nature Observations; Personal]

I enjoy seeing birds at our backyard feeder,  
And, from bushes and trees, hearing some birds that 'tweeeeeter'.

Tiny black seeds attract finches, which have the name 'gold'....  
Who flee from grey juncos which are larger and bold.

Flitting chickadees and 'tufted' titmice, from feeder, eat seed,  
While, on the ground, sparrows, towhees, and doves often feed.  
They scatter when a blue and white scrub jay flies by,  
Or when, overhead, a prowling hawk they do spy.

Waxwings and robins come to pick some nearby berries.  
'sorry birdies, ....we have neither grapes nor red cherries.'

Ravens, vultures, and gulls pass high in the air, while  
Bushtits and 'hummers' come closer to my chair.

I don't see all these birds every week, but.....i've seen more,  
And some non-feathered friends pause, not far from our door.  
And when around me i see no animal creatures.....  
I enjoy all the plants....that our landscape features.

Bri Edwards

# A Sailboat's Last Thoughts.....[human/Sailboat Nature; Drama; Weather]

The storm clouds covered the sun,  
bringing to an end the day-of-fun.  
I knew my owner was not too bright;  
I resisted his casting off with all my might.  
But though I'm bigger and stronger than him,  
I was at the mercy of his every whim.

But this day my fate had a second master.  
Both the human and weather brought me disaster.

First the wind picked up for an hour,  
bringing with it a late afternoon shower.  
He sailed me on while showing no fear  
but just opened himself another beer.  
I had enough anger and fear for us both;  
if I could speak I'd swear an oath  
that, if once more we did reach shore,  
with that jerk I'd sail no more.

He'd probably not checked forecast or a chart.  
What a foolish, misguided, drunken fart!

I tried to come up with a positive thought.  
Try as I might I came up with naught, and  
he made no effort to motor me in.  
In nautical circles that is a sin.  
When beer was gone he went down below.  
With more rain came an increased easterly blow.  
Wind that is, a fearsome blast,  
which tore my sails and snapped my mast.

I've never been a boat much to pray,  
but I beseeched Neptune on this, my last day.  
My only hope was to stay afloat!  
If I could wield a pen I'd have written a note,  
damning my owner and his beer as well,  
and wishing them both bad luck in Sailors' Hell.

The wind increased even more for an hour.  
Freezing rain developed from what was a shower.  
The sea filled the cabin below;  
what became of him I don't care and don't know.

My last thoughts were of the owner I never did thank.  
He was my first owner before I was lost to the bank.  
He kept my sails in order and fuel in my tank.  
And HE checked weather and charts, and HE never drank.

(Nov.15,2012)

Bri Edwards





\*\*\*\*\*POEMS MAY BE 'old' OR 'new TO PH and THE WORLD! " In most cases they will NOT be 'BORROWED', though some may be 'BLUE'.

-----

CHANGE IN JULY and AUGUST and onward into the future:

Starting in July showcase I plan to list the poets and list their poems in DESCENDING order, starting with the most recent entry. That way, if you visit the showcase more than once, the poets or poems previously near the top of the lists may have descended below more recently entered ones. This should make it easier for the readers I hope, and more likely that 'newer' poems will be read.

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I hope some of you will decide to share poems in September and also read some [or all] of the submissions.

\*I now allow and welcome TWO poems per month from each PH member. At least one of them should be not much longer than 24 lines in length, but I'll judge each case separately, trying to be fair to all.

So, now for some information about my monthly SHOWCASE for PH poets:

In anticipation of a great response for my first showcase, in February,2015, [I sent notices to about 75 members from my inbox and my list of PH friends], I added to my poem's title: "section 'A' ", but there MAY never be a "section 'B' ". In following months I have likewise "advertised" my upcoming or current showcase on PH.

I plan to submit one of my own short (24 lines or less) poems, and one of my LONG ones (which may go on for a couple of pages) . Therefore, and since I will allow other members to also submit two poems per month [if one is 24 lines or less], I may well add a second, third,4th, etc. 'section' so readers will not have to scroll up and down too much to refer to poems and the comments area below the poems. Understand? I hope so. This first 'section' is 'A' and I shall follow the English alphabet: A, B, C, etc. IF I FEEL A NEED (or desire) TO DO SO.

I also plan to have a LIST OF POETS [whose poem(s) are included in a following section] above the posted poems.

\*\*I WOULD LOVE TO HAVE ALL POEMS BE WRITTEN BY PH MEMBERS, and be submitted by the authors. If you choose to submit a poem by another PH member I will try to verify that the member agrees. Poems attributed to non-members I may want to ask about also.

[PLEASE READ THE POET'S NOTE ALSO FOR MY 'A SHOWCASE FOR PH POETS'.]

I WILL ALWAYS GIVE THE AUTHOR'S NAME WITH THE POEM POSTED.

My first showcase was in February 2015, and I consider it to be a success, with almost 20 poems to view, from almost as many poets. My thanks go to all contributors! ! This is meant to expose poems and poets to readers and to provide some entertainment and/or enlightenment and/or knowledge to PH members [and I guess non-members who, I think, can also view the poems but not comment].

Some of the poems may not be on the authors' PH sites. But if you are enthused about a poem, I hope you will visit the poet's site and read more and leave comments.

Did I forget anything? ?

[[some ages of poets' may be age+1.

AND I trust the individual poet's page to give me accurate names/pseudonyms/pen names and countries and gender as well.]] (but I don't necessarily believe when I see 99 or 100 for a poet's age!)

[AND I TRY TO keep typos etc. out of the poems, but if I miss some, OR if the poet(s) want(s] their poem(s) added as they/he/she has/have given it/them to me, then I'm NOT going to edit the poem(s) ! ]

[In last month's (September's) showcase, there were 25 poems from 19 poets.]

[[ Here is the abbreviated "Poets" section from SEPTEMBER's showcase (AS OF SEPTEMBER 27TH) :

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'THE POETS' & 'THE POEMS': [from SEPTEMBER's showcase]

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TWENTY-FIVE: SAVITA TYAGI (United States; Female; 67)

The River Calls Me

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TWENTY-FOUR: BRI EDWARDS (United States; Male; 67)

(2nd poem)

Creation (Maybe Not What You Think) .....[girl-To-Woman; Baby-Making; Long; Relationships]

-----

TWENTY-THREE: DELLA PERRY (United Kingdom; Female; 41)

(2nd poem)

Cheated Childhoods

-----

TWENTY-TWO: DELLA PERRY (United Kingdom; Female; 41)

(1st poem)

Poetry Widower

-----

TWENTY-ONE: KIM BARNEY (Brazil; Male; '100')

(2nd

poem)

Which Doctor?

-----

TWENTY: KIM BARNEY (Brazil; Male; '100')

(1st poem)

The Ugly Brother

-----

NINETEEN: JOHN WESTLAKE (United Kingdom; Male; 31)

(2nd poem)

243. The River Of Life

-----

EIGHTEEN: GREG DAVIDSON (Australia; Male; 61)

The Face In The Mirror

-----

SEVENTEEN: JOHN WESTLAKE (United Kingdom; Male; 31)

(1st poem)

244. All I Can See Is You

-----

SIXTEEN: RAY HART (Australia; Male; 69)

Under the Willow.

-----

FIFTEEN: VALSA GEORGE (India; Female: ; 61)

A Desert Trek

-----

FOURTEEN: IS IT POETRY (United States; Male; 100..ha ha)

The Lizard

-----  
THIRTEEN: DARLENE WALSH (United States; Female; 21)

Half A Heart

-----  
TWELVE: RUTH WALTERS (United Kingdom; Female; 63)

September

-----  
ELEVEN: LORA COLON & BRI EDWARDS (United States; one of each;  
old enough! !) (1st for each; an 'Echo Poem')

Wetness (an echo poem)

-----  
TEN: SHAHZIA BATOOL (Pakistan; Female; 43)

My scattered Thoughts

-----  
NINE: M.J. LEMON (Canada; [see below]) (2nd poem)

Feeling Older

-----  
EIGHT: M.J. LEMON (Canada; believed to be Male & 'older' than  
some poets!) (1st poem)

Everyday

-----  
SEVEN: JJ EVENDON (United Kingdom; Male; 66)

Smile

-----  
SIX: CLARENCE PRINCE (Canada, via Jamaica and U.K.; Male;  
75) (2nd poem)

My New Friend

-----  
FIVE: CLARENCE PRINCE (Canada, via Jamaica and U.K.; Male;  
75) (1st poem)

Mothers Are Special!

-----  
FOUR: CHARLES DARNELL (United States; Male; 65)

Yahoo Buckaroo

-----  
THREE: AKHTAR JAWAD (Pakistan; Male; 70)

The Ice Cube

-----

TWO: MELVINA GERMAIN (Canada; Female; 70)  
poem)

(2nd

Longing Still For You

-----

ONE: MELVINA GERMAIN (Canada; Female; 70)

(1st poem)

Sensual Thoughts (Sharing A Sensual Delight For All Of You)

-----

(PLEASE leave blank. i SAID 'BLANK'! !)

=====  
=

HERE WE GO.....OCTOBER'S POETS AND POEMS:

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THE POETS AND THEIR POEMS .....(listed in REVERSE ORDER of when I entered them into this showcase) . After the list of poets and their poems you will find the poems. Enjoy!

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THE POETS:

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TWENTY-FOUR: SAVITA TYAGI (United States; Female; 67)

Playful Moon

-----

TWENTY-THREE: DELLA PERRY (United Kingdom; Female; 41) (1st poem)

Holiday Cocktails

-----  
TWENTY-TWO: ELENA PLOTKIN (United States; safe-to-say Female; ?)

Writers Of Yore

-----  
TWENTY-ONE: JAK BLACK (United Kingdom; Male; 41) (1st poem)

La Femme Fatale

-----  
TWENTY: RAY HART (Australia; Male; 69)

Her Song...

-----  
NINETEEN: AKHTAR JAWAD (Pakistan; Male; 70)

I Made God Laugh

-----  
EIGHTEEN: VALSA GEORGE (India; Female; 61) (1st poem)

Women- of the West and the East

-----  
SEVENTEEN: DOUGLAS SCOTNEY (Australia; Male; 62) (1st poem)

Stylishus Or Stylee

-----  
SIXTEEN: JOHN WESTLAKE (United Kingdom; Male; 31) (1st poem)

[[POEM TO BE CHANGED AT jw's request...to a Halloween one.

I would not do it except that Halloween is/wsa one of my favorite 'holidays';  
candy AND blood! what a combination.]]

255. Last Halloween

-----  
FIFTEEN: XELAM KHAN (Pakistan; Male; 96)

An Act Of God

-----  
FOURTEEN: KELLY KURT (United States; Male; 57)

Grasshoppers

-----  
THIRTEEN: IS IT POETRY (United States; Male; 100...hmm?)

Crooked And Bent Yet Straight

-----  
TWELVE: GERGANA TEOFILOVA (Bulgaria; Female; 29) (1st poem)

Blue

-----  
ELEVEN: RUTH WALTERS (United Kingdom; Female; 63)

Planet Strangeways

-----  
TEN: M J LEMON (Canada; Male; ?) (1st poem)

Nostalgia

-----  
NINE: BRIAN JOHNSTON (United States; Male; 72) (1st poem)

Dings In My Paint

-----  
EIGHT: CLARENCE PRINCE (Canada; Male; 75) (1st poem)

Okay At Christmas

-----  
SEVEN: EUGENE LEVICH (United States; Male; 78) (1st poem)

The Girl On The Street (Late September In Manhattan)

-----  
SIX: BRIAN JOHNSTON (United States; Male; 72) (1st poem)

World's End

-----  
FIVE: CHARLES DARNELL (United States; Male; 65)

Daughter

-----  
FOUR: MELVINA GERMAIN (Canada; Female; 70) (1st poem)

Stretched To The Limit

-----  
THREE: DARLENE WALSH (United States; Female; 21)

The Monster Beneath The Bed

-----  
TWO: KIM BARNEY (Brazil; Male; 100) (1st poem)

I Want To Sing With Willie

-----  
ONE: BRI EDWARDS (United States; Male; 67) (1st poem)



(Not-So-Pretty)

Alice Threw The Looking Glass.... [ Rock &

Roll Fairy Tale; Fantasy? ; 1970s; Short ]

=====  
===

THE POEMS:

[[ Please NOTE! I have put two of Brian Johnston's poems into this 'section A' of the October showcase.

It was done before I decided to just put ONE POEM from each poet (who submits two) into this 'section A'. I have not had a 'section B' in any other months, but it is time this month I think to add 'section B'. Section B shall accommodate the other '2nd' poems submitted for October.

Also, coming in November, I am planning to allow up to three poems (maybe) from each contributor IF one is FIVE LINES OR LESS in length, like a limerick. Let me know if this sounds good to any of you.

bri :)                    :)                    :)

=====

TWENTY-FOUR: by Savita Tyagi

Playful Moon

It is the whole truth and nothing but the truth!  
In Middle East the moon feels so close  
You could easily make it your friend.  
For instance when I took a walk  
In warm and dry desert night  
Upon brick pathway of housing compound  
Moon above played my childhood game.  
In a back and forth short walk of about thirty feet  
It would change its position three four times  
Jumping from one roof to other in zagged fashion.

I swear he played hopscotch all along!  
You know the way we played in our childhood!

-----  
TWENTY-THREE: by Della Perry

### Holiday Cocktails

She was allowed to buy the alcoholic drinks from the bar  
She was eighteen, England is lower to buy booze,  
She held the tall glasses with a multitude of colours in front of my jealous eyes  
each evening in the club,  
She, smiling falsely, teasing me,  
She sipped through the black straw  
She crooned in delight at each new flavour on her tongue  
She swirled the plastic sticks with little animals on the top  
She was collecting these as mementos,  
Wouldn't even give me one!  
Little monkeys with long tails, parrots, cats,  
She placed the little umbrellas in her hair  
Flicking her head around, all grown up,  
Giggled and smiled at the men  
Who smiled in return or leered,  
She showed off, she made me fume.  
Back at the caravan  
I laughed hysterically  
A twelve year old taunting her eighteen year old, hot head sister,  
As she spewed up her fancy cocktails  
Down the toilet and groaned  
'Never again...'

-----  
TWENTY-TWO: by Elena Plotkin

### Writers Of Yore

I know you won't believe me but... oh way back when  
There was a time before computers, paper, and pen.  
There were still writers who wrote with sticks in sand,  
mud on rock, perhaps even blood on their body and hand.

And the reason they tried to write their thoughts and ideas down  
Wasn't because they wanted to have them shared or passed around.  
But because they realized as the years were passing them by  
that their memory capacity was dwindling down... that's why.

-----  
Bri's note: Elena, I knew it all the time!  
-----

TWENTY-ONE: by Jak Black

La Femme Fatale.

Women, he thought, a weird crew,  
Except for maybe one or two.  
Those one or two may pass him by,  
No hello, nor yet good-bye.

He's attracted like a moth to flame,  
Or a pop star to the hall of fame.  
Her twinkling eyes entice him in,  
Surreptitiously, like a Mickey Finn.

Once trapped inside her cloying net,  
With powers of reasoning now upset,  
It'll come as no great surprise,  
His brain resides between his thighs.

-----  
TWENTY: by Ray Hart

Her Song...

I hear her singing hymn or secular,  
Phantom to Mighty Fortress in particular.  
All stops to take her in,  
I'm captured by own warming grin.

Vases of flowers lean toward her song,  
Brooks envy her melody day and night long.  
Birds carol outside her door,

Lost in rapture their hearts soar.

Clouds cease their wandering across the blue,  
To take in the wonder that is you.  
Each note you sing resembles the artist touch,  
As he brings to life a Mona Lisa or such.

Crickets hard to find, stop their noisy throng,  
Intent to take in an Angel's song.  
Fortunate is the husband whose heart does swell,  
For when he hears her notes they lift him from his hell.

(10/7/2013)

-----

NINETEEN: by Akhtar Jawad

I Made God Laugh

I was walking on the roof of my lovely house,  
being annoyed of my hysterical spouse,  
I saw energy being converted with a flash of light,  
a strange human, an amazing sight,  
converted matter watched was an alien, 'Male or female? ',  
I asked the alien. 'Not matters, you are old and stale',  
but I can renovate you in a youth, be it so,  
by the way, bisexual, don't need a spouse,  
we are gypsies, don't built a house.'  
I felt within my heart a to and fro!  
'Thanks Mr./Ms. Allen, now I shall marry once again,  
I am a charming youth, why should I refrain? '  
The alien laughed like a cut throat knife,  
'Have a look at the garments of your wife.',  
The garments I had washed in the early noon,  
looked quiet new in a light of the moon.  
Smaller in size dancing like a teen aged girl,  
Appeared shrink with a diamond and a pearl

-----

Bri's note: I'm waiting to find out if the 'alien's' last name is 'Allen', or Alien!  
Either one is fine with me. :)

-----  
EIGHTEEN: by Valsa George

Women- of the West and the East

East or west, women are stressed  
Concede it or not, they are beguiled n' choked

Women everywhere have hang ups  
But often thrive on cover ups  
Complex is their mental make up  
Excuses come to them tacitly made up

Inscrutable are their ways  
None can, their actions, appraise  
With intuition, they do amaze  
But are often duped by praise

An enigma, they often remain  
To suit to the need they may feign  
It is hard for them to take strain  
In the eyes of men, they are vain

With such common traits, as they fare  
Women widely differ in the West and the East

Bold and fearless is the lady of the West  
There she is almost on par with men  
In a ballroom she can sing and dance  
Even after sundown she roams round  
She can sprawl on the beach  
And ski over the Deep  
She is well coiffed  
Has cherry red lips and glossy face  
In parties, her flowing frock sweeps the rugs  
Diamonds flash in her ear lobes  
They adorn her neck and fingers  
But Alas! Often is seen with eyes sad  
Spirits low and face drawn  
No smile lights her lips

While revelers sing and dance  
She looks eternally glum  
For her, future is far from promising  
With relentless insecurity shrouding

What is it that nags her?  
What steals her inner calm?  
A stark desertion, she fears by her lover/ companion  
As beauty fades and age withers  
She dreads the absence of children near  
To relieve her of her drab existence

For women of the East  
It has been far tougher for centuries  
Here a girl struggles to be born  
The mother's womb can be her sepulcher  
Once born, no guarantee for survival  
Fate like a haunting falcon  
With claws sharp and eyes intent  
Targets and preys on her  
Like a piece of organic garbage,  
Unscrupulous hands may hurl her to the bin  
Or bundled and cast on railway tracks  
Or discarded on crowded platforms  
If she out lives this  
Still vultures may circle round  
To feed on her flesh, raw and red

No oracle or miracle  
Could ever change her life  
None knows what awaits her  
Despite these daunting odds  
She grabs life's better moments  
Raise happy kids  
Keep the family intact  
Stick to the wedlock  
Be it loop or lock  
Like a balanced acrobat  
She does the tight rope walk  
For the storms that rage without,  
To her, is less insidious.  
Never is she tossed by the unseasonal blizzards

For she is born in fire  
And can easily brave the burning heat!

-----  
SEVENTEEN: by Douglas Scotney

Stylishus Or Stylee?

Wear and wen  
a pome hazn't much  
ov a chairns or charns,  
a stylish won haz less  
(perhaps unless  
it's fu-knee or  
poynting 2 a floor.)

In n-knee cays,  
in theez teksting tyms,  
it's 'stylish' no mor;  
it's the sekund choys in the tytul,  
az shortness iz vytul  
(tho not at the ekspens  
ov sens.)

-----  
Bri's note: Gee, why are so many words underlined in RED?

-----  
SIXTEEN: by John Westlake

[[POEM TO BE CHANGED AT jw's request...to a Halloween one.  
I would not do it except that Halloween is/was one of my favorite 'holidays';  
candy AND blood! what a combination.]]

255. Last Halloween

Last Halloween night was just so weird  
I had a crazy one  
hoping that this one with be a little less so  
but last time I did have some fun

A vampire dropped in for a quick bite  
because he thought I wasn't awake  
he ran off crying  
when I threatened him with a well done steak

I had a bone to pick with a skeleton  
who managed to get into a fight  
locked up three ghosts in a spirits cupboard  
I guess I gave them a fright

I hit a zombie with a bat  
before it flew off in a huff  
it ran to its mummy for help  
and it told them to not be so rough

I played chess with a werewolf  
who was so crazy he was barking  
he'd be in trouble in the morning  
as he'd failed to pay for parking

I had an argument with a witch  
who wanted to ask for her broom  
and when the zombies turned up also  
I knew I was going to run out of room

As the sun rose the next morning  
through the leaves the colour of rust  
all my visitors just disappeared  
leaving behind their dust

Yes that time was rather fun I thought  
as I finally got back into bed  
but worry ye not dear friends  
because it only happened inside my head

-----

FIFTEEN: by Xelam Khan

An Act Of God

Like a shadow in the dark



do not follow me, O easeful death!  
Come, hold me closed  
in your white wings.  
would it be an act of god  
if i kiss thy coldest lips?

A cabaret in the backstage  
is not much scandalous  
as a razor sharp Stripper  
of the weekend am i,  
In frosty years of life  
tried to read a blueprint  
of fate, designed in haste.

And it  
revealed unto me  
a secret, has never been told...

-----  
FOURTEEN: by Kelly Kurt

### Grasshoppers

The old, pea-graveled alley behind the church  
Over-grown with grasses and weeds  
Came alive today  
Chain reactions of bounding chaos  
One camouflaged cricket cousin would spring  
Landing among his brethren, setting them to leap  
Cascading north and south, east and west  
Like popcorn in a skillet, the motion swelled, then subsided  
The seven year old in me couldn't resist  
I waded carefully into the swarm  
Mindful of where I stepped  
Intent on triggering a riot, and securing a slowpoke  
The alley erupted in anarchy as I snatched for my prize  
Pelted from my waist down by the panicked pouncers  
A few, clinging to my clothing  
Quickly, I placed my palm over the one on my hip  
Enfolding it gently into my hand  
Just as I remembered from my childhood days

The anxious insect was strong  
Tickling my palm as it tried in vain to escape  
I held it for only a few seconds  
Those seconds took me back fifty years  
As I opened my hand, the grasshopper immediately sprang  
Landing almost ten feet and five decades away

-----

THIRTEEN: by Is It Poetry

### Crooked And Bent Yet Straight

Some while back  
I was within and without  
it was not a thick hazzy fog nor that of a long fading dream  
here where I stood near you.  
I could see most of you  
looking out of the bright green stained window.  
There were women and not too few were the men  
and the colours they shone none the same.  
I thought you knew she said unto me she was straight  
I was bent backwards in an awkward way sitting up straight  
losing time far away from the center.  
Living one life I over heard another one speaking of death  
having lived such a life where none lived.  
There were readers like you watching people like me  
doing what they do not to you.  
When people like you can have such a deep need for.  
Some few were neck deep into sex  
while others engaged in promiscuous ways that none  
like you had a need for.  
Others drank and smoked crack  
there were many others I saw and described that reminded  
you of me yet mostly a view of your mirrored selves.  
Those that have egos as big as the void  
were down on all fours giving out favors to those  
that held a higher office but hidden from you.  
Your imagination's how it runs wild  
knowing the same you wish you could do to your selves.  
Is this why subconsciously you love what they are.  
Knowing they are what you aren't I've said they are not

the twisting of bodies into ungodly straight knots.  
He screams of pain where she gets him off in some old mans world  
where Thirty's too old to get up.  
Hence you don't fear what you should and another ones gone.  
This should make you warm and warm to cold when it's hot.  
For those whom have lived in the light they now share and it's  
all what they promised to you  
and false prophets they have delivered to you.  
Now capitalism is to take some of your lives if they can  
and thus your children you will eat out of tin cans.  
The water will rise not like in your dreams no more nights  
will you dance in the rain.

-----

TWELVE: by Gergana Teofilova

Blue

Blue the solitary color of sadness,  
Pressed against a tower of smiles  
It epitomizes blurry points of madness,  
Hidden deep beneath a pile of guile  
A color only understood by people,  
Been through ordeals in black and grey,  
Who've been locked up in a kind of steeple  
That prevented them from the light of day

Blue the shade of childhood tears,  
Leaving cold traces of hurt in the night  
Blue the shade of painful years,  
Spent all alone and embraced in blight  
Blue the shade of a heart in love,  
Cruelly forsaken and betrayed to pine  
Blue the shade of a snow-white dove,  
Lying broken on the street for a cat to find

Blue the shade of a mother's smile,  
Who's lost her first-born baby in demon claws,  
Blue the shade of waiting as long as the Nile

For the return of a loved one, so full of flaws  
Blue the shade of dreams all forgotten,  
Where hope has long written a message in dust  
Blue the shade of visions, forbidden and rotten,  
When fading away causes nothing but rust

Blue the shade of an animal's fur,  
Hideously hit and ditched by a drunken man,  
Blue the shade of all things that occur,  
And crash down ruthlessly and are never planned  
Blue the shade of the rain falling down,  
When there's nobody to share it out  
Blue the shade of the clamor in town,  
Heard by a speechless witness, anxious to shout

Blue the shade of the morning sea  
Gently kissing away yesterday's joy,  
Blue the shade of a table with fresh made tea,  
Surrounded by wooden chairs and a sobbing boy  
Blue the shade of the twilight sky,  
So lonely without its evanescent stars  
Blue the shade of the eyes of a guy  
Who sold his own future like they do used cars

Blue is a color often selected,  
Mostly related to subjects and clothes,  
It is modern and seldom neglected  
When shoes get chosen and hand-bags disposed  
But it's also the color of misfortune befallen,  
Which may only be felt, not heard, touched or seen,  
And when one realizes that their soul has been stolen  
It's usually too late to cry or redeem

-----  
ELEVEN: by Ruth Walters

Planet Strangeways

Melanie preened,  
she licked

and she polished

green spindly feelers  
and scales on her  
body.

It was a warm day  
on planet  
Strangeways

and she'd planned  
a large picnic  
with alien titbits

Of course she'd  
been waiting  
some years for this treat

but wouldn't give up  
although  
a bit miffed.

By the time that  
the spaceship  
eventually came

her stomach  
was churning,  
she'd grown very thin

but the human  
was plump  
and all would be good

if she soaked it  
in worm juice and  
added moose pud'.

-----  
Bri's note: Look up 'moose nose pudding'. do it now!  
-----

TEN: by M J Lemon

## Nostalgia

All that has happened  
is so good that it  
deserves the memory,  
the recollection, the vanity?  
A war story?

Nothing would have changed  
should have changed  
Needed to be forgotten  
long, long ago?

Some things you cannot forget  
Others you want to keep alive  
Either way, do they both belong  
in the best of all possible worlds?

What about those times your mind raced  
At the speed of sound but  
the body couldn't move around,  
Weighed down, as if lumber or the slumber  
of rotting meat? Surely, that was defeat?

You forget that only a moment earlier  
It was the other way around.

Eighteen months later  
and all was normal.  
But that was then;  
this is now.

If all is so right with every single moment,  
Why look so much forward  
To the past?

-----  
NINE: by Brian Johnston

## Dings In My Paint

Well I don't know about you long suffering friend,  
But there's hardly a day that goes by  
I don't wake up and notice the dings in my paint  
How the sun is now rising up high in the sky  
While I think of my tasks still undone,  
That the finish line clearly is someplace I ain't.

Please allow me to move my analogy on  
Just to say I could use some new parts  
For there's clearly hair missing in front, more in back  
And its color is faded, in fact almost white  
Though I don't like to think myself vain  
It sure feels like that somehow I'm under attack.

That the bloom's off the rose is in fact a sure thing  
My voice too is beginning to fade  
For my high notes are lower, my perfect pitch gone  
And at times even sound of my voice disappears  
It must rest for a while, it's grown old,  
As if musical talents have been overdrawn.

Of my trunk, oh my trunk, God, my trunk, dare I speak  
Of the mess that is found deep inside?  
It's a moving trash bin that took one on the chin  
Down for nine counts and flat on the mat, what a fight!  
Does man live that's not stained with remorse  
And spare tire that fills each woman's heart with chagrin?

But at last as my tale of woe comes to an end,  
I have found myself feeling relief,  
It seems possible my life may still produce seed.  
Though I know that not everyone likes the same tune,  
Am I dreaming that I hear you laugh?  
What a joy if my poetry filled such a need!

-----  
Bri's note: 'Get thee to the 'body shop', pronto! ' :)  
-----

EIGHT: by Clarence Prince

Okay At Christmas

First let me say merry Christmas  
Hope you haven't yet spent up to the max  
For again this is such a time of the year  
When you should take a little more care  
And for Christ's sake do what's fair  
Prepare yourself to do a little charity  
Then let those with much help others fairly  
Even if you can't afford to do a great lot  
The Saviour sees and knows what you've got  
Just do your best He will do the rest  
Do the work of love you'll be blessed  
He whose birthday you're hoping to celebrate  
Doubtless you guess He requires no less  
Than for everyone to have a merry Christmas  
Join me with a cheer for who takes care  
To help the less fortunate share a Christmas  
Happy be your spirit all along the way  
The Child who was born upon this day  
He reigns, our Saviour Christ the Lord  
Three cheers to all for a merry Christmas  
Let everyone give thanks for Christ the Lord  
The beloved Son of God came to us at last  
Who went on the cross and paid the cost  
He did it to stop man from getting lost  
Lift your hands and say merry Christmas

-----  
SEVEN: by Eugene Levich

The Girl On The Street (Late September In Manhattan)

She walked by so quickly  
Her beauty touched only like a feather  
About twenty or so



Impossibly slender, lithe, and lovely  
The Goddess Diana  
Small upturned breasts  
Apples in the Garden of Eden  
What the Italians call  
"Piccoli ma sinceri"  
Small but sincere  
And for a second under her dark hood  
One glimpsed a pale pretty face  
And blond hair

-----  
SIX: by Brian Johnston

## World's End

### Part 1

This is a true story about world's end,  
But don't freak out for it was long ago  
God's message must have been garbled...  
That the prophet's prophecy failed you know.

And since those days in sixty eight  
Such prophecies I now dismiss  
Quite easily, I know the score,  
For Bible says no man knows this.

In South Dakota, there's a river meander  
Called Lower Brule, on Indian land,  
With twenty-eight sections of grass inside...  
The Missouri corralled Dad's cattle brand.

Two thousand cattle roamed unbroken land,  
My summer job to mow and stack  
Enough grass for food the whole winter...  
For in it's icy grip there's no way back.

Our days were long and we worked hard,  
New food supplies two hours by car

No TV helped to change our view  
Of what was normal, what bizarre.

But how can I communicate the loneliness  
Of such a life, though it is true day's works  
And meals brought us at least a taste  
Of civilization's near forgotten perks.

Near forty minute drive to nearest farm  
As well, where lived a girl my age it seems,  
As soon as I discovered this, though yet unmet,  
Her aspect soon was fodder for my dreams.

This knowledge occasioned visit to her farm  
Our very next road trip to town for supplies  
And was she a cute farmer's daughter  
With skin smooth as cream and mischievous eyes.

Oh let me share how first visit ended,  
With church invitation on coming Sunday,  
Which I of course could not refuse  
Although its denouement was not fun day.

How my excitement rose when Sunday came,  
Drove to their farm to join their ride to town  
And quite enjoyed the family on the way  
Embracing warm acceptance like renown.

## Part 2

Well the Chamberlin church we attended,  
Was an hour by dirt road from their farm,  
And the building of non-descript nature  
That was simple but still had its charm.

The church chapel was longer than depth was,  
With three folk on raised stage also long  
An accordion, bass drum for rhythm,  
And harmonica supplements song.

We were led by the preacher's hands waving  
His drum's foot pedal gave us a beat,

And with instruments played by two women  
Seemed our little church band was complete.

Well the music that day was familiar  
As we first sang one song and then more  
Something strange, the time given to music,  
Growling stomach was hard to ignore.

Wooden pews that we sat on were comfy  
Perhaps two hundred folk in the flock  
But when music went past forty minutes,  
I was starting to glare at the clock.

I'd been thinking of lunch for some time now  
But at last singing stops, sermon starts  
And most saw something strange on the altar  
With a sense that their path's off the charts.

I could hardly believe the unfolding  
But the "good news" was end of the world,  
There were gasps, many tears, and prayers swallowed,  
As his message from God was unfurled.

He invited us all to the altar,  
A last chance for confession of sin,  
We'd just days for loans needing repayment  
To help purge all the evil within.

All alone, just a boy, I reflected,  
As the whole crowd moved up to the stage,  
Where with great fear they bemoaned this outcome...  
My choice tough for a man any age.

Yes our Christ will return for He promised,  
That is just why I trust so in Grace,  
Feel no need to convince God of birthright,  
In Christ's love all sin gone without trace.

The one Christian perhaps who I see here  
Was the one who just walked out the door.  
It felt good stepping out of this melee  
And God's justice all I'm looking for.

Now I've finally come to the best part  
How the preacher knew World's End was near  
For Canaveral's rockets disgraced man  
His faith based not in Love but in Fear.

Yes, our shooting those holes up in heaven  
Was now finally causing man's fall,  
And our Scientist's quest for more knowledge,  
Was just bringing destruction to all.

Just a postscript about farmer's daughter,  
Couldn't spend my life focused on sin,  
For the world in my world has future  
And with Science and Love man can win.

-----  
Bri's note: this computer 'says' 'nondescript' is NOT hyphenated, but I'll allow it.  
poetic license! :)

-----  
FIVE: by Charles Darnell

Daughter

Heart-shaped face  
Framed with curls,  
Ice-blue eyes,  
She had three.

Covered her forehead  
To look normal,  
Then jerk her hand  
Away with a shark tooth  
Grin.

Blackie steered clear,  
Spit and hissed  
When cornered,  
Laughter like  
Razorblades.

No sitter would ever  
Come,  
Despite extravagant compensation.

Her kiss goodnight  
Lingered too long,  
Cold compression  
Shivered.

She looked back  
As she sauntered to bed,  
And winked at me  
With the middle one.

-----  
FOUR: by Melvina Germain

Stretched To The Limit

In all my unhappiness rivers do run cold  
an ancient body tires in a state of old.  
When trials become the worded tale,  
an old woman becomes the pale.

A wretched time of life, rude and cruel  
false promises turn smart people to fools.  
To pause from reality, live in delusions midst  
presents the mark who laid down for a kiss.

Wiped clean a mountain years to build  
took hope and trust away, an old cads skill.  
Mourn, mourn though death has not occurred,  
worse than death hell happened in a word.

-----  
THREE: by Darlene Walsh

## The Monster Beneath The Bed

What is that you're seeing  
in the corner of your eye  
Stealthy foot steps following  
never passing by

In the corner of the mirror  
watching when you blink  
It is patient and silent  
and deadlier than you think

It's biding time for years  
until the time is ripe  
Until you've grown enough  
and are just the right type

When you have grown enough  
to be a tasty morsel  
From beneath the bed it comes  
through a secret portal

In silence it is waiting  
needing to be fed  
Out in darkness slithering  
from beneath your bed

In your sleep it comes  
needing to be fed  
Nibbling a tasty morsel  
until you are dead

-----  
TWO: by Kim Barney

I Want To Sing With Willie

I want to sing with Willie;  
I know most every song  
and the parts that I'm not sure of,  
well, I'd just kinda hum along.

I want to sing with Willie;  
he shouldn't have to sing alone.  
I could plug one nostril  
to get his same nasal tone.

I want to sing with Willie;  
we're almost the same ripe age.  
We'd look about like brothers  
together there on that stage.

I want to sing with Willie;  
my beard could be just as big.  
My hair I don't like long, though,  
so I'd need a braided wig.

I want to sing with Willie  
now that Waylon's not around  
so if you hear he needs a partner  
please tell him one's been found!

-----  
Bri's note: Kim's poem's page has a great photo and Poet's Note.  
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ONE: by Bri Edwards

(Not-So-Pretty) Alice Threw The Looking Glass.... [ Rock &  
Roll Fairy Tale; Fantasy? ; 1970s; Short ]

Author Lewis Carroll might have a freaking stroke, if....  
he knew I sullied HIS title to make a PoemHunter joke.  
Yet MY Alice was not from Carroll's amazing 'Wonderland'.  
She WAS an 'immoral singer' in a famous 70s Rock & Roll band.

Not Cinderella either, but my Alice often smoked a fat roach...

while lounging in her chauffeured pink Rolls-Royce touring coach.  
And she sipped too much whiskey from her shoe and fell on her ass,  
but her shoes, unlike Cinderella's, were of alligator, NOT made of glass.

Not pretty Snow White was she either, of the 7-Dwarfs-fame,  
though 'coke', white as snow, Ms. A. snorted; don't (you)  
ME blame!  
I had tried to straighten her out, to keep her happy, along with her crew.  
The thanks I got was ten stitches..... when (the looking glass)  
she threw.

Just two wild months after that unfortunate night, way back in 1978,  
I got a wake-up call from the police one day, at 1 p.m. (we stayed up late) .  
Alice had been found dead (by a maid) in her hotel suite in  
Canada (lively Toronto) .  
Now, her manager no longer, my new McDonalds boss yells 'Two more burgers!  
Pronto!

(March 19 2015)

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Bri Edwards



# A Showcase For P H Poets: October 2015: Section ' B '.... [sharing Poems; Not A Contest; Monthly On Bri Edwards' P H Site]

Please note that this is "Section B", not "Section A", for October's "Showcase". This month, for the first time, I've decided I was running out of poem space .... to display all the great poems from my PH friends and some others perhaps. So PLEASE visit both "Section A" AND "Section B". AND let there be NO lapse .... in the continuity of October's offerings, from poets, like you, to you, the Readers!  
!

(October 9th, 2015)

bri :)

['Section B' to be continued, starting on Oct.11th,2015.

In Section B, the poets and poems shall be listed in descending instead of ascending order, based on the dates I receive them. ]

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Please feel free to visit 'Section A' of the recent showcases, especially the October showcase, in order to read more about the showcase and some of the 'guidelines', 'regulations', and other 'information' about the showcase(s) , and to see previously used poems and the poets who contributed the poems.

bri :)

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THE POETS:

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(with the most recent contributors listed at the TOP  
of the list [this is a change from all of the 'Sections A']) .

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FORTY-SIX: SAVITA TYAGI (United States; Female; 67) (2nd poem)

LOOKING BACK

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FORTY-FIVE: IS IT POETRY (United States; Male; 100) (2nd poem)

My Fellow Brothers And Sisters

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FORTY-FOUR: R. K. HART (Australia; Male; 69) (2nd poem)

How Much Do I Need You

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FORTY-THREE: GERGANA TEOFILOVA (Bulgaria; Female; 29) (2nd poem)

The Night of Halloween

-----

FORTY-TWO: CHARLES DARNELL (United States; Male; 65) (2nd poem)

Anything

-----

FORTY-ONE: RUTH WALTERS (United Kingdom; Female; 63) (2nd poem)

Morning Streets

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FORTY: XELAM KAN (Pakistan; Male; 96) (2nd poem)

Tooty Fruity Booty

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THIRTY-NINE: KELLY KURT (United States; Male; 57) (2nd poem)

Before Their Time

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THIRTY-EIGHT: DELLA PERRY (United Kingdom; Female; 41) (2nd poem)

The Bedroom

-----

THIRTY-SEVEN: VALSA GEORGE (India; Female; 61) (2nd poem)

The Calm Before The Storm

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THIRTY-SIX: JAK BLACK (United Kingdom; Male; 41) (2nd poem)

Poetic Art.

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THIRTY-FIVE: DOUGLAS SCOTNEY (Australia; Male; 62) (2nd poem)

White Lies

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THIRTY-FOUR: M J LEMON (Canada; -; -) (2nd poem)

Urbanity

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THIRTY-THREE: JOHN WESTLAKE (United Kingdom; Male; 31) (2nd)

poem)

248. Dear Diary 2005

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THIRTY-TWO: MELVINA GERMAIN (Canada; Female; 70) (2nd poem)

Wisdom's Feast

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THIRTY-ONE: AKHTAR JAWAD (Pakistan; Male; 70) (2nd poem)

If Columbus' Ship Would Have Lost In Bermuda Triangle

-----

THIRTY: CLARENCE PRINCE (Canada; Male; 75) (2nd poem)

In Wants For More

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TWENTY-NINE: EUGENE LEVICH (United States; Male; 78) (2nd poem)

Mrs. Tanky Man

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TWENTY-EIGHT: DARLENE WALSH (United States; Female; 21) (2nd poem)

Shadows In The Dark

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TWENTY-SEVEN: KIM BARNEY (Brazil; Male; 100) (2nd poem)

Shall I Compare Thee To A Bale Of Hay?

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TWENTY-SIX: BRI EDWARDS (United States; Male; 67)  
poem)

(2nd

Two Dozen Un-typed Poems ..... [ poems I've written on paper; PH submissions?  
; Medium]

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THE POEMS:

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FORTY-SIX: by Savita Tyagi

Looking Back

A dragonfly came and flew in flash of time  
While I looked at flowerbeds filled with grime.

I too flew with her to a distant land back in time  
Back then those little beauties weren't that scarce.

Gardens used to be filled with grasshoppers  
Butterflies were plenty to be chased around.

Yes many lost their wings between our little fingers  
But we knew nothing better in childhood explorations.

In afternoons mounds of dirt in empty fields  
Were huge to our eyes for trekking expeditions.

On rainy days upon mossy grounds wading  
Through mud parting tall blades of wet grass,

We picked frogs and worms with slimy skins  
Jumping in excitement as they slipped away.

Heat or cold we found a way to learn and enjoy  
What our surroundings offered in abundance.

Those childhood memories filled with beautiful  
Wonders of nature came back looking at dragon fly.

-----

FORTY-FIVE: by Is It Poetry

### My Fellow Brothers And Sisters

Here where it's dark, I still watch.  
Ironic delusions rich metaphors, I could still use, I shall not.  
Millions have come and have since paid the price,  
summer is gone here where I wait, fall arrives.

Here where it's light here, where I deeply sleep scantily covered in green.  
Like you I once was, even then here like all of you now.  
Trapped each night in desperate dreams here where you're at  
out side looking in through the cold frosted glass I shall wait.

Heavenly Father for those that believe and for those whom need prayer  
and dread the coming night sharing your dreams with a stranger.  
Sleeping your sleep and as such like a thief I come in.  
As a giant green moth that flies deep into the light and echoes the past,  
as to why I am yours and as such you are mine.

Now here where I speak to those that are dead and breathing each breath  
the breath of white light that blows  
into the breasts of those whom in need have need of the rest  
out side where it's dark fall has arrived as I shut my eyes winter comes.

-----

Bri's note: If you care to leave a comment on the poem's page, it may be listed  
as 'My Fellow Brothers and Sisterd'. I think iip means it to be 'Sisters'. :) bri

-----

FORTY-FOUR: by R. K. Hart

How Much Do I Need You.

How much do I need you?  
As much as a sky needs to be blue.  
Why would I need you?  
Without you, my heart beats untrue.

A valley needs the scent of flower,  
Here I lay for many an hour.  
Like the body needs air,  
I need you with your hair so fair.

As the heart needs the blood of life,  
So I must have you as my beloved wife.  
The ocean must have a sandy shore,  
I must have you to love and adore.

As a warrior greatly needs a fort,  
Without you, life would come to naught.  
Without you my existence would be nil,  
But I will hold you fast, should God will.

-----

FORTY-THREE: by Gergana Teofilova

The Night Of Halloween

Witches and ghosts, scary creatures,  
Black cats silently sneaking behind the trees,  
So many pumpkins with ominous features,  
Their fiery eyes are burning your knees  
It is a night of horror and terror,  
Thirsty vampires feast on innocent blood,  
Children...watch out, don't make any errors,  
Those crow-like claws are so thick with mud

The moon in the sky is full, bright and smiling,

There are no clouds to hinder her fun,  
The million stars are gently beguiling,  
'Join us if you dare, show up but don't run! '  
Tonight the thread between the worlds is fine,  
The souls of the dead cross over for life,  
It has been like this since old, ancient times,  
A tradition invented by gods, ready to strive

People dress up as monsters and mummies,  
Trying to show they don't fear the dark,  
They don't understand they're nothing but dummies,  
A single wrong move and they are just stiff and stark  
The shadows out there have been waiting to revel,  
Their sinister wails ruthlessly chill to the bone  
'Come out and simply dance with the devil! ...  
Or you may not see your mundane sins ever atoned! '

All Hallows' Eve is just like no other,  
Heaven is not trying to prevail over Hell,  
Demons and angels are walking like brothers,  
As if someone has put them under a spell  
Giving out candy will not hold them back,  
They keep flaming, thus turning gloom into sheen,  
When morning comes there won't be even a track,  
But never mind... enjoy the night of Halloween

-----  
FORTY-TWO: by Charles Darnell

Anything

They say love makes you crazy.  
Do things you wouldn't dream of,  
Stretch your bruised brain  
When you hold out arms  
To her.

Her smile makes you weak,  
Light-headed,  
Dazzled by eyes,



Like novas.

You ache to please,  
Be her better man,  
Throw your naked chest  
On broken glass.

If she asked,  
You'd reach beyond the stars,  
Grab him by his snowy beard,  
And toss God from his own heaven.

-----

FORTY-ONE: by Ruth Walters

Morning Streets

Muddied pools soak shoes  
on grey pavements  
as men in suits walk by  
and children's voices squeak.

I sit inside a metal box,  
a small car (Eco friendly)  
reliving last night's sexy treats  
a saucy smile on my lips.

Mothers run their kids to school,  
workmen whistle, loud and rude  
but all I muster is  
a sleepy stare.

Traffic roars as rain cascades,  
fashion trends float by,  
as mindless plebs drop litter  
on the streets.

Jail bait gurlies, half nude, all tattooed  
wearing killer, ladies shoes,  
totter by the bus stop

as men's eyes glaze and pop.

Last nights drunks look pale faced now,  
swaying along crowded roads  
as if they're doing  
tangos in the breeze.

They rock and roll and trip and fall  
looking ragged in the dawn  
as hungry dogs  
use legs as their latrines.

Shops throw up their blinds at last  
as pensioners join morning queues  
and police car sirens blast,  
confounding brains.

I pull into the drive at work,  
some guy's blocked my way, the jerk,  
and stumble in  
to grab my morning tea.

-----  
FORTY: by Xelam Kan

Tooty Fruity Booty

Since turned SEXteen, I'm  
enkindled by sensations strange:  
itching, hot, but serene,  
and try to seek rainbow  
in my sleepless nights,  
thou' scare if go outside.

Oh the problem is my sheer physique:  
when my jiggly bum and  
jugs are viewd,  
then the wild luxury of MAN  
is sprung upon me  
like the buzzing bees.

And when a flirty wind tickles  
my ever growing stretching shirt,  
I can see their sordid fantasies  
in their lusty, stinky looks,  
and they call me then  
a tooty fruity booty.

But I'm a bitter pill to swallow,  
they surely don't know.

-----

THIRTY-NINE: by Kelly Kurt

Before Their Time

An overcast morning, as still as my foggy mind  
Decorated by the leaves coming to a peak  
Whispered that this fleeting glory  
Once every elliptical orbit  
Was to be abridged

By coffee's end, the skies were clearing  
Swept out, it seemed, by the north wind  
Howling in contempt of warm air  
The once meagerly leaf dappled terrain  
Chaotically rustled with detached thousands  
Eddying, streaming, screaming  
Many were crunchy brown corpses  
But many were also painted ladies  
Forced from their hospice before their time  
Some still cleaving to middle-aged green  
None were immune  
Schools of petite orange sumac leaves  
Romped around oversized catalpas  
Like minnows teasing a flounder  
Pine needles, yellowed by a dry spell  
And loosened by an early October chill  
Overspread an earlier blanket

Across the yet emerald lawns  
The sound was slightly softened  
But in the streets, the stampedes resounded  
Passing cars swirled the pandemonium  
Launching trees-full back up to fall again  
Corners and crannies collected the carnage

Sunset ushered in rolling, low clouds  
Darkness fell abruptly as the gusts persisted  
Leaving wooden giants in a state of undress  
Limbs still flailing, but unable to conceal their indignity  
Deciduous scaffolds

First frost had yet to fall  
Pumpkins, still awaited their fate  
Nonetheless, a premature diminishment  
Fall's blushes blown away too soon

-----  
THIRTY-EIGHT: by Della Perry

### The Bedroom

Crocheted blankets for babies, times three  
Never finished the one for the Christmas fetus  
Why was he not born?  
Pile of soiled clothes in a sprawled piece of art on the rug  
Boots with mud caked soles  
A lamp, murky brown, no bulb, useless, ugly,  
A lonely six string  
Favourite book on bedside table, spine bent,  
Slimer, Harry Adam Knight  
The Tarot book, The Fool comes to mind  
Library books picked and read fervently  
Oranges are Not the Only Fruit, Jeanette!  
Snot covered tissues  
A clean sanitary pad  
Germoline  
Black Country Dialect book for Welsh Carys  
Butterfly adorned writing pad

The remote  
And a jammie dodger faux biscuit bracelet.

-----  
THIRTY-SEVEN: by Valsa George

### The Calm Before The Storm

Far across the sea, I watched a blazing hue,  
And my eyes feasted on the brilliance of the setting sun.  
Beside me, the lulled sea moved on and on,  
Like a bird on wings that dives and soars.

A cool breeze flitted across my face,  
Like the caressing touch by the Beloved's hands,  
I watched the clouds that trailed along,  
Hanging a canopy over the azure sky.

Below my feet, lay the sandy shore,  
Extending miles on end to infinite lengths,  
I lay on it with my arms out stretched,  
And my mind lost in the maze of unending thoughts.

I brooded over the mysteries still hidden to man,  
Yearning to peer into caverns, the ocean hid.  
Struck by a sense of awe, I reposed,  
While my gaze fixed on the firmament of stars.

As the salubrious air glided past,  
I swam into a state of self - abandonment.  
Bliss was it to be in the company of mermaids,  
Dancing and singing in celestial cheer.

I wonder why the melodious strains,  
Had given way to a thunderous roar? ?  
Behind me I heard the deadening sound,  
Of roaring waves, lashing on the cliffs.

Swift as lightening, they surged over,

Swivelling the sands I lay upon,  
Oh! Again and over again, the booming thud,  
It fell heavily in my fretful ears!

Before I could sense what was on,  
I found myself swept away by the current,  
To be cast in the abyss of the unnumbered,  
Those hapless souls, eaten up by the Tsunami waves! !

-----

THIRTY-SIX: by Jak Black

Poetic Art.

Let your words paint a picture,  
We together can share.  
Delve deep within,  
Your soul to lay bare.

Paint me a picture  
To lock in my heart.  
A treasure to warm me,  
While we're far apart.

Paint the garden of memories  
That I wander through.  
Paint a smile and a teardrop,  
And that promise anew.

Paint me your sigh,  
Your warm breath on my cheek.  
Paint me your kiss,  
Your aura mystique.

Paint, for me, this longing,  
In letters so bold.  
Paint a love that's still fresh,  
Even tho' we've grown old.

Paint me your heartbeat,

With the stroke of your pen.  
Paint a picture of hope,  
Until we meet again.

---

THIRTY-FIVE: by Douglas Scotney

White Lies

To ease  
the depression  
in the growing number  
of brains caring  
for the growing  
number of bodies  
with dying brains,  
brains are lying  
that they're stopping  
brains from dying.

---

THIRTY-FOUR: by M J Lemon

Urbanity

People in this city come and go  
Buildings walk away  
Carried to the landfills

A neighbour reclaims sod  
Placing old boards and bricks together  
Births makeshift living space

Before any earthquake strikes  
Taxes take, authorities take  
What greater change can-  
any disaster make?

-----  
THIRTY-THREE: by John Westlake

248. Dear Diary 2005

Dear diary  
I have to let my thoughts out  
and you are the only one around  
who can bothered to listen without judging  
I need to tell you what is going on  
in the hope that you'll understand

I have a darkness in my soul that I can't shift  
it's been there for far too long  
there is nothing I can do to remove it  
the problem is that this darkness is growing

I have a burning lust for vengeance  
that I can't explain or satisfy  
it eats away at my mind sometimes  
especially when I am angry

My moods are getting worse  
more changeable than a roller coaster  
and much more deadly  
at least with a ride you can eventually leave  
but I'm stuck on this one until I die

I never seem to get things right  
no matter how much I try  
the failure is weighing me down  
as people only remember my mistakes

Been accused of way too much shit lately  
that I haven't even done or wanted to  
even though they were never proved to be true  
people will just remember the false accusations



I think it's time that I went now  
I do hope that you'll understand  
thanks for listening to me in my time of need  
I just hope you can keep this all a secret  
at least until the time is right  
before then you will always be  
my dear diary

-----  
Bri's note: Don't worry 'John'. Your secret is safe with me.  
-----

THIRTY-TWO: by Melvina Germain

Wisdom's Feast

O maiden sweet as honey God's gift certainly brings,  
to the vineyards of plenty only the privileged sings  
and Queens who sit jubilant upon earthly thrones  
carry little less than value as do the proudest drones.

Virgins may dance passionate rhythms of earth's moon  
whilst matrons lag behind hoping once more to swoon.  
Poor, poor dears what will the outcome be,  
to cry in a river of pain or come back to reality.

Face up ye women of despair, only you can mend and repair,  
engage not in debauchery or listen to lies you'll often hear.  
Mind, body, soul may your moral eye see only truth,  
cleanse the old and little beyond the ruination of youth.

A tumult of words may pour like rain over thee,  
wade through thick waters, swim through the guish blazing flames that tortured  
your soul,  
raise up the torch of freedom, it's time to be whole.

-----  
THIRTY-ONE: by Akhtar Jawad

## If Columbus' Ship Would Have Lost In Bermuda Triangle

What if Columbus' ship would have lost in Bermuda triangle,  
you have your angle, I have my angle,  
live in the present and forget the past,  
as the four sides of the two will not meet in a rectangle

-----

THIRTY: by Clarence Prince

### In Wants For More

In wants for, far more money  
In wants for, a far better life  
In wants for, a far better car  
In wants for, a far better house  
In wants for, far much more clothes  
In wants for, far much more shoes  
In wants for, far better friends  
In wants for, a far prettier spouse  
In wants for, far much more love  
In wants for, far more things of beauty  
In wants for, far more things of necessity  
In wants for, far more getting it all  
Yet after got it all, still unsatisfied  
That's for, being too far from Christ  
In whom a soul can only be satisfied  
And so despite of all other things  
Christ is Man's most essential need  
Without Him Man's desires won't rest  
We shall only be in wants for more

[All rights reserved! ]

-----

TWENTY-NINE: by Eugene Levich

Mrs. Tanky Man

Mrs. Tanky Man

I called her,  
Though she was never a Taitai (a Mrs.)  
Darton refusing to marry anyone,  
On principle.

Darton,

American professor (Comparative Literature)  
At National Peking (That's how they used to spell Beijing)  
University  
Sent to a Nip (That's what we used to call the Japanese)  
concentration camp;  
He didn't touch a woman in 3½ years.  
He didn't like that.

before the War

Freed,

He bought a lovely house overlooking the harbor  
At Tan-shui (That's how they used to spell Danshui) ,  
Went up into the hills  
And purchased five beautiful daughters from  
Poor families.

A Harem...

"Paradise, " he called it.

"One cooked, one cleaned, one shopped..."

And he refused to learn Chinese.

Couldn't bear the thought of studying another language,  
Especially one as hard as Chinese.

He knew so many languages already—

Latin, Greek, French, German,

And, of course, English.

And the Chinese officials, he said,

Distrusted foreigners who could speak

Their language. Those officials provided him

With all the assistance he needed.

And,

He refused to allow his concubines to learn English.

"Language just gets in the way of love! "

He said.

He refused to marry anyone; "Children are a mere conceit! "

He added.

My landlady,

The last of his concubines,

In her forties,

Still attractive.

He in his seventies

Still vibrant.

He bought her properties

To keep her after he died.

He had taken care of all his concubines.

She was not right in the head;

Terrible things she had seen

During The War and After.

He taught her to speak Pidgin English

And he laughed when she spoke.

I had a problem in my apartment.

"Me catchee tanky-man come chop chop fixy fixy."

[I'll get the heating tank man to come quickly to fix it.]

She said.

And she didn't like me, either...

Because I wasn't married,

She thought,

Just like Darton,

Who didn't give her "Face"

By marrying her.

As I said,

She wasn't right

In the head.

But who is?

-----

Bri's note: sorry, but I can't help but wonder if 'Darton' is a code name for 'Levich'. hmmm?

-----  
TWENTY-EIGHT: by Darlene Walsh

### Shadows In The Dark

The night was dark, house dreary true  
I opened the gate and crept through  
Shadows of specters fill my sight  
In fear of monsters that may bite

With moon bright and dim star light  
To my right is a great fright  
Dim light makes phantoms dance and sway  
To my left shall I run away

Goblins and ghosts I conjure  
My safety I must ponder  
Step by step I further walk  
Mouth dry like dust I'll never talk

Is my fear up in a tree  
To look up as I may see  
Under which I think to stroll  
About to pounce, is there a troll

Or the crack upon next I tread  
Or carnivorous vines that I dread  
Will it cause mothers back to break  
Or a quick snack of me they make

Step by step I slowly walked  
Pray and hope door is unlocked  
A fear in my heart I accept  
Into the darkness I have crept

Stairs that creek under my feet  
In my chest pounding heart beat  
Echoing loudly in my ears  
Trembling eyes swelling with tears

On the porch quaking I look around  
New fears in my heart I have found  
Shadows dance in candle lit window  
Four arms and horns to scare a hero

Again I creep upon the stairs  
Upon my neck stand straight my hairs  
Flickering porch light starts to sway  
My feet have turned to miry clay

While ready to run I ring the bell  
In fear more than words can tell  
Feet planted firmly I try to stay  
The door creaks and I can't look away

Wide opened the door is the sign  
Time now to speak the important line  
Hoping for something chocolate or sweet  
Brave and tall, I say Trick-or-Treat.

-----  
TWENTY-SEVEN: by Kim Barney

Shall I Compare Thee To A Bale Of Hay?

Shall I compare thee to a bale of hay?  
Hay is more lovely with a better shape.  
Thou must have seen many a better day;  
One look at thee and one tries to escape.  
Sometimes too hot the sun on thee did shine  
And that is why thy poor skin is all burned.  
I thought that I could look at thee just fine  
But suddenly my stomach overturned.  
Yet thy eternal glamour cannot fade  
For fade it has already; it did flee!  
It is too late for thou to find the shade;  
For a picture of wrinkled, look at thee.  
And now the time has come to end this song;

To have it go on longer would be wrong.

-----  
TWENTY-SIX: by Bri Edwards (2nd poem)

Two Dozen Un-typed Poems ..... [ poems I've written on paper; PH submissions?  
; Medium]

In the last two months I've written poems (many) ,  
but ....of them, only a few are typed; why, (almost) not any!  
Two of the most recent ones are both about MY blood.  
Another is about how memories, of a "love" (departed) can  
flood .....  
one's mind and heart.

One is a mystery entitled very simply "I'm In A Box".  
Another is GROSS; it may make SOME readers puke on their socks.  
Yet another is a bit romantic; it's really NOT "my style".  
And one is about "small things" which (my mind) do rile.

Still another's about an OLD college friend .....and his YOUNG new "Honey".  
One more is about an "Old West" killer, and a reward of money.  
My cell phone's alarm is the subject of a quite (not quiet) short  
piece,  
while another is about a dog's grip on my hand; it WOULD NOT release!

"OK! I'll Live Forever." .....is another title I reluctantly wrote,  
preceded by "Unconscious Most Of The Time", with a psychological note.  
"Flirt Alert" may alert YOU to the perils .....of 'conversing',  
while 'Thank You, Backseat Driver' is about roadway traversing.

One poem is a bit fanciful, about "sinners" and a minister, shady.  
A poem about friends features Jack & Jill, and Jon & Sue ....., not Sadie!  
"The World, Without The Letter ' ? ' " was a bit of fun for me.  
Then there's one about my volunteer work at the .....li-brar- - - Y.

"Belch, Fart, Chuckle"? Well ....., what more DO I need to say?  
It's preceded by my short poem, "CAKE". [I'll take cake anyway .....

I can get it! ]

"Tiny Breasts" features names of a few "old" female classmates.

"Awaiting My Turn" is about ME ....., a guy who sometimes .....waits.

AND

"History Of The Pen" is 'history', relating to Mankind and writing.

"As The Keys Banged" is about music which can be anger-inciting.

If any of these .....you'd like me (on PoemHunter) to bestow,  
PLEASE tell me which one(s) , and I'll get it into the .....show! !

(October 10, 2015)

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Poems #1 through #25 are in Section A, in the 'other poem' on my list for the October showcase.

\*\*\*\*\*IN NOVEMBER: I plan some changes in what poems will be used by me in the showcase and how. It should be good for most readers and some submitters I think. Feedback from members is always welcome (though perhaps not always 'with open arms'!)

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THANKS FOR READING! bri edwards :)

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(continued from Section A)

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TWENTY-SIX:

Bri Edwards



# A Showcase For P H Poets: September 2015: Section 'a'.... [sharing Poems; Not A Contest; Monthly On Bri Edwards' P H Site]

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!!!!!!!!!!!!

the previous announcement (deleted now) was 'just a joke'

hi Lora

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I've started a 'showcase' on my PoemHunter site,  
which is NOT a contest; it's no arena for a fight,  
but instead a place where once a month I shall post..  
a poem\* from you, a PH member, which you'd like read most.

NO title, topic, nor length\* do I plan to require.  
Just send in a poem to set the PH members on fire.  
Send to 'A Showcase For PH Poets', care of me.  
Let's show off our stuff, and this also is free!

I was intending this to showcase poems by you, the member,  
BUT, heck, send someone else's \*\* if you'd like, BUT remember....  
to NOT get me involved in copyright disputes, please.  
Of course if I were sued, there is NO money from me to squeeze!

(February 28,2015)

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\*\*\*\*\*POEMS MAY BE 'old' OR 'new TO PH and THE WORLD! " In most cases  
they will NOT be 'BORROWED', though some may be 'BLUE'.

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CHANGE IN JULY and AUGUST and onward into the future:

Starting in July showcase I plan to list the poets and list their poems in  
DESCENDING order, starting with the most recent entry. That way, if you visit

the showcase more than once, the poets or poems previously near the top of the lists may have descended below more recently entered ones. This should make it easier for the readers I hope, and more likely that 'newer' poems will be read.

-----  
I hope some of you will decide to share poems in September and also read some [or all] of the submissions.

\*I now allow and welcome TWO poems per month from each PH member. At least one of them should be not much longer than 24 lines in length, but I'll judge each case separately, trying to be fair to all.

So, now for some information about my monthly SHOWCASE for PH poets:

In anticipation of a great response for my first showcase, in February, 2015, [I sent notices to about 75 members from my inbox and my list of PH friends], I added to my poem's title: "section 'A' ", but there MAY never be a "section 'B' ". In following months I have likewise "advertised" my upcoming or current showcase on PH.

I plan to submit one of my own short (24 lines or less) poems, and one of my LONG ones (which may go on for a couple of pages) . Therefore, and since I will allow other members to also submit two poems per month [if one is 24 lines or less], I may well add a second, third, 4th, etc. 'section' so readers will not have to scroll up and down too much to refer to poems and the comments area below the poems. Understand? I hope so. This first 'section' is 'A' and I shall follow the English alphabet: A, B, C, etc. IF I FEEL A NEED (or desire) TO DO SO.

I also plan to have a LIST OF POETS [whose poem(s) are included in a following section] above the posted poems.

\*\*I WOULD LOVE TO HAVE ALL POEMS BE WRITTEN BY PH MEMBERS, and be submitted by the authors. If you choose to submit a poem by another PH member I will try to verify that the member agrees. Poems attributed to non-members I may want to ask about also.

[PLEASE READ THE POET'S NOTE ALSO FOR MY 'A SHOWCASE FOR PH POETS'.]

I WILL ALWAYS GIVE THE AUTHOR'S NAME WITH THE POEM POSTED.

My first showcase was in February 2015, and I consider it to be a success, with almost 20 poems to view, from almost as many poets. My thanks go to all contributors! ! This is meant to expose poems and poets to readers and to provide some entertainment and/or enlightenment and/or knowledge to PH members [and I guess non-members who, I think, can also view the poems but not comment].

Some of the poems may not be on the authors' PH sites. But if you are enthused about a poem, I hope you will visit the poet's site and read more and leave comments.

Did I forget anything? ?

[[some ages of poets' may be age+1.

AND I trust the individual poet's page to give me accurate names/pseudonyms/pen names and countries and gender as well.]] (but I don't necessarily believe when I see 99 or 100 for a poet's age!)

[AND I TRY TO keep typos etc. out of the poems, but if I miss some, OR if the poet(s) want(s) their poem(s) added as they/he/she has/have given it/them to me, then I'm NOT going to edit the poem(s) ! ]

[In last month's (August's) showcase, there were 36 poems from 25? poets.]

[[ Here is the abbreviated "Poets" section from AUGUST's showcase (AS OF AUGUST 25TH) :

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'THE POETS': [from AUGUST's showcase]

Thirty-six: ELENA PLOTKIN (United States; I'd guess Female; ageless?)

Thirty-five: ABEKAH EMMANUEL (Ghana; Male; 23)

Thirty-four: BRIAN JOHNSTON (United States; Male; 72) (2nd poem)

Thirty-three: BRIAN JOHNSTON (United States; Male; 72) (1st poem)

Thirty-two: BEACH GIRL (United States; Female; 45)

Thirty-one: DOUGLAS SCOTNEY (Australia; Male; 62) (2nd

poem)

Thirty: CHARLES DARNELL (United States; Male; 65)

Twenty-nine: CLARENCE PRINCE (Canada; Male ;)

Twenty-eight: MELVINA GERMAIN (Canada; Female; 70) (2nd poem)

Twenty-seven: EUGENE LEVICH (United States; Male; 78) (2nd poem)

Twenty-six: EUGENE LEVICH (United States; Male; 78) (1st poem)

Twenty-five: MELVINA GERMAIN (Canada; Female; 70)

Twenty-four: AKHTAR JAWAD (Pakistan; Male; 70)

Twenty-three: SAVITA TYAGI (United States; Female; 67)

Twenty-two: GREG DAVIDSON (Australia; Male; 60)

Twenty-one: STEPHEN KATONA (United Kingdom; Male; 45)

Twenty: BRI EDWARDS (United States; Male; 67)

Nineteen: VALSA GEORGE (India; Female; 61)

Eighteen: KIM BARNEY (Brazil, via U.S.A.; Male; 100?) (2nd poem)

Seventeen: KIM BARNEY (Brazil, via U.S.A.; Male; 100! hmm?) (1st poem)

Sixteen: GING TAPING (Philippines; Female; 44) (2nd poem)

Fifteen: GING TAPING (Philippines; Female; 44) (1st poem)

Fourteen: M.J. LEMON (Canada; Male; unknown) (2nd poem)

Thirteen: M.J. LEMON (Canada; Male; unknown) (1st poem)

Twelve: JOHN WESTLAKE (United Kingdom; Male; 31) (2nd poem)

Eleven: JOHN WESTLAKE (United Kingdom; Male; 31) (1st poem)

Ten: DARLENE WALSH (United States; Female; 21)

Nine: IS IT POETRY (United States; Male; 100 hmmm?)

Eight: JAK BLACK (United Kingdom; Male; 41) (2nd poem)

Seven: RUTH WALTERS (United Kingdom; Female; 63) (2nd poem)

Six: RUTH WALTERS (United Kingdom; Female; 63) (1st poem)

Five: RAY HART (Australia; Male; 69)

Four: XELAM KHAN (Pakistan; Male; 96 hmm?)

Three: JAK BLACK (United Kingdom; Male; 41) (1st poem)

Two: DOUGLAS SCOTNEY (Australia; Male; 62) (1st poem)

One: BRI EDWARDS (United States; Male; 67) (1st poem)

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HERE WE GO.....SEPTEMBER’S POETS AND POEMS:

THE POETS AND THEIR POEMS .....(listed in REVERSE ORDER of when I entered them into this showcase) . After the list of poets and their poems you will find the poems. Enjoy!

=====  
=====

“The POETS”:

hi Lora; I'm back

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TWENTY-FIVE: SAVITA TYAGI (United States; Female; 67)

The River Calls Me

-----

TWENTY-FOUR: BRI EDWARDS (United States; Male; 67) (2nd poem)

Creation (Maybe Not What You Think) .....[girl-To-Woman; Baby-Making; Long; Relationships]

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TWENTY-THREE: DELLA PERRY (United Kingdom; Female; 41) (2nd poem)

Cheated Childhoods

-----  
TWENTY-TWO: DELLA PERRY (United Kingdom; Female; 41) (1st poem)

Poetry Widower

-----  
TWENTY-ONE: KIM BARNEY (Brazil; Male; '100') (2nd poem)

Which Doctor?

-----  
TWENTY: KIM BARNEY (Brazil; Male; '100') (1st poem)

The Ugly Brother

-----  
NINETEEN: JOHN WESTLAKE (United Kingdom; Male; 31) (2nd poem)

243. The River Of Life

-----  
EIGHTEEN: GREG DAVIDSON (Australia; Male; 61)

The Face In The Mirror

-----  
SEVENTEEN: JOHN WESTLAKE (United Kingdom; Male; 31) (1st poem)

244. All I Can See Is You

-----  
SIXTEEN: RAY HART (Australia; Male; 69)

Under the Willow.

-----  
FIFTEEN: VALSA GEORGE (India; Female: ; 61)

A Desert Trek

-----  
FOURTEEN: IS IT POETRY (United States; Male; 100..ha ha)

The Lizard

-----  
THIRTEEN: DARLENE WALSH (United States; Female; 21)

Half A Heart

-----  
TWELVE: RUTH WALTERS (United Kingdom; Female; 63)

September

-----  
ELEVEN: LORA COLON & BRI EDWARDS (United States; one of each;

old enough! !) (1st for each; an 'Echo Poem')

Wetness (an echo poem)

-----  
TEN: SHAHZIA BATOOL (Pakistan; Female; 43)

My scattered Thoughts

-----

NINE: M.J. LEMON (Canada; [see below])

(2nd poem)

Feeling Older

-----

EIGHT: M.J. LEMON (Canada; believed to be Male & 'older' than

some poets!)

(1st poem)

Everyday

-----

SEVEN: JJ EVENDON (United Kingdom; Male; 66)

Smile

-----

Six: CLARENCE PRINCE (Canada, via Jamaica and U.K.; Male;

75)

(2nd poem)

My New Friend

-----

Five: CLARENCE PRINCE (Canada, via Jamaica and U.K.; Male;

75)

(1st poem)

Mothers Are Special!



-----

Four: CHARLES DARNELL (United States; Male; 65)

Yahoo Buckaroo

-----

Three: AKHTAR JAWAD (Pakistan; Male; 70)

The Ice Cube

-----

Two: MELVINA GERMAIN (Canada; Female; 70) (2nd poem)

Longing Still For You

-----

One: MELVINA GERMAIN (Canada; Female; 70) (1st poem)

Sensual Thoughts (Sharing A Sensual Delight For All Of You)

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“The POEMS”:

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Twenty-five: Savita Tyagi

The River Calls Me

In the hours of dusty afternoon when the water is cold and crystal clear  
The river calls me.  
On the sun baked land the banyan tree stands alone in silent meditation.  
Like a mother it seems happy to have some quiet time to itself.  
Soon the noisy birds will return in its lap to claim their place for the night's rest.  
Till then it enjoys in solitude its affinity with river.  
On the other side of river long green sugarcane leaves dance with soft breeze.  
Farmers have left the field for afternoon siesta.  
The tree, the sugar cane and I, all are happy to be alone.  
Sitting under the tree I watch the water hitting its raised roots.  
Restless and agitated as a disturbed mind.  
But at distance afar river water looks as calm and translucent as the thoughts of  
a yogi, Enveloping my mind with its tranquility.  
I raise my sari\* to my knees and walk slowly in the water.  
In the waist deep water the sari cloth spreads like a balloon around me,  
Ready to take me on some magical journey.  
I make circles in water and hold the cold water in my hands,  
Only to watch it drain from my cupped hands.  
Here nothing is mine to hold yet every thing is mine for the moment.  
I take few steps to sink deep in water to vanish somewhere into its vastness.  
The force of water throws me up.  
The river laughs-  
Lay no claim to the yonder!  
For fear of unknown I go no further.  
My feet lose the grip of sandy bottom to let me float on the surface.  
The cold water takes away all my tensions.  
It makes me feel like a child finding joy in its surroundings.  
How long I stayed in water- I don't know.  
Time the creation of movement lost its value for a while.  
Oblivious to the world below, the master of life's rhythm  
Moves forward in its westward journey, spreading its orange glow in the sky.  
It must be following a higher command.  
Rested and rejuvenated I come out of water.  
As I walk towards home holding my wet sari  
I watch my sand covered feet leaving some impressions on sandy soil  
Knowing fully that in due time my faint footprints shall disappear.

-----  
Savita's \*Note - Sari is an attire of women in India and many south east Asian  
nations.  
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Twenty-four: Bri Edwards

Creation (Maybe Not What You Think) .....[girl-To-Woman; Baby-Making; Long; Relationships]

Preteen socialization;  
Her first menstruation;  
Mom's explanation;  
Girl's apprehension;  
Girl's imagination.

Bra initiation;  
Boys paying more attention;  
Her girlfriend conversation;  
Self-examination;  
Apprehension;  
Excitation.

First Communion;  
Mom's admonition;  
Classroom flirtation;  
Diary notation;  
Awkward situation.

Softball competition;  
Scholastic concentration;  
Pimple medication;  
Eye examination;  
Eyeglasses prescription;  
Eyeglasses selection.

Teenage titillation;  
Girlfriend's revelation;  
Girl's excitation;  
Girl's apprehension.

Junior Prom invitation;  
Buy boy a carnation;  
Night of anticipation;

Perspiration;  
Parent's escortation;  
Close-dancing sensation.

More scholastic concentration.

Mother/daughter European vacation;  
College campus visitations;  
High school senior year expectations;  
SAT examinations;  
College applications.

Senior Ball invitation;  
Car date anticipation;  
Mom's admonition;  
Ball dress and hairdo selection;  
Softball home plate collision;  
Left leg in traction;  
No Senior Ball action;  
Frustration (but relaxation) .

College acceptance and selection;  
Awards presentation;  
High school graduation.

Gyn examination;  
NO birth control prescription;  
(Mom's admonition) .

Cornell U. orientation;  
Campus church affiliation;  
Choir participation;  
Scholastic concentration;  
Ignoring boys' flirtations;  
Avoiding temptations.

Junior year sorority invitation;  
Apprehension;  
Excitation;  
Sorority initiation.

Fraternity party invitation;

First inebriation;  
Fondling and excitation;  
Close call situation.

Senior year Dean's List selection;  
Trouble resisting temptation;  
Weekly Catholic confession sessions;  
Summa cum laude graduation.

Law school acceptance and selection;  
Legal studies concentration;  
Study group participation.

Widowed law professor's attentions;  
Girl's uncontrollable fascination;  
Gyn exam; birth control prescription;  
Dinner invitation.

Wining and dining and speculation;  
Apprehension and excitation;  
Her first penetration.

Good times but no marriage mentions.

Graduation;  
Law professor's recommendation;  
Interview with law firm partners; her apprehension;  
She accepts the firm's job invitation.

Two years hard work; no hesitation;  
Pride in work; first promotion.

Christmas office party introduction;  
Instant mutual physical attraction;  
Lively conversation;  
Mutual admiration;  
Exchange phone and email information;  
Same night brief phone connection.

Three months of weekend recreation;  
Taking turns at restaurant selection;  
Sharing their pasts recollections.

Three day weekends to make parent introductions;  
Each time a pleasant reception;

Overnight his & her visitations;  
Agreement to try cohabitation;  
His place one week; her place next week; a rotation;  
A jointly agreed move to new location.

Three months more of smooth transition;  
She stops using birth control prescription;  
Their second shared Christmas celebration.

He buys a ring in anticipation;  
Ovulation.

New Year's Eve in their new habitation;  
Pizza and beer; slight inebriation;  
Cuddling on couch; relaxation;  
Watching fireworks with fascination.

Bedtime preparation;  
NO anticipation;  
Bare skin touching brings sensations;  
Sensations become explorations;  
No need for forced stimulation;  
She finds his full erection,  
and presents her open invitation.

Excitation; natural lubrication;  
Penetration;  
Copulation;  
Perspiration;  
Brief exclamations;  
Ejaculation;  
His exhaustion;  
Her satisfaction.

New Years resolutions;  
Her anticipation.

Fertilization (conception) ? ? ;

Implantation? ? ;  
Cell division? ?  
Creation? ?

Drug store visitation;  
Home testing for procreation;  
Positive color indication;  
Call for Ob-Gyn examination;  
Waiting for doctor's corroboration.

Valentine's Day dinner reservation;  
Candlelit dinner in quiet location;  
Dessert and check presentation;  
She speaks first, announcing her 'condition';

.....  
He beams at her a smile of great admiration;  
She breathes a sigh of relaxation;  
Holding hands as they sample sweet confections.

Check paid, they sit in contemplation;  
Now he makes HIS presentation;  
A sparkling diamond; a second creation;  
She accepts proposal with teary emotion;  
Their fingers entwine with devotion;  
DOUBLE celebration.

Parents notified; what a commotion! !

To-have-baby-before-wedding; their joint decision;  
Plans for baby's room is a vision;  
Doctor visits; sonogram examinations;  
Naming-and-raising-a-baby books consultations.

Otherwise his & her work & play routine continuation.

Mom-to-be's nutrition;  
No inebriation;  
Anticipation;  
Names selection;  
Couples' Lamaze classes for relaxation.

One-month-to-go excitement;

Two-weeks-to-go her mom comes for visitation;  
Three-days-to-go strange bedtime sensation;  
Phone call to doctor; to-hospital-decision.

Drive to hospital: first REAL contractions;  
Amniotic fluid soaks padded car seat cushion.

To labor room; beginnings of dilation;  
Intravenous fluid line insertion;  
Assuming the 'frog-legs' position.

Perineum preparation;  
'Mom' does practice inhalations and exhalations;  
'Dad' stays though craving caffeine injection.

Arrival of the obstetrician;  
Dilation progression.

Baby in correct position;  
No foreseen complication;  
Clock hands in motion;  
Baby's head presentation.

'Mom's' time for exertion;  
Dilation; contraction;  
Dilation; contraction;  
Contraction; dilation;  
Inhale and exhalation;  
Perspiration;  
Expectation;  
Contraction;  
Inhalation;  
Pushing exertion;  
Repetition;  
Perspiration.

Getting close now; concentration;  
End of nine months preparation;  
Perspiration;  
Doctor asks for last BIG exertion.

Out pops baby;



Doctor's congratulations;  
It's a GIRL.  
Dad's and Mom's exhilaration;  
Wiping off the perspiration;  
Parents beam with satisfaction;  
Elation! !  
CREATION! ! !

(Dec.2012)

=====  
=

Twenty-three: Della Perry

### Cheated Childhoods

Cheated of childhood  
Sharks ripped a toddler to shreds  
Screamed at the paternal threads were sliced.  
A tiny egg, cracked apart,  
Blood seeping around an unformed bird  
One large, grey eye  
Minute body  
A little tail.  
So much like the human fetus, unborn  
Cheated of childhood.  
Regrets abound, a prayer  
Teenage years untold  
Unread, unedited.  
An adult weeping in bed  
So much left unsaid.

-----

Twenty-two: Della Perry

### Poetry Widower

The kitchen is rank  
Dishes soaking in cold water  
Tea stained spoons, coffee stained mugs  
Carpet is dusted in dog hair, a snowfall of white  
Cobwebs, spiders and dust live in crevices  
Floors need mopping  
Sides need some elbow grease  
Drinks would be nice?  
Or maybe some supper?  
After a hard days graft!  
How about some kisses, or a bit of loving?  
The kids seem okay, they think it is heaven  
Toys and games strewn around rooms.  
Poetry has kidnapped the wife  
'Poems don't write themselves, you know! '  
She says with a happy grin.  
Maya has a lot to answer for!

-----

Twenty-one: by Kim Barney

Which Doctor?

I went to see the doc today;  
He gave me just six months to live,  
But when my bill I could not pay,  
Another six months did he give.

-----

Twenty: by Kim Barney

The Ugly Brother

When I see my brother

we like to call each other  
ugly just for fun. Of course,  
he's very handsome.  
I'm the ugly one.

He sez, you bin taken them ugly pills again  
and I say well, I only took two but you musta taken ten!  
Then I say you look like you bin whapped wit a ugly stick  
and he sez I wuz but it din't take, but wit you it did the trick!  
Then he sez when you wuz bein' born they thot you wuz breech,  
and well, after you come out they still couldn't tell!  
Then I say when you wuz born you wuz so ugly  
the doctor done slapped our mama!  
Then he sez is that your face  
or a map of Yokohama?

Then we both laugh and hug each other  
because I really love my brother.

-----  
Bri's note: beware of Kim's peculiar English! ha ha. :)  
-----

Nineteen: by John Westlake

### 243. The River Of Life

Will you travel with me  
along the banks of the river of life  
not as a superior or inferior being  
but as one equal to me

Will you marvel at the way the water flows  
leaping joyfully over the rocks  
as each second passes swiftly by  
each droplet a life in its own right  
both human and animal

No tides exist in this place  
it only will go one way

once a rock is missed you can't go back  
you must jump it as best you can  
as you will never be in the same place long

Would you cast a stone  
in the hope of disrupting the flow  
only to learn it will not work  
you will only create barriers for your self

When it splits in two which way will you go  
will you end up in the stinking marsh pools  
where all is foul and horrible  
or will you fall down the fantastic waterfalls  
and end up in the peaceful lake  
where all is wonderful

Will you travel with me though this life  
in friendship and respect  
no matter where we will go to  
we all will have got there in the end

-----

Eighteen: by Greg Davidson

### THE FACE IN THE MIRROR

Who is it that in the mirror I see?  
When have the crows so heavily trod that way?  
No barber's challenge here to justify his fee,  
Just thinning hair and beard of grey.

Now my father stares at me,  
His, my likeness does replace.  
No rebuke, just empathy.  
Did he once see his father's face?

As I use my comb in search of hair,  
I ponder – When I have gone my way,  
Will my son see my face there?

And I wonder what he may say.

-----  
Seventeen: by John Westlake

244. All I Can See Is You

There are over 100 people in this room  
all of them in brightly coloured clothes  
but all I can see is you  
in your dark blue dress with flowers in your hair  
looking back at me and smiling

There are over 100 people in this room  
all of them talking loudly  
but all I can hear is your voice  
asking me how I feel

There are over 100 people in this room  
offering me pointless presents  
but all I can see is you  
offering me your heart and love  
to me the greatest gifts of all

There are over 100 people in this room  
all of whom are trying to touch me in some way  
but all I can feel is your arms  
holding me close to you

There are over 100 people in this room  
celebrating our wedding day  
but I have eyes for none of them  
all I can see is you

-----  
Sixteen: by Ray Hart

Under the Willow.

Under the willow my love and I,  
Dense foliage hiding us from the sky.  
A tender kiss in the shadow dark,  
We are given to our shadowy ark.

I cradle her head in the crook of my arm,  
We knit fingers palm to palm.  
Lips taste each others charms,  
In distant meadow a farmer farms.

Now we walk a shaded lane of gold leaf,  
One wonders if our love will be bouquet or wreath.  
If life long thing it is to be,  
Surely it is up to my love and me.

These days my mind constantly strays,  
To our beginning days.  
There she was in her uniform of green,  
Every young man's sweetest dream.

-----  
Fifteen: by Valsa George

A Desert Trek

Climbing up the steep n' rocky paths  
We were struck by the beauty of the mountains  
With their towering summits  
Kissing the seams of the heavens

Beyond, sprawled endless stretch of sand!  
With the sun going down in the west,  
The surroundings were blazed in amber light  
And the whole land lay in a magic spell cast

We were heading to our camp in the desert

Part of a trek, planned months in advance  
After trudging several miles on foot  
The rest we covered in a wagon got by chance

The desert greeted us like a warm host.  
After the blistering heat of the day,  
The night had turned pleasantly cool  
Promising us the boon of a delectable stay

The sky had turned black and inky  
But the moon had arced high over head  
Casting a metallic glow of light  
Turning the rocks into a shade of chrome red

The sands seemed radiant and beckoning  
There, around a camp fire, in a circular pattern we sat  
From far it looked a glowing scarlet pyre  
Often the wind passed the burning faggots with a pat

The whirling and wheeling current of air  
Drew and redrew, etched and erased,  
Shifting patterns in the desert sand,  
As an inspired artist with perfection crazed

Sitting beneath the star studded sky  
We sang and danced, inhaling the desert air  
Forgetting the world of strife left behind  
Merging into a space eerie but fair

As the wind blew wild, sometimes running amok,  
Blinding our eyes with dust and sand,  
We helped each other blow off the grain  
And shielded our eyes with the hand

Sand dunes peeked here and there  
And a caravan of camels with bells in their neck  
Was crossing the length of sands stretching infinite  
Carrying turbaned riders on their humpy back

Beside the small shelf of a tawny rock  
We saw a host of cacti in splendid flower,  
Desert blooms looming in arid space

And elf owls roosting under cover

The wide stretch, dry and sterile  
Lay vast and mysterious in the luminous night  
Sometimes we felt as if lost in a land abstruse  
That extended before us beyond all boundary and limit

Amid the billowing smoke, rising skyward  
And the sound of crackling tinder  
We stretched our eyes over many a mile  
Of that 'terra incognita' in rising wonder

If there is jocund company, even here  
There can be so much fun and life!  
Squatting on haunches and sipping hot tea  
We sat round the campfire, forgetting all earthly strife.

It was indeed a tour of discovery,  
Into the heart of a fathomless sea of sand  
Man has ever been a relentless explorer  
The lure of the mysterious, he can never withstand!

-----  
Bri's note: i prefer dessert treks, but this poem is great also.  
-----

Fourteen: by Is It Poetry

The Lizard

is it not 'Erotic'  
what i'm  
writing  
here to you  
that if  
you  
make me  
stop it  
i will  
have to tell



on you  
and  
if they hear  
you 'cry'  
then i  
may never  
come  
again  
but  
if i let you stay  
and you  
are looking  
out  
my window  
do you see  
that  
lizard over there  
on that  
tree  
and what  
it's doing.

---

Thirteen: by Darlene Walsh

Half A Heart

Why was I caught in your light  
My dim candle had become so bright  
And only you could fill my sight  
Giving all to you was so right

And then I learned the real truth  
The lies of all I knew since my youth  
I could see like shouting from a roof  
Your bold lies screaming their proof

You have stolen the light from my eyes  
Leaving half a heart to ask the Whys?

Walking half alive through the day  
Since I've learned you did more than stray

Your false love has torn me apart  
How could I have let it start  
Our ring has burned through the bone  
My finger is writhing on a stone

My spirit lies bleeding on the floor  
While my courage walked out the door  
Half my heart ran out in the street  
And my blood poured out like sleet

And you want me to come back for more  
Your bloody hand knocking on the door  
The knife in my back still rings cold  
How can you be so false and bold?

I regret the day we lovingly kissed  
My blind eyes never knew what they missed  
And you want me to come back for more  
While your back hand tickles your whore

Half my heart has lodged in the sink  
With my bloody breath rising pink  
And you want to come back to me  
How stupid do you think I can be

My half life has grown stronger  
And you can't have me any longer  
The heart you broke has no key  
So you can never come back to me

So you can never come back to me

-----

Twelve: by Ruth Walters

September

September glows  
as summer closes to an Autumn dawn.  
She tricks minds to believing  
spring is still upon us  
but her red and golden leaves  
leave no doubt.

Shorter days and longer nights,  
chill the air  
as retailers stock up with  
woollens and darker colours  
depicting winter.

The odd warm day teases  
as balmy as a summer breeze  
blowing soft, baby kisses  
but by the time the last day falls  
we know October's frost is out to nip  
and spring is long lost dream

-----

Bri's note: Ruth assures this 'colonist' that 'woollens' is the way the English spell  
'woolens'. :)

-----

Eleven: An echo poem composed of: 'Let It Rain' by Lora C. &

'That Ain't Rain' by Bri E.

Wetness

1- Let It Rain!

You say and do the little things  
A woman never forgets;  
And when it rains, I smile when you say  
'It's raining violets'

You hold me close and calm my fears  
When we speak of plans and schemes;  
And when the storm breaks through the clouds,  
I know... it's raining dreams!

Your words of love circle 'round my head  
Like a childrens' carousel;  
You say the rain is nurturing life -  
Assuring me all is well

Now, come, my love, tell me the truth,  
Storms often do bring distress;  
'Yes', you say, 'but as long as you're mine,  
It's raining happiness! '

## 2. That Ain't Rain! !

I may not always hear too well,  
but lest you, in the future, forget ....  
when you think you hear the rain,  
it's just the cranky ....Toto toilet!

Ok, I sometimes hold you close,  
and you fear I have some schemes,  
but when I'm at my crankiest ....  
it's only due to my bottle ....of Jim Beam.

So you thought mine were words of "love"!  
Well, you'd better check your head.  
It's not my heart which makes me say them;  
I'm just trying to get you (with me) in bed! !

Now, come woman, tell me the truth.  
You really knew what you were.....getting.  
As long as I'm "yours" and you're ..."mine",  
it isn't rain. It's just me....on you, sweating.

-----

Bri's note: Lora suggested this after i responded to her poem. We both (I think)  
learned about echo poems from Brian Johnston. :)

-----  
Ten: by Shahzia Batool

My Scattered Thoughts

A bird cannot be denied a waft of breeze,  
a falcon flight and a fish flow,  
a child has to smile without any logic,  
a flower has no choice but to bloom,  
autumn is not nature's dirge,  
it is just autumn that makes the smiling year desirable,  
still spring is about to take us over  
with shades n fragrance, sounds n sights...  
death defines life,  
life is a safari, a camel ride on a motorway,  
a spectrum with all shades of grey emitting,  
but grey is not unwelcome too;  
dreams make reality hard to accept...  
God loves me more by frustrating my earnest prayers,  
yes, He loves my voice too (what a complete consolation!) ..  
I shouldn't have gone to the mosque  
to seek Him when I knew Him  
equally n strongly to be inside my heart...  
Will He never grant my prayers if He keeps loving my voice?  
What to do with the age old African dictum,  
' if a man says yes, his Chi says yes too'  
but what if a man says yes and still his Chi stays silent?

-----  
Nine: by

Feeling Older

When it's cold outside

Put on something warm  
and take it for a walk  
if that's possible

Ask for help if you need it  
Or people may look at you funny  
and wonder out loud why  
you didn't just stay home

If you can't stand up straight  
You will suffer with a bad back  
And that's worse than any problem  
You may have now

Don't rush because  
You can't and thinking otherwise  
is nothing more than a guarantee  
of convalescence

Time to take a breath!  
No?

-----  
Eight: by

Everyday

If I could go back and  
do it again I would change nothing  
is something I would now never say

How well you blended  
with perfection  
the simplest of designs  
an unassuming complexion

What others said about everyday  
I accepted, a default,  
without question, my plain sight

the plaything of digression

Regret remorse fault  
gifts only time can impart  
something now I am able to say

-----

Seven: by Jj Evendon

Smile

I see a lady smile  
is it for me  
or her daughter?  
Intoxicating.  
Radiant.  
All thoughts captured by a singularity of expression.  
A natural display of happiness and joy.  
An authoress of many words.  
For me, there's just one:  
friend or lover?  
I'm not sure! ! !  
Only time has the answer.  
So I wait and smile back!

-----

Six: by Clarence Prince

My New Friend!

I have got a little story  
Which I'd like to tell  
It is here within me  
Just ringing like bell

I told it to Auntie Dell  
Who lives nearby the well  
She said, it should sell  
But, others I must tell

Hence, it's about a friend  
Whom I've lately found  
He is from out of town  
With lots of love abound

So, goodbye old friends  
My new pal's on my mind  
He knows the way to life  
With Him there's no strife

Good and pleasant is He  
Holding the light to life  
You can feel free to guess  
Who you think He is

-----

Five: by Clarence Prince

Mothers Are Special!

Seeing it's drawing near to Mother's Day  
I'll dare you all to honour your mothers  
So brother honour your mother  
Sister honour your mother  
Friend honour your mother

They deserve to be loved  
They deserve to be praised  
Let's do as much as we can  
For them as long as they live  
Knowing we only get them once

And not many of us are blessed  
To have mothers who lasted long



Then if you love not your mother  
That is something really wrong  
Try giving your mother a love call

Your picture maybe on her wall  
Three loud cheers for all mothers  
Happy Mother's day, Mothers  
Mothers are not just good friends  
Our mothers – they are very special

-----

Four: by Charles Darnell

Yahoo Buckaroo

'Yahoo buckaroo! '  
Your bare butt bouncing  
To the clop of your cowboy boots,  
Six guns high in the air!  
"Where's your pants boy? "  
But you hear the laugh behind gruff words  
And grin madly, running back down the hall.

I jump up to catch you,  
But you've already peeled out  
The driveway,  
One hand on the wheel,  
The other waving crazily,  
Off on a hot one tonight.

You get back late  
Loosening that tie  
To plop yourself on the couch,  
Only to feel the weight of your own  
Buckaroo jumping right on your belly  
With a wild giggle,  
And your breath is almost gone,

But before old Death

Walks off with it,  
You reach out with your six gun and yell,  
"Yahoo buckaroo! "  
And give him one,  
Right between the eyes!

-----

Three: by Akhtar Jawad

The Ice Cube

On the dining table I see a bottle of wine,  
Me! Water in a tray of molds  
kept in a freezer,  
At every moment I am colder,  
Why do you open the door of a freezer,  
You can't keep me away from my fate,  
I saw you, too late,  
Let me freeze in the crystals of ice cubes,  
Get me out of the tray,  
With your colorful nails,  
Put me on your palm for a while,  
I'll kiss your palm,  
Pour the wine in the glass of passion,  
And let me swim in the wine,  
See me dissolving step by step,  
But before I am completely dissolved,  
Have a few sips,  
I'll kiss your lips,  
I'll enter into you,  
I shall appear in your passions,  
And when the Venus will meet her Mars,  
The joy of coupling will be shared by the cube.  
It's not ego sweetheart!  
It's wisdom of old age!

-----

Two: by Melvina Germain

Longing Still For You

I kiss your soothing picture,  
before I lay me down to sleep.  
Your warmth penetrates me,  
in the depth of my soul, I'll keep.

So intoxicated with your memory,  
overwhelmed with precious thoughts.  
You are the buds of sweet flowers,  
and the bouquet of forget me nots.

Finding you dancing in the meadow,  
patrolling the rich, velvet of green.  
In life's illustrious, ambient beauty,  
of a refreshing new day scene.

No, you will never be forgotten,  
it's simply not in my heart to do.  
Your image has become a part of me,  
I'm still so much in love with you.

-----

Bri's note: I don't see this on Melvina's poem pages, but that's ok! :)

-----

One: by Melvina Germain

Sensual Thoughts (Sharing A Sensual Delight For All Of You)

In an evening's bliss beneath sky's midnight blue,  
my darling my thoughts are intoxicated by you.  
Will you delight your mind, and always appreciate me

bathe in my sweet aroma, dance in my royal sea.  
Precious words my dear, I'll pen the wildest letter  
send a blaze of fire, perhaps you'll like that better.  
You can call me and listen to sensual lines on the phone  
during cool nights when you're sitting quiet all alone,  
or you can touch me beneath the amber light of a tranquil space  
invisibly see the glitter in my eyes, the sensual smile on my face.  
Delight me, my sweetheart by gazing intently at my being,  
while softly echoing, O baby you're the best I've ever seen  
O let your mouth lie as much as your tongue will allow  
as I kiss you sweetly on your soft lips and your brow.  
Explore me in the deep valley of my longing flesh  
may this Heavenly night continually refresh.

=====

DEAR members: I may be out of town and away from PH for much of September (or not) . That is one reason I am announcing and soliciting poems for September's showcase so early.

I want time to get some poems in before I am whisked away by Secret Service agents to assist President Obama as he tries to deal properly with difficult situations worldwide. While away (if I AM away for more than a week)

I have lined up some close PH friends to help run things at my usual home-base. The following members will be doing the following for me:

Valsa George: bringing the mail into the house and answering the invitations to premiers and galas around the world, and forwarding bills to Brian Johnston.  
Thanks, Valsa.

Brian Johnston: paying the bills .....with HIS money. Thanks, Brian.

Darlene Walsh: mowing the lawn (not that lawns need mowing in drought-stricken California! ! !)  
Thanks, Darlene. The bushes need a bit of trimming also. ;)

Eugene Levich: answering letters from my (and his) publisher: Harvard (High School) Press. Thanks, Gino.

John Westlake: guarding the property from unwanted visitors, human and otherwise. Thanks, Pr

Bri Edwards

# A Showcase For Ph Poets: April 2015: Section 'A'.... [sharing Poems; Not A Contest; Monthly On Bri Edwards' Ph Site]

I've started a 'showcase' on my PoemHunter site,  
which is NOT a contest; it's no arena for a fight,  
but instead a place where once a month I shall post..  
a poem from you, a PH member, which you'd like read most.

NO title, topic, nor length\*\* do I plan to require.  
Just send in a poem to set the PH members on fire.  
Send to 'A Showcase For (PH) Poets', care of me.  
Let's show off our stuff, and this also is free!

I was intending this to showcase poems by you, the member,  
BUT, heck, send someone else's \*\*\* if you'd like, BUT remember....  
to NOT get me involved in copyright disputes, please.  
Of course if I were sued, there is NO money from me to squeeze!

(February 28,2015)

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=====

So, now for some information about my March SHOWCASE for PH poets:

In anticipation of a great response for my first showcase [I sent notices to about 75 members from my inbox and my list of PH friends], I have added to my poem's title: "section 'A' ", but there may never be a "section 'B' ".

I plan to submit one of my own short (24 lines or less) poems, and one of my LONG ones (which may go on for a couple of pages) . Therefore, and since I will allow other members to also submit two poems per month [if one is 24 lines or less], I may well add a second, third,4th, etc. 'section' so readers will not have to scroll up and down too much to refer to poems and the comments area below the poems. Understand? I hope so. This first 'section' is 'A' and I shall follow the English alphabet: A, B, C, etc. IF I FEEL A NEED TO DO SO.

\*\*For all members, you may submit two poems as long as the shorter one is 24 LINES OR LESS; I will use my own discretion if, for instance, your shorter poem is 26 lines long.

I also plan to have a LIST OF POETS [whose poem(s) are included in a section] above the posted poems.

\*\*\*I WOULD LOVE TO HAVE ALL POEMS BE WRITTEN BY PH MEMBERS, and be submitted by the authors. If you choose to submit a poem by another PH member I will try to verify that the member agrees. Poems attributed to non-members I may want to ask about also.

Starting off will be the first poem submitted to section 'A' of April's showcase. [PLEASE READ THE POET'S NOTE ALSO FOR MY 'A SHOWCASE FOR PH POETS'.]

I WILL ALWAYS GIVE THE AUTHOR'S NAME WITH THE POEM POSTED.

My first showcase was in February 2015, and I consider it to be a success, with almost 20 poems to view, from almost as many poets. My thanks go to all contributors! ! This is meant to expose poems and poets to readers and to provide some entertainment and/or enlightenment and/or knowledge to PH members [and I guess non-members who, I think, can also view the poems but not comment].

Some of the poems may not be on the authors' PH sites. But if you are enthused about a poem, I hope you will visit the poet's site and read more and leave comments.

Did I forget anything? ?

[[some ages of poets' may be age+1.  
AND i use PH for the names and countries and gender as well.]]

[AND I TRY TO keep typos etc. out of the poems, but if i miss some, OR if the poets wants their poems added as they've given them to me, then i'm not going to edit the poem! ]

HERE WE GO!

=====

1. DARLENE WALSH: (United States; Female; 21)

Villa Diodati in 1816

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2. BRIAN WHITAKER: (United States; Male; 67) (1st poem)

Wishes For My Future.....[Short; Personal]

-----  
3. BEACH GIRL: (United States; Female; 45)

Distractions

-----  
4. DOUGLAS SCOTNEY (Australia; Male; 62)

Gratitude Not

-----  
5. AKHTAR JAWAD (Pakistan; Male; 70)

A Love Child

-----  
6. HEATHER WILKINS (United States; Female; 58) (1st poem)

BLOWING IN THE WIND

-----  
7. HEATHER WILKINS (United States; Female; 58) (2nd poem)

LIFE'S WILDERNESS

-----  
8. IS IT POETRY (United States; Male; '100')

A Florida Lizard

-----  
9. AKHTAR JAWAD (Pakistan; Male; 70) (2nd poem)

First Experience of Sex

-----  
10. XELAM KAN (Pakistan; Male; '96')

Celtic island

-----  
11. VALSA GEORGE (India; Female; 61) (1st poem)

Drops of Rain?

-----

12. VALSA GEORGE (India; Female; 61) (2nd poem)

Glimpses of Simplicity and Innocence

-----

13. DARLENE WALSH (United States; Female; 21) (2nd poem)

Life's Flower

-----

14. BRI EDWARDS (United States; Male; 67) (2nd poem)

Accidental Hacking

-----

15. BEACH GIRL (United States; Female; 45) (2nd poem)

I'd Search For You

-----

16. STEPHEN KATONA (United Kingdom; Male; 45)

Spider In My Pencil Case

-----

17. STEPHEN KATONA (United Kingdom; Male; 45)

A Quokka And Quail Quiz Night

-----

18. ?

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1. by Darlene Walsh:

Villa Diodati in 1816

In a night of storms and darkness  
in the summer that never was  
a Lord set in motion a horror  
which lives in us forevermore

Byron read a poem of fright  
and his French was quite a delight  
as he finished the scary night  
did the listeners words have might

Tell us a story most singular, Lord said  
perhaps about a creature that was dead  
did it's breath come out like lead  
with what was this monster fed

The months of that summer passed  
in the summer that never was  
the words of that summer are history  
and will live with us forevermore

The summer was filled with debauchery  
smothered in love, lust and treachery  
From Lord and Clare was a child begot  
On paper two others conceived a plot

Shelly gave rise to a monstrous assembly  
featured in uncounted stories as deadly  
Polidori thought of an aristocrat that was dead  
progenitor to Dracula and other modern undead

From that night of storms and darkness  
in the summer that never was  
two pillars of horror were born  
to scare and thrill us forevermore

Submitted: Sunday, November 02, 2014

-----

2. by Bri Edwards:

Wishes For My Future.....[Short; Personal]

To bring my marriage to a pleasant, successful end...  
To be, for a few, a true and tolerable friend...  
To help someone every day of my life...  
To see a world (fat chance! !)                      without any strife...

To not live too long and not live too poorly...  
To eat a healthy diet but have some sweets, surely...  
To have health care 'as needed', but not too often...  
To have those who oppose me, to me their hearts soften...

To 'see' my only child, Shannon, enjoy life and succeed...  
To hear of more people sharing, and fewer with greed...  
To grow a few veggies and see lots of birds...  
To amuse myself and others as I make poems from words

(Nov.2010)

-----

3. by Beach Girl:

Distractions

With coffee in my right hand and papers in my left  
I didn't even spill a drop, who knew I was so deft

I strolled into the garden and sat upon my bench  
Happy as a lark I felt that this would be a cinch

I spread my work before me upon the cold, stone table  
And thought how peaceful this would be, but then my plans unraveled

As I began to pay my bills I soon grew quite distracted  
A blue jay on the old grey fence was raising quite a racket

He claimed there was a problem, with finding worms that day  
I blew a kiss, said goodbye and then he flew away

Horrified I witnessed a knock down drag out fight  
Between two squirrels up in a tree, oh it was quite a sight!

Ants crawled up my coffee cup and down into the pool  
They swam around a little while but found it wasn't cool

Upon that cold, stone table the wind began to blow  
My pencil rolled onto the ground and papers flew like snow

I ran to catch my Visa bill and also my Discover  
But then I threw my hands in air and said to self, 'Why bother? '

Submitted: Thursday, May 09,2013

-----

4. by Douglas Scotney:

Gratitude Not

You say to the police  
you've done something  
that's made you a bull's-eye for who  
have no compunction  
in bringing down others  
while trying to bring down you,

and they say, thanks very much,  
now, instead of you taking it all,  
when you and others are shot,  
we'll cop some of the blame  
for having done nothing  
or enough not.

Submitted: Friday, March 27,2015

-----  
5. by Akhtar Jawad:

### A Love Child

The welfare trust has many stories,  
I can tell you one that shattered my heart,  
A boy of twenty grown up in the trust,  
Never knew his parents but was keen to know,  
He became a friend of a clerk of the trust,  
Obliged the clerk in so many ways,  
And one day with tears in his thirsty eyes,  
He asked the clerk, can you help me my friend,  
I want to know whose child I am,  
Who brought me here and left me alone,  
You can find it out by checking the records,  
You are custodian of the files that are secret for others,  
The obliged clerk could not say no and started the fatigue,  
Going through the records in the dusty stores,  
After a painful survey of registers so old,  
He found out the name of the woman,  
Who brought this child in a night to the trust,  
He gave to the boy her name and address.  
The hungry thirsty helpless boy,  
Who was never loved and never saw the breast,  
Remained deprived of lullaby of his mother,  
Whenever fell sick none combed his hairs,  
With the soothing fingers to make him sleepy,  
Unaware he grew what a caress is meant,  
No parents or grandparents no sisters no brothers,  
No lovely aunts that look like mothers,  
A child, whose birthday was never celebrated,  
He was grown up as a living robot,  
But the instincts did not spare the poor child,  
He knew what love is and he wanted to love,  
He knew how to make someone a friend.

The boy took the address and with lot of hopes,

He reached at a slum and questioned many,  
She was not there and nobody knew,  
Where she has gone and what happened to her,  
Meanwhile an old man when heard of him,  
Came to the boy and caressed him,  
I knew your mother her husband was my friend,  
He was a taxi driver and died in accident,  
His beautiful wife while carrying you,  
Was gang raped and after that,  
She was never seen but after few months,  
Her dead body was found that was lying on the beach,  
The boy burst into tears then suddenly smiled,  
Thanks God I am not, not a dirty love child!

Submitted: Sunday, November 16,2014

-----  
6. by Heather Wilkins:

## BLOWING IN THE WIND

Standing with arms  
outstretched toward  
heaven

leaves catch the sun  
casting reflections

silver images dance  
on their surface

branches hover together  
creating an umbrella  
of protection

listening to secrets  
borrowed from the wind

whisper in my ear

share with me the magic  
blowing in the wind.

submitted Sept.2014  
copyright heather burns USA

-----

7. by Heather Wilkins:

### LIFE'S WILDERNESS

Traveling  
through  
life's  
wilderness

Many  
thorns  
along  
the  
journey

Leaving  
behind  
a veil  
of tears

Tangled  
after  
thoughts  
of you

Leaves  
cover  
the  
pathway

Causing

me to  
lose  
my way.

submitted Aug.2012  
copyright by heather burns USA

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8. By Is It Poetry:

A Florida Lizard

is it not exotic  
what I'm  
writing  
here to you

That when  
and  
if you stop it

I will  
have to say  
it's blue

And  
if they hear  
you cry

I  
will have  
to say  
it's true

And  
they may  
never  
let me

Write to  
you again

But  
if I let you  
stay

And you  
are looking  
out  
my window

Can you see  
that  
lizard over there

On that tree  
and what  
it's  
doing?

Submitted: Sunday, March 29,2015

-----  
9. by Akhtar Jawad:

First Experience of Sex

Amoeba when beautified at vertex,  
Excited, twisted her body, enjoyed the apex,  
Was broken in two, the pleasure of sex!

Submitted: Saturday, June 28,2014

-----  
10. by Xelam Kan:

Celtic island

i am naïve  
to this part of the world



but my fancies often here  
roam and love her mysteries sore.  
Like a blue vase of white roses  
dripped in the morning mist  
i see an Irish ghost  
dancing in the breeze.  
Here the darkness steals  
the light's charm and icy winds  
hum the Celtic tunes, and bring  
the golden fairies down, to play  
hide and seek in the misty woods  
and kiss the snowy lakes and  
laugh and sing.  
Such is the charm, that's loosed  
upon this enchanting land  
and surely lulls my frantic fears  
stiffened by nightmares,  
and fill my days  
full of praise...

Submitted: Sunday, March 29,2015

-----  
11. by Valsa George:

Drops of Rain

Into the horrid heat of my summer  
You fall as drops of rain  
The broken bangles I treasure  
Fall down and crack into still smaller bits

In this Ravenous night  
As I sit outside, all alone  
Looking into the night sky  
I see blinking stars here and there  
And my memories swim  
Around a starry eyed girl

My mind speeds like a steed to those days

That had the beauty and brilliance  
Of the arching rainbows of the blue  
And the glowing hues of peacock feathers  
You were then the rhyme and rhythm of my life  
The song and melody of my spirit  
The symphony in my violin  
The alluring dream of my nights

Once you got into my garden unbidden  
Like a flitting butterfly  
A leaping grasshopper  
A honey sucking bee  
A winging robin  
When the breeze was hissing  
When the flowers were nodding  
And perched on my shoulder

I plucked for you a red, red rose  
And you savoured its fragrance  
That very day you became my friend  
You spread a pervading aroma  
That wafted into me with every gushing wind  
You became the throb of my life  
My singular passion  
A rising flame  
My heart's silent language  
The sole focus of my life

But without even a parting word  
You left me to my fate  
Now I am pushed into a desolate isle  
Where loneliness comes to strangle me  
And I feel so defenseless!

Here I struggle to elbow out  
The train of wistful memories  
And at my feet lies the withered rose  
The sad reminder of a passion we once shared

Now I know love hurts, it hurts terribly  
Leaving one so utterly vanquished

Won't you come once again?  
As my friend, nay as my soul mate  
To be together for ever  
And sit looking at each other from eye to eye!  
In anticipation, I wait here  
For the falling echo  
Of your jingling footsteps!

Yes, I am in eternal wait!

Submitted: Wednesday, March 19,2014

-----  
12. by Valsa George:

### Glimpses of Simplicity and Innocence

1

Sad enough, she had a drunk as her husband,  
And two famished children, born of their wedlock,  
Before the Earth revolved round the sun twice!  
Before there was time enough to know each other!

Torn beyond the limits of endurance,  
She had divorced him a couple of years ago,  
Only to add more mouths to be fed,  
As he came expressing remorse,  
Each time when her womb was empty!

2

The girl watched her young skin,  
Across her belly stretching,  
Into an enormous mound,  
And wondered why it had,  
Inflated like a balloon.  
She rubbed 'Tiger balm'  
As she had seen,  
Her mother applying it,  
On her swollen knee!

2015?

-----

13. by Darlene Walsh:

Life's Flower

Ah, pretty flower what promises you bring  
I'm a women now, it's time to sing  
All ways for an adult are now open to me  
There can be nothing better you must agree

Monthly discomfort is small price to pay  
For a beautiful baby someday I pray  
Life is so good, Life is so great  
Wonderful is a woman's monthly fate

Month after month is the eternal cost  
Or the human race would soon be lost  
Life goes on monthly, year after year  
Family grows with children I lovingly rear

I'm doing fine but I'll skip swimming today  
I need to go shopping, I'll find a way  
It always comes when it's least convenient  
Without fear of leakage I could make an achievement

At the worst time there is no cessation  
Time to cancel that planned vacation  
And the price I pay goes on and on  
Monthly I wish this price be gone

When life's pretty flower becomes a flood  
Life threatening becomes the hemorrhaging blood  
Life's flower is no more for loving gestation  
Time for an outpatient endometrial ablation

Submitted: Sunday, April 6,2014

-----

14. by Bri Edwards:

## Accidental Hacking

You may not believe this story, but I assure you it is true.  
Each week I volunteer at our library and one of the jobs I do ....  
is to use Clorox wipes to sanitize the public computer section.  
No germ is safe when I get going; NONE avoid detection.  
As I wipe across a keyboard ....i sometimes see the screen flicker,  
but I don't pause to pay attention, else my boss will shout 'Clean quicker! '

The other day, in the U.S. Mail, by registered mail, receipt-requested,  
I got an envelope (return address 'NSA') : I was shocked by what.....it  
suggested.

It seems our country's 'security agency' had received recent complaints.  
They'd been asked by many to find a U.S. hacker .....and apply restraints.  
The NSA's agents had narrowed down the list of suspects to .....JUST ME!  
It seems my random wiping of keys had caused a hacking spree.

The Russians had held back in Europe, feeling their plans were compromised.  
Trump said he'd had proof, of Obama's foreign birth, stolen. (I wasn't surprised.)

Coca-Cola claims its secret formula's been stolen; they've forgotten what it was.  
Even Santa's called about hacking at the North Pole. His elves are all abuzz.

Well I called the toll free number supplied and asked for agent 'Q'.  
I explained that perhaps their suspicions were correct. What was I to DO? ?  
She said 'For now don't DO anything. We'll send a cleaning crew.'  
So now each week I just shelve books. My cleaning days are through.

(May 30.2014)

-----  
15. by Beach Girl

I'd Search for You

If I could walk backwards into the night  
Down dark and winding roads of pale moonlight  
I'd search for you

If I could spin the earth back round the sun

To years before my heart was won  
I'd wish for you

If I could fly beyond the earth's blue sky  
From star to star I'd step, gazing from on high  
For views of you

If like a drifting seashell I washed upon your isle  
I'd hope to find you waiting there with your silly smile  
I'm in love with you

Submitted: Thursday, November 21,2013

-----  
16. by Stephen Katona

### Spider In My Pencil Case

From a group of boys,  
Came excited jabbering noise.  
In the corner of the playground,  
There was something they had found.  
A boy called Tom poked it with a stick,  
Watching made me feel quite sick.  
I could see it was a baby spider,  
My first thought was to hide her.  
I cupped her in my hands,  
And resisted all the boys demands,  
Firmly saying 'no,  
I'll never let her go! '  
She tickled my palm,  
Glad to be safe from harm.  
I thought hard about a hiding place,  
Then dropped her in my pencil case.  
From that day on she was my pet.  
I kept her safe from every threat.  
My friends helped me catch a fly,  
To feed her so she would not die.  
Then one day in Maths she gave me the slip,  
When I forgot to close the zip.

I didn't see her leave her den,  
And thought we'd never meet again,  
Until I saw in plain view,  
My friend upon my shoe.  
The boys were quick to tell the teacher,  
About my eight legged creature,  
So I had to set her free,  
On the trunk of a sycamore tree.  
I knew it was for the best,  
But I found it hard to free my guest.  
At last I said goodbye,  
With many a tear in each eye.  
That was a year ago,  
And still I miss her so...

-----

17. by Stephen Katona

#### A Quokka And Quail Quiz Night

'Quokkas and Quails I shall invite, '  
Said a Queen organising a Quiz night,  
'Under the Quandong trees,  
There's a lovely breeze,  
For games of Quoits, where you throw,  
Hoops onto sticks, in case you don't know.  
We'll have Questions about Quarks,  
And other Quantum remarks.'

The button Quails,  
Ate brown snails,  
And Quandong drups,  
From green leaf cups,  
To Quell their hunger,  
And make them feel younger,  
Using Quandong moths,  
As little table cloths.

In a world of fantasia,  
They ate Quinces from Asia,

Quivered at tales of the tiger Quoll,  
Who lived in a hole,  
And attacked the nests,  
Of Quetzal bird guests,  
In Quassia trees,  
Whenever they please.

Then they all sang a song,  
Under the Blue Quandong,  
Of a world without Quarrels,  
And impeccable morals.

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18. ?

Bri Edwards



# A Showcase For Ph Poets: February 2015: Section 'A'... [sharing Poems; Not A Contest; Monthly On Bri Edwards' Ph Site]

So, now for some information about my first SHOWCASE for PH poets:

Sorry, I've altered some things already, like the title of my lead-in poem, above. In anticipation of a great response [I sent notices to about 50 members so far from my inbox], I have added to my lead-in poem's title 'February,2015: section 'A' '.

I eventually plan to submit one of my own short (12 lines or less) poems, and later this month one of my LONG ones, which may go on for a couple of pages. Therefore, and since I will allow other members to also submit two poems per month [if one is 12 lines or less], I may well add a second, third,4th, etc. 'section' so readers will not have to scroll up and down too much to refer to poems and the comments area below the poems. understand? i hope so. this first 'section' is 'A' and I shall follow the English alphabet: A, B, C, etc.

I also plan to have a list of the poets [whose poem(s) are included in a section] above all of the poems.

Starting off will be the first poem submitted to section 'A' of February's showcase. [PLEASE READ THE POET'S NOTE ALSO FOR MY 'A SHOWCASE FOR PH POETS'.]

And here we go!

-----

1. Daniel Brick (U.S., Male,68) :

Moving into the House Late Winter,1985

-----

2. Bri Edwards (U.S., Male,66/67) :

Golden Eagle

-----

3. Eugene Levich (U.S., Male,78) :

Souls

-----

4. Elena Plotkin (U.S., Female, ageless) :

Please No More

-----

5. Sally Plumb Plumb (England, Female,74?) :

Boy And A Frog (Kids Stuff)

-----

6. Beach Girl (U.S., Female, about 44) :

Love and Tears

-----

7. Electric Lady (U.S., Female,32) :

Beautiful Stranger

-----

8. JJ Evendon (United Kingdom, Male,66) :

Sitting Quietly

-----

9. JJ Evendon (United Kingdom, Male,66) [2nd poem]:

Heaven's Delight

-----  
10. Bri Edwards (U.S., Male,66) (2nd poem) :

[War] Boy In An Envelope..... [War (Vietnam 'conflict') : a parent's loss;  
condolences; VERY LONG, but worth the time]

-----  
11. Lora Colon (U.S., Female, ageless) :

Eternal Thirst

-----  
12. Valsa George (India, Female,61) :

In Vain

-----  
13. Lora Colon (U.S., Female, ageless) (2nd poem) :

Feeding The Fire

-----  
14. Elena Plotkin (U.S., Female, ageless) (2nd poem) :

Sugar Man

-----  
15. Darlene Walsh (U.S., Female,21)

Last Trip  
-----

16. Savita Tyagi (U.S., Female,67)

Like a Coin

-----

17. Savite Tyagi (U.S., Female,67) (2nd poem)

Life Agrees To Be Your Valentine For A Period Of Time

-----

18. Brian Johnston (U.S., Male,71)

PH: Farm: For Now, The Chimney Stands

-----

19.? no more this month. look at the March 'showcase' next.

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1. by DANIEL BRICK:

Moving into the House

Day heaves darkness out of sight.  
The remaining trees on this ordinary  
street seem scattered, haphazard.  
Disease has claimed so many of them.  
They are so much older than us,  
truly survivors, probably much stronger.  
They wait in their stolid silence.  
The bloom will come later,  
but this later needs no help from us:  
it blossoms by itself,  
in due time. And then the city  
will live again in its summer glory.

Our street is quiet in the morning.  
A gray cat sleeps on our front steps  
until I shoo him away. Barely visible,  
birds linger in the branches hanging over  
our deck. Inside it is quiet as well.  
The house is big, big enough  
for a family, but there are only two  
of us living here now. It once held a family  
of five, but that is another story...  
We have been busy in the way of  
new homeowners everywhere. Next box

We painted the walls in every room,  
carpeted the floors, put bright prints  
of paintings by Monet in the living room,  
furnished it with glittering things. And  
everyday I remind myself I don't believe  
in ghosts. But he shadows me. Just past sixty,  
he lumbered across the floors we've covered,  
looked out the kitchen windows we've scrubbed  
spotless, woke up to the same light streaming  
into the kitchen. And I remind myself  
I don't believe... A suicide leaves no trace, he  
has erased himself. And we have so much more to do.

(February 2015)

=====

2. by BRI EDWARDS:

Golden Eagle....[Eagles: Hunting and Caring for young]

A Golden Eagle stands tall upon its perch,  
with keen eyes, for its next victim to search.  
Suddenly it spreads wings, is off with a lurch,  
sweeping low o'er groves of aspen and birch.

A jackrabbit stirs near a clump of brush.  
Silently toward it the eagle does rush.  
The rabbit's life-ending cry breaks the hush.  
Too late! The eagle, its backbones does crush.

With rabbit in tow it flies to its nest  
where its chick gobbles warm handouts with zest.  
With its mate the parent shares all the rest,  
preparing themselves for the next hunting quest.

(Dec.2006; revised Dec.2012)

=====

### 3. by EUGENE LEVICH

#### Souls

I wonder if monkeys have souls.  
Their DNA and ours are almost identical—by 95 percent!  
Some say ninety-eight!  
Deoxyribonucleic acid is neither charade nor pretense  
Do monkeys wonder if we have souls?

And if monkeys do have souls, what about  
Ranger—my wonderful childhood canine brother?  
'Cause he seemed often more human than people  
And displayed more brains than many.

Dogs enjoy a heavenly patron—Saint Roch  
A Frenchman  
Who died in 1327—  
Wouldn't he lead all the good dogs in?

If my soul does enter heaven-  
As unlikely a premise as that might be-  
If Ranger didn't come bounding to greet me...  
It wouldn't be truly heaven, you see.

And if monkeys and dogs have souls  
What about cats? —Does Ace have a soul?  
I'd like to think so—but I really don't know.  
'Cause one doesn't know where to stop.

Cats also enjoy a patron—Saint Gertrude de Nivelles  
A Belgian who died in 659—

Cats would thus seem to have a free pass in.  
And that would indeed be swell.

But cats being somewhat devilish,  
I wouldn't so much expect to see  
Ace's presence there.  
He was a bad boy anyway

(February 1,2015) ?

=====

4. by ELENA PLOTKIN

Please No More

And so he wrote it on the message board,  
A simple message for the Almighty Lord,  
'Please God, who I worship and adore,  
Please all merciful God, please no more! '  
I saw it there upon the message board,  
A simple message for the Almighty Lord,  
I ventured to ask the owner of the store,  
'Who wrote this message of 'No More? ''  
'A man came by here, a drifter, a bum  
down in his luck, desperate, and glum.'  
'Why keep it there? ' I dare then to ask,  
'I cannot bare to do this simple task,  
By all means do it yourself if you wish,  
Some motions of the hand swish, swish, swish,  
And the words will at last all disappear,  
But first this much I feel you must hear,  
Before that desperate man left my store,  
I asked him what he meant by 'No more, '  
His reply was neither fast nor too slow,  
It was forthright, sincere, and full of woe,  
'Please God no more sickness; no more death,  
I ask for others not just myself.  
Please no more famine; please no more drought,  
It's not just me I am thinking about.  
Please no more tornadoes, quakes, and flood,  
We are all just made of flesh and blood.

Please no more murder, rape, or abuse.  
We all have some purpose and some use.  
Please God, who I worship and adore,  
Please all merciful God, please no more! "  
And after the owner said this to me,  
the board's eraser he handed to me.  
Some motions of the hand swish, swish, swish  
But how can I erase that man's one wish?  
So I handed the eraser back,  
I thanked the owner for his great tact.  
I said my goodbye and left that store,  
I came home and looked at my front door,  
Took a paper, a pen and wrote it down,  
the very same words I read back in town,  
'Please God, who I worship and adore,  
Please all merciful God, please no more! '  
And as I took tape and stuck the paper on,  
I knew that I wasn't the only one  
who took a paper and wrote it down.  
It couldn't just be me and this one town.

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5. by SALLY PLUMB PLUMB

Boy And A Frog (Kids Stuff)

The great, green gob  
was opened wide  
and a wriggling worm  
was fed inside.

The boy said, 'Mum,  
the frog he comes  
and sees me every day,  
but a grass snake lurks  
and slyly works  
his slithers by the way'.

Then the snake, like lightning,  
makes a strike.



The boy he quickly starts  
and jaws around  
the great, green gob  
are gently eased apart.

Now frog and snake  
their freedom take  
from the boy  
with a pounding heart.

Submitted: Thursday, October 23,2014

-----

6. by BEACH GIRL

Love and Tears

A breath of a breeze

Tousles my hair

As moss laden trees

Soften sun's glare

Jasmine vines twined

'Round the old wooden post

And upward they climbed

To heaven almost

Heavy with fragrance

As sweet as your heart

I stood in the garden  
Till day did depart  
The scent caused a sigh  
And broken heart fears  
The flower's a sign  
Of lost Love and Tears

Submitted: Saturday, July 12,2014

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7. by ELECTRIC LADY

Beautiful Stranger

You are no fool to me  
Because everything you do is so perfect  
A mirror is just an illusion  
Let us break it along with the rules!  
Boys like you are debonair  
So raw and so real  
You wear your heart on your sleeve  
But at the same time  
You carry the weight of the world on your shoulders  
I enjoy making love to my art  
I often wonder what it would be like to leave everything behind  
And start a whole new life with a beautiful stranger  
My emotions are divinely connected to yours  
Therefore the gods shall surrender  
And your tears and my tears  
Shall make a flowing river.

We are both strange  
Yes we are  
And I do not care what the world may think!  
I am beautiful  
And you are beautiful  
We are beautiful strangers.

Submitted: Friday, June 20,2014  
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8. by JJ EVENDON

Sitting Quietly

When I feel love is no longer inside me  
I walk with empty thoughts to a hill top tree.  
Whilst I sit there peacefully, and wait for the breeze to whisper,  
I try to write something profound on a scrap of paper.  
The early morning mist that once hid the land and trees,  
slowly dissipate and recedes.  
With a rising sun, it's not long before I get a clearer view.  
Everything in life has a meaning, mine would always be one with you.

Submitted: Tuesday, September 09,2014  
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9. by JJ EVENDON

Heaven's Delight

Insects drawn by an outside light  
I hear sounds of cicadas and animals at night.  
I feel the warmth of a gentle evening breeze,  
Glass of wine in hand, that is making me merry indeed  
I see a myriad of stars above shining bright  
with no moon, it makes for an awesome sight.  
Can people honestly believe we're alone in the universe,  
when there's an abundance of life here on earth?

With an almost infinite number of stars and galaxies,  
discovering alien life elsewhere, how sensational would that be?  
Such a probability may exist using a link of the mind,  
so I go search the universe for our nearest alien kind.  
Travelling faster than light and at the speed of thought  
it's not long before I find what I'm looking for.  
From a distance, I see white clouds, land and deep blue seas  
there's even has a moon like ours - how extraordinary!  
But as I descend through its atmosphere and weather,  
I see myself resting on a patio - I'm glad my soul and me are together!

Submitted: Thursday, December 25,2014

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10. by BRI EDWARDS

[War] Boy In An Envelope..... [War (Vietnam 'conflict') : a parent's loss;  
condolences; VERY LONG, but worth the time]

The long envelope was addressed to Mr. Robert K. Hess.  
One corner was torn away.....and it lacked a return address.  
I'd just received it that day, with a batch of others;  
it was a light mail-day; some days the volume smothers.

I opened up the envelope, what was left of it, and read.....  
'Dear Mr. Hess,  
Sorry this comes so late. I know your son is dead.'

I caught my breath. I'd received a similar letter years ago,  
but this one contained a photo also, which caused my tears to flow.

The photo, black and white, showed a father with his son.  
Each was dressed in camouflage, and each carried.....a deer gun.  
On the back was a name and address, the same as envelope.  
And written in pencil it said 'Me and Dad, hunting antelope.'

There was a date also written: November 12,1963.

Memories of my son now swept rapidly over me.  
There were about ten pages, handwritten, staring at me now.  
I could not make myself read it yet. My head did slowly bow.

The next day I took it up again, with very mixed feelings indeed.  
But my mind and soul both seemed to feel, the letter I might need.

'My name is Hank' the letter said. 'I knew your son in NAM.  
This photo of you and your son, for years has helped keep me calm.'

I stared at the photo for a while. Did my son look like that long ago?  
I scanned the letter and found no return address. The letter, I was about to  
throw.

But I couldn't do it! I had to read it someday. Again I set it aside.  
Ten years I've been without a son, but, for him, I'm still filled with pride.

It took a week before I read some more. I had plenty more to do.  
I thought reading the long letter might help, the parent-child bond, renew.

'I've enclosed Tom's dog tags. He gave them to me before he died.  
I should have turned them in but I didn't, and for two days, at night, I cried.  
Tom was my buddy for six months; we shared more than you want to know.  
It wasn't ALL bad in The NAM. Once we saw a live comedy show.  
He was a bit of a crazy kid, who at crazy times would sing a song.  
He spoke highly of you, though he said you didn't always get along.'

The letter went on and on. I was tempted several times to quit.  
Sometimes, due to some torn off page corners, I missed a little bit.  
Yes, there'd been corners torn off of pages, and of the envelope too.  
Dog tags were missing; through the open envelope corner I suppose they flew.

Hank spoke of a visit to Saigon, and of the oppressive heat,  
of villagers who'd had legs blown off, and meals they had to eat.  
He did NOT mention drugs, nor the girls I imagine they'd sampled,  
nor TOO much of fighting, nor of anything or anybody they may have trampled.

He mentioned seeing a cobra one day and he mentioned the sounds at night.  
He said much of their time there was boring. Beer came by helicopter flight.  
There were church services held in 'the field'. They burned much of their shit.  
The few times they had enemy contact, each soldier tried.....to not 'get hit'.

'Part of the year has terrible rains. They call them a 'wet' monsoon.

One of the few things like in the States, was the stars at night and the moon.  
Some of us (just a few) wrote regularly to folks back home.  
Some were concerned more with leech removal and having a good lice comb.

'I spent a second tour in The NAM after your son died. Was I nuts?  
Partly, your son's death was why I stayed. I wanted to kick some V.C. butts.  
I got my chance in my seventeenth month there. I got two gooks, but they got  
ME.  
I lost an arm and one eye, but my medical care is free.

'I've also had flashbacks of being hit, or those I killed, and of your son.  
If I could rule the world now.....I'd get rid of every bomb, mortar, and gun.  
One good thing, I guess, came out of that mess. I met my dear wife Susie.  
She took care of me in Walter Reed. I've got a son, Tom; he is a doozy.

'I've debated telling you how your son died. Now I guess I will.  
It was not drugs or suicide.....as happened to some. It happened on a hill.  
I've heard Tom's listed as 'Missing In Action', but I tell you he did die.  
But I don't know if I can say his death was needed. No, I will not lie.

'We were ordered to take a hill overlooking a 'strategic valley'.  
We were warned not to commit any 'atrocities' like was done by Lt. Calley.  
Maybe we did, and maybe we didn't. It was not clear who the enemy was.  
When we were ordered to take the hill, we did as a 'good soldier' does.

'We were told there were NVA and VC and maybe Chinese on the hill.  
We were told to advance cautiously, but to proceed at will.  
We kept in touch with the home base until our radio operator was shot.  
The radio was 'killed' too, so we were a bit 'in the dark'; ours was a sorry lot.

'Our platoon started with forty men, most as young as Tom and me.  
By the time we'd gotten off the hill, I think we were down to twenty-three.  
Halfway up Tom got hit in the chest, I think from machine gun fire,  
but he could have been hit by a sniper bullet; treetop snipers could get much  
higher.

'I was ten feet away and I went and cradled his head.  
He gave me his tags, which I'm sending to you, but in a few minutes he was  
dead.'

By now I was choking, and my tears were soaking the page; I stopped.  
I wondered if my son died with a buddy, with his head up-propped.

The next day, after a sleepless night, I returned anxiously to the letter. I thought a day's rest would prepare me for letter's end, but I did not do much better.

'I know, sir, some war movies show soldiers carrying their dead away, but, I hope you'll believe me, on THAT hill THAT day, there was.....NO damn way.

You wouldn't have gotten your son's body back; I'd probably have lost mine. I hope you'll forgive me, sir. I hope, with my decision, you'll be fine.'

Once again I hesitated, with page in hand, but I could not stop reading now. I grabbed more tissues and drank some water, and to the end I did plow.

'Our forces took the hill at last.....after it was mostly destroyed. To accomplish this, however, it was carpet bombed and napalm was employed. I don't really know if they looked for Tom. The hill was 'held'.....for a few months.

That's the way things went sometimes.....for us U.S. Army grunts.

'I haven't given you my return address; it was hard enough, as is..... to write to you at long last, and give you what, for Tom, once were his. I know he cherished the photo; I took it from him when he died. The dog tags have been a comfort for me many nights when I have cried. But I'm on a new med now, from the VA doctor, to calm my nerves at night. They seem to be working and I thought you should have what was Tom's. It's right!

'I hope this envelope reaches you safely. I hope you haven't moved. I hope you believe my story, and, that Tom had a NAM buddy, this proved. With my sincere condolences on the loss of your son.  
Sincerely, Hank

p.s. I'll remember him each time my boy's little hand, on mine, does yank.'

My eyes were red and tired by now, but all my tears had dried. I'm sorry I failed to find a return address. My boss will know I tried. My name is not Mr. Hess. My son's name was Ron, not Tom. Ron died, I'm told, in '68, when his patrol was hit by .....an errant bomb.

I work in a Post Office Dead Letter Office where we get our share of mail.  
I know many, hearing of my job, will think 'Post Office? ', and then think 'snail'.  
Each day I look at mail pieces marked 'undeliverable, return to sender'.  
Hank's envelope came here to be opened, as no return address he did tender.

Sometimes we have good luck and the mail finds its way back home.  
Today we'll send, to the waste bin, this heartbreaking, belated 'tome'.

[My name is Rose Cranston. Ron was 19 when he died. I miss him.]

(March 31,2014)

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11. by LORA COLON

Eternal Thirst

This thirst for love is my heart's torment,  
How can I calm these raging fears  
When the fire of love's thirst burns like the sun,  
And the blaze is stoked by my tears?

My eternal thirst.... will it be quenched?  
My heart's parched, lying in the dust,  
It longs to leap into glistening waves,  
It pleads for the tide's rapturous thrust

Eternal thirst lurks in the darkness,  
Seeking shadows in empty streets,  
And finding its way to my room each night,  
It softly cries on satin sheets

Eternal thirst, my heart knows you well,  
You long for a kiss wet with dew,  
But one warm embrace would still make you smile,  
Your demands are so small and few

When will my thirst be satiated?



I choke on the dust of despair,  
And a sigh of weariness leaves my lips  
As I fall to my knees in prayer

Eternal thirst, the sun's almost set,  
You're waning, like a smoldering fire,  
Soon, on winter's wind you'll drift away,  
Leaving not a trace of desire

My thirst for love..... jaded memories  
That ride on the wings of despair,  
A song of poets, a dream of fools,  
Peace! ... when longing breathes its last air

Submitted: Saturday, July 26,2014  
-----

12. by VALSA GEORGE

In Vain

With no cover ups, let me be frank  
At times my mind goes utterly blank  
When I sit down to write a poem  
From topic to topic, my mind does roam  
But nothing comes to spark off a rhyme  
Often I feel the words do not chime  
Today as I sat down to write something  
I ended up conjuring nothing

No thoughts came to stir up my brain  
And no topic I found save my strain  
But I wasn't ready to willfully give up  
And waited impatient for my mind to clear up  
I thought I shall settle with 'Compassion'  
But alas, it was charged with no passion

The urge to write had grown into a fad  
And I felt I was growing altogether mad  
Plagued by a fiery fancy to express

And a tormenting desire unable to suppress  
With a mental state somewhat fierce  
I climbed up and down the stairs

I stood upside down and raked my head  
So that a little poem, into it would be fed  
Feeling dizzy, I stood suddenly upright  
But on my head hung a heavy weight  
I poured some water over my head  
But knew my fever hadn't fled  
Madly pacing across the room  
I tripped and fell down on a broom  
Rising, I screamed with all my might  
Making the household ring in fright  
'What the hell is it? ' I did shout  
And wriggled in pain as from gout  
In mad frenzy, I ran round the house  
No one knew the reason for my fuss  
Soon it dawned on me that I needed some rest  
For I was far more than stressed  
So I sat down and closed my eyes  
Thinking, attempting to squeeze out a poem is unwise

I don't know how long I sat in meditation  
On waking up I got a fresh direction  
From the grip of an entangling rigour  
I restored my sanity and vigour

The sun had gone out of sight  
And the moon was beautiful and bright  
It was already growing late  
And I put off my futile fight

Submitted: Sunday, March 16,2014

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13. by LORA COLON

Feeding The Fire

Why is there no one here for me,  
No companion for my heart?  
I'm tired of pretending, wearing this mask,  
Too long have I played the part

How can a heart feel so displaced,  
Not knowing where it should be;  
Even a bird, lost in its flight  
Finds comfort in a welcoming tree

The sun and stars have been tended to,  
Their courses have all been charted;  
But yet I wander, lost in a fog,  
Hope for guidance long departed

The decay of happiness is choking me,  
I'm drowning in my own tears;  
Still, I wait for The Light to come  
And guide me through happier spheres

But my pilgrimage is almost over,  
For my hunger and thirst - no relief!  
So I'm burning my robe and my sandals,  
Feeding the fire with all my Beliefs!

Submitted: Friday, September 27,2013

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14. by ELENA PLOTKIN

Sugar Man

My teeth that used to bite have long lost the fight.  
My hair that once was gray has now become white.  
My eyesight is cloudy yet my liver spots shine bright.  
I can barely walk two blocks before my knees give out.

The only things older than me are the bills in my pocket.  
One sultry look from you baby and I'm off like a rocket.  
Just please keep the machines hooked up to the socket,

And maybe I'll teach you how to play the stock market.

I'll treat you like the princess your father always said you were.  
I'll lavish you with expensive jewels, car, clothes, and fur.  
I'll take you to fancy dinner parties from here all the way to Japan.  
You'll never have to cook, clean, or work for this sugar man!

Submitted: Wednesday, March 05,2014

-----  
15. by DARLENE WALSH

Last Trip

I was a full day dead and quite content  
My last word and testament has been sent  
I lay in my coffin as they passed me by  
They walked past in silence, never asking Why?

My heart was light in my quiet repose  
In the air was the fragrance of white rose  
Tears glistened on cheeks in candle light  
But they all knew that my rest was right

Long years were past and everything done  
I've spent many days under the sun  
I wanted to go, no reason to stay  
I just needed time to find the way

Children and grand children and great ones too  
Family left behind totaled quite a few  
Friends from my youth have already left  
Those still here are have a younger zest

My soul is at rest like a cool summer day  
The last heat of life has gone away  
Passion's twilight has come to rest  
Like a mountain spring washing my breast

It is time to go with no regret

I leave behind not a single debt  
It's been a full day since my last breath  
Now for my last trip to the land of death

They carry my coffin to my earthly home  
And sprinkle on my lid rich dark loam  
No child in slumber could be more content  
Quite content that my life was well spent

Submitted: Sept.9,2014  
-----

16. by SAVITA TYAGI

Like A Coin

Like a coin I roll down the path of mortal life  
Wrapped around me my eternity  
A silent Witness enjoying the partnership  
Yet in Its grace letting me feel like  
I am the one and only one enjoying the thrill  
Unaware of my head or tail  
Ignorant of mysterious beginning  
Final destination- a blinded corner  
Still I claim the path's ownership.

Submitted: Monday, November 05,2012  
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17. by SAVITA TYAGI

Life Agrees To Be Your Valentine For A Period Of Time

There is an element of pleasure  
In all the workings of life  
Be it of joy or suffering to our eyes  
It exists independently universally  
Irrelevant to our feelings and emotions

Uninfluenced by our experiences  
Jovial are the words of grief and happiness  
Whose understanding comes to rest  
Upon equality in dealing with duality  
And believes in simple pleasure of living  
Our joy and sufferings are wrappings  
Marked upon life's golden box  
Sometime dazzling as dawn azure  
Or dark as night sans moon and stars  
Intense is the touch of these wrappings  
Upon our hearts and mind hiding creation's  
Secret purpose beyond our understanding  
Ambrosia of life drips in movement of time  
Death rejuvenates it like hourglass  
Reversing it self to start all over  
Life agrees to be your valentine  
For a period of short time  
Enjoy her partnership in these  
Moments so blessedly thine.

2.14.2015

Wish you all a happy Valentine

Submitted: Saturday, February 14,2015

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18. by BRIAN JOHNSTON

PH: Farm: For Now, The Chimney Stands

In the ashes of a home  
Remains a stone fireplace  
That still stands against the sky  
Decaying at its own pace  
Earth, water, and wind  
Now its only adversaries,  
Unless you add time to the mix.

It marks the place  
Where once humans lived,  
Like a cross without arms,

A fragment of a tombstone  
Is the best it can muster,  
The once cheerful warmth of its heart.  
Indistinguishable from ambient air.

At one time a barn was here too!  
But signaling its weariness  
By leaning too hard toward the future  
As if to brace itself for the final onslaught,  
It won its own release,  
Rough hewn planks stripped away,  
Finding temporary lives elsewhere.

Stone walls that once  
Sheltered whole towns  
From marauding hordes  
Have their own plans  
For reincarnation,  
Migrating, as it were,  
To patios and garden pools.

All is change my love,  
Everything we hold dear  
Vanishes and then reappears,  
Briefly, in other bedrooms,  
Like warmth from a fireplace...  
Only the stars in lover's eyes  
Remain the same, until they change.

Submitted: Wednesday, June 25,2014  
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19.? SEE YOU IN MARCH?

BRI :) :) :)

Bri Edwards

Submitted: Monday, February 02,2015

Edited: Saturday, March 07,2015

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DEAR ME! !! SOMEHOW PH? HAS SCREWED UP SOME OF THIS SHOWCASE,  
AND I'VE SPENT A LOT OF TIME TRYING TO FIX IT (THE SHOWCASE) . IT ALSO

COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED FOR A WHILE! : (( BRI

Bri Edwards



# A Showcase For Ph Poets: June 2015: Section 'A'.... [sharing Poems; Not A Contest; Monthly On Bri Edwards' Ph Site]

I've started a 'showcase' on my PoemHunter site,  
which is NOT a contest; it's no arena for a fight,  
but instead a place where once a month I shall post..  
a poem\* from you, a PH member, which you'd like read most.

NO title, topic, nor length\* do I plan to require.  
Just send in a poem to set the PH members on fire.  
Send to 'A Showcase For PH Poets', care of me.  
Let's show off our stuff, and this also is free!

I was intending this to showcase poems by you, the member,  
BUT, heck, send someone else's \*\* if you'd like, BUT remember....  
to NOT get me involved in copyright disputes, please.  
Of course if I were sued, there is NO money from me to squeeze!

(February 28,2015)

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\*I now allow and welcome TWO poems per month from each PH member. At  
least one of them should be not much longer than 24 lines in length, but I'll  
judge each case separately, trying to be fair to all.

So, now for some information about my monthly SHOWCASE for PH poets:

In anticipation of a great response for my first showcase, in February,2015, [I  
sent notices to about 75 members from my inbox and my list of PH friends], I  
have added to my poem's title: "section 'A' ", but there MAY never be a "section  
'B' ".

I plan to submit one of my own short (24 lines or less) poems,  
and one of my LONG ones (which may go on for a couple of pages) . Therefore,  
and since I will allow other members to also submit two poems per month [if one  
is 24 lines or less], I may well add a second, third,4th, etc. 'section' so readers  
will not have to scroll up and down too much to refer to poems and the  
comments area below the poems. Understand? I hope so. This first 'section' is 'A'

and I shall follow the English alphabet: A, B, C, etc. IF I FEEL A NEED (or desire)  
TO DO SO.

I also plan to have a LIST OF POETS [whose poem(s) are  
included in a following section] above the posted poems.

\*\*I WOULD LOVE TO HAVE ALL POEMS BE WRITTEN BY PH MEMBERS, and be  
submitted by the authors. If you choose to submit a poem by another PH  
member I will try to verify that the member agrees. Poems attributed to non-  
members I may want to ask about also.

Starting off will be the first poem submitted to section 'A' of JUNE's showcase.  
[PLEASE READ THE POET'S NOTE ALSO FOR MY 'A SHOWCASE FOR PH POETS'.]

I WILL ALWAYS GIVE THE AUTHOR'S NAME WITH THE POEM POSTED.

My first showcase was in February 2015, and I consider it to be a success, with  
almost 20 poems to view, from almost as many poets. My thanks go to all  
contributors! ! This is meant to expose poems and poets to readers and to  
provide some entertainment and/or enlightenment and/or knowledge to PH  
members [and I guess non-members who, I think, can also view the poems but  
not comment].

Some of the poems may not be on the authors' PH sites. But if you are enthused  
about a poem, I hope you will visit the poet's site and read more and leave  
comments.

Did I forget anything? ?

[[some ages of poets' may be age+1.  
AND i use PH for the names and countries and gender as well.]]

[AND I TRY TO keep typos etc. out of the poems, but if i miss some, OR if the  
poets wants their poems added as they've given them to me, then i'm not going  
to edit the poem! ]

In last month's (May's) showcase, there were 14 poems from 9  
poets.

HERE WE GO!

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The POETS (and poems) :

1. VALSA GEORGE (India; Female; 61)

Prenatal Pangs

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2. BRI EDWARDS (United States; Male; 67) (1st poem)

Prejudiced? Who? Me? ? .....[personal; Human Nature; Racial Prejudice]

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3. BRI EDWARDS (United States; Male; 67) (2nd poem)

A Sailboat's Last Thoughts.....[human/Sailboat Nature; Drama; Weather]

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4. STEPHEN KATONA (United Kingdom; Male; 45)

The Zonkey And The Grolar Bear

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5. KELLY KURT (United States; Male; 57)

When I Die, Remember This Alone

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6. DARLENE WALSH (United States; Female; 21)

The Monster Beneath The Bed

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7. ANDY (aka PAUL aka BB)                      BROOKES (United Kingdom; Male; 61)

Barefoot in the Park

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8. IS IT POETRY (United States; Male; '100')

Grandpa Pa Dad And Uncle D' El Roy

-----  
9. BRIAN JOHNSTON (United States; Male; 72)                      (1st poem)

Why Fireflies Dance 2

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10. BRIAN JOHNSTON (United States; Male; 72)                      (2nd poem)

My Uncle's Lost Chords

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11. M.J. Lemon (Canada; Male; 49)                      (1st poem)

For Her

-----  
12. M.J. Lemon (Canada; Male; 49)                      (2nd poem)

The Artless Freudian

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13. KIM BARNEY (Brazil, via U.S.; Male; 100(?)) (1st poem)

You're In!

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14. KIM BARNEY (Brazil, via U.S.; Male: 100(?)) (2nd poem)

Butterfly Of Death

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15. BEACH GIRL (United States; Female; 45)

I Fell Into The Sky

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16. GING TAPING (Philippines; Female; 44) (1st poem)

Whom You Trust? Who?

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17. GING TAPING (Philippines; Female; 44) (2nd poem)

Boracay.....A Dream Paradise

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18. JOHN WESTLAKE (United Kingdom; Male; 31)

221. Garden Of Love

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19. DANNY DRAPER (Australia; Male; 52)

I heard your call from sleep to wake alone

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20. ?

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The Poems (and their authors) :

1. by Valsa George:

Prenatal Pangs

Writing of a poem

Oh! How it can be likened

To having a baby!

With the copulation of fancy and thought,  
Comes the moment of conception

It can happen any day  
Unanticipated or planned erstwhile  
On a star studded night  
Or a rain drenched morn  
It swims into you as a seed  
So tiny... so inconspicuous  
Once the pregnancy, confirmed  
Comes irritation, nausea  
Lethargy and loss of appetite  
Your stomach rarely growls for food  
Clouds of words hang heavy and low,  
Refusing to break into showers  
They don't gush or rush.  
Ideas dry up leaving the nib parched  
Lines crack n' break

Depression follows  
Discouraged, you feel fatigued

But all the while you begin to realize  
That a new life  
Independent of you  
Has begun growing inside you  
Then all the care taken  
To foster the young life

You read...  
You refer the lexicon  
You withdraw from other works  
Take rest, relax in solitude

Slowly the foetus moves  
The first stirring of life!  
With fond fingers, as you pat your belly  
Your pen pats the paper  
The first line.....  
The first faint beating of the heart!  
Then words....  
Like little harness bells tingling  
Fall in line, line after line!

Drawing nourishment from you,  
The embryo grows limb by limb  
The miniscule of insight  
Grown after months of waiting  
Into a mature body of illumination!  
A stretch of your dreams!  
A suffusion of light!

After the labour pains  
Of scribbling and scrawling,  
Writing and rewriting,  
Deleting, adding and editing,  
With time stretching and contracting,  
A baby, no, a poem is born.

Whether cute or ugly  
No mother can dislike it

She marvels at its birth  
Wraps it in her warmth  
She must have had in mind a name  
Or seeks to find a name;  
An apt name  
Thus a poem with a title is born!  
She wonders if her baby would lit a smile,  
On others lips too  
Or from them would flow,  
Words of endearment as from a trickle!

- - - - -

2. by Bri Edwards:

Prejudiced? Who? Me? ? .....[personal; Human Nature; Racial Prejudice]

I'm a white guy, aged 64, raised in a small town way up north.  
Do some thoughts I have about blacks signal prejudice coming forth?  
First I'd say NO, but then again I'd say YES.  
But such thoughts, by both whites and blacks, are normal I would guess.

What thoughts am I now referring to you will probably ask.  
To answer that sensible question will put my mind to task.  
My interactions with blacks, I think, no prejudice does reveal.  
And the rare times I have 'prejudice' thoughts, I think they're 'no big deal'.

Do you wish to know of what my 'pre-judged' thoughts consist?  
I'd almost rather not tell you....., but, if you INSIST!  
I sometimes think 'nigger'; when and where I grew up that was a 'bad' name.  
I also think of them as different, though people are the 'same'.

And here is where I say 'I don't like generalization'.  
By 'same' I mean neither all blacks nor all whites are 'the same' in this nation.  
So whites and blacks can both be smart or stupid, mean or kind;  
within each 'race' criminals and 'saints' you'll find.

I wasn't raised to either love or hate blacks. My parents seemed not to judge.  
And I've changed my mind again; I'm NOT prejudiced. From THAT opinion I shall  
not budge!



Then why you ask do I sometimes think 'nigger' when I think of a black?  
I think it's due to both a primeval urge to break society's rules, and to the  
'thought-control' I lack.

Luckily I don't act out my 'bad' thoughts. I might be in jail now if I had.  
When in grade school, a boy said I called him 'nigger'. The accusation made me  
sad.

[The 'bad' thoughts ' refer to non-racial thoughts; see my poet's notes on my  
poem's page.]

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3. by Bri Edwards:

A Sailboat's Last Thoughts.....[human/Sailboat Nature; Drama; Weather]

The storm clouds covered the sun,  
bringing to an end the day-of-fun.  
I knew my owner was not too bright;  
I resisted his casting off with all my might.  
But though I'm bigger and stronger than him,  
I was at the mercy of his every whim.

But this day my fate had a second master.  
Both the human and weather brought me disaster.

First the wind picked up for an hour,  
bringing with it a late afternoon shower.  
He sailed me on while showing no fear  
but just opened himself another beer.  
I had enough anger and fear for us both;  
if I could speak I'd swear an oath  
that, if once more we did reach shore,  
with that jerk I'd sail no more.

He'd probably not checked forecast or a chart.  
What a foolish, misguided, drunken fart!

I tried to come up with a positive thought.  
Try as I might I came up with naught, and  
he made no effort to motor me in.  
In nautical circles that is a sin.  
When beer was gone he went down below.  
With more rain came an increased easterly blow.  
Wind that is, a fearsome blast,  
which tore my sails and snapped my mast.

I've never been a boat much to pray,  
but I beseeched Neptune on this, my last day.  
My only hope was to stay afloat!  
If I could wield a pen I'd have written a note,  
damning my owner and his beer as well,  
and wishing them both bad luck in Sailors' Hell.

The wind increased even more for an hour.  
Freezing rain developed from what was a shower.  
The sea filled the cabin below;  
what became of him I don't care and don't know.

My last thoughts were of the owner I never did thank.  
He was my first owner before I was lost to the bank.  
He kept my sails in order and fuel in my tank.  
And HE checked weather and charts, and HE never drank.

(Nov.15,2012)

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4. by Stephen Katona:

The Zonkey And The Grolar Bear

'Please don't eat me, '  
Said the Zonkey,  
To the Grolar Bear,  
'I'm far too rare.  
Just like you,

I'm an unusual brew.  
Even a donkey,  
Looks at me,  
A little queerly.  
We could be best chums,  
And play bongo drums.'

'I'll not disagree, '  
Said the Bear to the Zonkey,  
'It's just that I'm so hungry! '  
'You can't catch me, '  
Cried the Zonkey,  
'You never will, '  
As he sped down the hill.  
The Grolar Bear gave pursuit,  
Choosing the most direct route,  
Hoping for a casserole,  
But fell into a muddy hole.  
Stuck fast in the sludge,  
He couldn't budge.  
It sure did stink,  
Worse, he began to sink.  
'Please help, ' said the Grolar Bear,  
To the Zonkey, 'Have a care.'

'You're a little overweight,  
You shouldn't put so much on your plate, '  
Said the Zonkey, whose heart was kind,  
As he threw branches at the bear's behind.  
A twig brought tears to a Grolar eye,  
'What are you doing? ' he said with a sigh,  
'You'll see....'  
Said the Zonkey.

When sticks were far and wide,  
'Lie down, ' the Zonkey cried.  
On a raft, our Grolar crawled,  
Until at the edge he sprawled.  
'You rescued me from this silt,  
Oh, how my heart is full of guilt, '  
Said the Grolar Bear, 'Please become,  
My lifelong best chum.'

Our Zonkey taught a Grolar to fish,  
To never be short of a dish,  
While a Grolar kept a Zonkey safe from harm,  
With solid muscles on each arm.

-----

5. by Kelly Kurt:

When I Die, Remember This Alone

I lived my life with honor, loyalty and openness  
I made good friends and shared my smile  
I accomplished much and had failures  
I worked hard and goofed off  
I reveled in my youth and enjoyed the wisdom of age  
I lost  
I won  
But when I die, remember this alone  
I loved you

-----

6. by Darlene Walsh:

The Monster Beneath The Bed

What is that you're seeing  
in the corner of your eye  
Stealthy foot steps following  
never passing by

In the corner of the mirror  
watching when you blink  
It is patient and silent  
and deadlier than you think

It's biding time for years  
until the time is ripe

Until you've grown enough  
and are just the right type

When you have grown enough  
to be a tasty morsel  
From beneath the bed it comes  
through a secret portal

In silence it is waiting  
needing to be fed  
Out in darkness slithering  
from beneath your bed

In your sleep it comes  
needing to be fed  
Nibbling a tasty morsel  
until you are dead

-----

7. by Andy Brookes:

Barefoot in the Park

Oh it's so lovely to be free  
It really makes me feel carefree.  
It really is a pleasant lark  
To go barefoot in the park.

I know some think it rather crass,  
To walk barefoot in the grass.  
For like a child I gives such mirth,  
For I love to feel my feet on earth.

My feet are free of shoe or sock  
As from their jail I do unlock,  
I love my little toes to wriggle,  
Its seem to me they laugh and giggle.

But just one little bit of caution  
And listen well to my exhortation

Mind your step whatever you do  
And don't step into no dog poo

-----  
8. by Is It Poetry:

Grandpa Pa Dad And Uncle D' El Roy

Grandpa pa  
Dad and Uncle D' el Roy

.....  
sometimes....  
with Mother

.....  
keep

.....  
all the

.....  
.....

Bushes and trees over grown here, like a park  
very dark  
and the mighty pale moon and groomed left Unlandscaped  
through the old rusted gate to here delivered  
thus I saw  
through a crack and going in, it sawing it coming out:  
The grandpa pa assisted to his preferred chair,  
Referenced remarks and grand-daughters dread  
she is and  
he starts to look at her fixedly.  
Drooling his;  
Foul breath, hanging outside his old shriveled finger.  
Her face and fear, full apparent to me, I see.  
Such beginnings with our race, thinking me.  
Long ago that Egyptian, should have stayed  
away from such a tree, she'd flee.  
She/his grand-daughter' he wants to push,  
and pull at her inside out the treats.  
Calling, calling for more and 'said', come

come "you never want enough. " Come here.  
Come on sweet,  
come and relive to see it more.  
My grand-daughter,  
obtains it there on the knees,  
Buckled open it pops.  
It makes my stomach turn, I wish to die thinks she.  
All because of 'dad' and him, ; D'el Roy '  
He\they 'said' and forced it open each dark banana,  
with the peel off and it knows, grampa pa knows it.  
Incest is the best, grampa pa he says.  
Through thick; fat, full - insidious blue lips.  
Uncle D'el Roy; decides to give him\my brother those  
gyratory movements, puckered in/out and clingy.  
It is unlike what grampa pa does,  
it's like to forward leaning, upwards.  
Uses, used equipment like/his nephew as a girl.  
Uses from us both,  
to see it Unwrapped from silk and the distance it.  
Lipstick and make-up on his face,  
uncle 'D'el Roy ' imagining him\my brother with heels  
on his feet, deeply forcing.  
Because it assized up there  
and starts to rub around his 'familiales'.  
D'el Roy; would like to put it to the test, he said at rest it knows  
incest is just the best as well.  
Whispers; from The mother to decide to enter  
on the act, Its and its son have a special pact, understanding.  
While his/her husbands with 'D'el Roy '; and works she  
obtains in her flowerbed, blooms on his and starts to give  
it's principal, the son loves her mom and is equipped and  
instructed, upwards through her face,  
Like it draws his milk everywhere her cotton yellow face.  
He knows that its mom and is nicer than the rest,  
Granpa pa or uncle'D'el Roy.  
He knows incest is not the best, inside his head,  
but does, instead of being whapped.  
The sister and the brother are a knowing pair,  
It is more of a family name and thus divide and conquer.  
Bill\ brother cannot believe this chance,  
Having a sister who knows to lean, their away.  
After he located it -it's grubby paws advanced there.

He folds it open and molds it more around it' and takes her back,  
Why of putting itself, love like the animals they became  
the sad truth and dirty catfish muddiest, ' they both/know that '  
incest is not the best and both they know it.  
The father cannot believe that his/her daughter must be  
forced thus, not the their kind, 'Randy' thus like he.  
Because uncle 'D'el Roy ' draws aside its moist breeches  
at the side on its knees as his\her takes it hates it from behind,  
She/He groans and shouts and starts to cry, it bleeds.  
'Dita', "He dad, you are not my type, not a kind; man, 'Dita'.  
The" dad says his incest is the better way, it hurts much less  
And it is a game in which the entire family has played,  
since the early eighteen hundreds.  
The dad treats his\her daughter like the honoured guest,  
'they both know, hugging that'  
deep inside, that incest is not the best and start to cry.  
And they both plan to runaway when both learn too understand it.

-----

9. by Brian Johnston:

## Why Fireflies Dance 2

Pausing on a late trip to South Dakota  
I pulled off of the highway  
Somewhere in Kansas  
And shut off the lights  
Reflecting that it might be good  
To clear the windshield of bug carcasses  
That were only being smeared  
Into a thin, barely transparent paste  
By my windshield wipers at this stage.

As my eyes became used to the moonlit hollow  
Where my vehicle purred quietly  
I began to realize something was strange.  
There were stars dancing that night  
Whose light had never been



Gathered by a telescope,  
A job, better left perhaps,  
To a wide-eyed child with a 'Ball Jar' & lid,  
Than to a scientist living behind thick lenses.

Opening the car door, revelation struck,  
Though alone in the dark, God was with me.  
The valley in which I'd parked  
Was teeming with more fireflies  
Than I had ever seen  
In the entirety of my uneventful life.  
Even in the stupor of mechanical driving  
I realized that by chance I had discovered  
What might just be the 'eighth wonder of the world.'  
The air was full of ecstasy  
And my impoverish heart simply enchanted.

The fireflies in their mating frenzy  
Made the full moon seem  
The victim of an incredible meteor shower,  
Flashes of light exploding on lunar surface  
As each projectile ended its journey,  
This illusion blurred only slightly  
By less ambitious brothers and sisters  
Whose ardor blotted out the Milky Way,  
Stretching horizon to horizon,  
As they flashed the opposite sex.

Still, all in all, it was quite a show.  
These moon striking invertebrates,  
Faux-astronauts though they were,  
(Unlike us, leaving no debris behind to litter)  
Giving up their tiny ghosts over and over,  
Adding a buggy visual pun to the night  
Clearly suggesting, that in romance at least,  
All of us experience multiple crash landings.

(February 14,2014)

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10. by Brian Johnston:

### My Uncle's Lost Chords

There's a story I heard of a famous lost chord,  
although why it was lost and just who did the losing,  
true or not, perhaps no one can tell,  
but piano pursuit served me well as a child  
as I followed my dream of harmonic reward.

Missing notes by themselves could bring fame to my door,  
no real talent required, just let luck do the choosing.  
Crystal tones could my future foretell,  
and might somehow bring fortune with demons beguiled,  
find this chord and I'm famous like world troubadour.

What I learned from this I must now share from the heart:  
I was three when I found Ardean's stash in mom's closet,  
older classical records, and more.  
There was Love For Three Oranges, Suite Scheherazade,  
and the Firebird Ballet blew my whole world apart.

Through his gift I discovered that music is dance,  
an emotional language that lives as composite,  
an intelligence melting your core  
with a soul that can play your heart's strings like a God!  
How I tremble to think this could be happenstance!

Still a chord unremembered might be anything,  
I think I see now where my poem is going:  
A lost chord's like a glass without wine,  
precious stone that has yet to be set in a band.  
Well, a chord in a symphony really can sing.

It is only in context the best chords ring true  
with their blessings of harmony wisely bestowing  
both a peace and a rapture divine,  
as a gem is at home on a receptive hand.  
Ardean fell in the forest, God heard, I did too!

(May 2,2015)

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11. by M.J. Lemon:

For Her

That laugh revives a warm memory.  
Shoulders rolling hair swinging  
That year a familiar territory  
as near as last Saturday

I'll fill the carafe  
You can keep troubles at bay  
just bring that laugh

-----  
12. by M.J. Lemon

The Artless Freudian

Save time or save  
your mind or whatever  
gives you purpose and defines you  
beyond flesh that eats sleeps  
finds relief and renews itself

Remake nothing  
or everything. Depends  
on the vitality infused  
into that which you most  
esteem: ignominious Self.

Perhaps redeem  
that most ethereal  
seam that kisses like morning mist  
the frost baked slate that is

woman, man so ephemeral.

-----  
13. by Kim Barney:

You're In!

I encountered one day  
in a little café  
a chum from days gone by,  
and oh, what a treat  
when he started to greet  
me with a joyful cry!

From the restroom he came  
as he called me by name  
and shook me by the hand;  
but his hand was all wet,  
which I'll never forget  
and could not understand.

Said I, 'Dear friend Josh,  
don't you know, when you wash,  
you should dry, understand? '  
Said he to me,  
'But don't you see,  
I didn't WASH my hands! '

[p.s. in Kim's poet's notes, he suggests you read the title aloud 3 or four times  
as fast as you can]

-----  
14. Kim Barney:

Butterfly Of Death

I was sitting in my garden

Just relaxing in my garden  
Doing nothing in my garden  
When I saw a butterfly

Butterfly there in my garden  
Appearing there of a sudden  
Not surprising in my garden  
To appear a butterfly

There was something very different  
In this creature from my garden  
Beautiful he was but fright'ning  
Butterfly in my garden

Something he was saying to me  
Something softly whispered to me  
Something audible just barely  
This butterfly in my garden

His words came softly to my ear  
Those words were soft but they were clear  
My blood ran cold when I did hear  
Yo soy la Marisposa de la Muerte!

I understood those words, all right  
And my whole soul was filled with fright  
To die just now did not seem right  
So I feigned ignorance

Spanish, I do not speak, I said  
Please try some other tongue instead  
Or go away and leave me be,  
Strange creature from my garden

Closer he came, my fright increased  
My heart beat faster, almost ceased  
And once more spoke the little beast:  
Ich bin der Schmetterling des Todes!

I do not understand, my friend.  
That sounds like German (I pretend  
I'm unable to comprehend

This creature from my garden)

Closer he came, within three feet  
My heart increased its frantic beat  
Louder he spoke, almost a bleat:  
Eu sou a Borboleta da Morte!

Filled with terror am I by now  
Thinking I must escape somehow  
Yet I know this he'll not allow,  
This specter from my garden

My mouth is dry, I cannot speak  
I try to run but I'm too weak  
And then he lands upon my cheek,  
This phantom from my garden!

I am all numb and paralyzed  
All my worst fears are realized  
These words I hear with my last breath:  
I am the Butterfly of Death!

[p.s. check out Kim's photos on his poems' pages! ]

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15. by Beach Girl:

I Fell Into The Sky

As I awoke this morning, I fell into the sky

The ocean left right after me and gracefully rolled by

The elephants stood on their toes and did a little dance

Pansies grew up ten feet tall and frightened little ants

I hear the mountains packed their bags and moved to Oklahoma

Palm trees put on winter coats and left for Nova Scotia

Birds decided not to fly and ordered Mini Coopers

Clouds became immoveable and fell into a stupor

Rivers ran like two way streets confounding fish and men

Lemons, limes, they all grew sweet, causing kids to grin

Soon I awoke from this strange dream, and sighed a little sigh

Recalled the weird and wondrous as I fell into the sky

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16. by Ging Taping:

Whom You Trust? Who?

Trust is easy to give but hard to keep.  
Once the bridge of trust is broken,  
it's hard to fix..

They said trust no one but yourself,  
coz' you know what's inside the shelf..  
But why?  
Can't trust your tongue..  
Sharper than knife,  
Clever than sword,  
Louder than huge clanged..

Why trust your heart..  
When it can tear you apart..  
fickle, loving, meek  
sometimes weak..  
Heart and Mind collide

But heart move w/out consulting  
the 'Master Mind'.  
When the result went down,  
All suffer what's left undone.

To whom you can trust?  
Even your shadow leaves you in the dark.

-----

17. by Ging Taping:

Boracay.....A Dream Paradise

all over the world  
From different race,  
across the globe  
Travel million miles  
to be with you even for just awhile  
Longing to feel the sweetness of your caress  
warmth of your embrace  
And as I step down the aisle  
The story lies to be unfold.

True beauty came down from heaven  
A hidden paradise beneath the sky  
Where birds have freedom to fly.  
The calmness of the sea  
The waves babbled free  
Sea breeze like a symphony  
Happiness and joy lies in your body.

In the morning when it's low tide,  
you can walk to the heart of the ocean  
The shore is long and wide  
The sand is pure and white  
They call it powder sugar sand..

And when the evening comes  
In one stroke of the magic wand  
festival colors of the sky turn



into enchanted fun...  
The night gently breaking the sun  
Oh! Sunset what a perfect view  
I don't need a cue.  
Peace and serenity lies within you....

-----

18. by John Westlake:

221. Garden Of Love

My love let us create a garden together  
one that will look great in any weather  
we both work well together my cutie  
as we toil to create this thing of beauty

I'll dig the holes and plant the seeds  
and you can clear the ground of weeds  
we'll nurture the plants with food and water  
and love them like they're a son or daughter

In this place there will be no gloom  
there'll always be something in bloom  
we will never deal with pests  
they'll steer clear of us and bug the rest

We can enjoy this place every day  
sit here and watch our children play  
see as they themselves grow  
until they're old enough to be let go

When we die I want us buried here  
in this place of fantastic cheer  
and as our souls rise to the up above  
our bodies can rest in our garden of love

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19 by Danny Draper:

I heard your call from sleep to wake alone

I heard your call from sleep to wake alone  
Could have sworn we were together,  
Often we are mistaken on our own.

A home swells its boisterous gaggle grown  
Then empty, nudges hope or wind whatever,  
I heard your call from sleep to wake alone.

Did we ever have that which is no longer known,  
Are vanished days imagined treasure?  
Often we are mistaken on our own.

A lived love lost will be forever prone  
To a dream like state of pleasure,  
I heard your call from sleep to wake alone.

Wishful think, or pray, or loudly raucous moan,  
Ecstasy regrets no positions measure,  
Often we are mistaken on our own.

We aimless fall to crash within the zone,  
Neither true nor real, no matter whether  
I heard your call from sleep to wake alone,  
Often we are mistaken on our own.

10/6/2015

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20. ?

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Bri Edwards

# A Showcase For Ph Poets: March 2015: Section 'A'.... [sharing Poems; Not A Contest; Monthly On Bri Edwards' Ph Site]

I've started a 'showcase' on my PoemHunter site,  
which is NOT a contest; it's no arena for a fight,  
but instead a place where once a month I shall post..  
a poem from you, a PH member, which you'd like read most.

NO title, topic, nor length\*\* do I plan to require.  
Just send in a poem to set the PH members on fire.  
Send to 'A Showcase For (PH) Poets', care of me.  
Let's show off our stuff, and this also is free!

I was intending this to showcase poems by you, the member,  
BUT, heck, send someone else's \*\*\* if you'd like, BUT remember....  
to NOT get me involved in copyright disputes, please.  
Of course if I were sued, there is NO money from me to squeeze!

(February 28,2015)

=====  
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So, now for some information about my March SHOWCASE for PH poets:

In anticipation of a great response for my first showcase [I sent notices to about 75 members from my inbox and my list of PH friends], I have added to my poem's title: "section 'A' ", but there may never be a "section 'B' ".

I plan to submit one of my own short (24 lines or less) poems, and one of my LONG ones (which may go on for a couple of pages) . Therefore, and since I will allow other members to also submit two poems per month [if one is 24 lines or less], I may well add a second, third,4th, etc. 'section' so readers will not have to scroll up and down too much to refer to poems and the comments area below the poems. Understand? I hope so. This first 'section' is 'A' and I shall follow the English alphabet: A, B, C, etc. IF I FEEL A NEED TO DO SO.

\*\*For all members, you may submit two poems as long as the shorter one is 24 LINES OR LESS; I will use my own discretion if, for instance, your shorter poem is 26 lines long.

I also plan to have a LIST OF POETS [whose poem(s) are included in a section] above the posted poems.

\*\*\*I WOULD LOVE TO HAVE ALL POEMS BE WRITTEN BY PH MEMBERS, and be submitted by the authors. If you choose to submit a poem by another PH member I will try to verify that the member agrees. Poems attributed to non-members I may want to ask about also.

Starting off will be the first poem submitted to section 'A' of March's showcase. [PLEASE READ THE POET'S NOTE ALSO FOR MY 'A SHOWCASE FOR PH POETS'.] I WILL ALWAYS GIVE THE AUTHOR'S NAME WITH THE POEM POSTED.

My first showcase was in February 2015, and I consider it to be a success, with almost 20 poems to view, from almost as many poets. My thanks go to all contributors! ! This is meant to expose poems and poets to readers and to provide some entertainment and/or enlightenment and/or knowledge to PH members [and I guess non-members who, I think, can also view the poems but not comment].

Some of the poems may not be on the authors' PH sites. But if you are enthused about a poem, I hope you will visit the poet's site and read more and leave comments.

Did I forget anything? ?

And here we go! [[some ages of poets' may be age+1. AND i use PH for the names and countries and gender as well.]]

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1. JOHN WESTLAKE (United Kingdom; Male,31)

170. Today Is Very Boring

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2. BRI EDWARDS (United States, Male,67)

Hard..... [Girlhood to old age; Life; Family; Racial discord; Marriage; Very LONG]

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3. RUTH WALTERS (United Kingdom; Female; 63)

If I were a flower

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4. BRI EDWARDS (United States; Male; 67) (2nd poem)

Salamander..... [Nature; A Salamander (Of Course!) : Confronting Nature; Almost Short]

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5. RUTH WALTERS (United Kingdom; Female; 57) (2nd poem)

An unworthy soul....

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6. JOHN WESTLAKE (United Kingdom; Male; 31) (2nd poem)

196..

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7. BRIAN JOHNSTON (United States; Male: 72)

PH: Mentors: Fishing With Older Men

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8. BUDDY BEE ANTHONY (singer-songwriter) (1st poem)

Crackhead Hooker

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9. BUDDY BEE ANTHONY (singer-songwriter) (2nd poem)

The Face Behind The Bar

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10.?

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1. by John Westlake:

170. Today Is Very Boring

Today seems to very boring  
nothing much is going on  
despite the fact that my sea urchin shells  
have adopted a shark for their son

My fridge has become pregnant with the washing machine  
while picking poppies with its ears  
it wants to give birth to an egg cup  
despite my suitcase's jeers

The doctor came round this morning  
to check on the eyes of my shelf  
the chiller jumped up and ate him too  
and sneezed out a bank for wealth

My socks have spent all the money  
on jellyfish and rainbow wine  
the police were called to arrest it  
and charged a micro penny fine

The wine had been drunks by my t shirts  
battling my shoes for a laugh  
my trousers asked my hair for a loan  
as they want to beat up a giraffe

My towels have formed an alliance  
with my hoodies and my boxes  
together they killed my mirror  
who were hunting banister foxes

My pillows have run off to join the library  
and the Austrian navy  
they stole three stairs of whiskey  
and left my toe nails the gravy

Yes today is very boring  
the butter has just killed my bread  
my vodka bottle has refilled itself  
and I'm going back to bed

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2. by Bri Edwards:

Hard..... [Girlhood to old age; Life; Family; Racial discord; Marriage; Very LONG]

Hard were the calluses on my Daddy's hands the first time he held me,  
and hard it was on Christmas morn' to find only one small gift beneath our tiny  
tree.

Hard was my Mom's life, raising seven kids and washing other people's clothes.  
Without our family's belief in God, life could have been harder. Who knows?

Hard it was for me, in several ways, when a little blonde boy threw a rock which  
broke my arm.

That was the one time I believe Mom lied to me; she said 'He meant no harm.'

Hard it was when my Mom tried to explain why 'our' seats were at the rear of  
Selma buses,

and hard it was, my first day at Jefferson Davis Elementary; so MANY made so  
much FUSS!

Hard were the long nights I stayed up studying after I did the dishes,  
and hard it was for me and my parents to make come true my college wishes.

It was hard for all when off to Cornell on the Greyhound I ventured forth,  
and it was strange at first, coming from the Deep South, to now be living up  
North.

It was hard to only afford one phone call home a month, but a lot of mail from  
home I got.

Life became less hard as I adjusted to college and life living with my aunt. I  
blossomed quite a lot.

It was hard breaking up with my first boyfriend, a Big Red football player,  
but as hard as it was, it added a useful experience, another growing-up-layer.  
It was hard, it hurt, when I never received an invitation, to a sorority, to join,  
but it perhaps concentrated me more on my studies, and saved me some 'coin'.

It was hard sometimes when I had to work at my part time dining room job,  
but it was easier than imagining myself being a wealthy coed snob.

It was hard financially on my parents when for my graduation they came North.  
But they were thrilled to hear that my undergraduate record caused a grad  
school scholarship to come forth.

That fall I began attending Cornell's School of Architecture; quite a challenge. My fellow architecture students, from around the world, were quite a mélange. School was hard but I loved it and, with a loan helping, I no longer waited on tables.

My life now revolved around learning about poured concrete, angles, space, and gables.

It was hard not to love all, that for two years, I was taught, even though the long days and nights working on projects, with stress, often was fraught.

Hard was the work, but sometimes harder was having almost no social life ..... except what we had as fellow students, and competition was always rife.

Hard it was after grad school to leave Cornell's beautiful quad, and hard, at first it was, being a junior associate on an architectural firm's squad. I learned the ropes from some pros, and my reputation spread by word-of-mouth.

It was nice in some ways to be at least half way back in the South.

Now I could afford a car and I got back home at least once or twice a year. It was difficult to get my conversation with Mom and Dad to, away from me, steer.

Chief among Mom's questions for me was 'Have you met any nice men yet, my dear? '

She was sure I'd be a business success but, that I'd end up an Old Maid, she did fear.

In a few years I became the lead 'man' on some small jobs for one key client. In a few more years, for larger jobs, the partners became, on me, more reliant. I did take some time to socialize more, and I joined an 'exclusive' St. Louis health club.

I no longer felt it likely that, due to being black, I'd receive a snub.

Ten years into my career I met a tennis-playing accountant named Phil. After we started dating, with dreams of having my own family, my head began to fill.

Six months into our romance, I took Phil to visit Mom and Dad, arriving in town on a rainy night.

Though I'd 'warned' them both ahead of time ....., I could tell they BOTH had reservations about Phil being white.



But we pulled off the visit with the help of my younger sister and brother,  
and, when it was time for us to depart, with hugs my parents both me and Phil  
did smother.

More frequent visits Phil and I made to see my folks, often flying on down,  
and when I visited Phil's parents in Pittsburgh there was nary a frown.

It was hard to not rush into a premature engagement,  
but to help quiet us down we started a cohabitation arrangement.  
Finally it happened and in another year we were happily married.  
It was hard to be told we could not have our own children, but the  
disappointment we both buried.

But we both wanted children and we adopted two, one white and one black.  
It was hard to keep from piling things on them so NOTHING they'd lack.  
The best schools, the best clothes, the best educational toys.  
And we did our best to see them socialize rapidly with other girls and boys.

It was hard when both our son and daughter off to college went.  
Our girl off to Boston for liberal arts, and our son off to L.A. for engineering we  
sent.

My parents retired, thank goodness, and we had them come visit us often.  
Now my Mom could rest her back more, and Dad's hands could soften.

It was hard for all when Phil had his first heart attack.  
But he got better each week until finally he was totally again on track.  
But I'll have to admit (don't tell Phil) it was nice to beat him at tennis now  
once in a while.  
He would, as always, advance to meet me at the net at game's end with a big  
smile.

Our children were adopted at ages 7 and nine. They were our pride and joy.  
There was always a regret they were not biologically ours, but they were always  
OUR girl and boy.  
Phil and I and Mom and Dad attended their college graduation days.  
And our children continued to make us proud and thankful in many ways.

It was hard when Phil had his third heart attack. He almost died.  
It was so hard waiting, Phil having to retire, until a donor heart was supplied.  
But the surgery went like clockwork. Before long he started to work at home part  
time.  
It was sometimes hard to leave him at home when I went to my office at Ryan,  
Beckett, and Grime (I'm Grime) .

The hardest thing in my life up to age 55 was the day my mother died.  
As Phil and I and Dad sat at her bedside with my siblings, we all cried.  
Dad came home to St. Louis to live with us and became a fixture in our house.  
We both cherished the years we had left with him. He was quiet as a mouse.

Dad lived another fifteen years, for the last of which we had a live-in nurse.  
It was another extremely sad and hard day for me the day he was carried to the  
cemetery in a hearse.

Our children had their own weddings and our grandchildren started to arrive.  
By the time I was 75, Phil and I had added up our grandchildren to a grand sum  
of five.

Then came the HARDEST day of my life, the day I found Phil lying in our bed.  
I knew before I even touched him, that the best part of me was dead.

I moved to be near my daughter, to 'assisted living' by the Pacific Ocean.  
I've led a full and mostly happy life, but at times I'm still choked by emotion.  
It helps to have friends in my building and to have my daughter and some of her  
children near....., but  
every night at bedtime...., for Mom and Dad and Phil, .... I still shed ONE tear.

(Dec.2012)

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3. by Ruth Walters

If I were a flower

If I were a flower my petals would be fading now,  
drooping and withering in the early summer  
but if by chance you glanced my way to warm me through,  
watered my weakened frame to give me strength,  
then I know I would survive to see the Autumn.

Strange that it should be this way for summer  
lends itself to life and love and laughter.  
Here in this hole where all is dark and pained  
all laughter is stifled by the dank air.

No sunlight filters through, no light at all.

I am cut off from friends and faces I once knew.  
Hemmed in by physical inabilities,  
dim eyes and ears that hear the nothingness.  
The song of silence fills me so persistently,  
I hum its tune, remembering life's symphony.

If I were a flower my petals would be fading now,  
drooping and withering in the early summer  
but if by chance you glanced my way to warm me once again,  
watered my weakened frame to give me strength,  
then I believe your love would see me through.

Submitted: Thursday, May 12,2011

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4. by Bri Edwards (2nd poem)

Salamander..... [Nature; A Salamander (Of Course!) : Confronting Nature;  
Almost Short]

Among damp leaves, in our front yard,  
a spotted salamander lies.  
A nest of eggs it does guard....  
from bugs and other eyes.  
Its solitude I just have jarred.  
I think for both it was a surprise.

With my finger I feel its skin;  
it is cool, and still as a smooth stone.  
To harm its nest would be a sin,  
but I take a photo with my phone.  
Then over my face there comes a grin.  
I step back, leaving it alone.

What other wonders are there hid  
from unseeing eyes of Man?  
Though I've seen a lot since I was a kid,  
if I try harder I know I can....

see much more by lifting the lid....  
which covers Mother Nature's span.

Submitted: Monday, May 27,2013

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5. by Ruth Walters (2nd poem)

An unworthy soul....

My inner self, my soul was misbehaving,  
not being body friendly, wanting to escape and go.  
It didn't like the daily grind, the commute to work,  
felt rebellious and used, was discontent and bored.

It was, in fact, a very disobedient, unworthy soul,  
a fractious, most ungrateful, mutinous soul,  
a nasty, moody, inconsiderate monster of a soul  
that wasn't worth cajoling, or placating,  
that wasn't worth humoring or coaxing  
or buttering up or sweet talking, to.

No, I didn't want to save my soul  
so I stopped a passing devil  
and craftily, most cannily sold it to him,  
not wishing to save the little bastard at all.

Submitted: Tuesday, March 13,2012

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6. by John Westlake (2nd poem, with bri's permission)

196..

Most of the people I know  
have seen at least one superhero movie  
many are jealous of the powers  
wielded by each of the characters  
and dearly wish for such abilities themselves

Some want x ray vision to spy on their enemies  
a few wanted super strength to beat up bullies  
others want invisibility so they can spy on their friends  
more than half wanted the power of flight to save themselves from long walks  
but when they came to ask me  
I had a different response

I want the power of healing  
the ability to cure others and myself  
of any and all possible ailments  
from broken bones to the worst of diseases

I have a bud suffering from cancer  
she'd be the first on my list  
not just because she is my friend  
but because I want her wish to come true

Other people would soon follow  
I would rid the world of all health problems  
my personal feelings would not come into it  
if they needed healing I'd help

To me healing is important  
not just physically  
but mentally and spiritually also  
right now there is much healing to do  
but one of the best medicines we have is love

Poets note: The person mentioned in the forth stanza is a dear friend of mine  
who has been denied the treatments she needs. All she wants is to have the  
decision about her life lengthening drugs overturned so she can see her kids  
grow up. Please visit and sign the petition. If you are ever in her position you'd  
understand.

Submitted: Wednesday, March 11,2015

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7. by Brian Johnston

PH: Mentors: Fishing With Older Men

The silence, the almost endless joyful silence,  
That's what I remember most looking back,  
Silence and belonging, companionship,  
Not in Nature so much as part of it,  
Absolutely indispensable we were,  
As if God Himself, the great 'I AM, '  
Would not exist, if we were not here,  
Lines, hanging organic from pole ends,  
Like branches of a weeping willow  
Disappearing into the glassy water,  
A living lollipop for nascent fish to gum,  
Hoping to evolve into birds perhaps,  
Wondering what it would be like  
To swim in air and sleep on tree limbs.  
All this in the forever present, stretching to infinity,  
Here, now, fishing with older men!

Their faces blend together, rustic, tan,  
Until God Himself is indistinguishable from  
Cliff, Johnny, CH, or Uncle Jimmy  
But Granddad Neighbors is the twinkle in God's eyes,  
Clarence and his boys, bringing God down to earth  
Ardean too, though I never fished with him,  
Mother's five brothers, she was the one...  
Ardean hooked me with his music,  
I swallowed that bait whole, so deep,  
It have would killed me to retrieve the hook.  
Every ripple on the lake, every wave,  
Whole notes in an endless adagio,  
The movement Mahler longed to write,  
Welcoming us back to home fires, fish to fry,  
Breathing the smoky air of countless stars,  
All of us fishermen forever!

Submitted: Sunday, August 03,2014

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8. by Buddy Bee Anthony

## Crackhead Hooker

I don't know why she makes me feel so good  
She hurt me real fine  
with her sheep dipped cigarettes  
Boone's Farm bottles of wine  
I try to quit her  
yes I do.  
But all I get is a junkie's flu  
Done me dirty in the hood  
like I knew she would  
I look up in the sky

All I can do is cry, cry, cry.  
How she's one fine  
looky looky hook up  
She got me all shooky shooky shook up  
She one hot cookie cookie cook up  
She my I'll crackhead hook up  
Crackhead hooker

She'll take you for a short ride  
Burn up all your money  
run off with your pride  
Rip all reason from your mind  
She's a wizard,  
at robbin bad boys blind  
The best in the business tried turning her tide  
Downtown Dope-man pulls all her strings  
Holds the skeleton key to pluck her wings  
Base ain't free  
but it makes her sing  
ripe and tight  
low ridin the pipe  
Paradise lost  
lust for sale  
at half the cost  
Crackhead hooker.

Submitted: Sunday, October 07,2012

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9. by Buddy Bee Anthony

The Face Behind The Bar

It's me the face behind the bar  
you've dropped coins and bills into my jar.  
The friendly stranger you spill your guts to  
Step up to my finishing line.  
I'll make your stalest story seem brand new.  
Whether you sip or gulp  
the pleasure's mine  
to pour for one or maybe two  
a frothy cold brew.  
Maybe it's whiskey that you crave  
When life's blade gives too close a shave  
Giddy up out here and lay it all down  
Whether you're from out yonder or the middle of town  
I'm here to fill your cup with liquid good cheer.  
You're in luck  
You're next in line  
Didn't that first belt go down fine?  
Might I pour you yet another  
I won't tell your boss, your spouse  
or your mother.  
Because I'm your new best friend  
at this porta drinking stand  
When that cruel world outside  
won't lend a hand  
Step over to my wet bar  
You see, your loose change gasses up my car  
All good reasons why we're both regulars here  
is your love of the taste  
and my love of the sound  
Of 'another round' of ice cold beer.

Submitted: Thursday, February 19,2015  
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10. ?



Bri Edwards

# A Showcase For Ph Poets: May 2015: Section 'A'.... [sharing Poems; Not A Contest; Monthly On Bri Edwards' Ph Site]

I've started a 'showcase' on my PoemHunter site,  
which is NOT a contest; it's no arena for a fight,  
but instead a place where once a month I shall post..  
a poem\* from you, a PH member, which you'd like read most.

NO title, topic, nor length\* do I plan to require.  
Just send in a poem to set the PH members on fire.  
Send to 'A Showcase For PH Poets', care of me.  
Let's show off our stuff, and this also is free!

I was intending this to showcase poems by you, the member,  
BUT, heck, send someone else's \*\* if you'd like, BUT remember....  
to NOT get me involved in copyright disputes, please.  
Of course if I were sued, there is NO money from me to squeeze!

(February 28,2015)

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\*I now allow and welcome TWO poems per month from each PH member. At  
least one of them should be not much longer than 24 lines in length, but I'll  
judge each case separately, trying to be fair to all.

So, now for some information about my montly SHOWCASE for PH poets:

In anticipation of a great response for my first showcase [I sent notices to about  
75 members from my inbox and my list of PH friends], I have added to my  
poem's title: "section 'A' ", but there MAY never be a "section 'B' ".

I plan to submit one of my own short (24 lines or less) poems, and one of  
my LONG ones (which may go on for a couple of pages) . Therefore, and since I  
will allow other members to also submit two poems per month [if one is 24 lines  
or less], I may well add a second, third,4th, etc. 'section' so readers will not have  
to scroll up and down too much to refer to poems and the comments area below  
the poems. Understand? I hope so. This first 'section' is 'A' and I shall follow the  
English alphabet: A, B, C, etc. IF I FEEL A NEED (or desire) TO DO SO.

I also plan to have a LIST OF POETS [whose poem(s) are included in a section] above the posted poems.

\*\*I WOULD LOVE TO HAVE ALL POEMS BE WRITTEN BY PH MEMBERS, and be submitted by the authors. If you choose to submit a poem by another PH member I will try to verify that the member agrees. Poems attributed to non-members I may want to ask about also.

Starting off will be the first poem submitted to section 'A' of May's showcase. [PLEASE READ THE POET'S NOTE ALSO FOR MY 'A SHOWCASE FOR PH POETS'.]

I WILL ALWAYS GIVE THE AUTHOR'S NAME WITH THE POEM POSTED.

My first showcase was in February 2015, and I consider it to be a success, with almost 20 poems to view, from almost as many poets. My thanks go to all contributors! ! This is meant to expose poems and poets to readers and to provide some entertainment and/or enlightenment and/or knowledge to PH members [and I guess non-members who, I think, can also view the poems but not comment].

Some of the poems may not be on the authors' PH sites. But if you are enthused about a poem, I hope you will visit the poet's site and read more and leave comments.

Did I forget anything? ?

[[some ages of poets' may be age+1.  
AND i use PH for the names and countries and gender as well.]]

[AND I TRY TO keep typos etc. out of the poems, but if i miss some, OR if the poets wants their poems added as they've given them to me, then i'm not going to edit the poem! ]

HERE WE GO!

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The POETS (and poems) :

1. BUDDY BEE ANTHONY (singer/songwriter) (first poem)

Presto

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2. BUDDY BEE ANTHONY (singer/songwriter) (second poem)

Rich

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3. AKHTAR JAWAD (Pakistan; Male; 69) (1st poem)

A Friend

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4. BRI EDWARDS (United States; Male; 67) (1st poem)

Something Has Been Eating Me

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5. BRIAN JOHNSTON (United States; Male: 72)

Hidey Holes

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6. XELAM KHAN (Pakistan; Male; 96! ?)

Medusa. The Myth Unfold

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7. BRI EDWARDS (United States; Male; 67) (2nd poem)

The Lettuce And Burger Address

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8. RAY K. HART (Australia; Male; 69) (1st poem)

A Fathers Words To His Child

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9. GREG DAVIDSON (Australia; Male; 60)

AFTER THE FIREWORKS

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10. SAVITA TYAGI (United States; Female ;)

Feeling Normal

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11. RAY K. HART (Australia; Male; 69) (2nd poem)

Bugles Last Post

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12. CLARENCE PRINCE (Canada; Male; 75) (1st poem)

The Fall Of Man In Eden's Garden!

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13. CLARENCE PRINCE (Canada; Male; 75) (2nd poem)

Little The Bee 1

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14. AKHTAR JAWAD (Pakistan; Male; 69) (2nd poem)

Fairy Doors

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The POEMS:

1. by Buddy Bee Anthony

Pesto

You went and ate the pesto  
Ate up all the pesto  
My baby ate the pesto

nummy num num  
You milked all of it and presto  
You couldn't resist the pesto  
gulping up my pesto like a skid-row bum  
Slurping it up without a whimper of protest  
no  
You gulped down all the pesto  
what else could I have done but say  
go cat go

When you ate all of my pesto  
You just couldn't resist the pesto  
You scarfed it down alfresco  
Then, having slept awhile  
I drank my rum  
and gave my baby some

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2. by Buddy Bee Anthony

Rich

So very special, most divine.  
The freshest fruit right off the vine.  
In the bright spotlight at the scene of the crime.  
Hooray,  
how have you managed to look that good  
doin nothin all day.

A real live wire, a shaker and a mover  
Out shadowboxed J. Edgar Hoover  
Strike your famous cameo pose  
Slow dancing like Little Egypt  
at all the right shows

Got away clean with the biggest of scores.  
When you get a blemish they seal your pores.

Everything goes off without a hitch.  
Since, you've got the scratch, I'll cool your itch?  
Now that you're spoiled rotten,  
filthy stinkin rich

Flew up to cripple creek before the crash  
Oh what a creek, layered with cash.  
You're much blonder and bolder, and faster than heck  
When little boy blue was found  
floating face down in your heart-shaped swimming pool  
you didn't flinch,  
you just wrote out a check.  
Your court case is long on the dockets.  
Postponed indefinitely due to your deepest of pockets.  
If in so many years, the law catches up with you.  
You'll simply shift gears,  
that's what you do.

Since, you're muffin stuffin,  
truffle suckin  
bronco buckin rich.

Strike another exquisite cameo pose.  
What miracles your doc did  
with the bridge of your nose.  
And how precisely, your overbite's been adjusted.  
Your posse took heat, so you wouldn't get busted.  
Waves nor ripples are raised,  
as your pit crew gasses up your cars.  
All in, running big time tabs at the bars..  
first responder the scene  
to drain all available cash machines.

When your soul daddy's a jerk, acting the clown.  
You go on shopping sprees, do up the town.  
Move the deadwood out and haul the fresh stuff in  
It's confirmed,  
bearer bonds are your next of kin.

You're spoiled rotten,  
ill begotten,  
diamond encrusted

fairy dusted,  
richer than the richest of the rich.  
filthy  
stinkin  
muffin stuffin,  
bronco buckin,  
truffle suckin  
most entitled,  
uber  
idle  
rich.

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3. by Akhtar Jawad:

A Friend

Friendship is an amazing relationship,  
I don't know how others understand,  
I don't know how others withstand,  
It is something hidden and locked by a zip.

By the passage of time,  
A friend is gradually exposed,  
Constituents are often decomposed,  
Keeping the relations becomes a crime.

If the common interest,  
Is very much alike,  
And if the same thing, both dislike,  
The friend is nearer than nearest.

I never found dearer than dearest,  
Wish you good luck and all the best.

Friendship needs trust and sighting,  
Often a friend like a comedian of Hollywood,  
Says or writes some thing not very good  
Ask him to explain his saying or writing.

Before changing your attitude or the behavior,



You should inform your friend about his lacks,  
Don't make his heart a wall of cracks,  
You shouldn't be destroyer, act like a savior.

I didn't find a savior in my life,  
Except one, my lovely wife!

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4. by Bri Edwards:

Something Has Been Eating Me

This year I have turned 65?  
Apparently I'm still alive.  
But today will spell the last....  
of much to which I've held fast.

As a kid I enjoyed each sweet treat,  
and getting older I still did eat.....  
pies, and cookies, and also cakes,  
but LESS CANDY, for goodness sakes.

I lost two close friends.....  
when breakdowns caused their ends.  
Where they were is now hollow;  
I swore I would not, them, follow!

I now still eat some sweets,  
but more so fruits and meats,  
AND vegetables galore.  
I'd like to chew some more.

Did I mention my "grinding" past?  
Today it's ME who'll be ground at last.  
Before long, what's left of me will wear a crown,  
but NOT due to any great renown.

Something's been eating ME.\*  
AND today the grinding's NOT for free.  
[Good thing for good dental insurance.

And I bet that "Bri" is in concurrence.]

(September 23,2013)

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5. by Brian Johnston:

### Hidey Holes

Where did you find safety when you were a child,  
Did flight really serve you I wonder my friend?  
I felt like it did me, but that was because  
My mom didn't try hard to suss her son out,  
And having no fear of dark criminal plot, ?  
Some empathy shown to usurper of laws.?  
Her faith that my testing would not be my end?  
Helped bring moderation to my running wild??.

A freestanding tub was my first hiding place,  
?Its sloping back rest left a child sized retreat?  
That served me quite well until seven or eight.?  
When arguments scared me or Mom's tears would fall?  
My cave offered shelter away from it all.?  
A chance for the terrors of day to abate,  
?A child that's not seen is quite hard to mistreat,  
?Fresh adult frustration not known for its grace.??

My folks' bedroom closet, clothes hung below shelves, ?  
A naked light bulb with a string hanging down,  
A door that closed tight though it had not a lock,  
Just turned out to be an impregnable space.  
?For on the top shelf they could not see my face?  
Small boxes helped also their vision to block, ?  
A climbing wall route up eight feet was its crown  
?I'd patiently hide while the misdeed dissolves.?

When younger I felt that my own life was tough  
?The rules of my father were simply not fair.  
?But most things that scared me today seem quite mild.  
Still parents are powerful, there's no defense, ?

And parental judgments can miss innocence.  
For few trust the protests of complaining child  
While word of an adult can seal an affair,  
And a small child convict, who should be plaintiff.

If you are a parent please try to be true,  
Have faith in son's training, trust him to do right,  
Your child's not a stranger, don't treat him as one,  
Don't teach him to think and then childhood forbid.  
I might have been boy but was never a kid.  
Yes, such a good father, you killed so much fun,  
As your Dad before you, day work, and sleep night.  
But whatever happens I won't be like you.

Yet let this last stanza end curse if it can....  
Your faults that still glow in the dark with hindsight  
And kisses, I swear, oh just where did they go  
Your hugs not full bodied, your stiffness with that,  
For physical comfort best buy dog or cat.....  
No man born more honest and not just for show  
The jobs you created, a light in the night,  
Few parenting skills, still...I honor the man.

April 17,2015

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6. by Xelam Khan:

Medusa, The Myth Unfold

Suspend for a while your sense of query,  
I am to tell you an old tragic story  
Revealed unto my solemn heart  
A myth that was wrongfully taught  
In a far land of ancient Greece  
Dwelt a highland lass in peace,  
Fairer than Helen was she, in appearance  
I, in lines few reveal unto you

Her virtue and her acquaintance.

Gentle to all young and old  
By heaven and earth she was extolled,  
In youth she served the goddess` s temple  
From soul to heart was innocent ample,  
Vanity and vengeance from a heavenly figure\*  
Eroded the life of this maiden fair,  
For the sin of temptation of heavenly race\*\*  
She was cursed and horridly deface  
With venomous vipers, rattling around her neck,  
That turned a being into rock  
With her noxious gaze and look.

The anguish that never had quenched  
A fragrance that turned into a stinky stench,  
As she refused the gods to be wench.  
A rustic figure with crying heart  
Ah! Demon and monster she was thought.

Her cheer and bloom  
Melted like a mist and made her gloom,  
Her sole recreation in that dreadful park  
Was to scrub and scratched dust from rock.  
For years of infinity  
She was blest with malevolent charity  
Till Perseus the Demi-god  
Beheaded her and ceased her life odd.

(bri's note: see poem's page for explanation of asterisks)

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7. by Bri Edwards:

The Lettuce And Burger Address.....[long; Humor; Capitalism]

Four months and seven days ago me an' my brother Joe here

brought to 'yas' a new diner with both sugar AND Equal, and catsup for all.

Our competition (ha ha) cut prices to pressure us, but we countered with a new menu.....and topless waitresses.

There have been some skirmishes as some 'a' 'ya', our customers know.

But Joe and me are diner veterans and 'in for a penny, in for a pound', as Mom used to say.

Remember not all diners, meaning businesses, are created equal to US, but all diners, meaning people, ARE equal to US, and we plan 'ta' come out on top.

Many 'a' 'yas' been good and loyal customers for weeks, and

Joe and me got our Grand Opening Week, comin' Sunday through Saturday.

As always we got free medium sodas and coffee, one per customer.

And for those with five holes me or Joe punched in your loyalty cards,

you each receive a free dessert 'wit' purchase of any entrée (17 dollars or more)

.

How 'da ya' like that folks? Pretty swell, huh?

Tuesday and We'nesday we got live music, Jazz Tuesday and Blue Grass We'nesday.

In the future we might get live music all the time; free for loyal customers; three bucks a head for them without cards. Nice, huh? You betcha!

Remember loyalty cards is always available from our lovely wait staff. Take a LOW bow girls. Nice!

Burgers and hots will still be our featured items on the menu.

We got six kinds 'a' burgers and three kinds 'a' hots.

All them come with fries or onion rings and coleslaw or 'tato salad;

hot sauce me and Joe got for 'yas' too. Nice, huh?

But Joe and me (we're buddies as well as bro's 'ya' know?) plan 'ta'

expand the choices to please our customers even more. That's you folks.

Fish and chips, cold sandwiches, and chili and takeout are maybe comin'.

We plan a great run here, Joe and me, see, as we continue to serve 'ya', our friends.

We might branch out to other locations as our competitors (ha ha) wise up and go belly up.....'fore they owe too much dough 'ta' ev'ryone.

(That's when they know they can't beat me and my brother here.)

There's been talk 'bout lawsuits 'bout our girls' attire (or lack of it) but

Joe and me got the city boys in our pockets. (ha ha)  
Never forget we love all 'yas', our loyal customers.

And don't forget our new address here: 1200 Oceanside Avenue..this place here.  
Tell your people about our great food. Thanks a bunch. Lunch too.

(Nov.2012)

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8. by Ray Hart:

A Fathers Words To His Child.

Children are the gentle breezes for which parents plea.  
They come they play around us then they flee.  
We would hold them to our breast,  
Protecting against all of life's dreadful tests.

You teach and doggedly hold.  
But the day must come when they break from the mold.  
With resounding break of a parental heart.  
They step away, a life of their own to start.

I watched a beautiful young woman as she stepped the isle.  
With maids surrounding she flashes her parents a comforting smile.  
Where is the tomboy, who bowled the boys out?  
And where is our back yards loudest shout.

God gives such gifts to unworthy types like me,  
Here is my wealth, this is my treasury.  
Even though she resides within another man's walls,  
There's a part of me that remembers the mischievous calls.

My baby has grown into a woman of great strength, for sure.  
And has a man that adores her, what's more.  
She faces life's challenges with a tigress's might.  
Amazing to watch this fearsome sight.

From porcelain doll with features so fine  
To beautiful warrior princess in such a short space of time.  
But remember should God give me the wisdom to listen,  
I have a broad shoulder when a tear upon cheek should glisten.

So my blessing, my love, and many hours of prayer, are given to you.  
Pass your battles to Jesus and He will see you through.  
May days a soft breezes, gentle sunlight, and summer flowers,  
Along with sweet family laughter, encompass your waking hours.

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9. by Greg Davidson:

#### AFTER THE FIREWORKS

I am waiting at the station,  
I don't want to wait no more,  
And I'm standing in the darkness  
With, it seems, three thousand more.

We have seen the New Year's fireworks,  
Jewels exploding in the night.  
We were filled with awe and wonder  
At the splendor of the sight.

But now I'm waiting at the station,  
For a western suburbs train,  
My feet are sore and blistered  
And I'm sure it's going to rain.

I have walked the length of George Street  
And trudged about the Quay,  
Through the smoke from all the fireworks,  
Just to get a cup of tea.

Now I'm waiting at the station,  
And I don't want to wait no more,  
I have been here since one thirty  
And it's almost half past four.

I have made a resolution,  
If there's fireworks I must see,  
Then from the comfort of my lounge room,  
I will watch them on T.V.

But now I'm waiting at the station,  
With my mobile phone in hand,  
I will send a text to all my friends;  
"The fireworks, weren't they grand."

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10. by Savita Tyagi:

Feeling Normal

A little hurt from a worn out memory surfaced upon  
A warm tear shed in silence wetted my cheek  
In darkness life stirred and I felt wide awake  
The rough remembrance didn't last long  
Like a wave it receded after drenching the shore  
To my surprise after effect brought a strange joy  
The emotional sensation was poignant in dead of night  
Like a dry earth with rain shower comes alive  
I absorbed and felt the soft touch of an emotion  
It caressed and left like a passing breeze  
I am alive not because I breathe but because I feel  
Living life with empty desolate mind is  
Like a brain dead patient moving upon wheel  
World is charming when we are healthy enough  
To feel in heart the effect of its joy and pain  
It took a little memory to jolt me back  
From a week long physical and mental stupor  
Life is beautiful with all its bumps and bruises  
Lose not a moment to recognize its grandiose.

5.11.2015

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11. by Ray :

Bugles Last Post.

I hear the sound of the bugles last post,  
And in minds eye hear wars ghosts.  
From muddy trenches body strewn,  
Men scream, their strong bodies hewn.

I see muddy lagoons of slush and blood,  
Men cast back forehead hit by snipers thud.  
A photo clings bravely to a trench wall,  
A family smile, he won't see a babe crawl.

I hear the wail of the bugles last post cry,  
From stretches come screams then last sighs.  
Hospital ships off shore at anchor await,  
Brave soldiers dying while generals' debate.

Muddy bloody inches won and yards lost,  
We ask ourselves how great the cost.  
Not a carpet of men between trenches lie,  
Strongmen from each side collapse and cry.

The bugle has sounded for me a last time,  
I'm leaving the mud the slush and grime.  
Now I'm trading the myriad fears of war,  
For her lips, soft hands and a love I adore.

7/5/2015

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12. by Clarence Prince:

The Fall Of Man In Eden's Garden!

This happened unto a couple many years ago  
When Eve should've refused but didn't say no  
Instead she yielded to Satan's sinful device

Next they both defied God's Holy advice  
And allowed Satan to lead them into trouble  
Then despite it had been extremely long ago  
Yet God has a plan which shall come to pass

After they allowed themselves to be enticed  
Before long they knew that they were defiled  
For they noticed that they were both naked  
Being disobedient they fell into Satan's trap  
Then despite it had been awfully long ago  
Earlier God made a decree to redeem man  
And the Lord's promise shall come to pass

Later that evening the Lord came from above  
As usual He has endless compassion and love  
He looked for the couple but they were hiding  
He called for Adam who shouldn't be in hiding  
Satan beguiled Eve but Adam was in authority...  
And so despite it had been exceedingly long ago  
Yet God has a plan which shall truly come to pass

God called for Adam, he answered we are naked  
How could you know now that you are naked  
Have you eaten of the fruit of the forbidden tree  
Thus cometh My presence you are trying to hide  
We have been beguiled and so we are hiding  
Then despite it had been truthfully long ago  
God has a plan which yet shall come to pass

I gave you a command which you should've kept  
You have disobeyed so for bread you must sweat  
As for your clothes leaves won't properly twist  
Just the furs from animals' skin will fix betwixt  
As God saw their shame He made them clothes  
Then despite it had been exceedingly long ago  
Yet God has a plan which shall surely come to pass

There cometh a day of salvation in the distant future  
Said God, at that time I 'God' will send man a Saviour  
He shall be known as the restorer of this very breach  
His name is Jesus and by Him all evil will be crushed  
Besides He will teach every man what's right to preach

Then despite God's promise was extremely long ago  
Jesus indeed appeared and He repaired the breach.

Here, perhaps it's fair just to say Amen!

(all rights reserved)

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13. by Clarence Prince:

Little The Bee 1

My name is Little the Bee  
I'm so busy at times I get dizzy  
I wish I was Winkle the beetle  
He is just sneaky an cheeky  
Work makes him fairly sleepy  
Not me, as during spring time  
I worked with the sunshine  
Visiting from flower to flower  
Picking up nectar and pollen  
Working with all those plants  
I'M fulfilling the Lord's plans  
Yearly throughout the spring  
I go from flower to flower  
Whilst idle Winkle the beetle  
Lives freely, looking sleekly  
Stays home eats corn flour  
I worked with all my power  
Being inspired by the flowers  
Make me sings buzzing songs  
Working daily in spring time  
Completing the plans of the Divine  
Made me of all insects unique  
Says Little the busy little Bee

(All rights reserved.)

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14. by Akhtar Jawad:

Fairy Doors

Sometimes, it looks beautiful and lovely,  
Our thoughtless acts and thirst of beauty,  
By causing harm to the sweet beloved,  
We ultimately stop the outburst of beauty.

Making fairy doors in the stems of trees,  
Looks beautiful and charms exploiting,  
Just like giving poison to a beautiful girl,  
To make eyelids heavy and more exciting!

Please don't poison the sweet girlfriend,  
Don't make fairy doors in the friendly stems,  
She will die and her death we cannot afford,  
Life is dependent on the green earthly gems.

[I, Bri, suggest looking at Akhtar's photo which shows an example of 'fairy doors'  
on his poem's page on his site.]

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15. ?

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Bri Edwards

## A Transvestite: Glen Or Glenda? ? ..... [movie Review; Comment]

NO, this is NOT a poem about sex! But some might think it so.

I'm prompted to write, about men in dresses, by a movie made long ago.

In 1953 Bela Lugosi, of Dracula fame, and others made a very different flick..... about a man for whom dressing-as-a-man was simply not his schtick.

"Glen or Glenda? " was the title of the movie, about a transvestite with the name Glen.....

who dithered about telling his fiancée his secret. How to tell her and when? And HOW would she react? Would she "freak" to find he wanted to wear her sweater?

Or would her love for him endure, and together their lives might be better?

The movie starts with a police investigation of a man's unfortunate death. A transvestite, arrested four times for dressing in drag\*, put an end to his breathe.

The detective sought answers about the dead man's dilemma-of-dress.

The movie is an acted-out documentary, though part of it is a confusing mess.

Hermaphrodites and pseudo-hermaphrodites are explained to us, but homosexuals were only mentioned in passing. [In 1953 why cause MORE fuss! ]

It seems transvestites are "normal" men in most every "man" way.

But they crave to wear women's clothing. For that reason, they dress up, to women-portray

Bela Lugosi, seated in front of ghoulish curios, in a conservative suit, serves as a sort-of movie moderator, and shows some amusing expressions to boot.

Glen tries to quit his habit, which the movie blames on his childhood.

For the sake of his hoped-for marriage, he'd give up women's clothes if he could.

I won't tell you how the movie ended, unless of course you ask.

Living "successfully" as a transvestite would seem an impossible task.

(July 28,2013)



## Accidental Hacking ..... [humor; Computer Security; Personal; Not Long Or Short]

You may not believe this story, but I assure you it is true.

Each week I volunteer at our library and one of the jobs I do ...

is to use Clorox wipes to sanitize the public computer section.

No germ is safe when I get going; NONE avoid detection.

As I wipe across a keyboard ....i sometimes see the screen flicker,

but I don't pause to pay attention, else my boss will shout &quot;Clean quicker!&quot;

The other day, in the U.S. Mail, by registered mail, receipt-requested,

I got an envelope (return address &quot;NSA&quot;): I was shocked by what.....it suggested.

It seems our country's 'security agency' had received recent complaints.

They'd been asked by many to find a U.S. hacker .....and apply restraints.

The NSA's agents had narrowed down the list of suspects to .....JUST ME!

It seems my random wiping of keys had caused a hacking spree.

The Russians had held back in Europe, feeling their plans were compromised.

Trump said he'd had proof, of Obama's foreign birth, stolen. (I wasn't surprised.)

Coca-Cola claims its secret formula's been stolen; they've forgotten what it was.

Even Santa's called about hacking at the North Pole. His elves are all abuzz.

Well I called the toll free number supplied and asked for agent &quot;Q&quot;.

I explained that perhaps their suspicions were correct. What was I to DO? ?

She said &quot;For now don't DO anything. We'll send a cleaning crew.&quot;

So now each week I just shelve books. My cleaning days are through.

(May 30.2014)

Bri Edwards

# Adam And Eve (And Me) .... [long But Important! ! ; Your Ancestors; Humor; Sharing]

I awoke [If indeed I was asleep] to a bird song from a tree.  
A bright light shone down from the blue sky .... onto me.  
I knew not where I was, nor how I came to be.  
This was all new, but somehow I KNEW .... I could hear and see.

I could feel as well, and I had a body ....., hairy.  
I felt my body all over and found it pleasing, not scary.  
Whoever made me must have REALLY thought it out.  
I had two eyes for seeing, two ears for hearing, two holes in snout.

I had two arms and hands .... for grabbing things,  
and two legs and feet. But (unlike birds) I had ..... no wings.  
It's true I had just one navel [a silly little hole],  
and just one pelvic appendage from which a yellow liquid [pee] did flow.

For the first few days I wandered "my" Garden Green,  
which had plants galore, including trees-of-fruit and vines-of-bean.  
There were other animals; some walked not on two, but four.  
Among them were hare, and deer, mouse, and boar.

There were animals, very small, who walked on MORE than four!  
I saw a few who walked on six, some on eight, AND some on more!  
And I even saw some stick-like animals who walked not at all .....,  
but slithered through the grass or dirt. One of them would be Very Tall ....  
if it could balance upright on its tail. Oh, yes, some had a TAIL!  
I would buy a tail for myself, but there were no stores with tails for sale.

AND, there were pools and lines of water upon the Earth,  
from which I found I could quench what I KNEW ..... was my thirst.  
Don't ask ME how I knew such things, nor why I had no wings.  
I suppose it was the same for the bird, who somehow could SING.  
I mean one of the "first birds", which from nothingness were wrought.  
[Don't ask how I knew THAT! ]

On what I reckoned to be Day Four, I saw one like me .... chased by a boar.  
That "one", who I came to know as "Adam" ....., to a branch did soar.



Well, ok, he did not "soar" like birds do; he actually did leap.  
[He told me a few weeks later, that he dreamed of leaping in his sleep.]

Once the boar had wandered off, I approached Adam and, my hat, I did tip.  
[Yes, I'd made a hat to block out some light from my eyes. This Garden was a "trip"! ]

He looked down at me and said: "I've not met another like me before."  
And when he spoke, his eyes got as big as when he was chased by the boar.

"Wow, I can speak! I've never spoken before. How about that? ! "  
To which I knew I should respond somehow. [Should I tip my hat .....  
again? ]  
BUT, with no warning, MY mouth opened, and out came my thought.  
"And I'VE never seen another like ME before. And "leaping" .... were you taught?  
,

Then Adam came down to the grass and sat on .... his bare ass.  
[You see, we had not begun to make pants yet. We were not high class.]  
But before too long, Adam started to rub his side. He said he had an ache.  
He said: "Excuse me, Bri, I'm going to lie down by yonder lake ....  
where I woke up (I guess) for the first time about a week ago.  
Some day, when I'm feeling better, my lake home, to you, I'll show."

We parted company, and I didn't hear from him. I worried.  
After four more days, to look for him, towards the lake I hurried.  
It took some time, but then I heard, from behind a bush, a moan.  
I found him with a smear of blood on his side. Adam had lost a bone!

Behind another bush nearby, a new being like ourselves I found,  
but unlike Adam (and myself) ..., on her chest she had two mounds, round.  
And even more interesting, the pelvic appendage was missing.  
AND I had a sudden, unexplained urge, to be kissing .....  
it. [I mean the "being", which I came to know as "Eve".]

My lips, though I knew not how, knew what ..... a kiss was.  
I touched mine to Eve's lips, and she was awakened by the fuzz .....  
of my hairy face. [We'd not yet learned, our faces, to shave.]  
Eve opened her eyes and, if I'd had a camera, that image I would save.

[But George Eastman had not yet been born; there were no cameras yet.]  
Another surprise: after our kiss, my appendage dripped something wet.  
I knew not then what it might mean, but I knew it was NOT pee.

[A week later I KNEW its use, when Eve and I went behind a tree.]

And that, Readers, is how Cain and Abel came about.

They came from me, NOT Adam, who soon became a nasty lout.

You see, some "being-like-us" (but with wings!) had said ....

"Adam, take Eve unto yourself, populate the Earth, and make bread."

Now, each time I took Eve unto me, out of her came only boys.

They were a joy to have around; I gave them lots of toys.

But when Adam took Eve unto him [we shared], out came only girls.

Eve seemed to favor them (the girls) : she gave them lots of curls.

So, now you know, Readers, that only half-incest occurred,

since only half-sisters and half-brothers had sex together.

You have MY WORD!

(April 8, 2015)

Bri Edwards

# Addendum To: The Seeds That Listened And Took Action...[follow-Up To 'The.... Action'; Fantasy; Personal; Comfort; Wishing]

In a previous poem I set the stage for this addendum to the tale of seeds that listened to my love's wishes and took action. Though their action left us with no Internet, or phones, or even mail, what the seeds started, ended with our relative satisfaction.

Up from the seeds sprang imprisoning apple and grape vegetation which managed to deny us outside communication and egress from our home, causing my love and me an immense amount of agitation ....., but ...as I write this addendum, my love and I have back our freedom to communicate and roam.

After failing to hack our way out of the house with big kitchen knives, we began to run out of food in our house, though, for two weeks, to ration we did our best. Then, to our surprise, the imprisoning vegetation became home to several large bee hives, and also the birds we used to feed built dozens of egg-filled nests.

So if we weren't real pigs, we now had, just outside our windows, plenty of eggs and honey. The apple trees and grape vines MAGICALLY matured, providing us with yummy fruit galore. Our backyard deer brought, to our windows, garden and wild veggies from hillside plots, fertile and sunny. Even hawks and owls left some tasty morsels caught that day or the night before.

We had our gas and electric and water service, so those weren't a worry, but we ran out of cooking oil and butter, so my love, the cook, had to steam or boil. We also ran out of milk, coffee, cocoa, cereal and flour in a hurry. BUT what almost caused my love to crack, was running out of tea, which she NEEDS like most plants need soil.

The life changes imposed upon us by the 'listening seeds' were due to their respect for my wife.....;

.....they had done what they had to, to fulfill her expressed wish to do without outside communication.

But after several months, those seeds' children understood what was happening to our life.

Sure we were surviving, but the stress (if we could REACH a lawyer) might result in marital litigation.

Unknown to us, the seeds of the fruits we now ate &quot;spoke&quot; to the trees and vines outside our windows and door.

One morning, for the first time in months my love and I could see the morning sun.

The computer wire had been returned; our cell phones (our only phones) were lying on the bedroom floor.

Once our imprisoning-bars, the apple and grape plants had withdrawn, as though they were now on the run.

A happy ending, and a lesson learned. Careful what you wish for!

(Dec.2012)

Bri Edwards

# **Agnostic-View (Mine) : God, You Blew It! (Or: God! You Blew It.) .... [believers Beware; Personal]**

I think Heaven needs a new CEO, IF..... they want my soul.  
They had me in their clutches once. Now Heaven's not my goal.  
In my church they preached "God is Love" and "Jesus is the Way".  
Then, as I grew older I saw the world for what it is, and...I no longer pray.

If God is so Loving, Omniscient and Omnipotent, and Man "in His Image" is,  
why do countless Men suffer while alive, and many are also sent... to Hell? Gee whiz!

And why was my church so stubborn, denying "Evolution"? Dinosaurs are so "cool".

Could Noah fit ALL creatures on his boat? Does God really take me for a fool? !

Now, you diehard believers, your beliefs are yours to have, I know,  
and if it turns out you're right and I am wrong, you can say "We told you so."  
In the meantime I'll be a "Good Samaritan" and wish you all "the best".  
NOW I'll buy a fireproof suit,.... including hat, boots, face mask, and vest.

(November 25,2013)

Bri Edwards

## Al, My Pal ...[ Friendship; Homelessness; Luck: Good & Bad ]

Yes, Al was my pal, and much more than that.  
I met him when he was 'down & out', busted flat,  
wearing a shabby coat, homeless, and just TOO slim!  
I could relate to that, as I'd been about like him.

But I got a lucky break one day, got a job and a home,  
but STILL I often felt weary and most of the time 'alone'.  
My boozing dad, a nasty punch, at me, he'd often pitch.  
And Mom, also beaten by Dad, was too often a nasty bitch.

At age 16 I quit school and lived often 'on the streets',  
using, when I could, clean newspapers for my sheets,  
holed up for sleep in a box at an alley's dead end.  
I had food I'd beg or steal, but no job, 'home', OR friend.

Then at 18 I saved a man from drowning at a nearby beach ...  
by wading chest deep and tossing him a float he could reach.  
Then, as he held tight to the float, I doggy paddled to his side,  
and SOMEHOW got him to shore alive; I was filled with pride.

Turns out he managed the city's bus my reward ....  
he gave me a job with a small wage and 'room & (partial)board'.  
It wasn't much, to most, I know, but to me was like striking gold.  
My job: cleaning buses, inside & out, and doing whatever I was told.

I felt I'd reached my pinnacle of success. I KNOW, it wasn't much,  
but for two years I'd struggled, living on much, much, MUCH less.

A few months later Al came into my life as, lunch, I was eatin'.  
Outside McDonald's I saw Al grab a 'sandwich' and run, lest he be beaten.  
For such a skinny thief, Al sure could run, and  
FAST!

I thought: 'Here's one like I was.' I pursued him, and found him at  
last.

I had a handful of 'fries'. He was sitting down, panting, shaking a bit.  
I spoke kindly to him, offered my fries, and down beside him I did sit.

We hit it off from the very start, and from that day we barely parted.  
My boss said Al could stay with me, and soon HIS FIRST JOB, too, he started.

Al became a night guard of the idle-buses' secured parking lot.  
It was sort of a 'make-work job'. Behind the lot fence he'd patrol...  
when he wasn't asleep vandalism took a dive, AND ...  
I know Al and I, from then on, felt more and more alive.

On my days off we'd go to the park and do 'what boys will do'.  
We'd play catch, watch 'the girls', and lie on the grass to view ...  
kids flying kites, pigeons 'begging' for food, and lovers strolling by.  
Neither of us had a girlfriend ...though Al, from time to time, gave it a try.

We lived like that, like brothers [brother-friends] for three years.  
But the day came when I was overcome by 'buckets-full' of tears.

Al was chasing a ball I'd thrown for him to catch and he ran...  
into the street, carelessly, right in front of a big brown UPS delivery van.  
I doubt he ever saw it coming; I pray he felt no pain at all.  
Full of life one minute, then, so suddenly, came, for Al, his final fall.

I raced to his aid but it was no driver  
offered an excuse:  
'Gee, I'm so sorry young man; I couldn't stop,  
you know? POOR dog.'

(October ...15th ....2018)

Bri Edwards

# Alice In (And Out Of) .....Blunderland \* ...[ Fiction; Becoming An Adult; Parents' Desires Vs. Offspring's Abilities & Desires ]

'Alice In Wonderland', an old story, is very unique.  
Now, into 'Alice In Blunderland'; I'll give you a peek.  
This Alice is modern and her story is quite sad.  
She tries so hard to please, but displeases 'Mom' & 'Dad'.

She was a pretty girl, obedient, cheerful, and kind,  
BUT, as she matured, she blundered, and ....nearly lost her mind!

Her grades weren't BAD in high school, but nowhere near 'top-notch'\*\*.  
She got into a 'Junior College', and her parents closely watched.

They bought Alice a car, so she could use it to commute.  
She often arrived late to class, her homework undone 'to boot'\*\*\*.

She couldn't seem to concentrate; she continued to blunder,  
....which caused her mom to worry, and her dad's voice, at times, to thunder!

Her grades, never great, began to fall even lower.  
She wished she could get a clerk's job, at a pace much slower!

Alice had NEVER dreamed of was her parents' wish.  
SHE wished she could work at an ice cream shop.....'Cone or dish? ';

Her parents urged her to energy had she left? ? !  
Mom & Dad wanted other kids they were bereft\*\*\*\*.

She accepted a few date offers, always coming home dragging.  
Meanwhile her parents' friends, about THEIR kids, were bragging.

'Our Susie just got boyfriend plans to study law.'  
AND: 'Our Fred made 'The Dean's List' '[Alice's M & D were in awe.]

Well, Alice finally found flunked out of school.  
She stopped dating, and got a job, and followed 'The Golden Rule':  
'Do unto others as you'd have them do unto you', ...that is to say:  
'Let others live as they can 't let YOUR needs get in their way.'



Alice never made much money, but neither did she lose her mind! !  
She wed a mail clerk, got a house, had a kid.  
'Her man', Bri, too, was kind.

(November ....20 ....2019)

1 &quot;blunder&quot;;:

[noun]: a stupid or careless mistake

[verb]: make a stupid or careless mistake; act or speak clumsily

2 &quot;top-notch&quot;;: of the highest quality; excellent

3 &quot;to boot&quot;;: as well; in addition

4 &quot;bereft&quot;;: deprived of or lacking something

Bri Edwards

# Alien's Oyster-Feast..... [fantasy; Humor? ; Alien Invasion? ; Personal]

As I lay face-up upon my bed, strange thoughts roared inside my head. The ceiling light's cover seemed like a pearl, causing my synapses to swiftly swirl.

Was I really in a house, pray tell? Or was I encased in a huge oyster shell? Was I a man such as you might greet, or was I a great big hunk of oyster meat?

I laughed a bit at my thought; if it persisted I may become overwrought. I had on clothes, the room was square. I was NOT oyster meat. My head had hair!

Just as my racing mind was slowing, the room shook as if from a great wind blowing.

The ceiling exploded. Down came two walls. I found myself staring at two huge jaws.

The "pearl" had fallen on the bed. I was shocked beyond belief and filled with dread.

Above the gaping jaws I spied two huge eyes; we looked at each other, each filled with surprise.

Drops, baseball-sized, dripped from jagged teeth. They soaked me both on top and underneath.

The odor emanating from that face..... made me wish that from it I could race.

I shivered now as if nearly frozen. Why for me had this fate been chosen?

I was not sure if I were dreaming, but that it was real, it sure was seeming.

I'd heard of beings from Outer Space which kidnap Earthlings, leaving no trace.

As I watched the visage of this beast, I was sure I'd become its "Alien's oyster-feast".

(December 31,2013)

Bri Edwards

# Alphabet Fun..... [fun With Letters A, B, C, Etc.; My Rarely-Used Vocabulary; 'Bad' Vs. 'Good']

[A, a ...Around an august alphabet are actions awfully awesome.]

[The "mostly-bad" Awesome. Read onward.]

B, b...Behold Bellowing Bellicose Beasts behaving by being bad:

C, c...Conspicuously crusty critters cavort, creating citizen-concerns.

D, d...Diverse devils delve deeply, demanding dastardly deeds.

E, e...Enormous errors evolve excitedly, ensnaring every effort.

F, f...Felonious forces fleece forgiving, fearful fellows forever.

G, g...Gargantuan gargoyles gather gloomily; gazing, gawking gnomes.

H, h...Horrible hazards hinder happy, headstrong heathens.

I, i...Invisible, insidious 'injuries' inflicted inside innocent individuals.

J, j...Jealous journalists join jittery jet-setters, jiving judiciously.

K, k...Kicking Kangaroos knowingly knocking kooky kookaburras.

L, l...Licentious liberals leaving lonely ladies, .....laughing.

M, m...Monstrous monolithic money-makers making many men miserable.

N, n...Nervous Nellies, needing needles, needlessly nodding numbly.

[The "mostly-good" Awesome. Read onward.]

O, o...Optimistic operators openly offering opportunities overflowing.

P, p...Progressive politicians pounding past petty political principals.

Q, q...Quintessential quietude quietly quelling querulous queries.

R, r...Responding rescuers resuscitating ramshackle-raft rafters.

S, s...Sympathetic society-sweethearts serving shaky seniors.

T, t...Thorough thinkers tirelessly tinkering towards triumph.

U, u...Unsung utilitarians uncompromisingly urging utilitarianism.

V, v...Voracious vegetarians vetting various vital vegetarian vittles.

W, w...Wise winning-women wanting wholesome weddings.

and

[X, x...Xanthous xiphoid xebecs xchanging xenophobes (for) xenophiles.]

[Y, y...Yesteryear's youngsters: yelling, yearning, yellowing. Yikes! ]

[Z, z...Zealous Zen zealots zigzagging, zeroing (in) .]

In this case the "Bad" outnumbered the "Good".  
I had to credit A, J, X, Y, and Z as neither.  
If I'd planned better, "Good" could have "won"; it Could.  
But I'll leave it as is; I need a breather! !

(November 24,2013)

Bri Edwards

# Amaryllis Belladonna L.:Beware! ! !...[ Trying To Poison My Wife; Informational; Plants & Humans Don't Always &quot; Mix &quot; ]

A long-stalked pink 'flower', in U.S., is &quot;Naked Lady&quot;;  
It's related to &quot;Deadly Nightshade&quot;;, a plant very 'shady',  
in that it's quite deadly to humans who consume [enough of]  
..... its flesh,  
'shading' one's body in a coffin, covered with fresh mesh.

Today I brought some N.L. 'seeds' inside to show to my mate,  
and placed them in a small food dish next to her plate.  
She was busy, so I said not a thing to my dear lover.  
Only after she thought them 'tiny grapes' did we BOTH discover ....  
the danger!

She said: &quot;I put one in my mouth.'Twas bitter, from my dish.  
Did you NOT realize the danger?Do you, my death, NOW wish? ! &quot;;  
She continued: &quot;I bit into one, but did not swallow.I then did  
... spit it out.  
I'm 'displeased' with you.I should punch you ....in your snout! &quot;;

I said to her: &quot;I'll lookto see if 'tis poisonous.&quot;;

I DID look it up ...in less than an hour, maybe MUCH less.

Oops!'Poisonous to humans!All plant parts!But not to cows OR rabbits! '  
I guess now I should THINK MORE, perhaps change some habits?

Epilogue

She's still alive, though her body looks rather thinner.  
I hope that, tonight, I'll not need to fix my own dinner!

(October ....19 ....2018)

Bri Edwards

## **An Apple A Day..... [apples; Health; Stupid Guy; Humor? ; Pretty Short]**

An apple a day keeps the doctor away.  
At least that is what my Ma used to say.  
I've got no insurance, and I don't work too hard,  
BUT there are lots of apples.... in my Ma's backyard.

So I sat under her tree, planning to stay well for two years.  
I ate apples till I thought..... they'd come out of my ears.  
Well my gut nearly burst. To the hospital I was took.  
Now, to the tune of two grand, I'm on the "I-owe-hospital" hook.

(August 9,2013)

Bri Edwards

# April 2017's Showcase For Poemhunter Poets ...[ Something For Everyone! ; A Collection Of Poems By P H Members; Some May Be Shortened By Me To 24 Lines Or Less]

Last month's showcase, for me, has come and gone, ignored by many.  
But, hey, that's one good thing on PH; you may read all OR not any!  
I prefer to use poems not too long, so some I'll edit. Don't you fret.  
Each poet may have one poem each month here. Will I get .....  
one from YOU?

IF I edit/shorten your poem I'll ask first. No whining poets do I need!  
But please try to work with me. One poem each, no need for greed!

To find this showcase shouldn't take you guys and gals too long at all.  
Find a PH 'Search/Find' box & type 'April 2017's Showcase'. Don't you stall.

If you care to have one of yours displayed, in a message please send to me ...  
.....the Title and the Text of the poem. I then may use it IF it is 'typo-free'.  
If not, I MAY suggest some editing to be done by me or by you, the poet.  
I take pride in what I display. IF I think it is 'substandard' I MAY not show it.

Do I sound like a TYRANT? Perhaps, but it makes up for being a 'DOG' at home.

(March 27, 2017)

Bri Edwards :)

aka Brian Edward Whitaker in the 'Real World'

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=====

TO LOCATE FUTURE SHOWCASES ON PH, SEARCH FOR poems whose titles begin  
with a MONTH and YEAR, e.g. 'May 2017's Showcase'.

=====

If you are unfamiliar with my/our 'showcases' and wish to find out more about

it/them, PLEASE go to previous months' showcases, SOME of which are listed as 'poems' beginning with the word: 'Section'.

For now, I shall limit each poet to one poem per monthly showcase.

bri :)

=====

What follows is the complete [or under-construction] April 2017 showcase.

It first gives [[usually in the chronological order in which I obtained the poems]] the poet names and the titles of their poems.

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THE POETS AND THEIR POEM TITLES: (I'll try to put at least 30 poems by 30 poets in this list)

1 - Long Tooth

Pursuing Holiness

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2 - Douglas Scotney

Slop Bucket

-----

3 - Savita Tyagi

A New Flower

-----

4 - Clarence Prince

Now Is The Time!

-----

5 - Andy Brookes

Expunging



-----

6 - Annette Aitken

Can We Be The Only Race?

-----

7 - Lynn W. Petty

Two Gifts Has Man

-----

8 - Della Perry

Wintery Senses

-----

9 - Lorraine (aka Lora)                      Colon

So What!

-----

10 - Felicia Manning

If I Am Just A Character

-----

11 - Diane Hine

Fobbed Off

-----

12 - Tom Billsborough

Pacific Days

-----

13 - Elisabeth Anne Wingle

Marriage Bliss Continues Because Bri Edwards Could Not Leave It Aloneaa

-----

14 - Kim Barney

I Love You

-----

15 - Liza Sud [aka Liza Sudina]

[TRANSLATION to Russian of Judith Blatherwick's poem 'The Fairy']

-----

16 - Judith Blatherwick

The Fairy

-----

17 - Wes Vogler

A Wolf's Not My Choice To Succeed

-----

18 - Stuart Munro

Birds Of Love

-----

19 - Kelly Kurt

Stone In My Shoe

-----

20 - by Elena Plotkin

I Am Lonely

=====

I SHALL PAUSE FOR A WEEK OR SO (I think) (sometime) AFTER I  
HAVE FILLED THE 20TH SLOT WITH THE 20TH POEM FROM 20 POETS.

Then believe I shall continue, unless there is an OUTCRY from the PH members  
asking me to stop forever!

bri :)

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21 - Bharati Nayak

Selfie

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22 - Akhtar Jawad

Promise

-----

23 - Eugene Levich

Americans Now

-----

24 - Lynn Paul

Urgently

-----

25 - Is It Poetry

# 15 Sara Teasdale

-----

26 - TAPAN Saren

Dawn

-----

27 - Sk. NURUL Huda

Modern Life (in a developing country) .

-----

28 - Brian Johnston

Taking It In The Shorts

-----

29 - Rod Mendieta

Inside The Big Subterranean City

-----

30 - Bri Edwards

The Color Green....(Green THINGS)

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=====

Then I list [[usually in REVERSE-chronological order of when I obtained the poems]] the poets names [again! ] and the titles and texts [[OR partial texts]] of the poems.

For poems over 26 lines I plan to (usually) include the first and last stanza of each poem, and other selected lines which come between the 1st and last stanzas of the poem, indicating how many lines I skip/delete as I go along.

If the selected parts are of interest to you, you may search for the poem within the PH system, using the Search Box on another PH page to find the complete poem.

Good Luck! !

As mentioned above, the 'longer' poems will be shortened by me, Bri Edwards.

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THE POETS AND THEIR POEMS: (I'll try to put at least 30 poems by 30 poets in this list)

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30 - by Bri Edwards

The Color Green....(Green THINGS)

I can't get this damn 'tablet' to 'paste' my poems Here!

Please go to its page in my PH site. :)

-----

29 - by Rod Mendieta

### Inside The Big Subterranean City

Inside the big subterranean city  
That strives to affirm itself apart  
From the infinite, all-encompassing Ether  
By the subterfuge of a thin layer of skin,  
There's a thousand miniature I's  
Vying for supremacy,  
Enmeshed in puny little wars,  
Hoping to make their squeaking  
Little voices heard above the general din.

Some say 'sleep! '  
Some say 'wake! '  
Some say 'fight! '  
Some say 'surrender! '  
Some say 'trust in me! '  
Some say 'trust no one! '

The faintest, most ill-favored one  
Coming as it were, from a cowering  
Little boy in the middle of a bustling crowd  
Who's muttering to himself, softly,  
Lips barely moving, eyes sunk in the pavement,  
Is scarcely heard at all:  
'Let us all quiet down and embrace silence,  
That the one Voice may speak who was  
Always content with listening,  
The one whole Voice that will speak for  
All the fractured little ones.  
If I had two cents I'd bet he will simply say:  
'Sing! '

-----

28 - by Brian Johnston

## Taking It In The Shorts

Well the Universe woke up one morning and moaned,  
'My God! Yesterday sure was a blast! '  
'I just wish I had something to look forward to, '  
'What are odds this expansion will last? '

It seems even the Universe gets some bad news,  
When stars 'pop off, ' they go dark and sulk!  
She's a teenager pondering all of her zits,  
Even worries at times about bulk!

But the worst news may be that she isn't alone!  
Are there 'Multiverse' waiting a chance?  
The dance floor not wide open but crowded to boot?  
Is 'Dark Matter' the end of romance?

'There are days that I swear I wish mankind weren't real, '  
(She admits here to sharing the stage) ,  
'All those physicists are a pox on my kazoo, '  
'Thinking they (and God) see the same page! '

'Really who can imagine what God sees in them, '  
'My reach infinite, their hands so small! '  
'They are nothing but stardust that's lost all its spark, '  
'Hard to think God would notice at all! '

(April 2,2017)

-----  
Poet's Note: 'Form: Quatrain'

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Bri's Note:

I believe Brian meant 'wazoo', not 'kazoo'; does he know the difference? !  
He says shows 'ass/buttocks' as one definition for 'kazoo'. i checked and it  
DOES, but i don't trust the site now.  
And he says the reference to 'small' hands has to do with Donald Trump.

-----

27 - by Sk. NURUL Huda

Modern Life (in a developing country) .

Do you want a modern life to fit?  
At first give your parents a hitting and kick a bit,  
Hold your wife's hand and take the flat's keys and kits,  
Pass the time with pet dog Tomy and hang a T. V the wall befits,  
Visit parlors to give you a cosmopolitan looks and manners to meet,  
Frequent the theatres or halls to watch dramas like Lear or of latest hit,  
Book a flight and try to cross the border as your colleagues do to make you defeat.

- - - - -

26 - by TAPAN Saren

Dawn

The great bright star is not yet awake,  
Still a heavenly light has lit up the sleeping earth.  
A brisk wind ruffles the fresh spring leafage in mirth,  
And the dawn chorus proclaims the daybreak.

The twilit woodland paths are in blossoms drest,  
Oh, the mild wild dove still broods at rest!  
The virgin flowers in the dell joyfully their heads nod  
As the wasps are not arrived to suck and hoard.  
Dewy are the fields of green corn,  
A thin cloak of mist clothes the red cherries,  
Mirroring the rich palm trees  
Silently the slow stream runs on.

Hush! The grey hills yonder  
Laughs the Morn! Do you hear?  
Lo, the silvery east! A blessed day foretold!  
O romantic Artist, how beautifully You adorned the dawn!  
My blithe soul wishes to jump out of the mold!

O bountiful God, mysteriously lovely is Your art- -

Cannot my empty brain understand  
But can only be felt by the heart.

-----  
25 - by Is It Poetry

# 15 Sara Teasdale

Why should I care about rain and or snow,  
About leaves that are green?  
Or all the trees that you climbed that are seen,  
Summer was ours by the sea.  
But care I confess that I do.  
Taken from me as a leaf caught up in the wind,  
Trapped in a wave, a wave none could see.  
There we once we're and now we're both here,  
Silent and still, lost without love and no peace.

-----  
24 - by Lynn Paul

Urgently

Money...\$  
What For?  
Sharing  
Not sure  
For bills, need more  
Money.  
Money...  
Plant a seed  
It is what we all need  
I want to plant you URGENTLY  
A Money tree.  
Money,  
Is it for giving?  
Money  
High cost of living  
Money.  
Money,



Such crime  
Money,  
People doing time  
Money.  
Money...  
Touching, everyone's hands  
Germs galore; who cares I have plans  
For money.  
Money...  
Does it make the world turn  
Yes, No  
One day we will learn. \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

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-----

Poet's Notes:

'Aha aaah.... all the things I could do, If I had a little money'.....  
Abba Song -

-----

Bri's Note:

'Urgently' was inspired by the song 'Money, Money, Money' by ABBA.

-----

23 - by Eugene Levich

Americans Now

They are informed of their needs by TV ads  
They don't write long letters to their loved  
They tweet

They don't grow corn and tomatoes  
Or skin out a deer  
Hanging from a scotch pine

They don't look into faces and hearts  
Only into Facebook  
That compendium of moronic nonsense

Their vegetables come from hot houses  
Their meat in packages  
Everything plastic wrapped  
Like their lives

-----  
22 - by Akhtar Jawad

### A Promise

Time of parting is approaching, it's close,  
eyes ready to snap for the heart your pose,  
that's all I need, you have turned your face!  
Come back sweetheart you know your place,  
I know your hairs are silk and shining,  
but the eyes with a red and wink lining!  
what are you hiding are these your tears?  
I don't understand your doubts and fears!  
Turn, let me write a promise on your lips,  
in the new world too, you'll have my sips,  
a creeper of grapes, you'll drink its wine,  
I am only for you and you are mine!

(Promise of a dying spouse)

-----  
Bri's Note:

I'm waiting for Akhtar to tell me 'wink' or 'pink'.

-----  
21 - by Bharati Nayak

### Selfie

I selfie  
To capture my image  
Capture with me  
My loved ones

My surroundings  
The tree, temple, palace and sea

To capture  
Who are  
With me at the moment  
As the moment  
Will slip away  
In the next moment  
It will be past.  
The tree will not come back  
To me where I reclined  
In that moment  
For support  
Got the shade  
Got the cool oxygen  
I want to capture  
The flower  
Whose fragrance and beauty  
Enchanted me  
I want to capture  
The beauty of the birds  
Who fly making a 'V' sign under  
The clouds so dark  
I want to capture with me  
The blue waves of the sea  
The waves that rise and fall  
With my emotions  
I want to hold  
In my camera  
The cool moon  
The warm sun  
The green grass  
The mother earth  
Everything I love  
Seen and unseen  
And wait to see and hold  
All the blessings of God.

-----  
20 - by Elena Plotkin

## I Am Lonely

'I am lonely' said my one and only,  
'Fear not dear heart I am here to stay, '  
'I am lonely' lamented my one and only.  
'Fear not dear heart I shan't go away.'  
'I am lonely' cried my one and only.  
'So am I dear heart, so am I'

[(c) 2016 Copyright Elena Plotkin]

-----  
**Poet's Notes:**

Sometimes we can be surrounded by people who love us and yet we can't help but feel lonely and all alone. Unfortunately when we retreat into ourselves and our feelings we end up deserting those who are there for us. This poem is about how loneliness can beget loneliness. The cycle stops when we cross the lonely divide and reach out to those on the other side.

-----  
19 - by Kelly Kurt

## Stone In My Shoe

Calling at three in the morning  
Dropping by when I'm busy  
You spin my world around  
'Til I'm nauseous and dizzy

'Can I borrow your car? '  
Is frequently asked  
But then it's returned  
With just a gallon of gas

You bum half my cigarettes  
And purloin my lighter  
Ebenezer Scrooge's purse strings  
Couldn't be any tighter

I've seldom suffered a nuisance  
As annoying as you  
You're like walking a mile  
With a stone in my shoe

-----

18 - by Stuart Munro

### Birds Of Love

who gave the birds voices  
Who gave them their songs  
Who gave them the trees  
For them to sit on  
From early morning  
Till the end of the day  
They sing songs for Jesus  
To brighten his day

Sing on, sing on,  
With the birds of peace  
All the little birds of love  
Keep singing on to me  
Sing on, sing on  
All the birds in the trees  
Sing on

-----

17 - by Wes Vogler

### A Wolf's Not My Choice To Succeed

Well, I just had a lovely old read  
Called 'Dog Master'. It's of the deed  
Of taming man's friend.  
It's his will you must bend.  
And a wolf's not my choice to succeed.

Circumstances just had to be right

To avoid a death-struggling fight.  
And son of a gun  
I think it could be done!  
The author convinced me he's right.

- - - - -

16 - by Judith Blatherwick [see #15, below, for Russian translation]

The Fairy.

The moonlight glistened softly  
On the leaf strewn forest floor.  
Its silver light touched briefly  
On a little fairy door.

The door drew open slowly  
And a small shy face emerged.  
She wasn't sure, but round her  
Kind and friendly voices urged.

As she looked around her  
She saw beauty. She saw love.  
She wandered in this freedom  
As the moon shone up above.

She became more trusting  
And decided she would try  
To stretch her wings a little.  
Maybe one day she could fly.

But as she gently fluttered  
And a joy in her awoke  
She forgot to take care  
And her fragile small wings broke.

- - - - -

Bri' Notes:

I changed 'It's' to 'Its' in line 3.

See Liza Sud's translation to Russian, below]

-----  
15 - by Liza Sud

[TRANSLATION to Russian of Judith Blatherwick's poem 'The Fairy']

?????? ???? ??????? ??????  
? ??????? ??????? ????????,  
??? ?????????????? ???????  
????????? ??????????? ???????.

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? ??????????????? ????  
???????????, ? ?? ??????????  
????????? ?????????? ???.

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? ??????? ?????????????? ???  
????????? ?????????????? ??????????,  
?????? ?????????? ???????.

? ???? ??? ?????? ?????????? -  
????????? ? ??? ??????????????,  
????????????????? ??? ??????????,  
? ?????????? ??????? ?????????????.

-----  
14 - by Kim Barney

I Love You

I can't remember ever telling my mother that I loved her.  
Probably I did, when I was little, but I just can't remember.  
She passed away when my youngest sister was only four.

It bothered me for years that I couldn't remember  
if I had ever told her that I loved her.

Before my father passed away, I made sure  
I told him that I loved him.

He lived for many years; she died young.

We never know how much time we have left.

Who's in your life that needs to hear those three words?

Don't leave her life in disarray;  
Tell her that you love her today.  
How long since she's heard?  
You must give her the word  
TODAY, without delay!

-----

13 - by Elisabeth Anne Wingle

Marriage Bliss Continues Because Bri Edwards Could Not Leave It Aloneaa

So you speak for all men now?  
Is that what I'm hearing?  
By the way your nose hair could use a good shearing  
You say that beauty is skin deep, indeed  
But a woman still wants her knight on a steed  
You put ice in your scotch?  
No thanks, I'll have mine neat  
Your sock drawers nearly empty? Put in a load  
If you recall, the machine is covered in mold  
I'll do what ever I choose!  
You can polish your own damn shoes  
Hearing ' It's that time of the month' or ' I've a headache' make you sore?  
Satisfy your woman and she'll come back for more  
Women also work 9-5  
But, the question is not. 'What the hell gives?  
The question is, 'For whom does she live '

-----



Pacific Days

Washing the barrier reef, the Coral sea,  
Brings fresh nutrients to the coral blooms,  
Chrysanthemums in splendour  
Where fishes of deep orange, blue  
Wide banded black and yellow  
Flit without collision  
Gingerly for shelter  
From sharp marauding sharks,  
Whilst dark brown turtles hover over them  
Like passive guardian angels or dispassionate stars.  
The shallow water here is a pale azure  
The deeper cobalt merging into indigo  
And stays so colour fast for a thousand  
Miles and more as we sweep eastwards  
To azure once again,  
The pale waters and white shores of Vanuatu.  
The vast Pacific now begins,  
Wide as lovers' smiles, relays our dreams  
Past islands with evocative names  
Fiji, Tonga, Tahiti and Tuamotu  
Avoiding the doldrums of our days  
And finally to Chile and Peru.

The earth is mostly water. So are we.  
Our nutrients flow round us too,  
As those awash within the Coral sea.

-----  
11 by Diane Hine

Fobbed Off

What's in it for me?  
he wondered.  
Too small to be socks  
that little box

under the Christmas tree.  
Last year she'd given him....what?  
some thingamabob...  
oh yes - a safety pin and ribbon,  
saying, 'It's a ribbon fob  
to pin to your pocket.'  
The year before that...  
it was something flat...  
oh yes - a fabric square and thread.  
'I'll vest your vest a pocket, '  
she said.  
So this year, not unreasonably  
he wondered if that little box  
might be a pocket watch  
or key.

-----  
10 - by Felicia Manning

If I Am Just A Character

Death,  
I once feared you so,  
Before learning life is a play,  
And we all play  
A role.

Big players,  
Small players,  
Equally important parts,  
We each serve our purpose,  
Then our exit scene  
We depart.

Death,  
I once feared you so,  
One day you will take me,  
And everyone that I know,  
Yet by you I will not be smitten,  
For I know,  
A new play is always being written.

-----  
9 - by Lorraine Colon

So What!

So what if love proves to be untrue,  
And from us on tattered wings it flies,  
Long ago deceit made its debut,  
Since, many tears have dampened our eyes

So what if the night denies us sleep  
And we wring our hands, pacing the floor,  
Many times, the nightbird heard us weep -  
It's not like we've not done this before

So what if we believed every lie,  
How sweetly they fell upon our ears!  
Is this now a reason to deny  
Truth a chance to turn the tide of years?

So what if too long we've played the fool -  
Can we not pretend it's been a dream?  
Or perhaps, better to kick the stool....  
Let dawn find us dangling from the beam

-----  
8 - by Della Perry

Wintery Senses

My wintry friends were out today  
Waving cold, bare arms in the breeze,  
'Hello friend, ' whispered the trees.

Above them black crows danced in the air,  
Swaying, up and below grey clouds,  
Singing sweet songs so proud.

I stood still and listened hard,

Factory hammers growled and groaned,  
While cars sped by and moaned.

In the air I could smell the Spring,  
Trying to push through the ground  
Daffodils tried to be found.

Upon the ground a feather flew,  
I wonder if the bird knew  
of a missing, soft feather now by my shoe?

I tasted an icy, clear dew drop,  
Cold and damp upon my tongue,  
A wonderful feeling that didn't last long.

I feel so lucky that I can hear,  
Smell, touch, taste and I can see,  
I am so lucky to be me!

-----

Poet's Note:

A poem I wrote to help the children at work.

-----

7 - by Lynn W. Petty

Two Gifts Has Man

Beneath this old oak tree, I pondered why  
The primal gloom of pain on faces passed.  
What is the answer to the question asked?  
'It is within, ' came chilling words nearby.  
It was the Angel Death who made reply.  
'It's soul asleep that causes man his cast.  
The image of himself has held him fast.  
To say the fault is his he will deny.'

'Two gifts has man; a shaft of golden light,  
A two-edged sword that cuts the bonds of mind.  
The other gift, the knowledge that 'I AM'.

Identity holds man within his plight,  
Forgetting his creation, he is blind.  
It's man who daily crucifies the Lamb.'

-----

Poet's Note:

Form: Italian Sonnet

-----

6 - by Annette Aitken

Can We Be The Only Race?

Can we be the only race?  
Is there something else in space  
in this unknown universe  
surely we are not alone.

Can we be the only race?  
in the vastness of this empty space  
or many worlds of awesome wonder  
planets orb in a different colour.

Galaxies from near and far  
mingling within the brightly stars  
dashing through the milky way  
Could this be the place they play?

I often watch the sky at night  
to catch a glimpse or maybe sight  
something floating in the sky  
spy odd shapes go whizzing by.

Is it fact or myth we hear  
celestial bodies did appear.  
hyped up stories in the papers  
Do we believe the words of others?

I do not think we'll ever know

unless they crudely knock our door  
to let us know from outer space.  
No, you are not the only race.

-----  
5 - by Andy Brookes

### Expunging

Get rid of old pages, lose the dross  
throw them out it is no loss.  
look at the old and the new,  
then up in smoke and up the flue.

Sweep out the cobwebs, do not fear,  
get rid of those you don't hold dear.  
Spring's soon here, so clean them out,  
and be ruthless have no doubt.

no point in hanging onto trash,  
just take stock but don't be rash  
nothing in this world will last,  
blow the dust, shake and blast.

sometimes it's better to realise,  
it's old and tarnished, no surprise  
I'm certain sure you know, because,  
my work's not precious, never was

-----  
Bri's Note:

As I sometimes do, usually with the author's permission/blessing,  
I have done some minor editing on Andy's poem. 'Realise' is the  
way 'they' spell 'realize' in some 'backward' countries; hee-hee.  
Andy's is NOT the only poem I've edited/'corrected' in this showcase.

-----  
4 - by Clarence Prince

Now Is The Time!

Now Is the Time

What can we do?  
Or who can help  
Our world is in a mess  
Truly, a deliverer we need  
Whom man may believe  
One to sift and to out weed  
Every human's evil deed  
And makes way for love  
That hatred may decrease  
We need such a guide  
Now is the time

From the East to the West  
Hardly anywhere is best  
Man keeps on losing control  
And daily we are losing souls  
Owing to shortage of love  
That hatred may decrease  
A real deliverer, we need  
We need such a guide  
Now is the time

[skip 7 lines]

Again, what can we do?  
Or who can help  
We need a guide  
Now is the time

(All rights reserved)

-----

3 - by Savita Tyagi

A New Flower

Upon the grave of the old

A new flower blooms.  
Sadly it never knew the  
Loving nurturing hands of a Gardner.

The Gardner sleeping in the grave  
Left the plant alone.  
Yet it blooms to add its beauty to the old grave.

The rising sun gave it warmth,  
The rain nourished the plant,  
And the protective wind kept it in her watch.

Fighting against all odds of life  
With her nature given might  
The tiny flower blooms  
Upon the grave of the old.

Now it wishes to be plucked  
To be part of a bouquet.  
Let someone make it part of a lovely arrangement.  
Or is it his fate to wither alone?  
To be perished upon the grave of the old!

(3.9.2017)

-----

Poet's Notes:

Dedicated to the children of the world, left alone through war and other calamities.

-----

2 - by Douglas Scotney

Slop Bucket

To laugh is rire  
and to chatter, garrire,  
from which comes garrul-ous,  
-ousness and -ity,



which, oh by the way,  
how do you do,  
share a Chambers' page  
with gardyloo.

A city  
used to be otherwise called  
after words called  
to warn passers-by  
that slops  
were about to be thrown  
out the window.  
Gardyloo! was Edinburgh,  
after gare de l'eau!  
whose shortened form gare d'eau!  
was Paris  
(with a double e) -  
known today  
as gare de pi-pi!

-----  
Poet's Notes:

rire - French; garrire - Latin;  
Chambers Dictionary  
Gare de l'eau = look out for the water  
pi-pi = wee.

-----  
1 - by Long Tooth

Pursuing Holiness

Oh my God! Help me find understanding!  
And not just of Yourself, also Man,  
Let me search for the truth, undemanding,  
Or in seeking self-worth in your plan.

Help me see life on Earth with Your values,  
Guide me where I should be with Your heart,  
Make 'to walk in Your way' my decision,

And the servant's role most favored part.

Let humility grow to be gifting,  
And in service discover rewards,  
May my poems be read as uplifting,  
And life's symphony heard in their chords.

Let me honor Your Son with each day's break,  
And His name be a rock for my prayers,  
May I be faithful witness for Love's sake,  
And reveal Him in all my affairs.

And when night comes, at last, let me thank You,  
For the times that You stood by my side,  
Mystic ingénue, pursued by Christ's love  
May His love for me be all my pride!

March 7,2017

=====

Thanks, Readers and contributors, for your assistance in....  
(hopefully) making the APRIL 2017 'Showcase' a success!

:)                   bri edwards

[[aka Brian Edward Whitaker (in the 'Real World')                   ]]

Bri Edwards

# April 2018 Showcase Of Poems For And Written By P H Members ....[ Some Of This And Some Of That; Some Are Lean And Some Are Fat; From My List Of 'favorites' ]

My PH &quot;Main Page&quot; says that I, Bri, am 70 years young; SOME say &quot;OLD&quot;!

For goodness sake, I'll not be 70 till the end of June; PH I must NOW scold! !  
But THAT is 'neither here nor there'.It's time to begin my monthly task ...  
of letting you view some poems I've enjoyed, .....not that YOU've asked ...  
me to do !

I think I have ten picked out so far.I did not (yet)ask permission to use ANY,  
but if one submits poems to PH, one &quot;must&quot; be &quot;in for a pound,  
if in for a penny&quot;;\*\*\*! !

As usual, I accept submissions of poems to me for my consideration as well,  
but I don't guarantee I'll use them, ....even though I may think the poets are  
swell,

i.e. 'nice people'.

If YOU submit a poem PLEASE send to me the link to its PH page if available,  
sending to me as a 'Message', .....as long as it's not too &quot;heavy&quot;; to be  
mailable! !

(March ....20th .....2018)

\*\*\* [from ]&quot;For example, All right, I'll drive you all the way there—in for a  
penny, in for a pound. This term originally meant that if one owes a penny one  
might as well owe a pound, and came into American use without changing the  
British monetary unit to dollar.&quot;

Bri Edwards  
aka Brian Edward Whitaker  
aka .....bri :)

Any questions? Feel free to ask! Or you can look at some earlier showcases [all  
found in my list of PH poems] for guidance.

=====  
=====

The POETS, the titles, and 'partial links' to each poem's page (when poem has a PH page!) :

I THINK THERE ARE POEMS BY 8 MALES AND 9 FEMALES, ...but who really knows for SURE! ? IT doesn't matter (much) , but I tried to have equal numbers of females and males.....damn! I just can't 'count straight' tonight! ! ! The total (I think) is 17 poems from 17 poets.

A .... Lodigiana Poetess

title: Age- Bring It On! ! !  
'partial link': /poem/age-bring-it-on/

-----

B .... Simone Inez Harriman

title: Love Takes Hostages  
'partial-link': /poem/love-takes-hostages/

-----

C .... Brian Johnson

title: I Call Him Friend...aka...Ph: Friend: I Call Him Friend  
'partial-link': /poem/ph-friend-i-call-him-friend/

-----

D .... Laurie Van der Hart

title: Happy Hens!  
'partial-link': /poem/happy-hens-2/

-----

E .... Carl Austin

title: Death Bed  
'partial-link' /poem/death-bed-18/

-----

F .... Kostas Lagos

title: In Vain?  
'partial-link': /poem/in-vain-16/

-----

G.... Valsa George

title: Morning Musings

'partial-link': /poem/morning-musings/

---

H.... NHIEN NGUYEN MD

title: Two Cats Napping

'partial-link' /poem/two-cats-napping/

---

I.... Lora Colon

title: No Time To Waste

'partial-link': /poem/no-time-to-waste-5/

---

J.... Tom Billsborough

title: Invasions Of The Poltergeist

'partial-link': /poem/invasions-of-the-poltergeist/

---

K.... Loke Kok yee

title: Death In The Bush - The Sow

'partial-link': /poem/death-in-the-bush-the-sow/

---

L.... Aqua Princess (The Princess is)

title: Rude

'partial-link': /poem/rude-5/

---

M.... Ruth Walters[Ruth just changed &quot;Sherry&quot; to &quot;Jelly&quot;!  
]

title: Jelly Belly

'partial-link': /poem/jelly-belly-2/

---

N.... Andy Brookes

title: Change Down

'partial-link': /poem/change-down/

-----  
O.... Howard Simon

title: Old Age  
'partial-link': /poem/old-age-26/

-----  
P.... Rose Marie Juan-Austin

title: My Still Bank  
'partial-link': /poem/my-still-bank/

-----  
Q.... Nudershada Cabanes

title: A Rainy Night  
'partial-link': /poem/a-rainy-night-8/

-----  
[see texts of poems below ]

=====  
=====

The POEMS, the authors, and the 'partial links' to poem pages:

A .... AGE- BRING IT ON! ! ; Lodigiana Poetess; /poem/age-bring-it-on/

Age- Bring It On! ! ! - by Lodigiana Poetess

When I hit 80 I'll wear pink.....  
And I won't care what others think,  
'cause I'll be old enough to know  
that I'm the boss of me!

I'll dance without shoes- in the nude,  
and no one dares tell me that's rude.  
I'll swear and cuss and drink neat gin,  
and when I've done I'll start again.

I'll braid my hair, what's left of it  
and take up smoking finest 'shit'.  
A tattoo on my cheek I'll ink  
and just not care what others think!

I'll get bejazzles done 'down there',  
And wear short skirts so people stare.  
Go clubbing till the morning light,  
eat, drink and smoke  
Get really tight!

I won't control the things I say  
I might even decide I'm gay..  
I'll swipe on tinder left and right,  
and partay every single night

So bring it on-I want to age  
and move up to this crazy stage.  
Life's boring when you must behave,  
Cause being young makes me a slave!

-----  
Bri's Notes: This contains some words I was unfamiliar with. 'Partay'  
IS another form of 'party'. There is a fantastic illustration on the  
poem's page.

-----  
B .... LOVE TAKES HOSTAGES! ; Simone Inez Harriman; /poem/love-takes-  
hostages/

Love Takes Hostages- by Simone Inez Harriman

Have you ever been in love?

Love is always patient and kind  
It is never jealous  
Love is not complicated or conceited  
Indifferent or selfish

Love endures all adversity  
Ready to trust and forgive  
Love takes no pleasure from pain  
Love does not lie or cheat  
Or begin and end in vain

Have you ever been in love?

It rips open your chest  
Stealing your vulnerable heart  
And from then on  
Your life is no longer yours

Love takes hostages

It's hostile  
Intimidating, humiliating  
A kick in the guts that messes you up  
It hurts, it's heartless  
And leaves you crying alone in darkness

And a simple phrase like:

'Maybe we should just be friends'

Turns into a bloodied glass splinter  
Slowly skewering all hope  
Stabbing, piercing, cutting  
Profoundly wounding  
For there is no bargaining

No mercy

And during this killing  
This murdering  
When all is said and done  
A monster you become

-----

C.... I CALL HIM FRIEND; Brian Johnston; /poem/ph-friend-i-call-him-friend/



I Call Him Friend- by Brian Johnston

I have a friend with no bound'ries, no corners,  
Preferring to just sleep around,  
If he should vanish, I know where I'll find him,  
For sure, a new girlfriend he's found.

As a lover, I know, he is quite ardent,  
The passion he shows you seems real,  
But then there's a change, he's like weather's brother,  
You've suddenly lost your appeal.

In spite of this weakness, he remains loyal,  
To ex-wives, ex- girlfriends, it's true,  
Though now just a friend, if you get in trouble,  
There's nothing that he wouldn't do.

I have had girlfriends at whom he's made passes,  
These days I accept it with mirth,  
For we have been buds now for so many years,  
His weakness? I witnessed its birth.

In East African Peace Corps we were best friends,  
We too both had girlfriends at home,  
Faithfully writing girls we hoped to marry,  
Neither had thoughts we'd ever roam.

It was bad news when a letter from home said,  
His love joined a sorority,  
All bets were off then, her letters less frequent,  
He was no more, her priority.

I watched as he entered a downward spiral,  
Working on roads to help bushmen,  
My weekly letters a painful reminder,  
He might not see, his love again.

I think that she tried to let him down easy,  
But he felt her slipping away,  
A better choice perhaps, to make him angry,  
Less of a loss, she didn't stay.

This marked the beginning, behavior now different,  
Love cheapened somehow going to bars,  
With many others contracted diseases,  
Romance's lost home - under stars.

I think to this day he carries this wound and  
Takes blame for a roll of the dice,  
One life changing event, so filled with portent,  
Surrender to love was its price.

-----

D.... HAPPY HENS! ; Laurie Van der Hart; /poem/happy-hens-2/

Happy Hens! - by Laurie Van der Hart

What would we do without wonderful eggs?  
From cheerful chickens strutting about on two legs?  
But no, that's not the life of a battery hen  
Cooped up in a cage, or a crowded CAFO pen

In our house, Friday is, happily, egg day  
Our old man neighbour brings us a tray  
Of delicious eggs, some with double yolks  
Hand-picked by him just for us folks

From the little hen house in his yard  
Which is not ideal, but I tend to regard  
It as a lot better than a factory farm  
Where chickens come to much more harm

But it bothered me that we didn't ever see  
Our feathered friends who feed us continuously  
Just heard their gentle coo-curroos  
And the occasional cockadoodledoos

And when mid-winter struck  
My neighbour was out of luck  
No eggs from the feathered crew  
Or only very few

For they had to use all their strength  
Just to build up a bit of warmth  
And no energy left to provide us  
With perfectly packaged breakfasts

But this year something surprising occurred  
I was overjoyed one day when I heard  
The chickens celebrating in the yard  
Running about free as the birds they are

Old man let them feed on his pumpkin vine  
Oh, they were having such a fine time!  
Being chickens - free to scratch in the dirt  
Chase each other around and flirt

And when the vine was all eaten up  
I thought the chickens would get locked up  
Again in their house, but the old man let them be  
And they continued to about walk about carefree

They got their daily food - scraps from the bistro  
Nutritious nettles fetched daily from the meadow  
Even when winter came, they'd go sleep in the pen  
At night, but by day they were in the garden again

And what was his reward for his humanity?  
For helping the chickens keep their sanity?  
Eggs the whole winter through!  
Yes, I promise, I'm telling you true

-----  
Poet's Notes:

A CAFO is a concentrated animal feeding operation, also known as a factory farm.

I'm not sure why the hens kept laying eggs through the winter. Maybe because they kept themselves warmer moving about the yard. And/or maybe because they were happier.

-----

E.... DEATH BED; Carl Austin; /poem/death-bed-18/

Death Bed- by Carl Austin

As I stroked her coarse grey hair  
And squeezed her bony hand  
Was she aware?  
We all laughed at her little ways  
As though already  
She wasn't there.

Fading lines on monitors told  
The end was really getting near.  
Busy nurses did their best  
To comfort us, but not the dying  
Help her not me!  
I`m only crying.

Sprawled discarded on the bed  
Machines now all turned off  
Tubes in her head.  
A macabre, awkward rag doll  
That was my mother.  
So this is dead.

-----

F.... IN VAIN? ; Kostas Lagos; /poem/in-vain-16/

In Vain? - by Kostas Lagos

The ants are  
working so hard.  
Is it in vain?

-----

G.... MORNING MUSINGS; Valsa George; /poem/morning-musings/

Morning Musings- by Valsa George

Over the East, the sun luminously gleamed  
And bid the nebulous vapours fly  
Changing the murky gloom into radiant blaze  
And cheering the languid drowsy sky

Lying in bed, I looked around  
And saw my room so cozily set  
With things just enough to make it fit  
For a sweet haven for me to rest

Each little thing in it began to muse  
In a language discernible for me to grasp  
Of the secret of success so elusive to man  
Which striving to catch, slips out from his clasp

The clock ticking away at the centre of the wall  
Alerted in a tone of rhythmic resonance  
That 'each minute is precious and dear'  
And not to waste time in trifling appurtenance

While the ceiling fan, spiralling above  
Discreetly hummed, 'Be cool and do not fret'  
The open window, to me did urge  
To 'look out' and watch the world in rising beat

The mirror neatly fitted on my bureau  
With a gleaming countenance beckoned me  
Asking me to 'reflect', ere venturing into anything  
That from fatal fallacies, I shall ever be free

The calendar hanging inside the room  
Reminded me not to lag or put off things  
But keep my assignments and learning 'up to date'  
That in a life of fast pace, I can be on soaring wings

And the woolly carpet gently mused;  
'Bend your knees and kneel down to pray  
With a heart in gratitude, copiously filled  
Before a God who never left you homeless to stray'

With such counsel, silent and salient  
I got out from bed with resolutions profound  
To greet the morning and start the day  
With greater zest and mind so sound

-----

H....TWO CATS NAPPING [a translation of his poem: HAI ME` O NGU? TRUA ]

Two Cats Napping- by NHIEN NGUYEN MD

Two cats rest on their cat tower,

One is on lower level while the other on top.

Light rain continuously and steadily falls.

They watch nature through the veils of afternoon rain.

After watching for a while, they begin licking their hair.

Each cat is busy with its own affair.

Gradually, they close their eyes and they fall asleep

These cats enjoy their sleep while afternoon rain steadily falls.

(9/13/2014)

(Translation of this poem which is in Vietnamese) :

HAI ME` O NGU? TRUA- by NHIEN NGUYEN MD

Hai me` o na` m nghi? cho` i cao

Mô?t con tâ`ng duo`i, con na`m tâ`ng trên.

Ngoa`i kia mua bu?i roi dê`u

Hai me`o nga`m ca?nh mô?t chiê`u mua roi.

Nga`m cha`n rô`i la?i liê`m lông

Hai me`o bâ?n rô?n chi? lo truyê?n mi`nh.

Thê`rô`i nha`m ma`t thiê`p di

Trong nha`me`o ngu?, mua chiê`u vâ~n roi.

(9/13/2014)

-----  
I....NO TIME TO WASTE; Lora Colon; /poem/no-time-to-waste-5/

No Time To Waste- by Lora Colon

Come, my love, we've no time to waste,  
The clock is chiming eleven,  
Just enough time to get one last taste  
Of the Sweet Elixir of Heaven

Autumn's love is no less sublime  
Than Spring's first love, daring and grand;  
But the hourglass has turned its last time.....  
We must outrun Life's fast-falling sand

Pace cannot be arbitrary - -  
The river is starting to freeze;  
Hurry, my love, try not to tarry,  
If you must, crawl on your hands and knees!

Love is calling in the distance,  
Offering us her glorious shroud;

Lest she think we offer resistance,  
Let us claim all the joy we're allowed

Autumn's last buds will soon depart,  
As icy winds nip at the vine;  
Soon nothing will stir this dying heart -  
Neither love, nor song, nor vintage wine

Time is anxious to take its toll,  
The sun's setting..... let us make haste;  
No longer at leisure can we stroll,  
Come now, my love.... we've no time to waste!

-----

J....INVASIONS OF THE POLTERGEIST; Tom Billsborough; /poem/invasions of the poltergeist/

Invasions Of The Poltergeist- by Tom Billsborough

My outdoor shoes, when not in use,  
Remain on duty in the lounge,  
Discretely stationed out of view  
To claim a broken limb or two.  
But not today! Some supernatural  
Power had whizzed them through the door  
To reappear upon the kitchen floor,  
And in full view. This won't do.  
And yesterday my bedside clock  
Had flown away together with a new pack  
Of twenty cigarettes. And not by chance.  
Serious heists, in fact.  
Conclusive evidence  
Of mischievous poltergeists.

-----

K....DEATH IN THE BUSH-THE SOW; Loke Kok yee; /poem/death-in-the-bush-the-sow/

Death In The Bush-The Sow- by Loke Kok yee



The spear swished through the sodden air and ended in her pounding heart  
She threshed and squealed in her death throes, as dogs tried to tear her apart

The herd stole silently through the swamp, which ran through the rows of palm  
Rolling clouds hid a beaming moon, the darkness comfortingly calm  
The fruits had just been harvested and tempting nuts bestrewn the ground  
Allowing foraging close to the swamp, where safety could be found  
Stealing a few nuts from the edge, she would crack them while well concealed  
Then waited for a response, her way for danger to be revealed  
They then fed voraciously, but paused awhile when a storm swept through  
As dawn neared and their feeding done, slowly to the swamp they withdrew  
Rooting contently, they headed home to the safety of their lair  
But left a trail dangerously clear, their smell hanging in the air  
Suddenly the peace was shattered, with shouts and barking from afar  
Hunters starting on a pig drive, had caught them with their way home barred  
The dogs swiftly picked up the trail and forced them through the ambushade  
Spears flew indiscriminately and a hit on the sow was made  
She dashed on desperately, till pain and exhaustion took its toll  
Then stopped and faced her attackers, after making it to a knoll  
The dogs salivated profusely, sensing an imminent kill  
They then closed in like a lynching mob, long before the sow was still

-----  
L.... RUDE; Aqua Flower (The Princess is) : /poem/rude-5)

Rude - by Aqua Flower (The Princess is)

Your comments are crude  
you are just plain rude!  
hurting me down to the bone  
making my house an unhappy home  
don't want you living here  
no longer do I want to hear  
your talk that is so rude!  
so take your rude mouth  
and get the hell out!

-----  
M.... JELLY BELLY; Ruth Walters; /poem/jelly-belly-2/

Jelly Belly- by Ruth Walters

I'm celebratin' bellies,  
mine wobbles every day,  
it follows me in bed at night,  
it just won't go away.

I've kneaded and I've teased it  
but fear it's not receded  
and so I'm drinking Sherry  
to make it more appealing.

We old'ns like a Sherry,  
it's good for fadin' wrinkles  
and beats a Lemonade by far  
to make our worlds twinkle.

My belly seems to thrive on it,  
it's growin' all the while  
and there's a perk to all this work,  
it makes my hubby smile.

-----  
N.... [CHANGE DOWN](#); Andy Brookes; /poem/change-down/

Change Down- by Andy Brookes

I try to balance my ego  
Which is fragile to the touch.  
A thin veneer too easily broken.  
Pain at least makes us feel,  
better than the frozen thoughts that come unbidden  
Served cold in midnight black.  
Promise me you'll never change  
You said, with a glint that hinted of lust.  
But then you changed and left,  
Changing me irrevocably.

-----  
O.... [OLD AGE](#); Howard Simon; /poem/old-age-26/

Old Age- by Howard Simon

The hand shakes  
The back aches  
The heart quakes  
Then life breaks.

-----  
P.... MY STILL BANK; Rose Marie Juan-Austin; /poem/my-still-bank/

My Still Bank- by Rose Marie-Juan Austin

When I was a little girl  
I have a tube coin bank  
An enclosed bamboo segment  
With a slit at the side  
It was one of the walls  
Of our little house.

I inserted a nickel  
From time to time  
The remainder of my school allowance  
My parents gave me.

Sometimes I want to put a dime  
And I will buy  
A boiled banana or sweet potato  
For lunch.

Some years later  
My father worked overseas  
Our simple abode  
Was renovated  
From a bamboo house  
To a stone house.

My coin bank  
Was hammered and crushed  
The money within

Were scattered all around  
I cried when I got  
My nickels and dimes.

My mother gifted me  
A porcelain piggy bank  
In lieu of the damaged one  
It came from the finest pottery maker  
In town  
With holes in the belly  
And in between ears.

My school allowance increased  
I put quarters in my new coin bank  
When it was full  
I got all the money inside  
And went straight  
To the nearest bank.

When I finished school  
My piggy bank  
Is still fit for use  
I handed down  
To my favorite nephew  
He kept it as the foundation  
Of a valued trait.

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Q.... A RAINY NIGHT; Nudershada Cabanes; /poem/a-rainy-night-8/

A Rainy Night- by Nudershada Cabanes

The moon is hiding  
Her face veiled by thick, dark clouds  
On a rainy night  
Darkness wrapped the sky in black  
Bereft of stars and moonlight

-----  
THAT'S ALL FOLKS! THANKS FOR STOPPING BY! ! My EYES are TIRED! ! !

=====  
=====

I HOPE THERE ARE/WERE SOME READERS OF MY FINISHED PRODUCT, AND  
THAT SOMEONE ENJOYED SOMETHING IN THIS SHOWCASE.

I remain your 'humble' servant on PoemHunter! Bri :)

See YOU in May? ? ?

Bri Edwards

# April 2019 Showcase ...[ A Display Of Poems (Mostly) Found On P H; This Month Featuring Poets Of The British Isles\*\*; Sharing With P H Readers ]

[[ Showcase's Introductory poem, by Bri]]:

\*\*British Isles:

England, Northern Ireland, Republic of Ireland, Scotland, Wales, & 'smaller islands', from which all distant travel ...once was by sails. They are all part of Europe, though many of you may not, it, know. Some of my ancestors came from thence; 'westward' they did go.

Now I'll seek out poems from poets listed by P H as from the 'Isles'. Some poems may bring to some readers groans, some, i hope, smiles. Many will be from MyPoemList, gathered over my P H-stay years. Feel free to respond with laughter, elation, disgust, maybe even tears.

In one previous showcase I featured poets of the Indian subcontinent. If you're from someplace else, please don't .... much anger, at me, vent. Instead, drop me a line aka send to me, Bri Edwards, a P H note. Perhaps I'll feature an area of the Earth for which you'll cast your vote.

Most months I follow no strict guidelines as to geography or topic. My planning is mine alone e don't think I'm myopic!

(March .....14th .....2019; poems to appear here by April 1st)

THE TEXT OF THE SHOWCASE (AKA 'everything', including all of the poems) will now be found (i hope) in my Poet's BELOW POEM AREA, PLEASE.

May....17th...2019

Regards,

bri edwards aka brian edward whitaker

:)

Bri Edwards

# April 2019 Showcase ...[ A Fine Display Of Poems (Mostly)found On P H; This Month Featuring Poets Of The British Isles\*\*; Sharing With P H Readers ]

\*\*British Isles:

England, Northern Ireland, Republic of Ireland, Scotland, Wales, &'smaller islands', from which all distant travel ...once was by sails. They are all part of Europe, though many of you may not, it, know. Some of my ancestors came from thence; 'westward' they did go.

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(March .....14th .....2019; poems to appear here by April 1st)

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Bri Edwards



## As The Keys B A N G E D ....[humor; Fiction; Medium Length; Noisy Neighbor]

Have you ever had this horrid ordeal:  
listening to a learning-musician feel ...  
his or her way through a new selection, ]  
striving every H O U R to reach music-perfection?

Tonight, as dusk became a quiet eve,  
the stillness was shattered. I began to grieve ....  
the loss of my usually-precious ....solitude ....  
as the neighbor banged keys ....with no interlude.

Piano keys that is. [At least it wasn't accordion! ]  
Damn. It was like trying to loosen a knot, 'Gordian'.

At work all day, a long drive home, my time to write.  
But W H O could write on a 'piano key-banging night'? !

In desperation I grabbed the Television remote;  
I watched reruns of Bonanza, and Love Boat,  
but I could only stand an hour of that.  
I'd have taken a walk, but it was raining. Drat!

I tried thumping my apartment ceiling with a broom,  
but my overhead neighbor was half-deaf and the piano did boom ....  
with incorrect notes, half of which were out of tune.  
The racket had better end! It had better end S O O N!

Another fifteen minutes elapsed; I grabbed my phone.  
When I'd moved here I thought I'd live all alone ....  
to browse PoemHunter and write a few rhymes.  
I'd call the police; I'd done it before, 'bout ten times.

B U T each time I called I got the same answer:  
&quot;Buddy, go out to a bar, and/or get a lap dancer.  
We've got burglars, drunk drivers; you D O N `T want to know!  
We wish we could help, but we're too busy, soooooo ....  
try a Valium or two, or go for a walk. (Oh, it's raining.)  
But we're too B U S Y to bother, as I was just explaining.&quot;

With that, the &quot;public servant&quot; cut our connection.  
If he'd been a politician i'd vote against him, in next election!  
I was nearly at my wit's end, and my earplugs were missing.  
Another quiet evening at home I found myself kissing .....  
goodbye.

(August 17, 2015) dedicated on dec.25 my local police dept.

Bri Edwards

## Asher ..... [a Little Boy's Words; True; Short]

Asher was a little boy of THREE .....,  
about whom my stepdaughter ..... told me.  
She and her mom met him at a party,  
and both thought he was a little 'smarty'.  
'Smarty' as in a boy with facts to share.  
I believed her, though I was not there.

He said he lived where there were sheep.  
I think "sheep" is what she said; I was NOT asleep!  
And he had a dog, in fact a great BIG dog,  
and Asher said he also had at home a frog.

And at the party, up a mountain drive [steep],  
were windows, outside which the owner did keep ....  
several hummingbird feeders to feed those tiny birds,  
the birds almost too amazing to describe with words.

Rufous hummingbirds, nearly half a dozen,  
came to the feeders. They came ....., their tiny wings buzzin'.  
Someone watching the feeders said "hummingbird",  
and after a while little Asher, too, said the word.

Yes, the little guy impressed Nona. It is true.  
[BUT I probably impressed MORE people when I was .....TWO! ]

(May 16, 2015)

Bri Edwards

# At 71, I've Few Complaints ...[ Considering Myself Lucky; My Life; Personal & True ]

After failing/quitting college, and before I first tied a marital knot,  
I sometimes thought I should have had a say as to the life I got.  
[More specifically, I thought: &quot;I wish I'd been asked if I wished to be born.&quot;]  
But I don't recall ever thinking 'THAT' since I got married, .....  
all my wives having been good AND bad;  
the levels varied.

Yes, no real serious complaints do I have  
'bout things I 'lost'.  
I gave up 'religion', gave up 'college', gave up 'wives'.But it cost ...  
[...me but little annoyance, and when &quot;the going gets tough&quot;, Bri gets going! ]  
I go to a comfort level more 's the same with jobs I've had:  
Nurses' Aide, 'O.R.' Tech., Truck Driver, & Postal Worker; none were BAD!

And I never had the desire to be a 'dad'; then wife #1 'needed a kid'.  
But I got lucky with the daughter I got!  
Of her I'd never wish to be rid.  
And my parents, and siblings (four of them) , all worked out well for me.  
Yes, I'd say I really lucked out with them; I have a great 'Family Tree'.

I'm retired now from paying-work, 'married well', & have Poem Hunter pals.  
I'm healthy, thanks in part to my wife; (nearly)nothing gives me wails\*\*.  
The main thing now which is, at times, disturbing...is 'The Unknown'.  
Will my marriage end?Will my health fail?  
Will I find myself without a 'bone'?

[Yeah, I got stuck for a while for a rhyme up above.&quot;Bone&quot; will suffice.  
What I wished to say was: &quot;Will the end of my life be nice? ]  
I hope to NOT live TOO LONG, but my mate says I'm to outlive her!  
She's been so good for me for 12 years,  
that it seems the least I can/should give her.

But she did NOT say for HOW LONG I must outlive 's right!

So IF I do outlive her, I may follow her path  
, sir or madam, I might! !

(November ...20 ...2019)

\*\* wail: a prolonged high-pitched cry of pain, grief, or anger.

Bri Edwards

## Audience Of One..... [volunteer Reading; Little Kids; Personal; Medium Length]

Once a month I go to the library  
to read to preschoolers.  
Books and my voice are my tools,  
not pencils and rulers.  
Today I was ready to read,  
but no children I saw.  
Last month there were at least eight,  
but.....today none at all.

So I searched our small library until,  
on his mom's lap, I spied  
a little boy who looked at me,  
questioning with wide-opened eyes.  
They were at the computers and  
at first he remained there,  
but before long he wandered over near me  
and hid.....behind a big chair.

I started to read one of the books  
I had already brought,  
and he soon became the sole member  
of the audience I'd sought.  
He came out and stood quietly in front of me,  
staring as I read,  
then off he darted again behind a chair,  
just.....showing his head.

When I finished one book, he started  
to take one from the shelf,  
but I encouraged him to choose from those  
nearby, which I'd chosen myself.  
He picked out one, I read it, then  
he picked out another.  
After a while, to a nearby table,  
along.....came his mother.

I would have kept reading .....

past my allotted time,  
reading of cats-baking-pies,  
and a book full of rhyme,  
but my wife was coming soon  
to pick me up with the car.  
I had fun doing, for One, what,  
spelled backwards.....is daer.

[make that 'for Two']

(February 28,2014)

Bri Edwards

# August 2018 Showcase Of Special Poems On Poem-Hunter..[ Theme, If Any, Undecided, But Bri's Brain Has Been Chided! ; Time To Start Another 'Show'! ! ]

Ok! 'Chide' is a bit strong indeed, but time can 'fly', and I may be 'away' from PC several days; that's WHY...  
I'll at least compose my I can sleep ...  
tonight, knowing I'm not another procrastinating-poet-CREEP! !

Shall I devote the next 'show' to PH poets in India land?  
OR shall I devote it to Bri Edwards, which WAS my plan ...  
till I realized there would be a HUGE 'hue and cry' ...  
with shouts of: 'We've had ENOUGH of THAT guy, ...Bri! !'

If any who read this could in any way help 'old Bri' out,  
please 'be my guest'. Don't worry, as I shall NOT pout ...  
if any (or all) responders 'vote' against my first show-plan.  
I'll just take you, and You, and YOU, off My Friends list! !

You doubt that I can?

(July ....15th ....2018)

PLUS:

OK, it's days later, almost two whole weeks, back at PC.  
I've chosen many poems to use; I'm ready 'as can be'!  
NOW the 'tedious' part begins: putting all in order for you.  
I've decided on my poem plan, and there are more than a few...

...poems, VERY SHORT, of various topics written by PH friends,  
AND longer ones 'about' 'racism'! The fun I have never ends! !

(July...26th...2018)

=====



If YOU are not familiar with my/(our)showcases, feel free to read some of my older ones, in which I have often explained 'the process' a JUST send me your questions, ...if you are curious enough. I do accept poems offered by PH members IF I feel they are 'appropriate' and 'up to par'.

:)

=====

SECTION ONE:

POETS' NAMES (as found on PH)AND THEIR POEM TITLES:

(listed, in two 'categories' this month, in the order in which I plan to present the texts of each poem, in the section which follows this section)

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CATEGORY # 1: 'VERY SHORT'; POEMS BY PH MEMBERS (mostly, or all, of these poems are by poets on my 'friends' list)

POETS' NAMES (as found on PH)AND THEIR POEM TITLES:

a - Valsa George: Limerick- 99. Not A Lie

[[ I also recommend these by Valsa G.:

Limerick- At The Hospital

&

Limerick- A Priest's Dilemma ]]

-----

b - Loke Kok Yee (or 'yee'; hee-hee) : Haiku-Insects On A Wall

[[ I also recommend these by LKY/y:

Limerick-Less Endowed

&

Limerick-The Tippler ]]

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c - Kelly Kurt: The Nutty Processor (Limerick)

[[ Kelly also has more good limericks, but you may  
'have to be' a scientist to understand them! ]]

-----

d - WES Vogler: (limerick) When The Staff Is In Charge

[[ WES is another poet to watch, for 'very short' poems ]]

-----

e - Kim Barney: Limerick: Bounce Back

[[ Yeah, yeah, Kim may have quite a few also! ]]

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f - Bharati Nayak: Short Poems

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g - Rose Marie Juan-Austin: Cold Heart

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h - M.J. Lemon: Old Woman, Lipstick

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i - Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black: Limerick: The Industrious Squatter

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CATEGORY #2: "RACISM" POEMS, mostly found in the list compiled by PH  
of poems with a topic of "racism" according to PH.

POETS' NAMES (as found on PH)AND THEIR POEM TITLES:

j - willow moon pearce: Taught Racism

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k - Francis Duggan: Racism Is Around Me Everywhere

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l - Alam Sayed: Translation Of Racism Is Around Me Everywhere-By Francis Duggan

???? ??????? ?????? ??? ?????????????? - ??? : ?????????? ??????

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m - Cynthia BuhainBaello: Racism In Poetry

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n - Saiom Shriver: Weeding: Plant Racism

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o - elysabeth faslund: Paula Deen...Racism

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[...and 'last' and PERHAPS "least" '..... ]:

p - Bri Edwards aka Brian Edward Whitaker:

=====

SECTION TWO:

The POEM TEXTS ['in full']:

CATEGORY # 1: 'VERY SHORT' POEMS BY PH MEMBERS (mostly, or all, of these poems are by poets on my 'friends' list)

VERY SHORT POEMS [TEXTS]:

a - Limerick- 99. Not A Lie - by Valsa George

Limerick- 99. Not A Lie

To the husband asked his crazy wife  
'Have you slept with other women in life'?  
He said- 'Only with you dear  
With others, awake...! Why fear'?  
Happy was she and it ended their strife!

-----

b - Haiku-Insects On A Wall - by Loke Kok Yee

Haiku-Insects On A Wall

Bright lights lots of friends  
Having a great time and fun  
Then a gecko came

-----  
c - The Nutty Processor (Limerick)- by Kelly Kurt

The Nutty Processor (Limerick)

Your rusted robot tried to kiss you  
Then said, "When you're dead, I will miss you"  
Its shrink said, "Don't panic  
Go to a mechanic  
It's simply a metal health issue"

-----  
BRI'S NOTES: Perhaps Kelly, like myself, saw a 'crazy' movie starring  
Jerry Lewis decades ago (1963) while we were both kids. Or maybe he  
saw the 1996 version with Eddie : The Nutty Professor

-----  
d - (limerick) When The Staff Is In Charge - by WES Vogler

(limerick) When The Staff Is In Charge

Our local news station's been bought by the staff  
Professionalism? Oh, don't make me laugh  
Nieces and nephews I'd guess  
In this amateuristical mess  
The nepotismatical depths of a gaff

After giving the latest report  
They giggle, guffaw and they snort  
We may not desire em  
But who's gonna fire em  
Would... I could... the whole group abort

(each one considers him/herself a comedian)

BRI'S NOTES: WES may have used &quot;poetic license&quot; to create two fanciful and enjoyable words ending in &quot;-cal&quot;. And I'd say &quot;em&quot; is used here for &quot;them&quot;, but I'd use... &quot;'em &quot;. And &quot;em&quot; (no apostrophe) is [as I've just learned] a unit of measurement used in the printing business!

-----

e - Limerick: Bounce Back - by Kim Barney

Limerick: Bounce Back

When you make some colossal mistake  
And your buddies all think you're a flake,  
Have courage, my friend;  
It isn't the end.  
The secret is, bend but don't break.

-----

f - Short Poems - by Bharati Nayak

Short Poems

Poem-1

Sweltering Summer  
Concrete roads slither  
A cuckoo coos

Poem-2

The sky darkened  
Rain lashing window panes  
I sip hot coffee.

Poem-3

The big banyan tree  
Spreading its branches  
A cow resting under.

Poem-4

A dark cloud hangs  
Golden sunrays scattered  
A rainbow appear.

Poem-5

Night falls slowly  
Trees, mountains, rivers disappearing  
Stars twinkle in the sky.

-----  
g - Cold Heart - by Rose Marie Juan-Austin

Cold Heart

She will never ever  
Let Cupid prick her heart again  
For love had put her  
To heaven and hell.

\*\*(Copyright 2018, Rose Marie Juan-Austin, All Rights Reserved)

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\*\* BRI'S NOTES: I'm taking a chance (by using this 'copyrighted'  
poem)without getting permission [yet].But our lawyers can fight  
it out! ! !:) [I will remove it AND apologize, IF that will  
keep me out of prison.]Thanks, 'ahead of time', to Rose Marie &  
all other poets! ! !I DO have 'heavy-hitting lawyers!  
-----

h - Old Woman, Lipstick - by M.J. Lemon

Old Woman, Lipstick

Old woman, lipstick  
many rituals won't die  
even when looks fade

-----

BRI'S NOTES: I THOUGHT IT SOUNDED 'HAIKUISH'! ! BUT IT IS, as stated on the poem's page, SENRYU:

"Definition of senryu. plural senryu.: a 3-line unrhymed Japanese poem structurally similar to haiku but treating human nature usually in an ironic or satiric vein." (as always, "Thanks, Google! ")

-----

i - Limerick: The Industrious Squatter - by Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Limerick: The Industrious Squatter

There once was a mole I named Digger

It wanted to make its home bigger

It dug up the neighbor's yard

in multiple piles it worked hard

Alas! Rest in peace little digger.

=====

CATEGORY #2: "RACISM" POEMS, mostly found in the list compiled by PH of poems with a topic of "racism" according to PH.

POEM TEXTS:

J - Taught Racism - by willow moon pearce

Taught Racism

Children are born blind to hate and bigotry



With their big smiles and loving ways  
They are taught ugliness  
By unthinking adults and overheard conversation  
This makes them use words and terms that for generations  
Have caused hate and bitterness  
To our fellow man.

Yes, they are taught, not born  
To this social cancer.  
I once asked a black friend how he would like  
To be addressed?  
Black, afro-american or just coloured.  
No he said - just call me friend.

-----

k - Racism Is Around Me Everywhere - by Francis Duggan

Racism Is Around Me Everywhere

Of human ignorance I am almost in despair  
For racism is around me everywhere  
But like they say sheer ignorance is bliss  
Just like Judas betrayed Jesus with a kiss.

Some people carry their honour in a flag  
And of their Nationality they brag  
They feel superior and they differentiate  
And against those who are different they discriminate.

So many people still judged by their race  
For such there never ought to be a place  
'A fair go' those untruthful words I do recall  
There is no such a thing as a 'fair go for all'.

-----

BRI'S NOTES: I saw several poems by Francis in PH's list of  
100 poems with the topic 'racism' [see the Home Page of PH]  
See also Alam Sayed's translation, below; I believe it is  
in Bengali.

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I - Translation Of Racism Is Around Me Everywhere-By Francis Duggan  
???? ?????? ????? ?? ??????????? - ???; ?????????? ????? - by Alam Sayed

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BRI'S NOTES: Thanks, Alam, for making this poem available  
to those whose language is 'yours'.:)

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m - Racism In Poetry - by Cynthia BuhainBaello

Racism In Poetry

Prejudice cannot be hidden,  
Arrogance for the color of skin.  
Its ugly head is here again  
Racism is lurking within.

Disguised as mere poetry  
Seething hatred shouts,  
Name calling carelessly-  
Gangrene inside out.

Our blood is all red-colored  
Our hearts all colored rainbow,  
Racist poems you authored  
Your character, they show.

I was not brought up to be mean,  
To racism I am not bent,  
If that's where you have been  
It's such a waste of your talent.

'A man of knowledge uses words with restraint, a man of understanding is even-tempered.'

Proverbs 17: 27

'Wise men store up knowledge, but the mouth of a fool invites ruin.'  
Proverbs 10: 14

.....  
(May 3,2008 Tarlac City)

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BRI'S NOTES:I don't know who she is writing about. Honest!

-----

n - Weeding: Plant Racism -by Saiom Shriver

Weeding: Plant Racism

Weeding,  
whispered the Great Spirit,  
is plant racism.

-----

o - Paula Deen...Racism - by elysabeth faslund

Paula Deen...Racism

What racist named her a racist?  
What bigot underscored her bigotry?  
Racism is something held by all,  
black or white or mixture.  
What is in a word?  
Racism?  
Or maladjustment...

-----

BRI'S NOTE: Paul Deen, an American 'personality', was vilified for using the word 'I think, several years ago. I don't know the 'whole, true story'; I was NOT 'there', and I can't 'see into people's 'hearts or minds'. So I am not defending or accusing he(P.D.)of anything, except being 'the news' for a while.

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And lastly:

p - Prejudiced? Who? Me? ? .....[personal; Human Nature; Racial Prejudice]  
- by Bri Edwards

Prejudiced? Who? Me? ? .....[personal; Human Nature; Racial Prejudice]

I'm a white guy, aged 64, raised in a small town way up north.  
Do some thoughts I have about blacks signal prejudice coming forth?  
First I'd say NO, but then again I'd say YES.  
But such thoughts, by both whites and blacks, are normal I would guess.

What thoughts am I now referring to you will probably ask.  
To answer that sensible question will put my mind to task.  
My interactions with blacks, I think, no prejudice does reveal.  
And the rare times I have 'prejudice' thoughts, I think they're no big deal.

Do you wish to know of what my 'pre-judged' thoughts consist?  
I'd almost rather not tell you. But, if you insist.  
I sometimes think"; when and where I grew up that was a 'bad' name.  
I also think of them as different though people are the 'same'.

And here is where I say 'I don't like generalization'.  
By 'same' I mean neither all blacks nor all whites are 'the same' in this nation.  
So whites and blacks can both be smart or stupid, mean or kind;  
within each 'race' criminals and 'saints' you'll find.

I wasn't raised to either love or hate blacks. My parents seemed not to judge.  
And I've changed my mind again; I'm NOT prejudiced. From THAT opinion I shall  
not budge!

Then why you ask do I sometimes think" when I think of a black?  
I think it's due to both a primeval urge to break society's rules, and to the  
'thought-control' I lack.  
Luckily I don't act out my 'bad' thoughts. I might be in jail now if I had.  
When in grade school, a boy said I called him". The accusation made me sad.

(2012....I think)

-----  
POET'S NOTES(same as author's for this poem) :  
From my poem's PH page (with minor additions) :

&quot;the poem is true. i think the black boy with whom i had a confrontation outdoors over a kickball, when i was in fifth grade, was in what was referred to as the 'ungraded class'. i think he was a 'little slow', as i believe they said in those days. not only did he give me a black eye (i didn't touch him; well, my FACE touched his fist) , but when he and his teacher came outside my classroom door to talk to me and my teacher, i actually cried after i heard what he said i had said (which i hadn't &quot;said&quot;, really!) . i now am happily married to an asian woman and have two asian step-daughters. one of my brothers and his wife adopted two girls, one hispanic and one 'black'. no problem there. my sister has a daughter-in-law who is asian. in college i had a blind date (well i had seen here before i think but didn't really know her)with a black girl. a few years later i believe i gave an innocent kiss to a black girl, a coworker, after work; if i hadn't been so inexperienced i might have tried for more. yeah, i'm a hell of a guy, as you can see! not that you asked.

i just reread this, months after submitting it. i should say that the 'BAD' THOUGHTS for which i might end up in jail are/were not racial thoughts but sexual thoughts or thoughts of being a burglar or murderer or something like that.&quot;

BEW:)

=====

Thanks, Readers, and Contributing Poets! !

Come next month, if you wish to, and see if there IS a September showcase.  
THANKS.

BRI :)

The End (for August)

Bri Edwards

# Barbed Wire Biscuits ..... [humor; Fantasy; Kind Of Long; Diet; Airport Security]

Barbed Wire Biscuits ..... [HUMOR; Fantasy; kind of LONG; diet; airport security]

It was my first flight and at the x-ray scanner I was stopped.  
The scanning technician looked at "me" on the screen ....., and her eyes popped.  
She conferred with a supervisor to put her mind at some ease.  
The supervisor walked up and said to me: "Will you follow me, please? "

I was led to a small private room and asked to be seated.  
I was offered coffee and (by an armed guard) warmly-greeted.  
What happened next baffled me a bit. They DID make a fuss indeed!  
Several metallic objects had shown up on x-ray. An explanation they did need.

They said it looked like wires were on my person, and nails as well.  
I didn't comprehend their meaning, but I said to search me would be swell,  
as long as they kept the coffee coming and I didn't miss my flight.  
They found no nails or wires, but it seemed they STILL had a bit of fright.

Next a doctor in a white coat came in and sat across from me.  
He was warm enough though quite formal, a clipboard on his knee.  
He asked questions about my health. Had I been in a war?  
Industrial accidents? Surgeries? It began to be (for me) a bore.

Then it suddenly dawned on me what the fuss was all about.  
As I explained, the doctor seemed edgy but he listened. And he did not shout.

"You see", said I, "ever since I was a kid and watched cartoons,  
I've wanted to be like Popeye who ate spinach, and had arms like balloons."  
The doctor looked rather dubious and excused himself for a while.  
He came back with five more people. It made me feel like I was on trial.

"You see, Doc, I can't explain it too well, but Popeye led me to it.  
His arms were built from spinach iron, but I detested spinach; I could NOT chew  
it.  
The taste, for some reason, turned me off, even when Mom did disguise it.  
She finally gave up. She realized I would NOT eat it. I DID (and still do)  
despise it."

"But I still craved to have Popeye muscles, and I started to eat iron and steel. I don't mean pills, mind you. I mean steel and iron, metal for real. I started with paper clips. They were easier to swallow than tacks. I progressed to small magnets which, in school, I ate for snacks."

"Ball bearings went down easy but were hard to come by ....and expensive. Small nails and washers and nuts are now on my menu, extensive. But it was rough at times on my throat; several times I almost died. When Mom found out what I'd eaten, she always screamed and cried."

"I still eat lots of stuff that others eat, but my diet's more varied. I buy food at the market, but also eat rusty metal bits I find buried. Yes, I use a grocery cart each week, but also a metal detector. My mom still says it will kill me, but I dare not to correct her."

"You see, I guess my body's adjusted to my (some say) odd behavior, and I credit my survival to my belief in Jesus, my Savior. For breakfast I have two eggs with bacon and barbed wire biscuits. An afternoon snack is often thumbtacks and goat cheese on Triscuits. A big supper might include a steak so big it would make you "drop your jaw", or it might be a foot-long iron pipe, for which I use a hacksaw."

I felt I'd said enough and paused to see what they'd say. They said very little and soon I was on the plane; I was on my way. The flight attendant served my lunch, but she looked at me as if I was insane. There on my tray was fruit salad, cake, two sausage links, and three links of chain!

DELICIOUS! ! !

(May 23 + 25,2014)

Bri Edwards



# Beachcombing Bri ....[ Inspired By P H's &quot; Beachcombers All Of Us &quot;;, By Laurie Van Der Hart; Shell-Shopping; Vacation Pros And Cons; Short ]

The plane fare to the tropic island was \$900 (round-trip) ,  
and on the island's thorny growth, my Armani swim suit did rip.  
Our rustic sleeping accommodations there were another \$1000 a night,  
and our so-so meals were 'extra', AND prices on their wine list were 'out of  
sight'!

BUT it's true, we DID find some pretty shells, some broken, some not,  
and some very pretty, wave-polished, pink and purple pebbles...we both got  
to go along with a dried-up 3-inch-long seahorse, a treasure to be sure, & a fossil

shark tooth & a bikini top of unknown origin [perhaps the result of a friendly boy-  
girl jostle? ].

(March..3rd..2019)

Bri Edwards

# Before Tv, Before Books .....[inspired By Roald Dahl's Poem "Television"; Thanks To Rod Mendieta; Human Development; Spare Time; Medium Length; Anthropology]

Before children had books OR TV,  
what DID they do? Now you'll see.

They hunted, or were carried....  
by their moms who dug up buried...  
tubers and grubs which she could find.  
There were no 'French fries'; they did not mind.

They played, in all their nakedness, with dogs;  
they practiced walking atop long, fallen logs;  
they lived in Nature, as close as could be done,  
and thought a lot, while at their work or their fun.

They made up stories to explain what they did see,  
Including the clouds, the beasts, and each living tree.  
They scanned the skies with wide eyes day and night,  
Inventing "constellation" images among the stars bright.

They did all sorts of things, many of them with great zeal.  
AND, when they were bored, they invented "Writing" and.....  
&"the Wheel";.

(February 17, 2017)

Bri Edwards

## Being A Snail ..... [snails; From The Snail's 'Mouth'; Wisdom; A Touch Of Humour/Humor]

Please don't confuse me with my cousin "Slug",  
and never, no never dare.....to call me a bug!  
I'm a SNAIL, and proud to show off my shell,  
and if you don't like it, you can go to Hell! !

Oh, forgive me for what I just "had to say".  
I may be slow, but sometimes I must have my way!

Do you ever wonder what life's like as a snail,  
when across a sidewalk slab you spy my shiny trail?  
I hope you're not one of "those" who's in a rush,  
who, under your heavy feet, my snail-friends crush.

Sure, we may be found on a garden flower or two,  
but believe me, we're just eating fungus, or drinking dew.  
We may not be pretty and we may sure be slow,  
but we're steady as clockwork, as the next stanza will show.

Why, none other than the U.S. Postal Service chose the snail.....  
to be its mascot. I suppose you've heard by now.....of "Snail Mail".

(April 16,2014)

Bri Edwards

# Being Old: The Advantages And Disadvantages..... [(See The Title): Long; Personal? ; Humour? ]

For my poems, my friend Valsa George has a hunger.  
She's over fifty, but, compared to me, she is younger.  
She suggested I write about 'the advantages of being old'.  
It's a challenge, but, Valsa, on this idea you have sold.....  
me.

## I – The Advantages

Retirement income though you're done working.  
[Why, now, are some of you readers smirking? ]  
No alarm clocks waking you for your job.  
More time to lie around home.....like a slob.

No more eight hour shifts sitting or standing.  
No boss watching you closely, being demanding.  
No more rush-hour five times a week.  
NO customers to 'grease' so they won't 'squeak'.

NO children to raise and feed and clothe.  
No need to help with homework which you did loathe.  
NO need for razor or make-up five days a week.  
NO need to be pushy when you're really meek.

No pressure to stay fit by going each week to gym.  
No pressure to diet conscientiously.....to stay slim.  
No deciding "Who's on top tonight? " when libido goes.  
MORE time now for computer and for late TV shows.

More time for those novels you've meant to read.  
More time to enjoy your garden and more time to weed.  
More time to buy lottery tickets at the Seven-Eleven.  
Less time to wait for The Judgment..... which may see you to Heaven.  
?

.....

[BUT, I can't help it, Valsa; I've got to write more.  
Now about DISadvantages 'you' can also look for.

Of course not all people are equal; you may suffer more than me!  
Give us a few more years of growing old and... We... May... See.]

.....

## II – The Disadvantages

Though you may have income, it may not be enough,  
and if your pension plan fizzles....life can get really tough.  
Money worries and new pains insomnia may cause.  
It may be a losing battle for you against the 'Laws....  
of Nature'!

Now hemorrhoids can cause sitting to be much less than fun.  
Bad knees don't allow standing, let alone allow you to run.  
Your partner may now become your new UNwelcome boss.  
Missing your daily commute may seem like a sad loss.

Grandchildren or even children may come "home to roost".  
They may become a nuisance....which once had been a "boost".  
Now your face and neck (and other parts) begin to sag;  
over your head you now may wish to place a bag.

You skip the gym and the diet, but now your body begins to riot.  
And when out of shape it's hard to get back..."in". Just try it!  
You don't mind and may even enjoy when you lose the urge for sex,  
but your partner may not be prepared for the change....and may become your  
"ex".

You may have time now, but have lost what's needed for reading.  
You may have all kinds of will, but no way to do the work of weeding.  
Lottery tickets may give you hopes, but allow your debts to swell.  
AND now you're CLOSER to The Judgment.....and you may go to Hell! !  
?

(November 11,2013)

Bri Edwards

# **Bible Lesson, New: Don And Bob... [the Bible Story That Was Hidden; Short, Very! ; Think About It! ! ; L G B T; Inspired By A Ph Message From Loke Kok Yee]**

You've heard the story of Adam and Eve,  
but God had something else up His sleeve.  
Don and Bob were in the Garden too,  
but the writers of the Bible.....[though they knew].....  
chose not to include them in the Book of Genesis.  
And ever since, many God-believers, gays, do diss.

(February 21, 2016)

Bri Edwards

## Big Fat Cat Without A Hat .....[humor; Cats]

Outside my window a big cat sat,  
a big, FAT, cat without any hat.  
Its fur was white and really quite long.  
Nights she would serenade me with a song.

Her song could get loud, almost scary,  
almost like a huge monster, hairy.  
It got so I had trouble sleepin',  
and very late nights I was keepin'.

To quiet her I gave her some food,  
but she got even louder with food. How rude!  
I took her in, but never again!  
My bed she made into a pigpen.

So I put her back out in the night;  
with rain she was a pitiful sight.  
Then one night along came a big black Tom.  
They left like going off to a prom.

After two months of sweet peaceful sleep,  
guess what through my window did peep.  
The big fat cat tuning up for song,  
with six black and white kittens tagging along.

Bri Edwards

## Bloodmobile Blunder ..... [blood: Donating? ; Suspense? ; Humor? ; Mistake; A Little Long]

I love when, with BIG needle, .....my vein is STRUCK by a "tech".  
I assume the thought of THAT .....makes some others a wreck.  
Each quarter of a year my wife allows me .....to give SOME blood,  
but she limits me to one pint; I'm not allowed to .....give a flood.

One winter evening as I was relaxing, with my donation flowing,  
in walked a curious creature; he was coming in, not going.  
He looked vaguely familiar. His appearance had a dark aspect.  
But I'll be damned if, his REAL identity, I would then suspect.

He was welcomed by the nurse as he shook snow from his cape,  
and I thought his mouth looked strange, as he held it open (agape) .  
[[ That word is "agape", pronounced like ..... "an  
ape",  
not the word "agape" (like "jalopy") : "Christian  
love", not hate. ]]

I pretended to not hear, but I heard most that they both said.  
Some words were accentuated by widened eyes ....or the shake of a head.  
It seems Mr. X was mistaken about why the bloodmobile existed.  
Once I thought he wanted to strike the nurse, but luckily he desisted.

Mostly the nurse seemed to stay calm, as best as she could.  
I thought that she might laugh once. She didn't; I would.  
But her calmness seemed to cause him to become MORE agitated.  
His words became surly and, by him, she was berated.

If I'd not been anchored to the chair, by the needle in my vein,  
I'd have stepped forward to confront him, and ask ..... "ARE you insane? !  
"  
Instead I reached with my free hand, for my cellular phone;  
[It was just her and me against "Mr. X"; then. We were all alone.]

Finally the nurse pointed with her trembling hand, towards the exit door.  
His hair really bristled then, and he stomped both feet on the floor.  
A slight reddening appeared .....in his otherwise snow-white face.  
AND his fangs sprouted! ! I gasped, and my heart began to race.



I started to rise up from the donor chair, but I thought better .....of it.  
I know I peed in my pants, but at least I did .....not shit.

I yelled at him &quot;GET OUT! ! ! &quot; .....at the top of my voice.  
I said &quot;I'm calling the police now; YOU'VE GIVEN ME NO CHOICE! ! &quot;

At those words he turned on his heels, and his bat-wings did appear.  
He looked over his shoulder, hissing &quot;My mistake. I'll get the HELL out of here.&quot;  
The nurse fainted, and, to tell the truth, I ALMOST fainted too.  
BUT I'd been a U.S. Marine .....and I'd see this episode through.

As I waited for the operator to answer the ringing at NINE-ONE-ONE,  
my mood suddenly changed; I began to chuckle; this really had been FUN.

(I'd watched Dracula movies as a teenager, when vampires were all the rave.)  
Through the window our eyes met as....&quot;HE&quot; flew off, and I ....threw  
HIM a smile, and a wave.

(October 4+5,2014)

Bri Edwards

## 'Bon Voyage, Bottle' ..... [Journey Of A Roadside-Tossed Bottle; Water Pollution]

Stopping by the drug store  
she bought six-pack of drink,  
took back to children, four,  
and set it by the sink.

Next day the teenage son  
grabbed ONE as he went out  
to pal around for fun,  
skateboarding with a shout.

Down the hill, to downtown,  
long hair flying high,  
he drank the water down,  
and dropped the empty with a sigh.

The bottle rolled to the curb  
and sat there for a week,  
in a middle-class suburb,  
not far from a nearby creek.

A wind came up one night,  
and then a sudden gust  
took the bottle that was light  
and tossed it like a speck of dust.....

into a big vacant lot  
(filled with trash and weeds) ....  
onto a sandy spot.  
[In the bottle bugs stored seeds.]

Then one day a tomboy,  
wandering through the lot,  
thought at first 'twas a toy,  
then said "what have I got? "

Ants were still inside  
guarding the precious food.

She cut it open wide,  
and dumped out ants; how rude!

She dumped seeds as well,  
and took bottle to the creek.  
The day was hot as Hell.  
There, a snake she did sneak.

She dipped the bottle in creek water,  
poured it on her feet.  
The water, pleasure brought her;  
it was a cooling treat.

Care-less, she left the bottle  
when off to home she went.  
Nearby a duck did waddle.  
Another day was spent.

Three weeks passed on by,  
and Bottle sat like a bum.  
Then clouds formed in the sky,  
and a rain storm did soon come.

The creek level did swell,  
scouring rocky shore.  
The bottle now fell;  
its stay had been a bore.

Down the creek it washed  
towards San Francisco Bay.  
Bottle did get squashed,  
but continued on its way.

(January 2013)

Bri Edwards

# Boy Meets Girl Meets Boy....[vanity; Youth; Gender; Bri's Answer To The Poem "Once" By Michael Rosen; S H O R T ]

A boy wishing to be beautiful  
painted his face like a doll-girl.  
Then he waited at an alley dustbin  
hoping his boring life would unfurl.

Came a girl wishing to be strong.  
She walked into the alleyway.  
She hadn't been there very long...  
before a pretty boy stood up to say:

"Little girl, do you find me beautiful?"  
She said to him: "Yes I do indeed!"  
Then she showed him her left titty.  
which shocked the boy so much he peed.

She pushed herself against the boy,  
but he pushed back, filled with alarm.  
She asked: "Boy, do you find I'm strong?"  
He said: "You are, for a let go my arm."

So boy and girl met and both were satisfied.

(Jan. ... 31...2019)

Bri Edwards

# **Bri And Age ....[ My Response To W. B. Yeats' Poem: Youth And Age; Mine Inspired By A Note From My P H Friend Valentin Savin; Life & Dying ]**

I'll NOT be, by the world, oppressed,  
but perhaps at times a bit depressed.  
I did not know the world has a tongue,  
but it's welcome to speed my 'parting'.

Nevermore again will I, Bri, be young.

(November....7th....2019)

Bri Edwards

# Bri Builds A House .... [ Fantasy; &quot;Crapsmanship&quot;; Home Ownership; Poor Planning; Quite Long]

## FOREBODING:

I didn't really build a house. Did you think I could?  
If I did try it and you saw the results, you'd say I should .....  
..NOT have tried it!  
It would turn, from a &quot;Dream House&quot;;, into a .....NIGHTMARE.  
I'm sure BOTH my mate and I would pull out our hair ...  
'by the roots'.

=====  
=====

## MY PLAN:

I'd build it in the summer ...when the weather is nice.  
No worry then about Spring rains OR Winter's snow and ice.  
I would not bother to dig the basement 'deep', ...  
just deep enough for a plumber or electrician to creep ...  
on her belly if need be.  
If the earth was firm enough I'd skip a concrete floor,  
just laying down a plastic sheet and some gravel, nothing more.  
For &quot;basement&quot; walls I could get concrete blocks from &quot;CHEAP  
BUILDERS' SUPPLY&quot;;,  
and use medium-grade mortar. Why buy 'top grade'? Why?

'B-grade' lumber would suffice for framing. Yes it would.  
My saw cuts would not be too accurate; I wish they could .....  
...be, but I'm no 'carpenter'!  
Quarter inch plywood should do for exterior roof and wall sheathing.  
NO sense getting sheets any thicker which would hamper house's breathing.

I'd drive nails as best I could, with a hammer, the old fashioned way.  
[NOT] &quot;each nail would be driven straight&quot;; &quot;that&quot;; I  
COULD say .....  
but SOME would be!  
Tools like levels and squares can be pricey. I'd just &quot;Eyeball It&quot;;.

If you, my Readers, have some complaints 'bout that ....&quot;Bring it .....  
on! &quot;

Window holes? Who needs them? I'd build unblemished walls.  
[BUT, that said, I DO like windows ...in public bathroom stalls.]  
If my wife or I wanted windows later, that could be arranged,  
but nothin'fancy; more like ship portholes, which could be easily-changed.

If I dared to build a two-story house, no fancy stairs I'd use.  
A long, gradually -inclining wooden plane with footholds made of 2 x 2s ....  
...would suffice.  
NO furnace, needing all those expensive ducts and vents, you'd see.  
Portable electric heaters and electric blankets would.....work for wife and me.  
Our winters only last four months, so heat's not needed .....more than that.  
And NO A/C; if summer days got hot ...., outdoors we could sat .....

.... I mean sit.  
  
&quot;Home Sweet Home&quot; [a sign] would grace our entryway,  
and if things ever turned 'sour', we'd only need to pray .....

=====  
=====

#### THE OUTCOME:

As I said at first, my house would be a nightmare.  
Almost everything that could go wrong 'DID'; it wasn't .....REALLY fair!

The house was finished before the leaves fell from the .....trees.  
It was cozy, though creaky, at first. But soon ....the air did freeze ....  
at night.  
I think having no windows helped hold in some of the ....  
heat,  
but I remembered too late &quot;the insulation&quot;; I'd not used .....one  
sheet!  
I MEAN not one, not two, not three. I mean NOT ANY.  
And it wasn't even that I had been &quot;pound-foolish&quot; while  
....&quot;penny-  
wise&quot;;. I just FORGOT!

AND, windowless, the house was dark, night AND day,

without lights on.

Soooo ....we used a LOT of lights to light our way .....

in our new house.

And as the outside temperature dipped, so did ours ....  
inside.

As Autumn turned to Winter, the sun, more often than .....not, did hide ....  
behind clouds!

AND, the electric heaters were good for use in small places,  
but one room away there were, of the heater's heat, no .....traces.

But if we used more heaters to, .....with heat, the whole ....  
house fill,

can you imagine what soon happened to our monthly electric bill?

[Can you say: &quot;skyrocketed&quot;? ]

I hastily bought insulation, and we bought VERY heavy .....sweaters,  
but the cold at times made us feel like we were wearing fetters!

I closed off the second floor, insulated the first floor .....ceiling,

and its walls. [All along I had the terribly-haunting feeling ....

I was forgetting something.]

Snow arrived, and whistling winds blew from the North.

Still, with more heaters and hats AND gloves we held forth.

But then, as I tried to wash my hands one morning,

the water from the faucet came in a trickle, without .....warning.

Oh NO! Now I realized what I'd forgotten to insulate:

the water pipes under the house! But it was too.....LATE!

Can you guess what a plumber's weekend HOURLY rate ....would be?

More than enough to pay for a 'Night on the Town' for ....

my mate and me!

[AND I'd not built any access door to the &quot;crawl space&quot;]

When the plumber arrived, how red was my by-then-....embarrassed face!

So out came a saw and now we've a hole in our floor,

through which the plumber and electric heater .....descended, and what's more

.....

is ...I'd built the house &quot;illegally&quot;;; no permit had I used.

NO inspection by a city inspector. The plumber was NOT ....amused....

[though she laughed at first].



THAT problem dealt with, there were MORE to come. The Roof.  
I learned that quarter inch plywood was not 'good'. The .....Proof:  
As the snow built up, the roof, in spots, began to sag.  
Before long, I was wiping up drips from bedroom ceiling with a rag.  
I began to doubt, as well, my choice in roofing. Shingles.  
My spine was experiencing bouts of shivers and some .....tingles.  
Hadn't I read that, if I used tar paper first, shingles need not overlap?  
NOW I began to think I'd dreamed it OR what I read .....was full of crap!

I paid the neighbor kid [lightweight, but strong] to scoop ....snow off roof;  
[the medical bills for his broken legs.....made our last savings go  
&quot;POOF&quot; .....  
'up in smoke'].

Trying to cut our electric bill, I sawed some &quot;portholes&quot;.  
But several cuts severed wall supports, adding to our ....  
woes.

Increasingly, the roof and THEN walls did creak and groan.  
One very windy night I almost called &quot;911&quot; on my phone,  
fearing the house would suddenly collapse and bury ....  
us.

The next day my wife went to visit her parents; she took ....a bus.

It was &quot;just me&quot; against the house and weather now.  
Each night AND day I'd kneel at my bedside and bow ....  
my head in prayer:  
&quot;God, are you there? &quot;

The roof still sagged and it still leaked.  
The walls sagged too. The Whole House creaked.  
Finally I moved into my brother's house .....  
where I had trouble sleeping; it was &quot;quiet as a mouse&quot;.  
[AND WARM]

As a precaution I moved our furniture, 'just in case'.  
At least now we didn't have to heat the horrid place.  
Two weeks later, one windy night, the house collapsed ....  
AT LAST!  
Electric wiring caused a fire; it sure burned FAST! !

First thought: &quot;Our Homeowner's Insurance will cover that.&quot;  
SECOND THOUGHT: &quot;I KNEW I forgot something else! &quot;

And .....THERE .....I .....SAT.

(November 5, 2016)

Bri Edwards

## **Bri Did N-O-T Read All, Despite What ' P H ' Shows .... [ Another Truth About P H; True ]**

I 'Love' PoemHunter more than I do care to say,  
and long for the years I can visit it every day.

- 1 - i...love that my poems can be shared with you.
- 2 - i...love that you can share yours with me too.
- 3 - it...lifts my spirits when i'm bored or blue.
- 4 - but don't trust all it claims; all ain't true! !

See my Poet's Notes on this poem. Read the 'Story'.DO!  
Remember, people & computers sometimes lie to me & to YOU! !

(August...29th...2019)

Bri Edwards

# **Bri, Foiled [ 'obstructed' ] Again! ! ! ... [ My Mate Cares Too Much; True; Personal; Lack Of P H Time; June's `Female Showcase'; July Is Reserved For Male Poets]**

'Dear' poets, Male and Female and 'In-Between',  
The monitor-of-PC (by me) is still quite clearly seen,  
But, alas, my mate sees fit to keep me from it ....a lot,  
Because my eye(s) bother(s) me & there're just 2 I've got!

But 'two' IS .....one more than had the Old Giant Cyclops,  
Who, I've been told, hiked here and there in old flip flops!  
If he could live a productive life with just .....ONE big EYE,  
Why can't Bri's life go on normally? Why, ... oh whyyyyyyy? !

In any case, this poem is to let some on PoemHunter know ...  
That you may not hear so much from me, or it will be slow ...  
In coming. It's not that I don't WANT to communicate. I DO,  
Especially with the girls; that's YOU, not YOU, but MAYBE You.

Which reminds me. Most of the 'girls' have been informed ....  
That June's showcase of poems will be, with females, swarmed.  
Yes, you guys who've not yet heard the exciting 'Bri-news note', .....  
June's showcase will exclude 'guys'. MY decision; YOU get NO vote!

(May 18th, 2017)

Bri Edwards

# Bri, Standing For Poets: [ Short; Honoring Some Outstanding P H Poets; My Opinions, Of Course ]

Valsa George:

As Valsa George regally passes, I will stand.  
And, if she stops near me, I'll extend my hand ....  
to her.

Kelly Kurt:

As Kelly Kurt ventures forth I'll stand, expecting fun.  
Perhaps a pun he'll shoot at me, from his limerick-gun.

James McLain:

And I'll stand when James McLain sports a poem, &quot;green&quot;,  
though, if I'll 'understand', ...'it remains to be seen'!

Lorraine Colon:

Lora Colon writes volumes, ...of her lack of OR love (lost) ,  
and I'll stand and salute her poems, ...no matter my cost!

Andy Brookes:

Another Bri-P/H-Friend is U.K.'s Andy Brookes.  
I stand for him and suggest you give his some looks!

(Mid-May...2019L

Bri Edwards

# Bri's "Choice"; For A Place To Live With "Secret";....[ "Secret" Is How I Refer To My Wife When I Message Valentin Savin On Ph; Personal Truth ]

I moved to California to be with you,  
despite the high chance I'd be hit by a BUS.  
Now I've seen TOO much of is true,  
especially shi-t-ty driveways; do you recall the FUSS...  
I made! ! ?

So, if we're not to stay in CA (and it sounds like we MAY) ,  
let's at least NOT move to a secluded hollow in NC wilderness!  
AND as for being 'closer to relatives and friends' in the East, I now say:  
"They're hardly worth a dime to me, compared to you, my Treasure, I  
confess! "-

(September....8th...2019)

Bri Edwards

# Bri's 'Pet Peeves' ..... [aka 'My 'particular Personal Vexations' ]; Yes, Personal; Serious! (Maybe Not Totally): Short]

My dictionary calls one a 'particular personal vexation'.  
It's something from which I'd enjoy a .....permanent vacation.  
It's an act or condition which, though 'small', does bother ME, .....  
like not putting down the toilet seat ...after you pee;

like wiping YOUR nose on M Y sleeve, when you've a sleeve of your own;  
like serving 'boneless' chicken to me, in which I find a bone;  
like not licking a fork clean of mustard or, worse yet, ....  
of butter,  
and THEN tossing in MY sink. THAT does make my heart flutter

.....  
.....in exasperation!

It's like telling me I said one thing, when I said another.  
[Well, T H A T one may be 'BIG', not small; let's ask my mother.  
Ok, my mom ain't around anymore, so you can ask me.  
If I said 'Yes' and you heard 'No', that is B I G. You  
agree?

Well those are my pet peeves from 'off the top of my head'.  
And they'll most likely be my pet peeves ...until the time I am dead.

(October 1, 2015)

Bri Edwards

## Bri's Answer To " When Owl Meets Fowl "; ....[ Suggested By Laurie Van Der Hart's Poem ]

I doubt that, together, an Owl & Fowl can exist,  
but if you must, you IF you 2 insist!  
I can't foretell the future but bet it will be grim.  
The chance that both survive is so very, very .....  
slim!

As for a "poetic feast", I think "poetic" is a joke,  
as Owl will feast on Fowl, behind "mirrors and..  
smoke".

( August ....29th ...2019)

Bri Edwards



## Bri's Before And Now.. [personal; Short; Child To Adult; Response To Poem By Valsa George]

As a boy I was happy and spoiled;  
my Mom washed all the clothes I soiled.  
Perhaps I did not KNOW I was happy,  
BUT I think I rarely ever felt crappy.

I could play games with my friend.  
It's too bad childhood has to end.  
Then it's bills and chores for sure;  
for growing up, there's no real cure.

And NOT all grownups are successful,  
as life can be HARSH, and STRESSFUL.  
But I've been lucky, I must say, and....  
at night sleep comes when I....hit the hay.

Bri Edwards

## Bri's Best Friend....[ An Answer To P H Poet Chandan Dey's Question; Short; Serious ]

Chandan, I doubt I've ever thought of 'it' this way before, but you've asked who's my 'best friend' & here's 'the score':.

Normally I'd say a high school friend, Karl; he lives now in Bangkok, OR my younger brother, Tom\*, and, ..that he IS, is somewhat of a shock, since, growing up, Tom and I were not so often on 'the same page', and differences in lifestyles increased with our advancing age.

Today you've 'set me thinking', AND today 'my best friend'... may actually be least for a few minutes (a few) . Yes, the one who gives me friendly attention may be.. the winner of my 'My Best Friend' e!

But.....ONLY while the moment does last! ! !

\* living now in New York State USA

(June .....20th .....2018)

Bri Edwards

# Bri's Cannibal Friend... [ Bri's Demise; Cannibals; Friend; Food; O O O P S! ]

I made a Friend, a Skinny Cannibal.  
Now I KNOW why Teachers called me a Dunce.

I went for a Meal at my New Friend's Home.  
The Hors D'oeuvres were tasty.I Just Went ONCE.

Bri Edwards

## **Bri's Comment On A Poem By Howard Simon...[ Short Poems; Inspired By &quot; Age Is Just A Number &quot;; Death; Aging; Bri's Humor/Humour? ]**

Someday when you are OLD and FEEBLE, Howard,  
think of your age and feel you should have cowered..  
when, each year, YOUR 'number' just kept getting BIGGER..  
while Death waited at your doorstep, on His face a snigger.

(September...22nd...2019)

Bri Edwards

# Bri's Evolutionary Tree...[ Inspired By The Inspirational English Poet, Stuart Munro; Thanks, Stu ]

I had no great great grandad;  
it sometimes makes me so mad.  
But if I'd had such a gr-gr-gr-dad,  
I'm sure he'd have been v'y, v'y bad,  
and THAT would have made me v'y sad.

No great anything that far back I'm afraid;  
from a bit o' mud my 'Mom' was made,  
and 'Dad', ...well no one quite is sure,  
but 'tis said he was coated with fur.

(October.....23....2018)

Bri Edwards

# Bri's Family History..... In Brief.....['Brief' As In 'short', Not Underwear! ; Humor; Family Tree; Medium Short; Personal]

My father had an ancestor in France....  
who did clean-up after each beheading.  
One gal's neck was too tough, and she lived.  
Not long after was his and her wedding.

Fast forward several hundred years,  
and my dad, Robert, was conceived;  
when his parents moved from Toronto,  
the Canadian government.....was relieved.

I believe dad's dad helped build Eastman Theater,  
then to the New York Finger Lakes they moved.  
Granddad died, I was told, due to a metal splinter,  
though, from his finger, it was removed.

It was near Cayuga Lake, at a church picnic,  
my dad impressed my future mom.  
They were married in 1937 I think,  
though, at times, their marriage.....was a bomb.

Mom was in HER mom's belly,  
when Gladys' dad moved East from Iowa.  
A real McCoy she was, with Irish temper,  
but to her a lot I owe..duh!

So that's my family story, briefly stated.  
I hope your interest, Karl, has been sated.  
If I told the complete truth, your pride might be grated.  
Suffice to say, without details, that my family tree I've underrated.

(May 31,2014)

Bri Edwards

## Bri's Mental Health Arrests ...[ True! ! ; Suicide; Medium Length; Personal]

Twice I was 'mental-health arrest'-ed,  
'bout fifteen years ago.  
It was like: 'The System' I had tested,  
and 'The System' 'acted' FAST, not SLOW.

[But NOT properly, in Bri's opinion! ]

I lived then in New York State.  
I was a window clerk\*\*.  
I'd thought suicide could be my fate;  
I said as much, like a 'jerk'.

But I was NOT a jerk. Perhaps a bit depressed,  
but I'd never 'threatened',  
nor tried, to kill myself. My mind was NOT messed ....  
up! ! I'd mentioned .....

....that perhaps suicide would be the way I'd die.  
I believe it still NOW.  
I believed it then. It was not at all a lie.  
BUT 'The Law' did not 'allow'; ....

me to say it, though 'that' was not quite true.  
The cops\*\*\* went overboard.  
The boys and girls in uniform, blue.  
Perhaps, back then, the cops too were BORED? ?

I was NOT jailed, photographed, or searched,  
but handcuffs hurt me, .....

when, on trip to hospital, ambulance lurched.  
At least I wasn't charged a fee .....

....for all the attention I got, and even food, ....  
the FIRST time it did happen!  
BUT I was strapped down for a while. It was quite rude!  
And there were threats\*\*\*\*, .....but no slappin'.

The first time I was 'single'. My stay was overnight.  
Both times arrested while at work! !  
Like the police, I too had on a uniform. That's right.  
And I too got paid: a perk!

A few years later I was married, .....yet again,  
and I'd READ\*\*\*\*\* the law.  
The law talked of 'imminent' danger, but ....WHEN ....  
was THAT! ? There was a flaw .....

...in 'The System'. 'The police overstepped the law.'  
My 'last arrest' was SHORT.  
I got no food, but NO hospital guys, at me, did claw!  
Very soon it did abort.

I can support a law to promote public safety,  
but, in fact, I was abused.  
The law was abused also. I believe the cops were hasty,  
abridging rights of ME, 'the accused'.

(September 29th 2017)

Bri Edwards



# **Bri's Response To The P H Poem: 'I Am Your Baby, Mum', By Dr. Antony Theodore ... [ Bharati Nayak Has Translated Antony's Poem Into Odia; Abortion; Pregnancy ]**

I did not come on my own Mum;

I was in you because your drunken B U M  
of an uncle raped you against your will.  
It's too bad you had no birth control pill.

Your baby was thrilled, no cares had it.  
Your body supplied food & took away its S H I T.  
It never got to taste how life outside might be,  
with the good AND the bad. 'Mum' chose to be free.

(February...4th...2019)

Bri Edwards

## Bri's Suicide Attempts In Hell.....[ Fantasy; Hell; Foiled Again! ! ! ; Suicide; Personal ]

At times in my Earthly life I've contemplated MY suicide, ....but never have I attempted it, NOR "threatened (to do)it";. That aside...., today as I rested myself in a soothing upholstered chair ["legs-up"], I wondered what would happen if [At Death] I went "Down", not "Up";.

My Fantasy:

I arrived at noon, Hell Time, just in time for Thursday's midday meal. It WAS kind of hot there, but I found no thermostat and did not appeal... to any of the tuxedoed, Screaming-scarlet, horned waiters near at hand, .... to decrease the heat at least for my first Hell-meal (which was quite bland) .

I'd hoped for pizza, served with wine, and at first was NOT disappointed, until, upon closer examination I discerned the toppings were disjointed.... half-raw parts of animals, with un-singed hairs, and some with tearful eyes, blue, black, brown, green, looking up at me, much to my newcomer's surprise! !

OK, I had expected Hell to be interesting AND not completely to my liking. But I'd always told myself: "Bri, it's bound to have wanton women, hiking... their skirts high to welcome me unto the Realms of Darkness";.I was wrong. From creepy pizza things for me "went Downhill"; fast! ! [ I tried to be strong ]

But it got so bad that I soon became despondent, depressed; know what I mean?

On Earth my end was an 'accident' on a major highway; no roads here were seen, so I could not have an "accident"; like that in in a Hell-week I'd 'had it";;  
I decided that I just HAD TO end my life in Hell.I'd not stay to see how bad it.....  
....could get.

At my next "Hell physical fitness"; session I thought I'd found my chance: KNIVES.  
We used knives, other weapons, and torture equipment, reminiscent of many lives...

lived by the Souls surrounding me in my new home.I slipped one inside my tunic,  
careful NOT to amputate any appendage.I wished not to be a Hell-bound eunuch.

Back in my cubicle, with my two mangy mates, I stabbed and slashed with all my  
might,  
but, alas, as my boiling blood poured forth and parts dropped off all through the  
night,  
I found [ to my utter frustration ] that I remained still &quot;alive&quot;;, if I  
could be called such.  
I felt 'different', but certainly not much different.I felt no cooler, either, to my  
touch.

And so it went.I tried drowning in the river Styx.I tried six times, ....all to no  
avail.  
I tried all means available which I thought might 'save me'.All of my attempts did  
fail.  
And so here I am, rotting, so to speak, in Hell for lack of religion and/or  
&quot;good works&quot;.  
It's HOT, smelly, monotonous, the pizza's creepy, and there are no &quot;special  
privileges&quot;/'perks'.

(June....25th....2019)

Bri Edwards

# Bri's Third &quot;Wife-No-Longer&quot; ...[ Marital Fantasy Land; Some Lies; Humour? ; Suggested By Don Kubicki's Poem 'it Never Fails' ]

Bri's Third &quot;Wife-no-longer&quot; ...[ Marital Fantasy Land; Some Lies; Humour? ; Suggested By Don Kubicki's Poem 'It Never Fails' ]

MY 3rd wife was a little stupid, and a fine baker,  
but in bed, six night out of seven, she was a faker.

Monday's she was singer/actress Madonna,  
singing so softly to me: &quot;Bri, do ya wanna? &quot;  
Tuesday, of course she was Tuesday Weld.  
A finer blonde gal Bri's ne'er since held!

Wednesday, Donna ...[yes, Don,3rd's real name]....  
played L. Taylor [of 'Cat on a Hot Tin Roof' fame].  
Thurs. D took the role of another actress, N. Wood;  
I'd relive THOSE nights...if only I, old Bri, could.

Fridays, after returning from a fish fry,  
D'd play Juliet to Sh'speare's Romeo (Bri) .  
Saturday, 'Kids' Day', D was Ms. Temple (Shirley) .  
And I'd play my favorite, the Three Stooges' &quot;Curly&quot;.

But my 3rd wife, Donna, was her own self every Sunday.  
After all, even God rested,1 day, preparing for Monday!

(November ...9th ...2019)

Bri Edwards

## Bri's Unavoidable Absence....[ Possibly For A While From P H, But Maybe Not? ? ]

Stock up on tissues in case, for a while, I'm offline.

My mate and I are off for an undetermined length of time.

It has nothing to do with illness; actually I'm quite fine!

She's got business to attend to having nothing to do with rhyme.

The "tissues" of course would be in case any are moved to tears.

Probably more would be women, not men; you know what I mean?

We'll have a aren't completely "switching gears",

but "she" may hog it. About THAT, I wouldn't be keen.

(October...21st...2019)

Bri Edwards

## **Brown, The 'Color'...[ Uses Of The Word Brown; Short; Inspired By Don Kubicki, P H Poet ]**

Brown's the color of ice cream I just consumed.

Brown was the color of the corpse diggers exhumed.

Brown's the color with which some avian species are plumed,

Brown's the color for which most digested foods are finally doomed.

(July....20....2019) \*\*\*

\*\*\*All in favor of making this a 'Member Poem of the Day', raise your right hands!Thanks.

Bri Edwards

## Bye-Bye Jimmy.....[nature Observations; Death; Personal]

Two days ago out our window in the morning  
a unique event appeared to me without warning.  
Among the trees, of our neighbor's southern slope,  
I spied a large deer which I felt had little hope  
of making it to the next day's dawning.

I saw it prostrate, its head weakly raised a bit.  
One large ear moved but was about to quit.  
One proud antler rose above its head,  
but I thought 'this buck is nearly dead.  
It will cause no more springtime 'fawning'.'

My wife was near me and I alerted her.  
By the time she looked, the deer did not stir.  
But she thought he was alive and that he looked her way.  
She may have been correct, but who can really say?  
She named him 'Jimmy'. I don't know why.

My wife urged me to write this farewell note,  
the first such poem I ever wrote.  
Two days have passed and Jimmy lies there cold,  
no longer roaming hillsides, no longer bold.

Bri Edwards

## Camisole ....[ Sexy; Startlingly-Sexy! ; Humor/Humour; Short (Enough)]

[Female's name]! Why do you always let this happen?  
Another lover fleeing, sweaty shirt-tails flappin'!

[ His, I mean. ]

Could it be, again, you wore your hat from the garden,  
thinking the sight of it would make his c++k harden? ? ?

[ More quickly ]

Next time lose your hat AND your "little" moustache!  
Get out your bourbon or perhaps a little bit of hash.

[ NOT corned beef variety ]

Slip into somethin' shimmering, like a Gossamer-Gold...  
panty & camisole set. Soon there will be NO hold-.....  
-ing him back! ! !

[ from YOU! ]

But DON'T forget the r yet, have two,  
'cause YOU'll want a 'repeat performance'; WON'T you? ?

[ I bet you WILL! ]

(June ....17th .....2018)

Bri Edwards



# Carmen Wants To Know. ....[3rd/Last Part Of Big Fat Cat Without A Hat Poem Series; Cats; Philandering; 'marriage'/Relationship; Humour/Humor]

I SENT SOME FRIENDS 'Big Fat Cat Without A Hat ....Gets Hooked'. It's a sequel to 'Big Fat Cat Without A Hat',, in case you've not looked.

One dear and 'old' friend, Carmen, replied: 'What happened next?' 'HERE is 'what happened next'! I hope it does not make YOU vexed!

In 'B-F-C-W-A-H' I introduced a big 'tomcat' ....  
; he wandered about 'loving' feline pussies. Think of THAT!  
And then one of 'those' had kittens and came to collect ....  
what she felt 'he' owed her and the kittens. After all, he was  
'Dad'; correct?

She wormed her way into the 'tom' 's life, unrecognized,  
....not mentioning the kittens. [Boy, would HE be surprised! ]  
He was taken in by her coquettish female trick,  
and, before long, the B-F-C-W-A-H was feline-'love- sick'.

THEN he learned of 'his' kittens, AND 'Mom' laid down the law.  
No more 'nice-nice' with HER .....unless some 'Daddy'  
traits she saw.

SO ....the B-F-C-W-A-H played 'Dad', and caught them mice.  
But (eventually) he weekly-wooded other pussies, .....at least once or twice!

So, here's where I left off in the B-F-C-W-A-H tale.  
'Tom' wandered-weekly (but as 'Dad' he did not bail  
....out) .

[He managed, at first, to 'keep it under his hat',, though he had  
none.

It just wasn't the nature of toms to settle just for 'one'.]

BUT his secret would not remain a secret for too long.  
Pussies talk to one another after all; they ALL thought it wrong!  
[Or that's what they all SAID; I have my doubts, I do.  
I'll bet some other pussies liked B-F-C-W-A-H's attentions. At least a few.]

Boy! Did HE get clobbered next time he came 'home' with mice.

&quot;So! You lying-two-faced cheater. With OTHERS you've BEEN nice-nice! ?  
&quot;

Well, it wasn't the first verbal abuse 'Tom' had gotten from a bitch.  
[Oops, &quot;bitch&quot;\*\*\* is a female DOG; please pardon my (above) glitch.]

And it wouldn't be his last I'm sure. &quot;Sorry, Dear.&quot;..  
Tom said.

[But, If looks could kill, HER look at Tom ...would have killed him DEAD! ]

No nice-nice Tom received that night ....or that week,  
And the outlook for his 'dating' future was looking VERY bleak.  
He really liked being a dad; well, at least a bit,  
and she'd NOW made him (almost) feel like shit.

He still made his semi-nightly rounds, and, yes he looked,  
but he didn't TOUCH. He feared if he did, his &quot;goose would be  
cooked.&quot;

But after a week of abstinence, both home AND away,  
the mother of his (latest) offspring BEGGED for him to &quot;play&quot;.....(with  
HER) .

Yes, she found that, like most of her friends, she liked a little &quot;love&quot;.  
And soooo, Tom got, at home, some &quot;nice-nice&quot;,,  
.....perhaps sent from &quot;ABOVE&quot;?

They worked out a deal; she KNEW a &quot;tom&quot; could not change  
.....completely!

They would raise the &quot;kits&quot; together. And, bi-weekly\*\*\*\* Tom was  
free to range.

[Of course Tom &quot;ranged&quot; more often sometimes. After all, toms  
don't change .....

....COMPLETELY! !

(June 16, 2016)

Bri Edwards

# Charged Twice.... [ Funeral With A Twist; Death Expenses; My Response To Tom Allport's Comment On My ' Fun-Eral' Poem; Very Short]

Comfortably in my casket I was resting.  
Then Tom Allport said: 'arise', [only jesting].  
But, to Tom's, and Valsa's, and Stuart's surprise,  
I jumped straight up three feet or more. I tell YOU no lies.

It was like I'd been shot from a cannon aimed up at the sky.  
I can't explain how it felt, but it felt good; why shall I try?  
It was only a temporary arising, but it sure felt nice.  
The funeral home noted it well, & charged twice.

(June 9th, 2017)

Bri Edwards

## Christmas Cards ..... [keeping In Touch At 'The Holidays'; Personal; Short]

At Christmas time I have NO tree.  
NO colored lights are lit by me.  
But, when mailbox I open,  
I'm especially hopin'.....  
that cards from a few..... good friends I'll see.

Cards often have small pieces of art,  
even, at times, thoughts from the heart  
of some member of the cast.....  
of the addressee's own past,  
keeping them linked..... though they're apart.

(December 17,2006)

Bri Edwards

# **Clinging To Life: N O T! ! ! ....[ Bri's Life And Death; Inspired By Valsa George's Comment On My ' Slow Down; Get Ready; Go! ' Poem ]**

I'll may cling to a Nepal Yam vine,  
or a big bottle of cheap Indian wine,  
but NEVER, to life, shall I, Bri, cling;  
not for you, nor YOU, nor for tons of bling!

(January....30.....2018)

Bri Edwards

## Cloistered Oyster.....[nature; Humor; Loneliness]

Now oysters are often grown in shallow water in a 'bed',  
then harvested and sold to restaurants where oyster-lovers are fed.

At one oyster farm a single oyster got left behind by mistake.  
The oyster was saved from being eaten, and at first thought he'd gotten a break.  
But after months of sitting there alone (the fish could not 'oyster' speak) ,  
he longed to have an oyster conversation while resting against another oyster's  
cheek.

He tried to strike out on his own to seek another oyster bed,  
but, besides being stuck to a rock, he knew not where any direction led.

He was regretting his forced cloistered-oyster existence,  
but all his attempts to come up with a solution met with fierce resistance.  
Then one day when he was feeling depressed, (I mean REALLY sad) ,  
something unexpected happened which suddenly made him extremely glad.

Some oyster farm workers came by in a shallow-bottomed boat,  
and dumped into the water what soon made MR. LONELY gloat.  
A shower of young oysters cascaded all around him for a hundred feet.  
Now if only they speak his oyster dialect, his life will be complete.

(And he'll be sure not to be left behind next time!)

Bri Edwards

## Cloudy Sunset.....[weather; Change; Personal? ]

Glancing out our western window, toward the Ocean beyond some hills,  
I see, near sundown, a layering of assorted clouds, like alternating color spills;  
shades of gray this November day, plus white, and some almost resembling  
amber.

It makes me imagine a playing field over which winged-angels might clamber.

I took some photos to show my wife and now the scene has changed.  
A dark gray streak is beside one forest-fire orange. Clouds are also rearranged.  
As more time passes, whatever remnants there were of blue sky disappear,  
and light and dark grays and almost-white stand alone....., as sunset is quite  
near.

(Nov.2012)

Bri Edwards

## Colonoscopy.....My Second One.....[long; Medical; Personal; Humor? ] Humor

Despite all that could've gone 'wrong', the procedure did go well,  
And next week Dr. Kao, to me, the lab results will tell.  
I left the office wide awake, and, without sedation, feeling fine.

As I walked some blocks to meet my wife, on a banana and muffin I did dine.

I'd suggest pre-op and post-op post cards to keep patients on right track,  
Especially for us 'older' patients who, sometimes, perfect memories lack.  
The pre-op handout I received could be clearer; ask me if you dare.  
The post-op handout was clearer, but I almost forgot I had it, I swear!  
The pre-op telephone call to me (ask me about it) Dr. Kao might abhor.  
The post-op call was a nice touch, but might not have helped if I'd passed out at  
home on the floor.

It's been ten days at least and daily aspirin dose (I'd stopped taking) is  
overdue.....but  
My bowel's remembered, pretty well, how to handle the food I under-chew.

Roger reacted well to my idea of hiding fake poop; it was a 'joke'.  
I'm glad he didn't laugh convulsively and through my bowel wall poke.  
It seemed a short 'procedure' after such a long home preparation.  
Sort of reminds me of the frequently-long buildup to a short ejaculation!

We don't watch 'tv' much at home, but the tour of colon I enjoyed.  
I trust the job was done 'right' as doc and nurse their skills employed.  
Discomfort I had some, but minor. I never was a hurtin'.  
Afterward I waited to 'pass the gas' till I was hid back behind bed curtain.

□(July 2011)□

Bri Edwards



## Consider Yourself Lucky .... [things Could Be Worse! ; History; Personal Problems; Humor (Maybe Not) ]

I'm not a history buff at all, .....BUT I've heard some stories .....  
about some of history's most grievous moments, and some ....of its glories.  
I'll repeat several of the grievous moments for you now to hear.  
Some of you may scoff at them, while some may shed a tear.

In ancient Rome some early Christians were fed to wild beasts.  
In Fiji once lived men who, on their enemies, would feast.  
Citizens of Pompeii were buried by volcanic ash and mud.  
Native Americans were persecuted by "whites"....who sometimes shed their  
blood.

Millions died from the Black Plague in Europe many years ago,  
and millions more died,.....when the 'winds of war', there, did 'blow'.  
People have been doomed to suffer, and sometimes die indeed,  
for being of the "wrong" color,....caste, ethnicity, or creed.

So perhaps next time you break a nail, your car runs out of gas,  
you don't get the gift-desired, or, the math exam, you fail to pass,  
consider history; then you may think yourself a lucky gal or guy,  
that you aren't in ancient Rome....with a lion chewing on your thigh.

(March 18,2014)

Bri Edwards

**Cough First; Coffin Second....[ Safety Hazards;  
Hospital Care; S H O R T; Dust! ; Inspired By &quot;  
Let The Dust Settle &quot; By Geraldine Kelly;  
Serious! ]**

It could be like mine, and mine's a CURSE.

I guess I should have worn my respirator mask! !  
In the asbestos mine I almost (but not quite)did ask:  
&quot;What might be the hazards of not wearing this darn thing? &quot;

So now I COUGH & COUGH, and, when needed, they bring...  
my pain shot, emesis basin, bedpan, and tube feeding meal,  
and at times to x-ray room, in my bed, down the hall they wheel...  
me.

(September ...2018)

Bri Edwards

## Creation (Maybe Not What You Think) .....[girl-To-Woman; Baby-Making; Long; Relationships]

Preteen socialization;  
Her first menstruation;  
Mom's explanation;  
Girl's apprehension;  
Girl's imagination.

Bra initiation;  
Boys paying more attention;  
Her girlfriend conversation;  
Self-examination;  
Apprehension;  
Excitation.

First Communion;  
Mom's admonition;  
Classroom flirtation;  
Diary notation;  
Awkward situation.

Softball competition;  
Scholastic concentration;  
Pimple medication;  
Eye examination;  
Eyeglasses prescription;  
Eyeglasses selection.

Teenage titillation;  
Girlfriend's revelation;  
Girl's excitation;  
Girl's apprehension.

Junior Prom invitation;  
Buy boy a carnation;  
Night of anticipation;  
Perspiration;  
Parent's escortation;  
Close-dancing sensation.

More scholastic concentration.

Mother/daughter European vacation;  
College campus visitations;  
High school senior year expectations;  
SAT examinations;  
College applications.

Senior Ball invitation;  
Car date anticipation;  
Mom's admonition;  
Ball dress and hairdo selection;  
Softball home plate collision;  
Left leg in traction;  
No Senior Ball action;  
Frustration (but relaxation) .

College acceptance and selection;  
Awards presentation;  
High school graduation.

Gyn examination;  
NO birth control prescription;  
(Mom's admonition) .

Cornell U. orientation;  
Campus church affiliation;  
Choir participation;  
Scholastic concentration;  
Ignoring boys' flirtations;  
Avoiding temptations.

Junior year sorority invitation;  
Apprehension;  
Excitation;  
Sorority initiation.

Fraternity party invitation;  
First inebriation;  
Fondling and excitation;  
Close call situation.

Senior year Dean's List selection;  
Trouble resisting temptation;  
Weekly Catholic confession sessions;  
Summa cum laude graduation.

Law school acceptance and selection;  
Legal studies concentration;  
Study group participation.

Widowed law professor's attentions;  
Girl's uncontrollable fascination;  
Gyn exam; birth control prescription;  
Dinner invitation.

Wining and dining and speculation;  
Apprehension and excitation;  
Her first penetration.

Good times but no marriage mentions.

Graduation;  
Law professor's recommendation;  
Interview with law firm partners; her apprehension;  
She accepts the firm's job invitation.

Two years hard work; no hesitation;  
Pride in work; first promotion.

Christmas office party introduction;  
Instant mutual physical attraction;  
Lively conversation;  
Mutual admiration;  
Exchange phone and email information;  
Same night brief phone connection.

Three months of weekend recreation;  
Taking turns at restaurant selection;  
Sharing their pasts recollections.

Three day weekends to make parent introductions;  
Each time a pleasant reception;

Overnight his & her visitations;  
Agreement to try cohabitation;  
His place one week; her place next week; a rotation;  
A jointly agreed move to new location.

Three months more of smooth transition;  
She stops using birth control prescription;  
Their second shared Christmas celebration.

He buys a ring in anticipation;  
Ovulation.

New Year's Eve in their new habitation;  
Pizza and beer; slight inebriation;  
Cuddling on couch; relaxation;  
Watching fireworks with fascination.

Bedtime preparation;  
NO anticipation;  
Bare skin touching brings sensations;  
Sensations become explorations;  
No need for forced stimulation;  
She finds his full erection,  
and presents her open invitation.

Excitation; natural lubrication;  
Penetration;  
Copulation;  
Perspiration;  
Brief exclamations;  
Ejaculation;  
His exhaustion;  
Her satisfaction.

New Years resolutions;  
Her anticipation.

Fertilization (conception) ? ? ;  
Implantation? ? ;  
Cell division? ?  
Creation? ?

Drug store visitation;  
Home testing for procreation;  
Positive color indication;  
Call for Ob-Gyn examination;  
Waiting for doctor's corroboration.

Valentine's Day dinner reservation;  
Candlelit dinner in quiet location;  
Dessert and check presentation;  
She speaks first, announcing her "condition";  
.....

He beams at her a smile of great admiration;  
She breathes a sigh of relaxation;  
Holding hands as they sample sweet confections.

Check paid, they sit in contemplation;  
Now he makes HIS presentation;  
A sparkling diamond; a second creation;  
She accepts proposal with teary emotion;  
Their fingers entwine with devotion;  
DOUBLE celebration.

Parents notified; what a commotion! !

To-have-baby-before-wedding; their joint decision;  
Plans for baby's room is a vision;  
Doctor visits; sonogram examinations;  
Naming-and-raising-a-baby books consultations.

Otherwise his & her work & play routine continuation.

Mom-to-be's nutrition;  
No inebriation;  
Anticipation;  
Names selection;  
Couples' Lamaze classes for relaxation.

One-month-to-go excitation;  
Two-weeks-to-go her mom comes for visitation;  
Three-days-to-go strange bedtime sensation;  
Phone call to doctor; to-hospital-decision.

Drive to hospital: first REAL contractions;  
Amniotic fluid soaks padded car seat cushion.

To labor room; beginnings of dilation;  
Intravenous fluid line insertion;  
Assuming the 'frog-legs' position.

Perineum preparation;  
&quot;Mom&quot; does practice inhalations and exhalations;  
&quot;Dad&quot; stays though craving caffeine injection.

Arrival of the obstetrician;  
Dilation progression.

Baby in correct position;  
No foreseen complication;  
Clock hands in motion;  
Baby's head presentation.

&quot;Mom's&quot; time for exertion;  
Dilation; contraction;  
Dilation; contraction;  
Contraction; dilation;  
Inhale and exhalation;  
Perspiration;  
Expectation;  
Contraction;  
Inhalation;  
Pushing exertion;  
Repetition;  
Perspiration.

Getting close now; concentration;  
End of nine months preparation;  
Perspiration;  
Doctor asks for last BIG exertion.

Out pops baby;  
Doctor's congratulations;  
It's a GIRL.  
Dad's and Mom's exhilaration;



Wiping off the perspiration;  
Parents beam with satisfaction;  
Elation! !  
CREATION! ! !

(Dec.2012)

Bri Edwards

# Cuntry Girl.. [ Farm Life; Procreation; S H O R T; Humorous? ; Typo? ]

She's up at dawn...to water, AND to hoe,  
then takes her mid-morning break to GO ...  
to the hay mow to present her 'furrow' ...  
to &quot;Farm Boy&quot; who 'sows' in &quot;Country Girl&quot;.

Nine months later it's her harvest time,  
birthing twins [one of each].So sublime! !  
That's how it goes on a fertile farm.  
AND 'they' married too, ...so there's no harm.

(August ...24th ...2018)

Bri Edwards

# Curse Of The Curious Computer Cursor...[ Trying To Follow The &quot; Ghost-Cursor &quot;; I Thought It Was Spelled Curser! ; S H O R T; Help! ! ]

Lately something had been causing me great grief.  
From searching for cursor, I'd found NO good relief,  
till my dear helpmate 'came to the rescue', at my request,  
and Enlarged AND Emboldened the cursor. Now it's 'The Best..  
Cursor' I've ever seen; I can follow it NOW all over the screen!

Don't ask what her trick was. I'm a computer 's true!  
To hear &quot;Bri's a dunce&quot; [stupid] will surely shock you & YOU!

I can now follow/find &quot;it&quot;;, AND it helps me scroll down...  
on the 'submit-a-poem page'!I no longer am a clown.

Well, ...not completely! !

(September, ....8th, .....2018)

Bri Edwards

# D I C K....[ What's In A Name? ? ; Avoiding P H Censorship; Sexual Preference; Inspired By Message From Tom Billsborough; Fiction ]

D I C K

He was christened with name Dick,  
AND all his life &quot;D I C K&quot; did stick.  
AND he was born with a 'tic'.  
AND no girls him would pick! !

'twas OK! Girls weren't his 'shtick'.

(Mid-June...2019)

Bri Edwards

# **Damn! .... Dementia! ..... [inspired By A Message From P H Friend Valsa G.; I Forgot To Capitalize In The Body Of The Poem]**

now that we're getting well on in years,  
there's a pox which to some brings tears.  
it's several conditions, all called dementia.  
and i say this to it: 'who the hell sent ya?

the mind no longer works as it used to do,  
dementia can make an idiot out of me or you.  
better to die and save a lot of unneeded head-aches.  
i think it best if one with dementia sleeps .....  
and never wakes.

Bri Edwards

# Death In A Rhododendron ..... [nature; Predator/Prey In-Miniature; Invertebrates; Medium]

As I came out from behind a backyard bush,  
where I'd gone to secretly pee,  
I paused to admire its clumps of purple blossoms,  
and there I spied a silent .....bumblebee.

I stared at the bee (I was very close) ,  
and then I stared some more.  
The flower's inner surface was near-white,  
and the bee was near the flower's core.

I waited for the striped bee to fly off,  
but that darn bee never did budge.  
THEN I saw the yellow spider sucking at the bee's neck,  
like I would feast on a piece of fudge.

I think the spider had injected the bee,  
turning the bee's innards into soup.  
Part of bee would be converted to spider tissue,  
and part of bee would become spider poop.

I'm writing this sitting outdoors in a chair,  
and I just noticed a small spider on my sleeve.  
It's a teeny-weeny (little) spider, BUT,  
if I see a GIGANTIC spider coming, I think I'll leave!

(May 30,2014)

Bri Edwards

# December 2018 Showcase..[ Poems To Share, Of And With P H Poets & Readers;&quot; Mixed Bag Of Sweets&quot; ]

I go from a mixed bag of Halloween candy,  
to a &quot;mixed bag&quot; of poems, dandy.  
Soon I move East for six months at least,  
to give N. Carolina a taste of this poetic beast.

Hopefully N.C. (a U.S. state)has Internet,  
and contact with PoemHunter I'll still get.  
IF a January Showcase fails to then appear,  
perhaps I'm just too busy with snow-shoveling gear.

Instead of pen and paper or keyBOARD,  
by snow drifts and gusty winds I may be 'floored'.  
To Showcase devotees who read this:  
&quot;Feel free to 'pray' for continuing P H bliss.&quot;

December's Showcase is gathering speed,  
as I've found poems with which to seed .....it.  
Some are poems I've, o'r time, in MyPoemList, stacked;  
some from PH's &quot;Top List&quot;, with &quot;500&quot; packed.

(November ...17th ....2018)

This month I will change the format of the Showcase somewhat drastically,  
leaving out information formerly given ahead of the list of poems.I hope we all  
appreciate the bad if you don't! !Ha ha! ![to see previous format(s) , go to  
showcases from previous months]

Bri Edwards aka Brian Edward Whitaker

(:

THE POEMS [TITLES & TEXTS], AUTHORS' NAMES, & WHERE I'VE FOUND THE  
POEMS IN PH:

a - Sam's Christmas Pudding

By Marriott Edgar

Found in list of Christmas (topic) list of poems by topic on PH's Home page.

Sam's Christmas Pudding

It was Christmas Day in the trenches  
In Spain in Penninsular War,  
And Sam Small were cleaning his musket  
A thing as he'd ne're done before.

They'd had 'em inspected that morning  
And Sam had got into disgrace,  
For when sergeant had looked down the barrel  
A sparrow flew out in his face.

The sergeant reported the matter  
To Lieutenant Bird then and there.  
Said Lieutenant 'How very disgusting'  
The Duke must be told of this 'ere.'

The Duke were upset when he heard  
He said, 'I'm astonished, I am.  
I must make a most drastic example  
There'll be no Christmas pudding for Sam.'

When Sam were informed of his sentence  
Surprise, rooted him to the spot.  
'Twas much worse than he had expected,  
He though as he'd only be shot.

And so he sat cleaning his musket  
And polishing barrel and butt.  
While the pudding his mother had sent him,  
Lay there in the mud at his foot.

Now the centre that Sam's lot were holding  
Ran around a place called Badajoz.  
Where the Spaniards had put up a bastion  
And ooh...! what a bastion it was.



They pounded away all the morning  
With canister, grape shot and ball.  
But the face of the bastion defied them,  
They made no impression at all.

They started again after dinner  
Bombarding as hard as they could.  
And the Duke brought his own private cannon  
But that weren't a ha'pence o' good.

The Duke said, 'Sam, put down thy musket  
And help me lay this gun true.'  
Sam answered, 'You'd best ask your favours  
From them as you give pudding to.'  
The Duke looked at Sam so reproachful  
'And don't take it that way, ' said he.  
'Us Generals have got to be ruthless  
It hurts me more than it did thee.'

Sam sniffed at these words kind of sceptic,  
Then looked down the Duke's private gun.  
And said 'We'd best put in two charges,  
We'll never bust bastion with one.'

He tipped cannon ball out of muzzle  
He took out the wadding and all.  
He filled barrel chock full of powder,  
Then picked up and replaced the ball.

He took a good aim at the bastion  
Then said 'Right-o, Duke, let her fly.'  
The cannon nigh jumped off her trunnions,  
And up went the bastion, sky high.

The Duke, he weren't 'alf elated  
He danced around trench full of glee.  
And said, 'Sam, for this gallant action.  
You can hot up your pudding for tea.'

Sam looked 'round to pick up his pudding  
But it wasn't there, nowhere about.  
In the place where he thought he had left it,

Lay the cannon ball he'd just tipped out.

Sam saw in a flash what 'ad happened:  
By an unprecedented mishap.  
The pudding his mother had sent him,  
Had blown Badajoz off map.

That's why fuisilliers wear to this moment  
A badge which they think's a grenade.  
But they're wrong... it's a brass reproduction,  
Of the pudding Sam's mother once made.  
Marriott Edgar

b- - Fire And Ice

By Robert Frost

Found at #12 (currently)on PH's Top 500 Poems list (see Home page)

FIRE AND ICE

Some say the world will end in fire,  
Some say in ice.  
From what I've tasted of desire  
I hold with those who favor fire.  
But if it had to perish twice,  
I think I know enough of hate  
To say that for destruction ice  
Is also great  
And would suffice.  
Robert Frost

c - DON'T GO FAR OFF

By Pablo Neruda

...Found at #18 on Top 500 Poems list

Don't Go Far Off

Don't go far off, not even for a day, because -  
because -I don't know how to say it: a day is long  
and I will be waiting for you, as in an empty station  
when the trains are parked off somewhere else, asleep.

Don't leave me, even for an hour, because  
then the little drops of anguish will all run together,  
the smoke that roams looking for a home will drift  
into me, choking my lost heart.

Oh, may your silhouette never dissolve on the beach;  
may your eyelids never flutter into the empty distance.  
Don't leave me for a second, my dearest,

because in that moment you'll have gone so far  
I'll wander mazelily over all the earth, asking,  
Will you come back? Will you leave me here, dying?  
Pablo Neruda

d - ~I CHOOSE THE MOUNTAIN~

By Howard Simon

Found at #26 on Top 500 Poem list

~I Choose The Mountain~

The low lands call  
I am tempted to answer  
They are offering me a free dwelling  
Without having to conquer

The massive mountain makes its move  
Beckoning me to ascend  
A much more difficult path  
To get up the slippery bend

I cannot choose both  
I have a choice to make  
I must be wise  
This will determine my fate

I choose, I choose the mountain  
With all its stress and strain  
Because only by climbing  
Can I rise above the plain

I choose the mountain  
And I will never stop climbing  
I choose the mountain  
And I shall forever be ascending

I choose the mountain

Howard Simon

e - A Standing Ovation  
.....By Hazel Durham  
.....From MyPoemList of favorites

A Standing Ovation

The horizon holds no more dreams for me,  
Dreams are now inland rivers  
And the standing ovation of untamed monsters

Highlighting my insignificance and surprising significance,  
As I travel with you on mind swept waters  
With diverted tributaries, like our singular journeys

Down roads of hardship, laughter and continuous pain  
That swallowed up every star in the darkest blanket,  
We did not escape the thunder storms

On the trail of no surrender,  
The arrows of destruction had been fired,  
Now we have found each other swept up on the banks

Of the mighty River Barrow, a snake wilful and playful  
As it bows to our rise to unity  
Of scars healing in the rain sodden streets

Of Carlow, to entice me to come ashore  
Into your saturated eyes of the intimacy of home  
And all that means,

Swimming in the warm pools of love,  
The skies of the past are changing back to blue

And the untamed monsters give a standing ovation

For the acceptance and passion that is being with you.

Hazel Durham

f - Vestigial Lucidity -

By Kelly Kurt

...Found in MyPoemList

Vestigial Lucidity

I cannot be insane, can I?

Questioning the fact establishes rationality

Or so I've told myself

The voices I hear are my own

Taunting, teasing, intermittently inspirational

Balanced on a silver thread

One side, genius

The other, madness

Tremors threaten to topple

Which way will I fall?

How long can I remain poised?

Preserving my vestigial lucidity

Kelly Kurt

g - Letting Go

By- Lora Colon

Found in MyPoemList

Letting Go

Are you still recalling that dispute

You had long ago with a loved one?

It's time unkind words were rendered mute,

Let go of the reins, and let them run

What torment petty quarrels can dispense!

We say things, then later wonder why,

Hurtful words that never made much sense -

Bind them to swift wings and let them fly

Time is not what heals our broken hearts,  
Or brings comfort to a shattered soul;  
Gently gather all the broken parts -  
Mend them with Love's threads to make them whole

Focus on the things that made you smile,  
Words and deeds that made happiness flow;  
When sad memories taunt you with their guile,  
Raise the window wide and bid them go!  
Lora Colon

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g - Potty Plant Love  
By Ruth Walters  
Found in MyPoemList

Potty Plant Love

I stroked the house plant,  
nurtured it, loved it,  
watered it, fed it and  
spoke sweet nothings  
to its leaves.  
Now it has bloomed,  
sprouted baby leaves,  
encouraged by me  
and suddenly I've noticed  
it's leaning towards me  
in the opposite direction  
to the sun.....

Ruth Walters

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h - Perditiion Addition (Liimerick)  
By Kelly Kurt  
.....Found in MyPoemList

Perditiion Addition (Limerick)

Not willing to just go with the flow  
Accept faith to maintain status-quo  
Told I'll be sent to hell  
What do you say now, Kel  
Am I a believer, heavens No

Kelly Kurt

Bri's Note:

&quot;per•di•tion/p?r'diSH?n/noun: perdition1 (in Christian theology)a state of eternal punishment and damnation into which a sinful and unpenitent person passes after death.&quot;

[[ See you in Hell, Kel? ? ? ]]

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i - Watch The Clouds

By Della Perry

Found in MyPoemList

Watch The Clouds

Sometimes I sit and watch the clouds  
Doesn't matter to me if it rains or is dry  
If the sun shines I wonder why  
Sometimes I just want to get away  
Be somewhere, a better place  
But that place only exists within my mind  
Within my thoughts, within the clouds.

You can dream... you can be... you can see...

I see a land, a land of white and blue beauty  
A moving landscape of vastness that calls to me  
That calls to my soul  
That reaches deep inside my heart  
But I know it is only dreams  
But what have we if not dreams?  
Della Perry

j- The Longest Wait

By Jez Brul  
Found in MyPoemList

### The Longest Wait

I wish  
I could come to you  
before the last leaf  
of autumn falls.  
Jez Brul

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k - Mick-o-Leen Oge  
By Annette Aitken  
Found in MyPoemList

### Mick-o-leen Oge

There once was a man named Mick-O-leen Oge  
He roamed ore' mountains and valley's below  
His bright coloured hat adorned with red feathers  
The long coat he wore was made out of leather  
The waxy green leaves provide him with pants  
His fairy dust shoes allowed him to dance.  
For once it was said when Mick-O-leen's about  
Look out for him stagger, with his odd pint of stout  
You may even hear the lint of his voice  
Carried across the hill-tops at night  
For Mick-O-leen Oge is said to be  
A pixie, a leprechaun, a flying pig  
An old Irish tale embellished in truths  
Hark'  
Is that old Mick-o-leen playing his flute?  
A lullaby played from days that's gone bye  
Yet somehow this tune filled up the nights sky  
Voices of angles languished around  
A comforting feeling you get from the sound  
He sits in the corner and gently smiles



Then slips away quickly before he is spied.

Annette Aitken

Bri's Notes:

I changed "angles" to "angels";. :) otherwise, this poem and (I think, so far)the rest are as they appeared on the day I copied and pasted them from PH.

I - Memories, Long Ago

By Darwin Henry Beuning

Found in MyPoemList

Memories, Long Ago

My oldest daughter

Kim

As a teenager

Her favorite expression

'That's not fair'

I would say

No one ever said

Life would be fair

I would rush

And get her

Birth Certificate

Have her check it out

Read the small print

Front and back

Not to be found,

'Life will be fair'

The only guarantee

'A last breath'

Darwin Henry Beuning

m - The Beggar Man

By Loke Kok yee  
Found in MyPoemList

### The Beggar Man

There is much pity when we see a beggar man  
Others who see him and are filled with contempt  
But if we were to see things their way if we can  
It will not be anything like you have ever dreamt

He is probably thinking why everyone else is mad  
Busy bustling around while he lazes and sit back  
Stressed and angry looking sometimes even sad  
And he without a worry, his world in a plastic bag

His needs well provided there's always a kind soul  
He sleeps in an alley or the subway when it is cold  
And in the night shelter hot meals comes in a bowl  
Clothes are a plenty though a little tatty and old

His time is defined by feelings of hunger or thirst  
It is of no matter if the shops are open or closed  
Living in the streets things cannot get any worse  
Apart from food and shelter no other needs imposed

Without any bills to pay or taxes like the rest  
He never has to queue or a dateline to be met  
His temper never frayed or his patience put to test  
Though not a penny to his name yet never in debt

He passes his time thinking about the next meal  
While the rest of us have lots of things to fulfill  
Whether rain or shine to him is not a big deal  
But in weather adverse our plans can go downhill

Next time you see a beggar man some envy is due  
He may not have money but he's happier than you  
Loke Kok yee

#### Bri's Notes:

I rarely say I am "happy"; I prefer the word "content", which I'm not ALWAYS! ! !BUT, even if The Beggar Man IS happier than I, I still

would rather live the way I do. And I'll give 'beggars' et al money or food or toilet paper if I want to! ! !I've done all that before.

n - Y/.. A Diamond Bird  
By Aufie Zophy  
Found in MyPoemList

Y/.. A Diamond Bird

A diamond bird  
Flaps its diamond wings  
A thousand rainbows  
Dance on the white sand  
The blue sea dizzy

A diamond bird  
Lands on my shoulder  
I grab its feet  
A look in my eyes  
A whisper

A diamond bird  
A thousand rainbows  
I 'd like to possess  
But set it free  
And nature smiles  
Aufie Zophy

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o - Meet The Boastfuls Part Two  
By Tom Billsborough  
Found in MyPoemList

Meet The Boastfuls Part Two

'A two year old phenomenon  
My Billy's run a marathon'  
'My Sue has walked up Everest.  
Just in her pants and vest,

And she is only one.'  
Tom Billsborough

p - Strange Relationship  
By Nikhila Churia  
Found in MyPoemList

### Strange Relationships

There are no words left to say;  
How broken and torn my heart is;  
Life seems to just fade away;  
Leaving my mind lonely and cold.

As I held the hands of the night;  
I heard my restless soul cry;  
I felt a drop of tear within;  
My already wet eyes;  
The clock of life ticks fast;  
Making memories fade away;  
And the world would never stop;  
Mocking at me in awfully pathetic ways.

I wish, Oh Lord;  
Life was an easier riddle to solve;  
As the night closes down, I feel;  
An aching calm stir in mind.

My life is complete;  
For passersby;  
They say aloud;  
'Oh, you have it all';  
But I keep searching;  
Here and there;  
For what I miss;  
The most in life.

There is no name;  
For what we share;  
It's not friendship;  
It's not love.

What is it that still connects;  
You and me on both the ends;  
It's hard to define;  
This feeling, strange;  
A mixture of confusion and dismay;  
All I know is;  
Oh my dear;  
We share a strange relationship.  
Nikhila Churia

Bri's Notes:

I've had a few "strange relationships"! !  
(:

q - Mediterranean Girl's War Phobia  
By Muzahidul Reza  
Found at #56 on PH's list of Top 55 Poems

[Text NOT included in the showcase]

Bri's Notes:

I like Muzahidul as a person, and his English is often very good, but it needs more work.

Also, the text is very long and this showcase is long enough! Also, I question at least one of

the things his poem war is an important topic to write about, to keep people aware of its existence and its destructive "current wars on Earth"; to see, as I did, a list of ongoing "wars" and the reported deaths in the past two years and the forces and countries involved.

IF it is all accurate, it will probably be a surprise to most people.

r - Barbie Doll  
By Marge Piercy  
Found in MyPoemList and I believe it is/was in PH's list of Top 500 Poems

Barbie Doll

This girlchild was born as usual

and presented dolls that did pee-pee  
and miniature GE stoves and irons  
and wee lipsticks the color of cherry candy.  
Then in the magic of puberty, a classmate said:  
You have a great big nose and fat legs.

She was healthy, tested intelligent,  
possessed strong arms and back,  
abundant sexual drive and manual dexterity.  
She went to and fro apologizing.  
Everyone saw a fat nose on thick legs.

She was advised to play coy,  
exhorted to come on hearty,  
exercise, diet, smile and wheedle.  
Her good nature wore out  
like a fan belt.  
So she cut off her nose and her legs  
and offered them up.

In the casket displayed on satin she lay  
with the undertaker's cosmetics painted on,  
a turned-up putty nose,  
dressed in a pink and white nightie.  
Doesn't she look pretty? everyone said.  
Consummation at last.  
To every woman a happy ending.  
Marge Piercy

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MY THANKS GO OUT TO ALL POETS WHOSE TITLES APPEAR ABOVE, and TO ALL  
READERS. I RECOMMEND VISITING SOME OF THE POETS, NAY ALL OF THE  
POETS (ABOVE) , TO CHECK OUT OTHER POEMS.

Bri Edwards aka Brian Edward Whitaker (in the 'real world')  
(:

p.s. if I ever get around to doing it, I'll type and submit a tiny poem:  
&quot;Bri's Cannibal Friend&quot;



## December 2018: No Stockings Are Hung....{ A Resubmission, Only With " ; December 2018 " ; Added At Start Of Title! ]

NO stockings, this Christmas Eve, by the chimney are hung.  
NO holiday music plays in our home; NO carols are sung.  
NO wreath's on our front door to make our home look so dandy.  
I WON'T go to a midnight church service, where as a kid I got candy.

NO tree adorns our living room, topped off with a star.  
NO Christmas cookies are baking to be placed in a jar.  
NO presents are wrapped, awaiting Christmas Day's morning light.  
A very few cards arrived, and THOSE aren't even in sight.

NO, it's not like the Christmas Eves I knew long ago,  
when in bed I had visions of reindeer with Santa's swift sled in tow.  
My parents are long dead and my siblings are scattered,  
my daughter has her own family now, but I've got what most mattered.

I've got my health, or most of it, and still most of my teeth.  
I've got warm outer winter clothes, and clothes to go underneath.  
I've got food in the house, and each night a warm shower.  
I've got a cell phone to call friends and relatives and to tell me the hour.

I've got wild birds out our windows to enjoy as they feed.  
I've got PoemHunter, books, and movies; more than I need.  
I've got volunteer work and such.....to help keep me busy,  
and I've got a loving wife, though...., at times, she makes me dizzy.

The ONE Christmas event I miss since moving.....out to the West Coast.....  
is making snowmen and snow women; it was what I liked most.

(resubmitted Dec. @018 ]

Bri Edwards



# Depression: Some Advice..... [a Reminder And A Warning To All, Depressed Or Not]

I suppose we all can have....a "bad day",  
whether we're at work or we're at play.  
But on "bad days" there's still stuff to enjoy,  
whether you're a woman or man or girl or boy.

Most of us still can walk;  
at forward motion our feet don't balk.  
We still have enough teeth to eat a meal,  
even if some teeth are "false", not real.

Most can see the glorious sun and feel its heat,  
and most, when needed, have a toilet seat.  
We have fans to cool us when it's hot,  
and heaters to warm us when it's not.

And for those few of you who STILL say "life's a bitch",  
you can often choose.....your own life to ditch.  
BUT think before you pull the trigger or cut yourself with knife,  
'cause, once you're dead, you CAN NOT .....retrieve your life.

-----

PLUS: If you attempt suicide and fail,  
you may find yourself crippled and/or in jail.  
So be SURE you're sober and talk your problems out,  
even if you have to LOUDLY shout!

(January 1+4, and March 15,2014)

Bri Edwards

## Diane Hine: Poet/Poetess.... [short; Rondeau, In Answer To Diane Hine]

Diane-Down-Under has been a clerk,  
but, Lord knows, she is sure no jerk.  
She does come up with real cool stuff.  
I never leave her writings in a huff.  
[To please her Readers, she does not shirk.]

The next five lines (for me) may be tough;  
excuse me please, Readers, if it is rough.  
[If I can get through it, it will PERK ... me up.]

She writes both of science AND of fluff,  
NOT too much of either, but "just enough".  
I picture her standing on a windswept bluff,  
her speech softly female, never gruff,  
her words more full of play than of work..

Bri Edwards

# Dinosaurs: Are We Next? ... [dinosaurs; Extinction; Mankind's Future; Noah; Kind Of Short]

The Dinosaurs entered Noah's Ark, two by two,  
until his boat was full and Noah cried 'Shoo shoo! '  
So some were saved from the Biblical flood,  
and lived on a bit longer, with their cold blood.

Something BIG must have happened on Earth then,  
'cause those flood survivors died off; we know not when.  
I mean they ALL died off, and no more are found,  
though rumors of Dinos, here and there, still abound.

From the gigantic Profanisaurus\*\* and T Rex,  
to others which, next to Rex, looked like specks,  
all the Dinosaurs disappeared; no more paths they beat,  
whether they were plant-eaters or eaters of meat.

There are theories about what caused their demise,  
but no real proof's been found. That's no surprise.  
Perhaps it was a meteor impact or volcanic eruptions,  
which cased their hearts or lungs to have ..... 'interruptions'?

Lizards and turtles were left, and some may say ...  
'These are surely small Dinos we see at play.'  
Mammals, including Man, and birds (my friends) for sure,  
have taken control of areas where Dinos once were.

So that's the brief saga of Dinos here on Earth.  
I hope you readers liked it, for what it was worth.  
And now, in 2015, (A.D.) , another question, some of us, does vex.  
'Will humans follow in The Dinos' footsteps? Are WE next? '

(March 7, 2015)

Bri Edwards

## Ditch & Life Poem ....[ Bri's Truck Driving Job; ' Requested ' By Valsa George Of Poem Hunter Fame ]

My very good friend, V. George, was told a tale by me &quot;of late&quot;... (aka &quot;recently&quot;) , a story of an event in my life near 50 years ago. There was a reason the story (about a ditch) , to &quot;V&quot;, I did relate. I'll now relate it to YOU all; pardon me ....IF the relating's slow!

First I'll switch to my usual rhyme scheme, or at least try my best. Most of my 20s I was a bachelor; at 29 I succumbed to a groom's vest. Once married I needed to get paid more..for my '40 hours per week'. I took a Postal Service exam, ...as a postal clerk's job I did seek.

[...and I succeeded in getting a decades-lasting job from which I retired at 55.]

But, BEFORE the postal job, I drove (2 years)a delivery truck & one mild winter day, in western N.Y. State, my truck got stuck .... ...in a shallow ditch on a country road, a ditch filled with snow. I'd pulled off pavement and did not see the ditch one wheel did roll.

It was in the days of no cell phones; I don't recall a country phone BOOTH. And my truck had no dashboard 'truck-to-base radio'. 'Tis the truth. But somehow I managed to contact 'home' and I 'begged' for &quot;Help! ! &quot;; I waited patiently at my truck, crying no tears and making no yelp.

So I and the truck were delivered from the sneaky snow-covered ditch. I had to miss one or more deliveries, but my boss did NOT b-i-t-c-h. In response to my story, Valsa 'said' this: &quot;So you can survive any situation ...right? Make it into a poem.&quot;; .....& I said 'I might'.

(October ...3rd ....2019)

Bri Edwards

## **Divorce: Two Sides To It...[ Two Sides Of The Story; Serious & Humorous; Not Bri (This Time): Hee-Hee]**

Since this site doesn't "allow" the words I do type,  
I'll use this site's words, and grab a sandwich: 'tripe'.

The Poem includes not allowed words. Please contact us.

The Poem includes not allowed words. Please contact us.

The Poem includes not allowed words. Please contact us.

(April...7th...2019)

[ see poem in "Story", below ]

Bri Edwards

# Do The Doody Dance!(Play Music With This, Your Choice) ....[ Inspired By A Poem By Kim Barney In A Poem Comment Kim Sent Me; S H O R T; Toilet Humor ]

Into the toilet I just did glance,  
& 'lo and behold', I saw a dance.  
Two doodies danced, till they were dead.  
They reminded me of old Ginger and of old Fred.

They swirled, they twirled, they cavorted too,  
and I'd have watched longer but I said: "Pee-ew!"  
Then I pushed toilet's handle; I flushed 'em both down.  
All that was left was part of one dancer's attire: Ginger's gown.

(September....2...2018)

Bri Edwards

# Drama Dairy ... [ Inspired By Poem: Llama Drama, By b Kamoopuri, Found On Poem Hunter ]

Unlike the Japanese Kabuki theaters, where each actor is male, at the "Drama Dairy" all actors have four teats ...as well as a tail.

Example One:

Juliet does moo softly: "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou? " ... as she calls for her 'forbidden lover', ...played by a cute cow.

Example Two:

A cow, dressed as King Kong, flashes 'his' teeth at last curtain call. Then, led by her drama coach, she's escorted back to her stall.

Since the first dairy-drama was staged, milk production has soared, there've been "Wows" for the cows, .....and audiences have roared!

(May...28th? ....2019)

Bri Edwards

# Elton And Eve.. [ Theorizing Mankind's 'beginning'; God; Sexual Preference; Humor? ? ; Long; In 3 Parts]

Part ONE:

## The Garden

He rubbed his side, gave a start, opened his eyes, ....  
which were met with a woman, ....to his surprise.

It was to his surprise as well as his apprehension.

[[ He'd never seen a woman before; did I not mention? ]]

As luck would have it, they both spoke English. Yes, they did.

They also were Totally-Naked; no body parts were thus hid.

[[ That is of course all the parts on their EXTERIORS! ]]

Till now, Elton had had no Human [male OR female] 'superiors',  
(but THAT was about to change) .

You see, Elton was the first 'man' his God begat,  
and till now there'd been No 'woman'. Think of that!

&quot;She&quot; spoke first: &quot;I am a woman. My name is Eve.&quot;

He replied: &quot;My name is Elton, and I'm about to heave\*\*.&quot;

&quot;Too many apples? &quot; asked Eve. And she gave him a wink.

&quot;NO! .....God said IF I &quot;eat of the tree&quot;, into SIN I shall  
sink.&quot;

&quot;Ok&quot; said Eve. &quot;Now I think it's time we should mate.&quot;

Then she laid down beside Elton, .....but Elton yelled: &quot;WAIT! ! &quot;

\*\*[[ I forgot to explain &quot;heave&quot;; it is a vomiting sensation.

Elton must have been reacting to his 'Spare Rib'-operation .....

in which God formed the first woman (WHY, Bri doesn't know) .

I wonder: Did God take a spare rib from a buck to make the first doe? ]]

Anyway, Elton yelled &quot;Wait! ! &quot;, .....which somewhat bothered  
Eve.

You see, Eve had her orders from God, and was ready .....to conceive ....  
a son or a daughter, or perhaps she'd have one of each.

She only hoped her babies would be born normally, .....not



&quot;breech&quot;\*\*\*.

\*\*\*[[ Breech: &quot;When a baby is being born bottom end first.&quot;  
This way .....for Mom AND baby .....could be the 'birth-way-worst'! ]]

Eve was quite patient, and, as she &quot;Assumed The Position&quot;, Eve calmly informed Elton that he was KEY to the transition .... of Earth, with just two humans, to .....`Earth-over-crowded'.  
[[ But Elton was struggling inside; his thoughts WERE Darkly-Clouded. ]]

He muttered: &quot;I'd rather you were a man, like me; just my luck! &quot;  
But as he fantasized about a MAN, he gave Eve a good f++k.  
[[ Yes! Elton stroked his 'KEY' till Eve cried out: &quot;NOW, Elton, DO IT!  
&quot;  
And after Elton had 'turned the key' long enough, he said: &quot;Screw it!  
&quot; ]]

The `deed' done, Eve asked: &quot;Elton, Dear, do you have a cigarette? &quot;  
Elton responded: &quot;No, Darling. We haven't invented them .....yet.&quot;

That night Elton prayed as he'd never, ever prayed before.  
He asked God to produce another man like him (like Elton) . &quot;You know what for&quot; .....  
.....prayed Elton. And God answered Elton: &quot;I'll see what I can do, but you must lie with Eve at least one time more, .....maybe a few.&quot;  
[[ &quot;I'll see what I can do&quot; replied Elton to his God. ]]

[[Several years passed, during which Cain and his brother Abel, were born.]]

God, true to his word, made another man (for Elton) , from another `spare rib'.  
And, from Eve's ribs, were begot more women [would I fib\*\*\*\*? ].

\*\*\*\*[[ (to) Fib: 'to tell a lie; to deceive (perhaps) '. Not something Bri does,  
.....  
...just as my parents never [ha ha] led me to believe in Easter Bunny or S.  
Claus! ! ]]

[[God, even now, SOMETIMES sits musing: &quot;How could it be?

I MEANT to create Elton to be EXACTLY like Me! ! ! &quot;;]]

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[[ Part ONE is one 'theory. Part TWO is another 'theory'. ]]

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Part TWO:

Primordial Soup

In &quot;;The Beginning&quot;; there was NO God. No.

God is a Mankind-invention. But let me soften this blow .....  
to the hearts and minds of all you 'Believers':  
God is believed-in by BOTH 'over-' AND 'under-' achievers.

Myself? I'm a 100%, certified, male underachiever.  
But I, too, as a youth, was a .....firm God-believer, .....  
until I discovered what, to me, were cracks in 'the story' .....  
of a god who rules ALL .....from 'Heaven', in 'His' glory.

Oh no! God was NOT what caused all .....that you see,  
you hear, you feel, you taste, and you smell ....to 'be'.  
I wasn't there at 'The Beginning' but I've heard &quot;;The Scoop&quot;;,  
that a stray bolt of lightning struck what's called &quot;;Primordial Soup&quot;;.

[[ Primordial Soup: a puddle or ocean .....[YOU take your pick] .....  
of elemental particles which produced every wing, brain, and stick,  
every blood vessel, and flower, ....all living things that we've got.  
Don't ask from where the lightning OR &quot;;soup&quot;; ....was 'begot'! ]]

Hydrogen, Carbon, Nitrogen, Phosphorus, Sulfur, and Oxygen,  
and many other elements made up the soup, many more than ....just ten.  
So ..... the energy from the lightning combined things &quot;;just so&quot;;;  
it started a chain of events, bringing us the living things we now know.

From thence came animals, including 'woman'-Eve, and 'man'-Elton (or Adam) .

There were created: two 'sexes'. In humans they are 'Mister' and 'Madam'.

Also created were all plants, from the very lowly algae to .....mighty huge trees, some living in tropics, some living where .....water, in winter, does freeze.

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### Part THREE:

#### Which Is More Believable To YOU?

Which do YOU choose to believe? ? Maybe neither?  
To tell you the truth, I've NO faith in either .....  
one!

Did 'God' ALWAYS EXIST? Did 'He', indeed? ?  
Did 'P. Soup' appear, like an 'unplanted-weed'?

But I'll NOT lose sleep over this. I'll NOT scream.  
But: 'Thanks!', to....whomever invented ice cream.

(June 12, 2016; revised March 2017)

Bri Edwards

# Ernest Hemingway Title-Tributes ...[ Altered Titles, But They Are &quot;Close&quot; To The Originals; Three Short Bri-Poems ]

1 - For Whom The Belle Toils [ suggested by: For Whom The Bell Tolls ]

James Wright Livingston owned a plantation in 1850's Louisiana.  
He had two sons and three daughters, and a gorgeous wife, Pollyanna.  
They had sixty field slaves to care for the cotton fields and cattle,  
but just one house times it caused a domestic battle ....

....between Jim and Polly AND caused other plantation-wives to talk,  
the wives who, .....to do ANY housework, would most surely balk.  
Jim came from could afford more house slaves, yet said &quot;No! &quot;  
[ And, 'secretly', some nights (or days) , to a black mistress he would go. ]

The one kitchen slave, Mattie, fed, killed, and cooked the chickens.  
But Polly washed, hung, and ironed clothes, working 'like the dickens'.  
She cared for five children and Jim, and she kept their house clean.  
[ Perhaps her chores helped make her the plantation-wife most lean? ]

Jim, meanwhile, managed his field slaves, farm, and his two sons,  
teaching Robert and Alfred the ways to use and care for slaves, stock, and guns.  
He did not ignore Polly, providing fine clothes, perfumes, and bath oils,  
but it was whispered by some: &quot;Good Lord, look at how poor Polly toils! !  
&quot;

2 - The Son Also Rises ...[ suggested by: The Sun Also Rises ]

It's vacation time and we've come to Cuba,  
to visit Ernest's old 'home', and do some scuba-  
diving.

My dear wife is the first to get up today.  
I rise next as the coffee smell finds its way..  
....to me.

Our little girl is the next and, ...no surprises, ...  
FINALLY our teen-aged son also rises.

3 - The Old Man And His Pee ...[ suggested by: The Old Man And The Sea ]

It's been eighty years since he last 'wet the bed'.  
But now has come the day that he long did dread.

(May ....2nd ....2019)

Bri Edwards

# Erotic (Sometimes) Poems (5) ..... [sex; Some Long; One Short; No One Under 13 Admitted Without Guardian's Approval! ]

Number ONE:

Eroticism: A Limerick .... [about Eroticism; VERY SHORT; well, it IS a LIMERICK!  
]

It is "Arousing sexual desire".  
It is "Setting the libido on fire".  
NOT just for husband and wife.  
To "Love", it may give more life.  
BUT restraint, at times, it may require.

(April 2015)

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Number TWO:

Virgin No More ..... [XXX; sex; deflowering (NOT gardening; no children  
allowed)]

My bonnie lassie, I'll tell no lies.  
I'll NOW have .... 'twhat's between your thighs.  
NO, not that cat .... that's purring there,  
but your tender flesh (with halo of ..... pubic hair) .

"Scat! ", you cat. "Your mistress is mine."  
I'll taste her nectar, like new sweet wine.  
I'll surround her pink point with hungry lips,  
as I spread fleshy folds with my finger tips.

She'll know the pleasure of .... my long tongue,  
as I lick her cherry. I can tell she is young.  
But not so young to not feel mounting pleasure,  
as I delve her depths in search of her treasure.

As, around her hole, my finger I'm tracing .....  
my heart is pounding, my pulse is racing.  
She softly moans as her nectar does flow;  
I lap it hungrily, as my member does grow.

She pulls my left hand .... to her left breast;  
it's but a small mound, upon her young chest.  
But its nipple is firm and begs to be sucked.  
I'd better do it if ..... I wish to get f++ked.

My right hand remains on her oozing clam,  
into which, before long, my manhood shall slam.  
But I move my mouth to her perky bud-so-brown;  
if milk comes out I'll swallow it down.

Her firm red cherry is a lovely sentry .....  
keeping young and old from making an entry.  
But now I POP! her cherry with thrusts of my thumb,  
and deeper [into her hole] my thumb does plumb.

Her young female moans are now no longer soft,  
and she sends loud hallelujahs to Heaven aloft.  
And now that her cherry has been properly plucked,  
her thoughts AND mine are on ..... getting f++ked.

It won't be my first f++king; that's true for sure,  
nor my last f++king that.... I'll be doing with her.

(April 18, 2015)

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Number THREE:

Neighbor Boy ..... [not the typical neighbor Mom; Seduction of a minor; Sex;  
not personal (darn!) : Long]

My son Tom is thirteen years old today,  
and my ex took him this afternoon to play ....  
miniature golf.

Shortly after the car carrying them took off,  
his school friend Aaron called; at first I did cough.  
Aaron lives three blocks away and asked for Tom.  
A thought (perverse)        went off in my brain .... like a bomb!

I told Aaron that Tom would be home soon.  
"Come on over. Ice cream's in freezer. Grab a spoon.  
I'm going to take a shower now. Just let yourself in."  
[What I was thinking, then, may have been a sin.]

I'd been without a man for almost three years.  
My sex life revolved around steamy novels .... and beers.  
Aaron was athletic, handsome ....., and tall as my ex.  
Some nights I'd fantasized that ....., with him, I'd have sex.

I watched the street. My muscles were tight.  
When I saw the boy arriving ....., it just-felt-right!  
I knew there were laws against what I had in mind.  
I entered my shower and the warmth helped me to ..... unwind.

I'd thrown my towel into hamper before my shower;  
my heart was pounding. I might have at most an hour ....  
to satisfy my natural longing to hold a man once more.  
I hoped Aaron wouldn't think that I was a whore.

I hadn't really needed a shower; I'd had one not long before.  
I heard him enter my house; like boys do, he slammed the door.  
I waited only a few minutes, then shut off the water.  
Only Tom lived with me. I had no other son or daughter.

The shower curtain was opaque. I boldly called out:  
"Aaron, come here please. You need to help me out."  
I heard a knock on the bathroom door, to which I did call:  
"I forgot my towel. Do you mind grabbing one from the closet hall? "

"Well, Mrs. Wright, how can I bring it to you THERE? "  
I said "Oh Aaron, honey, you won't see me, I swear.'

I heard the closet door open and close, and again his voice:  
"Are you sure it's ok for me to come in? " I said: "You've got no choice.  
I'm dripping wet, it's cool in here; don't let me catch a chill!  
I'll stay behind the shower curtain. I promise I will."



I heard the bathroom door open. I stayed behind the curtain.  
He said: "What now? I have the towel." I said "Well, I'm not certain."  
He said: "I'll leave it here on the towel rod. Then I'll go outside."  
I threw open the shower curtain. He stood dumbstruck, his eyes open so wide.

"Mrs. Wright! ! You're naked. You said you'd stay out of sight! "  
"Well, my dear, women say lots of things. Please don't be uptight."  
I thought he might turn around and run, but his eyes were glued on me.  
Apparently he was more interested in my body. I said "this much is free."

"Free? " he said.

"Yes, Aaron, every boy should get to view a woman; take a look."  
I could see his young Adam's Apple bob once or twice at his throat.  
"Isn't this better than learning female anatomy from a dirty book? "  
[He stood motionless, his mouth agape; his stare had become a gloat.]

"I'm really getting cold now, Aaron, sweetie. What are you going to do? "  
[I still thought he might drop the towel, turn tail and run.]  
Don't keep both eyes on just one of my breasts. You know, I have TWO! "  
[Then he gently reached out with the towel and started drying. What fun! ]

He didn't say anything for a while, but continued at his job.  
It felt so good at last to be pampered by a 'man'; I really nearly did sob.  
"You don't have to rub so gently, Aaron; you know, I won't break.  
Rub harder, especially between my thighs. It's where I really ache."

He was wearing tennis shorts and shoes and a red T-shirt.  
By now my nipples were so hard, I imagined they did hurt.  
I reached out and pulled his face to my chest, saying: "It's alright."  
[He eagerly sucked on each nipple; he even gave each a little bite.]

"Ouch! .... Why, Aaron, have you done this before? You naughty boy! "  
[Then I felt a hand against my quivering quim, as though I were HIS toy! ]  
Why, dear, you've surprised me a bit. You've "got it in you" I do see.  
Tom's gone for an hour or more. Would you like to put something .... IN me? "

Now it was his turn to play the seducer role.  
I felt one finger, maybe two, sliding into my slick hole.  
My hole in front, not in the back, though that hole, too, could use some 'love'.  
I'd welcome his young member into whichever of my holes he'd like to shove ...

"IT".

With both of us now thinking: "We might have to do this fast",  
I led him to my bed, grabbing a condom, as, my dresser, I passed.  
He said: "I brought my own, Mary." His use of "Mary" made me blush.  
[Remember, Readers, this really didn't happen ....., so keep it ..... HUSH-hush]

(April 18, 2015)

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Number FOUR:

(4) First Meeting ..... [a HETEROSEXUAL 'trip for two'; internet couple; gets steamy; very LONG]

With emails exchanged and their photos sent,  
two lonely people, male and female, their hopes did vent.  
Computers now bring people together from far and wide,  
while making their true selves a lot easier to hide.

There's no need even to hear each other's voice,  
though, most times, that'd be a matter of choice.  
For some, "no touching" may be enough for the collective need,  
but for most, I think, meeting face-to-face and touching will succeed ....  
in bringing them to where they'd like to be:  
"in physical touch"; [that's between you Readers and me].

"Physical Touch". You know: hugging, kissing, petting and MORE.  
The kind of stuff that can rock people to their erotic core .....,  
and sometimes make a lasting bond ....., and sometimes not.  
Eroticism may not last, but at first it's often 'VERY hot'.

"She" lives in another town, perhaps another state,  
but when she suggests that "He" visit, he can NOT wait.  
If he's a "gentleman" he may pack condoms, flowers, and/or candy.  
But for sure (if he's like me) he'll arrive at her door feeling randy.

She may buy sheer panties and get a diaphragm.

She may plan an intimate meal for two with greens and ham.  
[She may even reserve a motel room (for one) , just in case .....  
she can't stand him and slams HER door .....in HIS poor face.]

If she's smart she'll put the 'police' on her "speed dial",  
and suggest a friend call her, or stop by for while.  
It doesn't hurt to 'be careful' when the date's arranged.  
After all, he may end up being a lone wolf, deranged.

[But I digress! ]

My ....., I mean "Their" story:

She reviews some emails they've exchanged. She takes a shower.  
A dab or two of perfume has her smelling ..... like a tropical flower.  
It's mid-afternoon and he's punctual, a trait she does adore.  
He holds a gay bouquet and bows comically when she opens her door.

"Oh, Stephen, you're just on time. Come in, come in."

She offers her hand, which he gently shakes, thinking: ("What's this? ") .  
But then she gives him a little hug followed by a little kiss ..... on his  
cheek.  
("That's more like it") , he thinks [but he's careful not to voice his thought].  
Then she says: "Lovely flowers. Thank you. Is this all you brought? "

"Oh, I know you offered me a place to stay tonight, but ....  
I thought bringing a suitcase in now just wasn't quite right.  
We'll see how things go, don't you agree, Helen, dear? "  
And Helen says: "I like 'Helen, dear'; it doesn't sound AT ALL queer.

"And, yes, I agree that your luggage can wait.  
I may find you a face-to-face bore, or even come to hate ....  
you! "  
[They each get a laugh out of what each has said.  
Now both are filled more with comfort and less with dread.]

[I'll tell you more, Readers, about this lonely pair.  
After three months of emails, Helen and Stephen both did dare ....  
to profess love for another! It's true; I swear!

NOW, we'll see how 'warm' a "First Meeting" they share.]

Helen now beckons him to enter her home and shows him a seat.

"Here, take a seat in the kitchen, while I cook us something to eat.

Care for water, or if you'd prefer it, I have beer and wine",

to which Stephen answers: "Perhaps beer later; now water is fine."

"Well if it's all the same to you, I'd like some wine NOW.

It's there on the counter. Could you get me some, please, while I start .....  
cooking our chow? "

"Sure thing." Then Stephen asks: "Helen, where's the corkscrew? "

"No screw-tool is needed ..... just yet. It's a screw cap; your HAND will do."

A smile crosses Steve's face, as he half-fills her glass.

"Oh, thanks. I guess half a glass is good, lest I fall on my ass.

I've not had much to eat yet today; it's not unusual for me.

I had a late brunch of toast and butter ...., and green tea."

"So you're a tea-drinker, are you? That's good to know.

My dad liked his tea. His mom was English, but he was born in Toronto,  
Canada."

While they talk, Helen removes from the "fridge" a beef roast.

"I've been marinating this. I'll have leftovers tomorrow with my toast.

This will take a few hours to cook, so we'll have time to talk.

Once it's in the oven, perhaps we can take a walk ....  
around the neighborhood."

[Steve drinks his water, no ice, and Helen has some wine.

When she bends over (in jeans) at the oven, he thinks: ("Her ass is FINE! ") .

She too has some thoughts about him, which she doesn't dare to share: ....

("I wonder how Stephen looks with no pants ...., in his underwear.") ]

[You, Readers, may find out.]

Steve says: "It's a great day outside. It's a nice idea, to walk.

Emails are nice too, but I enjoy (more) face-to-face talk."

AND he thinks to himself: ("That's a plus that Helen can cook, but ....

to be face-to-face with her in bed I also do look .....

forward to.")

Helen wears her tight jeans partly because they make her feel more secure,  
and partly because she knows they will serve well to show off her cute rear.

They both are divorced. Her once, and him twice.  
They are both now glad that his on-time arrival has "broken the ice".  
Actually there'd been no "ice" to break, though some slight apprehension.  
But her little hug and little kiss (on his cheek) has dissolved any tension.

The roast in the oven, and the wine glass now drained,  
they step out for their walk, thankful that it had not rained.  
She's the one who grabs his hand, (almost) right away.  
which makes his 'member' jerk a bit .... in the usual way .....

it does when a woman he desires does something to encourage him.  
He now is glad he's faithfully worked out at the gym.

She lives near the campus of a small Catholic college,  
where she teaches psychology. He is impressed by her knowledge.  
ON the walk he notices young adults he assumes are students.  
He tries to not stare at the coeds; he does have SOME prudence.

But a pair of young ladies gets in front of them on their walk,  
and he CAN'T avoid glancing at them while he and Helen talk.  
He's pretty sure most women would want "their" man's full attention,  
and he's taken by surprise when Helen then does mention .....

the coeds.

[The coeds are shapely, one in short-shorts, and one in a 'mini'.  
The one in the skirt, though shapely, is tending towards "skinny".]

"Steve, if you had your choice of those two girls for one night,  
which would you choose? I won't grade your answer "wrong" or "right".  
"Uh, well. I'd be lying if I said "What coeds", wouldn't I? "  
Then he turns towards Helen and pauses, and then calmly says:  
"If I had my choice of you THREE, I'd take you, Helen, to bed."

Helen blushed, as the blood rushed into her face.  
Then both stopped, laughed, then picked up the pace.

"Good answer, I guess. But I'd have to give your answer an "INCOMPLETE",  
as you really ducked around it, though you were clever and neat .....

.... about it.

So, I'll give you another chance; here's another question for you.  
Which one, if either, gives you an erotic sensation? "

Steve replied: "Both, but no more than your bending over at your stove station."

Helen's face got even redder, if you can believe THAT.  
She pulled his face to hers and gave his lips a kiss ....., very fat.  
He returned her kiss and each began [with lips] tongues to suck,  
causing a young boy on his bike to call out loudly: "Yuck! ".

Again, after some laughing, they picked up their pace,  
and in half an hour ..... they arrived at her place.

Helen looked at the meat, but it had about an hour to go.  
She poured herself a full glass of wine, and drank half (fast, not slow) .  
This time Stephen had some wine as well, though he preferred beer .....,  
and Helen went out of her way to point (again at him) her rear.  
AND now, after some wine [and their walk's tongue-kiss] Steve thought:  
("This feels good. Let's see what all our emails have bought .... me;  
I mean 'us' ") .

She was still bending over at the oven "inspecting" the roast,  
when Steve pressed her butt cheeks with his palms, like two eggs on toast.  
She giggled like a little girl before her hands came to rest ...  
on his hands, which she pulled up over her hips and .... placed on her breasts.

Her nipples were erect, as he could feel through her blouse.  
It was clear to both of them, it was time to play house.

She released her hands from his hands, but ..... he didn't move.  
("Is he unsure of himself? ", she thought. "What will he do? ")  
But Steve simply thought: ("What's the rush? Plus this will prove .....  
that I can show some restraint. I'll give it a minute or two.")

THEN he placed his erection against her confined tush,  
and, hearing no objection from Helen ....., he began to push.  
At the same time his hands moved to accomplish new chores,  
unbuttoning her blouse, and unzipping her jeans-drawers.

She was bracing herself against the counter ....., with all her might.  
He said: "I'm so hot! I'm going to come in my pants", to which she said:  
"That's alright."

Let's go to my bed. If you come, I'm sure I can get you hard once more.  
If we need any help, I've got videos, hardcore."

Now it was Steve's turn to blush. He'd never had a partner so willing.  
[One of his wives was a "cold fish"; the other was actually 'chilling'.]

He stepped back from her butt. She turned and took him by the hand, but first another big kiss on his lips she did land.

[[STOP! XXX; Caution! ! ! I mean you Readers! No minors allowed; minors allowed if over 18. May also not be suitable for some 'adults'. Proceed at your own risk! ]]

[Actually, if you wish to hear the rest of it (3 more pages) , I'm making you ask me to send it to you in a message! It is probably too hot to trust to PH's censors.]

[April 18 & 20, 2015]

=====

Number FIVE:

(5) Jon And Bob ..... [Gay couple; 'just like' a straight/'hetero' couple; Long; some eroticism]

"I'm home" called Bob, as the door slammed behind him.  
Standing in the nearby kitchen was his husband (nice and slim) .  
Jon was busy getting supper ready, being helped by their son, Freddy,  
while their daughter practiced piano; her name was Letty.

Frederick actually, and Leticia actually, one ten, one seven.  
Freddy was adopted after his parents went to Heaven.  
His mom had been Jon's sister. [She'd been driving.]  
Letty's mom gave her up, and "their daughter" now was thriving .....  
in a loving home, with a brother and two loving dads.  
[Their dads hoped their kids would both be college grads.]

"Did you remember to get the groceries I put on the list? "  
Bob laid the grocery tote down and said: "Yes" ....., but not before they kissed.  
"Yuck" said Freddy, which was what he always did say.  
Jon replied: "Freddy, don't be jealous. Go out and play."  
Bob and Jon looked at each other knowingly, and smiled.  
You see, Freddy often played at the home of a neighbor boy, Scott.  
He'd seen Scott's parents kiss twice, but he claimed: "...not a LOT....  
like 'you two' do! Will I have to kiss someone like that some day? "

'Dad B' had told him that day: "Frederick, you don't HAVE TO.

But someday, when you're older, you may find it's what you WANT TO DO."  
Then Freddy had said: "Will I want to kiss a boy or a girl? WHEN? "  
"Well, Freddy, I don't know, but I think when you're ready, you'll know THEN."  
"OK", said Freddy, and he went back to his video game.

Jon and Bob knew there'd be questions if they did marry .....  
...., and have kids. They hoped their kids lives would be smooth, not scary .....  
.... like they both had experienced at times, growing up in the "Deep South".  
"Bobby" had lost a tooth once when a "Homo-hater" hit him in the mouth.  
AND they both knew New York City, where they now did reside ....,  
still held many who had sexual identities which they tried to hide.

[But, I digress; this poem is supposed to have some eroticism.  
So I'd better get started before I cause Reader- - -criticism! ]

After supper, dishwasher filled, the kids would each took a short shower.  
Jon would tuck Letty in and read her stories for half an hour.  
Sometimes, if she fell asleep earlier, he'd put a load of laundry in.  
Bob would quiz Freddy on his school work, and, to his prayer, listen.

Then, unless Bob had brought home "too much work",  
or Jon had "house-husband" duties he could not shirk,  
they'd often watch an old movie or maybe a documentary by PBS.  
But some nights, when they weren't too tired, or by chores mired,  
they'd snuggle together in front of the fireplace [by gas jets fired].

[Tonight was one of THOSE nights.]

"Sweetheart", said Bob, "you're getting prettier by the year! "  
[Responding to that, Jon would usually sigh and nibble Bob's ear;  
not too much, but 'just enough' to make Bob's groin tingle ....,  
a sensation he got not so often when he was single ....  
(unless he was touching himself "there") ].

"Who have you been looking at NOW? ", Jon asked, just teasing.  
"I haven't been looking at anybody. At least no one who's as pleasing ....  
to my eyes as you are! " A quick kiss followed. Bob took Jon's hand.  
After a quick visit to the bathroom, including a shower, in bed they did land.

Bob was naked but Jon had put on a clean pair of undies.  
Theirs was a king-sized bed, fit for two kings, Mondays through Sundays.  
A dimmed table lamp washed Jon in blue light. He lay there .....waiting.



Bob lay beside him, his engorged manhood husband-baiting.

[It was a little game they played, to see which would "blink" first.  
It was tough for Jon, who all day had been filled with sexual thirst.]  
Tonight Bob "blinked", moving to kiss the bulge in Jon's thong.  
At first Jon was not at full extension, but it didn't take Bob long .....  
to bring Jon to his full eight inches, and then it really started.  
A bit of repositioning, and THEN .....into two mouths, two hard cocks darted.

At first both partners sucked, and licked, and nibbled, and kissed.  
Then they took turns getting back breaths each one had missed.....  
while they had been pleasuring each other, as lovers often do.  
BUT each had to get up early the next morning, so from mouths they withdrew ...  
their male "organs", and moved on to what [I'll bet] some of YOU have tried.  
[I'd say I've never done it "even once", but you might think I've lied.]

Jon reached his hand to the bedside table and pulled open its drawer,  
and pulled out a condom pack [lubricated & ribbed; you know what for! ].  
"I see in the drawer that we're getting low on those" Bob said.  
"Yes, darling, you'd better get more soon; my mom would "shoot me DEAD"..  
if she knew you went in "there" without a "raincoat" in place.  
[Though he'd heard that before, it always brought a smile to Bob's face.]

(April 21, 2015)

Bri Edwards

**Eve Sees Ed. Ed Seeds Eve. .... [not 'suitable' For  
Children Under 6; Sex! ; Early 'mankind'; One-  
Syllable Poem; Very Short]**

Eve sees Ed.

Eve 'eyes' Ed.

Eve's wet.

Ed's wet.

Ed pets Eve.

Eve pets Ed.

Eve's egg 'gets set'.

Ed's sperm 'gets set'.

Ed enters Eve.

Sperm enters egg.

(June 25, 2016; edited March 23, 2017)

Bri Edwards

## February 2018 Showcase For, And Often &quot; By &quot;;, P H Members.....[ Poems Collected From Willing And (Sometimes) Un-Willing Poets; For Your Reading Enjoyment ]

I have been spending time in PH's ' Members' area, sampling.....the poets there.

And I've found a surprisingly-large number of fine poems, though SOME are....just &quot;fair&quot;;.

Since February's `short' and time on my mate's computer is truly, .... unfortunately, FINITE,

I'll start today to put this `show' together.I hope you'll find some....poems are `dynamite'!

I'll start off with a poem by a poet many of you may have met, at times.....in the showcases.

Bharati Nayak, from India, writes in Odia language and her.....accent are no traces.

Then I'll follow with 6 or 7 poems by 6 or 7 poets who I, Bri Edwards, .....on PH, have &quot;just met&quot;;.

If more PH poets (I'm more familiar with) send me poems to use, I'll use..... some or all, you bet!

BUT, if no more offers\*\* are made by poets, I may have to `break down'.....and offer some of mine!

With that as a warning, I now begin to hear footsteps, as YOU and YOU.....and YOU (all) get in line.

(January.21.2018) bri edwards aka (in the `Real World') brian e. whitaker

bri :)

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\*\* &quot;OFFERS&quot;; are made to me by sending, in a PH message, .....[preferably with the PH page LINK(s) included]....your poem(s) for my consideration.I use ONE poem per are usually already on PH but NOT always.

They may be old, new, OR in-between. Any topic is acceptable, ...IF I accept it! I

favor ones not-too-long for a showcase, .....unless you don't mind me only using an EXCERPT(s) .

I always list the poets' names and poems' titles, and (if available) the 'partial links'\*\*\*\* to the if you need more information.

Please send the poems AFTER THEY HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY PROOFREAD FOR &quot;typos&quot; etc.!!!

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PLEASE NOTE WELL:

\*\*\*\*see Poet's Notes below the showcase for my explanation of how to turn a 'partial link' into a 'whole link' to access poem pages of individual poems.

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THE POETS NAMES AND THEIR POEM TITLES AND 'partial LINKS':

a .....BHARATI NAYAK; title: Selfie

'partial link': /poem/selfie-14/

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b....POETIC JAE; title: Dodged A Bullet

'partial link': /poem/dodged-a-bullet-2/

-----

c....NICOLE D'SETTEMI; title: As I Sit Here And Rot

'partial link': /poem/as-i-sit-here-and-rot/

-----

d....MIKE BARRETT; title: My Child

'partial link': /poem/my-child-54/

-----

e... C. ALBERT ANDREWS; title: This Street Life

'partial link': /poem/this-street-life/

-----

f... BRI EDWARDS; title: Finger- Licking Bad

'partial link': /poem/finger-licking-bad-bad-tastes-oddities-eccentricities/

-----

g... DAVID WHALEN; title: Resolutions 2018

'partial link': /poem/resolutions-2018/

-----

h...LARRY SCHRECKENGOST; title: An Unlikely Pair

'partial link': /poem/an-unlikely-pair/

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i...SAVITA TYAGI

title: Live In A World Of Strife And Still Think Of It As One Family

'partial link': /poem/live-in-a-world-of-strife-and-still-think-of-it-as-one-family/

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j...AKHTAR JAWAD

title: When I Kissed And When I Could Not

'partial link': /poem/when-i-kissed-and-when-i-could-not/

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k. LOKE KOK YEE

title: What Shall I Write

'partial link': /poem/what-shall-i-write-3/

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I. JAMES MCLAIN[formerly known as &quot;Is It Poetry&quot; on PoemHunter

title: Final Destination

'partial link': /poem/final-destination-18/

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THE POEMS: [[ALL POEMS I USE HAVE AT LEAST ONE COMMENT FROM ME ON THE POEM'S PAGE.]]

a. SELFIE

'partial link'\*\*\*\*: /poem/selfie-14/

Selfie - by Bharati Nayak

I selfie  
To capture my image  
Capture with me  
My loved ones  
My surroundings  
The tree, temple, palace and sea

To capture  
Who are  
With me at the moment  
As the moment  
Will slip away  
In the next moment  
It will be past.  
The tree will not come back  
To me where I reclined

In that moment  
For support  
Got the shade  
Got the cool oxygen  
I want to capture  
The flower  
Whose fragrance and beauty  
Enchanted me  
I want to capture  
The beauty of the birds  
Who fly making a 'V' sign under  
The clouds so dark  
I want to capture with me  
The blue waves of the sea  
The waves that rise and fall  
With my emotions  
I want to hold  
In my camera  
The cool moon  
The warm sun  
The green grass  
The mother earth  
Everything I love  
Seen and unseen  
And wait to see and hold  
All the blessings of God.

-----

b. DODGED A BULLET

'partial link': </poem/dodged-a-bullet-2/>

Dodged A Bullet - by Poetic Jae

I thought I dodged a bullet  
And I was free and clear  
But as I look around  
Things become crystal clear  
No physical wounds  
But inside I'm bleeding

My eyes are dry  
Yet my mind is pleading  
For the pain to go away

I dodged a bullet  
Or so I thought  
I was unprepared  
For the emotions it brought  
My heart and my mind  
Can't seem to agree  
Left alone  
To pick up the debris  
Of my life

I dodged a bullet  
or did I?  
I lie awake at night  
willing myself not to cry  
my appetite has vanished  
I don't want to get out of bed  
I can't stop the images  
replaying in my head  
causing more pain

I didn't dodge a bullet  
I stepped right in its path  
stared it in the face  
and waited for the aftermath  
I didn't pull the trigger  
but I sure didn't move  
feeling as though  
I had something to prove  
by accepting the blow

I was hit with a bullet  
that I saw coming all along

-----

c. AS I SIT HERE AND ROT

'partial link': </poem/as-i-sit-here-and-rot/>



As I Sit Here And Rot - by Nicole D'Settemi

I cannot stop these cravings  
I just really want to shoot it  
Oh, yes, I know the truth  
Oh yes I fu\*king blew it

I'm not sure where to turn  
Or how to possibly hide it  
I'm completely addicted now  
And, I need not deny it

Everything has paused  
It's like life has suddenly stopped  
And I'm stuck craving this sh\*t  
As I sit here and rot

I cannot shake these feelings  
Of being out of control  
I cannot seem to retain  
All that the Devil stole

I'm frightened now,  
You son of a bitch!  
Oh God, how I'm pained...  
JESUS CHRIST, how I itch!

My skin it is throbbing  
My heart it beats slow  
Yet, I feel as if I'm on fire  
As if I could explode!

Go away-  
Stop invading my mind PLEASE  
I run and I hide  
But, you always seem to find me!

You are there all the time  
Day in through the night  
This must be the battle

And, I am losing this fight!

Yet, I do not give in  
Or at least I won't give up NOW  
But, I'm heading straight for danger  
If I don't GET UP NOW!

You are warping my thoughts  
You are fu\*king with my vision  
With all your sick fine-tuning  
And, excellent precision

It isn't over, though  
And, I will continue to fight  
On I will continue  
Because, for me-I know what is right!

I'll fight for those people  
That say that they care  
And, I'll kill all the useless  
Those who did dare

Dared to help add to  
This Lost Poisoned Soul  
Dared to be heartless  
And, apathetic and cold

It is my turn now  
To be the thief  
And, they will feel sorrow  
And, anger, and grief

So ROT IN PIECES  
AS YOU DO DROP DEAD  
It's over now-  
Why, I've taken your head!

I've won, I'm clean  
I'm fresh, I'm new  
And, you're dead, you're ugly  
You're gone  
You're you.

Yes, YOU.

© Copyright 2007 Nicole D'Settemi /StarvingArtista

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d. MY CHILD

partial link: /poem/my-child-54/

My Child - by Mike Barrett

There was a time  
Or there will be  
When love will come  
Your way -  
And you'll not know  
Just what to do  
Or how you should behave.

There was a time  
Or there will be  
When love will stir  
Your heart -  
When you'll  
Reach out  
And take the one  
That brought that joy  
To you.

But there are risks,  
As with all things,  
That time will turn the tide  
And what thought love  
Will die the death  
And you'll be hurt inside.

In knowing this  
Before you start  
You'll have a better chance

To linger long in love's embrace  
And love it while it lasts.

If it should die  
As time goes by  
Don't languish in the past -  
We grow at different rates my child  
And first loves rarely last -  
Our first love rarely lasts!

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Poet's Notes: (partial)

This poem was written late 2002, early 2003. It was written one night after my daughter came home in tears (yet again) after having had a disagreement with her boyfriend.

-----

e. THIS STREET LIFE

'partial link': </poem/this-street-life/>

THIS STREET LIFE

Young woman!  
I've never seen you here before,  
This inspires me even more.

I'm not as old, as I may seem  
But for years, that's how it's been

You see that woman on that bench?  
Her first few years, made so much sense.

Today I know, she does regret  
The situation, she did not address.

I'm sure that you would not like  
To take a chance at this street life.

Many men and women too,  
Walked this street just like you.

They believed, that it was right,  
To sleep by day and work at night.

But just after their first big bite,  
Their second slice, was not as nice.

Now back to what I said before,  
I need to tell you, something more.

In life they're things, we do ignore,  
But some mistakes we just can't cure  
So!  
If you could just prevent this plight  
Your future, would be so much bright.

At your age, you may not know  
The seeds you are, about to sow

Even though it may not show,  
The survival rate, is very low  
Now!  
I may not know you good enough  
But let me add, this friendly touch  
This street life it's way too rough.

-----

Poet's Notes:

This poem was written just after I overheard a conversation, between a middle age man and a teenage girl, one Friday night while working in the streets of downtown Toronto.

-----

Bri's Note: Albert lists his occupation as "Law enforcement" on PH.  
Also, I, Bri, corrected some minor typos. I have done this for others poems also.  
:)

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f. FINGER-LICKING BAD

'partial link': /poem/finger-licking-bad-bad-tastes-oddities-eccentricities/

Finger-Licking Bad... [bad 'Tastes'; Oddities; Eccentricities] - by Bri Edwards

Would you ever wear a striped shirt with green paisley pants?  
If I did, I'm sure there'd be no end...to the critics' rants.  
Imagine a man with a shaved head....., but only on one side.  
If he were hitchhiking, would you stop to give HIM a ride?

Would you give a panhandler wearing a mink coat even a dime?  
I'd bet most of you readers would....not give her the time!  
And if the waiter set in front of you a fish still wiggling in sauce,  
I'll bet a few of you readers....., your cookies would surely toss.

-----

Poet's Notes:

Some of these images come to mind from things i have seen in my life. 'Tossing cookies'

means vomiting/throwing up/losing stomach contents through mouth. yuk!

-----

UTIONS 2018

'partial link': /poem/resolutions-2018/

Resolutions 2018 - by David Whalen

This Year It's all about me

I'll use sleight of hand  
Be all smoke and mirrors  
Confess everything  
Reveal nothing at all

I'll be all misdirection  
In the way the cards fall  
Be honestly devious  
Mischievous and raw

I resolve to be all stuff and nonsense  
Don't trust me one bit

I'll aspire to be lascivious  
And really be lovin' it

I'm gonna' gain as much weight as I can  
Eat bacon for breakfast, lunch and dinner  
Gonna' gobble sugar (as much as I can stand)  
Not gonna' care anymore about gettin' thinner

This year is gonna' be all about me  
I'll not have many more I fear  
And If nothin' else...It's gonna be  
A very happy New Year

-----  
Poet's Notes:

This one's all about me!

-----  
UNLIKELY PAIR

'partial link': </poem/an-unlikely-pair/>

An Unlikely Pair - by Larry Schreckengost

We had a dachshund who loved digging holes  
Seldom have we seen him without mud on his nose  
He must be related to some breed of mole  
The dog and I each had our established roll  
Digging and filling until the dinner bell tolls

Under the windmill, at the back of our farm  
Lives a fussy old groundhog with one broken arm  
She lives in a burrow that keeps her quite warm  
Bouquets of wildflowers bring her home charm

Our heads we did scratch  
Till the answer was hatched  
We thought this pair perfectly matched

The old groundhog worried her arm was too sore  
Then sighed, What will happen to me If I can't dig anymore  
Madam please, We have the perfect dog for this chore

All he needs is a small space on your floor

It's been forever since we've tripped in a hole  
Or walked around the yard doing damage control  
Occasionally we see them digging on the hill  
'Neath the old windmill amid wild dill

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i. LIVE IN A WORLD OF STRIFE AND STILL THINK OF IT AS ONE FAMILY

'partial link': </poem/live-in-a-world-of-strife-and-still-think-of-it-as-one-family/>

Live In A World Of Strife And Still Think Of It As One Family! - by Savita Tyagi

How can we adapt to this mysterious principle  
Of oneness of universe,  
So widely spoken by all leaders in religion  
As well as in politics and economics?  
Spoken on all social levels  
But never believed to be followed.  
Really what were our ancients thinking?  
Live in a world of strife and still think of it as one family!  
So I ponder on it and this is what I stumble upon!

We all expect fights to happen in family  
And we expect all to make it up  
Simply because it is a family.  
Like a river, identity of family is of a continuous change  
And so are worldly relationships.  
So when you think of world wars  
And peace treaties among our leaders  
Think of a fight broken among family members  
Of greater hierarchy!  
Few crack members of family insinuate fight  
And the world goes topsy-turvy!  
Sooner or later they come to their senses  
And talk about peace and  
Go on living as leaders of world peace!  
But not before millions are made  
Homeless and orphaned or



Buried in nameless graves!

-----  
I KISSED AND WHEN I COULD NOT

'partial link': /poem/when-i-kissed-and-when-i-could-not/

When I Kissed And When I Could Not - by Akhtar Jawad

Recollecting the unforgettable moments  
fragrance I still feel but the colors I have lost.  
I remember a birthday party  
enjoying the humors of your fourth birthday  
as you were born on 29th of February  
though you were appealing and exciting from all sides  
your long silky shining hairs,  
your breasts like buds slowly blossoming in a flower  
your round arms restless to come around a neck  
the petals of your lips excited to open  
and to be kissed by a bumblebee,  
on your sweet teen birthday  
a funny fact  
I saw only four candles on your birthday cake  
though you were a perfect sweet sixteen.  
but I saw sixteen intact candles yet to delight  
a few in a sunny day  
and a few in a moonlit night.  
I thought leaving the rest for someone else  
at least I can lit the candle of your lips.  
When you pleased me with a dance  
In my maiden life a virgin romance!  
I dragged you in a lonely corner  
and I lit the first candle,  
on 29th of February, 1964.  
Your silent but naughty eyes I read  
a friendly write  
I could lit only one candle  
and I should leave the rest  
for one who is not merely a friend  
someone more handsome  
and more deserving for you.

Alas! I never knew  
that was a parting kiss!  
Now on 29th of February,2016  
I am again dancing with you  
I can read the write  
of your sobers eyes,  
&quot;You should not extinguish  
the first candle you lit  
fifty-one years ago.  
I am not only a mother  
but a grandmother as well.&quot;  
My leap year baby,  
I know you are now a graceful lady.  
Yet, I love both the birthdays  
when I kissed  
and,  
when I could not.

-----  
Bri's Note: I say there is at least one 'typo' in the poem, but I've decided to leave  
it as Akhtar presents anyone wishes to know my other thoughts on the poem,  
they need only to go to see what I left on the poem's page.  
bri :)

-----  
k. WHAT SHALL I WRITE

'partial link': </poem/what-shall-i-write-3/>

What Shall I Write - by Loke Kok yee

What shall I write  
'Ere the restless sun unveils the morn  
With vapours still o'er a placid lake

While pale moonbeams on lilies adorn  
The drifting mist slowly turns opaque  
Some roses anxious with buds unborn  
And drowsy blossoms yet to awake

What shall I write  
When golden sunrays begin to smile

And the lake shimmers with ripples made

The gentle breeze which had eased erewhile  
Brings life to shadows lost in the shade  
Then freshen wind bear scents to beguile  
As life resumes through the verdant glade

What shall I write  
When the scorching sun sits up on high  
And the lake gloomy in stifling heat

If the wayward wind does not pass by  
Then all creatures will in haste retreat  
While those able like a butterfly  
Are faced with wilting flowers to greet

What shall I write  
When the tired sun calls it a day  
And the lake tranquil as twilight falls

Soon hopeful shadows will fade away  
As the blushing moon has yet to call  
While nightlife hesitates in dismay  
All pursuits then grind down to a crawl

What shall I write  
When the timid moon reclaims the night  
And the lake bestirs as wavelets ride

While shadowy shapes sail through in flight  
The whispering wind with trees confide  
And creatures guided by all but sight  
Leaves all to luck and fate to decide

What shall I write  
With such splendour gifted to delight  
Will I be able to turn the tide?  
There must be something that I can write  
With rhythm and rhyme to coincide  
In solitude will my thoughts ignite  
And with eloquence through pages glide

-----  
I. FINAL DESTINATION

'partial link': /poem/final-destination-18/

Final Destination - by James McLain [formerly known as 'Is It Poetry' on PoemHunter]

Before there was,  
What is today the past was not  
The future is.  
Tomorrow formed from former  
Dreams,  
In sleep most have forgot.

The rift in space and time not seen  
Not yet,  
Around beneath my head.  
I lived and breathed before you were  
And self aware.

Yet when I slept, I dreamt of you and  
Where we met before.  
To go and be as once again to dream  
That dream no more.

The mist the dawn has changed the night's  
We're warm,  
The day's were long and they were cold.  
Your final destination,  
Is the place you were before in dreams  
I'm certain this you know.

Copyright © James McLain | Year Posted 2018

-----  
Bri's Notes:I have made corrections of some spellings  
and some of James's use of apostrophes from James's original.  
If I am 'wrong', the errors are mine!I do this to some poems.  
I did (incorrectly)change &quot;dreamt&quot; to &quot;dreampt&quot; for a

while,  
but changed it back after realizing MY ERROR! ! !  
I do NOT 'correct' 'British' spellings to 'American  
spellings',  
IF I notice them.:)

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Thus endeth my/our February 2018 means it is ended!

Thanks for joining as a contributor, reader, and/or maybe even a commenter on  
the showcase page OR the page(s) of individual poems.

bri :)

\*\*\*\*\*See you in March? Actually, I may be away from a computer for much of  
March, so I may start and finish March's showcase earlier than usual.\*\*\*\*\*

bri :)

\*\*\*\*see Poet's Notes below the showcase for my explanation of how to turn a  
'partial link' into a 'whole link' to access poem pages of individual poems.

Bri Edwards

# February 2019 Showcase Of Poems From Here & There ...[ Sharing Poem Hunter Poems With You! ; Topics Are: &quot; Lonely &quot; & &quot; Butterfly &quot; & Assorted Others ]

February 2019 Showcase Of Poems From Here & There ...[ Sharing Poem Hunter Poems With You! ; Topics Are: &quot; Lonely &quot; & &quot; Butterfly &quot; & Assorted Others ]

When I have had 'bad words' with the one I dearly Love,  
thoughts of loneliness may {at my injured mind} Shove,  
depressing my usually-contented outlook on my Life.  
Yes, I may begin to doubt my future with my Wife!

But time, patience and a &quot; sorry &quot; does Improve  
my lonely thoughts, and even them Remove!

I'm sure there are &quot; lonely times &quot; for all of Us,  
Some 'horrible' and some 'not much Fuss'.

I hope these poems, your moods, do Improve,  
and, if not, from them you should Remove .....  
Yourself!

Seek out other poems, more Uplifting,  
while through PH you go on Sifting.

For most tomorrow holds Promise:  
A chance for something Nice,  
like Cream, first name: Ice.

(January 2019)

=====

I hope you are all enjoying (as much as is appropriate)  
the New Year, no matter when you celebrate it.

Most of the following poems were found by me in PH's lists of poems with topics &quot;lonely&quot; and &quot;butterfly&quot;. I liked (enough)the ones I chose.

but I did NOT read all the choices.

AND...

I seriously do NOT recommend all of PH's choices!In fact, if I had My Way, I'd erase many of PH's choices and put in ones I'd write to replace them!

Ha ha.

## THE POETS & THEIR POEMS:

A -9 POEMS with the topic: &quot;LONELY&quot;

1 -Lonely Is Just One Word - Poem by Mary Havran

Lonely Is Just One Word

Lonely is just one word chosen to represent so much  
To tell of feelings inside that the senses cannot touch

Lonely can be in the teardrops on a bereaved person's cheek  
Lonely can be in the silence of sorrows too deep to speak

Lonely can haunt a deserted room that Laughter once made proud  
Lonely surrounds you when you're alone or finds you in a crowd

Lonely is heard in echoed footsteps of a departing friend  
Lonely penetrates the solitude of nights that will not end

Lonely will not listen to the pleadings of a broken heart  
Lonely stays and torments until new Love shatters it apart

Mary Havran

[[ Bri's Note:This poem I found in the current list of PH poems with the topic &quot;lonely&quot; . ]]

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## 2 -O So Lonely - Poem by Cecelia Weir

O So Lonely

O So Lonely  
Are the days gone by.  
When others enter your life  
Then you push them by.

O So Lonely  
When you were in control.  
To love them or leave them  
You were ever so bold.

O So Lonely  
While you sit alone.  
No one is there  
To make your house a home.

O So Lonely  
After all the hearts you break.  
Did you ever think it was you  
Who you'd really forsake?

O So Lonely  
When life was just a dare.  
You didn't take time to love  
You didn't try to care.

O So Lonely  
Have you learned the rule?  
That its not just about you  
But it does take two.

O So Lonely  
Why sit and contemplate?  
While others enjoy life  
Its never too late.  
Cecelia Weir



[[ Bri's Note:&quot;its&quot; & &quot;Its&quot; should be &quot;it's&quot; & &quot;It's&quot;;.:) ]]

=====  
3 -Lonely Cowboy - Poem by Scarlett Treat

Lonely Cowboy

It's been another long day  
in the saddle, and  
my back and my butt  
both hurt.

Cattle millin' and  
dust a'rising,  
ropin' and draggin' and brandin'  
make a long day's work.

So the campfire looks good,  
with coffee bubblin' away,  
and the food, and my blanket  
are a'callin' to me.

But when I lie down,  
before I close my eyes,  
I long for home fires,  
and my bed, and you.

Scarlett Treat

=====  
4 -Lonely - Poem by Chloe Smith

Lonely

I stand alone in darkness,  
A rose held in my hand,  
The wind rustles in the trees,  
As it sweeps across the land.

I wait for your arrival,  
I hope it will be soon,  
I want to dance with you again,  
By the light of the silver moon.

And though you do not miss me,  
I hope you won't forget,  
That the little girl you left alone,  
Will grow stronger yet.

I hear your footsteps on the ground,  
Have you come back for me?  
You take the rose from my hands,  
And throw it in the sea.

You sneer at me for waiting,  
What a pathetic thing to do,  
"How could you believe, " you hiss at me,  
"I'd love a thing like you? "

Chloe Smith

[ Bri's Note: While there is something pathetic and saddening about the flower-bearer's plight, I also could not help but inwardly chuckle at the last two lines.;

Yes, I know I have a different sense of humor than some do! My advice to the "little girl": Look Somewhere Else! ]

-----  
5 -Like Crusoe, Walking By The Lonely Strand - Poem by Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Like Crusoe, Walking By The Lonely Strand

Like Crusoe, walking by the lonely strand  
And seeing a human footprint on the sand,  
Have I this day been startled, finding here,  
Set in brown mould, and delicately clear,  
Spring's footprint- the first crocus of the year!  
O sweet invasion! Farewell solitude!  
Soon shall wild creatures of the field and wood  
Flock from all sides with much ado and stir,  
And make of me most willing prisoner!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich (1837-1907)

[ Bri's Note:This is my favorite so far! ]

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6 - A Lonely Horse - Poem by Marilyn Lott

A Lonely Horse

I'm out in the field  
Roaming the vast prairie  
Waiting for somebody  
To come and visit me

Occasionally I'll see  
A car or truck around  
I'm stand here just waiting  
In my deserted prairie ground

I'm quite a handsome fellow  
Just look here for yourself  
Sometimes I feel my owner  
Has put me on the shelf

I'm good for many things  
I could win as a show horse  
If someone only entered me  
Into a show of course

But pretty soon I know  
The kids will come on by  
Visit me and ride me  
And on my back they'll fly!

Marilyn Lott

-----

7 -A Lonely Cloud.....[ Nature Observation; Humor] - Poem by Bri Edwards

A Lonely Cloud.....[ Nature Observation; Humor ]

## A Lonely Cloud

I saw a lonely cloud one day.  
It looked small beyond the Bay.  
I tried to find a second and failed,  
even though I looked each way.

Think of it! A single cloud.  
Its loneliness spoke to me aloud.  
I wonder how it felt up there.  
Was it very proud?

A rarity I think it was;  
like an active bee with no buzz;  
like a single potato chip;  
like a peach skin with no fuzz.

Like one firefighter at a fire;  
a solitary pigeon on a wire;  
a Facebook member with no 'friend';  
a single member in a choir.

It's like an Easter basket with one egg;  
a basketball star with one leg;  
me with just one word to say;  
a fraternity party with just one keg.

I guess you've come to realize by now  
that when I saw that cloud I thought 'Wow! '.  
If I'd been Adam, with Eve at my side,  
to that small distant cloud I might bow.

(August 2012)

Bri Edwards

[ Bri's Note:Every time I read a poem by Mr. Edwards, a chill runs up and down  
my spine! ! ! ]

-----  
8 -Alone With Myself - Poem by valentin savin

Alone With Myself

Today I've looked at myself,  
And seen that I'm someone else.  
A shrunken and wrinkled ELF  
Taken from the darkest shelf.  
The better half of my life's gone  
I stay between twilight and dawn.  
All seems gone and nothing left,  
I'm a loser, my Sun bereft.  
Alone in my gloomy room,  
I'm waiting for the day of doom.  
I'm hearing nothing, but silence,  
I can't tolerate the defiance.  
With a sorrow in my breast  
I hope all ends for the best.

Let others fight and fuss  
There's nothing left to discuss.  
My earthly life quickly burns down.  
The last day and the last candle,  
All's gone and no way to handle.  
What a dark night - still and void.  
All illusions and hopes destroyed.  
I beg to forgive me and forget.  
Someone took my arm: "Not yet!"

valentin savin

[ Bri's Note: I changed "looser" to "loser"! Hee-hee  
My friend, Val, offered this (and others) when I informed  
him of my use of 'lonely' poems for s, Val! ]

-----  
And from the PH 'queen' of LONELINESS:  
9 -A Long And Lonely Night - Poem by Lora Colon

A Long And Lonely Night

My eyes grow accustomed to the dark,  
Then my loneliness ignites a spark;  
I poise my pen and begin to write:  
"Once upon a long and lonely night....."

With such ease the words begin to flow,  
Like the rush of Springtime's melting snow,  
Too often these words have framed my plight,  
Detailing each long and lonely night

What if my story were told in song -  
Would anyone dare to sing along?  
Somehow, these sad words, though frayed and trite,  
Get me through each long and lonely night

As the clock announces each grim hour,  
The moon watches from his lonely tower;  
Like a sweet embrace he lays his light  
Over me each long and lonely night

Thank you, dear friend, for sharing my pain  
When the torment's too hard to sustain;  
Ah, for mortal arms to hold me tight,  
And dispel each long and lonely night!

In some distant tree a nightbird cries  
His sad anthem to the darkening skies;  
As the sun declines, all hope takes flight.....  
Just another long and lonely night

Lora Colon

=====  
=====  
B -4 POEMS with the topic: 'BUTTERFLY'  
1 -Butterfly - Poem by Ken Bennight

Butterfly

You're pathetically ugly,  
that's what they all say.  
As they frolic together,  
in the summer and play.  
And I'm all alone,  
all by myself.  
Here in my tree,

with nobody else.  
But the jokes on them,  
and soon they will see.  
All of this beauty,  
that lives inside me.  
For my time will come,  
and some day real soon.  
When I step outside,  
of my self woven room.  
In my beautiful colors,  
so pleasing to eyes.  
Kaleidoscopic beauty alive in the sky...K

Ken Bennight

[ Bri's Note:I changed 'that's' to 'that's' in line would use 'someday',, not 'some day',, but I'll 'allow' either here! ]

-----

2 -Butterfly, The Creature Of Change And Survival - Poem by Aisha Sherazi

Butterfly, The Creature Of Change And Survival

grow,

I struggle,  
I am not nurtured,  
Nor cared for,  
I learn the harsh lessons,  
Of Life,  
Alone.

Then,  
Satisfied in my growth,  
Having learnt my lessons,  
I gain maturity,  
I am ready,  
For change.

I build walls,  
Around myself,  
To protect,  
This change,  
For change I must.

I hang,  
Waiting patiently,  
Change must occur,  
For what else is left?

I push now,  
I am impatient,  
I have waited,  
Long enough,  
It is time.  
I'll show this world,  
That I can survive.

One side of me,  
Is exposed to the world,  
Then another,  
Slowly at first,  
For I do not wish to shock,  
Only to dazzle.

Released am I,  
Free,  
Free to show myself,  
In all my glory,  
In all my splendor.

For I have changed,  
I am now,  
Who I'm meant to be,  
I am finally me.

So, fear not change,  
It comes naturally,  
Be brave,  
Learn well,  
And when,



The time comes,  
Be free.

Aisha Sherazi

- - - - -

3 - The Butterfly - Poem by Not Long Left

The Butterfly

there was once a beautiful butterfly,  
it would flutter its perfectly patterned,  
wings high in the blue open sky.  
every other butterfly would cry out,  
'how pretty you are'  
and even from afar only he was seen,  
delicately dancing in the breeze.  
yet this poor butterfly was not at ease.  
it was lonely for its beauty isolated it,  
alone it would fly alone it would cry,  
butterfly tears dropping down upon,  
the jealous land below.  
even with its beauty,  
it was not happy,  
and craved to return to its original self,  
a caterpillar, anonymous and free  
from nature's vanity.  
and so one day it flew away from  
its little leaf,  
to find the forest queen,  
and enable its dream of acceptance  
come true.  
after many miles of blue sky,  
the butterfly came to the forest's queen tree,  
after hearing the butterfly's plea,  
the queen granted its anonymity,  
and the butterfly was free,  
for it was now a caterpillar,  
and as it crawled away,  
slowly,  
a beetle said hello,

and a ant said hello,  
and the catterpillar cried  
catterplillar tears of happiness.  
Not Long Left

[ Bri's Note:There are 'serious' spelling errors/typos in the poem, but I am very attracted to the story & its telling."Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder"; some have s have said "Beauty is only skin-deep."And 'perceived-by-others-or-by-self-beauty' also can have positive &/or negative impact on the one considered 'beautiful'. ]

-----  
4 -Once You Touch A Butterfly - Poem by gershon hepner

### Once You Touch A Butterfly

Once you touch a butterfly  
it often, flustered, fails to flutter,  
and cannot soar into the sky  
without a sputter and may splutter,  
because for butterflies the touch  
of humans, friend or enemy,  
can be calamitous, the clutch  
of humankind's hegemony.

When touching those whom we befriend,  
no less than those whom we betroth,  
we must take care lest we offend,  
for, whether butterfly or moth,  
the ones for whom we care may find  
it hard to soar if we should brush  
the dust, though trying to be kind,  
from wings that, having touched, we crush.

8/3/00  
gershon hepner

[ Bri's Note:I DID look up "splutter" & "sputter" and they have about identical definitions; each also is used as either a noun or a ony, in this context, may mean "control" or "dominance",, etc. ]

=====

=====

I give up on finding poems I like about butterflies! They  
are just fancy bother with them when I know I have many poems about various  
topics in my list of favorite  
PH poems, many written by my PH 'Friends'? ? ?

=====

From MyPoemList of 'favorites' on PH:

1 -Summer In My Brain - Poem by Valsa George

Summer In My Brain

Summer like an eagle has swooped down  
Under its tearing claws, the Earth shrieks and groans  
The days and nights breathe out the stench of dribbling sweat  
Roads rage and roofs steam like an overly heated pan

The midday Sun flares right overhead  
Spitting fumes and fire all around  
The Earth lies scorched under its burning breath  
An oven pre heated, hot enough to grill and bake

Rivers and streams pant in wild unrest  
Canals and cisterns lie distraught  
Dry leaves in whirlwind swirl around  
The fallowed lands yawn with mouths wide agape

From the woods, rise coils of sooty smoke  
As the dried undergrowth burns in the forest fire  
Sucking the last vestiges of grass and green  
The flames of fire dance in wild ecstasy

Alas! The self same summer has barged into me  
Burning outright all my unsung songs  
In my ears echo the rustle of dried up thoughts  
Which waggle round me like disembodied spirits

How I lament the loss of my lovely rhymes

As the ink in my pen also is drying up  
Oh! I wish it were moistened by the waters of \*Helicon  
And like a stream, trickle down into the paper I hold!

Valsa George

-----

## 2 -A Cats Paw - Poem by Andy Brookes

### A Cats Paw

It tickles my fancy watching the cat tickle fish, which reminds me of your fishing  
for compliments.

a complimentary book landed on the door mat.

pouncing on it like a cat, which strangely pounced on it too.

we tugged at war and wrestled each other, paper shredded.

who won I thought as I wandered into the kitchen in search of comfort and  
coffee.

You had left as usual with no goodbye.

all you'd left were coffee dregs, a metaphor for your thoughtlessness,

so we were coffee-less.

so off to the coffee house, not a house made of coffee but a sales outlet.

the drink was sharp and bitter which no amount of cream disguised.

when I get home as usual you had had all the cream.

me and the cat sulk in different corners,

like two boxers waiting for the bell to ring for the next round.

me because you've left your usual mess, the cat because you'd forgotten the  
kitty food again.

scrounging a tin of tuna from across the way, making a sandwich with stale  
bread.

I divide the fish between me and the cat, who though now fed, is still fed up and  
eyes my sandwich with beady thieving eyes.

I ignore her and she retreats with her familiar disdain.

is she your familiar? like some medieval witch.

Waiting for you to return, which I know,  
and it's so annoying will return her purr.

all I get is the hackles and fur balls.

I who feed her, brush her and take her to the vet, she treats as an undervalued servant;

whilst you oh light of my light which I do not say lightly, do nothing for her, is treated to her affection.

She was my cat after all. but she only lights up in your presence.

so I'm off, in a huff, to the pub.

P.S your dinners in the cat.

Andy Brookes

[ Bri's Note:This has appeared in another year's showcase.I suggest &quot;Cat's&quot;, not &quot;Cats&quot;. :) Who leaves a complimentary 'book' on a door mat?Oh, perhaps a telephone book? ]

-----

3 -Limerick: Bathroom Humor - Poem by Brian Mayo

Limerick: Bathroom Humor

The butt-wipe requires finesse

If it's to be deemed a success

One slip of the pinky,

Things quickly get stinky

And turn to a godawful mess.

Brian Mayo

[ Poet's Notes about The Poem

This was inspired by Kelly Kurt's limerick 'Bottom Line.']

[ Bri's Note:Don't ya hate it when 'that' happens? ! ]

-----

4 -Thoughts Of A Touch - Poem by Khairul Ahsan

## Thoughts Of A Touch

'Keep in touch' - he said, before parting.  
He didn't hold her hand, didn't embrace,  
Just gave an innocent smile,  
And a warm look in his sparkling eyes.

That was enough to make her want  
To hear those words once more,  
Once even more, and again and again  
And connect with him, not merely by words.

Just those three words melted her heart  
Lying in bed she dreamt of him, half asleep.  
A touch was all she fancied in her thoughts  
A touch was all she wanted all over her.

Khairul Ahsan, Copyright Reserved, Dhaka, 03 January 2019

[ Bri's Note: Well, this is quite a different 'touch' than the one mentioned in the last poem here! ]

-----  
5 -She Said That I Was Funny - Poem by Randy McClave

### She Said That I Was Funny

She said that I was funny  
I wasn't trying to be,  
Then that one hurtful remark  
Brought me to my knee.  
I had worked so very hard  
As though she had inspired,  
Then she gave me her response  
But, not the one that I had desired.

I wrote with a divine feeling  
As though she was my muse,  
I was excited, happy and infatuated  
My words and my soul did fuse.  
I then looked upon my thoughts  
The words that I had soulfully and passionately written,  
Anguish and pain then came to my face  
By a snake, I was seemingly bitten.  
I wrote my words with an emotion  
As those these words from a lover were spoke,  
Her soul interpreted them differently  
Was I then to her a joke.  
I will not cut off a ear  
To show the depression that she brought me,  
She said that I was funny;  
But, I wasn't trying to be.

Randy L. McClave

-----

6 -No More Camping - Poem by Tom Billsborough

No More Camping

One day,  
My canvas tent,  
It blew away.  
I do not know to what ex-tent.  
It briefly flapped like Hamlet's ghost,  
Or mizzen sail,  
Or some great sea-bird on the gale.  
Camping was a sudden non-event.  
A nearby stream now broke its bank  
And I was stuck  
And dank in clinging mud  
Like some Jemima puddle duck.

That's why I left those poles apart,  
And sodden sleeping bag.  
I lit a fag  
And then resolved to seek a life of leisure.  
A great four-poster was my motto.  
A warm bed leasuring my grotto,  
And warmer ladies, to be sure.  
Come on you Lizzies and you Sadies,  
There's room enough for four.  
No camping on a treacherous slope.  
A horizontal dream is mine. And hope!

Tom Billsborough

[ Poet's Notes: Two sons of a friend pitched their tent advisedly on a slope and were hit by a flash flood. I might add that the nearest I came to camping was a Wigwam in the garden! ]

[ Bri's Notes:Tom, I think you did not mean "measuring", but neither "leasuring" NOR "liesuring" is allowed!Sorry! ! ! ]

-----

7 -A Room Full Of Tears - Poem by Lyn Paul

A Room Full Of Tears

As I stand in a room full of tears  
At this Funeral today  
Heartache  
Just feeling your pain, Your loss  
Yet amazingly  
With this heartache  
I feel, The Power of Love  
Crying for open arms  
The need to bond  
To take over this unbearable pain  
This pain that feels  
It will never heal  
How hard to bear this pain



Cry..Cry... Cry..  
Never to understand... Just Why?  
Why death? This loss. Just why?  
As you share this pain  
You open your heart for acceptance  
In time along with healing, love & memories  
Acceptance will grow....  
Tears today, tears... for many days  
In sunshine and in rain  
I will not forget  
This room full of tears

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Lyn Paul

[ Bri's Note:I changed &quot;bare&quot; to &quot;bear&quot;; :) Now it agrees with &quot;unbearable&quot;.

Please note the `copyright note from Lyn'.I don't know what it means, so i just ignore I almost always leave a poet comment mentioning I'm taking a poem AND I'm prepared to delete it from showcase if i'm asked to.:) :)]

=====  
=====

This should `wrap up' the February 2019 showcase.

I hope you found some you me what you think, or, better yet, go to the poet pages and tell the poets what you polite! !

Bri  
aka Brian Edward Whitaker (in the &quot;real world&quot;)

(:

See you in March? ? ?

=====  
=====

1st: North Carolina Notebook ...[ About My Temporary Living Condition ]

Near two weeks it took to drive 3000 miles..  
to stay in a barn with sheep, hens, & goats, NO smiles.  
In the appalachian 'hills' of Marshall N. Carolina ....  
we're settled, ....on the opposite side of Earth from China.

About a week here, most hours spent in barn (converted) ,  
'twould seem at quick glance the hills are near-deserted,  
as i think they've 'always' are no buildings TALL.  
I've found pros & cons to now tell ya'll.

Most notably, and believe me this is surely a 'con',  
our composting toilet reminds me of a stinking pond.  
Not meant for 'two', it has some 'maintenance' needs.  
I'm about to go outdoors & poop in the weeds.

BUT that would be unfair to the two squat goats,  
as I'm told they eat the weeds, not corn nor oats.  
They also eat our kitchen fruit and veggie wastes,  
while the plump-looking hens eat the egg shells post haste.

The bucolic scenes around 'our' barn are some pros,  
with hillside pasture, and tall trees through which wind blows.  
Our rooms are finished & furnished with but minor glitches.  
There may be barn ghosts, but no coven of witches.

Some rain has leaked, dripping through the old barn roof,

but our living quarters and we have been dry, ...PROOF ...  
that Carolina luck is with our stay, at least so far.  
If "luck" changes, we hopefully can escape by car.

The driveways cuts uphill, a quarter mile through trees,  
and i 'pray' we never get hit or blocked by fallen 'debris'.  
There's evidence of smoke alarms where none now exists,  
but if smoke chokes life from us, we'll not resist.

There are poisonous snakes, and ticks, but not this time of year.  
Yet in a few months they may plague us ....if we're STILL here!  
They ain't rattlesnakes who might give a warning, oh no,  
but 'Copperheads', with no 'rattle'; one may strike a crippling blow.  
AND ticks, those tiny, sneaky, sucking arthropods,  
may be irritating, OR, at our health, be "at odds";  
We've a few flies, mostly around (& "in"?)the rustic loo,  
but they're sluggish [it's winter], and ....so far 'but a few'.  
We've 'well water' and hope it keeps on flowing,  
that the pump's electric source ain't hit by too much snowing.

I've got winter birds to watch; bluebirds were a surprise.  
Plenty of low-traffic roads and paths can test my thighs.  
My phone doesn't work here but "her's" does, at least!  
My "time is scarce, but I get some, NO feast.

Heavy snow came here, & left here, before DID.  
But there's still time to get a lot of snow again.I do not kid ...  
YOU!

Bri Edwards

# Finding Oneself..... [extremely Long; Growing Up; Relationships; Humour/Humor]

## Part One

When Bri was 13 and in grade 8,  
he noticed classmates beginning to date.  
At school (other) boys got their way with the girls with a kiss.  
But Bri didn't have the urge; he thought 'what's this? '  
He decided he should give it a try,  
but each time he tried, the girl would cry.  
Not only would she cry; she would run away and hide.  
Bri felt between himself and the other boys a great divide.

Back home after school he'd seclude himself in his room and cry.  
Through his mind was repeated the question 'why? ' 'Why DO they cry? Why? '

Bri was a straight A+ student with no flubs.  
He played football but (except for 'Cooking') he joined not clubs.

After a few months Bri gave up (on girls) . He had NO close friends to set him right;  
his parents should have known the problem, but they weren't bright.

In high school he took AP courses, and took 3 courses at a nearby college.  
He ignored girls and sports and concentrated on gaining knowledge.

He got a full scholarship to Harvard, but his advisor looked at him funny.  
By age 26 he had his PhD in psychology and started making money.  
But he still asked 'why? '  
It still bothered him and at times he'd cry.

Then waking up one day from a dream, Bri suddenly asked himself 'were they shy?  
And if so, why with ME and not the other boys? Why DID they cry? '  
The answer could be that his brain and looks were superior.  
Were those girls only uncomfortable with boys that were inferior (to him) ?  
If that really was the answer, he could now save face,  
and could pursue women with HIS high level of brains, looks, and grace.  
(But WAS it the answer? He was still not SURE why they did cry.)

For now he would work hard, avoid girls, and try to keep his eyes dry.  
In two more years would be a second high school reunion. Thoughts of attending gave Bri a fright. (He'd skipped the first, 5 year, reunion.)  
But by going this time he might find out if his answer to his 'why?' was right.

## PART TWO

For two more years he waited anxiously for invitation he was dreading.  
At times he'd awaken at night from a 'reunion dream', profusely sweating.  
Finally it arrived in mail; it would be in June, before it got TOO warm.  
He kept his calendar free for the whole month, doubting, at work, he could perform.  
He got out the yearbooks his Mom had bought, and he studied each girl's name.  
Would he have the nerve to ask them 'why?' ...OR would he be too scared and lame?

He lived on sedatives for a week. He picked his favorite tie, and a light grey business suit.

Would he find out if the girls had just been shy, or would they give him 'the boot'?

The big day came and he arrived in style in a Lincoln limousine.  
His classmates saw it stop at the door. 'Could it be the Queen? '  
(They were just joking.)

Most of them, especially the 'girls', wondered if he'd be there.

They looked at his clothes. Was he apprehensive? They looked at his hair.

He went immediately to the bar and downed, in an hour, two Mai Thais.

At mealtime he found his name at a table at which sat only other single guys.  
At the bar he'd chain-smoked, holding cigarettes between stained thumb and finger.

At the dining table between courses, he smoked more, and his exhaled smoke did linger.

Each other man wore a tieless leisure suit or a gaudy tie with sport jacket.

He engaged them in some small talk, straining to be heard above other tables' racket.

The meal done he warily approached a table of women, not ONE a loner.

Their male partners were watching baseball elsewhere. (One girl had been a 'Stoner',

but they all looked nice, including the ex-Stoner with the nose ring.)

The girls had huddled on one side of table. He wondered what this visit would bring.

When they saw him take a chair, opposite, they were startled. One almost did bolt.

Bri's legs beneath the table were trembling, like those of a newborn colt.

For a moment no one said a word. They all looked him in the eye.

Then he just blurted out his question to them 'tell me girls, why? '

They seemed not to comprehend the question. Finally the nose ring girl said 'WHY? '

Bri pinched himself and said 'WHY did you girls cry? Was it that, with me, you were all shy? '

Again they were all silent, exchanging glances eye-to-eye,

But finally the 'ex-Stoner' spoke up clearly asking 'why? I'll tell you why'.

She admitted Bri had been handsome and brainy. But he'd had some 'issues'. At that point some of the other girls seemed to blush. Some even grabbed at tissues.

Then the one with the nose ring hesitated. Another giggled. Was it funny?

But then Bri said 'WHAT issues? Look, I've done well, I'm nearly famous, I've got money.'

At that the one girl giggled even more; she was almost a nervous wreck.

Bri continued to list his good features, but finally said 'what the heck? ! '

As he was about to give up, rising from his chair, 'ring-nose' said 'sit DOWN! '

Two of the five women almost bolted, but ring-nose eyed them with a FROWN.

All was quiet, for a minute or two; Baseball was still going.

Ring-nose looked long at rigid Bri, but HER apprehension was showing.

Finally she spoke. 'I guess you deserve an explanation; we all agree, it's true.

But first I have a question of my own. Just WHAT work is it you do? '

To that Bri responded 'I'm a Harvard-trained psychologist. Why do YOU ask, why? '

And she said 'we wondered how CLOSE you get to people now. Is that question fair? '

He said 'my patients lie on a sofa and I listen to them while I sit across the room in my chair.'

(By now all the girls had finished their drinks. Two lit cigarettes; ring-nose lit a joint.)

Now Bri, despite himself asked 'why ask how close I get? What is your point? '

Again ring-nose hesitated, then inhaled deeply, exhaled, then said 'the answer's this.

And this is also PART of the answer why we cried and ran to 'avoid you kiss.'

It wasn't that you aren't a nice guy. You are, though you are rather conceited.

It's mostly that your breath was horrible and mouth wash was oh so needed.'

Bri was shocked. He thought a moment, then said 'why didn't you girls tell me? Why?

I never realized that. If I'd known, I would have given mouth wash a try.'

To which the woman said 'first we were embarrassed. That's one reason why.

We found out how sensitive you were. Your sister told us you did cry.

And second, there were other things about your hygiene that turned off most of us.

Didn't you ever wonder why no one wanted to sit next to you on the bus? '

(Again Bri thought about what she said. He almost got up himself to hide.

And thoughts of murdering his sister were building up inside.)

Finally he said 'look girls, I appreciate what you've told me but I must hear the rest.

I thought I had it all figured out; after all I'm a psychologist, one of the best.

As for the bad breath, perhaps it was cigarettes; I started smoking in grade 7.'

Nose-ring said 'excuse me a moment', went to bar, came back with a 7/eleven.

Bri smoked a cigarette, two girls made quick bathroom visits, another got beer to share.

Once all were settled, Bri looked to ring-nose, who was running fingers through her hair.

She cleared her throat, looked at each girl and then Bri, and then she said.

'You also had real bad dandruff; it fell, like snow from the back of your head.'

She paused. Paused some more. And Bri said 'are you sure about the dandruff? Is there more? '

To which ring-nose replied. 'Were SURE, and YES Bri there is more.'

The girls were chugging beer. More cigarettes and another joint came out.

Ring-nose gave a questioning look to other girls. One answered; it was almost a shout.

'Bev, you've gone this far. You might as well tell him the rest. Go ahead.'

Ring-nose inhaled deeply, braced herself, and this is what she said.

'Bri, this may be the most embarrassing thing to hear; it IS for me to say.

I wish you had found this out from others, but I can't stop now. No way.'

The smoke was making everything hazy. One girl had a huge frown.

The giggler no longer giggled; she kept her eyes both looking down.

(pause) (pause) 'We know sometimes you didn't make it when you went to boys room to pee.

There even were a few times your bowels were a little loose so take this advice from me.

Quit smoking, go buy some mouthwash. Don't forget dandruff shampoo.

And see a doctor. See what advice about your bladder and bowels he can give to you.'

Bri by this time was sweating. He smashed his butt in an ashtray. He thought about ring-nose's revelations. Then he had these words to say. 'Obviously I smoke. I started early. Now I'm up to three packs a day; give me a break. As for dandruff and bathroom problems, that was long ago for goodness sake.'

The giggler kept her eyes down but giggled. Ring-nose cast her eyes to Heaven. Another round of beer was brought as well as another 7-11.

Bri took a bathroom break. He came back with a scotch.

The baseball game might be over soon. One girl glanced at her watch.

When all were back in the corner, all eyes turned to ring-nose who said 'before the meal Pam walked by you sitting at the bar; dandruff was falling from your head.

You seem to be in denial. I'm a psychologist also. I guess I'll finish in a blaze of glory.

As for your bladder and bowels, faint stains on your fancy suit do tell the story.'

At that Bri abruptly got up and left. The girls hoped he'd do nothing rash.

Instead he emailed ring-nose a note saying: 'Thanks. I'll see you at next class bash.' (Ring-nose wondered if that was a pun.)

His limo was waiting. Bri hadn't expected his reunion stay to last.

He was shocked but pleased to finally have the answer to 'why?' about his past.

Back home he made a doctor's appointment, bought mouthwash and dandruff shampoo.

He vowed to cut way back on cigarettes. He'd see how he could do.

### Part Three

At month's end he returned to work after a short rest.

With his next reunion 5 years off, he set about his quest

to correct the 'faults' pointed out to him by the table of his school mates.

Then he could start experiencing his first ever Bri + female dates.

The third shampoo he tried did the trick. No more snowy flakes.

Using various smoking cessation methods, he vowed 'I'll quit, even if years it takes.'

He consulted a urologist and a gastroenterologist as well.

With diet changes and occasional pills he no longer leaked or gave off a toilet smell.



When Bri was satisfied with his progress in the realm of good hygiene, he used his membership in Mensa International to enter the dating scene. All Mensa International members must have a minimum IQ of 132; some are female.

So he consulted a member contact list and contacted some by email. There actually were very few in his age group who were single, but he did have dates with two in Boston and with their friends did mingle. The dates went ok. He wasn't sure what a 'good date' should be, but the Mensa women talked a lot about themselves. He thought 'what about ME? '.

Bri found himself at an urban bar one night, and a hooker picked him up. It was his first time seeing behind a size-C-or-any-size bra cup.

The five years went by and he received the invitation. This time around he was determined to avoid humiliation.

#### Part Four

At the airport he rented a Ford Taurus; no limo he would use. On Saturday night, into the party house parking lot he did cruise. At the bar Bri had his two Mai Thais but no cigarette he smoked. He looked for the men he knew who would know the gossip and he poked into what they knew about ring-nose and the other girls at corner table. Bri didn't learn all he wished to, but he learned what he was able (to) . Again he was seated at a table of nine other single men. The meal choices were pasta primavera, scallops, and Rock Cornish game hen. This time he'd worn a sport coat with a gaudy tie, trying to blend in. But this time all the others wore turtle necks. (What WAS his childhood sin?) He kept his eye on corner table, watching for the men to go to TV set. When they did, Bri made his move. A better chance he would not get.

Most of the same girls were there. The new one had heard about HIM. He smiled graciously as he approached. It was now sink or swim. Bri did not sit down but nodded to one and all. Ring-nose was there. He had sent her an email the week before asking her to save him a chair. He had also written of his progress in bringing his hygiene up to par. He was down to 3 cigarettes a day; he still smoked but he'd come far.

Bri spoke first. 'Good evening ladies. It's so good to see you all. Would any of you care to dance?' (At that he almost did, but did NOT stall.) His hopes were running high.

He looked ring-nose in the eye.

Again she became the spokesperson for the female passel.

She was the only one for which the job was not too much of a hassle.

'We're so sorry Bri if we disappoint you by declining your request to dance.

You see our husbands and boyfriends could be back soon. We don't want to take the chance.

To which Bri replied (after a moment) , with a smile

'Come now ladies. Just one dance with me. I don't ask you to run a mile.'

Like at last reunion, the women looked from one to the other to ring-nose.

(The giggler giggled a slight giggle. Bri felt like strangling the little thing.)

Drinks were tipped nervously, cigarettes were lit, and a joint did appear.

Though ring-nose, a psychologist, dreaded it, again the moment of truth drew near.

She cleared her throat, resisted lighting up, and said

'Bri, I got your emails 5 years ago and again last week; both I read.

Thanks for sending them. We are proud of your great progress.

But again, we've discussed this amongst us, and this we must confess.

We sent out spies earlier this evening to verify the facts.

Not one cigarette was smoked. You no longer smoke three packs.

Your dark sports jacket shows no dandruff. Your breath is your claim to glory.

Your pants have been discreetly inspected and 'NO SPOTS' tells the story.'

To which Bri responded 'your spies tell the truth, but what about a dance?

After all I've been through since grade 8, don't I get a second chance?

Ring-nose looked from face to face. Some frowned, some looked away.

'Bri, we felt sorry for you then and do now as well, but you'll have a better day.

It's true our men would not care tonight with whom we dance.

It's not for them we turn down your offer and deny you (as you stated) a

'second chance'.

Bri was beside himself. He was a well-respected psychologist.

(Concealed beneath the table his hands closed in shaking fists.)

How was it he could solve other people's problems but not his own?

Were these girls a sign that he was destined to live his life alone?

'I beg you ladies. I'll not return ever if you don't give me a straight answer NOW.

And if your answer is an honest one, I'll not bother you more I vow'.

The giggler had left the table and had not returned.  
Through ring-nose's mind the 'how?' of how to answer churned.  
At last she decided, as is oft the case, the best path was to tell the truth.  
But first she would give the explanation for it so the answer might seem less  
ruth(less) .  
'Bri, in middle school it's true you smelled; that's why we ran away.  
But we all thought you were quite divine in most every other way.  
Though you were not the biggest player you were on the football team,  
And watching you run and catch the ball made us want to scream.  
Your manners, though not as grand as ours, were A+ for a boy,  
and of course grades were all A+, even in the courses you did not enjoy.  
We heard you had the makings of a fine chef; the girls' club had same teacher.  
You were (still are) very handsome; despite the breath, ironically, your smile  
was your best feature.  
(We especially liked you when we heard you cried over us.)  
So we KNOW we owe you another explanation for our reluctance to dance.

Bri's heart pounded. Every heart at the corner table pounded.

.....  
.....  
.....

'Bri, .....we are shy. All of us.'

Bri's heart relaxed a bit, his hands unclenched, he rose with an odd smile.  
He exited the party house without another word and sat in the rental car a while.

### Part Five

The following day he flew back to Boston and resumed his life's routine.  
He tried a date from time to time and frequented the bar scene.

Then one evening, on his second Mai Thai, he was approached by a real looker.  
She was young, a tanned brunette, with sparkling teeth. Bri thought 'another  
hooker'.

But this one seemed a bit different. It didn't seem a routine sex hustle.  
There was a sweetness and caring exuding from her, nothing to, Bri's feathers  
rustle.

They DID end up together that night, but in his bed, not a hotel.  
He'd not figured out her essential difference, but he knew time would tell.  
That time came sooner than he'd thought as she was about to become his  
newfound lover.

Another ten minutes, tops, and her essence Bri would discover.

Her breasts were cute, with tiny pink rosebud nipples, and her smooth belly below her navel showed a few sensuous ripples. Bri's external sexual organ had swollen nearly hard as a rock, But when he pulled down her lacey flowered panties he found a second cock.

He was shocked of course (I would be) , but he was NOT disgusted. Strange, vaguely familiar feelings ran through Bri's body, and he knew she could be trusted.

(WELL, maybe he should think 'HE' can be trusted?)

The night was all he (Bri) could have wished for and there were many more. He was relieved, it's safe to say, to learn she/he wasn't another whore. Just another sort of human he had heard about in psych 101. She moved in with Bri and though they had some problems, mostly they had fun.

Each work day Bri went off to the office to help his patients, and she went off to her office to help HER patients. (she was a surgeon) (and a little older than Bri first thought.....but that was fine) They even adopted twins, a boy and a girl; their life together was a charm, and in a few years Bri escorted his partner into his reunion on his arm.

Bri Edwards

## First Piano Lesson.... [teen Infatuation; Piano Lesson; Long; Serious]

Mom sent me to learn piano; I preferred guitar.  
Why, if I wanted to travel ....., with a piano I couldn't go far!  
Besides a piano has so many keys AND pedals too.  
Why, compared to that, the strings of a guitar ...are but few.

But I was only 13, and though I'd begun to shave,  
I was under my parents' thumbs and had to behave.  
They wouldn't share their cigarettes, or let me try wine,  
OR take on a date the girl, Lora, for whom I did pine.

So I took my bike downtown to the music store,  
walked in where a sign said "lessons" on the door,  
sat in one of two chairs placed against a wall,  
AND wished, instead, I was with friends playing ball.

Would the teacher be strict, old, and grumpy as well?  
Would he, or maybe she, be like a devil from Hell?  
As I waited, watching the clock, which said ten to three,  
I thought of Lora, who wore her skirts FAR above her knee.

At 2: 55 I was anxious; I stared at the door.  
Then in walked an "angel", who I'd never seen before.  
I thought she was a college kid, perhaps twenty years old.  
I said "I'm waiting for the teacher. I hope he's not .....REALLY old.'

She laughed a soft laugh and tossed her hair back.  
Her smile was radiant. She had on a backpack.  
She took off the backpack and closed the damn door!  
Then she asked: "Have you ever even sat at a piano before? "

"Are YOU my teacher? " I then asked, and my voice did crack.  
She said: "Yup. So please answer MY question. YOU are Zack? "  
I swallowed and replied: "I think you've asked two now.  
Two questions, I mean. NO and YES". (And I thought "Holy Cow! ")

"I'm your teacher for sure and I'm pleased to meet YOU.  
I hope you'll like your first lesson. My name is Sue.

Let's start with more questions. I'll ask a few, to start."  
She then closed the door. I could feel rapid beats in my heart.

"Do you want to learn to play the piano, Zack? "  
My first impulse was to blurt out: "No", but I couldn't do THAT,  
so I said: "I like Ray Charles and Elton John. I wish I COULD play, but ....  
....I'm a slow learner. It might take me all day .....  
just to learn how to get started, but I'm willing to try."  
I swear she gave me a wink ....., with one beautiful eye!

"Can you read music? It would help if you could."  
To which I said: "I'm learning that now, but I'm no good."  
"Do you have access to a piano for practice each week? "  
I said: "My mom might rent one." [My answers were on a "loser's streak".]

"OK, Zack. I have a book you can borrow from me.  
It has a fold out paper keyboard. It'll help. You'll see.  
You may also buy the book and others from this store.  
What's very important is that you don't think learning's a chore.  
Now, do you have any questions for me you'd like to ask? "

"How old were you when you had YOUR first lesson" I said.  
"I was seven, and before it began, I was filled with dread,  
I didn't know anything, AND thought "piano" was "over my head".  
BUT in a few weeks time I was psyched and anxious, instead .....,  
to learn as much as I could and as fast as I could.  
My playing has brought me much joy, as Mom said it would."  
Next I asked 'Sue': "How old are you now? " (It's TRUE!)  
She replied: "I'm twenty-three years old ....., and I'm married too."

I think I blushed and, feeling funny, glanced at my feet.  
My teacher said: "Step to the piano, young man. Take a seat."  
I did as she ordered, feeling a bit more at ease.  
She then proceeded to introduce (to me) 'the keys'.

She explained briefly about black keys and white keys,  
about my posture and about where ...to point my knees.  
She showed me the strings inside, and pedals near floor.  
She said "Most of this is in your book ....., and a LOT more."

Mostly she stood behind me, off to one side.  
Once she sat next to me, like we were taking a ride.

She brushed her body (barely) against mine. [for me a thrill]  
She had me try each key, twice, but mostly I sat still.

The hour went by so fast! She said: "See you next week."  
I rode my bike slowly home ....., dreaming that she'd kissed my cheek!  
It was summer, school was out, I thought I was in love.  
In my bedroom I sniffed the piano book, and under my pillow did shove ....  
it!

(August 21 & 22, 2015)

Bri Edwards

## Fore! ..... [golf; Sporting Accidents; Humor; Very Short]

It was at the golf driving range one day.....  
that I was suddenly hit with pain and dismay.  
When the female swinger next to me teed off,  
she missed HER golf ball, but sent one of MY balls....aloft!

Bri Edwards



## **Forte ... [ Inspired By Ruta Mohapatra's P H Poem &quot; Relationships &quot;; Short Enough; Humorous; Banking ]**

Perhaps banking is the field you should be in,  
though it's filled with filth, filled with so much sin!  
Why, it used to be I could earn interest at 5 percent.  
NOW.023 percent is all, and my money's all now spent.

But if your were a BANKER, would you giveme a lovely loan?  
Heck no, you wouldn't, UNLESS, for collateral, you got all I do own.  
Then, instead of a poor plant suffering under your supervision,  
POOR...  
I'd be left with no money, home, clothes, food, etc.I'd have NOTHING more..  
than my loathing for bankers, including &quot;Ruta&quot;, Senior Vice President;  
it's true!  
But, ok, here's ALL I own.I REALLY NEED A LOAN!What else can a poor guy do? ?

(September..2nd...2018)

Bri Edwards

## Friends: Jack C. Dental And Jon Purpose .....[long; Fiction; Friends Growing Up; Life]

In neighboring hospitals (on the same day) Jon and Jack were born. Jon came out with no complications, while Jack's mother was accidentally torn ... by Jack's unusually large head before his mom was .....fully-dilated. Her distress was so great that the doctor had Jack's mom sedated.

Jack's delivery room nurse wrote "female" instead of "male". He got a pink cap. For three days his mom called him Sarah, when he lay in her lap. It took some doing to convince the hospital to just erase the "fe". [You'd think the nursery staff would have SEEN from where .....Jack did pee! ]

Jon's proud parents smartly waited ....to buy their baby's car seat. That way when he was sent home with "Mom", it held him nice and neat. But Jack's parents had been given a car seat, months before the birth, and it was too SMALL, and the straps were too short to secure his girth.

Yes, Jack had a head oversized, along with the rest of him. He'd grow up to be the largest kid in his classes; he'd NEVER be slim. Speaking of classes, Jon and Jack went to the same pre-school. At that early age, Jon was quiet and polite, while Jack played the fool.

I mean he was a born-clown. He even made the teacher laugh. Sometimes he was TRYING to be funny, and at times he seemed half-witted! Though he too was polite and kind enough, "quiet" he was NOT! On his pre-school report card (for "quiet in class") a big "NO" he got.

In second grade, they both played on the school's jungle gym. While Jon moved quickly on it, Jack was slow; Jack was TALL as well as not slim! In sixth grade, on the "monkey bars", Jon swung cautiously to the landing. Jack, a born-showoff, dropped when half-across, and broke a leg .....instead of standing.

In high school Jack played football; his opponents he'd often "cream", but as a "junior" (a bit careless) he once scored a touchdown for the other team!

Meantime, smaller Jon took up gymnastics, a sport that he loved. No contact was needed with "opponents"; no need to tackle OR be shoved.

They both started dating girls in tenth grade ....when they turned fifteen.  
They were close friends, and they shared what they HAD .....and had NOT seen, ,  
, ,  
on their dates, AND Jack showed Jon "girlie mags" .....he'd found in a neighbor's  
trash.  
Jack was the much more precocious teen; Jon was rally .....bash-  
ful!

Jon was sure he wanted to be a doctor, long before he graduated.  
Jack was going steady and was a star athlete; he thought "school" was overrated.  
But Jack's mom and dad thought he should go to college on a .....football  
scholarship.  
Meanwhile, Jon scored second academically in his high school class; he was  
"smart .....as a whip"!

With his academic scholarship, Jon followed Jack to college.  
The latter was going for football and girls, the former to get more knowledge.  
So they were freshman roommates fifty miles away at old Cornell.  
Jon spent hours at the library. Jack thought the girls were swell.

Jack had a girlfriend right away; he had several over four years.  
One of them got pregnant, and she was .....reduced to tears.  
When Jack told Jon, Jon said "Didn't you use protection, Jack? ",  
and Jack said "I would have, but I'd used up my last damn pack."

Both Jack and the girl were "of age", and decided to get wed.  
But a month later she miscarried. The marriage was also dead.  
So Jon suggested "divorce", and Jack and Jill agreed.  
From then on, Jon's advice to "ALWAYS use protection", Jack did heed.

Jack did (three times) score touchdowns for opponents, over four years.  
BUT he scored so many more FOR Cornell, that (overall) he got cheers.  
Jon saw a few of Jack's games; Jon took HIS girlfriend ....., Sue.  
Jon and Sue got engaged and, guess what! Sue was premed too!

[Jack DID graduate on time, thanks to help from his football coach.]  
Jon and Sue grew up in central New York (State) , and they wanted to be near  
their folks,  
so they both went to Medical School in Syracuse, near Ontario Lake.  
[Jack got drafted into the Army and "infantry training" he did take.]

Jack wrote to Jon that he thought he'd be shipped to "The Nam".  
Jon thought Jack sounded nervous, and tried to keep Jack calm .....  
when he wrote back to him.  
Then, while at "advanced infantry training", Jack was playing football,  
and a three-hundred pound opponent, on Jack's 'better leg', did fall .....  
HARD!

Jack was in a cast three months; the war "wound down"; no Nam for him.  
He spent a year in Germany, at a U.S. Army base, found a fraulein (slim) .  
Jon and Jack continued to write each other; they were GOOD friends.  
Jon married Sue after two years of med school. Jack, his best wishes, did send.

Jack moved back to his mom's house in Geneva; his dad had died.  
Jack met Jill again at a Cornell reunion; they fell in love and got married. Jon  
cried,  
but just a few tears .....of happiness (for his friend) .  
Now BOTH Jack and Jill (Mr. & Mrs. Dental) lived with Jack's mom,  
and Jill quickly got pregnant ....., but this time all was calm.

Jack's dad had been a mail carrier. Jack became one too.  
Their daughter was almost three; they had named her Sue.  
Jack had a driving route to deliver, but a few accidents he had.  
He switched to a mostly-walking route, and got a dog bite (quite bad) .

Jon and "his" Sue wanted to have kids. They both interned in D.C.  
Jon learned 'family medicine' and Sue learned thoracic surgery.  
Though it was a challenge, she had their first child at age twenty-nine.  
Jon got a job, nights, in an ER, while waiting for Sue to finish her time .....  
as Chief Resident.

The Purpose's son was named Jackson, which gave Jack a thrill.  
Jon and Sue took jobs at Buffalo's VA hospital; they are there still.  
Sometimes they all get together, by traveling either East or West.  
Though a bit different, Jack and Jon remain friends ....("the BEST") .

(August 29, 2015)

Bri Edwards

# From The Other Side Of The Binoculars... [ A Bird's View Of Humans; My Mate Says This Poem Shows I Have Some Intelligence! ! ]

OUR LIVES ARE NOT OUR OWN SO MUCH LIKE TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

INSTEAD WE'RE WATCHED AND PHOTOGRAPHED AS WE TRAVEL TO AND FRO.

SOMETIMES WE'RE CAPTURED, TAGGED, AND MEASURED.....BUT LUCKILY RELEASED.

SOMETIMES WE'RE CONFINED, ON DISPLAY, EVEN AT TIMES..... WHEN WE'RE DECEASED.

NOTHING'S OFF LIMITS ABOUT OUR LIVES FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO KNOW.

WHERE WE GO IN WINTER, HOW WE BUILD OUR HOMES, HOW WE CATCH A GAL or BEAU.

TRUE....SOME OF "THEM" HAVE PROVIDED SOME OF US WITH SHELTER AND SOME FOOD.

BUT MUCH OF WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO OUR LIVES..... has been DOWNRIGHT RUDE!

TALL STRUCTURES AND TRUCKS AND PLANES ....kill US WHEN WE TRAVEL.

DRAINED WETLANDS, CUT FORESTS, AND POISONS CAUSE....SOME OF OUR LIVES TO UNRAVEL.

WE do GET BACK AT THEM A little BIT, .....FROM TIME TO TIME IT'S TRUE.

WE SOMETIMES SNATCH A SANDWICH FROM THEM, OR ON THEIR HEADS WE POO.

WE MAY WAKE THEM UP AT 4 A.M. WITH EARLY MORNING CHATTER,

OR DIG HOLES IN THEIR WOODEN HOUSE SIDING .....WHILE MAKING QUITE A CLATTER.

WE EAT SOME OF THEIR FRUIT AND GRAIN; THAT IS ALSO TRUE, .....

BUT WHAT WE'D REALLY LIKE TO DO TO THEM IS .....PUT them IN A ZOO! !

(April 2012)

Bri Edwards

# Fuch You! ... [ Inspired By Lodigiana Poetess's &quot; Feel Me...See Me (Turning From Abuse)]

You've hurt me for the LAST TIME.  
For you I'd not give one thin dime.  
I turn my back on you; 'tis so true.  
This I say now: F uck U! F uck U! !

(September...29th...2018)

Bri Edwards

## Fun-Eral..... [my Funeral; Relatives; Life And Death; Fun]

Did you ever notice, in "funeral", the much smaller word, Fun?

If there was a funeral for me, who would "from it" and who would "to it" run?

At 64 I'm overdue perhaps; why should I any longer stick around?

In our big paper dictionary, many as young or younger than I have died, I've found.

I've no wish for a funeral; burn me to ashes and be DONE!

But IF I had a funeral, I'd wish it were a bit of fun.....

for me at least, and hopefully for all those who might come.

But it's usual, I think, for funeral-attendees to seem a little glum.

If I knew I could NOT avoid..... a public showing in a casket,

I'd want a convex mirror mounted near my head, ... using tricks to mask it.....

so I could see what was going on at my fun-final-farewell party, AND

to see who might show flowing tears, and who might show laughter, hearty.

Perhaps I'd see a sibling or two or three. I surely would hope not all four.

At least one (the oldest) , I think, would be practical and not attend; maybe more.

After all, why spend the money and time? They should all know me by now.

BUT I might understand, if they lived close by.....and if someone served free chow.

My ex-wives, if they had money, might show up well shoed and gloved,

and, if my wife saw my exes at my funeral, she'd be happy I'd been loved.

My stepdaughters might show up, thinking it the thing "to do".

And if their mom outlived me, they'd be closer to the money too.

I've got some old friends who'd wish me well, but I doubt they'd make the trip.

One cousin might show up; she and I were once "glued-at-the-hip".

My parents are long gone from this life; no funerals THEY had.

If I looked into my mirror and saw them not, I'd be neither glad nor sad.

My one and only child, if anyone, I'd hope to see in casket mirror.

I'd hope not to see her chuckling, but instead to see a tear.....

or two, but not many. She should know I'm satisfied to rest,

as I've taken my humanity course, and (I think) passed the test.



(February 2013)

Bri Edwards

# Game 7: Hilton Versus Donump ...[inspired By Casey At The Bat, By Ernest Lawrence Thayer, A N D By The 2016 U.S. Presidential Election, A N D Babe Ruth; Medium Long; Fantasy Baseball

IN the 2016 World Series, two titans were at odds.  
The Mocrats' best team and the Ublicans' best team both got nods ...  
from their fans, and the reporters to ...battle for the prize.  
It boiled down to one batter and one pitcher. That was no surprise.

[Each team had won three games. Only one game to go.  
The winners of this seventh game would have Series Rings to show ....off.]

The batter was the most famous player .....for the Mocrat team.  
But the Ublicans had a pitcher whose fast ball was.....oft' not seen.  
The batter, Mighty Hilton, had many notches on her bat,  
but Donump, a rookie pitcher, had a Super-Fastball which he often spat ...  
out.

The bottom of the ninth, one runner on base; Ublicans leading five to four.  
Both teams had struggled mightily. The crowd called out for MORE.  
It was two outs so far that inning against the Mocrats team.  
Hilton stepped into the batter's box, her ears spouting steam.

But rookie Donump was not fazed as he tousled with his blond mop.  
He'd struck out the last two batters, and felt his luck ....could not stop.  
Hilton was a pro and seemed unflappable; she held her bat with ease.  
She knew her team would win if, from her bat, a homer she could squeeze.

The fans were noisy in the stands; it was a sold out game.  
All eyes were on the two players now. Would one win Series fame?  
The first pitch, a curveball, was low and outside. Hilton let it pass.  
&quot;Ball One! &quot; the plate umpired bellowed. Hilton stepped back onto  
the grass.

She eyed Donump, and for a moment she felt ....something unknown.  
Could it be this young upstart would throw her off of her batting thrown? ?  
Hilton stepped back into the box. Donump drew back and delivered.  
&quot;STRIKE ONE! &quot; she heard behind her. And something (in her)

shivered.

"Ok" she told herself. "Settle down girl. His smile will not last."

But then the next pitch blazed past her. "STRIKE TWO!"

["That was TOO fast" ; .....

.....she thought.]

Could she be losing her edge? Could her years of fame be ending?

The rookie pitcher wound up once more; another pitch he was sending.

A slider this time, but she kept her cool. Inside. "Ball TWO" was the call.

And he threw another curve. Hilton's eyes never left the ball.

She almost swing at it, but she didn't. "BALL THREE!" the ump yelled.

Hilton took a deep breath and thought: "The Queen of Swat cannot be felled!"

It was a full count: 3 balls,2 strikes; a ball would do, a strike would not.

Not "do" for Hilton or for the Mocrats or their fans. A homer she'd love to SWAT .....

.....clear out of the ballpark.

Donump stepped off the mound, wiped his brow, nodded to the basemen.

Hilton stepped out of the box, tapped dust from her shoes, and THEN .....

....said to herself: "Go for it!"

The crowd was undecided what to do. Some roared. Most just stared ....wide-eyed.

The rookie stepped back to the rubber strip on the mound. Teeth bared.

Hilton pointed her bat at right field, then stepped .....into the batter's box.

The next pitch, a FAST fastball, headed towards Hilton's socks.

A MIGHTY swing. A mighty swing indeed she made. "STRIKE THREE. YOU'RE OUT!"

A hush fell over all the crowd. Most of the fans there were Mocrat fans.

Both teams and both players had played their best.

They'd supplied their public with months of the sporting zest.

BUT, today, under leaden skies, the Mocrat fans, with joy, did .....NOT shout.

Today, in Usville, a rookie won. Mighty Hilton had struck OUT!

(November 18, 2016)

Bri Edwards

# Gardener Carmi S.: In The Desert!...[ Extreme Gardening; Utah; My Good Friend; Farmer-In-The-Making ]

Limping, nay, crawling towards her garden .....( ...half-DEAD) , [ the garden! ],  
Carmi, in her overalls & floppy hat, to Bri said:  
&quot;Bri, old friend, bring my tools behind me now;  
& don't forget the chemicals; no need for my plow.

I've already, in Springtime, done the tilling,  
dug my irrigation ditches, and (God-willing) ,  
sown proper seeds in soil enriched so very well ....  
with manure of cows and a smell!

I'll weed as long as I am able to, yessiree,  
and then we'll go inside for some iced tea.  
Perhaps my hubby, Peter, will join us too,  
And, on home-baked cookies, all can chew.&quot;

&quot;Damn, cookies sounds great to me; tea too.  
If they're 'chocolate chip', I'll have a few, ....  
before I head back to California, to my home.  
After all, I'm only here visiting, kind of 'on .....loan'&quot;

&quot;Bri, they'RE 'chocolate chip'; how'd you know?  
But first let's help these poor plants to GROW!  
We irrigate & weed, but this sun's too darn ....HOT! !  
It wilts MY PLANTS, even those in a shady spot!

Tomatoes are done (REALLY)for this season;  
I'm probably weeding NOW for no good reason.  
BUT it DOES take my mind off my darn pain.  
I wish sometimes we had LESS sun & more .....rain.&quot;

&quot;It's a wonder, with other chores, you've time!  
Caring for at least 2 dogs,3 cats AND ().....  
keeping some track of me as 're good!  
[I see you've lizards in your new neighborhood.]

Oh! I forgot your 'taking-care-of' husband too.  
Some housewives DO have lots of things to do!  
And you keep track of your beloved sister, .....Rose.  
I THINK 'Rose' is I 'on my toes'?

AND of course your daughter, Charlene, and grandkids,  
one MARRIED.

Is that one now a wife also (with chores).....harried?  
Ok, 'harried', I guess, is a bit too strong to use;  
I'm sure your husband does NOT, you, abuse.

But don't be abused by anything in the garage!  
I saw a scorpion there, OR was it, perhaps, a .....mirage? ! 'Oh,  
'Oh, Bri, you mustn't worry 'bout 'those guys';  
any I SEE in there are dead, with 'closed eyes'.

I think we'll call it an afternoon for .....tea! 'OK,  
'OK, Carmi. I'll put tools for me ....  
cookies, at least a trayful SHOULD be enough.  
After all, my garden work has not been tough.

(September.....7th .....2018)

Bri Edwards

# Gay Troubles..... [sexual Preference; Bigotry? ; Name-Calling, Etc.; Very Short]

Gay Troubles ..... [sexual preference; bigotry? ; name-calling, etc.; VERY short]

Kick me in my face,  
Call me a disgrace,  
Put me in my place,  
Just 'cause I wear lace?  
You homophobic scum!

(Feb.2013)

Bri Edwards

# Girlfriend From Hungary....[ Inspired By A Message From Crayon Poet; Humorous? ; Very Short; Food ]

I once had a gal from Hungary,  
but she always made me hungry.  
So I ate all of her, ...including ALL of her fat,  
and then, in my dining room, alone [AGAIN] I sat!

(August 15,2018)

Bri Edwards



## God And The Gas Pumps.....[religion; Creation; Short]

Now I'll bet God never pumped gas into a car, nor did He check the oil.  
It's hard to believe He ever worked at any gas station doing manual toil.  
And yet I've thought of a link that binds gas pumps and the Man Above.  
The same Guy who sent the flood to Noah. Noah's the one who sent out a dove.

It matters not whether you believe the Earth is billions of years or only thousands of years old.

In church, as a boy, I learned God made all things. That's what I was told.  
He was all-powerful according to the minister. He didn't need long to make stuff.  
He could have put pools of oil underground and waited patiently, sitting on His duff, .....(take any dictionary definition of &quot;duff&quot; you please) ...to see how long it would take for parrots, or wolves, or men to pump it out.  
Or he could have let Nature form petroleum from decayed fragile grasses and trees most stout.

So remember....., your electricity at home may come from wind or solar power or coal.....,  
but most of your cars run with gas created SOME HOW by God, the Guy who gave YOU a soul.

(Nov.2012)

Bri Edwards

# God: I Admit I Could Be Wrong! ....[ U..S. Declaration Of Independence (1776) : 'rights' Of Citizens; Slavery; God And Kong; Medium]

The U.S. Declaration of Independence ...  
states that we're 'endowed' ...  
with some very pleasant-sounding 'rights' ...  
which somehow were allowed ...  
by 'our Creator', by which I'd guess ...  
is meant the Bible's God.  
But I doubt God's signature is on the paper.  
I do find that somewhat odd.

Among 'these God-given rights' are these,  
and, do they sound nice!  
'Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness'.  
[How about a bowl of rice? ]  
But who were these guys (all men) kidding?  
Take a look at 'the slave'!  
For decades later many U.S. whites never ...  
(to slaves) ....these 'rights' gave.

Of course such glorious words helped ...  
move many colonists to revolt ...  
against the British rulers in 1776;  
some even threw tea from a boat!  
BUT how many of the 'Founding Fathers' ...  
Really cared about the 'Common Man'?  
And how many were out for themselves?  
Anyway it worked, their plan ...,  
the plan to be self-governing and break ...  
away from royal rule.  
Perhaps it's not so important if they used ...  
'God's name' as a tool?

But here's what I believe, about which ...  
I could surely be wrong:  
God didn't sign because He was dead,  
As happened later to King Kong.  
Actually I doubt God ever did exist ...though ...

He's swayed a lot of people.  
Even I believed in Him as a kid, and ...  
worshiped Him ...below a steeple.

(December 3, 2015)

Bri Edwards

# God's Kind Of Poetry ..... [sept.2014 Challenge Poem; God & Man; Serious; Personal; A Little Long]

ME:

'In the church of my Youth there was a 'Triune God':  
God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.  
The Holy Ghost a mystery was, but Father was the Creator; so was the buzz.  
The Son/Jesus was crucified; at my church 'Communion', He was the 'host'.

Nowadays God's a big question mark for Bri Edwards; that's 'me'.  
I believed in Him once, but now I feel He might OR might not be.  
I'll write this, a little tongue-in-cheek, as though in Him I still believe.  
He may be omni-this and omni-that, and for me I'm sure He will grieve.

GOD (the Father) :

'To my main man Moses I once gave ten rules for Man to follow.  
Now (more than they were years ago) , to many Earthlings, my rules are hollow.  
My idea to send my Son (by a virgin) was too theatrical, now I see,  
but the biggest mistake I ever made was to let Mankind's 'will' be 'free'.

Please believe Me when I say 'I meant no harm in any way! '  
I should have killed Satan when I could, rather than just say 'Take a hike.'  
I meant well; long ago I truly did. I had such hope for Adam and Eve.  
The mess their kids have made of Earth makes Me now wish to take My leave.

So many of you no longer, or never did, in God the Father trust.  
I'd start over once again, but I'm too old; like an iron nail I've turned to rust.

As for my other rules, which were ten, I don't even remember all of them.  
Men AND women take My Name in vain. The Sabbath's not my wished-for gem.  
Kids dishonor their parents and vice versa. You covet neighbor's wives, and worse.  
You kill for greed and just for fun. You steal from private and public purse.

I've had better luck on other worlds. I guess I let humans' brains get too BIG.  
I should have stopped Evolution's 'progress' ..... when the 'top dog' was a PIG.'

ME:

'I too, for God the Father, do grieve. He did His best; that I DO believe.  
He was Kind, Mighty, Smart and Such, but He tried to handle just too damn  
much.'

(Sept.24 & 25,2014)

Bri Edwards

# Golden Eagle....[eagles: Hunting And Caring For Young]

A Golden Eagle stands tall upon its perch,  
with keen eyes, for its next victim to search.  
Suddenly it spreads wings, is off with a lurch,  
sweeping low o'er groves of aspen and birch.

A jackrabbit stirs near a clump of brush.  
Silently toward it the eagle does rush.  
The rabbit's life-ending cry breaks the hush.  
Too late! The eagle, its backbones does crush.

With rabbit in tow it flies to its nest  
where its chick gobbles warm handouts with zest.  
With its mate the parent shares all the rest,  
preparing themselves for the next hunting quest.

(Dec.2006; revised Dec.2012)

Bri Edwards

# Gran, A K A Grandma, Our Town's Whore: I Loved Her ... [ Originally About My Mom; But Someone Said: 'Do Not Use Mom'; Oh, Well, Ok ]

My mother, 'Dear Mom', she raised me well.

All who say I'm crazy can just go to Hell!

A single mom with two kids, she did what she could, to put food on our table and raise me and Sis good.

I know now, years later, that 'raise ..... good' ain't proper.

Her speech was sometimes 'rough', but ....

that didn't stop her ...from loving us.

But at age 6, Mom died; she was only 16 years older than I.

Killed by a burglar, she died times,

I STILL ask God: 'Why?';.

Sis (my sister)and I then lived with Mom's.... mom and dad.

But, God 'darn' it, Grandpa died too!A bad heart killed him, so sad! !

He'd not worked in years; Grandma had two jobs, ....

cleaning hotel rooms days; she said: 'Some guests are slob! ', AND....

.... pumping gas some nights for a few hours.

NOW only Gran had us, as Mom & Grandpa were pushin' up flowers.

: (: (: (: (: (: (: (: (: (: (: (

Sis and I were easy to care for, though Sis was two years younger.

Grandma used babysitters, when needed, to 'watch' us, and care for our 'hungers', ....

whether for food, or just to have someone  
....around.

Sis (really Sandra)& I mostly watched TV, & tried to not make a sound.

I thought 'Life's not TOO BAD', but the future did NOT look 'bright'.

At age 8, Gran started to bring men home .....at night.

The men came home with Gran from the gas station, ....I think.

I was asleep in pj's, blue; Sandy had pink.

I guess our 'sitter' left 'bout 9 p.m.; I'll never know.

I got up to pee once, and saw a MAN!

Gran said: "Tom, this here is Joe."

Gran didn't have men friends ev'ry night, ...  
as far as I knew.

Then I began to notice new furniture, and other things [quite a few].

And Gran was home more, saw more of me and Sis.

Once in a while I'd see Gran and a 'friend' hug and kiss! !

"Joe" didn't come to visit after a while, BUT  
there were others.

Once, going back to bed, I 'saw' Gran & Bill, under Gran's covers.

Gran once said: "Tommy, I've missed a man around the house".

I didn't understand, but (at night)I was quiet as a mouse .....

.....and heard 'things'.

It was talking, laughing, and other things ...

[things I KNOW about NOW].

I even heard what I thought was the sound of a TV-show cow!

Gran always found time (enough)to be 'Grandma' for us.

We didn't know her liked 'sitters' and we seldom did fuss.

When Grandpa died, so did the car, & Gran walked to work or took the bus.

Then Gran got a car, "Used", with only SMALL spots of rust.

I was age 10, Gran got a "new" car, never used, but SMALL.

It was good enough for her, Sis & me; we were SMALL too, after all.

By that time I'd met Brian and Don and Tom; yeah, "Tom", same as  
me!

Others were: Frank, Bill, and gave Gran stuff ....for FREE! !

By my 11th birthday Gran only had 4 friends; I saw them 'now and then'. They  
were: ....

Brian, Don, Bill, and Chuck.I never knew WHEN ...

I'd see someone new "to me";.I especially liked liked Bill more.

Chuck was 'ok'. He dressed nice and was polite, but he was a bore.

Guess what!One day just after Christmas, Gran said: "Sit down kids.[we  
sat]

Chuck asked me to marry him".Sis and I about 'flipped our lids'! ! !

I mean we were "flabbergasted", "blown away", shocked,  
AND amazed.

But from then on, Chuck was Gran's ONLY 'friend', and we had "Better



Days" (ahead) .

The neighbor kid stopped saying: "Your Gran has every 'Tom, Dick, and Harry' ".

Chuck spent time with all 3 of times it seemed a bit SCARY ....

...that I'd have a 'Grandpa' again, but Gran said: "Chuck is THE ONE for ME. Give him a chance, BOTH you and Sandy.I'm sure a good Grandpa he'll be".

And ya know, Gran was right.

(October ....8th & 9th ....2018)

Bri Edwards

# Gray Is In To Stay, Maybe ..... [aging; Gray/Grey Hair; Very Short; Thanks To R.A. Poteet For Inspiring Me]

Do not struggle, t.  
With gray... you can't compete.  
Curl it, comb it, tease it too,  
but fighting gray.... will not do!

Be happy or at least content  
that all your hair to hell ain't went.  
Yes, the gray is here for now to stay,  
but baldness may strike you any day!

(October 8, 2014)

Bri Edwards

## Green: The Color... [green Things]

My favorite colors are green and brown.  
Green-leafed trees polka-dot our town.  
Green's the color of farm pond scum,  
and green's the color of green tea gum.

Copper turns green when it's weathered.  
Some Amazon parrots are green-feathered.  
Green is the color Army privates wear,  
and green's what the young clerk dyed his hair.

The city of Oz was oh so green!  
Green is the color of a string bean.  
If you're nauseous you're "green around the gills",  
and I'd be "green with envy" if you had no bills.

Green beer is drunk on St. Patrick's Day.  
Green is the color of newly mowed hay.  
A wilted green salad looks so sad,  
but a green stick fracture is "not so bad".

Greenbacks are U.S. paper money.  
From green clover bees make clover honey.  
A green traffic light tells me to go,  
and a green banana ain't ripe you know.

A green-winged teal is a small duck,  
and a green four-leafed clover may bring you luck.  
I've heard of "green thumb" but not "green nose".  
I wonder if green is the color of gangrened toes.

Bri Edwards

# **Gunslinger Ruthie [i Mean Lucy! ] ... [vengeance; Inspired By Ruth Walter's Poem "nobody Spoke (For Karen) "; Short-Medium Length; Rejection]**

In her early years in grammar school ...  
other students treated Lucy like a fool.  
She wished to be part of a peer group,  
but the others, to that, said: "Poop! "

Actually that is a bit of a lie, and ...  
if you are patient I'll tell you why.

In grammar school, the formative years,  
the other students brought Lucy to tears.  
It wasn't what they said to the lass,  
but that they NEVER SPOKE TO HER in class ...  
OR out of class for that matter, SOOOOOO ...  
years later [their brains] Lucy did SPLATTER ...  
over the walls and floor [of a dance hall],  
AND she really didn't feel bad about it .... AT ALL!

Yes, Lucy left her Daddy a note and took his gun.  
She went to the dance for vengeance, not for fun.  
They SHOULD have listened, they SHOULD have spoken.  
NOW, because none of them did, their lives were broken,  
but Lucy felt BETTER now ..... that she'd paid them back,  
even though off to prison, Lucy, the bobbies did pack.

Now she spends each day in solitary confinement,  
punished for her deeds, and lack of refinement.  
NO fellow inmates OR jailers now speak to her, BUT ...,  
instead, they give her strange looks and do [her] abjure.

But Lucy doesn't seem to mind her solitary life AT ALL,  
as each day she bangs her head and scratches the wall.

(May 24,2015)

Bri Edwards

# H A L L O W E E N Oct.31st: Legions Of Evil[ Halloween Fun In Northern California; Short ]

'Tis 's best to stay at home,  
as, on this night, Legions of Evil will roam.  
It won't be safe outside for you OR me;  
each stately oak will become a stately ....  
&quot;Hanging-Tree&quot;!

At dusk &quot; T H E Y &quot; approach with horrid scowls.  
As darkness descends you'll hear wolf-like howls,  
mixed with deadly-sounding Un-Earthly growls,  
enough to grip the most stalwart bowels! !

Could these children, in masks, be by Satan-sent ....  
to each neighborhood, our peace and quiet to rend\*?  
You'd best have stocked up on plenty of candy treats, ....  
NO toothbrushes NOR quarters! T H E Y ...seek Sweet Treats  
....Or Else!

Pray for rain.

(October 27th ....2018)

\*&quot;/rend/

verb

verb: rend; 3rd person present: rends; past tense: rent; past participle: rent;  
gerund or present participle: rending

1. to tear (something) into two or more pieces.&quot;

Bri Edwards

# H A P P Y .....-Machine!...[ Very Short; Fantasy ]

A "Happy Machine" is what we, the human species, does need.  
I don't mean a pipe for smoking some stinky dried weed, ....  
but a fantastic "magic box" which can take any person's frown  
AND, with a bit of "hocus-pocus"\*, change it to the smile.....  
of A Happy Clown!

(January .....7 ....2018)

\* hocus-pocus: a form of words often used by a person performing magic tricks.

Bri Edwards

## Hair Between My Toes..... [very Short; Humor; Eccentric Individual]

I've got a lot of hair I hide...BENEATH my clothes,  
not the least of which is...the hair BETWEEN my toes.  
You may think it STRANGE I've got hair between my toes,  
but what MY friends think is strange...IS that i wear clothes.  
Perhaps someday soon...I'll have that toe hair WOVEN....  
into socks to cover all FOUR.....of my big hooves (cloven) .

(February 17,2014)

Bri Edwards

# Halloween 2016, October 31st: Only In America? ... [Creatures Of Halloween; D A N G E R S Of Halloween! ; Short]

This time of year Ghosts and Ghouls abound;  
the closer Halloween comes, the more G's are found.  
So careful where you go by yourself at night.  
If you're with 'friends', maybe the G's, 'them', will bite,  
.....NOT you!

If you're lucky, the G's will only lick your skin,  
BUT, if they like your flavor, they WILL Dig In.  
With fearsome teeth and rasping tongues they'll eat,  
first your skin, but THEN your MEAT, ....from head to feet, ....  
until all that's left of you is your skeleton: your BONES,  
and vestiges of your HORRIFIC Shouts, Shrieks, and Moans.

(October 26th, 2016)

Bri Edwards



## Halloween Approaches....[short; Scary? ; Gross? ]

Halloween suddenly now approaches.  
Let me eat some crawling roaches.  
Let me kill some football coaches.  
(And let me not forget the cute cheerleader.  
To my pit bull I can feed her.)

Boys and girls will knock for candy.  
I'll lock them in a cage that's handy,  
and feed them, instead, some stew that's sandy,  
made with rat tails and chicken legs  
and wiggly worms and spider eggs.

I can't help my lustful craving for BLOOD,  
which each October through my brain does flood,  
like a scarlet explosion from a plump rose bud.  
My knives are sharpened, my teeth are grating.  
The porch light is on, my freezer's waiting.  
I'll only harvest what I can handle,  
luring them in using treats and a glowing candle.  
They get their treats but then they are MINE!

(October 2012)

Bri Edwards

# Happy Birthday To Bri! A Fantastic Step-Dad! [poem Written By S-D, Nona; Greeting Cards; Humor; Medium Length]

Dear Bri,

I stood in front of the card selections  
Pondering the sea of card imperfections  
And saw I could go in many directions  
(Hope I can write of them, without need for corrections) .  
(Let's see ...)

I almost got you a card making  
Humorous pokes at your prime age,  
But I felt it had not quite the right ring  
Especially since you're not old enough at this stage.  
(Maybe next year?) J/K

Then I saw a card that encouraged  
The birthday boy to eat  
Ice cream straight from the carton and to scratch,  
Wherever, be it his front or his seat.  
(The picture was of a dog...)

But, 'It's not the one either', I thought to myself,  
for you probably indulge so any day quite well.  
So that card too went back on the shelf.  
Would I find the right card? It was too early to tell.  
(There were many more bad cards  
to look through ...)

As I pulled one dull or corny card out after another,  
My enthusiasm, trite bad-taste cards began to smother.  
Card shopping soon became a bother.  
Should I go home and cry to my mother?  
(Sympathy I would surely get.)

But, just then I knew, for one  
already adept at savoring small pleasures,  
I picked a card with small measures.

In the end, I sought one that just  
provided lots and lots of space,  
So I could write a poem that might bring  
a gust of laughter to your face.

(Phew, this poem writing is hard work; where  
is the ice cream?)

Happy  
Birthday!

To a fantastic  
step-day!

;)                      Enjoy.  
                              Nona

(June 2014) [written by Nona; corrections by Bri]

Bri Edwards

## Hard..... [girlhood To Old Age; Life; Family; Racial Discord; Marriage; Very Long]

Hard were the calluses on my Daddy's hands the first time he held me,  
and hard it was on Christmas morn' to find only one small gift beneath our tiny  
tree.

Hard was my Mom's life, raising seven kids and washing other people's clothes.  
Without our family's belief in God, life could have been harder. Who knows?

Hard it was for me, in several ways, when a little blonde boy threw a rock which  
broke my arm.

That was the one time I believe Mom lied to me; she said 'He meant no harm.'

Hard it was when my Mom tried to explain why 'our' seats were at the rear of  
Selma buses,  
and hard it was, my first day at Jefferson Davis Elementary; so MANY made so  
much FUSS!

Hard were the long nights I stayed up studying after I did the dishes,  
and hard it was for me and my parents to make come true my college wishes.

It was hard for all when off to Cornell on the Greyhound I ventured forth,  
and it was strange at first, coming from the Deep South, to now be living up  
North.

It was hard to only afford one phone call home a month, but a lot of mail from  
home I got.

Life became less hard as I adjusted to college and life living with my aunt. I  
blossomed quite a lot.

It was hard breaking up with my first boyfriend, a Big Red football player,  
but as hard as it was, it added a useful experience, another growing-up-layer.  
It was hard, it hurt, when I never received an invitation, to a sorority, to join,  
but it perhaps concentrated me more on my studies, and saved me some 'coin'.

It was hard sometimes when I had to work at my part time dining room job,  
but it was easier than imagining myself being a wealthy coed snob.

It was hard financially on my parents when for my graduation they came North.  
But they were thrilled to hear that my undergraduate record caused a grad  
school scholarship to come forth.

That fall I began attending Cornell's School of Architecture; quite a challenge.

My fellow architecture students, from around the world, were quite a mélange. School was hard but I loved it and, with a loan helping, I no longer waited on tables.

My life now revolved around learning about poured concrete, angles, space, and gables.

It was hard not to love all, that for two years, I was taught, even though the long days and nights working on projects, with stress, often was fraught.

Hard was the work, but sometimes harder was having almost no social life ..... except what we had as fellow students, and competition was always rife.

Hard it was after grad school to leave Cornell's beautiful quad, and hard, at first it was, being a junior associate on an architectural firm's squad. I learned the ropes from some pros, and my reputation spread by word-of-mouth.

It was nice in some ways to be at least half way back in the South.

Now I could afford a car and I got back home at least once or twice a year. It was difficult to get my conversation with Mom and Dad to, away from me, steer.

Chief among Mom's questions for me was 'Have you met any nice men yet, my dear? '

She was sure I'd be a business success but, that I'd end up an Old Maid, she did fear.

In a few years I became the lead 'man' on some small jobs for one key client. In a few more years, for larger jobs, the partners became, on me, more reliant. I did take some time to socialize more, and I joined an 'exclusive' St. Louis health club.

I no longer felt it likely that, due to being black, I'd receive a snub.

Ten years into my career I met a tennis-playing accountant named Phil. After we started dating, with dreams of having my own family, my head began to fill.

Six months into our romance, I took Phil to visit Mom and Dad, arriving in town on a rainy night.

Though I'd 'warned' them both ahead of time ....., I could tell they BOTH had reservations about Phil being white.

But we pulled off the visit with the help of my younger sister and brother, and, when it was time for us to depart, with hugs my parents both me and Phil

did smother.

More frequent visits Phil and I made to see my folks, often flying on down,  
and when I visited Phil's parents in Pittsburgh there was nary a frown.

It was hard to not rush into a premature engagement,  
but to help quiet us down we started a cohabitation arrangement.  
Finally it happened and in another year we were happily married.  
It was hard to be told we could not have our own children, but the  
disappointment we both buried.

But we both wanted children and we adopted two, one white and one black.  
It was hard to keep from piling things on them so NOTHING they'd lack.  
The best schools, the best clothes, the best educational toys.  
And we did our best to see them socialize rapidly with other girls and boys.

It was hard when both our son and daughter off to college went.  
Our girl off to Boston for liberal arts, and our son off to L.A. for engineering we  
sent.  
My parents retired, thank goodness, and we had them come visit us often.  
Now my Mom could rest her back more, and Dad's hands could soften.

It was hard for all when Phil had his first heart attack.  
But he got better each week until finally he was totally again on track.  
But I'll have to admit (don't tell Phil) it was nice to beat him at tennis now  
once in a while.  
He would, as always, advance to meet me at the net at game's end with a big  
smile.

Our children were adopted at ages 7 and nine. They were our pride and joy.  
There was always a regret they were not biologically ours, but they were always  
OUR girl and boy.  
Phil and I and Mom and Dad attended their college graduation days.  
And our children continued to make us proud and thankful in many ways.

It was hard when Phil had his third heart attack. He almost died.  
It was so hard waiting, Phil having to retire, until a donor heart was supplied.  
But the surgery went like clockwork. Before long he started to work at home  
part time.  
It was sometimes hard to leave him at home when I went to my office at Ryan,  
Beckett, and Grime (I'm Grime) .

The hardest thing in my life up to age 55 was the day my mother died.

As Phil and I and Dad sat at her bedside with my siblings, we all cried.  
Dad came home to St. Louis to live with us and became a fixture in our house.  
We both cherished the years we had left with him. He was quiet as a mouse.

Dad lived another fifteen years, for the last of which we had a live-in nurse.  
It was another extremely sad and hard day for me the day he was carried to the  
cemetery in a hearse.

Our children had their own weddings and our grandchildren started to arrive.  
By the time I was 75, Phil and I had added up our grandchildren to a grand sum  
of five.

Then came the HARDEST day of my life, the day I found Phil lying in our bed.  
I knew before I even touched him, that the best part of me was dead.

I moved to be near my daughter, to 'assisted living' by the Pacific Ocean.  
I've led a full and mostly happy life, but at times I'm still choked by emotion.  
It helps to have friends in my building and to have my daughter and some of her  
children near....., but  
every night at bedtime...., for Mom and Dad and Phil, .... I still shed ONE tear.

(Dec.2012)

Bri Edwards

# Hippo Was Hungry ...[ Humor/Humour; Food; Hippopotamus; Shopping; Short; Inspired By My Growling Belly! ]

I was shopping at the grocery store when in walked a hippopotamus. It was my first time seeing a 'hippo' there, and management made such a fuss! They checked first to see if it'd tracked in river mud ...or something WORSE. AND they watched to see if Miss Hippo would put a watermelon in her purse.

[She didn't.]

As she was so HUGE, they put the bakery on alert, assuming she ate pies. They put the lunch counter on alert, assuming she ate LOTS of French fries. But she passed by the bakery, the lunch counter, and meat and dairy sections, preferring to browse the produce displays, picking her fruit and veggie selections.

She held up and examined a bunch of grapes; she gulped down two or three. I don't mean two or three GRAPES. I mean two or three BUNCHES, ...with glee. Into her cart\*\* went 3 cases of grapes, then carrots [a hundred pound bag]. The steel grocery cart began to groan; its 'basket' began to sag.

Potatoes, squash, beets, all sorts of 'greens'; 100 pounds of cabbage [for sauerkraut].

As she wheeled her purchases to her truck, a NEW sign in produce said: 'ALL SOLD OUT';.

(October 28,2017)

\*\*in U.K., 'trolley';

Bri Edwards



# His Face Lit Up ....[ A True Story; Bri's Little Bit Of 'charity'; Needy? ]

From behind, I saw him steal food and drink.  
His face was light brown; mine's more pink.  
He crossed store's lot to a nearby yard.  
'I thought to myself: &quot;Is his life so hard ...  
that he needs to steal to just survive? &quot;  
I guess I'd do the same to stay alive!

I told a grocery clerk what I'd seen;  
it's my &quot;honest streak&quot;.I did NOT feel mean.  
The clerk said: &quot;If I'd seen him .....&quot;,  
but she hadn' was tall and thin,  
And when I left the store, there he sat,  
leaning against the of that!

He did not ask for money, as 'some' do.  
I wondered if, with stealing, he was through .....  
for a while.  
I walked half a block back to my parked car.  
The &quot;distance&quot; between him and me was not far,  
but I'm sure, lifestyle-wise, the gap was great.  
How many others are often hungry, with empty plate?

Perhaps he was 'just a thief', liked the thrill?  
Perhaps he was addicted to booze or a pill?  
Whatever was his situation I'd never know,  
but a couple of dollars from me to him could show ...  
that at least someone cared a bit.I went back.  
He was coming out again from the store .....

[Unfinished as of now, the poem could be finished ...  
IF anyone asked me to do it.I was writing it in the car,  
and my wife came out from her appointment, so I stopped.]

(March ....22 ....2018)

-----  
[[ ok, i believe two PH members 'requested that i' ['TOLD

ME TO'] finish the poem. since i said i would if someone asked,  
AND since some interest has been shown, i SHALL finish it here  
and now, once and for all, till death do us part, AMEN!

[[...even though i kind of finished it in my Poet's Notes...  
i think...]]

-----

(poem ending) :

I had thought to see if he was in the store AGAIN & he WAS,  
or just HAD been. I'd been thinking of what to say...BECAUSE  
I did not know his frame of mind, his emotional 'bearing'.  
Would he be 'meek and mild', ...OR 'punching and swearing'?

[I'd been assaulted/punched a couple of years ago by a stranger,  
and so I was NOW a LOT more cautious, & conscious of danger.]

Both now away from the store entrance, I stepped up with money ready.  
I held it out and said: "I think you could use this";.He looked at me,  
steady.  
He took the two his face (looking at me)LIT UP like a CANDLE!  
He said "Thank you";, and his seeming gratitude was 'mild'.It I COULD  
handle!

I turned and walked away, across the store's parking lot, .....very satisfied.

(March ....27th .....2018)

Bri Edwards

## History Of The Pen ..... [history Of Writing Instrument(S) And Ink; Semi-True; Almost Long]

Moses got the 'LAWS' from God (or so some believe) ... when 'Moe' climbed a hill alone (he had no 'Eve') . All ten laws were carved in stone, as I remember, one for each month of the year (minus March and September) .

God carved the letters, perhaps using His index finger. Moses took the tablets to 'the people'; he did not linger ..... to find out if God had ten MORE for him, ..... as he thought the chance of the first TEN being obeyed ...was awfully slim.

Back then, people who could write used clay pages. The words were inscribed while the clay was soft, to last for ages. It was a bit tedious to try to create a 'book', ... and, to carry one around, .....well, real strength it took.

Then someone smart, who really liked to read, and who also coveted money [he had a bit of greed] .... started using a hollow plant stem to write on bark (thin) . He made and sold 'stems'; the history of 'the pen' did then begin.

At first 'stems' were quite simply tubes with one angled 'tip', dipped in liquid derived from snails found on the hull of a ship. Early 'stem-users' sometimes complained of the liquid's stink, causing the liquid to eventually be called just plain 'ink'.

Of course the pages of 'thin bark' gave way in time ...to papyrus, which evolved into 'paper', a product I find most desirable. [I'm writing on paper now, .....as I sit in a big chair, BUT I'm getting ahead of myself. More of pens, I'll now share.]

Hollow plant 'stems' were light, cheap, and easy to make, but they didn't last long, for goodness sake! This was good for the 'stem-maker', because he sold even more, but, in the middle of writing, WHO wants to go ...to the 'stem' store?

Then someone 'smarter' (who ran a large poultry farm) ....  
found that goose quills, angle-cut, worked like a charm.  
They, too, were light and easy to make, but NOT so .....cheap.  
After all, there IS a limit to how many geese a farm can keep.  
Besides, you had to catch the geese, unless quills fell out.  
BUT "quill-stems" lasted longer, and their use spread .....  
throughout .....  
the area.

For centuries "stems" were made from feathers, and SOME from plants.

["Ink" evolved, with many substances tried, including juice from ants.]

Then long, LONG after Moses had died, and printing had begun .....

[Gutenberg 'printed' the first book (a Bible) , I think with his son] .....

people whose minds could far out surpass mine thought "metal"?

You see, geese still 'worked', but fewer were now raised for spit or kettle.

And it wouldn't be cost-efficient to raise geese just for "The Pen".

So, a metal 'point' was put on a wooden handle; I know not when.

[I guess I didn't explain how a "stem" started to be called a "pen", ..

and, actually, I don't really know how it started, by whom, or when.

BUT I have guesses: A sign maker misread "stems" and wrote "pens"; someone was inept!

OR: A goose farmer renamed "stems", replacing "stems" with "pens", which is where geese were kept.]

=====

Ink wells, ink cartridges and "refills"; metal, plastic. What's next?

New technology over the future of "pens" does now linger.

Perhaps YOU, too, will someday write with ....YOUR index finger?

(August 20, 2015)

Bri Edwards

# Homeless? /B.O.! ..... [homeless? ; Mcdonalds; True Story]

I walked to McDonalds to get a cone;  
I was by myself. Yes, it's true. I was alone.  
As I walked through a side parking lot .....  
I heard a guy yelling, and he was HOT!

"Hot under the collar" is what I mean.  
He was hopping mad, and making a scene.  
A McDonalds employee was taking heat ....  
for not allowing the guy a place to eat?

"Can't I even come in and buy some food? !  
NO! ? Well I certainly think that is very rude! ! ! ! "  
[Ok. He didn't use each exact word.  
His words weren't angelic; you should have heard! ]

I spoke a few words with the employee then,  
before going to buy one ice cream, not ten.  
The employee said somethin' about the guy's B.O.  
[That's Body Odor, in case YOU don't know.]

The upset guy was "homeless", I surmised,  
and perhaps drunk; I'd not be surprised.  
The city I was in (I think) has many of such,  
who many, like "me", would NOT care to touch.

But who's to say if "they" are so bad?  
Many of their life stories may be very sad.  
Perhaps mental illness or bad luck would .....  
turn me into one of "them". It COULD.

(written October 20, 2014; revised April 30, 2015)

Bri Edwards

## Homosexuality: If It Were The Norm.... [human Sexuality; What If? ; Perceptions]

I believe most human societies are heterosexual at their core.  
Homosexuality is often viewed variously as sinful, abnormal, and more.  
To avoid punishment or unpleasantness many homosexuals have  
"lied".  
Now many gays who have hidden or held back will not be denied.

At least in America I believe homosexuality is no longer a crime.  
Gay unions and even marriages are gaining recognition over time.  
The Boy Scouts\* still ban gays, making their organization harder to sell.  
But the Pentagon has finally dropped the anti-gay motto "Don't ask. Don't tell."

All of which makes me wonder how different American society would be.....  
if the majority of citizens were homosexual, not straight like me.  
Even the name "straight" might change; maybe I'd be called  
"skewed".  
I might be shunned if it was discovered that women, not men, I screwed.

What if human societies evolved with homosexuality the norm?  
Would religious leaders proclaim heterosexuality an amoral storm?  
Would the "new straights"/homosexuals think of the  
"skeweds" as sick?  
Would Boy Scouts\* only "homo" men and boys choose, .... and no  
heterosexuals pick?

I believe heterosexuality may have evolved as, OR has always been,  
the norm, due to "hetero-sex" being needed... to produce more kin.  
Of course babies can NOW be produced without sex being "done".  
Many people (present day straights) would say "that" takes away  
some fun.

If you believe as I do, you believe "gays" are gay when they come  
out of their mother.  
But their sexual inclinations, a "straight" society does often smother.  
I doubt homosexuality will ever be, in America, the norm;  
if it is, I hope, to the "new rules", we can all peacefully conform.

[\* Boy Scouts of America voted (since I wrote this) to allow gay boys as Scouts in 2014]

Bri Edwards

# Homosexuality: The Procreative-Argument Against It..... [a 'Liberal', Non-Religious, Scientific? , Layman's Perspective 'supporting' Homosexuality; Short]

Some have said being gay or lesbian is against the procreative plan of God. It may seem at first a fine argument. But I think some more...and it seems odd.

In bee societies some members procreate, while others have other jobs. In some mammal groups only certain males get to service the female mobs. And what about humans who "find" no mates or are born sterile, as they say? It may be, if there IS a God, that She has other roles for some of us to play.

(July 6,2013)

Bri Edwards



# I Have A Treat For A Black Cat .....[humor; Cats]

Black cat why do you run?  
I want to have some fun.  
Let me pet you.  
Let me get you  
some fish on toasted bun.

Fish you don't like you say?  
What else would make your day?  
Some beef perhaps?  
Some chicken scraps?  
I'll help you have your way.

When you finish your meal  
I'll make with you a deal.  
Come visit me  
and I will see  
next time you'll have some veal.

Then together we'll play;  
for some toys I will pay.  
Then you may nap  
upon my lap.  
I'll care for you O.K.?

We'll be not all alone.  
Each other we shall 'own'.  
At night I'll sleep  
while watch you keep,  
in our bed by the phone.

(10-22-2006)

Bri Edwards

# **I Leapt....[inspired By ' Peeping Tom ' By Valsa George, Who Inspired Akhtar Jawad To Write ' Reply Of Peeping Tom To Valsa George With Due Apology. '; Very Short; Short Enou**

I Leapt....[inspired by ' Peeping Tom ' by Valsa George, who inspired Akhtar Jawad to write ' Reply Of Peeping Tom To Valsa George With Due Apology. '; very SHORT; short enough! ; lust; humour/humor]

With Valsa ever on her guard,  
i crept into her flowery yard...,  
dressed in black in dark of night,  
and was rewarded....with pure delight!

but then her husband spotted me.  
he spotted me in the potted tree..  
which took me level with her sill.  
i leapt and my ankle hurts me still.

i hobbled away as fast as i could,  
and escaped just in time ['knock wood'],  
before i heard the blast from his BIG gun.  
it seemed like hours i did then run.....  
to the next stop on my nightly list.  
[i'm glad i didn't wrench my left wrist,  
without which i'd not enjoy it as much,  
and the rest of this poem is 'such and such'.]

(October 5th 2016)

Bri Edwards

# I Made Her Laugh.....[short; Humor; Community]

As I walked this afternoon downtown (I didn't drive but took my feet) ,  
I passed a popular shop where you can obtain a yummy ice cream treat.  
And once you've got it....., (in a chair in front of the shop) , you may take a  
seat.

In a short distance I came abreast of a couple eating from cones their sweet,  
and I said &quot;Excuse me, don't you know the law against ice cream eating on  
the street? &quot;  
[a brief pause and then.....]  
The man chuckled; the woman followed with a laugh.

MY day was now complete.

(Nov.2012)

Bri Edwards

## **I Picked My Nose..... [very Short; Fun With Words; Humor/Humour]**

Some would prefer my intended-title.....which was: "I Picked My Rose", BUT the "R" would not stick! I had to use "N" in place of the "R".....which originally I chose.

And some would be disappointed if I wrote a poem ..... "Madam, Touch My Glass", only to have the "G" and "L" float away.....in a hot air balloon, filled with gas.

Bri Edwards

# I Will Survive..... [when A Relationship Is At An End; Male/Female; In Four Styles Of Poetry]

\*[Style One: non-rhyming; non-limerick; free verse (?) : not funny]

I Will Survive

On a cold November afternoon he said  
&quot;It's 's time for you to leave.&quot;  
At first I thought &quot;He's kidding me&quot;;  
until I saw in his eyes he told the truth.

&quot;Please pack your things.I'm sorry.  
In two days you need to be gone.&quot;  
[That shocked me a bit, a lot in fact.  
There had been signs, but I was naïve.

We used to spend evenings together.  
In August that all changed.  
Three nights he now &quot;works&quot; late.  
Our (his)bed's not now so busy.]

&quot;Fine&quot; I said.&quot;I'll leave sooner.&quot;  
[Why prolong the departure?  
I'll be okay.I'll ow.  
I always have.I think I always will.]

\*\*[Style Two: rhyming; non-limerick; not funny]

I Will Survive

A cold November afternoon he said  
&quot;You need to move from my house, and from my bed.&quot;  
&quot;You're kidding me&quot; is what I was about to say,  
but his eyes said &quot;This is serious; let's not play.&quot;

&quot;In two days I need you to be out of here.  
I'm sorry for this inconvenience my dear.&quot;  
[This shocked me a bit, a lot in fact,  
but signs of its coming I had not lacked.

We used to spend each evening together.  
Now many evenings, alone I've had to weather.  
Many late nights at "work", lately, he has spent,  
and our love life it seems got up and went.....  
away.

"Fine!" I said. "I'll be out in just ONE day."  
[I detest prolonged goodbyes. I'll no longer stay.  
I'll manage 'll be okay.  
I will survive without is my way.]

\*\*\*[Style Three: rhyming; non-limerick; humorous]

### I Will Survive

One cold November afternoon he said.  
"It's 's time for you to leave my bed."  
[ I said....] "You'll miss the way I gave you head! !  
But you're 's over 'cause lately your thing's been DEAD! !"

He replied: " in two days a new roommate is coming.  
Unlike you, this one's a keeper, not just someone bumming."  
[That shocked me a bit. A lot in fact.  
I thought this guy had class, but he'd had no tact.

I guess I was born and will remain a country bumpkin,  
with a body of a goddess but the brain of a pumpkin.  
Our time spent together evenings had tapered off,  
and the most action I'd get in bed was when he'd cough.]

"Okay, fine" I said. "I'll be out of here by tomorrow night.  
Your new roommate might be smart, but I'll bet she's a fright!"  
I did NOT say "But I'll take my furs and I'll take my jewels,  
and your coin collection and all your power tools!"

\*\*\*\*[Style Four: limerick]

### I Will Survive

With winter coming he did kick me out.  
I did not cry, protest, nor even shout.

Signs were there for me to see.  
He no longer did woo me.  
But I don't need HIM, you know! [The dirty lout.]

(November 7, 2013)

Bri Edwards

# I Wish I Had Been Born A Bird...[personal; Birds; Humor]

My parents were both humans, so I am human too,  
but I'd wish to be a bird, if I could be born anew.  
Though I 'love' birds, you may think my wish absurd.  
But more absurd wishes I'm sure you have heard.

Of course I'm not a bird and never will be.  
But if I could talk to birds I could better see  
if the life of a bird would really satisfy me.  
Eating seeds and bugs and such, and sitting in a tree.

My bird of choice? How would I pick a winner?  
Not a penguin, who has to dress for dinner.  
Not an ostrich, another flightless bird.  
And a strutting peacock might just be absurd.  
Perhaps an eagle, soaring high above you,  
or a hummingbird, acrobat of the blue.

Or perhaps a mighty swan swimming gracefully,  
or a nightingale whistling a concert, free.

For certain I would not choose a caged-life,  
though, uncaged, dangers for me might be rife.  
I think I'd prefer fresh-kill to old road kill,  
and a nest in tree rather than on window sill.

If a bird, I'd not have had to deal with military draft.  
Or had others think sometimes that I am daft.  
All sorts of human signs and laws I could spurn.  
And there'd be no reason to file a tax return.  
I'd have no need to wear or ever change diapers,  
no need to get gas or change windshield wipers,  
no need for lawyers or too many teachers,  
no need to listen to rehashing preachers,  
no need to plan for death or watch my cholesterol.  
As a bird I'd just have to listen to Mother Nature's call.



(September 2009)

Bri Edwards

## If I Was Allowed To Dress You With A Poem...[see Poet's Note]

I like to see women in skirts, very,  
    very short,  
    or short shorts in  
    which they could then cavort.  
So if i were to write for YOU some  
clothing-poem, it'd be a Haiku so  
(your legs) you, could show 'em!

Bri Edwards

# If I Woke Up, Black... [skin Color; Response To Diana Van Den Berg; Short; Humour; Fantasy]

If i woke up black, to....  
sleep I might go back.  
Not because I'm 'white',  
but I'd NOT believe my sight.

I'd think I was just dreaming,  
and not about coffee steaming,  
but of a major change in my life,  
which might cause a bit o' strife.

For instance, what to tell my wife?  
'Dear, I stayed in the sun too long.'  
(Should I sing it in a tribal song?)  
(accompanied by a drum and fife?)

Or would she consider this fine answer:  
'a delayed gene, from an ancestor'?  
Could I get my wish to be on the NEWS,  
giving my now-black-AND-white views?

I think there would be money to be had.  
Whites dying skin black might become a fad.  
But would my silvery hair go well with black?  
Should I just crawl back into my warm 'sack'?

(March 15, 2015)

Bri Edwards

## If Ruth Were A Flower.... [ruth Walters, Ph Member; 'Love' And Caring; Too Cute? ; Short]

If Ruth were a flower,  
I'd care for her each day.  
I'd water and fertilize her,  
and keep the pests away.

I'd give her all the sunshine  
a flowering beauty needs,  
and when winter cometh,  
I'd be sure to collect the seeds.

Because Ruth is a winner  
in every flower or poem show,  
and we could use more like her  
to help our low spirits to glow.

(Sept.27,2014)

Bri Edwards

## If You Got Lucky As A Kid..... [mothers; Short; Inspired By Clarence Prince's 'Mother' Poem]

IF you got lucky as a kid and got a good mother,  
one who was sometimes 'mean'....for-your-own-good,  
but other times seemed 'so good' you seemed to smother...  
under her loving wings, cherish the thoughts of your childhood,  
AND let her know that you know she 'cared'...when she was 'mean',  
and that you wouldn't be as good a person as you are now, without her!

BUT if you, like so many kids, have grown into adulthood without saying  
"Thanks" .....

as much as you think, now, you SHOULD have, don't worry. I think that is  
"normal"!

(August 27, 2015)

Bri Edwards

# Instructions For Doctors And Next Of Kin At My Death (Some Guidelines) ..... [death Time; Personal; In 6 Sections; Medium Length; 2006]

Section The First: At my death some restrictions apply.

If in Monroe County when I die  
U. of R. Med School will get me for their supply.  
Dying out of Monroe,  
please tie tag to my toe,  
pay, and get me to a Med School nearby.

Section The Second: Besides location, there are other restrictions.

U. of R. Med wants all my limbs there,  
delivered a in day or less; seems fair.  
No nasty diseases,  
too much fat displeases,  
have yellow donor card or beware!

Section The Third: Let's hope it's the last time I burn!

If dead too long for Med School to take,  
my disposal should still be.... a 'piece of cake'.  
Find an incinerator...  
(the cheaper the greater) :  
at two thousand degrees, 'ashes' you rake.

Section The Fourth: If I'm only half-dead! (See other donor card!) .

Though Med School should be cheapest way,  
I've got money for 'end', .... so I say:  
'If you could give my parts,  
to give others fresh starts,  
docs and others you have my O.K.! '

Section The Fifth: OR Save on air pollution and help a tree grow.

If you could, and not get in trouble,  
you could toss what's left with the rubble.

You don't even need to burn.... me;  
enough worms will then.....turn me...  
to fertilizer 'on the double'.

Section The Sixth: Last expenses for 'dear old B.E.'.

As of this day, finances are fine.  
Cash needed at death CAN be mine.  
If no time to get at.... it...  
don't worry about that.. a bit;  
I should still have a good credit line.

Section The Last: 'Blurb' at least rhymes with 'disturb' (and it's close to what I mean) .

I (sort of) hope these don't you disturb.  
I thought it time.... for this lengthy blurb.  
I MAY outlive you ALL,  
or.... from a HIGH building fall,  
OR be 'gone' when I step off this curb.

Bri Edwards

## Invertebrates ..... ['Bugs'; Very Short; Humor; Didn'T Happen]

I scratched and scratched  
throughout the horrid night.  
I thought what had bitten me  
might be a tiny scarlet mite.  
What disease did it carry?  
I was filled with morbid fright.  
But in the morn I did find a  
BEDBUG taking one more bite!

(March 12, 2015)

Bri Edwards



## It Is Night ..... [using The Vowel 'i'; Very Short]

I sit. I'm still. It Is Night.  
It is night; I still sit tight.  
Night instills, in Bri, fright.  
His night-fright still IS, .....  
till it is light.

(July 27th 2016)

Bri Edwards

# It Really Ain'T So Bad.... In Hell ..... [humor; Life In Hell; Response To Message From Ph Friend Eugene Levich; Short-Medium]]

[sent from Hell]

Gino, my dear, back on old Terra Firma,  
it ain't so bad; I will now, for you, confirma.  
I 'made my bed' and in it I will now 'sleep'  
with many of my (and your) fellow 'black sheep'.

It turns out Mussolini ain't so bad indeed.  
He makes great pasta, and shares his weed.  
Dick Nixon's not so bad in the next bunk, though  
he admits he was once in a deep, deep funk.  
But now the Watergate Scandal IS all in the past,  
and he is glad Nancy has joined him here, at last.

AND we get three square meals here each day,  
though often on our pizzas, maggots do play.  
Yes, we get pizza often; it's fresh from the fire,  
but the ice cream is always melted, and of it I DO tire.

We're filling up here fast. I guess as the world does turn,  
it turns out many humans who for their sins do burn...  
in the Hell fires I see here every morning, noon, and night.  
AT LEAST here no one has the need for..... a nightlight.

And as for peeing 'accidents'..... here they do not exist.  
The pee evaporates as soon as it..... has been pissed.  
The poop, however, is a different story for me to tell;  
it's my job to clean it up (without shovel or gloves) and..  
THAT IS HELL.

And as for your wish that I don't die and leave you alone,  
I got permission to write & I'm wearing my fingers 'to the bone'...  
writing more poems for you PoemHunter Earth-things to enjoy.  
If you see Brian Johnston, give him, from me, a hearty 'Ahoy! '

(November 28,2014)

Bri Edwards

# It Wouldn't Be The Same .... [history's Influence On Us As Individuals; Factors Making Us What We Are; Some Thoughts; Sort Of Short]

Many things influence one's life; how profound is THAT?

And such &quot;things&quot;, big or small, are the topics of this little 'chat'.

Some of them influence us ....even BEFORE we've been born ....

such as who our parents are. [Can you imagine yours being goats or corn! ? ]

Some of the things I'll mention influence a relative few;

some have influenced millions of people, including ME and YOU.

What if Jimmy Durante had had a little nose?

Many of you've never heard of him, ....which is ok, I suppose.

What if Mae West had not had such a &quot;come hither&quot; look?

You may find both 'J' and 'M', in an old &quot;American Entertainers&quot; book.

What if people never made mistakes while writing?

Would 'would-be-proofreaders' (for waiter jobs) be fighting.

Now here are two names I'll bet most of you have heard:

Adolf Hitler and Jesus Christ. Both followed destiny undeterred.

[well, sort of]

What if Jesus had been put to death by lethal injection?

What if Adolf had died, when a teen, of a flu infection?

Life for millions, at least, would NOT .....have been &quot;the same&quot;.

(November 8, 2015)

Bri Edwards

# Jake's Christmas Eve.....[exploration; Food Gathering; Fatherhood; Santa; Rat; Long; Humor]

On last Christmas Eve, to a home with NO cat,  
came an unwelcome visitor ....., a rat.

Jake was the wood rat's name.  
From nearby woods he came.  
On his head he wore a leaf for a hat.

This house was the first-built on a new street.  
Jake came in search of a nice Christmas treat.  
Only seeds Jake had at home;  
that's why he did now roam,  
seeking softer, tasty morsels to eat.

Earlier he'd smelled smells of some baked goods,  
smells unknown in his rat neighborhood.  
So with exploring gear,  
though with no little fear,  
Jake crept `cross moonlit backyard `tween house and his woods.

Atop a brick pile he found clothes dryer vent,  
then bravely through air exhaust hose he went.  
When he came to lint trap  
he just gave it a tap,  
and, finding dryer door open, his time was well spent.

His eyes adjusted to the dim light;  
(the basement had windows, but it was night) .  
He smelled treats in the air,  
but how best to get there?  
Then Jake spied the first step and went up a stair flight.

Where steps ended, he squeezed under door,  
sensing from smells he was on the right floor.  
Around him now was light,  
some red, some green, some white.  
He found a tree strewn with bright objects galore.

He thought 'why would they have a tree inside,

and beneath it what appears to be some new sort of hide?  
And why are hides of feet  
hanging in a row neat? .....  
Some things about this place I can't decide.'

To the next lit room Jake, the rat, then went.  
To his quest for food his mind WAS still bent.  
Enough he'd had of seeds,  
enough of old tough weeds.  
Much stronger now became a fowl scent.

Now, between him and his longed-for food,  
stood a three foot high wooden wall. How rude!  
Quickly Jake did then climb,  
finding a sight most sublime,  
a large and headless bird, tied up and nude.

In Jake's past a baby bird he'd eaten .....  
before, away-from-nest, he was beaten.  
Now he feasted his beady eyes  
on this wondrous surprise,  
and gorged quickly ....., as time was fleetin'.

As Jake turned from the scene of his crime  
he found cookies colored lemon and lime,  
blue, white, and red of course,  
shaped like star and like horse.  
'Should I take some now or wait till next time? '

All at once Jake heard a faint 'Ho, ho, ho',  
and out window saw deer flying through snow.  
He hid behind the tree  
and from there he did see  
Santa enter the room with BIG sack in tow.

Jake watched as bearded-one ate a treat  
and then drank what looked like the milk from a rat's teat.  
Then Santa found a plastic bag;  
ears of corn made it sag.  
Perhaps, Jake thought, they were for deer to eat.

To fill hanging feet took Santa a while.

Then under the tree he spread gifts in a big pile.  
Santa took bag of corn, and his sack he did close,  
but (before up the chimney he rose) ,  
to Jake he gave a wink and a big smile.

So much Jake had seen! To him all was new.  
He thought 'Was I dreaming or was all this true? '  
One ear of soft corn was still there  
(left by Santa he'd swear) ,  
so he snatched it and out the room flew.

With full belly Jake's exit was harder,  
especially dragging corn for his larder.  
A treasure house he'd found  
with good food all around;  
from other rats he hoped to guard her.

It was fast-approaching the Christmas morn  
when Jake at last reached his home with corn.  
Though he brought not some meat  
he still had a nice treat,  
for himself and his mate and the newborn.

Merry Christmas! ! (written Dec.24th and 25th,2006)

Bri Edwards

# James: My Grandson # 1..... [yeah, My Kid Popped One Out; Humor? ; New Kid On Earth; Personal]

My only offspring just had her first child.  
James is 3 months old; he's not yet wild.  
I hear he drinks a lot of "Mom's" milk, AND .....  
his baby 'poopies' are smooth as silk.

I heard he doesn't cry much. I don't know why.  
On phone, some weeks ago, I first heard him cry.  
He lives far, far away, in the "Quaker State".  
I won't see him till this Autumn; I hope he can wait.

He's got "Mom", my dear Shannon, and "Daddy", Andy,  
and one grandpa and two grandmas handy.  
I spoke once, briefly, to him on my phone,  
but he talked back as much as does a stone.

I've yet to see a photo, but I can wait.  
No matter how he "looks", I won't, him, hate.  
I might have traveled to visit by now, if I were wealthy.  
More important, by far, is that he is healthy.

I'd send this poem East for James to read,  
but he'd probably rather sleep .....and breastfeed.  
My kid said "Come later this year, when he can interact."  
Is that her way of saying "Don't bother us yet", using tact?

(April 5,2014)

Bri Edwards



# January 2018 Showcase For, And Often &quot; By &quot;;, P H Members....[ Happy New Year! ; Poems Collected From Willing And (Sometimes) Un-Willing Poets; For Your Reading Enjoyment ]

&quot;Happy New Year! &quot; to those of you who celebrate such pagan rituals.  
I'll celebrate them WITH you, but only if they include yummy victuals\*\*.  
Santa Claus brought me a new set of Typing Fingers; do you believe THAT?  
If you do, you may also believe that under Santa's coat is muscle, NO fat!

I'll start the new showcase with two versions of a 'limerick' by Savita Tyagi.  
I 'complained' about her first version and she changed it; she is not a bit  
stodgy\*\*\*!

So I'll show you her first 'limerick' version which she says she still likes the  
better,  
followed by her second version which I say is more structured &quot;to the  
(poetic) letter&quot;;

After Savita's 'Waterless Cake', I hope to find other poems for you for goodness  
sake.

Perhaps YOU have one which you will share? Offer it to me and (it) I may then  
take.

And this month I may even offer one myself; if not you can look up my 'Poetic  
Elf, The'.

So I've now put in a plug\*\*\*\* for one of my favorites, BUT 'what rhymes with  
&quot;The&quot;;? 'Duh!

(December ....26 ....2017) Bri Edwards aka Brian Edward Whitaker (in the real  
world):):)

\*\* victual....pronounced: 'vidl/

dated

noun

plural noun: victuals

1. □

food or provisions, typically as prepared for consumption.

-----

\*\*\* stodgy pronounced: 'stäje/  
adjective  
adjective: stodgy1. dull and uninspired.

-----  
\*\*\*\* plug  
Noun .....(informal) a recommendation or other favourable mention  
-----

FOR INFORMATION: about submitting a poem for consideration, please send me a message.

But HERE ARE SOME GUIDELINES:

Poems which I consider rather long may not be used in their entirety, at my discretion.

I shall, when available, include the 'partial link' to the PH page for each poem. All poets are given credit for their poems.i.e. I shall give the name of each poet. No topics are automatically disqualified from consideration.

Please send, if you can, a link to your poem's page on PH, BUT the poem need not be on PH already.

Poems may be new or some cases I may use one you suggest which is written by another.

THE POETS AND THE TITLES: [[ @ designates the poem page's 'partial link']]

a- Savita Tyagi .....Waterless Cake...@ /poem/a-waterless-cake-limerick-no-syllable-count/

b- Shahzia Batool...If God Sends My Maa For A While! ...@ /poem/if-god-sends-my-maa-for-a-while/

c- Andy Brookes...I Have Left The Building...@ /poem/i-have-left-the-building/

d- Della Perry...Wanting More...@ /poem/wanting-more-11/

e- Rod Mendieta...Flower Girl...@ /poem/flower-girl-9/

f- Sk. Nurul Huda...Love Tree...@ /poem/love-tree-5/

g- Lamar Cole...Wheelchair...@ /poem/wheelchair-7/

h- Lodigiana Poetess...Is Evil Thy Name? ...@ /poem/is-evil-thy-name/

i- Robert William Service...My Future...@ /poem/my-future-2/

j- Darlene Walsh...Donate Today...@ /poem/donate-today/

k- Dillip K. Swain...Learning Curve...@ /poem/learning-curve-6/

l- Nika McGuin...Raining Inside; ...@ /poem/raining-inside/

(to be continued? ? ?) ..... NO; THAT'S IT FOR JANUARY 2018

=====  
=====

THE POEMS AND THE AUTHORS:

a- A Waterless Cake; Savita Tyagi

A Waterless Cake (Limerick-No Syllable Count)

When it comes to singing New Year  
Grand celebrations on Mars appear  
Scientists are holding a convention  
Honoring a rare Martian invention  
A waterless cake recipe- I hear!

A Waterless Cake (Limerick with syllable count)

Grand celebrations on Mars appear  
Their scientists are singing New Year  
And hold convention to  
Honor an invention-  
waterless cake recipe- I hear!

by Savita Tyagi

poem page's 'partial link': /poem/a-waterless-cake-limerick-no-syllable-count/  
-----

Bri's note: I would take Savita's "to" from line 3 of the second version, and put it the front of line 4! ha ha.

-----

b- If God Sends My Maa For A While! ; Shahzia Batool

If God Sends My Maa For A While!

I shall lay my head on her knees  
Believing that God must have cured her arthritic joints in heaven,  
Then she will brush my hair with her fingers  
And I shall tell her all my soul suffered from;

I shall complain of the bouquet of roses  
That pricked my hands despite the silk-ribbon  
And scotch-tape woven around it carefully;

I shall tell her the tricks of the winds  
Blowing roughly on me leaving all others  
And of clouds that shower benign rain  
On all others leaving me,  
Though I stand under them with a bowl  
In my hands raised skywards  
Which stays dried up;

I'll feel she smoothes my hair  
I am relieved, and her sweetness has removed  
The wrinkles of my crumpled soul successfully...  
I shall feel an urge to tell her  
That I miss the apple-jam she used to prepare for me  
In a sauce-pan,  
And that I have left eating the soaked and peeled off  
Almonds and raisins with a glass of milk;

I shall clarify that I am telling her all  
Because I don't tell  
Such things to anyone  
Not because they won't listen to this

But because I have lost my tantrums wild  
Somewhere in the fields of my childhood;

I shall ask her  
Does she listen to my voice while I recite prayers  
On her grave?  
Does she see when my brother removes the frozen candle wax?  
And washes the tomb-stone?  
Or showering petals on her earthly-bed?

Yes, I shall tell her  
That cooking shows are no more interesting now;  
That all the tragic tunes interpret my heart  
And all the sad songs sing of my soul;  
But, will it be wise to tell her all  
That might cause pain to her?

I shall have no idea of her allowed duration with me  
So, I won't tell her, or ask from her anything  
But this, that we all are settled in life,  
And that I am happy  
And then I shall smile  
as big as a smiley-sticker, ear to ear  
and I won't let her know  
-  
-  
-  
that my pen bleeds still...

by Shahzia Batool

poem page's 'partial link': </poem/if-god-sends-my-maa-for-a-while/>

-----  
Bri's note: my computer underlines 'smoothes' and Google shows  
'smooths';

-----  
c- I Have Left The Building; Andy Brookes

I Have Left The Building - Poem by Andy Brookes

the forced jollity  
corporate greed smiles leering  
the meaning is lost

put out Yuletide logs  
they burn to ash uselessly  
a cold Winter thought

Christmas has fizzed out  
becoming an old hum bug  
drown it in spirit

leaving the madness  
fleeing to the solitude  
under the banyan

by Andy Brookes

poem page's 'partial link': </poem/i-have-left-the-building/>

-----

Bri's note: I suspect Andy has fled U.K. for warmer climes over the 'holiday'. I can  
'see him' now sitting under a banyan tree, sipping a cool mango-ade! !

-----

d- Wanting More; Della Perry

Wanting More - Poem by Della Perry

She wore him like an embellishment  
His masculinity aided her femininity.  
She needed all the help she could muster.  
Self centered, selfish, narcissistic.  
No problems leaving loved ones behind.

She wore him like a diamond necklace  
Sprawled around her neck for all to see  
But when she got down and dirty  
She had no problem hanging him from the jewellery stand  
Dangling coldly alone.  
Got down on her knees for a new man.

Who reminded her of expensive golden bands  
Adorning her greedy fingers  
So much more she wanted, needed,  
Never satisfied.  
She offered her hand once more.

by Della Perry

poem page's 'partial link': </poem/wanting-more-11/>

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Bri's note: I make one correction of a 'silly' typo. :)  
-----

e- Flower Girl; Rod Mendieta

### Flower Girl

Clean cold floor-slabs of cast concrete,  
The garden tooling section aisles brimming  
With special offers of shining spades  
And watering hoses,  
I marvel to see my father walking  
His brisk long strides again beside me.

The flower-girl flashes her morning-lit smile  
And motions a languid hand  
Towards a heavy padlocked door.  
We follow with hesitating deference  
While she turns her bare white ankles  
Carved of soft ivory  
From distant equatorial coasts,  
Quite sure, I imagine, of having immediately  
Drawn the admiring stares of two grown men  
Who didn't ask for flowers in the first place.

She fumbles with a bundle of keys  
And her ankles turn crystalline  
Now resembling amber coloured glass  
Lovingly blown by a Murano artisan  
And showing curiously mutating streaks  
Of white light in the core,  
Like poured milk flowing slowly

Through warm honey.

Rather than think that this surely  
Is no ordinary flower-girl  
I wonder instead what business has she  
Drawing us to a section of the big store  
Not readily open for customers.  
Then a white, empty, concrete room  
With tiny windows much too high towards the ceiling

And I already half expect the short shelf-life  
Patience of my father being tried to the limits  
Of exasperation.  
Standing on my toes I manage to sneak  
A furtive look into an ordinary vegetable orchard  
With glistening lettuces and tomatoes.

'Nothing that will interest us here', says father  
And I dread the approach of one of his trademark  
Caustic remarks he gleefully throws at  
Unsuspecting interlocutors like thorns from the  
Blowpipe of a peevish little kid.  
'Perhaps you had hoped to become privy  
To the secrets of the dead? '

I anticipate her flustered reply,  
Like many others I've heard before,  
From tiny little humans being stared down  
By a superior being:  
'Nothing of the sort', her face transfixed  
With embarrassment, jinxed, robbed  
Clean of the ability to articulate further apologies.

I turn to look but father has already walked  
Out of my sunny winter morning  
Through clean aisles of cold floor-slabs  
Leaving my mouth pregnant with  
Unspoken words and my heart  
Sinking fast into quiet desperation.

Then the flower-girl appears  
Quite oblivious to anything heard or said,



Flashing her morning-lit smile at me,  
Once again.

by Rod Mendieta

poem page's 'partial link': /poem/flower-girl-9/  
-----

f- Love Tree; Sk. Nurul Huda

Love Tree

I did not write you down in poetry  
Least my readers discover you badly-  
Pleading my poetic weakness;  
I did not paint your face on canvas  
Least my viewers devalue you-  
Pleading my trembling retouch of the brush.

I wanted to make a narrow castle  
Like a cocoon of a moth  
And then a free fly to the Heaven.

So I plant you at the deepest Earth of my heart,  
Where my lungs provide air and my blood,  
As a postman, carries temperature and water.  
My young-ling love sprouts to a big shade- tree  
Like an umbrella over my head.

Your boughs are scattered over my full body,  
My heart beats shake your hanging boughs,  
And your quivering quivers my calm body  
As if I play a spontaneous dance.

You are my ever green love tree  
That prevents the pollution  
At the very start my eyes start  
To get polluted on others' sights.

R~sk nurul huda @ Songs of 26.

by Sk. Nurul Huda

poem page's 'partial link': /poem/love-tree-5/  
-----

Bri's note: Unless it is 'different' in India, &quot;least&quot;, in stanza one, should be &quot;lest&quot;.

I found this: &quot;lest: conjunction formal: 1- &quot;with the intention of preventing (something undesirable) : to avoid the risk of.2- (after a clause indicating fear)because of the possibility of something undesirable happening; in case.

-----

g- Wheelchair; Lamar Cole

### Wheelchair

Even though Dean was wheelchair-bound.  
He didn't let this get him down.  
He loved to clown around.  
And take trips downtown.  
Dean stayed one horny man.  
He still loved to take his wife to hump-land.

by Lamar Cole

poem page's 'partial link': /poem/wheelchair-7/  
-----

Bri's note: I found this by Googling; of course I KNEW what Lamar meant! I think I do/did! : hump: &quot;Vulgar Slang The act or an instance of having sexual intercourse.&quot; YOU can look up &quot;horny&quot;; it's NOT about horns!

-----

h- Is Evil Thy Name? ; Lodigiana Poetess

### Is Evil Thy Name?

He gazes at her... transfixed by her untaintedness.  
The lustrous glow from her sable eyes drawing him into the promised profoundness of her innocent spirit.  
Fantasising how eventually she will subjugate to him and willingly acquiesce to

his sudden overwhelming desire to possess her.  
All reason reduced to manly gratification, he blindly stumbles on.  
A languid introduction, palm outstretched, his sweat making contact with her  
gelid hand  
sends an unexpected shiver reverberating through his body....  
Strange..but exciting.  
She smiles a radiant smile, through parted lips, showing a glimpse of even, white  
teeth -like jewelled nacre.  
Her eyes discreetly lower, he perceives it as shy modesty which she displays so  
naturally.  
He feels in control, vigorous and mighty.  
His conscience slowly ebbing as he consigns to oblivion the wedding vows made  
before God.  
He must have her.....  
She saw him enter the room, a fatigued, spiritless soul.  
A hollow Godforsaken being, looking to instill some fire into his bromidic life.  
A once kindly man, but now defeated, with failure resting heavily on his dejected  
shoulders,  
Such a willing candidate.....  
Her eyes deep as pitch and fiery as brimstone, looked into his closed soul and  
she smiled her smile-  
irascible and mocking, but to a weak subject -radiant and alluringly shy.  
All too easy..... another conquest...her master will be pleased.  
He holds her look and whilst caressing her cool, velvety hand -asked her name...  
She feel victorious, proud, and vanquished all his qualms, as in a silken,  
beguiling voice  
She spoke the name that would be his downfall.  
'I'm Lucy' she said ` LucyFerr' so pleased to meet you.....

by Lodigiana Poetess

poem page's 'partial link': </poem/is-evil-thy-name/>

-----  
Bri's note: I put spaces between some words in the poem where I suspect PH  
removed the  
spaces somehow/for-some-reason upon : Lucifer is a name used for 'the Devil'!

-----  
i- My Future; Robert William Service

My Future

&quot;Let's make him a sailor, &quot; said Father,  
&quot;And he will adventure the sea.&quot;  
&quot;A soldier, &quot; said Mother, &quot;is rather  
What I would prefer him to be.&quot;  
&quot;A lawyer, &quot; said Father, &quot;would please me,  
For then he could draw up my will.&quot;  
&quot;A doctor, &quot; said Mother, &quot;would ease me;  
Maybe he could give me a pill.&quot;

Said Father: &quot;Let's make him a curate,  
A Bishop in gaiters to be.&quot;  
Said Mother: &quot;I couldn't endure it  
To have Willie preaching to me.&quot;  
Said Father: &quot;&quot;Let him be a poet;  
So often he's gathering wool.&quot;  
Said Mother with temper: &quot;Oh stow it!  
You know it, a poet's a fool.&quot;

Said Farther: &quot;Your son is a duffer,  
A stupid and mischievous elf.&quot;  
Said Mother, who's rather a huffer:  
&quot;That's right - he takes after yourself.&quot;  
Controlling parental emotion  
They turned to me, seeking a cue,  
And sudden conceived the bright notion  
To ask what I wanted to do.

Said I: &quot;my ambition is modest:  
A clown in a circus I'd be,  
And turn somersaults in the sawdust  
With audience laughing at me.&quot;  
... Poor parents! they're dead and decaying,  
But I am a clown as you see;  
And though in no circus I'm playing,  
How people are laughing at me!

by Robert William Service

poem page's 'partial link': </poem/my-future-2/>

-----  
Bri's note:

One of the dead poets on PH! I corrected a typo, probably not Robert's! !

Robert William Service (16 January 1874 - 11 September 1958 / Preston)

-----  
j- Donate Today; Darlene Walsh

Donate Today - Poem by Darlene Walsh

Crimson, crimson, flowing bright  
Giving is a blessed sight  
I'm here to give  
So that others will live

Comfortably reclined  
Peaceful mind  
The least I could do  
Shouldn't you too

It costs not a dime  
Only a little time  
Then they give you a treat  
Usually something sweet

Life to give  
So others live  
15 minutes it takes  
What a difference it makes

So give blood today  
It's a wonderful way  
To show you care  
Be brave and share

by Darlene Walsh

poem page's 'partial link': </poem/donate-today/>

-----  
Darlene's note:

&quot;January is National Blood Donor Month. Help us spread the word by submitting your poem.&quot;

[I assume Darlene is encouraging other poems by PH poets.]

k- Learning Curve; Dillip K. Swain

## Learning Curve

In learning curve  
I continually learn  
Like an inquisitive kid  
From my surroundings, nature  
My parents, juniors  
And voluminously from seniors

I never disobey seniors  
Dominant, powerful and adamant  
So smart, and cunning  
Go on beating their drums  
Through intellectual exploitation  
For their own gratification  
Glory and accolades  
I fear but never adore

My tender heart  
Treat them like gods  
Sings with all praise  
The beloved seniors  
Calm, cool, pious and virtuous

I love that mentor  
Who loves to inspire  
Motivate and rectify error  
With love and care

by Dillip K. Swain

poem page's 'partial link': </poem/learning-curve-6/>

-----  
l- Raining Inside; Nika McGuin

## Raining Inside

Is it raining outside

like it's raining in here?  
do the storm clouds loom  
does the thunder roll  
in tune, with my conflicted  
internal atmosphere

Does anybody know  
that it's raining in here?  
what was once a leak  
and a tiny puddle  
is now a house flood  
that my soul sluggishly  
treads through

Please tell me,  
is it raining outside  
like it's raining in here?  
or am I alone, all alone  
in my inundation

by Nika McGuin

poem page's 'partial link': </poem/raining-inside/>

-----

(NOT to be continued this month) ....a dozen does it! ! !

=====

Thanks for joining us! ! !

Thanks for the poems and thanks for the reading and ANY comments! !

Bri :) aka (in the real world) Brian Edward Whitaker

Bri Edwards

# January 2019 P H Showcase Of Poems ...[ Of And For P H Poets & Related Species ]

Now that I've typed 2019, I'll concentrate,  
to, this New Year's showcase, consecrate ...  
to the 'divine purpose' of entertaining you,  
with dozens of poems, or ....at least a few,  
chosen from MyPoemList and ELSEWHERE.  
If some don't 'suit your fancy', I don't care!

I trust readers have 'made it' another year,  
though one fine PH friend did not, 'I fear'.  
OK! Some know Bri enough to know I lie,  
as I don't fear he died, and here's the 'why':  
we ALL must die; it's just a matter of time.  
And my friend left poems, ....with fine rhyme.

Poetry ain't (by far) the end-all goal in life.  
Better is to live in peace, with little strife.  
If in 2019 we all could make strides for that,  
to all who DO do it, I'll gladly 'tip my hat'.

To all people of Earth I send my best wishes.  
Heck, I'll send to cats, birds, & to all fishes!  
[to snakes, toads, slugs, and flies and such]  
[NOT to mosquitoes, who I don't like much]

(December....8th.....2018)

AND Nowwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww:

JANUARY 2019 Showcase Poems

-----  
A - .....HERE ARE TWO POEMS PH HAS LISTED AS HAVING A TOPIC OF  
'JANUARY':



[ The following two 'topic poems' listed by PH are ones i LIKE; they are now in my list of 'Favorites'. BUT there are plenty i read which i did not like! ]

1 - A Cold Day In January ... by David Crowther

A Cold Day In January

Last year my mother died.  
I was not there she died alone.  
It was mid-winter when  
we buried her. The roads were treacherous  
that day, the coldest of the year.  
Few people made it to the funeral,  
the church was nearly empty.  
My son and daughter each  
read out a poem  
she had written in her younger days.  
The priest, who had not known her,  
said the prayers. From there we went  
by car, the tyres crunching on the ice,  
to where the grave had been prepared  
in the cemetery that waited  
on the outskirts of the town.  
The ground was frozen hard.  
We stood and listened to the prayers  
the priest intoned, tall and upright  
there above the open grave while  
all the time the icy wind blew  
flurries of snow over the graves  
and by the groves of evergreens,  
So cold, so bleak, so utterly unforgettable  
the scene, but what was strange:  
I did not mind the cold,  
that seeped into my heart and bones.  
It seemed somehow appropriate.

-----

2- A January Day ... by Nosheen Irfan © 2016  
All Rights Reserved

## A January Day

I see a timid sun  
And overbearing clouds  
Playing upon our dreams  
The sun wants to give fire  
To our extinguishing hopes  
But clouds are full of mischief  
They overshadow the sun  
And our dreams die of cold.

=====

B -.....If one does a PH &quot;Search&quot; for &quot;transgender&quot;, one should find a short listing of POEMS about `transgender persons`.

Bri's [Wikipedia's, actually] Notes on Transgender:

&quot;Transgender

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Transgender people have a gender identity or gender expression that differs from their assigned sex.[1][2][3] Transgender people are sometimes called transsexual if they desire medical assistance to transition from one sex to another. Transgender is also an umbrella term: in addition to including people whose gender identity is the opposite of their assigned sex (trans men and trans women) , it may include people who are not exclusively masculine or feminine (people who are genderqueer or non-binary, including bigender, pangender, genderfluid, or agender) .[2][4][5] Other definitions of transgender also include people who belong to a third gender, or else conceptualize transgender people as a third gender.[6][7] Infrequently, the term transgender is defined very broadly to include cross-dressers, [8] regardless of their gender identity.&quot;  
Here are three of 'MY FAVORITE POEMS' from PH which i found by doing a &quot;Search&quot; on PH for &quot;transgender&quot; after reading Valsa's poem which follows:

1 -Transgender ... by Valsa George

Transgender

Applied rouge on the cheeks  
Tied a glittering necklace round the neck  
Putting heavy makeup,  
Over the stubble on her shaven chin,  
She looked into the mirror  
Through its cracks, saw a million bits of her/him  
Those images sneering at each other  
She felt trapped in a wrong body,  
With its contours n' longings mismatched

&quot;Where do I belong&quot;?  
&quot;Where do I fit&quot;?

These questions plague her incessant  
A rough stone with sharp edges  
Too hard to be chipped down  
Cast aside by the mason  
That can never go into the making of a Cathedral

She walks around in haze  
Life seems a twisted maze  
Each time she tries to claw her way  
She sees only walls that hem her in  
Before her, lingers the stygian mist  
Phantoms of darkness surround her  
The winds of change swiftly blow  
Seasons come and go  
But she is tied down in her chains  
An anomaly of creation  
A curse and a taboo  
Swallowing stigma and abuse  
Each day waking up with a start  
Knowing that she is neither a woman nor a man  
But a non binary... an accursed TRANSGENDER  
Inviting snide looks  
And sniggers from onlookers

People call her a eunuch  
One divided between the selves  
A hapless denizen of an inhospitable world  
Disowned even by parents

Though flawed and far from perfect  
She is human, one of a kind  
And needs to be seen through the eyes of God!

-----  
2 -Clueless Is The Transgender.... by ugam Chettiar.

Clueless Is The Transgender.

Is the person in dispute  
He, she, neither or both?  
Genetics, Endocrinologists,  
Psychiatrist, Gynecologists,  
Radiologists, and Surgeons  
Take a look, examine and fail  
To concede it male or female.  
A female is with female organs  
Fully functional, with female  
Hormones and 46 xx chromosomes.  
Any deficit or any mix  
Will upset the gender specific  
And one will go clueless.

(31.07.2012)

-----  
3 - Transgenders ... by Gajanan Mishra

Transgenders  
Yes, you go  
You are allowed  
To sing, to dance  
To love,  
And to be loved.  
Yes, you are allowed  
To do whatever you like,  
You are recognized.  
You are allowed  
To come to this  
National mainstream,  
No problem, no fear,  
No shame, no social pressure

No depression, no social stigma.

You are also  
A honorable citizen  
With all rights  
Like any other,  
You are Hijras,  
You are eunuchs,  
You are Kothis,  
You are Aravanis,  
You are Jogappas,  
You are Shiv-Shakatis  
And you are also  
Known by so many names,  
Go, your rights are hereby  
Protected irrespective of anything.

Yes, you are recognized  
As third gender and  
The same status as  
Male and female,  
You are greeted  
As the wonderful creation  
Of the Almighty  
With a major role to play  
In the society under nature,  
You are protected from  
Molestation, rape and  
Any act that is against  
Humanity, Yes, you go  
And enjoy yourself on this land.

-----  
Poets Notes about The Poem:

The Supreme Court of India has recognized in its recent landmark verdict, transgender people as the third gender. Really it is a foundation to meting out a better deal to neglected section of the society. In fact it is a human right issue.

-----  
Bri's Notes:

Very interesting! ! ! ! ok, a third 'gender' is protected! now protection is declared by law, but of course no gender is guaranteed to be safe/protected at all times from harsh, unfair, or criminal actions.: (

Also:

I get the feeling some people consider only people identified at birth as 'female' to be trans-gendered when they identify themselves later as 'male'. This is not the more to learn more, if you are interested.

Also:

As long as they serve LARGE ice cream cones to me at McDonald's, i don't care if they 'are' or 'just look like they are' male or same applies to a president, a police officer, or anyone else, NOT just a McDonald's ...NO! , the McDonald's corporation did NOT pay me (enough) to mention its name THREE TIMES!

Bri (:

=====  
=

C - .....And here are more poems (added recently to my list on PH of 'My Favorite Poems' aka MyPoemList) :

1 - .....The Mourning Palace (Auschwitz Is Real) -... by Kurt Kacich

The Mourning Palace (Auschwitz Is Real)

The palace of mourning, the place to meets death's end,  
The place, where you wish the nightmare was pretend,  
Innocent families fallen victims of the crime called genocide,  
Home of the black suited demons committing crimes of homicide,  
Yes! Hell on Earth! The torturing of life! Auschwitz is real!  
Endless labor, human guinea pigs, the destruction of man,  
Horrible acts, only thing left is the image of what was once called home,  
Without family left to see, alone behind barbed wire, all alone,  
No food and harsh shelters, o how I wish I could go home!  
Am I in hell? Does Satan exist within this tomb? Auschwitz is real!  
I open my eyes after seeing deaths of millions, was heaven ever real?  
I'm sure it's a fairy tale, a closed book that seemed ever surreal,  
Starvation under the freezing sun, malnutrition feeding off zyklon-b,  
Can I ever open my eyes to salvation? Or is perdition all I see?  
Endless terror within the broken province, a nightmare never ending,  
Life inside shattered, by morals controlled by rules forever bending,  
Where did my family go? Are they home alone? Perhaps they already passed the

pearly gates,  
Broken dreams, shattered existence, the clouding of mind, Auschwitz is real!  
For many nights I stared into the skies, Hoping God would catch my prayers,  
Shivering in a masquerade of madness, I've never been so scared,  
Struggling day by day, hoping to get stronger and survive from the pain I bear,  
Endless cries of suffering, inflicted by the demons with no regrets,  
If I live through this infernal dream, Oh how I will never forget!  
Hoping to freeze time, hoping to find a piece of mind,  
Wishing to live ahead of my time, or perhaps years I would rewind,  
Oh how I wish I could go home, or go to a place of happiness I once known,  
Clouded by mist of the rotting souls, It's the mourning palace,  
It's the place, once called hell, the establishment of fire and brimstone,  
It's the dominion of Auschwitz the place Leviathon \*\* calls home.

-----  
\*\* Bri's Notes: Leviathan, used in the Bible to denote a sea monster or the Devil,  
and alternately spelled Leviathon by may also refer to a HUGE or immensely  
powerful thing, including a government.

AND: Can anyone tell me any information about this author, other than what is  
found on PH? PH has no biography for him; his poems were all submitted in  
2010.

-----  
2 - .....Sometimes - by Scooby Do

Sometimes  
(The Midnight Letters)

So, I find myself still gazing,  
Beyond the looking glass.  
Through your eyes I see it all;  
From the dark, to the light.

Sometimes I feel like I'm falling.  
Sometimes I don't think you care.  
Sometimes I wake up late at night,  
Only wishing even more that you were there.

So call me,  
Beyond the cold,  
Beyond the grave.  
Death can't even separate us,

Even though it was your blade.  
You made the cut.

Sometimes I wish I could go back.  
Sometimes I feel like walking away,  
And never looking back.

So call me.  
Oh, I fear I'll never see the light.  
So call me.  
To hear your voice is all I need.  
So call me.  
Even if it was just to show you cared.  
So call me.  
Girl, the way I see it,  
You're not even there.

Oh, well when you wake up wondering,  
Where have I gone,  
Don't you shed a fucking tear.  
Don't you wet those pretty eyes.  
You did this to yourself girl,  
Despite all I've given you.  
Girl, when you see a shooting star,  
Go on and make a wish.  
I won't be coming back for you,  
And there's nothing you can do.

Goodbye, girl.  
Don't you wave goodbye.  
Goodbye, goodbye.  
No, don't you wave goodbye.

-----  
Bri's Notes:  
I corrected two misspellings/typos.  
-----

3 -.....You Gaspd .....by M.J. Lemon

You Gaspd  
Keep the chair, the pets,  
the artwork, the antiques



and I'll even throw in the garden hose  
Just as long as my fate, a rose

In your hands bleeds hope  
and crouches underneath  
the memories of togetherness  
that dispel insecurities, prowess-

that make me infirm.  
Sitting, back straight eyes closed  
legs crossed hands clasped  
you sang, a low voice. You gasped.

-----  
4 - .....God's Storm - .....by Sk. Nurul Huda

### God's Storm

Have you got the Heaven or not?  
Do you know all are to fight hot  
To secure a place with a doubt lot?

with my blissful bless for you  
Brought you where come a very few  
Do enjoy this eternal ease life new.

What! are you not happy for your mother?  
Look others here not the tears of her  
Faith's test is being taken with your father.

Stop; STOP I SAY STOP  
I wished it. I planned it and  
Did it and will do what I can  
Go forward go up go assemble

God stops...  
The nine years boy starts stumbling  
And saunters into the Heaven.  
The boy who died in the terrorist attack saw the God's Wrath  
And possibly got healed of the earthly wound he got.

-----  
Bri's Notes:  
My friend's English could use 'some help' I think, but I'm using his poem

because: 1- I like him.2- He offered the poem to me to put into a showcase.3-  
The poem is pretty 4- I'm the boss here! ! !  
But, speaking of "here", i think the following line:  
"Look others here not the tears of her"; maybe is meant to have  
"hear";, not "here".Maybe.

-----  
5 - .....Ordinary ..... by Bharati Nayak

### Ordinary

I am a piece of pebble  
Very ordinary  
Lying on the road side  
You passerby  
Perhaps  
Took a fancy  
Picked me up  
Perhaps  
You found  
Some color and beauty  
And so  
Took me  
With you  
Beauty lies  
In your eyes  
I am just a pebble  
Very ordinary  
Oh passerby! !

-----  
Bri's Notes:

Bharati also offers a poem to me from time to time.  
-----

6 .....Death Is Nothing At All .....by Henry Scott Holland

### Death Is Nothing At All

Death is nothing at all.  
I have only slipped away to the next room.  
I am I and you are you.

Whatever we were to each other,  
That, we still are.

Call me by my old familiar name.  
Speak to me in the easy way  
which you always used.  
Put no difference into your tone.  
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed  
at the little jokes we enjoyed together.  
Play, smile, think of me. Pray for me.  
Let my name be ever the household word  
that it always was.  
Let it be spoken without effect.  
Without the trace of a shadow on it.

Life means all that it ever meant.  
It is the same that it ever was.  
There is absolute unbroken continuity.  
Why should I be out of mind  
because I am out of sight?

I am but waiting for you.  
For an interval.  
Somewhere. Very near.  
Just around the corner.

All is well.

Nothing is past; nothing is lost. One brief moment and all will be as it was before  
only better, infinitely happier and forever we will all be one together with Christ.

-----  
Bri's Notes:

This is the only poem listed on this author's PH site; it has a submission date of  
2004.

Though my religious views do not match his, he 'paints an attractive picture' for  
'believers' to 'see'. I would like to read more of his poems (on other subjects) .

-----  
7a - .....A Silly Poem .....by Mike Milligan

## A Silly Poem

Said Hamlet to Ophelia,  
I'll draw a sketch of thee,  
What kind of pencil shall I use?  
2B or not 2B?

Bri's Poet's Notes:

To understand the "play on words" (words from a play, in this case) ,  
Search for "To be or not to be" ....AND "2B pencils". See  
Hindi translation, below at "7b".

-----  
7b - .....?? ?????? ?????? (?????? ??????)  
[[ A Silly Poem (by Spike Milligan) ]]  
????? ?????????? ?????? ???? ??????  
[[Hindi Translation by Rajnish Manga ]]  
?? ?????? ??????

?????? ?? ?????????? ?? ???,  
??? ?????????? ?? ?????? ?????? ?????? ???,  
??? ??? ?? ??????? ?? ???????  
2?? ?? ??? ?? ???

Bri's Notes:

This was the most tedious/time-consuming submission to a showcase i've ever  
made, i think.: (ha ha ha.

I have trouble enough using English! !

-----  
8 - .....Planchette & Page - ..... by Nika McGuin

### Planchette & Page

I think books are beautiful  
and libraries are magical  
perhaps the last drops  
of magic that can be touched  
by a mundane

drowning in a sea of books  
I find I'm no longer human  
but the planchette of a ouija board  
delighted, I let the spell take over,

let it drag me through aisle after aisle  
as it leads me to my partner in destiny

sigh of relief and jump for joy  
I've found you  
you've called me more likely  
as I press your smooth cover to my chest  
I can feel  
that your ivory pages have so much  
to tell and so very much  
love to share

as I hold you  
tightly wrapped in my arms  
I feel so much more alive than usual  
as we talk in the quiet language  
of strangers who fall in love at first sight  
at least in this moment of rapture  
I don't feel so alone

we will read each other  
teach each other  
and play with one another  
like the children we are

even if the last page isn't reached  
your story has impacted me  
for you and I have whispered,  
chanted our tales  
nightly, in voices quiet  
like rustling pages

Bri's Notes:

This makes me (almost) want to be a book! But .....I don't think books can hold ice cream again, being held against a young lady's chest might be (almost) as good.

-----

9 - .....Bri's Cannibal Friend... [ Bri's Demise; Cannibals; Friend; Food ]

I made a Friend, a Skinny Cannibal.  
Now I KNOW why Teachers called me a Dunce.

I went for a Meal at my New Friend's Home.  
The Hors D'oeuvres were tasty.I Just Went ONCE.

Poet's Notes:

Befriending a cannibal &quot;cost&quot; me MORE than &quot;an arm and a leg&quot;!

bri

) :

=====

Well, Readers, I guess I'll stop, since all that's left of me now is bones and 's more than I can handle to be dead AND `traveling&quot; to the other side of the United States, from the mild (relatively) weather of coastal northern California, to the cold, wet, icy, windy western foothills of western North Carolina ....for the WINTER! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Thanks go to ALL contributors i.e. those poets whose poems I have borrowed, .....like some art museums borrow paintings and sculptures to place in special displays don't let &quot;your heads get swollen&quot;!

I hope YOU have enjoyed your visit back near the end of January to see if I've survived to start February's usual, admittance should still be thanks to Poem Hunter as well! ! ! (also FREE! !)

Bri Edwards  
aka Brian Edward Whitaker  
aka &quot;Hey You! &quot;, ,

:) aka(:

Bri Edwards

**Jed: W A N T E D , Alive, Or Dead ....**

**[&quot;Cowboy Movie&quot;; Wanted Poster; Criminal Behavior; Psychology; Almost Long, But Worth Reading]**

In the &quot;Old West&quot;;, a century and a half ago ....  
one might not live, if, with a gun ...., one was too slow.  
At least that's what &quot;Western&quot;; movies taught me as a kid,  
A N D, from such things, this land still is not rid!

Still, when I was younger, &quot;they&quot;; had &quot;W A N T E D&quot;;  
signs,  
advertising people who were wanted by police for crimes.  
It was in post offices that I saw the 'posters' displayed.  
Sometimes a reward for &quot;information&quot;; was offered to be paid.

And then Television got into the apprehension act,  
and the T V show &quot;America's Most Wanted&quot;; caught some in fact.  
But, in movies, it was not &quot;Information Wanted&quot;; that posters read,  
but, in tall, B O L D letters: &quot;W A N T E D: A L I V E - O R - D E A  
D&quot;;.  
[followed by a name and sometimes a picture of the 'bad guy']

One such poster was for a critter named Jed.  
For him, the posters even said &quot;W A N T E D&quot;;... in bright red.  
Yes, Jed was an &quot;outlaw&quot;; of uncommonly-cruel deeds.  
Faced with Jed and his gun, many of the bravest men peed....  
in their pant A N D &quot;cowboy boots&quot;;.

Jed reached age twenty-nine before he met his end.  
But first, many, to their early graves, Jed did send.  
And it wasn't just killing Jed was widely known for.  
Yes, Jed was a snake, and he was rotten to the core.

If he was riding along and his horse came up lame,  
Jed would steal another. To him it was all a game.  
Some said Jed had been raised wrong ....by a drunken pair.  
In any case, about others' comforts, Jed just didn't care.  
[O R at least he didn't seem to]

With his six-shooters Jed was fast on the draw,  
but he would also ambush and kill men who never saw ....  
him.

Yes, he was ruthless, a liar, a cheat, and all-around-bad!  
Many a widow he made, leaving a trail so sad.

Sometimes he'd not stop at horse theft and killing,  
but also kidnapped women, as they cried and kicked, unwilling.  
But one thing about Jed: he N E V E R harmed a woman or kid.  
[Was there something 'not-so-bad' ..... that &quot;bad Jed&quot; hid? ]

Finally, one late frosty Montana eve,  
Jed's luck ran out. He had no more aces up his sleeve.  
He'd had a little too much to drink A N D was getting 'old',  
and the son of one of his victims was now big and bold.

The young man had seen Jed ....ride into town,  
and he'd sworn to shoot his Pa's killer down.  
And that's what happened that eve, sure enough.  
With six lead bullets, the kid, Jed's cruel life, did snuff .....  
out.

(October 1, 2015)

Bri Edwards



# July 2017's ' All-Male '-Showcase Of Poems Of & For Poem Hunter Poets ....[ A Selection By Bri, Of Poems For Your Enjoyment; Read Or Not! ]

June's 'All-Female Showcase' is done; it's even had some readers!

Now my 'job' begins: to find 'Poems-as-Good by Males'. No cheaters.. .....are allowed!

As best as Bri can tell, the 'females' are females and 'males' are all males.

But, who can tell for sure? Relying on PH names OR 'pics' sometimes fails, I'm sure.

So now I'm soliciting poems, from 'Males', for my current consideration.

I'm still wanting less than 30 lines each\*\*\*, but there're no other classifications.

Limericks, Free Verse, Sonnets, and others are welcome. Good grammar is a plus,

but, though typos 'and' misspellings jolt me a bit, I'll try to not raise (too much) fuss!

[I'll try.]

I hope more are reading at least some of the Showcase .....than evidence, to me, suggests.

But I know no one twists my arm(s) to do this each month, and I assure you I'll lose no rest .....

if someday I learn that only about half a dozen members ever take more than a little peek;

in the meantime I'll tell myself that this 'make-work' keeps my mind fit, though that argument is WEAK!

(June 19th 2017)

Bri :)

-----  
post script aka p.s.:

IF i don't forget, i shall include ONE 'Female' POEM in July. in June, i inadvertently failed to include a poem by my PH friend Lyn Paul.

i guess since her last name 'Paul' is the same as some guys' first

name, AND her first name is one 'n' short of the male name 'Lynn', as in Lynn W.

Petty, sneaking Lyn's poem into an 'all-male' showcase will be easy! !

-----  
ATTENTION! ! ! !

Here is a new format for my/our monthly 'Showcase of AND for PoemHunter Poets'.

\*\*\*Although my introductory poem for July 2017's showcase indicates that I am still wanting poems of less than 30 lines, I AM NOW ACCEPTING, even encouraging LONGER poems! ! ! !

But I have borrowed an idea I believe my dear 'mate'/wife AND my PH friend Savita Tyagi both have suggested to me. Not only will this format shorten the physical length of the showcase on this 'page', but it will allow you to enter each poet's PH site, landing on their showcase poem's page. All you should have to do is 'Copy and Paste' the 'link'\*\*\*\* I am providing for each poem you wish to read. Then you will already be on the page where you can also leave a comment which the poet will receive and which other readers may read. And you can then quickly access other poems and information provided about each poet by himself (or herself) . I hope this new, more 'technologically-advanced' format meets with YOUR approval. Comments to Bri are always welcome, pro OR con.  
Bri Edwards :)

-----  
\*\*\*\*WELL, PoemHunter does NOT ALLOW links in the text of a poem, SO I can NOT put the links to poems into the Showcase! ! ! BUT maybe readers can take the line below each poet's name and add the part of the link that I have to leave out, sneaking around PH's rules. Let me try it and tell you more later.

IT IS NOW 'later'. Here is what to do to get to a poem's page:

1 - Open a new tab on computer.

2 - Type or 'copy and paste' [on the line where the link 'name' should be] the following three lines. THEN, using as an example the line below Lynn W. Petty's name (see below) , type or 'copy and paste' the line under the poet's name from the list below. [see THE POETS, below]:

w  
unter.  
com/poem/

Let me try it now. OK! It worked! ! ! Try it and see if it works for you; let me know if you have trouble, but first repeat my instructions at least once, please. Maybe you can 'make it' work for you. Good luck! !

:)                      bri

p.s. SINCE I am [trying to] lead(ing)                      you to the poets' poem pages, I am NOT making any 'corrections' in the poets' English usage. So, be warned that the ENGLISH, including spelling and punctuation, MAY NOT BE CORRECT in some poems.

=====  
=====

#### THE POETS, & Partial-Links TO July showcase POEMS

1 -By Lynn W. Petty:

independence-california-fishing

2 -By Darwin Henry Beuning

nurses-6

3 -By Andy (Paul)

Brookes

my-da

4 -By Is It Poetry

the-need-to-leave-something-behind

5 -By Brian Johnston

gf-georgia-people-jumping

6 -By Rod Mendieta

the-lady-in-raynham-hall

7 -By Lyn Paul [female guest]

my-casket

8 -By Loke Kok yee

limerick-the-tippler

9 -By Stuart Munro

[Bri's note: This guy is sometimes sillier than Bri! ]  
garden-of-joy-2

10 -By Kim Barney  
the-gravy-cake

11 -By Kelly Kurt  
balls-senryu-series

12 -By Akhtar Jawad  
who-is-in-a-cage

13 -By Tom Allport  
you-1433

15- By Glenn Anderson  
the-clone

16 -By Ellias Anderson C.A (Known as captain A)  
poor-frogs

17 -By R. G. Bell  
sam-s-god

18 -By Tom Billsborough  
that-uncertain-smile

19 -By Jak Black  
a-rural-scene-2

20 -By Daniel Brick  
snail-talk-for-rosemary

21 -By Charles Bukowski  
( 'famous poet'! ; 1920-1994)  
2-flies

22 -By John Carter Brown  
a-hole-in-my-sock

23 -By devon da poet  
working-bee

24 -By Roald Dahl ( 'famous poet'! ; 1916 -1990)  
television

25 -By David Darbyshire  
chocolates-on-the-floor

26 -By Charles Darnell  
lazarus-4

27 -By Greg Davidson  
mynah-birds-and-passing-memories

28 -By UNNIKRISHNAN E S  
the-swan-and-me

-----

Bri's notes:

more birds! !

Readers, i started this list by looking for poems from MyPoemList, aka my 'favorite poems' on PH, written by some of my 'favorite friends' on PH.

Then i decided it would be EASIER to just look through the 130 pages [[about 20 pages are poems by 'Bri']] in MyPoemList and find authors as they are listed alphabetically in.....MyPoemList.

:)

-----

29 -By Bri Edwards  
a-lonely-cloud-nature-observation-humor

30 -By Abekah Emmanuel  
a-poem-to-a-poet

31 -By JJ Evendon  
colonoscopy

32 -By Frank N. Footer  
the-foodies-have-a-spat

33 -By Thomas Hardy  
(‘famous author’; 1840 - 1928)  
i-rose-up-as-my-custom-is

34 -By kanav justa  
a-crow-complains-of-his-bitter-voice

35 -By Xelam Kan  
lost-paradise

36 -By Stephen Katona  
koko-s-poem-for-robin-williams

37 -By Richard Lackman  
the-gentleman-on-a-park-bench

38 -By M.J. Lemon  
feeling-older

39 -By Eugene Levich  
female-spiders

40 -By Bri Mar  
[i THINK this poet is a male]  
we-do-taste-nice-in-a-curry

41 -By Brian Mayo  
the-possum-2

42 -By Mihir Modi  
meet-the-monster

43 -By M.D Dinesh Nair  
on-this-september-21

44 -By Madathil Rajendran Nair  
my-first-love-letter-5

45 -By Sk. Nurul Huda  
the-tragedy-of-a-fake-lover

46 By James Gates Percival  
(a distant relative of 'Bri'; 1795-1856)  
the-coral-grove

47 -By Clarence Prince  
trees-101

48 -By TAPAN Saren  
written-for-him

49 -By Douglas Scotney  
w-w-zoo

50 -By Howard Simon  
repressive-recklessness

51 -By Mike Smiff  
physical-laws

52 -By The King That Was Big Head  
the-king-big-head-problem-page

53 -By Long Tooth  
[Bri's note: This MUST be a male!  
What female would call herself 'Long Tooth'? ]  
waylaid-after-school

54 -By Spock The Vegan  
santa-comes-on-christmas-eve-limerick

55 -By WES Vogler  
limerick-when-pinocchio-utters-a-lie

56 -By John Westlake  
178. Man In The Mirror

=====

Thanks to anyone who read any of this! I hope you will visit some of the poets' pages, and maybe even leave comments! ! For most of these poems I have left one or more comments in the past at each of these poems and then again when I took to use in this showcase.

THANK YOU POETS AND READERS! ! !

Bri Edwards aka Brian Edward Whitaker (in the 'real world')

June 29,2017

Bri Edwards



# July 2018 Showcase Of Poems... [ Found On P H By Bri! ]

I just realized how the end of June has snuck up ....on me!  
It's time again for a 'showcase', which to YOU I give out free! !  
So from my desk inkwell I pull out my Big Red Goose Quill ....  
to compose a poem; I try to entertain you all.I hope this will.

I think I'll use a bunch of 'love' & 'hate' poems, or  
'so-called' ....on this P H site.

I've looked at poems with topics love OR I think 'just right'!  
But FIRST, I'd be remiss if I didn't pick a poem from Bharati N.  
She offered several for June, but I'd 'wrapped it up' (finished it) by then.

I don't know which poem, she's offered, I'll eventually choose,  
but I think she's a pretty (&) good poet, so we.....probably 'can't  
lose'.

(June ...26th ...2018)

=====  
=====

All poets & poems I 'use' are gratefully acknowledged by me, s,  
poets!

Any typos in poems are (I hope) those of the authors, and NOT typos 'added' by  
PH

after the poets have submitted their works for our enjoyment, entertainment,  
enlightenment, OR 'boos' and 'hisses'.Over the last 3  
years of 'usually-monthly'  
showcases, I have tried to keep MY typos & grammatical errors to a minimum.I  
now  
apologize for any 'errors' which are MY FAULT! !

Sometimes I leave a Bri's Notes after a times I leave a Poet's Notes  
from an author.

I hope you like 'The Show'!

Bri :)

=====  
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The POETS ('a' through 'n')& their poem titles: ...LISTED (alphabetically) \*\*\*in the ORDER\*\*\* THEY WERE ENTERED INTO THIS SHOWCASE:

a - Bharati Nayak: Dream

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b - Uriah Hamilton: (1) lovely Waist

-----

c - La'Kira Jackson: Love Is

-----

d - The Broken Poet: Love/Hate

-----

e - John Krysinski: It's You I Love It's Your Love I Miss

-----

f - dra Tela: The Fate Of Hate Is Hate

-----

g - Lora Colon: No More Than This

-----

h - banamala sen: Yellow Curtain

-----

i - Valsa George: To My Younger Son

-----

j - Udiah (witness to Yah) : The Weight Of Love (Love Love Love Love)

-----

k - Bonnie Alden Phillips: Love Me - Love My Poetry

-----

l - Jo Lynn Ehnes: Love Is (Found)Is Love

-----

m - tiyler durden: I Hate To Fly

-----

n - Allen Steble: \*(True Love, Love Truly)\*

-----

I'm done! See the Poems, below. Bri :)

=====  
=====

The POEMS (a-n) and their authors' names: ...listed (alphabetically) in the  
\*\*\*\*\*REVERSE\*\*\*\*\* order  
of when they were entered into the showcase:

n - \*(True Love, Love Truly)\* Poem by Allen Steble

\*(True Love, Love Truly)\*

If true love is love truly  
then let true love be true  
don't rip a hole in my chest  
and crush my blood pump

if you are not surely sure  
then walky walk out the front door  
cause i'm not playing tricky tricks  
or hide and find  
with your playful mind

If true love is love truly  
then let true love be true  
stay with me and love me  
and i'll stay with you and love you

Topic (given by PH) : love

Poems by Allen Steble: 28 / 203

-----

m - I Hate To Fly - Poem by tiyler durden

I Hate To Fly

I hate to fly  
And do you know why  
You stand in huge line  
For three hours  
Just to have your bag  
Checked in by a retarded old hag.

I hate sitting in the plane  
It gives me pain  
Next to a person who does  
Not speak English  
And a little terror kid  
Who you wish would play  
With the fire exit

topic (given by PH) : hate

Poems by tiyler durden: 56 / 138

Bri's Notes:

It seems to me that there are in life [and in these poems]  
varying degrees of &quot;love&quot; and &quot;hate&quot;.:)

-----

I - Love Is (Found)Is Love - Poem by Jo Lynn Ehnes

Love Is (Found)Is Love

Love  
is found;  
enraptured  
are two, then shared  
are understanding  
and trust entwined with truth.  
Defined are dreams and romance;  
aroused are emotions inside;  
whenever destiny is working.

~~~\*\*~~~

Working is destiny whenever  
inside emotions are aroused.  
Romance and dreams are defined.  
Truth with entwined trust and  
understanding are  
shared, then two are  
enraptured;  
found is  
love.

topic (given by PH) : love

Poems by Jo Lynn Ehnes: 46 / 84

Bri's Notes:

As I indicated in a poem comment on the poem's page,  
'I've loved some poems much more than this one, but

its structure is so unique (to me at least) that I  
am sharing it in July's showcase.'Look at it carefully!

-----

k - Love Me - Love My Poetry - Poem by Bonnie Alden Phillips

Love Me - Love My Poetry

I once wrote some poetry - the best,  
the finest POETRY

My POETRY came with a capital  
&quot;P&quot;.

My POETRY was distinguished  
POETRY, proper, complete line of  
Verse POETRY - honorable,  
prehistoric, geographical POETRY  
Divine, instinctive, even religious  
POETRY -

I sent it to the magazines  
The very good magazines  
The very best magazines -  
They returned it to me every time!

I once wrote some inferior POETRY  
Low in style, irregular in measure  
POETRY

Undignified, trivial, absurd POETRY  
inadequate, mischievous, comic  
POETRY

Some stuff like this - A CRIME -  
I sent it to the magazines  
The very good magazines  
The very best magazines

They kept it every time!  
Now, I ask of you - my question is  
fair and brief - I ask  
Of you - your ear I pray and beg you  
give -  
Shall I write intuitive,  
comprehensive, reasoning

POETRY

Specific, Godlike, Capitol

committed POETRY

The sort I think will live?

Or shall I write inferior, very bad

POETRY - the kind that soon is

Dead - and send it to the magazines,

the very good, the best magazines

THAT I MAY LIVE INSTEAD! ! !

topic (given by PH) : love

Poems by Bonnie Alden Phillips: 2 / 2

-----

j - The Weight Of Love (Love Love Love Love) - Poem by Udiah (witness to Yah)

The Weight Of Love (Love Love Love Love)

I once was asked concerning love versus hate

Why does it seem that hate is so great?

While hate is a very strong emotion too

Nothing can equal love that is true

I once was asked concerning love versus hate

Why does it seem that hate is so great?

While hate is a very strong emotion too

Nothing can equal love that is true

The weight of hate is very heavy to bear

While it seems like love is lighter than air

Accounts of hate make a big news headline

While actions of love you must look hard to find

But when you consider that love is patient, kind,

Envieth not, not pompous, not puffed up, not rude,

Seeketh not her own, slow to anger, thinks no evil,

Rejoices not in wrong doing, but rejoices in the truth,

Bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things,

Endures all things, and never fails\*

You soon learn that the density of love is so much,  
Although the scales be heaped with a great volume of hate  
It's catapulted by a mere measure of love's touch,  
Love strengthens the bearer so one feels not its weight

\*author's translation of 1 Cor 13: 4-7

© 2011

love love love love love love love love love love love love love love love love love love love  
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Topic(s) of this poem: love

Poems by Udiah (witness to Yah) : 186 / 208

i - To My Younger Son - Poem by Valsa George

To My Younger Son

My son, to us, you're so very special  
For reasons not just one or two!  
But when you announced your arrival first  
At an unexpected time and age-

Was it with joy or fear, still not so sure



That I first felt the faint stirrings of life  
Sure, when you barged in more like a late night guest  
You gifted us with a mixed pack

After eight months of anxious wait  
When you showed up, a little earlier than due  
With a clear shriek and a piercing cry  
All our fears vanished, all anxiety fled

Like a cute little kitten with eyes shut  
You slept peacefully day and night  
Refusing to suck your mother's breast  
That again put your mom in severe stress

You never threw any tantrums wild  
As all other babies usually do  
Pleasantly gentle with a chuckling smile  
You were a spring flower, come alive

You readily accepted the cast away stuff;  
Broken toys and milk stained bib,  
Faded clothes and the little crib,  
Used recklessly by your naughty brother

You never gave us any stress or pain  
Even in days of adolescent strain  
You were ever gentle and ready to mingle  
With eyes lit up with a delectable twinkle

You are endowed with a loving heart  
When we are glum, you are by our side  
Your compassion, care and abiding love  
Are truly gifts, God has blessed you with

You know every nook and corner of the house  
Where each little thing placed and kept  
If something is amiss inside the house  
You run with a click and get it in fluke

As you left for studies, miles away  
The house looked empty like an abandoned nest  
With no more songs in early dawn

Until once you return to give it a tilt

Time will fly and you'll be grown  
An adult, ready to soar into the world  
But you are the reason that keeps us young  
And give our tired legs an unusual spring

You lit our yesterdays, with hopes for tomorrow  
And even after your hairline recedes  
Even after you become man and Dad  
You remain once and ever our \*'Vava' dear!

topic(s) : none assigned

Poems by Valsa George: 701 / 774

Poet's Notes about The Poem:

\* Vava is a term of endearment for a baby!

Bri's Notes:

Along with Lora Colon, Ms. George is one of my two favorite female 'friends' on Poem Hunter, as well as one of the finest poets (female OR male) I've enjoyed 'reading' here. Thanks to them and to PH! !

-----  
h - Yellow Curtain - Poem by banamala sen

Yellow Curtain

The curtain in my room is pale yellow,  
With golden leaves on it,  
My mother lived in this room for a little while,  
And left a little bit of her.

She told me, she loved the curtain,  
And used to look at the leaves,  
And think about every one in her life,  
Each leaf reminded her of each one of her beloved ones.

She prayed for them,  
Saying each and every name,  
Each and every person precious in her life,  
And in the end,  
The names were countless!

The curtain still hangs there.

Topic(s) of this poem: love and life

Form: Free Verse

Poems by banamala sen: 19 / 19

-----  
g - No More Than This - Poem by Lora Colon

No More Than This

Ask, if you will, for my hand to hold  
When Life's darkest storms give you a fright;  
And no, I will not think you too bold  
Should you ask me to stay through the night

If it is a song you need to hear  
To help put your restless mind at ease,  
I shall place my lips close to your ear  
And hum softly in angelic keys

My embrace and kiss are yours to own,  
You need only ask me to claim them;  
When seeds of despair become full-blown,  
Together, you and I will tame them

I would let my blood course through your veins,  
And my breath in your chest rise and fall;  
And every loving deed that remains  
Shall be rendered at your beck and call

All my love is yours, complete and whole,  
No other can claim my lips to kiss;  
So my heart, my life, my very soul  
Are yours..... but I'll give no more than this!

Topic(s) of this poem: love

Poems by Lora Colon: 184 / 350

Bri's Notes:

For poems, usually serious, about love, longing, and/or loss-of-a-  
'love', it is (very) &quot;hard to beat&quot;; Ms. Colon's for their rhyming and  
flow and (for some of you, perhaps; not me)their tear-producing 'stories'! ! !

-----  
f - The Fate Of Hate Is Hate - Poem by Dr. Rajendra Tela, Nirantar

The Fate Of Hate Is Hate

The fate of hate is hate  
Hate was his way of life  
Humanity he did not like  
Killed thousands  
Around the world  
Taught others  
To live in hate  
In the name of religion  
Called himself a human  
Lived like a demon  
Spread terror on the earth  
Did not get  
Two yards for himself  
Remains buried  
In the depth of the sea  
Was cursed by everybody  
From a child to elderly  
His fate was known  
Long before he died

Tried his best to hide  
But could not survive  
The fate of hate is hate  
Hate killed hate

03-05-2011

803-10-05-11

(On the death of Osama Bin Laden)

topic (given by PH) : hate

Poems by dra Tela, Nirantar: 441 / 561

Bri's Notes:

This is my poem comment (see poem's page) :  
&quot;was he not 'loved' or 'admired' by some? but, yeah,  
some hated him, or thought they should. i like the  
poem. to MyPoemList. bri :)

-----  
e - It's You I Love It's Your Love I Miss - Poem by John Krynski

It's You I Love It's Your Love I Miss

It's been hours now just laying\* in bed  
Almost time to get up for work but only your\* in my head  
I'm laughing at myself for wishing for the same fantasy  
Of you finally choosing you really want to be with me

Every second I relive the moments I had with you  
Enjoying every second I heard I love you too  
It's been forever since a smile has ever lasted on my face  
Because no other has ever come close to every\* taken\* your place

At times it seems pointless like we were never meant to be  
But then there are times I should just wait and see

I still wait and hang on to a slim glimpse\* of hope  
Because losing you was something I just couldn't cope

Years have past\* \*with it seasons came and went  
With thoughts of you my sleepless nights i\* spent  
Even to this day I still remember our first kiss  
It's still you I love it's your love I will always miss

topic of poem (given by PH) : love

Poems by John Krysinski: 9 / 17

Bri's Notes:

I really enjoyed reading this poem. BUT there are 8 changes  
I would make to please me if it were 'my' poem [which it isn't! ].  
I've used an asterisk (\*)to mark where each change would be; do  
YOU agree...with me? ! In place of &quot;glimpse&quot;, I would use  
&quot;glimmer&quot;.

-----  
d - Love/Hate - Poem by The Broken Poet

Love/Hate \*\*\*

I love you, I hate you  
But your always on my mind  
I hate the way you smile  
As beautiful as it may be  
I hate the way you walk  
And I hate the way you talk  
I hate the way you smell  
And I hate the way you feel  
I hate the way you hair shines  
And waves in the breeze  
But most of all I hate the way  
You make me feel  
How your always on my mine  
The way I see you but your never there

I hate it when I look at another girl  
And all I see is you  
I especially hate how much I love you  
And everything you do  
I hate how I can never have you  
Or how my heart is not breaking over you  
But shattering inside  
With each piece of my heart  
Contains a tiny fragment of memories I've confined  
Memories of you I've held deep in side  
Never letting go  
I hate the way I feel when I miss you  
And I want to break down and cry  
I hate the pain that's burning inside  
w/t thoughts of how much I love you  
that I could never hide  
I hate, it and I hate you  
But know matter how much I say it  
I'll still always love you deep down in side

topic of this poem (given by PH) : love (OR)hate(I don't remember which one!)

Poems by The Broken Poet: 27 / 61

\*\*\*Bri's Notes about the poem:

[I 'love' this poem, but...]

The author uses "your" where I believe he means "you're/you are" in lines 2,13, &14. And, in line 9 "you" instead of "your". I believe "mine" means "mind", "in side" (twice) means "inside", "w/t" may mean "with the", and "know" means "no". And there is a comma not needed (or it's misplaced) after "I hate", near the ending.

-----  
c - Love Is - Poem by La'Kira Jackson

Love Is

Love is a crossroad, it's a possibility it's correct or it might,  
It's always easier if you turn right.

Love is an owl under the moon,  
Crying to the world letting you know that it's coming soon.

Love is a mind in a genius's head,  
It can be easier but it takes the long way instead.

Love is the four letter word in happiness,  
Never the more and definitely ever the less.

Love is the dramatic life that we live,  
Love conquers all, and that's what love is.

topic of this poem (given by PH) : love

Poems by La'Kira Jackson: 17 / 26

Bri's Notes about The Poem:

I believe "defently" means "definitely", and  
&quot;concors&quot; means &quot;conquers&quot;.

-----

b - (1) lovely Waist - Poem by Uriah Hamilton

(1) lovely Waist

My eyes are summer-dew wet  
with tears and sunset red  
beneath the fading evenings of regret.

It was my desperate and sincere intention  
to fall in love with you,  
I didn't even seek or expect  
emotional reciprocation,  
merely your clear-dawn understanding  
how I felt.



You're a clever and perceptive woman,  
thus, nothing I do is shrouded in secrecy,  
but please, don't consider me a jealous guy  
staggering drunkenly at the thought  
of another's tight embrace of your lovely waist:

If you're happy, I can let anything slide  
and make my way to a new sunrise.

(6: 27AM 1-1-2018)

Topic(s) of this poem: love

Poems by Uriah Hamilton: 42 / 893

-----  
a - Dream ....by Bharati Nayak

Dream

Sitting on clouds,  
Floats my dream.  
Blown by winds,  
From place to place,  
Flying over blue seas,  
Green mountains,  
And grey lands,  
Drifting carelessly  
From country to country,  
From town to cities,  
Foes and friends  
Dropping into loving arms of the beloved  
And slipping away,  
Playing hide and seek,  
Taking various shapes  
Of peacock, bear or elephant,  
Dream runs from land to land.

Searching for life's joy,

From earth to sky,  
Frantically running helter -skelter,  
At last settles,  
On its very own dreamland.

Topic(s) of this poem: dream, imagination

Poems by Bharati Nayak: 33 / 158

Poet's Notes about The Poem:

"We all are children at heart and so dream like children.  
While writing or posting this poem, I think myself not as  
a writer, but a child."

-----

Thus endeth .....[I'm trying to be "poetic"! ] .....our July 2018  
"showcase".  
I hope I didn't BORE anyone! !

Check in August for more poets and poems ....brought to YOU for FREE! ! ...  
by both Poem Hunter AND by me, Bri Edwards aka Brian Edward Whitaker.

Bri :) :)))))))))))))

p.s. Thanks, participants! !

Bri Edwards

# June 2017's Showcase For Poem-Hunter Poets....[ A Mix Of This And That; 20 Or So Poems By 20 Or So Poets All On One (1) Page! ]

Bri's quest to be a poet-different on P H does survive.  
NOW, a fine new idea, for showcases, does, to me, arrive.  
In the new month of JUNE I'll display only female works,  
and hope, to me, it brings MANY attractive P H Perks.

FOR EXAMPLE:

Valsa may send to me, via FedEx, a big bowl of her very fine curry,  
which [though it MAY cause me to have to go to a loo in a hurry]...  
....will warm my innards: My guts and My heart and My SMALL brain.  
And Annette may send some of her chocolates, either fancy or plain.

Bharati may compose a sweet poem to honor me in my advancing-age.  
Savita may read and enjoy more of my poems from my P H page!  
Lisa aka Elisabeth may send me a poster-sized photo of herself,  
and Lora aka Lorraine may send a fun poem from the fun-poem shelf.

I may hear from Della and/or Melvina; I've not heard for so long.  
And 'Beach Girl' may send a photo of herself in a polka dot thong!  
Darlene aka Darla I hope will tell me things are 'getting better',  
while Diane sends a note telling where, in Australia, to get her.

Elena might send me a bouquet of Pennsylvania pink flowers.  
Gergana might send me a video of the sunshine after rain showers.  
Ging may convince me to visit her for tea in her Asian locale.  
Judith will perhaps send a ring OR a watch, which she buys 'On Sale'!

Lyn [not to be confused with Lynn, a male] may knit a bow tie.  
Moirra, on the other hand, may compose music to make this Bri sigh.  
Patti, who I never hear from, may send to me a cute greeting card.  
Ruth may tell me the best place for spying on her, from HER backyard.

Seema, Shazia, and 'let-me-not-forget' Simone, may call me on phone.  
Crystal, a youngster, may treat me like a dog and throw me a bone.  
Lorraine Margueritte, a 'mouthful', may give me her very best smile.  
And Hira, an aspiring M.D., may volunteer to be a witness at my trial,

...for I'm accused of being long-winded, 'weird', and a little NAUGHTY.  
BUT don't let me hear anyone accuse me of being 'not funny', or haughty! ! !

(May 14,2017)

=====  
i goofed and am late putting the poems of 29 'female' poets where  
they can actually be SEEN! ! ! My good PH friend Savita Tyagi alerted  
me to my OVERSIGHT! ! !

- - - - -

JUNE 2017'S ALL-FEMALE-POETS SHOWCASE .....

=====  
Feel free to view the 29 poems by going to my showcase 'poem' on PH:  
&quot;June 2017's Showcase For Poem-Hunter Poets....[ A Mix Of This And That;  
20 Or So Poems By 20 Or So Poets All On One (1) Page! ]&quot;

OR you may go to individual POETS' POEM PAGES to read and (maybe even)  
leave a comment.

=====  
=====

[no poems are longer than 30 lines]  
[each poet is allowed one poem, which I choose, sometimes at the poet's  
suggestion]

- - - - -

The 29 AUTHORS and their poems' TITLES [in the order I chose them for the  
showcase]:

1 - Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black  
Elegy To Time

2 - Chrystal Pierce  
Anxiety

3 - Ruth Walters  
1 A Lump Of Old Metal

4 - Vanessa Hughes  
A Fishy Tale

5 - Valerie Laws  
My Mother's Twin Lovers

6 - Elena Plotkin  
A Kiss

7 - Sofia White  
Darklings

8 - Donna Caldwell  
The Male Chauvinist

9 - Savita Tyagi  
Life! Simple Or Complex!

10 - Hira Akhtar  
Teenage Love Story

11 - Noreen Carden  
The Person We See

12 - Adeline Foster  
~ Who Am I

13 - Della Perry  
Love Is...

14 - Melvina Germain  
(121) , Sweet, Sweet Jesus

15 - Darlene Walsh  
First Caress

16 - Seema Jayaraman  
An Unknown Life

17 - Lora Colon  
When Love Opened The Door

18 - Diane Hine  
Grey

19 - Judith Blatherwick  
A Cigarette Entices

20 - Ging Taping  
Be Your Lady

21 - Liza Sud  
Why Am I So Terrible?

22 - Moira Cameron  
Lament Of A Miner's Wife (March 5,2000)

23 - Patti Masterman  
Anti-Love Poem #1

24 - Valsa George  
Five al Ceremony ..... [aka 'Nuptial Ceremony;]

25 - Shahzia Batool  
A Child's Supplication!

26 - Bharati Nayak  
Lonely Tree

27 - Elisabeth Anne Wingle  
Dragon Slayer

28 - Beach Girl  
I'd Search For You

29 - Simone Inez Harriman  
Asystole

DEAR READERS, This concludes the list of POETS AND TITLES.

Bri Edwards aka .....Brian Edward Whitaker .....in the 'real world'

:) :) I hope you enjoy June's showcase. July's showcase is planned to  
Include poems all by 'male poets'.

=====

The POEMS and their AUTHORS [in the REVERSE ORDER I chose them for the showcase]:

DEAR READERS, The following are the 29 AUTHORS and POEMS in my/our June 2017 showcase.

29 - Simone Inez Harriman

Asystole

Coolly capering  
In his coronary artery  
Virulent she ventures  
Pulsing as she saunters  
Into his ventricular vault  
She slithers  
Deadly  
Anaphylactically  
Into his atrial jungle  
Sashaying to the beat  
As she stamps and stomps her feet  
She aims her poisonous dart  
To silence the drum  
Of his pounding thrombotic heart

-----

28 - by Beach Girl

I'd Search For You

If I could walk backwards into the night  
Down dark and winding roads of pale moonlight  
I'd search for you

If I could spin the earth back round the sun  
To years before my heart was won  
I'd wish for you

If I could fly beyond the earth's blue sky  
From star to star I'd step, gazing from on high

For views of you

If like a drifting seashell I washed upon your isle  
I'd hope to find you waiting there with your silly smile  
I'm in love with you

-----  
27 - by Elisabeth Anne Wingle

The Dragon Slayer

You are no different  
Than the knights of old  
Doing your duty  
Without being told  
Long, lonely nights  
In the bitter cold  
Slaying the Dragon  
To bring home the gold.

-----  
Poet's Notes:

I wrote this after watching my husband (a professional driver) get ready for work one morning, if I'm being honest I was probably listening, as I was probably still in bed. I was impressed with his sense of duty and this popped into my head. I've tried to finish this several times now, with no results. Then it occurred to me, it is finished

-----  
26 - by Bharati Nayak

Lonely Tree

Oh Tree  
Don't cry  
As you are alone  
In this concrete jungle  
Throw your seeds  
Let them sprout



On the stony hearts  
Making them soft soil  
Let your saplings  
Grow into  
Many more trees.

-----  
25 - by Shahzia Batool

A Child's Supplication!

O Maker of this universe! ! ! !  
Sought in silence, prose and verse!

Teach me Lord to sing Thy Praise  
On strings of these my humble lays

O Knower of all black and white  
Pour on us Thy heaven's light

Thou knowst our deep folds and layers  
Unto Thee I send my prayers

Bless the sick with healthy life  
Help the ones who are in strife

Grow us strong to serve the nation  
with progress, peace and education

Ignorance sweeps us with its might  
Help us remove it by our light

Leave us not our Gracious God  
Save us from all evils odd

Grace our minds with blessings Thine  
We wish to stay forever Thine

Desert us not, O worthy Lord  
The path is thorny and so broad

Our hands are seeking for Thy mercy  
Bless us with Thy boundless mercy

Bless my parents and my teachers  
Friends and siblings, all Thy creatures!

Ameen! ! !

-----

Poet's Notes:

&quot;Ameen&quot; is the 'Arabic pronunciation' of &quot;Amen&quot;

-----

24 - by Valsa George

Five Liners.14. Nuptial Ceremony

Staying by the sea under the canopy of the sky  
Amid rising and falling lilts of euphonic melody  
I partook of a mass nuptial ceremony  
When the waves garlanded the regal rocks in coy mirth  
With closely strung white blossoms of fluffy froth!

-----

23 - by Patti Masterman

Anti-Love Poem #1

When you've loved someone,  
As much as you're capable of,  
Just let them go. Even better,  
Don't write about them- ever.  
If you must, let it be once only  
And let that be as their epitaph.  
Let the seasons and the wind  
Sweep away the painful memories  
Don't try to re-start fire from a faded puff of smoke.  
And give yourself some time to recover.

If you must write thousands of lines  
About what went wrong, or why,  
For gods sake burn it- burn it quickly  
Don't leave it lying around for others eyes to see  
And for the dance line to start forming behind you:  
The Designated Mourners of decayed, extinct love affairs  
Don't forget to leave some room for the next good thing  
Which has been waiting patiently at your door  
While you've been existing only in the past  
As a one-dimensional loser.  
Remember, there's only a one letter difference.

-----

22 - by Moira Cameron

### Lament Of A Miner's Wife (March 5,2000)

When I was a young girl, all in me prime,  
I courted a lad who worked in the mine.  
We married in Spring, and although we were poor—  
We believed that our future was safe and secure.

When we first began, our worries were few.  
But year after year our family grew.  
The company thrived on the gold that was found;  
The fruits of the labour of men underground.

The miners believed fair pay was their due.  
The union was strong, but the bosses were too.  
The vote being cast, they were willing to strike,  
But the mine locked them out and forced us to fight.

Oh how could we know what troubles we'd share?  
The pain and the anger, the hurt and the fear?  
The fighting was bitter, the lock-out was long;  
But we fought it together and together we won.

The strike was now over, but great was the cost:  
The price of gold fell, men's lives they were lost,  
The profits were squandered, the company sold,  
And hardworking miners were left in the cold.

My love is a miner whose work is all gone.  
Though times they are hard, we still struggle on.  
Through hardship and struggle we'll always prevail,  
With family and friends, we never will fail.

[Hear me, Moira, sing this on YouTube: Type in the name of the song to find the video.]

-----  
Poet's Notes: (part of Moira's Notes)

This song is dedicated to the spouses of the Giant Miners, in Yellowknife, NWT.

-----  
21 - by Liza Sud

Why Am I So Terrible?

Why am I so terrible?  
I don't like poor and menial.  
And fall into irritation  
on the spot if they make a request,

Why sometimes in their faces  
something so hateful for me?  
And why I want to be dreadful  
and to give them a slap in cheek.

It is all dictated by devil.  
and it's me - who becomes his servant,  
if by tasty food I am tempted  
and for others regret a kopeck.

Only when I appeal to You,  
My Consoler and My Christ,  
Irritation then disappears  
and again I am sweet and kind.

And it seems that I never see him

never know him - my foe,  
but how he disappears from Jesus -  
that is what my soul hears for sure!

-----  
AND in Russian:

\*\*\*

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-----  
Poet's Notes:

This is poetic transcription based on the diary of Saint John of Kronstadt.

-----  
More Poems? ? ? YES!  
-----

20 - by Ging Taping

### Be Your Lady

you're gone  
i waited for you long enough  
hoping you would come  
i don't care where you been  
I'm begging you to run home

i searched for you  
everywhere every corner  
but no single clue  
I stand at the cross road  
my heart occupied with hope  
anticipating you're there  
at the end of the queue  
what have you have done?  
Was it your plan?

i hold on  
keep holding on  
carrying hope at my back..  
with a single penny my only luck..

when will I see you again?  
come back soon my baby  
and let me be your lady..

-----  
19 - by Judith Blatherwick

### A Cigarette Entices

Really, you can trust me.  
I would never lie to you.  
I promise I won't hurt you.  
That's not what I want to do.

Come on, just try me one time.  
You won't be like all the rest.  
Just once and then I'll leave you.  
Come on, have a little test.

That's it. Just add a flame now.  
Place me in your lips. Ignite.  
Now breathe in very deeply.  
Go on. You will be alright.

I know, you think you're choking.  
But that feeling will not last.  
Inhale. You will enjoy it.  
That's right. You are learning fast.

Addiction? I don't think so.  
You can stop at any time.  
So who cares if you love me.  
Smoking me is not a crime.

Ok now, want another?  
I knew that you weren't spooked.  
We'll always be here for you  
Now that we have got you hooked.

-----  
18 - by Diane Hine

Grey

The diner nibbles biscuit  
because a stealthy misfit  
has finished off the brisket and the pie.

His methods are erratic  
and crumbs bedaub his jacket  
unheeded by his static glassy eyes.

Upon his thin long fingers  
a whiff of Cheddar lingers.  
The end of a malingerer is nigh.

His ears are pricked for whispers.  
A presage stills his whiskers  
before tight sprung ballistic metal flies.

The silence is emphatic.  
The stillness is dramatic  
to underscore a tragic mouse demise.

Quick nails tip tap the china.  
He grinds his biscuit finer.  
Behind his specs, the diner's eyes are dry.

-----  
Bri's Notes:

This was a tricky one for me to figure out! I think I have, now.

-----  
17 - by Lora Colon

### When Love Opened The Door

A promise of love came at twilight,  
Knocking upon this beggar's door,  
I stood trembling as it let itself in,  
Its charity shook me to the core

Love opened the door and we embraced,  
And a sweet voice spoke to my soul,  
Tears begin to fall as I remember  
Love's tender words starting to unfold

Love told me I'd be Queen forever,  
Eternal love would mark my reign,  
Those words settled snugly inside my heart,  
Loneliness departed with its pain

Then I watched the door slowly closing,  
I knew love was here to stay,  
Its wandering days had come to an end,  
Now, together we greet each new day



From books and teachers I learned of life,  
But nothing prepared me for  
The thrill and wondrous joy that I felt  
When, so gently, Love opened the door

-----  
16 - by Seema Jayaraman

### An Unknown Life

The warm friendly hand  
embracing and encircling you  
as the peaceful eternal sleep  
come drifting on you

You enjoy the fine feeling  
an angelic smile bedecks you  
as your head slides besides  
and calmness confronts you

Something so sublime, you never knew  
These spectacular dazzling lights  
greet you to eternal life  
from millions of glowing stars

Taken on this grand tour  
Where destiny merges with time  
Millions of universes away  
known only as dark death to mankind! !

©Seema Jayaraman (1986 or 87)

-----  
15 - by Darlene Walsh

### First Caress

In purity, from my heart and soul I quest

After long thoughts, to myself confess  
From deep in my being, love shall I assess  
With my whole self to him shall I express  
Shall two be one till one of us rest

His love, mind heart body and soul, to access  
And all that is me for him to possess  
Ceremony and dance, pure white wedding dress  
Then before him I stand there and undress  
Wearing what I was born with and no less

Clad with no more than God has blessed  
As he moves, our proximity closely compress  
He with gentle movement and I feel his caress  
And I, till now my chary love, no more suppress  
That is life, my very soul and heart, at its best

-----  
Poet's Notes:

Dream for Darla - and dreams can come true  
Written 1/2/2011 age 16 upon believing I was in love for the first time

-----  
Bri's Notes:

I had to look up "chary";. It IS a word! :)

-----  
14 - by Melvina Germain

(121) Sweet, Sweet Jesus

I do not walk alone  
for I'm covered by his blood.  
He walks with me and talks with me.  
My face shines for all to see  
He carries me when I'm weak  
Lifting me off my feet.  
He is my savior, my truth, my all.  
He gives me strength to stand very tall.

This morning I raise my hands in praise to Jesus  
knowing in my heart, he will never leave us.  
To my Father God in Heaven,  
I've known you long before the age of seven  
I thank you  
Heavenly Father, for the gift of your only son  
I'll worship, praise and give you all the glory.  
Your son Jesus is my everlasting story.  
Father God, when all is said and done.  
I'll always praise my Sweet, Sweet Jesus  
For many precious years to come.  
Thank you Father God in the name of Jesus.  
Sweet, Sweet Jesus

(Written: June 24,2007)

-----  
13 - by Della Perry

Love Is...

Needing no words  
The look in your eyes  
Stomach fluttering  
Angels wings  
Glowing cheeks  
Knowing smile  
Damp palms  
Strong bonds  
Beauty beholden  
Deep knowledge  
Laughing together  
Living a dream  
Dancing as one  
Sharing a soul  
Best of friends.

-----  
12 - by Adeline Foster

~ Who Am I

All of the words I want to say  
Some other poet has said  
In such a stupendously marvelous way  
That they just cry out to be read.  
So many beautiful poems  
Express what I want to express;  
For me to say it again  
Would be mere presumptuousness.  
My words would be a regression  
In the light of their thorough address,  
Yet my thoughts cry out for expression;  
I'll just have to say them I guess  
And hope that beside the great masters  
My efforts will not be in vain,  
And somewhere in the ages hereafter  
Someone will read them again  
And see the need through my prism  
And somehow recognize why  
Those words were torn from the bosom  
Of one so unworthy as I.

-----  
11 - by Noreen Carden

### The Person We See

Grey wispy hair pokes through her hat  
Waddling homeward on worn down heels  
Carrying bags that hit and bump  
on legs as they hurry through city streets

Sitting alone in her cold flat  
She dreams by the fire of days long gone  
When she was looked at not just seen  
When she was pretty and young and strong

Once she wore silk against her skin  
Heads would turn as she walked in  
Her opinion was sought and acted upon

Her smile could cause a soul to yearn  
That was in the long ago when friends  
were plenty and troubles few  
Now people look but never see  
The person that she used to be

-----

Poet's Notes:

I wrote this after talking to a lovely older lady in a doctor s waiting room

-----

-10 - by Hira Akhtar

### Teenage Love Story

A young handsome boy, his youth in full bloom  
saw a pretty young girl, a fine dream, came true

The day was so long while he toiled and dreamed  
losing in her beauty, such a fantasy to live

But each day she passed by she was cloaked by a veil  
an adorable princess, a sweet fairy tale

Into her soft eyes he longed just to stare  
with a lust for untying her long, silken hair

One night finding her image in moon  
decided to tell his fervency, to her, soon

Then he went to the land of dreams  
there on all sides, flow the fascinating love streams

He awaited for her, the next day long  
and the tree flagged where his hopes swung

Years passed, she not ever came  
but left, in his heart, an everlasting flame

-----

Poet's Notes:

Teenage love is seldom successful or its not mature enough.....depends on luck

-----  
9 - by Savita Tyagi

Life! Simple Or Complex!

Some are lucky to be able to live a simple life  
While for others it is never without complications.

May be it is their own complex personality  
That makes everything so damn complicated.

Some waste all their life trying to find a purpose  
Others don't lose a minute of sleep over it!

But none can deny its existence or persuade  
Others to accept life in simple or complex terms.

Yes! At final departure one can rest assured that  
All questions will cease to be for want of an answer!

-----  
8 - by Donna Caldwell

The Male Chauvinist

Now will you get in that kitchen  
I've told you once before  
And when you've washed all the pots up  
Make sure you mop the floor

When you iron my shirts  
You'd better iron each crease  
And when you wash my jeans  
Make sure you remove the grease

When I arrive home from work

I want my dinner ready  
You should know what I expect  
Since we've been going steady

You can pick up my clothes  
That I have left on the floor  
And hang them in the wardrobe  
Where they were placed before

You will do as I say  
Especially when we wed  
So when you've done all the chores  
Get yourself sexy and ready for bed!

-----  
7 - by Sophia White

### Darklings

This place is now a nest of darklings.  
The air is rank with all their lies.  
Once it rang with truth so sparkling;  
But now, in the storm, truth dies.  
The hall is dark, and much too fright'ning.  
I'd rather stay beneath the bed.  
The thunder screams behind the lightning.  
Ill sirens scream inside my head.  
I wonder if the Light is coming.  
How I yearn to go Home.  
I want no more of Hate's smug humming.  
No more this earth I wish to roam.  
Oh, Jesus...  
Take me home.

-----  
6 - by Elena Plotkin

### A Kiss

A kiss on the forehead  
or one on the cheek

A kiss from your mother  
while you are asleep.  
A kiss of pure innocence.

A kiss on the cheek  
Or a kiss on the lips  
A kiss from a playmate  
Who sits in the same row.  
A kiss of pure innocence.

A kiss on the lips  
Or a kiss on the neck  
A kiss from someone  
you're happy you met.  
A kiss of lost innocence.

-----  
5 - by Valerie Laws

### My Mother's Twin Lovers

'I must get back to the men, ' my mother announces,  
Then slyly meets my eye, as I choose, this time,  
To avoid my usual reply. 'I know what you're thinking! '  
She's triumphant. 'That there's only one of them! But  
You're wrong, you know! ' My mother is having an affair.  
She's cheating on my father with another man, who lives  
With them, looks like his twin, and even shares his name.  
'I think they must be cousins, ' she explains, defiantly.

Before going to bed with my father, she slips next door,  
Turns back the spare bed quilt, and leaves her slippers there,  
So the other man won't suspect. She has doubled her marriage,  
Two-timed adultery. After blameless years of barely moderation,  
Let alone excess in anything, she now has a surplus of husbands.  
It's as if in creating my father's double, she's conjured up her own  
Wicked twin, denied a life 'til now, when time is running short.

She has gained an extra husband, while the one I had is gone,



Which is fine, but now my elderly mother, with dementia,  
Has a more exciting sex life than I do, kicking up her heels  
While mine have been dragging. Perhaps it's time, I think,  
As I take her home to her lovers, for me to get back to the men.

-----  
Poet's Notes:

Even dementia has its funny moments. I was helping to care for my mother, who had Alzheimer's, and we often laughed about our differing views of the world. She had a persistent feeling that my father was two men: I was just getting back to the idea of dating after a very long marriage had suddenly come to an end. The twin themes of death/dementia and sex/dating are entwined in my book *All That Lives*, which this poem begins.

-----  
4 - by Vanessa Hughes

#### A Fishy Tale

I saw you twice the other day  
Stirring passion anew  
It's easy saying just move on  
Less easier to do

I've always said to others  
There's plenty more fish in the sea  
But some days it makes no difference  
How many fish there be

On the face of it, a small fish  
But you took over my whole sea  
Never before had I gone fishing  
It was all so new to me

You were someone that I longed for  
I'd never felt like that before  
Some months on, now I'm seeing  
The sea has fish once more

But some days you're the only fish

Swimming in my sea  
And the fervor that you stirred in me  
Will forever be

-----  
3 - by Ruth Walters

### 1 A Lump Of Old Metal

It was a lump of old metal,  
a car with no heart  
cocooning him, purring  
through back lanes,

down dark, cold streets,  
warming him through  
and he felt safe inside,  
so that when, in December,

the car 'died' his body  
shook with tears,  
bitter, unrestrained tears  
and I ached to see him like that,

on our last ride, so sad.  
My sweet little boy  
with his shirt hanging out  
and his eyes, red and swollen

for a lump of old metal  
that was our chariot of gold.

-----  
Poet's Notes:

My sweet little boy that was is a daddy himself now, bless.

-----  
2 - by Chrystal Pierce

Anxiety

The beginning of this story,  
starts with an overwhelming worry.  
The constant feeling of something wrong  
gnaws and eats away at my insides, strong.  
It makes my stomach feel sick,  
and my poor heart almost skip a t tick.  
My body runs hot but somehow I'm cold,  
it's making me ache like I am old.  
The Thud-up of my heart is off beat,  
making me uncomfortable in my seat.  
My eyes are teary, and my head falls heavy,  
then comes the blackouts which are always scary.  
This feeling last for hours,  
draining me of all my powers.  
This happens any and everywhere,  
and most seem to be unaware.  
I have to get up and leave,  
so my heart can be relieved.  
my tears leave trails, as my body shudders,  
which then triggers an embarrassing stutter.  
I want to live anxiety free.  
I just want to be the old me.

-----

1 - by Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

### Elegy To Time

Like rainbows dissolving or love's end  
We mourn the parting of friends

As the Sun travels East to West  
Do we wonder where or when it will rest

In the Spring a world reborn  
A child's first step this Summer's morn

Autumn's passing into Winter's night  
Shows a glimmer of Heaven's light

And slowly ticks the clock and chimes  
As in passing beats our time.

-----

Readers, I hope you enjoyed these poems.

Bri Edwards aka Brian Edward Whitaker .....in the 'real world'.

Join me in July for poems by 'male poets' on PH.

:) :)

=====

Bri Edwards

# June 2018 Showcase...[ For, And Usually By, Poem-Hunter Members; A Display Of Some Of Bri's Favorite P H Poems; All Poets Are Dutifully-Acknowledged! ! ! ]

This month [June, that is] I begin my 71st year of aggravating...  
...whomever I &quot;rub the wrong way&quot;.This, for me, is stimulating!  
[My age shall be &quot;70&quot;, and, since in this part of the world babies ...  
... don't 'turn one year(s) old' till they've breathed air for a year\*\*,  
I now face my 71st with PH I plan more poetic cheer!

[I've revised the first stanza after discussing it with my mate;  
it didn't really make sense as I'd first composed it.'twas fate? ]

I could fill the showcase with just MY, Bri's, poems; all of mine...  
...are GREAT! !  
But I 'owe' to some others, who have submitted, 'their chance' to .....  
...poetically stimu-late.  
So, gather 'round, Readers, for poems 'bout &quot;this and that&quot;.  
No topics are required, and few if any are ever forbidden.  
There are many fine poems on PH, too many of which stay 'hidden'.

AND AN ADDED STANZA:

In June I'll feature poets &quot;low&quot; on the Treasure Island &quot;totem pole&quot;\*\*.  
Perhaps having a poem in a showcase shall raise some to a poet's goal,  
...to be recognized, praised, and/or to educate or fascinate readers.  
I hope no poems are plagiarized; I'd not wish to help any &quot;cheaters&quot;!

(May ....19th ....2018)

---

\*\* '&quot;low man on the totem pole.&quot; This phrase is indicative of the most common belief of ordering importance, that the higher figures on the pole are more important or prestigious.'

---

POETS & POEMS TO FOLLOW .....WHEN I 'GET AROUND TO IT'! !

Bri Edwards, aka (in the 'real world') Brian Edward Whitaker

:):)

May,19,2018

-----  
I have a complete list of the links to the poems' pages, but Poem-Hunter does not allow me to put them into the showcase, and it has been very awkward in past showcases for ME! to send them to readers on the showcase Hunter seems to not even want me to use its name here... without me putting a space between Poem and Hunter! Using a hyphen apparently is OK!

If any reader wishes me to send her/him/it? the list, please ask in a separate PH message to my site I ask in return is a gallon of ice cream and a Party Pizza to be delivered to my door by Valsa George and Jez Brul; spoons and napkins are optional.

bri :)

=====

The POETS (and their poem titles) :

All of these members were at PH's 'Treasure Island' levels below 'Bronze' when I 'discovered' them! This does NOT mean they are 'new' to PH, but I think most are, though they may not be 'new' to writing 's welcome my 'search' I also found some poets' poems which I did not like 'at all', but, 'let's face it', not all poets can be as GREAT as I, Bri, am! ! ! ! !:)

a - Dillon Cranston; title: Skipping A Stone

b - banamala sen; title: Dreamed A Dream

c - Joseph Pedulla; title: The Broken And The Bent

d - Kendell Cochran; title: Goldie Locks

e - Aminat Opatola; title: A Bird

f - valentin savin; title: Party's Membership-Card

g - Georgiana Hilderman; title: The Fish And The Bird

h - Deep Paul; title: Memories

i - Ashley D. Mungroo; title: I Blamed Myself

j - Justin Reinalda; title: Requirements

k - hazel jackson; title: Nice Death

l - Asher Proschansky; title: On The Lighter Side

m - harrison smith; title: The Old Men Dance

n - ADEESO ADEYEMI; title: Am A Black Man

o - Matt Decker; title: The Scrambled Anna Graham

=====

The POEMS:

All of these poems have been read, commented on, and I've notified the poets of my intention/plan to put their poem into June 2018's showcase. I have not received any messages from them yet asking me to NOT use their poems! Of course I might use them anyway; I have GREAT lawyers! !

All the poems are ones which I (might) wish I'd written. Some may/do have what I consider 'errors' or 'deficiencies', and I probably told the poets of such, unlike with some poems in some earlier showcases, I have NOT changed the poems from the form they were in as of my 'borrowing' them. I may, however, tack a &quot;Bri's note&quot; after a poem [or a listed poet's name]. I try to keep MY ERRORS in constructing showcases to a minimum, but I apologize for any I make, ... OR PH MAKES! !:)

TO GET TO ANY POEM'S PH page, I suggest doing a &quot;Search&quot;, using the POEM TITLE plus the POET'S NAME plus POEM HUNTER. Using Google etc. may be (much) more successful than using PH's &quot;Search&quot; box.

Comments on the poem pages may be appreciated by the separate poets. Enjoy!

-----  
a - Skipping A Stone - Poem by Dillon Cranston

My youth went like the flame at the tip of a match.  
Snowed hills caved in, the beach sands blew away,  
Leaving behind the pleasant smell of sulfur,  
And the feeling that there should have been more.

It went much like the Middle Ages,  
When all at once, I hung up my sword in a museum,  
And closeted away the armor I once wore on crusades,  
Suddenly missing the days spent in the shade of an olive tree,  
And wandering between the villas, not having to turn a head  
To check for oncoming cars.

My children, too, grew up  
Like a stone, skipping across a pond.  
Each birthday party, another tap against the water,  
Until all that remained were the ripples,  
Stretching out slowly,  
And smoothed over by a passing breeze

-----  
b - Dreamed A Dream - Poem by banamala sen

Yesterday night I dreamed a Dream,  
I am back in that little garden,  
Where I met you  
Among Roses and Jasmines,  
And in my mind, never left!

The dream comes back again and again,  
In so many nights,  
And my days become serene and sublime!  
I find all my peace, all my strength  
In that little dream!

How beautiful was the day!



Can I describe?  
It must be a surreal moment  
When two people find each other  
For the rest of their lives!

I know dreams are not real,  
I know dreams are dreams,  
I know I am never going to go back  
To that place where I found you,  
And you found me,  
Among Roses and Jasmines,  
But nobody can take away that feeling!

Sometimes in my dream you tell me a story,  
The way you really did,  
Sometimes I can see you walk with me  
and listen to my songs,  
The way I only dream!

Dreams are not real,  
Still I love to dream!

-----  
c - The Broken And The Bent - Poem by Joseph Pedulla

I like the broken and the bent,  
The careworn and the shent,  
Limping or on one leg,  
Who cannot choose but beg.

I love the sinner and his sin,  
The despair I find him in,  
The eyes that well with tears,  
The hearts that shake with fears.

I love them all and they love me,  
Akin in our iniquity  
And most of all the sickly hope  
The goodness toward which they blindly grope.

Even the best of them don't dare believe  
Some higher thing will grant reprieve,

Or resurrection might yet be theirs,  
These reprobates, these Adam's heirs.

And yet I know some cosmic court  
Intends to save this wretched sort,  
Its rationale shall lie in this:  
Not one of them felt worth this bliss.

© Joseph Pedulla, Wednesday, February 22, 2018

-----  
Bri's notes:

This is one part of my comments, left on the poem's page:

&quot;i'd never heard the word shent, but i found it listed. it's a tense  
of the verb shend and apparently is used here to mean injured&quot;

-----  
d - Goldie Locks - Poem by Kendell Cochrane

I've made a few beds,  
I've layed in them all,  
Fell short with a few,  
With others, too tall

I've tried growing gardens  
Without a green thumb,  
Self seeded some patience,  
Before going numb...

Watered thoughts daily  
So that they would sprout,  
It took quite some time,  
Now i've figured it out.

I'm not who i was,  
That'll constantly change,  
But with more positivity  
Kept within range;  
So the shadows ive let in  
Dont swallow me whole,

As theyve done thrice before,  
Taking tolls on my soul...

-----

Bri's notes:

This is a comment I left on the poem's page:

&quot;i won't deny that your title drew ME in and it relates to the trying of beds in the poem. but the spelling is not true to the name of a famous fairy tale, which i'm sure you were thinking of: (thanks, Google)

From Google: &quot;Goldilocks and the Three Bears is a 19th-century fairy tale of which three versions exist.&quot;

-----

e - A Bird - Poem by Aminat Opatola

Watching her in her sweetest fettles,  
flying with wings of gentle flush over the air's freshness,  
Her taper feathers catching at all things  
and binding her about in tiny rings,  
up, up away she goes,  
twisting round  
heaven with little rectrices,  
swooning in the sweetness of the air and  
showering in the morn bud with the day's voices,  
her features held up her crown of gold  
and catching the day's sunshine with joyful moves.  
Flying to the branches of the dull gray woods, and out from its sunned to a  
sheltered nooks,  
flying over sea full of waves,  
there in and out of clouds in slopy styles  
pluming her coverts in various bustles,  
and winding her wings to the amazing brightness of the skies,  
flits her tiny form around a world of liberty  
and spinning to the tallest tree with greatest faith,  
Her pleasant shape blesses the sight of the day,  
making  
her creature more gorgeous in her gaiter features,  
picking up muds, leaves, feathers and cellulose to build up nest and provide  
warmth for her chicks.

O this little bird i know,  
flies and plummets below in sweetly tones  
so softly on mountains,  
forests and shores,  
her song she sings in a  
din dear,  
as she fled  
from earth and skies, lands and kingdoms and over to the glittering rattled  
ladders of shale,  
sensing her wings  
and  
the wisp of air as she  
stirred by in an in inaudible drifts,  
Her view i devoured as  
blessing,  
a pure-eyed freedom flying freely as heaven  
and earth divided be,  
hovering with feathered wings,  
and flying away with the brighter rays,  
Dropping down the clouds like an angel,  
and  
floating through wind  
in a fiery pegasus.  
Breaths the atmosphere, rest and  
comfort with great merry.  
O What little bird,  
bestone with such beautiful faith,  
wishing to be like a bird,  
in a world full of freedom,  
sailing, soaring, winging, and swooping,  
round and round the skies,  
round and round in a sweetest glide.

-----  
Bri's notes:

Some of the words in the above poem show up on my computer screen  
underlined

in may mean the computer does not recognize them as &quot;proper&quot;  
English.

I will make no further comment....OTHER THAN to say: &quot;we POETS have  
'Poetic License'! , ....

.....AND sometimes....[in the past few months only, in my experience]....PH

seems

to clump/group words and sentences together (leaving no spaces between them)

, and we

poets can NOT 'correct' the results, AND.....sometimes EVEN Bri makes a 'mistake'/

typo! !

-----

f - Party's Membership-Card - Poem by valentin savin

My grandson grows up and I'll tell him

I'd lived in the country full of dream.

It carried out the Soviet Union's name,

Ruined by renegades without a shame.

Of those times run down as such

Reminds me the Communist Party member-card,

That in my table I keep untouched -

The rudiment of the epoch left in my blood.

I'll tell him of the Communist party rule.

The one to which I'd been affiliated.

And I shall add: "I'm no longer a fool

To dress in any party's attire";

I'm sorry for Russia humiliated.

And wish all the traitors set to fire.

-----

Bri's note:

This poem has, at my 'suggestion', been edited by the author SINCE it was first entered into the showcase. The new wording is his.

-----

g - The Fish And The Bird - Poem by Georgiana Hilderman

In a pond lived a lonely gold fish

With a dream that he often would wish

This dream was to fly

And soar through the sky

His ambitions no other could squish

There once was a discontent bird  
With hopes that were truly absurd  
She wished she could glide  
And swim with the tide  
And her mind could not be deterred

-----  
h - Memories - Poem by Deep Paul

Sitting alone in my ill lit room  
I was pondering over my crazy thoughts  
Everything around felt null and void  
Except the distant growling of a hungry street dog.

It made me think of something  
Something, I had forgotten a long way back  
Memories came flooding into my mind  
Suddenly! everything around brightened up.

Memories! Oh some are sweet, some bitter  
And some are of a blunt taste no man can ever define  
Slowly, poking in to the dusty cellars of past  
I tried to figure it out and savor its taste

I swear that I had got it right  
Now, This was it! memories of my lost dear ones  
There arose memories with ugly scars on their beautiful faces  
That were buried somewhere in the dark pit of the past.

It seemed once they were fatal wounds that needed suture  
But truly! Nothing is fatal for old memories  
And they neither have death nor burial  
They remain forever, etched in the bottom of the heart

Again loneliness began to conquer my thoughts  
And I sat brooding over painful memories  
May be the wounds of past can be healed  
But what can we do to those scars that remain!

A cool breeze shattered my chain of thoughts  
And I was alone, in my cold shabby room  
Well, to stop my wandering thoughts, I kept on muttering myself

&quot;Reopening old wounds are painful as well as useless! &quot;

-----

i - I Blamed Myself - Poem by Ashley D. Mungroo

I blame myself for not being contented with what I possess,  
I blame myself for pitying my flaws and wishing they would just go.

I blame myself for allowing my walls to crumble around me.  
I blame myself for permitting others to take pieces of me just to build themselves up.

I blame myself for allowing others to control my emotions.  
I blame myself for granting them the ability to constantly belittle me.

I blame myself entirely for enabling them to overpower me, to step all over me.  
I blame myself.

I blamed myself every single day, countless they are.  
I blamed myself.

I blamed myself so much that I lost myself in the endless maze, trying to love myself a little more.

I'm trying to stop.  
I'm tired of trying but I'm glad I stopped blaming myself.

-----

Bri's notes:

I wish I could say: &quot;I was clever and planned to put this poem in the list of poems as 'poem &quot;i&quot; ', but it is just a coincidence that I used &quot;i&quot; for a poem in which each line starts with &quot;I&quot;.&quot; :)

-----

j - Requirements - Poem by Justin Reinalda

You gotta miss me when I'm gone,  
And do your best to right me when I'm wrong,  
You have to like wearing my clothes in the morning,  
And you shouldn't constantly remind me I'm boring,  
Don't just laugh, actually think I'm funny,

Eat my mashed potatoes even when they're runny,  
Love every moment I call you "mine",  
Be prepared for a kiss at every stop sign,  
You've gotta humor the dork inside me,  
Be content knowing I don't know what I want to be,  
You have to understand, some days my only volume is loud,  
And only short periods of time should be spent in a crowd,  
You gotta stick like a cooked noodle to the wall,  
Help me up and dust me off every time I fall,  
Trust me and know that I come through,  
I always have, always will, its just what I do.

-----

k - Nice Death - Poem by hazel jackson

As i look at all the graves i think about sharp blades knowing i could die is like knowing i cant fly.

As i think about taking my life i begin to thimk of a lie mom, dad it was an accident i fell and im innocent.

if i cut a little deeper i'll see the graveyard keeper, the grimreaper waits for me to say hello, i see him and i just know.

hes black as night, cold as day i fall slowly and see what my life could cost, i die slowly and my blood runs like crazy, so slowly i say, lets take the pain away.

-----

l - On The Lighter Side - Poem by Asher Proschansky

My previously overgrown  
belly  
disappeared  
Magically  
Alas  
My belly  
used to cushion  
my falls  
And  
Help me  
When I bumped



Into walls  
When I  
would sometimes  
flop  
I'd spin  
On my belly  
Like a top  
Without my belly  
my singing voices  
fails  
I no longer  
roll around  
like great  
big whales  
Though when diving  
I can with ease flip  
my inners seam  
nowhere as hip

My belly  
enhanced  
my stature  
giving my opinion  
weight  
My belly was  
a grand topic  
when I was  
running late  
My shout now seems  
to cackle  
My trousers tend to  
fall  
I wake up in  
the middle of the  
night  
with half  
my shadow  
missing from  
the wall

My laugh  
has lost

the timbre  
of jolly jelly  
No longer having  
the great depths  
of a world class  
belly

I must now  
Within you confide  
there is far too  
little space  
between my sides  
They say it's  
healthy  
not to be  
double wide  
but at least this  
much I'd appreciate  
if you would recognize  
my great big belly  
was really on my sides

-----  
Poet's Notes about The Poem:

Funny perhaps. But in a world too dominated with appearance, we might remember that a particular physical stature should not dismiss a person. All physiques have their merits, and the human condition is such that a person may indeed have several physical statures in the course of a life time.

-----  
Bri's notes:

For "innards", I would use "innards";. :)

-----  
m - Am A Black Man - Poem by ADEESO ADEYEMI

Throw a bannana at me, i will eat.  
Call me a niggas, i will answer.  
Am of Negroes blood,  
The blood flows in my vein.  
I dont care what you call me.  
Am a black man.

I am proud to be a black man.  
You make a shit hole comment,  
And i will tell you of your ignorance.  
Did moron like you know what it mean to have the dark skin.  
No other race can explain the endurance of a black man.  
Call me all sorts of names,  
I dont care what name you call me.  
Am proud to be a black man.

-----  
n - The Old Men Dance - Poem by harrison smith

The old men dance in the spring or would like to  
And some believe it makes spring happen.  
Others alas can no longer dance  
And believe that spring dances around them.  
Whichever is true and maybe both,  
It's a serious business because  
It's not easy for old men to dance  
And the dance is as much a celebration of spring  
As of being alive once more to see it.

-----  
o - The Scrambled Anna Graham - Poem by Matt Decker

I am Anna Graham,  
Anna Graham I am -  
With letters and words  
I like to play around.

From here to there,  
From there to here,  
Hidden words  
Are everywhere.

I eat scrambled eggs,  
I see scrambled jets,  
But what's even better  
Is to scramble letters.

I've been found  
To nag a ram -

No need to frown,  
To happen it's bound  
When I switch around  
The parts of anagram.

Am I the only one  
Who lets out a "wow";  
When own becomes won  
And then won becomes now?

Do you understand  
How a gentleman  
Becomes an elegant man?  
By the switcheroo ruse  
Of the versatile anagram.

I love to see a butterfly  
Flutter-by my eye;  
This is what I get  
When letters are switched  
Ever so slight.

I went to the cinema  
To catch a nice flick,  
There I met an iceman  
And he held an ice pick;  
This sorta thing happens  
When letters get switched.

My parents are eternal fans  
Of this gyrating rocker-man  
(I think my dad called him Elvis  
Right before he cracked his pelvis  
From doing his darndest  
To cut a jig) -  
I thought this "king" was history,  
Then I hear a crazy conspiracy:  
Something interesting is found  
When his name becomes an anagram,  
And that something is...  
Elvis Lives!

I visited my sis at college,  
On her I dropped some knowledge:  
&quot;This place is a disgrace!  
It could really use a broom.&quot;  
But with shock on her face,  
My sissy to me did say:  
&quot;Anna Graham! Anna Graham!  
Of all people around,  
You should know better -  
I can't help that the letters  
In dormitory turn into  
Dirty room...so boom! &quot;

In Sunday School I was told  
A story that's really kinda old  
About a kid named David  
And a giant named Goliath  
Who lived in a time so long ago;  
The big fella got leveled  
(So the tale goes)  
By this kid David  
And a lone stone;  
What I later found out  
(It made me want to shout) :  
If I rearrange the &quot;liath&quot;  
And mess around with &quot;Go, &quot;  
What do I get?  
This lesson and this message...  
HIT GOAL!  
Well what do ya know?

Oh what new things can be found  
When you use this thing the anagram  
To scramble letters all around!

Yours truly,  
Anna Graham

© Matt Decker

=====

Now the June 2018 showcase FINALLY comes to an end! I hope you (somebody at least) has enjoyed (at least) some of the poems.

SEE &quot;YOU&quot; NEXT MONTH (July) ? ? ? ?

Readers, Thanks for visiting.

And MANY THANKS TO THE POETS WHO WROTE THE POEMS I BORROWED. YOU CAN HAVE THEM BACK NOW. :)))))))))))))

bri edwards (aka Brian Edward Whitaker in &quot;the real world&quot;)

bri :)

Bri Edwards

# Just Like A Woman! .... [ My Rejoinder/Response To Kim Barney's Fine, Funny, Froggy Poem, 'Enchanted Princess'; Fantasy; Humor; Not Too Long; 'the Best-Laid Plans Of Frogs And Men']

Though frog she WAS, she caused headaches....  
for old man Clyde .....and here are the 'beCAUSE(s) ':

Clyde pocketed the frog/princess, thought himself sly,  
BUT he lived to regret his hasty move; here is WHY.

She peed (or whatever frogs do) in his pocket Daily, ....  
like clockwork, but more often than the comet Halley...  
shows itself: [ 'bout every 76 years, in the Earth's night sky. ]

AND Clyde grew MORE upset each day. Here's more 'WHY':

He thought he'd impress mates at the local pub in town,  
but each time E.P. was drawn from pocket, all she did was frown.  
NO words, human or otherwise, escaped from her red-lipped face,  
leaving Clyde holding a mute frog. For Clyde it was a BIG disgrace!

The frog would NOT cook, OR clean, OR sew, OR keep him warm at night.  
It croaked a melancholy song by his ear in bed. It made Clyde SO uptight!

Then one day Clyde met a gal, a human female. HER, he just could NOT resist.  
He was rich, she was poor. He proposed marriage. Her arm he did NOT 'have to  
twist'!

Guests galore attended the church wedding, The reception was a VERY gala  
affair.

I, Bri, attended the meal. The frog legs (simmered-in-milk-and-butter) were  
GREAT, I swear.

(August 11th, 2017)

Bri Edwards

# K U M A R M A N I ....[ Kumarmani Mahakul: Poet Extraordinaire, Writes An Acrostic Entitled &quot; Bri Edwards&quot;; Short ] E

Kissed by Kumarmani's poem I am.

'U' should NOT think this\*\* is a sham.

Many a times I've thought the same of me,

And what he says fits me, Bri, to a &quot;T&quot;.

'R' we not blessed to hear his version?

Must have been, for him, a diversion, ...

Away from subjects LESS mundane!

Now the truth has finally been told,

In words, of Kumarmani, gilt, with gold! !

bri ;)

\*\*[I mean HIS poem, not THIS one! ]

Bri Edwards



# Kid's A B Cs ..... [shorter And Sweeter Than "Adult A B Cs"; But Long; Words Starting With Each Letter Of English Alphabet; Rhyming Fun]

Apples are good for you.  
Apples are red, never blue,  
But they CAN be .....yellow.  
Bite one: tart or mellow?

Cats have a furry cover.  
Cats like to discover ....  
Delicious mice to eat,  
Devouring, then, their meat.

Easter eggs can be hid.  
Easter was fun, as a kid.  
Fun with the Easter Bunny.  
(For candy, Mom spent money.)

Girls once did wear dresses,  
Gingham bows in tresses.  
Their feet wore Mary Janes.  
Their wrists wore daisy chains.

Indians; Cowboys; TV.  
It never did harm to ME!  
"Jerusalem" I did sing.  
Jesus, once was my 'King'.

Kids learned ABC;  
Kept me ....illiterate-free.  
Lots of stuff I have read.  
Loads of words in my head!

Monsters night .....Halloween;  
Mummies too can be seen.  
Night with ....full moon glowing;  
Never (fear) was I showing.

On a sled on a hillside;

Over snow my sled did slide.  
Purple, did turn (my fingers):  
Pain now ...sometimes lingers.

"Quack" my Rubber Ducky said.  
Quietly then, I went to bed.

Recess was fun at my school;  
Rarely did I play the fool.  
Such a good boy was I;  
Still, once, I got hit in eye.

Toys I had as a kid;  
Them I shared, never hid.  
Up until I was .....a teen,  
Unless "the other" .....was mean!

Valentine cards we did "send";  
Very few, with "Love", did end.  
We exchanged in grade school;  
Well, I guess it was social "tool"?

"X", we learned did mean "kiss";  
X-tra kisses did not `miss'.  
Yet, no card became a marriage, .....or..  
Yearning for a baby carriage.

Zoos were an attraction.  
Zebra was a distraction.

(October 26+27, 2015)

Bri Edwards

# Kim Barney: Left Out! ! ! ....[ Ouchy! ; He's Really Not A Bad Poet; Hee-Hee ]

Old Kim Barney was, in my "Standing.." poem, left out, but NOW I've received his check so I'll gladly shout...  
"Kim is NOT a really bad fact he's pretty good.

Next time, Kim, send check by Express Mail! You SHOULD! !

(June....18th....2019)

Bri Edwards

# Kim's Grandpa Said ... [ Inspired By Kim Barney's Poem: "My Amazing Grandpa"; Fiction, I Think! ]

Your grandpa had a child &  
his child was so very, very mild.  
But then she got so very, very wild,  
which resulted in Kim, his grandchild!

[ or so he said ]

(September...15th....2019)

Bri Edwards

## Kiss With A Twist.....[marriage; Temptation; Humor]

My wife was out of town for a week. It was time to have a treat.  
So I took a cab to my favorite bistro to have myself a bite to eat.  
It was as I prepared to return home that I glanced at a corner table.  
I tried to pry my eyes away from her, but found I was not able.

What had caught my eye was candlelight reflecting from a silver gown,  
worn by one forbidden to me since the aisle I walked my new bride down.  
Inside the gown was one of the sweetest gifts God to men has given,  
a young innocent, creamy-smooth-skinned morsel to which my body was driven.

I tried with all my might to resist this newly-found temptation,  
But, alas, I believe it was too much dinner wine that was leading me to  
damnation.

The craving was too much for me; I felt like a child in Toy Land.  
I warily approached her table, looked about, then took her in my hand.

I undressed her with my eyes during our ride to the hotel.  
That I was in danger of disrupting my marriage, I could surely tell.  
I ordered up a suite on the top floor, for myself and my forbidden sweet,  
but I did not allow myself to indulge, until I'd pulled up our bed sheet.  
My mouth was watering with desire, my lips were slightly held apart.  
At last I consumed what my wife had forbidden, but which for years I'd craved  
with all my heart.

Until that moment she'd remained enclosed, in her silver gown.  
I removed her wrapper and pulled her to my mouth, sucked repeatedly, and  
finally swallowed her down.

(Nov.2012)

[...alternate ending, starting at "then took her in my hand.":

The ride through the dark streets was anxiety-filled, yet quiet.  
I could wait no longer. I undressed her there and popped her in my mouth.  
There went a twelve-year diet.

(Nov.2012)

(The KISS was a foil-

wrapped hershey kiss.)

Bri Edwards

# Kyrielle Kim.... [ Short; Poetic Style; Inspired By Poem &quot; My First Kyrielle&quot; By Kim Barney ]

Dear Kim, your poetic Kyrielle result  
is to this old poet a most large insult.  
You admit right in it that failure stings,  
and I need no pain a poem may bring...

, so try it yourself, and I guess you DID,  
but don't push your style on this old kid.

(March..4th...2019)

Bri Edwards

# La Leche League International: (L L L I) .... [breastfeeding; Inspired By Eugene Levich; Untrue Story; Sexuality; Impulsive Actions; Long]

'Between wives' once, many years ago,  
I formed LLL because my social life was slow.  
I &quot;dressed in drag&quot; and pretended to be a gal.  
I had a plan which I dreamt would never fail.

Breastfeeding was making a slow comeback ....  
as 'modern mothers' sensed formulas did lack ...  
the best nutrients, including hormones, for a baby.  
Could I get to see lots of tits with LLL? I felt &quot;maybe&quot;.

An organization to promote breastfeeding was needed! !  
[No moral conscience, no doubts of mine were heeded ...  
by me.]  
I put an ad in the local newspapers advertising LLL.  
The results were overwhelming. Them, I'll now tell ....  
you all.

I had read some articles, and my ex-wife had breastfed ....our son.  
So, I thought, with a little razzle dazzle, I'd fool everyone.  
I'd run off some copies of articles and buy a breast pump to show.  
The main purpose would be to get ....WELL, I really didn't know.

Perhaps I'd not thought it out as well as I should have.  
If I really were a woman, I'd show my tits. I would have.  
I had dreamed that the women would fall for my disguise.  
I had never dreamed they'd show up and bring their guys.

At the first, and last, meeting, fifteen women did show,  
with five men (some husbands, some boyfriends) in tow.  
That morning I was unexpectedly nervous. I said: &quot;Be brave! &quot;  
BUT I was so nervous that I forgot my morning shave.  
[and I don't mean of my legs or armpits! ]

I didn't even realize it till I was making up my face, ...  
and by then I was running late. I had to get to the meeting place, ....  
and I wasn't even dressed yet!



My voice was high enough, I thought, to fool them all;  
my voice didn't deepen with puberty, and I was small ...  
for a guy.

I had a spiel all planned and I had some snacks to offer.

I planned no dues to join, but would accept 'donations' for my coffer.

[after all I wanted to cover the costs of snacks and copies and the meeting place  
rental fee, AND newspaper ads]

I also had a sign in book for all the women's names.

[I'd not considered that LLL was NOT like children's games.]

I think back now and know I probably could have had trouble.

If only ONE detected my true sex, it might have burst my bubble.

AND one did. In fact, I think a LOT MORE than one did!

I won't explain what happened; I prefer the memory to be hid.

Let's just say my plan didn't work out quite as I expected.

But word spread of my idea for LLL, and LLL was resurrected .....  
by a WOMAN a few months later.

OK! I can't keep it to myself. [About it, I no longer pout.]

When I said I 'dressed in drag', I had .....not yet 'come  
out';.

You see, I thought I wanted to see women's titties; it's true.

I was raised a boy, and that's what men 'should' want to do!

But, at the first (and last) meeting that I held, I met Matt.

He was one of 'the boyfriends', and not far from me he'd sat.

A few months after we'd first exchanged brief glances,

he contacted me. [He'd left his girlfriend. What were the chances? ? ]

He didn't explain exactly why he was calling me.

He just asked if we could meet when I had some time (free) .

We met for coffee near where I had my home.

I shaved, but wore a coat and tie, over which his eyes did roam.

We chatted. I think he was bit nervous. I had a funny feeling.

One thing led to another and in another month I was reeling .....

with the realization that I was a guy but in fact I was GAY!

It's odd how things work out sometimes, in the strangest way!

(February 14,2016)

Bri Edwards

# Leap I Did! ....[inspired By ' Peeping Tom ' By Valsa George, Who Inspired Akhtar Jawad To Write ' Reply Of Peeping Tom To Valsa George With Due Apology. ' ; Very Short, Enou

With Valsa ever on her guard,  
i crept into her flowery yard...,  
dressed in black in dark of night,  
and was rewarded....with pure delight!

but then her husband spotted me.  
he spotted me in the potted tree..  
which took me level with her sill.  
i leapt and my ankle hurts me still.

i hobbled away as fast as i could,  
and escaped just in time ['knock wood'],  
before i heard the blast from his BIG gun.  
it seemed like hours i did then run.....  
to the next stop on my nightly list.  
[i'm glad i didn't wrench my left wrist,  
without which i'd not enjoy it as much,  
and the rest of this poem is 'such and such'.]

(October 5th 2016)

Bri Edwards

## Leaving A (Poet's) Legacy..... [short; Personal]

Not all can leave a legacy of money, real estate, or famous works of art.  
Some legacies are products of emotions such as love and caring from ones heart.  
My personal financial legacy will be small unless my wife dies first,  
and even then it will not come near to matching that of William Randolph Hearst.  
From my parents I received some love, good genes, and a little dough.  
My daughter should receive the same, plus into the bargain my poems I'll throw.

Bri Edwards

# Let's Build A Life Together[? ] ..... [wife's Request; Bonding; Longish; Personal]

My dear wife has requested that I write this poem,  
and though many may say 'you can't', I'll show `em!  
I had my doubts about the task at first, I'll admit,  
but to admit I can't rise to the challenge, I'll not submit.

What does 'build a life together' mean?  
Let me now, for you, propose a scene.

Hand-in-hand down high school halls we'd walk.  
On phone each night, together we would talk.  
After graduation you'd work in a bank.  
I'd get drafted and learn to drive a tank.

We'd write several times to each other most weeks.  
We'd have our 'valley' moments, but mostly 'peeks'.  
While on leave I'd meet you if I could.  
Our time together then would be so good.

Discharged in two years, I'd give you a ring,  
and a year later, at our wedding, to each other we'd sing.  
Nine months later along would come our first son.  
With a child to raise, and jobs, it would not be all fun.

But we'd do well enough with support from friends ....  
and relatives, when we'd encounter life's twists and bends.  
With no tank-driving jobs available in our town,  
I'd get a job at the city's post office. (DON'T you frown!)

Over eight years we'd have a daughter and a second son.  
As we got the hang of parenthood, we'd have more fun.  
We'd get our first little house, with a garden plot.  
We'd go to church, the YMCA, and the city park, a lot.

We'd have a station wagon to get kids here and there.  
You would neatly cut mine and our three kids' hair.

But, wait! NONE of that happened to YOU and ME! !

At least it didn't happen to us as a couple.

You were born across an ocean, speaking not my tongue.  
We didn't meet till many years later; we were NOT young.  
I had three wives before you, a daughter, and murky waters.  
You had one husband and one lover, and you three made two daughters.

I was a blue collar worker, doing this and that.  
You were a white collar worker. You even wore a boss's 'hat'.  
I never was in debt, at least not unreasonably, .....but  
when we met I had very little money, unlike you, as anyone could see.

I'm a talker, you not so much. You eat sushi; I potatoes.  
I like BLTs and red sauce on pizza, while you avoid tomatoes.  
You are suspicious of our country's president, and .... perhaps that's good,  
but I try to have faith in our government to do ..... what it should.

At least neither one of us smokes, cigarettes OR joints,  
and neither of us believe in God. Does that give, OR take away, some points? ?

We've now been together seven years, and I do NOT have the 'itch',  
but neither do I always feel close to you, especially when you bitch .....  
about my hearing, my loudness, my memory, AND my driving.  
Sometimes it seems our relationship is going to Hell, .... instead of thriving.

We each get upset at times with the other; what could we expect?  
But usually, no matter how bad it gets, our problems SOMEWHAT 'correct'.

So, can we honestly say that we are building a 'life' together,  
or are we 'treading water' and waiting for less stormy weather? ?  
All in all, with you I am content, though at times we do each resent ....  
that the other does not give in easily .... when disagreements we do have.

(November 12, 2014)

Bri Edwards

# Life Is Like A Stupid Joke..... [peculiarities Of Mankind; Religion Etc. (My Doubts): Hell, Here I Come! ; Humor? ? ]

The title was suggested for this poem by my back-scenes beautiful "dove". Parts of this, my Readers, you may despise, but hopefully parts of it you'll love. My dove did not give me any specific thoughts of what to write ABOUT. Was she referring to our having to (after only 5 years) replace the kitchen sink grout?

I don't think so! !! So it's up to me to take on the task. I hope I'm up to IT. I hope the poem pleases both me and you, and isn't just a pile of s++t.

Why is it people can be found guilty of murder and sometimes condemned to death,  
BUT then they spend years and years being kept alive, while the taxpayers hold their breath?

Well, it's not that we hold our breath; it's more like we hold a convict's hand. This year, in California, the voters were asked, once again, to take a stand.

And speaking of death, why do so many religious people speak so highly of an afterlife,  
but then they spend so much time trying to avoid it.... although their lives are full of strife? ?

Why do some drivers accelerate madly when the traffic light goes to GREEN, only (at the next RED stop light) to be RIGHT AHEAD of you again? What a stupid scene!

And why is it people with jobs are often lauded, (and, as well, they DO get paid) ,  
while some "worthy-unemployed" are looked down upon, AND poor, though, with the jobholders,  
.... they'd quickly places trade?

And I almost hate to bring up religion again, BUT how can Men believe God is kind....

when some people don't even have a handful..... of their own grain to grind?  
And the joke's on us I guess! Industrialization has left Mankind's future in a mess,  
with carbon emission pollution and radioactive contamination. God, come on,

confess!

You aren't really on our side, are You God? The truth, to us, DO TELL! !

Oops! I guess I said TOO much. Here comes the armed army of angels. I'll see SOME of you in Hell! ! !

(December 2012)

Bri Edwards



# Limericks..... [duh! ..... Limericks; 8 Assorted]

-1-

Little babies are a joy to look at.  
Lots of babies on my lap have sat.  
Like God-sent bundles of joy.  
Lots more fun than a toy.  
Licensed daycare is where I work at.

-2-

Imagine if suddenly there were no clothes.  
It'd take getting used to for me I suppose.  
It'd be a surprise.  
I might avert my eyes.  
I think I'd blush right down to MY toes.

-3-

Many mistakes by Mankind are made.  
Many despite well-thought plans that were laid.  
More reason to insure.  
More reason to find cure.  
Mistakes can end in high price being paid.

-4-

Everyone in the world has SOME faults.  
Even safecrackers can't blow ALL vaults.  
Ever try and fail?  
Enough for you to wail?  
Erase disappointment; use pie and choc'late malts!

-5-

Remember when, as a kid, you just had fun?  
Rolling, running, rollicking in the sun?  
Riding bike all day?  
Rolling in the hay?  
Regrets you knew? Had a few? OK! NO-ONE HAD NONE! !

-6-

Idyllic lives, by humans, are seldom led.  
Incorrect choices are made and tears are shed.  
Incline yourself to accept.  
In moments have YOU wept?  
If not in public, perhaps some tears in bed?

-7-

Cute young ladies often visit me for sport.  
Countless hours together we do cavort.  
Come with me for fun.  
Cool me off when done.  
Cash I give which to IRS I don't report.

-8-

King Big Head on Poemhunter did boast:  
"Knives can not cut Me, nor can fire roast.  
Keep your faith in only Me.  
Kneel before My Majesty.  
Kneel before Me! I'm High Pie, to your Low Toast! ! "

(August 26-27,2013)

Bri Edwards

## Little Dill Pickles.... [food; Nature; Imagination; Personal]

I just grabbed a long-handled spoon.....  
to scoop little pickles from a jar.  
While looking at them swimming in jar's brine,  
I had a thought I thought was bizarre.

Once in Georgia at a big swamp's edge,  
an alligator in a ditch I taunted.  
Tonight those pickles WERE alligators..... I pledge!  
Well NOT really, but there was resemblance.

I imagined looking down at a pool of `gators,  
with no heads, nor legs, nor tips of tail.  
[as penguins resemble tuxedoed-waiters]  
My imagination as yet does not fail !

(Feb.2013)

Bri Edwards

# Living With Me Is Like Living In A Zoo! ! .....[my Animal Qualities; Humor]

It's not MY idea for a poem title, but  
my wife's, whose got me in a bridal bridle.  
She's lived with an animal before, but  
NOW, in ME, she's got near-a-score!

A score of animals, like in a zoo;  
I'm more of an animal than she or you.  
It's true, I really AM a True-human, .....but  
animal traits in me are always bloomin'.

I've got a gorilla-sized head on my shoulders;  
elephant-like hairs are on my broad back;  
sometimes I smell nearly like a skunk;  
like a penguin, in my feet, heat I lack.

I drink liquids like a humped-camel;  
I eat like a pig at his last meal;  
I pick scraps of meat from bones like a vulture;  
like a lion, I lick my plate. NO lie. That's for real!

I jump like a rabbit when suddenly startled;  
up a tree like a squirrel, I can climb;  
I walk like a monkey (or so my wife says):  
I sleep like a bear-in-winter....., "OVERTime".

I hear like an owl. [well, this one's a lie.];  
when I howl like a wolf, my wife would like to bury (me):  
at some movies I laugh like a crazy hyena;  
I belch like a bison, long gone from the prairie.

I'm nearly as proud as a peacock. Why not? I ask.  
But I'm slow as a turtle at some chores I do.  
At times I'm stubborn as a mule or wild ass,  
but at times loving as a lovebird; this last is (ALMOST) true.

(Feb.2013; revised July '13)



**Looming Large.... [ Inspired By The Poem  
&quot;Linda Bella&quot; By Linda Bella  
Wassermeister; Obesity; Humor; Marriage; Check Her  
(Poems)out! ! ]**

You are, indeed, a woman who looms LARGE,  
who rides not in a canoe, but on a BARGE!  
I should share this rhyme with my itty-bitty wife,  
as she bemoans 'fat' people, saying: &quot;Get a life! &quot;

Ok, she doesn't really quite say that, 'word for word';  
if she did, I'd even more strongly think her absurd.

&quot;Twin peaks&quot; passed through my mind before, it, I read.  
Perhaps yours I could zoom down, on toboggan or sled!

(August ....3rd .....2019)

Bri Edwards

# Lora Colon & Age (Hers)....[ Inspired Bythe Poem &quot; I'm Aging Gracefully &quot;;, Author Unknown (Maybe Lora?): Aging; Humorous ]

Is Lora explaining about HER age?  
She should don a robe and be a sage,  
...living out her last days in a dark cave,  
telling pilgrims how THEY should behave!

If no pilgrims arrive seeking truth at times,  
Lora can continue writing lovelorn rhymes,  
tallying up age spots on her old hand-backs,  
or researching [on Google] &quot;Heart Attacks&quot;.

She thinks that she's lost all her old friends.  
L's so mixed up; they've not met their ends!  
They're still alive, but she thinks they died,  
and, nights, on her pillow Lora has cried. : (

Once 'twas &quot;no lover&quot; which drew tears ...  
from her this![So many years...  
have passed since she was young and gay.  
I mean &quot;gay&quot; in the ...'old-fashioned' way.]

My Advice:

Lora, keep your chin up, with its hairy mole.  
Watch your weight; spurn sweets; eat sole!  
Hair now grey & thin?It WILL be worse, as,  
soon you'll experience the bald-head curse.

(September...27th....2019)

Bri Edwards

# Lost At Sea: Soul Of A Sole? ... [ Inspired By: &quot;.....Working Title &quot;;, By Douglas Scotney; Short; Souls; Fish ]

Amidst the flotsam, plastic and wood,  
I bared my soul as a good fish should.  
My eyes stared from one side of my head;  
not seeing 'both sides' filled me with dread  
at times.

I wished to mate with a cute swimming sole,  
but she flipped me off, saying: &quot;Let me go, Soul,  
for you are not a fish of flesh, but a spirit only! &quot;

Now, amidst the flotsam, I'm a Soul-of-a-Sole, lonely.

: (

(October...14th...2018)

Bri Edwards



# Love Note,....[ Yes, Bri C A N Write A Love Poem! ! ! ]

The love I "show" you ...  
knows NO end,  
though often, to Hell, .....  
you'd like to send .....ME?

But YOU have come from Heaven ....

[ABOVE] .....!

I thank you for coming, and with .....

this note I show my everlasting ....  
LOVE,  
to YOU!

Bri .....Arf!

I love you.

(April .....8, ....2018)

Bri Edwards

# Love On A Limb & Elsewhere, Etcetera: Lovemaking Of Birds & Humans... [ And It Is All True! ! ]

BIRDS:

The female robin sat with wings aflutter,  
chirping. A chirping like a birdie's stutter.  
A male hopped upon her back, a bold male,  
and she offered him her fine, uplifted tail.

[[Bird lovemaking is comical, at least to me,  
...when I see it done on window sill or tree,  
... or ANYWHERE, I guess, for that matter.]]  
When ducks `do it' on water they do splatter.  
And while the female tries hard NOT to drown,  
her mate tries hard to not slip & fall...down.

HUMANS:

&quot;Guys&quot; may use a frontal or rear approach;  
it took my brain years, this issue, to broach.  
[[As a kid I saw dogs do it from true!  
It took years before I then I knew.]]

I forgot to mention quacking done by 'the ducks',  
as the male pins down female, and he f—ks...her.  
Humans, too, may `chirp softly' OR `quack aloud',  
OR stiffling sounds, ....like voices aren't allowed!

As for WHERE human lovemaking is sometimes done:  
....it's done LOTS of 'on the run'? ?  
It's done on bed, in (some)cars, & on back lawn;  
for humans, in love, no limits may, by them, be drawn!

(September ...22nd ...2019)



# M A R C H 2018 .....Showcase For, And Often &quot; By &quot;;, P H Members.....[ Poems Collected From Willing And (Sometimes)un-Willing Poets; For Your Reading Enjoyment ]

February's showcase is &quot;put to bed&quot;;, aka finished, for your reading enjoyment.

Now I'll start gathering poems for shall be my next poetic employment.

I am starting one whole month ahead as my computer time may be curtailed ... for several weeks in the near future.I don't wish it to be said: &quot;Bri FAILED, ....

to supply us READERS with such entertainment, joy, surprise, and elucidation GRAND.&quot;

To have me accused of failure would be something I think I, Bri, just could not stand! ! !

And to save ME, and perhaps YOU, time, I'll not list instructions FOR my/our showcases.

If you have questions, ask in a message or refer to , 'off to the poetic races'\*\*! !

NOTE WELL: Though I'm tough on poets who have misspellings and other grammar gaffes\*\*\*\*,

in MARCH I'll copy and paste poems as I find ps we'll have some laughs? ! ! !

Don't misunderstand Edwards makes his own gaffes from time to time; it's TRUE.

But I WON'T 'correct'/change any poems this month I'll leave it up to YOU!

(January ....26 ....2018)

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\*\* &quot;off to the races&quot;;... (idiomatic) In or into a process of energetic engagement in some activity; in or into a phase of conspicuously increasing satisfaction or success.&quot;

\*\*\*\* gaffe: &quot;an unintentional act or remark causing embarrassment to its originator; a blunder.

synonyms: blunder, mistake, error, slip, faux pas, indiscretion, impropriety,

miscalculation, gaucherie, solecism; informal slip-up, howler, boo-boo, fluff, flub, blooper, goof&quot;

=====  
=====

THE POETS and their poem titles and 'partial links' to the poem pages:

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a ...LORA COLON; title: I Find No Joy

'partial link': /poem/i-find-no-joy/

-----

b ...THERESA DUNN; title: Butterfly

'partial link': /poem/butterfly-222/

-----

c...SUSETTE VARGA; title: Twats In Tinfoil

'partial link': /poem/twats-in-tinfoil/

-----

d...LYN PAUL; title: The Wonder Of Something

'partial link': /poem/the-wonder-of-something/

-----

e...BILLY LOVING; title: Their Fantastic Place

'partial link': /poem/their-fantastic-place/

-----

f...DAVID WHALEN; title: Resolutions 2018

'partial link': /poem/resolutions-2018/

-----  
g...ANDY BROOKES; title: Genes-Pooled

'partial link': /poem/genes-pooled/  
-----

h...KHAIRUL AHSAN; title: A Bubble

'partial link': /poem/a-bubble-6/  
-----

i...BHARATI NAYAK; title: How About Writing A Story

'partial link': /poem/how-about-writing-a-story/  
-----

j...DENIS MAIR; title: Black And White Animals

'partial link': /poem/black-and-white-animals/  
-----

k...DOUGLAS SCOTNEY; title: Forgive

'partial link': /poem/forgive-52/  
-----

l...JEZ BRUL; title: An After-Storm Scene(Haiku#9)

'partial link': /poem/an-after-storm-scene-haiku-9/  
-----

m...Oh, i guess i'll stop at sense bothering anyone  
who is &quot;afraid&quot; of the number 13! !but, think of it! ! !how could  
&quot;13&quot; be unlucky?well, it was unlucky for England in the late

1700s, as what came to be known as The United States of America consisted of '13 colonies'.don't ask me to name them, but i bet i could! !

-----  
etc.

=====  
=====

THE POEMS and the poets' names and `partial links' to the poem pages:  
-----

a ... I FIND NO JOY

'partial link': </poem/i-find-no-joy/>

I Find No Joy - by Lora Colon

The sun rose, its duties to uphold  
In its usual, most resplendent manner,  
Spreading glorious rays of orange and gold -  
Proud it rose, wildly waving its banner;  
I was not stirred by this gaudy display,  
For I find no joy since he went away

Listen to those songbirds in the tree,  
You would think they'd find something better to do  
Than to warble amidst such misery  
On this Earth, overgrown with weeds and rue!  
O, forgive my tone, so doleful and grim,  
But I find no joy being without him

And why does the moon glow so brightly.....  
Does it not know darkness helps me to forget?  
Was ever a lantern so unsightly!  
Throwing its rays without any regret;  
Such indifference causes me agony,  
For I find no joy since he's not with me

But life goes on as it did before,  
And Earth will continue to orbit the sun,  
And my heart will break just a little more  
Finding myself alone when day is done -  
Peace and hope no longer in my employ,  
Being without his love I find no joy

Love, fly homeward to my heart once more,  
Come wash away the memory of the day  
You left me standing alone on Love's shore  
While Sorrow's ebb tide swept my joy away;  
Should Angels whisk me to their sacred lair,  
I'll find no joy unless I find you there

-----

b ...BUTTERFLY

'partial link': </poem/butterfly-222/>

Butterfly - by Theresa Dunn

Butterfly where are you at? The weather is getting warmer, hopefully I'll see you when I turn the corner. With your wings so big and bright, You look like an angel taking flight. You remind me of loved one's passed, like my Grandmother who is gone. I put a blue butterfly barrett in her pocket and I have never forgotten. I love you butterfly your my favorite so pure and majestic. You remind me of hope and fairy tales, like a boat in the ocean with the wind blowing in its sails. I will never forget you as long as you fly, You are my favorite my butterfly.

-----

c...TWATS IN TINFOIL

'partial link': </poem/twats-in-tinfoil/>

Twats In Tinfoil - by susette varga

In days gone by



Our beau's were knights  
In shining armour  
But nowadays  
I'm sad to say  
Suitors are mostly  
twats in tinfoil  
We long to find  
A man so kind  
That knows how  
To treat a lady  
Afraid to say  
Most we come across  
Are the type  
That treat you badly  
Oh Mr Right  
Where are you?  
Please stop hiding  
From us  
Be gone with you Mr Wrong  
Your never going to catch me

-----

d...THE WONDER OF SOMETHING

'partial link': </poem/the-wonder-of-something/>

The Wonder Of Something - by Lyn Paul

She never taught me a thing  
But Oh....How I learnt so much

How not, I want to be treated  
How much, Love is truly valuable  
Materials are so not needed  
Trust is so hard to find

Dinner is simply a necessity  
Want. Is a great big wish  
Hope is waiting around the corner  
Nothing is short of happening

Nature is straight out the back door  
Magic is under that tree  
Rainbows glow with their beauty  
Whilst the storm  
Gives that answer of nothing  
Yet fills you with  
The Wonder Of Something

Don't ever be a follower  
Simply follow your own path  
Breathe your own future  
&  
Remember  
To always be an individual  
As proud as you can be

There will always be someone  
Who wants your friendship  
Even if you do not see

NEVER THINK YOU ARE NOTHING  
FOR YOU ARE TRULY SOMETHING!

Thank You Mum

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- - - - -

e...THEIR FANTASTIC PLACE

'partial link': </poem/their-fantastic-place/>

Their Fantastic Place - by Billy Loving

Through the trees  
Behind a swarm of bees  
Lies a secret trail  
They travel without fail  
To a hidden land  
Much too fantastic to understand  
Following it's hills and bends  
To meet with some old friends  
Spending the day  
In their usual way  
New places to explore  
It's wondrous creatures they adore  
Pleasant conversation  
Scrumptious meal, filled with elation  
Their worries left behind  
No troubles do they find  
Quickly the time passes by  
As they leave with a sigh  
Setting a date to return  
For it's solace they yearn  
If only they could stay  
Never again would they make their way  
Back to a cold and callous place  
It's memory they would erase  
Their maudlin mood so clear  
As through the trees they appear  
Journeying back to their house  
As quiet as a mouse  
Through the window they sneak  
Feeling so bleak  
Some quiet words said  
Hopping back in bed  
By fatigue they're overcome  
As to sleep, they rapidly succumb

-----  
f...RESOLUTIONS 2018

'partial link': </poem/resolutions-2018/>

Resolutions 2018 - by David Whalen

This Year It's all about me

I'll use sleight of hand  
Be all smoke and mirrors  
Confess everything  
Reveal nothing at all

I'll be all misdirection  
In the way the cards fall  
Be honestly devious  
Mischievous and raw

I resolve to be all stuff and nonsense  
Don't trust me one bit  
I'll aspire to be lascivious  
And really be lovin' it

I'm gonna' gain as much weight as I can  
Eat bacon for breakfast, lunch and dinner  
Gonna' gobble sugar (as much as I can stand)  
Not gonna' care anymore about gettin' thinner

This year is gonna' be all about me  
I'll not have many more I fear  
And If nothin' else...It's gonna be  
A very happy New Year

-----  
Poet's Note:

This one's all about me!  
-----

g...GENES-POOLED

'partial link': </poem/genes-pooled/>

Genes Pooled - by Andy Brookes

Born in blood we leave no footprints  
our striving and petty battles are for naught.  
a treasure trove we may accumulate hard cash,  
but we leave behind, if we are lucky, but one legacy;  
this is not of silver or gold but no less precious for that,  
it is our children for in the end all that's really important  
for they carry in them our love, our hope, and our immortality

-----

h... A BUBBLE

'partial link': /poem/a-bubble-6/

A Bubble - by Khairul Ahsan

A bubble erupts on the turbulent water,  
Unaware of the vastness  
On which it rides,  
Dancing on the high waves,  
Braving the winds.  
Innocent in its mirth  
Happy since its birth,  
Undaunted, by the threat of sudden burst.

[Dhaka  
05 July 2015  
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Poet's Note(s) :

The moments of happiness of our life are like bubbles of an ocean.  
Many a rainbow lie hidden there.

-----

i...HOW ABOUT WRITING A STORY

'partial link': /poem/how-about-writing-a-story/

## How About Writing A Story - by Bharati Nayak

How about writing a story

My child says -Mama,  
Write stories and fairy tales,  
Do you know  
How much Harry Potter sales?

Yes, my child, I will  
I will write a story you will love  
But do you know,  
The story is so vast  
It requires thousands and thousands words,  
They come and get struck at my throat,  
Then they squeeze and dissolve  
And come through my eyes  
And shine at a corner  
Like a drop of tear,  
You know, when they fall  
They fall like poems,  
On a blank paper.

-----  
Bri's Note:

On the poem's page, PH has(as of today) messed up the poem.  
There are many words linked together without spaces between  
them. This is NOT as Bharati typed the poem, but her efforts  
to edit her poem, back to the way it should be, have failed.

-----  
j...DENIS MAIR

'partial link': </poem/black-and-white-animals/>

## Black And White Animals - by Denis Mair

In Mother Nature's gallery when I walk down a corridor of colors  
I am dazzled to see white and black appearing on a single creature.

The zebra's coat has stripes of black and white in alternation;  
As for the orca, its white belly is set off from its ebony back  
Manifesting a streamlined yin-yang symbol, or a racing design.  
Is there a message I'm missing, or am I just perplexed?  
Because I know, for sure, something strange is going on.  
The white coat of the snow leopard has rosettes of black,  
Not spots, with white hairs that mark the black sectors;  
And black hairs pepper its white coat, but do not gray it.  
The panda is flopsical-mopsical; its big white head is marked  
By black eye patches, in which its eyes are a bit off center,  
And its black limbs are hitched like trousers to a white torso.  
The orca lives in the sea; the zebra on the savanna;  
The panda in forests; and the snow leopard in mountains:  
A whale, a big cat, an ungulate, and a throwback bear:  
Their phyla and habitats are as different as can be.  
With stripes, dapples, contours or whimsical color blocs,  
Taken together, they show a lovely range of styles  
In their ways of combining two elemental colors.  
Is there a message I'm missing, or am I just perplexed?  
Because I know, for sure, something strange is going on.

-----  
Bri's Notes:

Denis Mair has a very extensive (some might say "exhausting")  
Poet's Notes under his poem on its page on PH.

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k...FORGIVE

'partial link': /poem/forgive-52/

Forgive - by Douglas Scotney

The form of Chess  
in which silly mistakes  
are taken back to improve the game  
and can be used as excuse for loss,  
that form needs another name.

Forgiveness Chess, I suggest.

As Time will, Time will sieve  
and I will ask, 'Tonight,  
shall we play Forgive? '

-----

I...AN AFTER-STORM SCENE(HAIKU#9)

'partial link': /poem/an-after-storm-scene-haiku-9)

An After-Storm Scene(Haiku#9) - by Jez Brul

A huge old tree branch  
Plucked down by the storm last night;  
The wood cutter hailed.

-----

m...Thus endeth (for me)the March edition of my/our  
&quot;Showcase&quot;,2018.

Thanks for taking a look.  
bri aka brian edward whitaker (in the &quot;real world&quot;)

:):)

=====  
=====

Thanks for participating As....contributors of poems, As....readers, and/or  
As....commenters.

Remember, you may (and are encouraged, by me) to visit the poets' pages and  
leave  
comments there as well.

Bri :)

January ....26 ...2018



See you in April? !

Bri Edwards

# Male Masturbation Is A Touchy Subject .... [ Humor: Can You 'hand-Le' Some? ; Very Short (As Masturbation Can Be): Sex-Of-Sorts; Rated Pg, Maybe R, Not X ]

-----

[[ But, BEFORE the poem, here is a question I thought of as I was typing the  
'add-on' to the title.

Question:

WHY is 'it' spelled &quot;masturbation&quot; instead of  
&quot;masturbation&quot;? Could it be that whoever thought up the word [a  
male or female? I wonder.] .....thought it a &quot;disturbing&quot; word, not a  
&quot;masturbation&quot; word? Maybe masturbation is the spelling, because it is  
mostly about &quot;you&quot;! (I don't mean you, specifically) .

Answer: I DON'T KNOW THE ANSWER! Do you? ]]

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And NOW, the poem, which is shorter than all the rest of this! ! ]]

## Male Masturbation Is A Touchy Subject

Male masturbation is a subject, for many, Very VERY Touchy.  
It is a way some men get sexual relief aka 'Get their Rocks Off'.

If my male teacher hadn't abstained from masturbation 'So Much', he ....  
might (MIGHT!) not have f++ked a female student with ....last name Goff!

(July 30th 2017)

Bri Edwards

# Manu And The I-T Girl .... [a Modernized Version Of 'Manu And The Snake'; Inspired By A P H Friend; Short; One Story Of ' Modern India']

His wife adjusted his tie;  
Manu finished his mango pie.  
He grabbed an Espresso-to-go,  
and settled into his Ferrari with a sigh.

His greatgrandpapa had told him a tale of snakes,  
but these days in Mumbai, there were none, for goodness sakes!  
Unless you counted the business 'snakes', .....writhing for a deal.  
Manu sometimes dreamed of porridge [not croissants] for a simple meal.

He swung into the corporate parking lot...reserved for young execs.  
The building was complete with a gym, where he could exercise his 'pecs'.  
It was down the hall from the gym that he....met a girl named Elsa.  
Now, each Wednesday, without fail, they met for tortillas and salsa.  
She was one of the I-T girls, single, made-up, and with a diaphragm.  
I could write more of Elsa and Manu, but i might have to then be..... 'on the lamb'!

(March 2016)

Bri Edwards

# Manu And The Snake ... [a Tale Of Woe; India; Long; Fiction; My Thanks To My 'consultant', Valsa George; 'inspired By' Professor Manu Mangattu]

'Don't forget to take your school book today! '

[Manu's mum sent him off to school; HE'd rather play.]

He took his book, and his tiffin, filled with sweet lunch curry.

He started out slowly; Manu was in NO HURRY.

He passed the neighbors' homes in his Indian village,  
and passed the water well with its sign: 'No spillage! '

Do this. Don't do that. (Manu disliked rules.)

'When I grow up I'll move to Mumbai! I'll not stay with village fools' ....

[He THOUGHT. He dared not SAY to 'Mummy!' ]

Four kilos he had to walk ....to his little school.

But Manu knew a wooded shortcut; he was NO fool.

His mum had warned him to not 'short cut', for goodness sakes.

'Manu, don't go into woods. It's full of hungry snakes! '

But Manu knew better than his mum. Yes he did.

He'd heard that in the daytime, all the snakes were hid.

And if they were hidden, what would be the danger?

He'd be more concerned if he met (in woods) .....an 'evil stranger'.

[Manu was NOT afraid! ]

As he walked along an animal trail through the wood,  
he thought: 'If I skipped school I could fish. I could! '

He might even go into the stream to enjoy a swim.

Soon 'skipping school' became a reality, NOT a whim.

Manu did not know that, though snakes may HIDE,  
they might want to catch a boy to put INSIDE .....their bellies!

He caught no fish; he had no hook, no net, or any trap.

After an hour of wading and swimming, Manu took a nap.

Awaking, he set out to where he could watch the school path.

[He almost forgot to gather up his tiffin and his book (Math) .]

He had no clock, so he went to watch for students coming,  
....returning from school. As Manu walked the woods he was humming.  
[and hearing birds in the treetops]

He was not paying attention to the trail and tripped.  
A fallen branch across the trail? A knife, into his leg, ripped.  
But NO! Not a knife, but many needle-sharp snake teeth.  
And then Manu fell, pinning a huge snake beneath .....  
him.

But not the whole snake remained beneath him. Oh, no.  
Two coils soon surrounded him, followed by more coils, more SLOW.....ly.  
Manu let out a shout, though there was no one to hear.  
The teeth still held tight, bringing to his eyes warm tears.

So far the serpent held him snugly but not TOO tight.  
With his wiry body, Manu struggled. He struggled with ALL of his might.  
He'd once seen a goat suffocated by just such a snake,  
and he remembered the goat's death; not very long did it take.

HE shouted once more. Then Manu SEEMED to give up ...hope for good.  
He wished now he'd gone to school that day. He would now .....if he could.  
It wasn't that he was a very bad boy. Most often he was good.  
He wanted to see his mum again. He'd confess all to her; he WOULD!

He wished to see his papa too, his brothers, and his grandmum.  
He even wished to see his sisters, not as much ...but some.  
Would the snake begin to eat him? Before Manu was dead?  
These thoughts and many more .....went streaming ....through his head.

The snake, meanwhile, had some thoughts of its own.  
'Stupid boy' it thought. 'He came through the woods alone.  
NO other children did such a thing. This boy isn't too smart.  
But I'll let him live longer. I like feeling the beating of his heart .....  
against my smooth, dry skin.'

Manu could see his Math book, lying open near his head.  
He vowed aloud he'd be the best student, IF tonight .....he was not dead.

He wondered what his mum would serve for an evening meal.  
He even wondered: 'Could this really be happening? Is THIS snake real? '  
[The snake was real indeed, and the biggest one he'd ever seen.]

'Why is this snake doing this to me? Why is the snake so mean? ! '

And the snake thought: 'I'm really not too hungry now.

I was planning on a piglet for supper, not a boy ....big as a sow.'

But she [the snake was a female] did not release Manu yet.

She thought: 'I'll hold on longer. A piglet I may not soon get.'

Yes, the snake was in no hurry to eat. Few people walked the trail.

She eyed the boy. She unclamped her jaws. She twitched her tail.

But her coils held Manu to the ground, though not tightly.

Manu thought: 'To be swallowed by a snake would .....surely be unsightly.'

He thought more of his family now, and of a few friends at school.

If he survived he was sure some of them would call HIM a fool.

He would not like that, but he'd like it more than being dead.

All this, and many other thoughts, filled his young boy's head.

Nighttime came. He heard no voices; no rescuers appeared.

The snake held on; the boy was hungry; his approaching death he feared.

But he slept, though fitfully. He emptied out his bladder.

He imagined his papa would be sad, and his mum even sadder.

The snake, meanwhile, had thoughts of her own: 'What a silly boy!

To teach him a good lesson, I think, LONGER with him, I'll toy.

SHE napped some as well. [Usually she'd prowl for prey at night.]

Once she heard a tiger, but it passed her by, out of sight.

[A full grown tiger she had reason to avoid. It had sharp claws and teeth, .....  
unlike the weary human child, wrapped in her scaly sheath.]

As the sun's rays began to filter through the wood's canopy,

it struck the boy's eyelids. He opened them and he could see .....

that the serpent was coiled round about him still.

Manu wanted to struggle, but he no longer had the will-  
power.

'How long will this creature, so cold, toy with me?

Will no one come looking for Manu, and set me finally free? '

These thoughts and others he had as he lay on the ground.

And, to his surprise and disgust, flies began to buzz around ....  
his mouth.

His mouth was dry, and it was open. To close it, he was unable.

He wondered: 'What breakfast does my mum serve at the table .....  
to my DEAR siblings?

[Yes, the longer he suffered, the more dear ....his family did seem.]

'Will she be serving warm rice porridge, with a bit of cool cream? '

The flies entered his mouth, and his nose, and even his ears.

And soon other small scavengers came, .....increasing his fears.

A large millipede crossed Manu's cold clammy brow.

'Please, God', Manu prayed, 'release me. Release me now! '

But he was not released. No, it wasn't Manu's 'time' yet.

He wished for some raindrops to fall, his parched lips to wet.

Instead, the sun, as it usually did, started to heat the woods.

'If somehow I escape alive', he prayed, 'I'll FOREVER be good.'

He thought of his papa, Kanav, and of Seema, his mum.

He thought of Ayman, Ashwin, and Subash [some].

Would sister, Savita, get her wish to move to the U.S.?

Would brother, Rajesh, someday be a priestly confess-  
or?

Would sister, Valsa, write poems and be a profess-  
or? ?

Would his family miss him? Would his teacher remember?

[All the while, in those coils, Manu was feeling like a.....  
dying ember.]

The snake was aroused by the sun's heat, and felt NO .....boy's heartbeat.

Now was its time to make a decision. [To eat or not to EAT ....the boy? ]

She had eaten a smaller boy once, including one leather sandal.

The snake decided that the boy was MORE than it cared to handle.

Besides, it really wasn't terribly hungry. A large rat would do ....well enough.

So the coils released the boy's body. The snake slithered away.

The scavengers took over from her. And the snake started her day.

(February 26th+, 2016)

Bri Edwards

# March 2019's Usually-Monthly Showcase Of Poems From Poem Hunter Poets ....[ Some &quot;Funny&quot; Poems; Some Poems Involving &quot;Nature&quot;; Sharing Poems With Y O U From P H! ]□

Nature may be defined as things-of-Earth (excluding humans and 'their creations') :

Ants - Zebras, Artichokes - Zinnias, Rocks, Water, etc., ....not poems OR nations.

Funny means different things, but mostly I refer to poems which MAY make you laugh, found in P H 's list of &quot;funny&quot; poems OR in MyPoemList/Favorites, not quite ½ & ½.

So, sit back, or stand, or lie down if you will, and use these as an excuse to recreate.

And, as the poems move you, you may enjoy once or more.I hope, none, you hate!

(February...20th...2019)

bri

(:

A -Some poems I recently found on PH's list of &quot;funny&quot; topic-poems (though I dislike many on PH's list) , and also some funny ones from Bri's list of 'Favorites' on of these are NOW in my list of favorites aka MyPoemList.

=====  
=====



1 - Funny... But Not - by arianna loshnowsky

it's funny how hello is always accompanied with goodbye  
it's funny how good memories can start to make you cry  
it's funny how forever never seems to last  
it's funny how much you'd lose if you forgot about your past  
it's funny how "friends" can just leave when you are down  
it's funny how when you need someone they never are around  
it's funny how people change and think they're so much better  
it's funny how many lies are packed into one "love letter";  
it's funny how one night can contain so much regret  
it's funny how you can forgive but not forget  
it's funny how ironic life turns out to be  
but the funniest part of all, is none of that[sic] funny to me  
]

arianna loshnowsky

[ Bri's Note: In last 'line', Bri suggests "that's" (oops!) ]

=====

2 - Funny Friendship Poem - Poem by Muhammad

Friend

You and I are friends  
You laugh, I laugh  
You cry, I cry

You scream, I scream  
You run, I run  
You jump, I jump

You jump off a  
bridge, I'm going to  
miss you buddy :)

=====

3 - The Age Before The Computer (Really Funny) - Poem by Devang Gandhi

A server was a man with drinks  
A Notebook was where you write  
A click was done with fingers  
And a reboot means you had a fight

Cyberspace was where the spaceships went  
A screen saver was a cinema's bodyguard  
Traffic only happened in cars  
And Spam always had a lot of lard

Java was a type of bean  
Hacking was what[sic] an axe-man's job,  
A platform was where you sang  
And a volley was a type of lob

Scan was to read really fast  
A Moniter[sic] was a teacher  
A shortcut was a dangerous way  
And Shout-Outs done by preachers

Meg was the name of my girlfriend,  
And gig was a job for the nights.  
Now they all mean different things,  
And that really mega bytes.

An application was for employment.  
A program was a TV show.  
A cursor[sic] used profanity.  
A keyboard was a piano.

Memory was something that you lost with age.  
A CD was a bank account.  
And if you had a 3 inch floppy,  
You hoped nobody would ever find out.

Compress was something you did to the garbage,  
Not something you did to a file,  
And if you unzipped anything in public  
You'd be in jail for a while.

Log on was adding wood to the fire.  
Hard drive was a long trip on the road.  
A mouse pad was where a mouse lived,  
And a backup happened to your commode.

Cut you did with a pocket knife.  
Paste you did with glue.  
A web was a spider's home,  
And a virus was the flu.

I guess I'll stick to my pen and paper,  
And the memory in my head.  
I hear nobody's been killed in a computer crash,  
But when it happens they wish they were dead!

Devang Gandhi

[Bri's Notes: This is one of my very favorites this month.I have added  
[sic] after something which seems odd or is a typo or seems so.I'm sure  
some readers will not understand the whole poem, and with good reason(s) ,  
but it is wonderful.

=====

4 & 5 -

[ Here are two poems sent to me in PH messages by my PH friend Kim Barney  
Aka Aunty Septic.

Don't expect to understand these (totally at least) either, unless you are  
American, old, and a show business a male may help as well.I don't have titles  
and don't know if they are in his list of PH Poems. :) bri ]:

4 -

Ohh, ohhh... ain't it fun  
Here's some things them oysters done...

They made Jim Beam  
They made Allen Thick  
They made Jonathan Swift  
And they made Gracie Slick  
They made Victor Mature  
And they made Tom Petty  
They started Willie Waylon  
And they got Helen Reddy.  
They made Tom Cruise  
They made Oscar Wilde  
They gave Gary Hart  
But they gave Gomer Piles  
They made William Hurt  
They made Lucille Ball  
They made Wilson Picket  
And that ain't all.

AND:

5 -

Ohh, ohhh... yes it's true  
What a little oyster can do for you.  
Ohh, ohhh... ain't it fun  
Here's some more them oysters done.

They got George Bush  
They made Bozo a Clown  
They got Bobby Bare  
And made Ezra Pound  
They made Gallo Wine  
They made Merle Haggart

They Made Andy Devine  
They made Jimmy Swagger  
They made Rich Little  
And made Hughie Long  
They made BB King  
And they made Neil's Armstrong  
And if you ask my wife,  
She'll tell you quite gaily  
Best of all they made old Pat Daily.

Aunty Septic

[ Bri's Note: (more) some of the words/names may seem misspelled; Aunty is having fun with words/: &quot;Oysters.... It's zinc, which oysters are loaded with. The mineral helps the body produce testosterone, a hormone critical in regulating women's and men's libido and sexual function. Research suggests that zinc can improve sperm count and swimming ability, and increase sexual potency in men.&quot; ]

=====

6 - The Funny Little Fellow - Poem by James Whitcomb Riley

Twas a Funny Little Fellow  
Of the very purest type,  
For he had a heart as mellow  
As an apple over ripe;  
And the brightest little twinkle  
When a funny thing occurred,  
And the lightest little tinkle  
Of a laugh you ever heard!

His smile was like the glitter  
Of the sun in tropic lands,  
And his talk a sweeter twitter  
Than the swallow understands;  
Hear him sing- and tell a story-  
Snap a joke- ignite a pun, -  
'Twas a capture- rapture- glory,

An explosion- all in one!

Though he hadn't any money-  
That condiment which tends  
To make a fellow 'honey'  
For the palate of his friends; -  
Sweet simples he compounded-  
Sovereign antidotes for sin  
Or taint, - a faith unbounded  
That his friends were genuine.

He wasn't honored, maybe-  
For his songs of praise were slim, -  
Yet I never knew a baby  
That wouldn't crow for him;  
I never knew a mother  
But urged a kindly claim  
Upon him as a brother,  
At the mention of his name.

The sick have ceased their sighing,  
And have even found the grace  
Of a smile when they were dying  
As they looked upon his face;  
And I've seen his eyes of laughter  
Melt in tears that only ran  
As though, swift-dancing after,  
Came the Funny Little Man.

He laughed away the sorrow  
And he laughed away the gloom  
We are all so prone to borrow  
From the darkness of the tomb;  
And he laughed across the ocean  
Of a happy life, and passed,  
With a laugh of glad emotion,  
Into Paradise at last.

And I think the Angels knew him,  
And had gathered to await  
His coming, and run to him  
Through the widely opened Gate,

With their faces gleaming sunny  
For his laughter-loving sake,  
And thinking, 'What a funny  
Little Angel he will make! '

James Whitcomb Riley (b.1849-d.1916)

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7 - 410. I Love Being A Football - Poem by Aries Profanisaurus

I love being a football  
and to hear the crowd roar  
when someone puts me in the net  
am happy to help them score

It's a wonderful feeling to be caressed  
by the feet of players with skill  
when they do the flicks and tricks  
it gives me a cheap thrill

Am happy to roll along  
or fly through the air  
as long as I am the one they all want  
about the rest I could not even care

Yes I love being a football  
even if the goal posts are just two sticks  
put your foot through anywhere on the pitch  
as that is how I get my kicks  
Aries Profanisaurus [ formerly John Westlake on PH ]

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8 - A Hole In My Sock - Poem by John Carter Brown

I've noticed, again, a small hole in my sock  
And there's something I don't understand:  
It puzzles me greatly, I'm baffled, and so

On this subject I now should expand.

I put the sock onto my left foot and see  
That peeping out there's my big-toe;  
This makes me unhappy, because I am sure  
That left there, the small hole it must grow.

To effect a solution is easy enough,  
So I swap the sock o'er to my right,  
Then the known laws of physics get twisted around,  
I begin to lose trust in my sight.

I cannot believe what I see on my foot  
It seems that the hole has reversed;  
It's moved to the left - to my other big-toe!  
I now think my sock has been cursed.

I swap the sock back, and the hole moves again,  
It's creepy - what does it intend?  
It's back to the right, where it was in verse two,  
I now think I've gone round the bend.

And so I surrender, it's all got too much  
Sock-holes move, and of that there's no doubt;  
I just wanted to warn you about it, and thought,  
Like the toe, that I'd just point it out.

(Written Aug 2013)

John Carter Brown

[ Bri's Note: A few years ago, John Carter Brown's inspired the next poem, #9. ]

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9 - Speedo Hole..... [ Wardrobe Malfunction! ; Humor; Short Enough; Inspired By  
John Carter Brown's Poem ] - Poem by Bri Edwards

I jumped in the pool. I wore my Speedo;



I thought my jewels were secured.  
To be modest is my virtuous credo,  
though, my swimsuit, some have demurred.

Ten laps later I got out to off-dry,  
intending to sit ....in poolside lounge chair,  
but then an errant ball I did spy,  
sticking out of a hole .... with some hair.

Yes! My left gonad was all uncovered;  
I wrapped the towel `round and went to loo.  
Had anyone else, my errant ball, discovered?  
I checked to be sure that I still had two.

Two were there I found, to my great relief;  
that one had gone wandering made me laugh.  
I turned suit inside out. Problem solved, my belief.  
Hole was now on right, and right ball was bigger by half.

Yes! When I was born the doctor said to my dear Dad:  
'Your boy's right gonad is huge; 50% more than the right! '  
My Mom was almost too tired to care, but she was glad ....  
that I had the normal number of what's-usually-out-of-sight.

Well, I was correct. My right gonad stayed within the Speedo,  
though a bit of it was showing through the silly hole.  
I returned to the pool, bending a little my above credo.  
I never had thought my rightie would come in handy, bless my soul!

(February6th ....2015)  
Bri Edwards

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B - Some poems I have taken from my list of 'favorite' PH I call &quot;Nature

Poems&quot;.

1 -A Forest Walk - Poem by Colleen Courtney

As I traipse through  
a pine forest,  
I inhale sharply  
the resinous scent of sap.  
I feel my feet sink slightly  
into the pine needles  
which carpet the forest floor  
in a rug of burnt orange.  
As I walk slowly  
the sun peeks through  
the branches overhead.  
The slanting rays of light  
filtering through  
to shine upon my  
upturned face.  
Branches creak and twigs snap  
as the squirrels chase each other  
in a game of 'catch me if you can'  
High above in the treetops,  
birds chitter and chatter excitedly  
as an owl hoots in the distance.  
I stop.  
I close my eyes and breathe deep.  
Taking in all of the peacefulness.  
All of the beauty and wonder  
of Mother Nature.  
As all of my senses are blissfully fulfilled.

Colleen Courtney

[ Bri's Note: This poem reminds me of the many hours i spent by myself as a child wandering the farmland and woods/forests and ponds near my boyhood home in western New York State, U.S.A.! ]

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## 2 - A Dove And Crows - Poem by Elena Sandu

### A Park

A dove came to sit  
near to a lonely man.  
He stops watching the lake  
and talks to it  
I cannot hear  
what he says  
But as he seems  
to loose[sic] his smile,  
the dove is chased away  
by.. crows..  
Moves next to a bench,  
Where a young couple  
have a small feast  
Of course the dove  
Gets to be fed a few crumbs  
But crows come there too!  
Like at a signal  
Ground is filled with lots of crows now  
And more to come! !  
Young couple interrupt their eating  
\*Bento goes back inside the bags  
they stand ready to run away..  
But crows insist! Start yelling:  
One by one, taking turns:  
-Craaaawww! ! ! Craaaawww! ! Not fair! !  
-Craaaww craaaw only two crumbs..-Pleaaase! !  
-What's the criterion  
of your food to share?  
-The color of my feathers?  
-What color I shall dye them, pink! ? !  
-The sound of my voice?  
-Should I be mute, you think?  
-Size? ! ?  
-Teach me! How can I shrink? !  
-Is it my fault?

-That I'm not cute  
-I can't enchant..  
-Why? am I so unpleasant?  
And then, in chorus:  
-Why? ? ! ! ? ?  
Being smart..  
it does not count?

Without a word, couple gone  
to answer questions, they did not mind  
But.. By leaving in such a hurry  
not noticed was, the \*onighiri[sic] left behind..

\*Bento=Japanese fancy lunch box  
\*onighiri= rice ball

[ Bri's Note: I think "lose", not "loose".I used to get those  
two spellings mixed up! ]

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### 3 - A Boy And A Frog (Kids Stuff) - Poem by Sally Plumb Plumb

The great, green gob  
was opened wide  
and a wriggling worm  
was fed inside.

The boy said, 'Mum,  
the frog he comes  
and sees me every day,  
but a grass snake lurks  
and slyly works  
his slithers by the way'.

Then the snake, like lightning,  
makes a strike.  
The boy he quickly starts  
and jaws around

the great, green gob  
are gently eased apart.

Now frog and snake  
their freedom take  
from the boy  
with a pounding heart.

Sally Plumb Plumb

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#### 4 - A Bird's Chase And Bee's Flight - Poem by Savita Tyagi

On one of my morning walks when the  
Day felt ignoble and routine, suddenly  
A black bird with a coarse shriek came  
Flying violently in air above my head.

Her plumage looked wet and unkempt.  
She was preying upon a wasp or a bee.  
The spunky wasp flew with all its might.  
In a duple' time the chase was over.

The distraught bird, probably heavy with  
Damp feathers had lost its battle for food.  
Today the bee won the fight for her survival.  
Tomorrow she may not be so lucky though.

But for now she can be grateful and rest  
In the shady crevices of oak branches.  
I watched the weary Grackle as she took  
Shelter in the opposite cluster of pine needles.

The frenzied atmosphere returned to vacant  
And languid idleness of hot summer morning,  
But not before it made my regular walk under  
Cerulean sky a bit more exciting and of a show wild.

Savita Tyagi

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5 - A Beaver's Bank - Poem by Stephen Katona

Please believe this story is true,  
Of a beaver that used money as glue.  
It happened in 2004,  
When two robbers broke the law,  
Stealing lots of dough,  
From their local casino.  
They hid the loot in the nearest bank,  
The kind that a river has on each flank,  
Saying, 'No-one will find it in this creek,  
I hope these bags do not leak.'

Now Bernie the beaver was out one night,  
These peculiar packages gave him quite a fright.  
He tore the material with chisel like teeth,  
And saw thousands of dollars lying beneath,  
So thanks to two thieves,  
Bernie found the perfect leaves,  
To finish his dam\*,  
And off he swam,  
To fill all the spaces,  
With funny green faces,  
An expensive cement,  
For a hard working rodent.  
Weaving countless bills,  
With amazing skills,  
He made a place to lie,  
To keep his fur dry.  
The pictures scared wolves from attack,  
And tasted great as a winter snack.

One day the Louisiana police,  
Came across an expensive masterpiece.

It looked the work of a practical joker,  
A dam of money from the game of poker.

Stephen Katona

\* [ Bri's Notes: I think 'hut' may be more appropriate than 'dam'. Damn! Stephen has several interesting poems about 'true' Nature says this news story is true.

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### 6 - A Rainy Night - Poem by Nudershada Cabanes

The moon is hiding  
Her face veiled by thick, dark clouds  
On a rainy night  
Darkness wrapped the sky in black  
Bereft of stars and moonlight

Nudershada Cabanes

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### 7 -A Red Crab In The Garden - Poem by Leela Devi Panikar

I came out of river water, I saw,  
A cat. Afraid I stopped in awe,  
My eyes two short matchsticks, scoping.  
Quietly I crawled sideways hoping  
Not to be seen. Fat-cat in ginger fur coat  
Face smiling, and white his throat.  
Sunning. Lying on garden seat  
With eyes open sleeping, quite a feat.  
Branches a-shiver with bird notes. Hot  
I crept under an overturned pot,  
waited, then keeping to shadows

I moved looking for other burrows.

Veni, vidi, vici...well almost vici

Leela Devi Panikar

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8 -Along The Jungle Fringe - Poem by Loke Kok yee

I waited alone by the jungle fringe  
It was just before the break of dawn  
The shadows of the night were slowly tinged  
To announce the coming of the morn

In the distant dark sound of rattling spines  
A porcupine going home was running late  
His foraging done having fed and dined  
Scampered with haste to his waiting mate

The incessant chorus of the dark had ceased  
Night creatures to safe domains withdraw  
Briefly there was a moment of peace  
Then wild calls say a new day to explore

The gibbons had first taken up the lead  
With their loud booming cries and more  
Telling their rivals to take good heed  
If you trespass much woe will befall

Soon all life of every hue and size  
Joined in to loudly stake their rights  
But hunger gnawed as the sun duly rise  
And feeding replaced displays of might

In the distant far a sow I spied  
Leading her young to safe cover nearby  
Trailing behind was the boar that had tried  
To gain her attention which she denied



The owl of course had disappeared  
Long before the sun lit up the sky.  
But I did not see her nor did I hear  
In stealth and silence she had flown by

The civet cat had also retired back  
To her tree hole shadowed by an offshoot  
A pungent trail used to mark her track  
Was all to betray her nocturnal route

There I sat as the day replaced night  
While leeches and mites fed their fill  
And I will be back when nature invites  
For the wonders espied and joy fulfilled

Loke Kok yee

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9 -Beneath A 2000 Year Old Mississippi Oak Tree - Poem by Lynn W. Petty

Beneath a 2000 Year Old Mississippi Oak Tree

Beneath the luxuriant foliage of this venerable oak tree,  
whose branches shut out the noon day sun;  
whose roots drew the nurturing juices from earth  
before the Spanish, French or English took possession of this land,  
I sit listening to the softly, breathing music of the wind  
through its leaves. Rendering more pliant, the fabric and temperament  
of my mind, I hearken to a choir of migrating birds  
who take rest from the breezes that wearied  
their wings, filling this mansion of greenery with a harmony  
of rich sound.

Looking up to the roof of its boughs, I am in wonder  
of its height; its girth of trunk; its lichen-cruste limbs  
draped with Spanish moss.

Here, I am given the sense of security knowing there is some  
stability, almost permanence in this world of clouded doubt,

through this noble tree, whose life began before the death  
of Augustus Caesar.

Lynn W. Petty

[ Bri's Notes: In recent showcases I've repeated the the poem title just before  
the text of the poem. I am not doing that this month and may never do it again!  
But on this poem's page the title appears, followed by the poet's name and then  
the title appears again, so this is what i copied and pasted to the showcase. ]

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So, there you have it! March Showcase is done, with 18 poems (not counting my  
introductory poem) , nine 'about' &quot;funny&quot;, and nine about  
&quot;Nature/nature&quot;.

Thanks go from me to all poets and readers.

bri edwards

:)

akaBrian Edward Whitaker (in 'the real world'  
)

See you in April? ? ? ? Any suggestions? ?

My suggestion: Take a look at more poems of some of the above poets, and  
revisit sites of those you've enjoyed in the past.

Finis [ aka Finish, not Finnish ]

Bri Edwards

## **Marital-Reciprocity, American-Style .... [humor? ; Short; Revenge; Marriage; Violence]**

She punched me in the head, ..... that bad wife of mine,  
so, in return, I raked a scraper..... down her long spine.  
She countered with a big jab into my protruding rib cage,  
so I stomped on her right foot; I was filled with MUCH rage.

Twenty-four hours later, she smiled at me; I didn't know why.  
So I smiled back at her and walked to her, with a BIG sigh.  
She wrapped her arms around me and hugged me real tight.  
Sooo I canceled the hitman. NOW it just didn't seem right.

The next day on my way to work I was cut down by gunfire.  
A man with a gun spoke to me before I had time to expire.  
He said, 'Sorry, Bri, she found out about you hiring me first.  
So she hired me then, to satisfy her explosive blood thirst.'

(November 26, 2014)

Bri Edwards

# Marriage Is..... [aspects Of Marriage; Some Personal Thoughts From A Three-Time 'Loser']

I'm a man who likes marriage, though it doesn't always like me.  
I'm in my fourth (three divorces): may be my last; we'll see.

Marriage is a tumble. Sometimes I stumble, may even have rumble.  
Marriage could be better were both spouses more humble.

It's a joining of bodies and souls confronting each day  
and confronting each other, at rest, and at work, and at play,  
with thoughts, emotions, words (or not) , and activities....  
varying according to each partner's proclivities.

It's sharing life between two people, for "better or worse",  
and often sharing meals, and bedroom, and bathroom, and even "purse".  
Kids or pets, added to marriage, may give it needed zest,  
but may also be problematic, like problems on a test.

A mix of emotional and material desires  
will sometimes fan OR dowse two people's nuptial fires.  
And though it may be convenient to just say marriage is "love-driven",  
I suggest you can also say at times: "I'm sorry", and "You are forgiven".

(March 2010)

Bri Edwards

## Married To A Spy .... [mystery; Secrecy; Humor; Kind Of Short]

Twenty years I've been married to a spy.  
It's a little awkward at times; here is WHY:  
&quot;Frequent flier miles&quot; we can't claim ....  
as my spouse has &quot;NEVER BEEN&quot; on a plane.

We need special thread to sew holes in my Spy's vest;  
Kevlar, I think, is what we've both found best.  
We let our kids try on the Spy's disguises, .....  
so there's less chance of ...'chance home-surprises'.

All mail has to be routed circuitously .....,  
through several forwarding mail boxes, to be safe.  
...You see?  
We 'have to' lie a bit on life insurance applications;  
some lies are necessary to avoid &quot;those&quot; complications.

All food eaten at home by the spy is tested first.  
[When the kids' pet chimp died, we felt the worst.]  
A &quot;special exterminator service&quot; (Control It, ...Ants) ,  
Comes monthly to check for &quot;bugs&quot; ....even in my under-  
pants!

The pay is good. To the Spy's stories there is no end.  
BUT I can't hear them; &quot;There's NO SPY HERE&quot;;, we must ....pretend.  
The spy said two years ago: &quot;I'll quit next year, Dear, ...maybe.&quot;;,  
AND &quot;our&quot;; Spy only takes &quot;a break&quot;; when she has to  
....have a baby.

(December 4, 2015)

Bri Edwards

# Mary's Pet....[humor; Human Nature; Pets; Scary? ; Grade School]

Mary was a little weird, a fact with which you'll soon agree.  
And if this story sounds familiar, I hope you'll forgive...ME.  
She attended Beavis Elementary, just around the block.  
She left for school each school day, by eight a.m. by the clock.

Now, one day was 'Bring a Pet to School With You Day'.....;  
that could turn out hectic, but NOT tragic most would say.  
After all, what could eight-year-olds bring to class that could break ANY rule? ?  
(Soon, you'll find you are wrong, my friend. Mary was weird.... and cruel.)

She could have taken her lamb to school, as in the nursery rhyme.  
Her classmates would enjoy it. The thought's almost sublime.  
But what instead did Mary take from her home menagerie?  
Something cold and sinister that would make even teachers flee!

When Mary got to school that day no one paid her any mind.  
(She was weird of course.) That she appeared with no pet was fine.  
The day progressed quite nicely with dogs and cats; even one rat.  
But Mary fidgeted more than usual in the BACK ROW where she sat.

Now as I said there were lots of cats and dogs (and one guinea pig, some birds):  
that day the poor janitor was kept busy, sweeping up their turds.

Each child was given time in class, to show and talk about their pet,  
but a half hour before the recess bell, Mary had not talked or shown one.....yet!  
When she was the last one left, who'd not stood at the teacher's desk,  
the teacher, Mrs. Apple, called her up; she thought Mary was a PEST.

'Mary dear' (that's what Apple SAID, though it was NOT.....what she thought)

'you are now the last one, my dear, left to show us what you've brought.'

At that, with a smirk on her face, Mary reached for her cute rear;  
one especially precocious boy thought 'her ass? ', with hope but ALSO fear.

So Mary reached down the back of her skirt, and SLOWLY she did take....  
a two foot long, glistening-black, Tanzanian hooded cobra snake.

The teacher fled; some children did too, but SOME were mesmerized.  
They could NOT believe what Mary had brought though they saw it with their  
eyes.

The 'Day' was NOT as successful as the principal hoped it'd be.

Five classmates died of cobra bites. Three are still in comas. Hee-hee.

(Nov.2012)

Bri Edwards

## 'Mashed Potatoes'.....[ Personal; Autobiographical; Short]

Memory of Thanksgiving: Gravy with... mashed potatoes.  
Sandwich of my Youth: Bacon and lettuce.... with tomatoes.  
Jobs I've had: Nurses' aide, clerk, .... and truck driver.  
Athletes I'll never be: Quarterback, boxer, and high diver.

A unique sport I play: Catching typos made by ME & you! !  
Yes, in line one I at first had 'Gravey'; yes, it's TRUE!

Bad decisions I have made: I can't think of any [maybe one].  
Overrated (to me) activities: Exercising and 'having fun'.  
Movies I've loved: Tootsie, Legally Blonde, & Mrs. Doubtfire.  
Words I've rarely been called: 'Impolite' and..... 'a liar'.

Helped make me who I am: Mom, Scouts, and Church.  
Trees I have climbed: Spruce, Maple, Oak (not birch) .  
(Possible) faults of mine: Only one: being too LOUD.  
Traits I do NOT have: Being lazy; being too proud.

Why I write poems: To amuse, and to have... a life less boring.  
What I'll do tonight: Sleeping and (of course) lots of snoring.

(Nov.2nd, 2016)

Bri Edwards



# M-A-Y 2018 Showcase ....[ Poems, (Usually) By Poem-Hunter Members; E-N-J-O-Y ...or Not! ; I Enjoyed ]

Ok! Though I've more work ahead, the title's done at least.  
I've enjoyed reading poems, but NOW I've to create the beast,  
which I fondly call my next (usually-monthly) poem Showcase.  
I hope it is enjoyed by YOU and causes none to.... 'loose one's face'.

This month I'll NOT try to balance, equally, poets of each gender.  
And some poems may be a little ROUGH; others may be poetry, TENDER.  
They need not be 'newly-written', nor strictly, by Bri, confined ....  
to a certain length, NOR topic, nor even language, you may find.

So settle down and prepare yourself for Pain OR Pleasure, ...  
poems written by poets 'round the world; ALL to me are a treasure.  
That's why I share them with YOU, though it may make me weary.  
At least MY heart is 'cold', so NONE shall make Bri's eyes teary! !

(April ...15 ....2018)

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THE POETS (AND their poem titles)[ALL poems can be located, as of mid-April,  
on Poem Hunter, and a Google search should take you to their PH the Poet's  
name, the Poem's title, and PoemHunter in a Google Search box]

A -Dr. Geeta Radhakrishna Menon

Title: My Beautiful And Charming Mother

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B - Alem Hailu Gabre Kristos

Title: No Condom No Sex

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C - Pamela Sinicrope

Title: Clean House

-----  
D - Savita Tyagi

Title: Religion And Spirituality (Reflections)

-----  
E - Valsa George

Title: Poet

-----  
F - Muzahidul Reza

Title: The Animal State (Imagery, Allegory And Satire)

-----  
G - Laurie Van der Hart

Title: Tribute To Mr Mayor

-----  
H - Matt Mooney

Title: Always Eighteen

-----  
I - Bharati Nayak

Title: Life

[AND Bharati's original Odia language poem, from which came the English translation by Bharati]:

Title: Jibana(A Poem In Odia Language)

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J - RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Title: Sun Showing It's Strength

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Bri's Note:

Rose Ann aka RoseAnn, a person of exceptional talents, nonetheless..[and MAYBE more so

BECAUSE I tell her &quot;It's&quot; (meaning &quot;it is/it has&quot;) should be &quot;Its&quot; (showing possession) ]..

persists in her 'incorrect' , well. It's (it is) a nice poem, just the same!:)

AND furthermore, she is NOT THE ONLY PH POET who does not do as Bri says/does! ha ha! !

AND I, Bri Edwards, am NOT an expert with the English language, though I do 'ok'.

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K - David Whalen

Title: A Freudian Slip (Who Nose?)

-----  
L -Richard Wlodarski

Title: Resurrection

-----  
M - Ruth Walters

Title: Mrs Mollinson

[AND, another by Ruth, because Bri WANTS TO]:

Title: Morning Streets

-----  
N - Andy Brookes

Title: Fire Light  
-----

O - Kelly Kurt

Title: The End(Limerick)  
-----

P - Bri Edwards

A Tribute To Lynn W. Petty (NOT A POEM)  
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Bri's Note:

My PH friend and very fine poet, Lynn W. Petty, 'messed' me about a week ago, telling of his move to 'hospice care'. He has terminal cancer, I think of his tongue! What could be worse for a man-of-words! ! ! Ok, maybe many cancers would be 'worse'. Lynn was absent for from PH for several years after I first became acquainted with him here.

He served in Asia as an American teenager-sailor during World War Two. So, you 'see' he is OLD! He may even be dead by now. This is at least his second 'battle' against cancer, but, after 'enough' medical treatment, Lynn has decided to be kept as comfortable as possible and forego more treatments.

I applaud his decision and wish him well. Thanks, Lynn, IF you can read this, for adding to my pleasure on Earth. When you die, I believe you may well go &quot;UP&quot;;, while I plan to be headed &quot;DOWN&quot;;, if such things really exist. I mean WAY UP and WAY DOWN! ! ! I'm feeling the heat now.

bri :)

p.s. Ok, I'll dispense with writing a tribute poem, as I feel my above prose

is sufficient.

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THE POEMS [their complete texts, AND their authors' names, AND their 'Partial-links']

I've been kept from submitting the usual list of POEM TITLES and their TEXTS here by some unpublished-rule PH apparently has regarding 'un-allowable' characters in a 'poem'; SINCE my monthly Showcase is a poem to the 'eyes' of PH apparently, something in the 'list' I tried to submit must be 'un-allowable', but I don't know what it is (they are) .

I'VE STOPPED USING THE 'PARTIAL-LINK' METHOD TO find a poem on PH. That may or may not my mate suggested that readers can simply do a Google Search to arrive at a poem's page [IF it is on PH already].JUST USE THE POET'S PH NAME, THE TITLE OF THE POEM YOU ARE LOOKING FOR, AND THE WORD SEEMS TO LUCK! ! !

bri :)

April....15th...2018

See you in May and June and? ? ? ? ?

Bri Edwards

# May 2019 Showcase: A "Mixed Bag".....[ Some Quite Short Poems; Some Poems From " Other Parts Of Asia"; Some Previously- Unpublished "Bri" Poems ]

Some recent showcases contained poems from the  
"Indian Subcontinent" & the "British Isles";  
Some may have brought tears, others perhaps smiles.

Now, once again, for me it's decision time...  
to choose poems, including some poems with rhyme.

I've been thinking of using short poems...  
from many corners of the modern world, ....  
displayed like a gay poetic-flag unfurled,

OR poems from "other Asian nations",  
OR some of my own (unpublished) poetic sensations.

What I (NOW) think I'll be using for May....  
is a combination of all three of those.  
[If YOU don't like it, let's NOT 'come to blows'.]

April's half over; I must concentrate....  
on building May's showcase, to not be late!

(April...14...2019)

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SHORT POEMS From "around the world", & POEMS From "  
other Asian nations" (some may also be short) , & SHORT UNPUBLISHED  
POEMS From ME (bri edwards) :

[[ I shall add poems, as my mood and time allow, from now till April 30th. ]]

1 - Latest Draft Senryu (Comic Haiku)- Poem by Chenou Liu [ Canada ]

Latest Draft Senryu (Comic Haiku)

birdsong ends  
I fold the latest draft  
into a crane

Bri's Notes: I believe the "crane" is an origami-made figure shaped like a large bird, a crane. I once knew how to make such a paper figure by folding paper.

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2 - You're Rich - Poem by puti ira [ Indonesia ]

You're Rich

You're rich  
if you've  
enriched yourself  
by investing  
in love.

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3 - Diverticulitis (Limerick)- Poem by Spock the Vegan [ United States ]

Diverticulitis (Limerick)

We divers were told by a man named Gus  
When ocean diving, take a feather with us  
Tickle the inside of the spout  
of the whale to get spit out  
He said whales don't like diver-tickle-itis

Bri's Notes: (from Google)diverticulitis; noun; MEDICINE

&quot;inflammation of a diverticulum, especially in the colon, causing pain and disturbance of bowel function.&quot;

- - - - -

4 - She's Leaving Me (A Short Series Of Senryu)Senryu's? Senriyi? ? -  
Poem by Elisabeth Anne Wingle [ United States ]

She's Leaving Me (A Short Series Of Senryu)Senryu's? Senriyi? ?

She is leaving me  
My heart is breaking in two  
I pretend it's not

She is leaving me  
I pretend it is all right  
My heart is broken

She is all grown up  
I pretend that she is not  
She is leaving home

- - - - -

5 - Rural Living - Poem by Luo Zihai [ China ]

??



??????  
??????  
??????  
?????? ?

## Rural Living

The jade tree facing wind  
willows around the spring lake  
The tender flowers reflecting water  
begonias  
The cottage without dust  
tea has flavours  
The moss steps wet  
grass leaves fragrance

(4/19/2018)

-----  
6 - A Letter To The Moon - Poem by Joan Chooy Tayaban [ Philippines ]

## A Letter To The Moon

I was with the moon last night,  
I'm with him again tonight;  
With all the glittering dots beside;  
Lavishing me with delight;  
We dance in their thrones all night,  
Yet they were there up high,  
I am here just not nigh.

May I voyage to the moon,  
Take me there with you;

Let me gaze closely like when I'm in bed;  
Let me know your secrets;  
Let me run with you in the dark;  
Let me see you,  
Let me see you.

May we have a talk all night,  
When my pillow cannot rivet my tears;  
When my blanket cannot warmth [sic] my frame;  
When my bed cannot hold me;  
When all this world makes me cry;  
May I stare at you closely,  
No, may you take me there,  
May I come to you.

Bri's Notes: I would think the author wants "warm", not "warmth". Recently I've started to use the notation [sic] to indicate that I copied "as is" from poem's page.

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7- My Teacher The Potato (Haiku) - Poem by Howard Simon [ Virgin Islands (British) ]

My Teacher The Potato (Haiku)

Deep down but not out  
Buried but won't stop growing  
In dirt but not dirt

Bri's Notes: "Down but not out" means "temporarily incapacitated but not permanently defeated."

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8 - Nigger, Watch Your Back.. [ Inspired By A Book I Read, By Richard Wright\*\*: The Ethics Of Living Jim Crow; Short; African-American Civil Rights; Racial Discrimination ]

## Nigger, Watch Your Back

Richard Wright (1908-1960) died of a heart attack.  
When growing up, 'black', in Mississippi, he learned to watch his  
&quot;nigger&quot; back,  
i.e. he learned 'his place' in dealings with the dominating 'Southern Whites'.  
He didn't live long enough to witness emerging U.S. &quot;Civil Rights&quot;.

President Lincoln's 1860s Emancipation Proclamation &quot;freed&quot; slaves.  
Blacks could no longer be owned, BUT, for many, &quot;plagued&quot; could be  
their days.

(winter 2018-2019)

\*\* [ Bri's Notes: Author Richard Wright's grandparents were born into  
slavery and freed as a result of the American Civil War. Critics believe his work  
helped change race relations in the United States in the mid-20th century.  
To &quot;watch one's back&quot; means to be careful, which could mean to stay  
out of trouble or be ready to defend against injury. ]

-----

9 - Coroners Treats - Poem by Kevin Patrick [ Canada ]

Coroners [sic] Treats

At the old house upon the corner  
Lived a callous, clammy coroner  
he [sic] liked his late night treats  
He only ate cold meats  
and now his bellyached with mourners

[ Bri's Notes: This makes me AWFULLY hungry! ! ]

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10 - Weevils At Ball - Poem by Douglas Scotney [ Australia ]

Weevils At Ball

Less of a dastard if dastard at all  
stands the nightly predator  
who predates on nocturnal prey  
going about their business  
rather than on diurnal prey asleep.

My high-season, near-nightly killing of weevils  
is one of the lesser evils  
if evil at all,  
for I do not kill them while they sleep  
but while they're at their ball.

[ Bri's Notes: See my poem comments on poem's page, if you wish. ]

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SORRY! AS THIS SITE IS ONCE AGAIN STANDING IN MY WAY OF SUBMITTING  
THE WHOLE SHOWCASE,  
BASED ON SOME BASELESS EXCUSE WHICH THEY HAVE NOT EXPLAINED TO ME,  
I AM SENDING THE ABOVE  
AND THE REST OF THE SHOWCASE TO SOME OF MY FRIENDS IN MESSAGES. IF  
ANYONE ELSE REQUESTS IT,  
I WILL SEND THEM THE WHOLE SHOWCASE AS WELL.

BRI

:)

Poems in the showcase, which are not included above, are by the following

authors:

Dash Of Poetry [ South Africa ]

Kostas Lagos [ Greece ]

[ Canada ]

Bri Edwards [ United States ]

Brian Johnston [ United States ]

Bri Edwards

# Memories Of Times With My Little Girl (Shannon) .....(A Father's Memories; Personal; Short]

I like hearing Blane talk to HIS child;  
his "Daddy" voice is playful and mild.  
It reminds me of when  
Shannon was half-of-ten,  
and WE had moments both calm and wild.

(Feb.7-2006)

Bri Edwards

# Miss Huge.... [humor/Humour; Fantasy; Body Size; Short Enough]

I have a fine friend, Miss Huge.  
She is big and sometimes scary.  
When she competes in the luge..  
she uses the RMS Queen Mary.

She is good about cleaning her teeth;  
she uses a motorized street cleaner.  
Her breasts are each like Mt. Everest,  
and each month she is even meaner....  
than the hordes of Genghis Khan, .....  
though she's pretty.... like a summer swan.  
[a HUGE one]

When it's mealtime for my friend,  
she eats like there's not an end...  
to her appetite, from what I've seen.  
She'll eat an orchard clean, AND...  
then she'll move on to a big city zoo...  
and eat each creature, NOT one or two.

So, though she's my oldest and best friend,  
when her mealtime arrives I am not around,  
'cause if she sees me move, my life will end,  
and in her guts I'd swim, ....making not a sound.

(October 27, 2014)

Bri Edwards

# More Titles.....[ Forty (40)more Titles Of P H Poems Added To My-Poem-List Recently; Yes, Some Are Mine; Sharing ] - Poem By Bri Edwards

Friends, et al,

If I send poem titles for you to 'consider' from my 'favorites list', DON'T think you 'have to read them'.On that I would NOT insist. NOT all the poets, ..NOR all their poems, has Bri Edwards, ever kissed, but, IF I'd kissed ANY of them [EVER], to confess it I'd....resist! !

If I were to say I'd kissed them, the truth would be I'd really lied. But if you wish to kiss poems, OR poets, it is up to YOU to decide.

Soon my wife returns...(I surely hope) ...from her jaunt to Europe. Then I'll have less time here, as SHE'll be 'in the saddle', with onefoot...in each stirrup!

I've read each poem and left comment(s) on their pages, ..... but I've not edited any, as I've not the power, and I'd get no wages.

Though favorites of Bri, I do not vouch for any poem's grammar \*\*\*. If so inclined, YOU can visit them...and praise and/or HAMMER.....the poems. [be gentle]

(September...21st...2019)

\*\*\* [see poem titles & authors' names in my Poet's Notes]

AND: Please read my new &quot;story&quot; of this poem, which tells more about poem #33's deletion from Poet's Notes.

Bri Edwards



## Mrs. Toad Meets Mr. Toad .... [toad Creation; Courtship; Humor; Short Enough]

One cool and drizzly day  
in the springtime month of May  
a female Bufo met her match  
while hopping in the berry patch.

Said Mrs. Toad to the big fellow  
"Puff out your throat just like a bellows,  
AND show me just how very far you can hop.  
Keep going! I'll tell you when to stop."

Mr. Toad puffed out his throat indeed,  
and hopped and hopped .... like a steed.  
Mrs. Toad said then "I'm quite impressed.  
You may now lead me to your nest."

"My nest, you say? " said Mr. Toad.  
"I'm not a bird, or so I've been told.  
If it's babies you want, don't you befuddle,  
but hop with me to yonder puddle."

There, Mrs. Toad, you should squat,  
and deposit your eggs there. .... A LOT.  
Then I shall do what male toads must DO;  
I'll cover them with my sperms ....., like glue."

"Why, Mr. Toad, don't we need to join?  
Don't you need to press, against me, your groin? "

"Heavens, NO! " retorted old Mr. Toad.  
"If you won't do it the right was, hit The Road! "

So Mrs. Toad, so as to not befuddle,  
obediently hopped off to 'yonder puddle'.  
SHE laid her eggs, and he did HIS part.  
He did his part ...., with all his heart.

(February 18, 2015)

Bri Edwards

# My Beloved Wife, ' A ' ....[ My Super-Serious Challenge-Write; & It Must Rhyme! ; Not Short; Definitions Supplied]]

&quot;WHY&quot; ...she asks, &quot;do we together now live? &quot;  
[[ My wife is/(was?)thinking of 'leaving me'; IT is TRUE! ]]  
To this, her question, what answer shall I now give?  
It must be honest and believable ....when I am through.

I say now: &quot; Wife, dear 'A', we've been married ten years,  
and I've never stopped loving you, for even a moment, ....  
though I'VE made you angry and 'brought YOU to tears!  
Without meaning to, marital-unrest, ..I at times foment! &quot;

&quot;We live together because we made a commitment & ...  
.... despite 'ups-and-downs', I'm your husband by choice.  
You feel you can't go on, but your love's not a bit rent.  
IT'S your depression, brought on at times by my VOICE, ....when I raise it to high  
levels when I get SO annoyed.  
I'm sorry for its effect on you; I just can't seem to avoid ...  
IT! ! &quot;

&quot;We both say we COULD live alone; I'd rather NOT part,  
and, though it may be tiny, YOU 'own' 99% of my heart.  
When you're on the PC, studying, or in kitchen, cooking,  
I find 'things to do'; it's NOT 'to avoid you' I'm looking.  
Sometimes I'm reading a book or doing poetry writing,  
or caring for 'your garden'; I DO find outdoors inviting.&quot;

&quot;But it's NOT to avoid you, and you often don't miss me....  
which is apart a while ain't KISS me,  
'cause I'm 'working my fingers to the bone' composing ....  
this poem for you; I pray you won't be supposing....  
...that I'm not enjoying my brain-taxing task; it's actually 'FUN'  
And later we can walk in Redwoods; they'll hide the sun.&quot;

I don't think in terms of 'Fun' or 'Happy' (much) , it's true,  
but for a decade, and now, I'm pleased sharing life with.....YOU!  
I'm also quite content knowing most days you'll be near,  
& when you're away I look forward to your return, Dear.&quot;

&quot;I'm not the first (of us)to say: 'Let's fly Here or There.'  
But mostly I've gone along, and some 'fun' we do share,  
whether it's watching bats fly from cave near a Thai park,  
walking a trail by the ocean on my birthday 'for a lark', ..&quot;

&quot;..watching birds at our feeders eating sunflower seeds,  
or some other activity which at that time fills our needs.

I still love you and plan to, Dear, for the rest of my life.  
I wish to share the good and ARE my 'A' wife! &quot;

(July ....25th ....2018)

Some Definitions ....[ thanks, &quot;Mr. PC&quot; & &quot;Mrs. Google&quot;! ]  
(some of these definitions I was not very familiar with, but I thought the words  
'sounded right')

FOMENT (verb) : &quot;instigate or stir up (an undesirable or violent sentiment  
or course of action) &quot;

RENT (I'm using as an adjective, from verb 'rend') : &quot;torn; rended&quot;

AIN'T (contraction) : &quot;ain't(ant)informalcontraction

unpunctuated: aint; 3rd person present: ain't

1. am not; are not; is not.

2. has not; have not.

SUPPOSING (verb) : &quot;assuming that something is the case on the basis of  
evidence or probability but without proof or certain knowledge.&quot;

DECADE (NOUN) : &quot;a period of ten years&quot;

LARK (noun) : &quot;Using lark to describe carefree fun might come from 1800s  
sailors' slang, skylark, to describe playing in the rigging of the ship, up high like  
a lark. &quot; [skylark/lark is a type of bird also]

Bri Edwards

# My Colonoscopy.....And Life (Mine) .....[medical; Humor; Personal]

Seven years have passed since my first colonoscopy. I had it in New York State.

That doctor said 'wait ten years', but my new wife and new doctor sealed my fate.

My 'new' fate made second colonoscopy come only seven years since my first, and today most of what I drank I drank not to quench my thirst.

Tomorrow is the 'big day' and I look forward to its end, ..... so laxatives I'll no longer into my aging body have to send.

No 'solid' food I've had today, though on 'solid' food my mind might dwell. To have some fruit, ice cream, or cereal...now sure would be swell.

The instructions say 'clear' liquids 'only', on this day before, but, to me, the instructions need more details to truly make clear the score. What does 'clear' in 'clear liquid' mean? ; they allow coffee, 'black'. And it seems red grape juice is OK, but don't on 'red Jello' snack!

I've chosen no sedation if the doctor and I can do without. I'd like to view and hear, as well as I can, each round of the bout. But my wife will be on call if I am sedated and need a ride back home. I'd rather be free after the procedure to through San Carlos roam.

I know I'm on a touchy subject....for those who love me most, but, if possible, I'll be the one to decide when to 'give up the ghost'. I actually like medical stuff, and I did promise to do this this year for my wife, but I'm not sure I'll go for a third 'search for problems'; I don't relish a really long life.

The diarrhea's not so bad.....as long as the bathroom is 'free'. After all, once the doctor goes in, he should see all there is to see. And I know he really doesn't want to see shit, ... nor smell it I suppose, when he dons a pair of gloves, and up my rear end shoves the hose.

(7-17-11)

Bri Edwards

# My Driving (Me Crazy)guardian Angel: My Wife....[ Driving; Safety; Wife; Me; True? ]

It's TRUE I've had lots of vehicle accidents in my is True!  
But I never should had told my wife of them, ....not even of a few.  
I think it's one thing I've told her which she actually DOES remember.  
So, now that I am often our driver, I hear from January to December.....

....about how SHE has NEVER had a vehicle we believe IT?  
I'd better not accuse her of lying, or she may start calling me a S h i t.

OK!It's true, so true, about my accidents, but I've had none for years.  
I've not had one since I met my mate, so she's never seen me with tears....  
like so often happened back in New York State, before I sold my last car.  
I didn't need a car anymore, 'cause after retiring I almost never went far....

....from home, and if I did I could take a bus, or even rent a car for sure.  
But it's true that now, as I've done before, as I drive, my mind's at times a blur.  
OR my mind's on other [more important] things, though often 'on our way',  
like &quot;What's that bird? &quot; or &quot;My, that girl's pretty! &quot;What  
the Hell can I say? !

I AM a good driver, no matter what 'she' says, but, yes, I could be (much)better.  
But should it really be necessary to stop for a traffic light as it gets REDDER?  
And do I always have to take the correct exit, or drive at the posted speed?  
Ok!I admit that maybe, for safety's sake, a Guardian Angel-passenger I do need.

Thank You, dear Wife! ! !

( July...6th...2019)

Bri Edwards

# My English Sucks .....[english ('poor') : Almost Medium Length; Education And Life; Ph- Inspired]

When I were schooled english wernt my thing.  
My scores in English lurning no bells done ring.  
Yea I grajaded but ain't english smart ....no lie!  
Come end a school year the teach said 'By Bri.'

Was same in bilogy, math, jografy all that stuff.  
I done did my best and guess my best were enough.  
I did done grate at ball games and in trak run the mile.  
I was a THREEletter man and made them girls smile.

I got payed for pumpin gas an turned 18 served my Nation.  
For 'Bravry Under Fire' in the NAM I were town sensation.  
Back home, all tired, I done gone back to the gas station .....  
and worked evry week I culd with no vacasion.

One thing lurned what done good for me was fixin cars.  
I worked with shirt of to show of my many NAM scars.  
A day done come I met a girl from my dreams.  
We got now three kids and life is good it seams.

I think my English done even proved a litle bit ....  
but if it don't I don't' mind cuz I is happy an don't give no shit.

(August 29,2014)

-----  
Please read my 2018 addition to my Poet's Notes. There is a sequel to the poem  
you just read. :) bri

Bri Edwards



# My Farmer Life ...[ Hard Work & Hardly Any Time For Lovin'; Work On A Family Farm; Short; Humor; Dedicated To My Mrs.! ]

Up at dawn to greet the day!  
I'd rise sooner if I had my way.  
Eat three eggs, and veggies too.  
That's what we're all 'posed to do.

Weeding, before 7 a.m., comes first ...  
(the sun's low): milk to quench my thirst.  
Oh! Did I forget to mention milking cow?  
Then comes work with the big tractor and plow.

By noon I'm ready for lunch: chicken gizzards and beer.  
I'll need my energy for when I have to brand our new steer.  
Then a quick nap and I go into orchards, there to pick....  
Asian pears, apples, and plums. I can sure do it quick.

I MUST: "Make hay while the sun shines";. [Clover]  
More milking must be done 'fore my work's over.  
Mrs. just had twins! I don't know just WHEN .....

I had time/energy to become a Dad, again, but I ....  
guess I DID, .....sometime SINCE I hired the 'new man';  
he's a real FAST worker for us. His name is Glenn.

(August 17, 2017)

Bri Edwards

## 'My' Hemlock .....[nature; Tree; Personal]

A stately hemlock.... my western window does guard.  
Its afternoon shadow marks the edge of the yard.  
Its flat needles are green.  
Its cones have a brown sheen.  
The colors are the two favorites of this aging bard.

Its branches block much of the hot sun as a rule,  
helping in summer to keep my small apartment cool.  
By its natural way  
less electric I pay;  
the big hemlock's my own air-conditioning tool.

House sparrow, gray squirrel, and jay....in it do perch.  
There too, some birds may conduct an insect search.  
The tree keeps its needles all year  
and helps bring to me needed cheer,  
(more than would maple, elm, walnut, or birch) .

AND

Though hemlock poison has been known to make some people dead,  
the thought does NOT make ME feel any moment of dread.  
(Trees were friends in my past,  
and that same feeling shall always last.)

(Nov.2006)

Bri Edwards

# My English Sucks - 2 ... [english Skills; Humor? ; Beware The Words! ; Short; Sequel To "My English Sucks.."&quot; ]]

my english sucks thats for shur  
eech day in english class was a blure  
nouns an vurbs ....what are they  
Id rather sooner go out side an play.

It dont mater now a corse  
they evun let me in US AIRFORCE  
were I cooked for all the guys .....  
an no one askd inglish weres or wise.

Its tough thow .....some time  
like wen my kids want me too read  
but pichers help me figger most the  
words to his an her nersry rhime.

(septambr 28 2014)

Bri Edwards

## My Missing Sock! ...[ Old Age; Disability; Serious (Mostly): Military Veterans; Quite Long ]

Me: "WHERE'S MY DAMN SOCK? ! " ...[I said aloud ...to No One. Sometimes living in a Veterans Hospital is absolutely No Fun! I've been here since my stroke, fifteen years ago.I was then retired. I was a telephone operator (30 years) , starting when phones were 'wired'.]

Me: "WHERE'S MY DAMN SOCK? ! " ...[I repeated, this time to a nurse.]

Nurse: "Mr. Edwards, is it the one with Stars & Stripes? "[Bri begins to curse.]

Me: "Of course that's 'the one', I got myself any other! ? DAMN! Where did that Son-of-a-B+tcg go? Mother F+ck+r! ! " [I meant my missing sock.]

Nurse: "Now, now, Bri, there's no real need to get so upset."

Me: "Not for YOU, but it's MY sock.I've looked, but haven't found it ....yet."

Nurse: "I'm sure you will, always you checked your SHOE? "

Me: "My shoe be damned. ....Can you fluff my pillow, & get me water? "

[ 'Mark' fluffs Bri's pillow & replaces it on Bri's bed.]

Nurse: "There ya pillow's all fluffed, sir.

Now I'll get you fresh 'll find that sock.I'm sure."

Me: "I'd better! Ma knitted five pairs when I was in Korea, .... freezing my damn a+s off, and getting shot at, ....AND gettin' diarrhea."

[[ Nurse: "This is one of Bri's 'good days'.On others he's much worse. A lot of our Vets get dementia, a f++king curse.

Bri got a foot shot to hell in N. Korea in '52.(I served in Iraq.)

Being a nurse here at the V.A. takes patience [no pun] ....and tact.

Nurse (cont.) : "I've been here five years.I've seen better nurses 'burn out'.

Some get depressed treating the s lose patience and SHOUT ....

...at the poor r way, nurses leave & patients stay,

....many for many years, till they they just 'fade away'."]]

Me: "I was lucky I just lost a nasty dream follow me too.  
Now, where the hell is my sock? I've only the 's Red, White, & Blue,  
....like our , .... I didn't go to Korea because of patriotism,  
AND I didn't go 'cause I understood OR 'cause I opposed Communism.

"I went because Dad said: "Go, Son! ", ...and to PROVE...  
that I was NO Marine's took me and my a+s did move ...  
...to God-forsaken 'Chinksville' (I called it) .There three months only ....  
...and got my foot shot to sh+ right leg still feels lonely.

Me (cont.) : "My left foot is COLD! ; my 'missing one' just feels pain.  
My right foot's gone, but the nerves from 'it' do fool my old brain."  
Nurse: "Here's the promised water, a towel for the foot? "  
Me: "NO! No towel! I want my sock, did I PUT .....it? "

Nurse: "Perhaps it's in your bathrobe pocket? Once you found it there.  
Maybe it's time you give in and get more socks so you'll have a 'spare'.  
Me: "Jesus Christ, Al, I'm not a f++king car; I don't want a 'spare'.  
I WANT the sock (my LAST one) made by Ma; it ain't fair! ! !

Me: "Did my sister call me today, Mark? It's high time she did."  
Nurse: "Mr. Edwards, your sister died last year, but your KID-brother, ...  
....Tom, stopped in to visit you last ber? "  
Me: "No, he DID NOT! ! It's only visits me in December."

Nurse: "Your brother Tom visits you almost twice a month; it's TRUE.  
Why don't I take you into the hallway for an hour or two?  
Then it'll be nearly lunch 're having pot pies today.  
There's chicken or have a hamburger & have it 'your way'."

[Bri gets into wheelchair, with his bare foot & bathrobe, red.  
While sitting near nurses' station, Bri finds sock in robe pocket, like nurse said.]  
Me: "I'll be damned! ! My sock! From my dear Ma." [Bri cries.  
Around him some 'young' Vets laugh. A grey-haired one, a 'Colonel', sighs.

A shapely female, the 'Head Nurse', walks by, says: "Hi, Men! "  
She's an Army patients salute her, and try ...  
...to keep from saying something they might later regret,  
...something that might embarrass "her", or, God-forbid, get her  
UPSET! !

But not Bri! At age 80, he may be impotent, but Bri ...remembers when ....

he chased 'skirts' at the phone company! Other Vets .....`count to ten'.]  
Me: &quot;Well, this Aphrodite or ANOTHER goddess I'm seeing? &quot;  
[The colonel nearly doesn't, but he CAN'T keep from peeing .....in his diaper.]

[[Bri's Nurse: &quot;So, that's a taste for you of life on a Veterans Hospital floor.  
I'm NOT 'Mark', OR 'Joe', OR 'Al'.At least he calls me 'Sue' ....No More.  
I hope to hell I never NEED to be a patient a CURSE! !  
BUT, life 'On The Outside', for many Vets, AND others, may be worse.&quot;]]

(June ...19th & 26th ... 2018)

Bri Edwards

## My Modest Life....[long; Personal; Humor]

i grew up in a modest home. the nearby country i did roam.  
modest were my mom and dad. four modest siblings i also had.  
geneva was a modest town. at graduation i wore a modest cap and gown.  
(ok....my cap had a gold tassel. about that, please don't give me a hassle.)

then i modestly went to cornell; that i'd quit three years later who could tell?  
i modestly quit my church beliefs. that there's no hell, for me i'm betting.  
i became a conscientious objector and worked two years in hospital setting.  
i roomed in a modest home. by foot, bike, and bus i did roam.

then i shared an apartment with brother don. i did modest jobs for modest wages.  
my general appearance i think was plain. i was modest, ....not vain.  
except for occasional, mild 'depression', it seemed i had not a care.  
then (past twenty-five years old) i sought a partner from the sex pool more fair.

first wife (pam) was not so modest....if by modest one means plain.  
she gave birth to our modest daughter (shannon) ..... after a short labor but lots of pain.  
pam and i shared five modest homes, and we had a modest dog.  
we had a modest divorce....though nine years together we did log.

then i had modest apartments and two modest girlfriends, and kept my modest postal job.  
then i married and divorced wife two (debbie) , .....she was at times irrational and a slob.  
my very modest yugo i replaced with a honda, the last of my modest cars.  
the end of marriage to third wife (donna) i blame (in part) on her emotional lifetime scars.

in 2004 i retired 'early'.... as post office chose to downsize.  
at the time i lived in modest comfort.... in a senior citizen highrise.  
i modestly pursued volunteer work as i'd done on and off since '86.

with no ties binding me i moved to hometown geneva; some would call it 'move to the sticks'.

i spent a modest few months in cousin's apartment. eye to eye we did not see,  
.....

so i got my own modest place near college fieldhouse, and walked indoor track for a modest fee.

i found a modest café, 'flour petal', and many modest hours there i enjoyed.

i wrote poems, and.....with thoughts of a new partner i no longer toyed.

i met a modest new friend angel. he, it turned out, had some 'issues'.

i made a modest bed of banana boxes, and blew my nose on toilet tissues.

i developed mild hypertension. it seems in control now without pills.

i walked roads and sidewalks in modest shoes, wore modest clothes with no frills.

then a former postal customer, and old guy, henry, 'said': 'find a geneva woman on the internet'.

he jarred me into action, and that's how my present wife i 'met'.

after a month of emails we met in ithaca (new york state) , though she lived on the west coast.

did she find me irresistible? i don't know, .....and i shall not boast.

she lured me to join her, in san carlos, in her new, not-so-modest-but-small house.

my wife also has a small though not-so-modest car, a prius, which can be quiet as a mouse.

i flew here on a trial basis but stayed to share our lives together.

i'm still a modest guy, trying not to be spoiled by the mild san francisco bay area weather.

i've had a modest ponytail, and i'm modest about my child's success.

but i've eaten a few immodest restaurant meals. they weren't my idea.....as you might guess.

i'd say our tv set's not modest, but it's only used to watch library flicks.

(by 'modest' i mean plain or simple; with luxury i seldom mix.)



but i'm not COMPLETELY modest when it comes to my self-image. [ I THINK I'M REALLY GREAT! ]

i have lots of common sense, and.....i'm very seldom ever late.

(Jan. and Aug.2011)

Bri Edwards

# My Name Is Kong: Wrong! ..... [movie 'monster'; From The 'monster's' Mouth; A Bit Long; For Brian Johnston's Ph May 'contest']

Hollywood made, of me, a movie .....  
some thought scary, others thought groovy.  
In it I was called "King Kong";  
boy, were those people ever wrong!

"Skull Island" they called my land.  
Boy, those people were out of hand.  
I'll tell the truth, if it be told.  
I'm descended from men of old!

Back before "Man" 's current state,  
I came from creatures very great.  
We did not use the word "creatures";  
we used NO words, nor had we teachers.  
We were a flawless race (so we thought) ....  
until near-extinction was once brought.

We used no words. We lived in peace.  
Happiness we felt would NEVER cease ...,  
until the month of those Deadly Rays ...  
which brought an end to happier days.

We were not unlike you totally,  
but unlike you ..... we were war-free.  
We had plants and other kindred life.  
We lived peacefully; we had no strife.

Then rays unlike those from the sun ....  
began to strike; we tried to outrun .....  
them.  
As I said before, we used no words,  
no words for lizards, palms, or birds.  
But I "speak' NOW with words .... you do know;  
from my spirit, they NOW do flow.

The rays brought .... to some, Death.

At first they just slowed my breath,  
but I and others began to grow,  
becoming what Hollywood did show.

I'd NOT looked like "Kong", the ape,  
but slowly my body took his shape.  
What had been the creatures, least,  
became monstrous growling BEASTS!

But still we lived in peace,  
like sheep in fake wolves'-fleece.  
[To YOU, fearsome was my outside,  
which, my good nature, did hide ....  
from your eyes.]  
And our lives became extended;  
FEW of our lives have ended.

I was centuries old when you came ...  
to "Skull Island". What a name!  
You little people came; you CAME!  
"Skull Island" has never been the same! !

First there were half-naked little men,  
who came by canoe, I know not when.  
They lived in fear of our race, and ....  
FEW of them ever saw my face.

Many more years then went by ...  
before more came, we knew not why ...  
at first.  
They came by ship to our shore ...  
with guns, nets, and a whole lot more.  
These men wore MORE clothing,  
but they ALL deserved my loathing.

They caught me in a trap of rope,  
and since then ..... I lost my hope.  
My hope of freedom! I was lost .....,  
THOUGH I'd survive, at any cost.

It took scores of men ..... to get me.....  
into the ship's cage. We went by sea ...

across thousands of miles, and came .....  
to New York City, a place of shame.

"Shame" because I was displayed ...  
for all the people who PAID ....  
to see "King Kong"; what a show!  
My new-found anger soon did grow ...  
by leaps and bounds.  
Then one day I got so, SO mad.  
The people made me MAD; they HAD.

I found a weak spot on my cage,  
and shook the bars in fits of rage.  
They screamed "Look out for the Ape!  
The bars bend and he'll escape! ! "

Escape I did, but where to go?  
Police scrambled; whistles they did blow.  
Some shot at me; the bullets stung.  
Back at them I threw my dung [my "poop"].

The rays had made me TOUGH;  
handgun shots were NOT enough ...  
to stop me.  
I roamed the streets; people ran.  
Over cars my legs did span.  
I was angry; my teeth I bared,  
but deep down .... I was really SCARED!

I had lost my people AND my home.  
Through a strange city I did roam.  
And I was hungry and thirsty too.  
If you'd been me, what would YOU do? ?

Around me now buildings SOARED;  
I'd lost NOW my room and board.  
I was hunted like a wild beast.  
Upon my blood, men wished to feast!

Or so it seemed to me that day .....,  
so I fled, till at last .... I was at bay.  
I had nowhere else to flee but UP,

but I'd climbed since I was a pup, i.e. ....  
a baby.

I chose the tallest building of all,  
the Empire State Building; it was TALL.

Up I went from ledge to ledge,  
with hands and feet on each window edge.  
A woman screamed to see me. Well ....,  
YES I DID grab her, and I did (her) smell.

BUT I really meant her NO harm,  
and gently lowered her by her arm ....  
back through the window into her room.  
THAT'S when I heard the first queer BOOM!

Then I saw flying machines come.....,  
like "Skull Island" insects [some].  
Each had a small man inside,  
and bullets began to pierce my hide.  
These were not JUST bullet stings,  
but HOLES caused by the machines with wings ...  
AND machine guns.

I roared in rage, and PAIN too.  
What, oh what, could I then do?  
My end was near; I could see .... IT.  
THEN I grabbed one plane in my angry fit.

But more flying machines came,  
and bullets did more than just maim.  
Weakened, in shock and losing blood,  
I fell to the pavement with a THUD! .

[What they knew as "King Kong" ....  
died that day; it was so WRONG ....  
that, for being "different", I had died.  
They killed my body, but NOT my pride! ]

My skeleton's displayed in a museum,  
along with my brain, for all to see `em.  
My hide is mounted on a frame ..... to mimic me,  
and displayed at an Explorers' Club, NOT for free.

My soul has returned to MY LAND,  
and by tropical breezes now is fanned ....  
for Eternity.

(May 6 & 7, 2015)

Bri Edwards

# M-Y S-H-I-T Don't Stink! ..... [ Bending The Truth About Bri; Faults; Lying; S-H-O-R-T ]

I'm sure, by now, you're all well aware:

&quot;M-Y s-h-i-t don't stink.`Bout that I truly swear.&quot;

I've got no faults, no defects, no frailties.

Each night I thank the Lord, down on my knees.

Don't believe ANYONE else; they ALL are liars, ....

who deserve to have toenails pulled out by pliers.

No spouse of mine, no neighbor, No One tells the truth.

I've been perfect, pristine, AND pure since my Youth!

(January ....21st ....2019)

[[ Ok! I lie a little bit. ]]

Bri Edwards

# Nagasaki ..... [war; Very Short; Nuclear Energy; Ph-Inspired]

Whether to punish or just end the war...  
in the Pacific, the U.S.A. did destroy....  
much of what the city had been before.  
It was one monumental military ploy.

What the Japanese, at Hawaii, started,  
the U.S. ended when the atoms farted.

(December 25,2014)

Bri Edwards



## Nasty Thoughts..... [emotions, Not Deeds; Very Short; Personal]

I've just had some nasty thoughts indeed,  
which I dare not write down, lest you read .....  
them, and think I'd actually do a nasty deed.  
BUT, sometimes nasty thoughts can fill a need, indeed.

(April 9,2014)

Bri Edwards

## Nature Knew..... [short; How To Get A Woman; Personal]

Nature has a lot of power, so i asked....  
for a woman (knock on wood) .  
I think Nature answered my call...  
just as fast as She could.

Now I've got a woman to cook,  
to clean, and keep me warm.  
I've settled for one at a time;  
after all, who needs a swarm?

(February 2014)

Bri Edwards

# Nearing My End ...[ Passing Time While "Passing Away"; Response To John A' Hern's P H Poem "Innocent Email" ]

I do so hope my worldly belongings will be but few ....  
when it's MY time to pass from this world; 'tis true.  
Now, not sure when my "end" will come, I'm nearly ...  
at the "few" mark. I'm "ready" to go NOW, ...clearly!

BUT if I can, physically and mentally close out my time ...  
as I wish, it will be with ice cream in a dish, & with rhyme.  
Yes, I'll miss my 'poet' friends when I'm again 'dust'.  
Yes, I'd say farewell with rhyme, and ice cream IS a must! !

(August ...18th ....2019)

Bri Edwards

# **Nigger, Watch Your Back.. [ Inspired By A Book I Read, By Richard Wright\*\*\*: The Ethics Of Living Jim Crow; Short; African-American Civil Rights; Racial Discrimination ]**

Richard Wright (1908-1960)died of a heart attack.

When growing up, 'black', in Mississippi, he learned to watch his  
&quot;nigger&quot; back,  
i.e. he learned 'his place' in dealings with the dominating 'Southern Whites'.  
He didn't live long enough to witness emerging U.S. &quot;Civil Rights&quot;.

President Lincoln's 1860s Emancipation Proclamation &quot;freed&quot; slaves.  
Blacks could no longer be owned, BUT, for many, &quot;plagued&quot; could be  
their days.

(winter 2018-2019)

Bri Edwards

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their days.

(winter 2018-2019)

Bri Edwards

# Night Crawlers And You! .... {horror; Short; Fantasy? ? ; Death For Some]

They came from deep inside the Earth's bowels,  
spreading fear among us, worse than any ten wolves' howls.  
Their forms can change, but rarely did.  
They WILL find you hiding, no matter where you're hid.

Yes! They've been around here and there over the ages.  
Backward savages have stories of them, as do Medieval sages.  
They harvest (usually) only those which they can eat,  
before slinking back to the Earth's bowels; they need the heat.

It's really not easy (their appearance) for me to describe,  
as most, who encounter them crawling, do not long survive.  
It's said they are "ghoulish green", and, rarely, "blue",  
that their teeth are many, and dripping with goo.

But they rarely bite you till you're already dead,  
letting their corrosive goo do the deadly job instead.  
Yes! They mostly come out at night, so you beware .....,  
BUT some are 'day' crawlers also, away from their lair.

What little noise they make can be easily mistaken .....  
for skittering rodents and tree branches shakin'.  
You'll never know where to run when they stand erect (your HAIRS) ,  
since you usually see just ONE of them ....., BUT they hunt in PAIRS.

(Feb.2 & April 5, 2015)

Bri Edwards

## Night Visitors ..... [ 'Gulsher, John' & Greek Mythology; Short; Philosophy? ]

Old Hypnos came at night to visit John.  
He came in the train of 'Mother', Nyx.  
He came to take John to the twinkling stars,  
he and bro Thanatos, ....with John betwixt.

John said to them 'I once chased two rabbits.  
Would you believe both of them did scat?  
Since then I've trod the road less-traveled.  
What do you poem readers make of that? '

Bri Edwards

## Nit-Picker ... [ Suggested By Friend Andy Brookes' Poem ` Nitpicker `; Serious; Personal ]

To pick nits can mean to remove eggs of lice from human hair,  
and I believe Andy's 'Nitpicker' word may come from 'there'.  
Nits are very tiny, and a nitpicker points out some 'tiny faults',  
like a misspelling in a poem, amounting to, for some, insults.

But it's NOT just the picking out of 's lack of positive input.  
It's criticism given as a bashing, as if 'picker' kicks poet with foot!  
It's leaving a comment which suggests there is NO merit, .....  
NO good aspects of the poem, e.g. wit, clarity, or 'style'. [grin & bear it? ]

Some poets accept or even desire suggestions, stuff more constructive,  
but a nitpicker seems to JUST point out 'errors'. This can be destructive,  
if not at least balanced with some 'positive' comment(s) , reassurance,  
not JUST a list of each grammatical gaffe, e.g. a misspelling occurrence.

Don't get me wrong; I DO often point out when to use 'too' instead  
of 'to',  
and when 'its' and 'it's' are sh DOES have 'rules' for me  
& you!

BUT, if all I can or care to say would make me, Bri, a 'nitpicker',  
I'd more likely leave NO comment at all, and slink away without a snicker.

(May...2nd...2019)

Bri Edwards



## No Stockings Are Hung..... [x-Mas Eve Has Changed For Me; Personal]

NO stockings, this Christmas Eve, by the chimney are hung.  
NO holiday music plays in our home; NO carols are sung.  
NO wreath's on our front door to make our home look so dandy.  
I WON'T go to a midnight church service, where as a kid I got candy.

NO tree adorns our living room, topped off with a star.  
NO Christmas cookies are baking to be placed in a jar.  
NO presents are wrapped, awaiting Christmas Day's morning light.  
A very few cards arrived, and THOSE aren't even in sight.

NO, it's not like the Christmas Eves I knew long ago,  
when in bed I had visions of reindeer with Santa's swift sled in tow.  
My parents are long dead and my siblings are scattered,  
my daughter has her own family now, but I've got what most mattered.

I've got my health, or most of it, and still most of my teeth.  
I've got warm outer winter clothes, and clothes to go underneath.  
I've got food in the house, and each night a warm shower.  
I've got a cell phone to call friends and relatives and to tell me the hour.

I've got wild birds out our windows to enjoy as they feed.  
I've got PoemHunter, books, and movies; more than I need.  
I've got volunteer work and such.....to help keep me busy,  
and I've got a loving wife, though...., at times, she makes me dizzy.

The ONE Christmas event I miss since moving.....out to the West Coast.....  
is making snowmen and snow women; it was what I liked most.

Bri Edwards

# No Strings Attached! ..... [imagined 'wild-Guy's-Life'; Humor; Sinful? Behavior; Not Personal! ; Fairly Short]

Here is how I picture myself tonight:  
I throw on my shirt, one not too tight.  
I pull on my pants; my hips they hug.  
Now I'm set to go out & cut a rug.

Down to an imagined disco i do go.  
The girls are hot; the beat is not slow.  
I grab a hot chick who's looking fine.  
For this evening I'll make her only mine.

We impress the crowd with our dancing.  
I see that (at me) all the girls are glancing.  
I feel sorry for them. Maybe next time.  
I give each one of them a shiny dime.....  
to remember me.

Between dances, my gal and I cavort;  
booze we drink & coke we snort.  
At two a.m. we leave the wild scene to go ...  
to an all-night x-rated picture show

We sit in a secluded corner of the balcony ...  
where few can.....or even care to.....see .....  
what we are doing instead of watching movie.  
It was a night we used to call "most groovy".

The at 4 a.m. I drop her off at her corner to work.  
Her pimp growls and spits "You're late for work".  
So I toss him five C-notes to calm the bum down.  
Now he smiles and doffs his cap like some clown.

(July 21, 2015)

Bri Edwards

# Nov. & Dec.2019: Some P H Poems To Share...[ From Mypoemlist Of P H Favorites ]

Sharing 'tis a fine personality trait to display,  
EXCEPT sharing diseases, & whatnot, which ruin one's day.  
While these poems I share now may not 'Be To YOUR Taste'\*,  
I've included NO poems which I think might 'Lay You To Waste'\*\*.

Several of these are from poets 'new-to-me'.And YOU? ?  
Unlike my last list, I include poems' , I DO! !  
And, I 'Forget About'\*\*\* URLs; no need this time to look....  
...for poems.I've pasted them here, as if pasted in some book.

Most of these are recent arrivals to &quot;MyPoemList&quot;;  
I'll include, as well, an oldie\*\*\*\* of MINE.I can't resist....  
...exposing you to brilliance, albeit\*\*\*\*\* from my own hand,  
even if many of YOU know already: &quot;Bri's poems are GRAND! &quot;

(November...15th...2019)

\* be something you like

\*\* destroy you

\*\*\* don't use/include; ignore

\*\*\*\* e.g. a song or poem produced years ago

\*\*\*\*\* although

PLEASE NOTE:

The list shall follow, in my Poet's Notes [&quot;Story&quot;], on this page.  
I'm not sure when that will happen, but 'Pretty Soon'\*\*\*\*\*.

\*\*\*\*\* before TOO much time passes from now

Bri Edwards

**Novel: &quot;About Adam&quot; .... [ A Short Review  
Of The Long Novel: &quot;About Adam&quot;;  
Author: Petru Popescu; Evolution; Human &  
Protohuman Relationships; Kenya; Greed; Emotions ]**

In Kenya, two male scientists, one black, one white,  
'discover' precursors of &quot;Man&quot; ....who walk upright.  
Pliocene fossils ....AND 'Living Fossils'...are found.  
In this book, human & 'protohuman' emotions abound.

Its five hundred pages kept me entertained throughout;  
it even brought me a few laughs .....but I did NOT shout!  
Suspense, sex, violence, friendship, love, and greed, AND ...  
...drives to survive & to reproduce should fulfill YOUR needs.

(June ....6th...2019)

Bri Edwards

# November 2018 Showcase....[ Poems From Poets Of The &quot; Indian Subcontinent &quot; ]

Introductory Poem:

Poems From PH Poets Of The Indian Subcontinent

In a vast land, a vast population offers these:  
Visions of Flying Rape Relationship-Unease  
and more, so as to, your poetic-taste buds tease.

As I know American English, [ I'm &quot; born and bred &quot; ],  
and strive to grasp poem meanings in my head,  
it's 'proper-English' which I try to display, .....  
.... though many speakers in U.S. don't talk that way.

Some poems get altered at my (Bri's)'behest'.  
Some I 'correct' on my own so as to not suggest...  
to readers an odd spelling, a missing apostrophe,  
or another error/typo. I never, ever, charge a fee!

And yet, I still let some 'improperness' get by,  
and someday I may just let 'improperness' fly  
out the Poetic Window to fly in a Poetic breeze.  
But then 'proper-English'-poets may gasp: &quot;Jeez! &quot;

(October ...9th ....2018)

The remainder of the showcase, containing author names, titles of poems, and  
poem texts, shall/will be finished later, 'my Muse and body willing'! ! Maybe the  
above will whet your poetic appetite?

Bri Edwards

=====

I'm having LOTS of trouble today, putting together the November showcase. I  
don't know if I am to blame [getting old? ] or if PH is to blame, OR &quot;some  
of both&quot;. My problem is the difficulty/impossibility involved in scrolling up

and down on the  
'submit a new poem' page. (

NOW I'm planning to put the showcase together as a &quot;Message&quot; to me on PH, instead of trying to construct it, as I've done in the past, on the &quot;Submit a new poem&quot; page. Once my message is completed, I'll copy and paste it into the &quot;Submit a new poem&quot; page. IT HAD BETTER WORK....or I'LL HAVE TO EAT TWO MORE GALLONS OF ICE CREAM TO CONSOLE ME! ! ! [[ I'm 'afraid' the pasting may 'not go well'. ]]

bri)

To make things simpler (for ME and for YOU)I will NOT include information for the readers and reader-poets which i've previously put into some of the showcases. For 'information' I refer you to September 2018's showcase, found in my list of submitted poems in my PH site. Or you may direct questions to me in a message.

I'm also NOT giving a list of JUST author names and poem titles.  
I'll just list the Poem Titles with the authors' names and the texts of the poems.  
Wish me luck! !

I also may NOT place Poet's Notes or Bri's Notes after poems i used to do these things.

i hope you enjoy at least some of the poems I've gathered, mostly out of My Favorite Poems list, aka MyPoemList, which now has 1723 poems in it from PH.

=====

The Showcase:

a - I'm Yet To Figure Out... - Poem by Ruchi chaurasiya

Enthralling man or enchanting aura,  
I yet to figure out what made me flushed in rapture,  
I found my heart conspired against me for him,  
His one word makes me euphoric like a morning bird  
I yet to figure out what made my heart belong to him.  
I yet to figure out why my thought belongs to him more than myself,

I yet to figure out what beings him in my early morning thoughts,  
I yet to figure out who allows him to be my mid night thought.  
I want to ask when did exactly he took over my most primal belongings,  
I want to ask why he even crossed my path when we never had a common path.  
I want to ask what were those exact qualities which made him exceptional were.  
I want to ask who will take verdict on him for breaking into my thoughts and stealing my mind.  
I was never easy to anyone but he conquers me nonchalantly, I wonder how?  
OK, for now I forgive my rude heart for loving him,  
Just one question-is it mistake or a learning?  
If it's learning then I yet to figure out- what to learn from this?  
&quot;How to love or how not to love? &quot;

Bri's Note: I suggested to Ruchi that she change &quot;I Yet&quot; to &quot;I'm Yet&quot; or &quot;I Am Yet&quot;. She changed it in her title but not in the body of her poem. ok. :)

b - My Country India - Poem by Ruta Mohapatra

My country of rugged mountains  
Beautiful valleys  
And vast plains  
Lets you think your own thoughts

My country of green forests  
Long seashores  
Mighty rivers  
Lets you follow your own God

My country of many cultures  
Many cuisines  
Many languages  
Lets you speak your own language

My country of colourful costumes  
Colourful festivals  
Colourful myths  
Lets the Indian spirit bind one and all



c - Breaks - Poem by Ruta Mohapatra

Sometimes the song dies in me  
Days weigh heavy on my spine  
The heart sighs for no reason  
The colour drains from my vision

I feel like lying all day long  
Under a blanket in cocoon form  
Away from all bright lights  
Away from all familiar sounds

My body and soul in need of rest  
Lie silent till refreshed  
Then slowly the cocoon I break  
And emerge bright as a butterfly

d - Senryu 27 Series (Victory)- Poem by Savita Tyagi

A desire to win  
Demands a constant search for  
An adversary.

If none is in front  
You can find plenty to fight  
Within your own self.

I would rather face  
My vices as enemy  
Than the world outside.

'Cause Winning myself  
Is in my hands but not a  
winning of this world.

My inner world  
Victory offers an outer  
Vision to master.

e - A Fancy - Poem by Bharati Nayak

I envy the newspaper  
You hold in your hand  
For how eagerly  
Your eyes move from  
Letter to letter  
And you would not let it go  
Before you finished reading! !

Ah, had you but held me  
in your hands  
Like the newspaper  
Read my eyes  
With the same eagerness  
And would not let me go,  
Before you finished reading! ! !

f - Brown Ants In Search Of Nectar - Poem by Kumarmani Mahakul

Morning has arrived and leaves are fresh,  
Freshly bloomed yellow wiled flower,  
This has invited new guests to treat,  
Three brown ants have come in row.

This blooming values more in tenderness,  
Nectar is gathered by flower to suckle,  
Hardworking brown ants are children now,  
Green leaves are giving fresh breeze more.

God's boon is freshly sprinkled with light,  
Morning holds purity and nectar is pure too,  
Innocent brown ants believe in duty and joy,  
Crossing so far miles they have arrived just.

Must they will drink nectar of wisdom soon,  
Boon of God is there on them to drink this,  
Flower is the holy virgin mother for them,

Seeing her affection this world adores her.

In search of nectar brown ants have travelled,  
Now they are crawling in lap of mother flower,  
As cow licks to calves with due care and love,  
By her petals she is licking ants in affection.

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g - 1 - As I Lay Embryo-Like - Poem by Madathil Rajendran Nair

The scope went down the food pipe  
Lighting its contracting walls  
Down to a frothing stomach  
Where they scratched out  
A piece of suspected tissue  
To look at it later at leisure  
And ascertain the secrets of its texture.

I lay embryo-like  
Folding my hands around my head  
In prostration to the might of science  
A toy in the hands of bespectacled intelligence  
Pouring over me in profound seriousness.

I lay embryo-like  
Sedated in primal state  
As my entrails curled up  
Like earthworms in the sun  
To their curious prodding.

Another tube headed up the colon  
To pinch a piece  
Of an innocent polyp  
That swayed its head  
Like hyacinth in the wind.  
Blood splashed around bright  
Painted the flesh Picasso-like.

They would look at the bit later again

Under their scopes  
In air-conditioned labs  
And nod their heads  
In grave silence.  
God only knows what that would mean.  
Or, who would care?  
I could only think embryo-like  
Sedated into my primal state.

The tubes scoured me up and down,  
They thought they knew me too well now,  
To fill their talks at lunch  
What each cell, each hole, each bit  
Of my pulsating corpus meant.

Yet I lay sedate, unknown to them  
Like a sunken sun behind the crimson hill  
Radiating into trees, winds and sky  
And the last chirps of homing birds,  
Housing a universe in my heart.

They thought they knew me too well  
As they peered into every cell  
For foreboding changes that spelt hell.  
Yet, they knew me not  
The one who lay sedate  
Worlds away from them  
Holding the universe in his fondly clasp.

Bri's Note: Chickens "lay" eggs, and in some of them embryos develop (if allowed to) : thus we end up with chicken legs on our plates. But I, bri, would use "As I Lie Embryo-Like...";

AND THE TRANSLATION!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

g - 2 - ????? ?????? ??? ?????????????? - by Madathil Rajendran Nair

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h - I Wish, I Could Fly - Poem by SWETA LEENA PANDA

My mood again swings  
with a wish that if I had wings  
I wish I would fly  
in the high and high sky  
Happy and free in the clouds  
Where joy knew no bounds  
And make my heart feel happy and gay again  
However in my head now I hear a sound  
Its time to come out of the dream  
That now I'm back into reality  
With no clouds around and no wings  
Come to this world where you present

Where you come with a little dream  
A dream for others  
A dream which can make smile many of us  
A dream which you have to fulfill  
As for humanity  
However sometimes I want to free from my life  
I wish to joy with myself alone  
Where no one can reach  
Peace, soundless world are there  
I wish I had wings and I could fly

i - Raped At The Time Of Drought - Poem by Tiku akp

She walked like a ghost  
In the chilling darkness of winter  
Singing to her herself an old lullaby  
Her mother had sung years before  
She had thorns in her palms  
And afraid of squeezing her breasts  
To feed her child, a new born as small  
As a bird and without a valid name  
The wolves have plundered  
Her chastity inside the dark shack,  
They positioned well to take her full  
One by one as if waiting in a file  
They made festoons of her dress  
Like a wedding was going on  
Under the limitless sky her sun is  
Lost somewhere near the horizon,  
Never to rise, never to lend its warmth.  
She is dead.

j - Flight Of Fancy - Poem by renu kakkar

My fate for me had ensured,  
Traveler's foot and explorers galore.

I took a fancy to explore new lands,  
My spirit soared for newer plans.

Flying I was, with the ocean spread below,  
Blue skies and the sun above did glow.  
The clouds outside were my partners in flight,  
My co-passengers had slept to my delight.

With wings on his shoulders and a wand by his side,  
a child like figure appeared outside,  
Is he real or is he a dream?  
Such thoughts in me started to frame.

The child- like angel told me to step out,  
I rubbed my eyes as I had a doubt.  
He beckoned again for me to try,  
To leave my body and attempt to fly.

I did not know how to and I think he understood,  
His hand came through and my hand he took.  
Gently leading me out of the window pane,  
To my surprise, I stood by the plane.

On the clouds, I glided with ease  
Flying with my angel in heavenly bliss.  
Soon it started to become dark,  
My angel told me its time to depart.

I stood outside the window pane looking in,  
All passengers were sleeping and snoring within.  
The angel told me to glide back in,  
Soon I was again in me looking at him.

Now I go to someone who needs me,  
Never forget that this is how to be.  
The past has done and gone let it rest,  
Live in present to harness a future that's best.

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Bri's Note: In stanza # 6: "it's", not "its". (a common



error)

k - Her Soul Meets Her Mommy - Poem by Hira Akhtar

Alone and shivering  
In a numbing, dead night  
Deep silence, scaring  
Like a monster  
Her face looking flushed  
with extreme fever  
Like a tree,  
facing the blazing fire  
of cruel Sun  
Bursting head,  
with severe pain  
Like a balloon  
overfilled with  
distress and misery  
'Rain of tears  
dampening the cheeks, constantly  
Wrapped her head,  
in a scarf  
Crossing arms  
holding both shoulders  
sitting in a still corner  
uttering a few  
quivering words  
O mommy! !  
Where are you?  
I feel deserted  
since you left  
You used to call me  
your delightful flower  
Breeze in and catch a glimpse  
of your withered flower  
come and water it vigorously  
with your love and affection  
O mommy! !  
'Take me in your shelter

save me from world's bitterness  
your child is being trampled  
O mommy! !  
For the moment,  
Drowsiness overcame her  
she propped herself  
against a wall  
Dreaming, the procession  
funeral of a corpse  
laying in the casket,  
Later, being propelled  
towards cemetery  
'All at once  
A frightful jerk  
arouses her  
surprised and horrified  
trying to know  
Which place is this? ?  
dark and foggy  
filled with redolence  
glowing scented woods  
'She couldn't hear  
Her beating heart  
That was left  
in her dead body  
A spirit, she was  
Soon, a sound echoes  
Its purgatory daughter  
The place where souls meet  
Sparkles and gleams  
appear in the dark  
Mommy! ! she speaks blithely  
Yess honey, come to me! !  
Mommy spirit says devotedly  
spreading her arms,  
There both souls meet  
Daughter to mommy  
Mommy to daughter  
Together forever and ever..

Poet's Notes about The Poem

Actually my mam told that souls meet in purgatory (Alam-e-Barzakh) , So i

wrote a poem on it because i desire much to meet my mommy...

Bri's Notes: I believe there are a few typos: 'dampening' , not 'damping' (two different words) : 'lying' , not 'laying' (common error) : I think 'it's' not 'its' ; purgatory i think 'Yess' is intentional. I think this is a fantastic poem! !:)

### I - Legal Dissolution Of A Marriage - Poem by Madhabi Banerjee

It was a complicated matrimonial case  
They had arranged a divorce suit  
Father and mother had decided to live separately.  
To win the divorce case the lawyers of both side  
Were tried their best.  
Father said 'whatever may be, I would have to win,  
Over all I am a man indeed.'  
Mother said 'Defeat! No way,  
Society time and days are changing now.  
It is the time for woman liberation'.  
A child of ten years old was strolling hither to thither.  
They had no headache to the child's concern.  
As this child was the root of all discord.  
For him divorce case had become complicated  
And both the father and mother had to face hard troubles and sufferings.  
But  
If they can abandon their ego a little bit each other  
They won't have any trouble to take.

Bri's Notes: lines 4-5: i'm not sure about the wording here.

### m -1 - First Sale Of The Day / ????? (Bi-Lingual)- Poem by Rajnish Manga

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m - 2- First Sale of the Day - Poem by Rajnish Manga

Each businessman or trader  
Hawker or Kabari (junk dealer)  
Rickshaw Puller or Bangle seller  
Small, medium or tiny, big  
They all wait for the first sale  
Very First Sale of the Day  
First Rupee honestly earned  
Whoever is the first customer  
He is always seen as God sent  
First earning becomes a blessing  
And is raised to the forehead  
As a mark of Thankfulness supreme  
Thus begins the daily work  
This has been a practice small  
Yet an age-old convention for all.

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This ends the November 2018 Showcase of Poems by PH (usually)Poets! I hope the final product looks as good after I copy & paste it into a &quot;Submit a new poem&quot; page.

THANKS TO ALL 'CONTRIBUTORS'. I sent poem comments to each one telling them i intended to steal....I MEAN borrow....their poems for this event. None sent me an objection.

Please feel free to comment on the showcase as a whole, or go to individual poet's pages to read their poem(s) and comment.

See some of you in December, I hope! If I'm not in jail, blind, or too busy eating to make up December's showcase, I'll be here.

bri edwards aka Brian Edward Whitaker (in the 'real world') .

bri :)

October, , ,20th.....2018

Bri Edwards

# October 2018 Showcase..[ Poems, Poems, Poets, Poets; Sharing Some Of My Favorites With You ]

A -BRI'S INTRODUCTORY POEM:

It's mid-September and the pressure is mounting,  
'cause I KNOW, on me, Bri, you ALL are still counting to place joy, nay, rapture  
amidst your dull drudgery,  
e.g. caring for partner, kids, & old folks, aka your .....family!

And/or some may even WORK for a living, & not at ...  
WRITING,  
but at banking, baking, driving, diving. So Exciting ...  
can be &quot;work&quot;;, yet at times definitely it AIN'T!  
However most need to work to eat, so as NOT to.....FAINT!

BUT &quot;man shall NOT live by 'bread' alone&quot;;, one said,  
so I'll strive to entertain you until I, Bri, am DEAD,  
.....  
.....which may happen tomorrow or PERHAPS EVEN....  
.....toda.....

(September ...16th .....2018)

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B -INFORMATION ABOUT A SHOWCASE:

To those unfamiliar with my 'showcases' ...[usually monthly events on my PH  
site, found in my list of  
poems]], ...feel free to make inquiries and/or seek out previous showcases; some  
showcases I have 'deactivated' recently i.e. 'hidden' from viewing, but they  
remain in my poem list.I DO change formats at times.I plan to pick October's  
showcase poems from poems already in MyPoemList on PH.

No preference is meant (usually)to be shown to POETS due to gender, ethnicity,  
political leaning .....[[but CAN American &quot;Republicans politicians&quot;;  
write poems that are .....good enough? ?Are any even literate? ? ]] ...., age,

or nationality.

Furthermore, no preference is meant (usually) to be shown to POEMS due to topic(S) , length, &quot;form&quot;, attitude of the poet (whatever that means) , OR EVEN the language used e.g. English, Russian, Mandarin, Hindi, Spanish, .....though an English translation is HIGHLY HIGHLY! !

I ALWAYS leave the poet a poem comment notifying her/him of my intention to steal ....i mean BORROW.....a poem for a I (now)ALWAYS give the name of the poet (3 times I think)AND the full text of each poem.

Proofreading and grammar etc. is the responsibility of the Poets, though I KNOW PH sometimes 'plays' with poems by changing a capital letter to a lower case/small letter, and sometimes by deleting spaces between words/sentences! ! And PH also sometimes deletes/'censors-out' words they don't 'like' such as some sexual words or words which hint of a website address; they don't even allow the word 'o n l i n e' in a poem! ! ....[[each 'showcase' is treated like one HUGE poem, by PH]]....I urge poets to proofread their poems AFTER[[AS WELL AS BEFORE]]submitting.

I encourage readers to go to the Poets' sites to read these and other Poems and to comment as well.

I thank all 'contributors' of poems and/or of S!

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C -ARRANGEMENT OF THE REST OF THE SHOWCASE WHICH FOLLOWS:

FIRST, I give a list of the Poets names and Poems' titles.

SECOND, I give a list of the Poems, including the Poets' names (again)and the texts.I also sometimes give all or part of the Poet's Notes from poem pages, ...AND I sometimes leave a Bri's Notes as well.

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D -CLOSING REMARKS BY bri edwards [that's ME].

The POETS' NAMES and their POEMS' TITLES:

a - Douglas Scotney  
B: Xxxxv: Measured Response

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b - Nika McGuin  
The Vulture's Pet

c - Perdita Young  
My Adorable Wife

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d - RoseAnn V. Shawiak  
Life's Black Curtains

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e - Stuart Munro  
Mr. Tap And Smiling Snail

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f - Geraldine Kelly  
Let The Dust Settle -

g - Jez Brul  
Sometimes In Your Quiet Moment

h - Sally Plumb Plumb  
A Humorous Death

i - susette varga  
A Goodbye Text

j - Loke Kok yee  
Valentine At Seventy (Humour)

k - Valentin Savin, translator  
78 ?????? ??????????

l - Andy Brookes  
A Cats Paw

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The POEMS, their TITLES, their AUTHORS, & their complete TEXTS  
a - B: Xxxxv: Measured Response - Poem by Douglas Scotney

B: Xxxxv: Measured Response  
'Charming, windless days and nights...'  
Are what I said I'd like  
When winter came and asked.

(I wouldn't give it the smug satisfaction  
of knowing how it stirs my mind  
and how I hate the cold.)

'...and happiness with cuddling.'

(Not freedom from crime  
world peace, mental stability  
and absence of grime.)

Bri's Notes:

Ok, now we know who to blame for our continued &quot;crime&quot;, lack of  
&quot;world peace&quot;, lack of &quot;mental stability&quot;, AND  
&quot;grime&quot;! !

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b - The Vulture's Pet - Poem by Nika McGuin

The Vulture's Pet

There was once a pretty young lady  
She waked around with her head bowed  
Portraying a meekness, mild, and humble  
Terribly unaware of her presence in the world

But she had a vulture at her side  
Who saw everything she couldn't  
He saw her strengths, her beauty  
But he also saw her weaknesses

A good vulture never misses an opportunity  
So his mother had always taught him  
And the girl had something he deeply coveted  
Unknowingness made her all the more vulnerable

It knew just where to pick and peck  
With its beak it ripped away at the layers  
Of her self-image and self-esteem, already lost  
At his side she was becoming more lost still

She could sense something wasn't right  
Beneath the surface, the way he made her feel:  
Less than, inept, never good enough, wrong!  
All of the picking and pecking finally struck a nerve

Rid of him! - was what she wanted to be  
But somehow he always found a way  
To appear guiltless, to be the victim  
His act was always the same

Oh! but those two beady black eyes shone  
With such a light of sincerity - almost believable  
The vulture hunched his brown feathered shoulders  
And earnestly swore its loyalty would always endure

She so wanted to believe him  
They'd once been such good friends, it's true  
She thought of all the years; all the good times  
How has the vulture I know now grown so different?

Sentimentality, a virtue all vultures lack  
Sadly, for the girl it was all she had left  
In the vulture's eyes this was yet another weakness  
To attack; Oh what easy prey, what luck!

He pecked and pecked until there was no more  
Nothing left to take, no more use of her to make  
He made himself scarce seeking out new reserves  
Leaving his prey unattended for the first time

At first the young lady felt a chord of loneliness  
She sent a few cards by way of pigeon mail  
But our feathered fowl was always too busy to reply  
Probably in some cliffside cave feasting away

Alone with herself for the first time

She asked herself, &quot;who am I without vulture? &quot;  
&quot;who was I to begin with? &quot;  
She couldn't answer either question

In the vulture's absence she began to realize  
All the pain she'd allowed him to cause her  
The several bits and pieces of her he'd gotten away with  
And she witnessed for the first time his utter lack of remorse

When she finally got the courage to confront him  
To point out each of the scars and open wounds his very beak had left  
The vulture threw back his scarlet bald head letting out a whoop of laughter!  
Without so much as a word the coward turned tail and flew away

She knew then, there'd be no closure  
It was doubtless, the vulture had never truly cared for her  
He cut ties without the slightest drop of hesitation  
Leaving behind him a trail of chaos and devastation

Knowing all she did, the girl still could not help  
But to mourn the loss of his companionship  
knowing he'd long since ceased to be a friend to her  
In fact, he never was one - that was entirely her delusion

Time continued its steady inching  
And with the vulture gone she began to heal  
There was nobody left to tear or chip at her  
She was finally learning what it meant to build herself up

A year had passed with no word from the vulture  
In that time she'd come to see what a blessing it was  
Besides, she wasn't that same girl he used to know  
It was thanks to his absence she had the room to grow

There now lives a beautiful young woman  
Who walks around with her head held high  
She bounds this earth with long confident strides  
Because she finally knows who she is in the world

Bri's Notes:

Line 2: I think &quot;walked&quot;, not &quot;waked&quot;.Otherwise, I felt  
this was a SUPERB poem; could there really have been a

&quot;vulture&quot;?And, yes, brown, not black, feathers on Turkey Vultures

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c - My Adorable Wife - Poem by Perdita Young

My Adorable Wife

&quot;Housework is the man's duty,  
Now women enjoy equality&quot;  
One day ble  
Said to me.

&quot;If I do all of our task,  
Then what is your share,  
May I venture to ask?  
You spoke of equality...&quot;

&quot;I would bear babies.  
That would be  
My RESPONSIBILITY! &quot;

&quot;What! I wait on you day after day,  
Just for baby-bearing,  
As you did say? &quot;

Upon that she gazed on me and grew tearful:  
&quot;Well, I tell you, dear hubby,  
Armies are maintained for years, people say,  
Just for some future use, on some future day.&quot;

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Poet's Notes:

May 12th,2013. Loosely based on &quot;My Adorable Wife&quot;(a cyber story) ,  
on Mother's Day,2013.

d - Life's Black Curtains - Poem by RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Black Curtains

Lost and alone, thoughts at a distance, heart heavy  
with sorrow.

Touched deeply by your life, not wanting to let go,  
yet knowing I must.

In my heart forever, indelibly printed on my soul,  
etched in memory's mind.

Touched frequently by the tears of your loss, trying  
to hold them as tiny reminders of what we used to have.

They disappear, never become tangible so I may keep them  
like a treasure of your love.

With love, I will remember you all my life, for you are  
a part and parcel of what we had.

Sharing now that you are no longer here is difficult - I  
hear only the constant echoes of your silence.

Walking away from our favorite places, I leave a little  
of self behind each time - soon there will be nothing  
left of me.

Wanting to reach out and grasp again what we once had  
is an empty gesture, filled with pain and emptiness,  
because you are not here to reach out to me.

Our relationship on earth will never be, it has been  
severed by death's insistence in our lives.

Listening to you with my heart, seeing your reply in  
the salted tears that continue to fall.

Your life was called and you answered fully, not leaving  
anything behind.

Our story is not over as long as I still remember you with  
love.

Taking down the black curtains, life is still being lived  
on earth.

Bri's Notes:

I believe the reference to "black curtains" refers to one of several  
items displayed many years ago in the homes of some deceased persons until an

'appropriate' period of mourning had passed since the death, e.g. of a g down the black curtains would signal the end of the customary mourning period. I believe widows, especially, may still wear 'all black clothing' at a funeral [I'm not sure about their underwear].

e - And Smiling Snail - Poem by Stuart Munro

Mr. Tap And Smiling Snail  
and smiling snail  
the water wasted to no avail  
the tap wouldnt turn off  
enough to fill a pail  
told smiling snail

told the office  
they looked interested  
and then made a promise  
enough water to float a whale  
put them on bail

was small and bearded  
water was his life unhearded  
he looked for leaks  
in national trusts he'd peak  
sometimes he'd be there for weeks

married a water inspector  
born were two water geysors in sectors  
they scoured the land for drips  
even dug up roads for pipe slips  
, gurgled regurly with his lips

got knighted by the Queen  
for finding leaks never seen  
he dried up her palaces  
and even corgi leaks from phalusses  
, crowned it with no malaces

dried up Niagra falls

he didnt care he had the balls  
he just couldnt stand waste was appalled  
he recycled it in wheelie bins to napal

, retired but still sniffs out leaks  
everywhere there might be water he peeps  
its a dribble drip affair about water care  
now he's forgiven smiling snail  
bought her a bucket and pail  
and forty foot of hosepipe  
and a hot and cold tap in grail

Bri's Notes:

Despite my inclusion of this bit of humour/humor in the showcase [quite a bit in MY opinion] I would NOT recommend that any users of English [American or &quot;the Queen's&quot;] trust Stuarts English e.g. his spelling & use (or lack of use)of apostrophes! ! !But a fine fellow is he![perhaps drinks too much alcohol? ]If anyone is confused by &quot;he had the balls&quot;;, please ask me, Bri.:

-----  
f - Let The Dust Settle - Poem by Geraldine Kelly

Let The Dust Settle  
Suddenly all is quiet.  
Not a whisper, not a sound.  
That wind just breezes in,  
Blowing debris on the ground.

Sunlight on floating dust,  
I breathe in the dirty air.  
A gentle cough clears my throat,  
But still it's everywhere.

Bri's Notes:

Well, why did I include this poem, besides for my ability to fit it into a small space?There is no humor or sex [unless you find &quot;dust&quot; sexy and/or funny], and it's not particularly &quot;clever&quot;.It may even be unsettling for those with 'Dustophobia'.But, for me, it is tranquil, and I like the rhyming and the rhythm.

g - Sometimes In Your Quiet Moment - Poem by Jez Brul

## Sometimes In Your Quiet Moment

Sometimes

in your quiet moment  
stressors come  
and steal your peace.

Don't be swayed,  
Breathe in fresh air,  
Breathe out soiled one,  
Think of happy days.

Bri's Notes:

I find it strange/ [fascinating] that I did NOT intentionally gather this and the preceding poem in the order I , as I now am putting together this showcase, isn't it OBVIOUS that they are both VERY SHORT & they both mention dirty/soiled AIR! ! ?Wow.[of course I find bugs smashed on a car's windshield &quot;fascinating&quot; also]

I DID point out to Jez a pair of typos (breath instead of breathe) , and she rapidly corrected herself, fearing the wrath of Bri! I LIKE IT when poets pay attention! I used to make the same spelling error [believe it or not! ]. Even MY proofreading of MY poems etc. is not perfect every time.:)

-----  
h - A Humorous Death - Poem by Sally Plumb Plumb

Distance stretches  
to the horizon,  
over the edge  
is the distance down.  
I am over  
Falling slow as a feather.

My past passes me,  
painfully.  
It is a long way,  
the bottom.  
In the mortuary of mind  
lay my ancestors  
arms open and calling.  
The dying left in me  
will not speed its entirety  
towards the inevitable.

&gt;&gt; &lt;&lt;



My ancestors are laughing now.  
Applauding joyfully,  
glad that I am released  
from the restrictions of being.

Bri's Notes:

I 'love' Sally's I like "entirety", especially after checking with "Google"! I think S.P.P. is British; that could explain her different ha.

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i - A Goodbye Text - Poem by susetta varga

A Goodbye Text  
No proper closure  
No proper goodbye  
No final embrace  
No farewell kiss  
Our love surrendered  
The towel thrown in  
No longer worthy  
Of any respect  
Contempt I now taste  
In your goodbye text

Bri's Notes:

Hmm? Using a "text" to "surrender love"? Why didn't I think of that! ? When I was a bit younger, a "text" was a book made out of paper (probably a school book) , or a religious writing.

-----  
j - Valentine At Seventy (Humour)- Poem by Loke Kok yee

Valentine At Seventy (Humour)  
Do not send me a bouquet red  
Of fragrant roses which I dread  
I will forget to water them  
Then you will frown and say ahem!  
In just a few days they will wilt  
Which says little of a love built  
Just three words on that special day  
That will ever in my heart stay

Do not give me chocolates sweet  
My teeth are now in full retreat  
My diabetes is much too high  
And from sweets and such, I should shy  
Or else my kidneys, they will fail  
And my life will be a sorry tale  
Just three words on that special day  
Sweetly said, to my heart conveyed

And please do not send me a card  
That, I will surely disregard  
My eyes bedimmed with cataract  
And reading, no more in my act  
There're days when I asked, who are you?  
Which you will wrongly misconstrue  
Just three words on that special day  
And our love will never sway

[Bri's Notes]:

Two responses this poet made to comments members left on his poem:  
&quot;Thanks Geeta, Humour keeps things going; especially when you get old.&quot;

&

&quot;I am quite useless write on this subject, but I can manage if I throw in a bit of humour! Thanks Mj&quot;

k -78 ????? ??????? [[Poem written in English by William Shakespeare]] -

Translated to Russian by PH member Valentin Savin

78 ????? ????????

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Bri's Notes:

&quot;Val&quot; says he has translated all of Shakespeare's sonnets (I think)to  
of them are on Shakespeare's English version of Sonnet 78 ISON PH, on  
&quot;William Shakespeare's PHsite&quot; and is found below:

Sonnet 78: So Oft Have I Invoked Thee For My Muse- Poem by William  
Shakespeare

Sonnet 78: So Oft Have I Invoked Thee For My Muse

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse,  
And found such fair assistance in my verse,  
As every alien pen hath got my use,  
And under thee their poesy disperse.  
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,  
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,  
Have added feathers to the learned's wing  
And given grace a double majesty.  
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,  
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:  
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,  
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be  
But thou art all my art, and dost advance  
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

-----

I - A Cats Paw - Poem by Andy Brookes

A Cats Paw

It tickles my fancy watching the cat tickle fish, which reminds me of your fishing  
for compliments.

a complimentary book landed on the door mat.

pouncing on it like a cat, which strangely pounced on it too.

we tugged at war and wrestled each other, paper shredded.

who won I thought as I wandered into the kitchen in search of comfort and  
coffee.

You had left as usual with no goodbye.  
all you'd left were coffee dregs, a metaphor for your thoughtlessness,  
so we were coffee-less.  
so off to the coffee house, not a house made of coffee but a sales outlet.

the drink was sharp and bitter which no amount of cream disguised.  
when I get home as usual you had had all the cream.  
me and the cat sulk in different corners,  
like two boxers waiting for the bell to ring for the next round.

me because you've left your usual mess, the cat because you'd forgotten the  
kitty food again.

scrounging a tin of tuna from across the way, making a sandwich with stale  
bread.

I divide the fish between me and the cat, who though now fed, is still fed up and  
eyes my sandwich with beady thieving eyes.

I ignore her and she retreats with her familiar disdain.

is she your familiar? like some medieval witch.

Waiting for you to return, which I know,  
and it's so annoying will return her purr.  
all I get is the hackles and fur balls.

I who feed her, brush her and take her to the vet, she treats as an undervalued  
servant;

whilst you oh light of my light which I do not say lightly, do nothing for her, is  
treated to her affection.

She was my cat after all. but she only lights up in your presence.  
so I'm off, in a huff, to the pub.

P.S your dinners in the cat.

Bri's Notes:

Andy, sometimes known as 'Paul', ....., [[and sometimes MAYBE impersonated by someone else on PH]] ..., is one of my 'better' friends on PH, as are Valsa George, Tom Billsborough, and Jez Brul, Crayon Poet, and Valentin are more than fine poets 'in my book'. But, it's NOT that 'the rest of YOU are 'chopped liver', to use a strange idiom [[ as many idioms seem to be: 'strange']]. Sure, Andy has a few typos now and then .... [I think he 'wants' 'Cat's', not 'Cats' in the title of this poem] ....., but his 'close-to-brilliance' (poetically-speaking) makes up for 'errors'. So, DON'T assume his poetry is 100% grammatically correct, and please DO enjoy reading his poems, many of which he recently has hidden from view here on PH, as I

have also done with many of mine.

THIS BRINGS THE OCTOBER 2018 SHOWCASE TO A MEANS THIS IS THE  
ENDING! ! !

I, Bri Edwards, aka Brian Edward Whitaker [in the 'REAL WORLD'] do hope you  
have enjoyed your visit.

I also give a big &quot;Thank YOU! ! &quot; to all poets whose poems appear  
above, and to all free to comment on the showcase and to go to individual poet  
sites to read more of their works.

Next month [IF the &quot;Muse&quot; is willing] I plan display more poems from  
poets of the &quot;Indian Subcontinent&quot;, as I did in September's I shall  
try to include a larger number [than I did in September] of poems by female  
poets.

Have a safe trip home.

Bri :)

September...27th....2018

THE END

Bri Edwards

## Oh! Doctor .... [‘Time Is Money’; Surgery Choices; Humor? ; Medium Length; Personal ‘fantasy’ Inspired By Savita Tyagi]

Doc said: ‘Bri, your eye is diseased;  
therefore it must ....soon come out.’  
I told her to do as she pleased.  
‘Ok, Doc, I won't cry or shout.’

But I said: ‘Time is money, Doc.  
So keep one eye on the clock.  
The operating room clock I mean.’  
[I called her ‘Doc’; her name was Jean.]

A week went by. They wheeled me in.  
A loose gown covered my bare skin.  
I asked: ‘Why the gown? It's my EYE.’  
The nurse said: ‘Hospital rules, Bri.’

Jean came in and said: ‘Bri, hello.’  
‘I'll have the eye out before ya know.’  
She glanced at clock, gave me a wink,  
and went to wash hands ....at a sink.

Another doctor put me to 'sleep'.  
After that I heard .....not a peep.  
But I had a very weird dream,  
or, to me, it surely did seem ....  
weird.

[But, aren't many dreams that way?  
Come on Readers. What do YOU say? ]

I dreamed Jean came back, eyes on clock,  
and in my ears I could hear ....‘tick-tock’.  
Her mask covered her nose and cute smile.  
She said: ‘Bri, this will just take a little while.’

She raised a sparkling knife high in the air,  
and brought it down slooowly. I swear!  
I heard: &quot;OH! Doctor&quot;, from the nurse,  
and next I heard from Doc a muffled curse.

I will not repeat what Jean said;  
if &quot;looks could kill&quot;, the nurse would be dead.  
The blade stopped an inch from my eye,  
and the poor nurse began to cry,  
but she boldly spoke with all her might:  
&quot;Not the left eye, Doctor. It's the right.&quot;

Jean looked at me and at the clock.  
We both heard the ominous &quot;tick-tock&quot;.  
Then &quot;Doc&quot; said: &quot;Bri, what shall I do?  
Shall we check the chart, see if it's true?  
I'm sure it's 'left'. I have little doubt.  
But I don't want you to cry or shout.  
Remember, 'time is money', YOU said.  
If you can't speak, just shake your head.  
Up and down to take out the right,  
or side to side for left. It's YOUR sight .....  
AND your money.&quot;

The next thing I knew, it was over.

(July 13, 2016)

Bri Edwards

# On Incest (Senryu) ..[ Inspired By David Whalen's Ph Poem: 'on Nepotism (Senryu) '; Senryu; That Means S H O R T ]

If you feel a need  
For incest.....then keep it  
In the family.

(November...11...2018)

Bri Edwards



# One-Vowel Poems .... [inspired By Brian Mayo; Half A Dozen Short Poems, Each Using Only One Of The 5 (&quot;Sometimes 6&quot;) Vowels In The English Alphabet]

It Isn't Ink

It isn't ink I spilt in Liz's sink.  
It's pink in Liz's sink. It's pink! !  
If pink in Liz's sink, it ISN'T ink.

Asp

Papa was fast ...  
as was an asp.  
Papa's last gasp:  
&quot;Asp ALWAYS fast.&quot;

Gin Sin

Win with Sin!  
Sin is &quot;In&quot;!  
I sin with gin.  
Gin is &quot;in-sin&quot;.

Steel Reels

We see Ed etches steel.  
See the steel Ed etches.  
Ed even etched Ernest's reels.  
See etched steel reels Ernest fetches.

## Buns Burn

Sunup! Up, up Sun!  
Up Sun! Up, Sun, fun!  
Run, Sun. Sun's run turns.  
Fun-nuns' buns, fun Sun burns.

## Tinsmith's Instincts

With tin snips I snip; I win.  
Snip, snip! I snip thin tin...  
(thin tin which is ....in tin bin.)  
till tin fish spins ....wild in wind.  
Tinsmith's fish spins with thin fins.

(December 1st and 2nd, 2015)

Bri Edwards

# Only Two People In The World? .....

[relationships/Marriage; Tongue-In-Cheek Humor;  
Personal? ; Quite Short]

My wives have pointed out each flaw I have,  
not bothering to ease my hurt with salve.  
They've said I'm mean and that I'm a bore.  
They've stricken my heartstrings to the core.

They've listened to evil gossip others said.  
They've cursed me out and wished me dead.  
So finally, each time, my surrender flag I've unfurled.  
I'm glad they weren't the ONLY women in the world! !

Bri Edwards

## Oppugnant! .... [ English Words Dictionaries Inspired By P H Poets: Vaibhav Simha & Jungle Cat (Aka Mama Miya) , & Their Comments On My Poem: &quot; Green: The Color &quot; ]

Vaibhav left a comment in which he used the &quot;oppugnant&quot; word. Mama commented on that comment, saying he had never heard ....of such a word, though he'd found one that might be related. V. retorted to M. that Google dictionary had it; that, he so related.

I took my LARGE, but NOT unabridged, dictionary from its shelf, checked it AND Google for &quot;oppugnant&quot;.I did it ....all by myself! I assume Mama used an 'abridged' dictionary (paper)as I did, but did not check , using `twas on `paper', it was hid.

So, let this be a cautionary note to all writers and readers THAT:  
&quot;If you don't find a word, you may have not looked where it's AT! ! &quot;

(August ....1st ....2019)

Bri Edwards

# Oprah-Ocerus?Bill Gates-Snake?.... [ Eternal 'life'? ; Medical &quot;Advances&quot;? ; Famous Americans [wealthy Ones]; Fantasy; Long ]

My mate has offered me a premise for my next poetic excursion,  
but, after giving her thoughts some thought, to them I've an aversion.  
She says there are people [with MONEY] who want their bodies preserved.  
But after I've lived most of just ONE life, for me the thought's absurd.

[Besides, I'm not &quot;with MONEY&quot;! ]

(to be continued).....

(December ....30 ....2017)

Bri Edwards

# Or Liver, Or Bladder, Or Kidneys.... [medical Worries, Mixed With Humor; Anorexia; An Ex-Wife; Limerick? ]

Do clearly-seen ribs anorexia mean?  
Donna fears, to it, she may lean.  
I say it's time to fear  
when she looks in mirror  
and then CLEARLY sees outline of spleen.

(2-26-2006)

Bri Edwards

## Our (Sometimes) Traveling Partner..... [preparedness; Personal; Humor]

Now in our sixties, my wife and I sometimes have a travel buddy, especially on those days which may turn out wet and muddy. But I remember a few times my wife had Ella with her on sunny days. There's something about Ella which makes my wife feel protected in some ways.

One day the three of us were hiking together on a windy day in Yellowstone. There were warnings of bears in the area and Ella made us feel less alone. Unfortunately my wife tripped and fell, falling onto our dear friend. With some duct tape I had in the car, I did my best to Ella mend. Instead of with regular bandages, with the tape I did first aid... on her torn skin and a rib (broken) .  
What i tell you is all true. i wouldn't want you to think i'm jokin'.

But I do have a confession..... Ella is not a typical gal or fella.  
If truth be told, our 'partner'-'buddy'-'friend' is a well-used Umbra Ella.

Bri Edwards

## Out Our Window On A Breezy Evening....[short; Nature]

The sun has finally settled behind the nearby Belmont hills,  
but its lingering light, the evening sky, with blue pastel fills.  
Our star has warmed another San Carlos April day,  
and now westward it recedes, as outside calls a jay.  
A few grey clouds were briefly-edged with bright orange for my eye,  
but it won't be long before the planet Venus sparkles in the sky.

A fragile birch tree peeks at me through a nearby window,  
its limp branches swaying as the wind moves them to and fro.  
Beyond the birch, beyond some roofs, a wooded hillside rises,  
concealing roosting birds and browsing deer and more nighttime surprises.

(4-23-2012)

Bri Edwards



# **P+n+s Soup?...[ Inspired By One\*\* Who Shall Remain Un-Named! ; S H O R T; I Mean The Poem, Silly! ! ; True Story ]**

She came home (hint, hint) \*\* from having lunch with an old friend,  
.....and, unable to bring her praise of the 'new' eatery to an end,  
she mentioned seeing 'clam chowder', with VISIBLE flesh of clam! !  
Well ('after all')it WAS 'clam'; chowder, so it'd be not beef nor ham!

THEN she shocked me (a bit) , though, easily, I don't get shocked, .....  
when she said it looked like the chowder, with 'p+n+s-bits', was stocked.  
She went SO FAR as to say:'pieces of ....a p+n+s head'!  
AND, right then & there, I (nearly)'dropped over, .....dead'!

(June ....12th .....2018)

Bri Edwards

## Panties Showing.... [limerick...So It's Short! ; Peeping O'Reilly? ]

Her silk panties showed when she bent over...  
to search the lawn for a four-leafed clover.  
She caught the nervous eyes....  
and caused the lustful sighs...  
of a nearby, panting, Irish rover.

(September 18,2013)

Bri Edwards

## Passion: A Bite Or Two..... [an Unexpected Dining Experience; Beware Of Strangers; Humor/Humour; Long, But Delicious]

As I sat at a restaurant's table to dine ALONE,  
a curious figure approached me, looking a bit like "skin and bone".  
She was not old; she was not young. She asked "Sir, may I join you? "  
In my long life I'd experienced much, but this, to me, was something NEW!

As I favor females (more to the lean side than to the other) ....  
I said "Yes you may, Dear", and I thought about my mother.  
Mom had taught me to share with those who seem in need.  
I thought the least I could do was provide this skinny gal with feed.

I called the waiter and asked for a second menu and place setting.  
His face, oddly-enough, at my request, seemed to be fretting.  
My guest then spoke up again saying "Oh sir, I've had enough to eat today."  
The waiter did not seem surprised. He, but NOT HIS FRETTING, went away.

I ordered a half bottle of white wine for myself, and water for the gal.  
I ordered a large house salad (no dressing) and steak and lobster tail.  
I knew I'd want dessert for sure and hate to order it later,  
so I ordered it to be served [as soon as my entrée was done] by the waiter.  
Before he left with my order, a thought came to my mind; I....  
ordered a bowl of soup. I thought the gal might like it, and Mom would think me  
kind.

While we waited I looked about the room. A few tables looked at us.  
Some diners seemed to snicker. Some actually chuckled. What was the fuss?

Came the waiter, with the wine, but also with a second glass, and a set of  
silverware.  
I almost reminded him she was not hungry, but I let him leave them there.  
The wine was exceptionally good that night. I poured myself a second glass.  
It was then I noticed the sparkle in the eyes of my table mate, the lass.  
I said "Are you sure you don't care to have a bit? It's very good."  
She said "Perhaps half a glass." I saw the waiter eying us from the  
corner.....where he stood.

I poured her half a glass, no more; as yet she hadn't touched her water.

She told me she was divorced, and she had two grown sons and a daughter. While she spoke, she sipped her wine, not too quickly, but soon it was all gone. She had perfect teeth, and a winning smile, to which I soon was drawn.

The salad (no dressing) came soon enough. The greens were oh so tender. When I'd finished half, I said "Would you like to try some?", trying, from her 'diet', to bend her.

She said "Well, it certainly does look good. I'll have a bite or two."

The waiter suddenly appeared with a small salad plate. It was.....as though he KNEW.

I told her I was in town on business, flying out from JFK in the morning. She said "Watch yourself in this big town." It was said as though in warning. I assured her I was a "big boy" and could well take care of myself, to which her smile broadened, and her eyes twinkled like the eyes of an elf.

The entrée arrived after we'd had more pleasant conversation, and, to my eyes, the entrée (as well as my guest) was a fine gourmet creation.

She, too, seemed to approve of it as its aroma wafted towards her nose. It was then I felt, against my calf, the rubbing of her five left toes.

I dared not say a word about what was happening beneath our table. Instead I tried to concentrate on my meal..... as best that I was able.

The steak was done to perfection, medium-rare, ....as I did order.

[Meanwhile, my private part was still at ease, though certainly at the "border".]

The lobster tail (with drawn butter) was oh so good. The potato was as well. I said "Dear, won't you try just a bit of the entrée? I can tell you enjoy the smell."

The waiter, once again, was ready with a plate. She smiled and said "If I must." She shared steak, lobster, and potato, while I began to lust.

By the time dessert arrived, Baked Alaska, I decided I needed brandy. She asked if I would order her one too. By now you could call me 'randy'. With our drinks the waiter brought a second serving of the yummy dessert. To my wondering expression the waiter responded "Compliments of the gentleman in the purple shirt."

She and I sipped our brandies. She ate her dessert AND some of mine. I was intoxicated by my dinner guest, the brandy, AND the wine. By now her toes had found their goal. My napkin now was tented.

AND, that night in `our` hotel room, I didn't need the `naughty` movie I'd rented.

(January 19,2014; revised March 15)

Bri Edwards

## Peanut Butter: My Old Friend.....[personal; Food]

I had a peanut butter sandwich today  
which made me think of all the way....  
sssss my life has been touched by that  
stick-to-your-mouth sludge of peanut fat.

Not 'touched' in the sense that it's shaped my life,  
but when I open a jar and take up a knife  
or a spoon, I can picture times of enjoy-  
ment as an adult consumer and as a boy.

Of course I'm lucky in that I generally enjoy food  
even if I'm in a rare bad mood.

I assume pb was a common snack in my childhood,  
though I'm not sure it was. My memory is not that good.  
But I do remember my Mom made cookies from it;  
I helped her. And the first cooled cookie I'm sure I bit,  
paying some attention to the crisscross pattern on top,  
or the sometimes-present big chocolate drop.  
And when I visited my childhood neighbor, Helen, it's a good bet  
that sometimes a peanut butter sandwich I would get.  
[But I really better remember that Helen's kitchen at times had cake.  
I assume her mother, Betty, the cake did make.]  
At Halloween there were pb 'cups' made by Reeses.  
Chocolate and pb. It's good they were small pieces!

As an adult pb has been with me off and on.  
Probably when I shared a home with my brother Don,  
and when Shannon, my daughter, was young (that makes me smile) ,  
and when I lived in a storage garage for a short while.  
I used to put it on plain warm toast, but  
perhaps mixed-with-vanilla-ice cream I enjoyed it most.  
I can't tell you how it would taste on sliced tomato,  
but I can say it wasn't good when tried on mashed potato! !

And as I type today there's an unsealed jar nearby.  
My wife cautions me against too much, but I'm not sure why.  
From time to time it's a treat on cereal or bread,  
but usually it's just a spoon of it I stick into my head.

Bri Edwards

## Pearl Harbor Was No Gem... [ U.S. And World War Two; December 7th 1941 In Hawaii, Before It Was A U.S. State; Kind Of Short]

My high school friend [he lives in Hawaii] texted he's in Pearl Harbor today. There is a memorial there to the Japanese attack which sent US on our way.... ..into the War, as a full-fledged participant. We'd been helping U.K. already. But the Brits had been suffering and dying while the U.S. was holding steady.. ....as a 'helper'.

Yes, as I've read, at least [I was not yet born], the Yanks were staying 'out'.. ....of the fighting, though 'Roosevelt and others' were sending aid by a ship-route.

Many [most? ] Americans had no desire to send Yank men to die abroad. I suppose some may have offered up prayers, but deaf perhaps was their god.

Germany was gobbling up countries and making a mess of others across 'the pond'.

Hitler, though dark-haired, was for the 'Aryan race', full of white skin and... hair, blond(e) .

He and his group stirred up a nationalistic furor for the Fuhrer (Hitler) and payback....

.for the punishment Germany suffered after its defeat in the 'War To End All Wars'..

....World War One.

There are rumors that the U.S. president and others conspired to 'let' Japan attack,

without alerting the military on Hawaii to the danger. Evidence of that I do lack. An attack by Germany's Asian ally would surely open the floodgates to a war declaration.

It DID and for four years, in Europe and Asia, U.S. forces joined the conflagration.

(written June 7th, 2017)

Bri Edwards



## Pears: My Pets....[ Pears; Pets; Piano; Music; Very Short ]

I've a pair of purplish-pink are my pets,  
and my mate, upon piano, my dear pears, she sets.  
As these fruits look fondly at my outstretched hands,  
music bursts forth as on white keys each finger lands.

And let's not forget the black keys, as music swells,  
accompanied by my mate's ringing...brass hand bells.  
In my mind I hear my pair of pears as they sing along,  
a pitch-perfect pair joining me & mate in joyous song.

(October...11th....2018)

Bri Edwards

# **Peking Duck: Delicious! ! ! ....[ In Honor Of A Message Received From Jez Brul About Bri Eating Cats; Food; Humor? ? ? ; S H O R T! ]**

Yes, eating 'cat' can be 'yucky',  
but I reserve 'yucky' for eating ducky.  
For Peking ducky, freshly-decapitated,  
many wait in line, mouths well-salivated,  
thinking of that first crispy, crunchy morsel,  
ripped from the poor roasted ducky's torso! !

(April....1st.....2018)

Bri Edwards

## Perilous Pathway [an Analogy] .... [serious; For A Friend; Personal; Relationships]

Ah! the joys of tramping along a country pathway on a sunny day.  
It's Autumn and Indian Summer warms you..... all along the way.  
Here and there you spot a bird, though they're not singing as in the  
Spring.

The tree leaves have not quite started to fade. Joy to your heart, Nature does  
bring.

A harmless snake slithers into the grass.... as you pass it by.  
You see a few fluttering insects, and once or twice a pesky fly.  
But overall you're feeling safe, despite an ever-present danger;  
you really should have read the notice of Poison Plants, posted by a Ranger.

They will not kill you, but they can often bring misery to your life,  
if you don't learn to heed the danger..... and recognize their leaves-of-strife.  
Three leaflets, joined, a shiny compound leaf, with leaf edges often notched.  
The oil they give off, if you're sensitive to it, can leave your skin blistered and  
blotched.

Scratching the affected parts of your body may bring some fleeting bit of relief,  
but only causes more damage, in the long run, just bringing YOU more grief.

Now for the analogy I've promised you, the Reader, in the poem's title.  
I've led you to it skillfully, as a cowboy steers his horse..... using bit and bridle.

I've used a "country pathway" as an analogy for a cherished love affair.  
Both can bring to you much pleasure, but of the danger you should beware.  
Sometimes the dangers are hard to spot; sometimes they should be all too clear.  
But once you've suffered more than once, it probably is time to change your  
gear.

To "change gears", to me, means to change your ways, hopefully for the better,  
something like retreating from the rain, before you get..... even WETTER.  
Because getting wetter, like poison plants, can lead to a Terrible State.

Avoiding that "country pathway" [though at times beautiful] may be the way to  
go.

Likewise there may come a time to leave a relationship; hopefully you'll know.  
And after suffering heartache, which always causes your Spirit to burn,

you'll cast off the person who always brings you down, and in another direction turn.

As there ARE pathways in Nature free of ever-present danger,  
there also is someone better-suited to YOUR life. Heed the words of this Ranger.

(December 3,2013)

Bri Edwards

## Peter's Pumpkin Eaters ..... [eating; Ph Title- 'Challenge'; Retirement Pastime; Medium]

Peter was the leader of "Peter's Pumpkin Eaters";  
They rode from town-to-town on Harleys (two-seaters) .  
They worked the "speed-eating circuit" from the Atlantic to the  
Pacific,  
eating mostly pies along the way; some were OK and some terrific.

It really mattered not much to them, how the pies did taste,  
but how MANY pies they could eat, and how LITTLE time they did waste.  
Peter's partner was Patricia, who also was his bride.  
When they knew of an impending competition, on their cycles they would ride.

They both were retired; he an ex-accountant, and she a former nurse.  
They didn't need the contest winnings, as they had enough cash in their  
"purse"(s) .  
They'd gotten bored after retiring early, and then had sought some fun.  
Besides, they both enjoyed cruising byways and highways, ...in the sun.

If no "pie" contests were at hand, they'd take what they could find.  
There'd been only one contest they avoided; it was eating pickled melon rind.

Next-to-pies, Peter's preference was pasta, with sauce OR without, .....  
.....putting his face in the plate of pasta, as a PIG would put its snout.  
Patricia was more lady-like, preferring, next-to-pies, hotdogs.  
BUT like her husband, when they ate, what came to people's minds was  
"Hogs! ".

And yet they didn't look like hogs. They both, in fact, were rather svelte.  
But after a furious competition, it could be said that they BOTH  
"smelt".

(June 19,2014)

Bri Edwards

## Phantom Deer.... [very Short; True; Vision; Personal]

When the Sun's out, deer sometimes graze in our backyard.  
It's very easy to view them then; it very simply isn't 'hard'.  
But 'tween dusk and 'dark', to see 'em you have to carefully peer,  
and as it gets darker still, those browsers become 'phantom deer'.

(August 6,2014)

Bri Edwards

## Pinched Nerve..... [back Problem; Personal; A Warning! ]

A pinch of this and a pinch of that can improve a recipe,  
but a pinched nerve, in my spine, can make a mess of me.

This week I was doing a routine chore. I bent to lift a plastic bag.  
The result, I believe, was a pinched nerve, which made my body sag.  
Well, it didn't sag immediately; at first it was just a mild twinge,  
but within a day my back sagged like.....a door with a broken hinge.

Of course once I felt "that twinge", I "should have" paused to rest.  
Instead I took a walk AND did chores.....to give myself a test.  
My body failed the test, and I was shown to be a FOOL.  
I'd thought the walk would be good for me and all would turn out cool.

After all, I've had trouble before.....and lived again to play.  
But I "SHOULD" have ceased activities.....for the remainder of the day.

Now I'm resting midday, in our bed, watching birds at the feeder,  
while my wife does HER chores, plus helps ME.....if I need her.

Luckily I've had no shooting pain in my leg as I had some years ago.  
I plan to be much better in a few more days.....IF I take it SLOW.  
I've hardly yelled in pain at all today; already there is improvement,  
and, luckily, I can manage to get to toilet (by myself) to have a bowel  
movement.

(January 2013)

Bri Edwards

## Piping Plover..... [bird; What's In A Name? ; Very Short]

A cute little shorebird bears that Piping Plover name.

I wonder from where the bird's first name came.

Is it drawn somehow from the plumbing trade, .....

or from how its colored feathers are "out-laid"?

Then again, the bird's first name and the word meaning "a shrill, high-pitched sound".....are the same.

(Feb.2013)

Bri Edwards



# Pizza Poem #7.... [food; Very Short; Humor; Pizza, Of Course; Inspired By A Comment By Brian Johnston On Ph]

Pizza thick-crust, pizza thin;  
give me pizza; pile it ALL in.  
Pizza with red tomato sauce,  
OR pesto pizza; which is boss?  
Any pizza which i can TOSS in-...  
-to my mouth [ANY kind of sauce].

Pizza with cheese and meat,  
OR veggie pizza; BOTH I'll eat.  
But pizza with EVERYTHING...  
would be more complete, and...  
ROUND pizza or pizza SQUARE,  
will shape my body like... a pear.

(April 29, 2015)

Bri Edwards

## Please Explain..... [questions; Time Off The Computer]

Why do people wash underwear so much? It will just get 'dirty' again.

Why does the grocery store not sell rooster meat, but only chicken hen?

If people hear in church that Heaven's so great, why do many of them fear death?

And why did my parents give me the first name Bri instead of the name Seth?

Why does my wife own two pianos but never does she play?

Why do horses pee and poop on straw, but gladly munch on hay?

Why do people bring new babies into the world when they've got no money for food?

Why do customers call 'service' for some help and then to 'service' be so rude?

Why is it more pleasant to leave for work on a sunny morning?

And why can a golfer be having such a great round, then be cut down by lightning with no warning?

Why do I ask so many questions 'Why? '. You may wonder why is that.

The answer is: 'I discovered my wife had locked me out of her PC, when at it this morning I sat.'

(so I had time to think of stuff..questions .....like 'Why DID she do that? ')

Bri Edwards

## Poem Hunter Members' Difficulties [ Recently ] In Sending Poem Comments ....[ Nov. And Dec.2017; P H Trouble; N O T Funny! ; My &quot;Inconvenient Solution&quot; To A ' Commenting-Problem' ]

I must be crazy to make my &quot;inconvenient solution&quot; known, to YOU, .....for NO FEE.

But, if you really wish to, after reading this, you MAY send your gifts to Bri, that's ME!

Now into a 2nd month of this 'Comment-Submission-Travesty', SOMETHING must be done! !

I've heard much grumbling amongst the members; I hope none of them have/has .....a gun! !

It took some time for me to perfect my 'method', which I will generously now share... with you.

It involves breaking up my 'Complete-Poem-Comment' [CPC] into smaller parts; for me it's usually...MORE THAN TWO!

I guess if most members only give VERY short comments, they may NOT know 'of what I speak',

BUT I also say, I dare say, the problem most likely causes fewer comments to come to us; that's very.....&quot;WEAK&quot;! ! !

So, if you've been stymied sending comments, whether [ {NOT &quot;wether&quot;} ] 'good' OR 'bad', .....

FOLLOW MY ADVICE, and senders, AND recipients aka receivers, of comments, will be glad, NOT sad! !

your comment somewhere; I happen to use my wife's suggestion: Microsoft Office Word.

copy and paste (C & P)each piece, not 'too large', into a poem comment box; send One At A Time; you should THEN be 'heard'.

(December the 16th, ....2017)

p.s. Later you may wish to click on &quot;Member Area&quot; and then

"My Postings" to see if PH 'says' they ALL were so, the comments should all show up on the poem page as separate , it can be a pain in your butt. But.....do you have a better solution? ? I think I'll send this poem to PH as a "Complaint" after selecting "Contact Us" from the menu on PH's "Help" page.

Bri Edwards

# Poetic Elf, The....[ N O T To Be Read By "Genteel" People; True Or False? ; Bri's Meanness; Long; Original Title Was " I Hate Myself "]

I hate myself.I loathe myself.I'm the worst despicable human being, .....  
AND 'No Other' can stand me either; we ALL [from me] feel like fleeing.  
It's NOT that I've grown to be repulsive; I've ALWAYS been this way.  
There's no hope I'll become 'acceptable', as my negativity is .....HERE to STAY.

For nine months I 'shared' the womb with my twin; she came out AFTER me.  
I'd hogged Mom's placenta and weighed in at 15 pounds .....to my sister's 3.  
As the doctor was about to slap me, I shouted: "I CAN BREATHE!Leave me  
be! ! !

A shocked expression came o'er his face before he AND two nurses did FLEE.

My mom grabbed my sister, jumped off the table, and quickly followed them.  
I gobbled up the afterbirth, and burped. It was chewy and tasted like phlegm.

I checked myself out of the hospital, and crawled my way downtown.  
A cop stooped to pick me bites caused him to bleed and frown.  
I stopped at a 's when I realized I'd need to get some money.  
Next I stopped at a house all lit up with red lights. A 'broad' in heels asked:  
"Honey,  
....where are YOU going this time of night? "I said: "I don't  
know";, & peed on her shoe.  
BUT I got hired as a guard o'er the other 'babes', five nights a week,6 p.m. to 2.

Yeah, I got some stares at times .....but then I just GLARED back,  
I was called "Tiny";, but outgrew the name as more muscle I did pack  
....  
on me.

I got TALL too.4 feet 3 inches at age feet tall at twelve.  
I could handle any troublesome 'John'. [Into my past, no one cared to delve.]

I did my job, smoked, AND drank, ....and learned, from 'the girls', some tricks.  
When I wasn't working, kids sometimes approached, but with them I did NOT  
mix.

I never went to school, but I DID learn how to .....read and write.

My pride and joy was my PC which I used to access the PoemHunter site.

And there, as everywhere, I was my very own despicable self.

I made up what I thought was a clever 'nom de plume': 'The Poetic Elf';.

I wrote and submitted poems praising crime, lust, filth, and GORE.

But what could you expect from an 'orphan' ...raised up by a whore?

I berated ALL the other poets' poems .....at every opportunity.

I pointed out their STUPID errors, but at least I did it ....all for FREE!

I'm loathsome, hateful, .....the worst a human being can be.

I crush ants beneath my feet and shoot singing birds from every tree.

I steal parcels left by UPS and FedEx, especially near 'the holidays'.

I'm despicable and so nasty, I KNOW, but I'm very 'set in my ways'.

I stretch heavy fishing line across mountain bike what fun!

I steal clothes from nude bathers at the beach while they ....bask in the sun.

I've never paid federal OR state income taxes; I've no Social Security card.

In winter I build obscene snowmen at night, in the local elementary schoolyard.

I make needle holes in packs of condoms ....at YOUR local grocery store,

AND I cover bridges and buildings with graffiti [signed 'B. Johnston'],  
....AND more!

I go to every church in town and steal from collection plates on Sunday.,

I hack into the payroll accounts of corporations and make workers 'late' on  
Monday.

I pull fire alarms when there's no fire, & I yell 'FIRE!' in crowded  
theaters.

I turn off the gas at apartment buildings (5 degrees outside)so they can't use  
their heaters.

I cruise libraries and rearrange shelves of books and DVD movies too.

On buses and trains I spread (on the seats)heat-activated, fast-drying glue.

BUT it's ....NOT MY FAULT .....that I'm so loathsome.I can't even stand myself.

Now, I hope you have had a MISERABLE time .....reading of the life of 'The  
Poetic Elf';.

GOOD!

(December ....23 .....2017)

Bri Edwards

## 'Poetic Pizza' Pieces For Poemhunter Pals....[fantasy Poem/Pizza Creation; Personal]

Kanav Justa suggested I share my pizza with PoemHunter friends, but I've found, when trying to send real pizza, my wife's computer bends. So you PoemHunter friends will have to settle for.... slices of my thoughts. You'll have to settle for "Poetic Pizza" Pieces my mind and pen have wrought.

Instead of dough for its foundation, I use what I see and hear and think. Instead of an oven for baking, I bake on notebook pages (or paper scraps) with ink.

Instead of tomato or pesto sauce I spread a layer of imagination and/or knowledge.

"Pizza" is one of the few things I feel I can make well, and I need not..... to have gone to college.

Instead of cheese I at times use insight, advice, and/or humor; rarely it is sleazy.

Valsa George enjoys a taste of my "humour", though some of it.... may be cheesy.

Instead of extra toppings of peppers, mushrooms, fish or meat, I sprinkle most of my slices with yummy rhymes, making them..... so 'right' to eat.

My "pizza" and "slices" come in three sizes: Large, Medium, and Small. I have an appetite for Extra-large myself, but I wish to please you all.

I hope you find some "Poetic Pizza" pieces that you like,..... none TOO HOT, nor TOO COLD, and if any of you diners have complaints, PLEASE let me know it. BE BOLD!

(October 31,2013)

Bri Edwards



## Post Card Greetings ..... [friends; Mail (Post Office) : Short Poems (3) : Personal]

Post Card # 1: Sweet Susie

I know a gal whose name is Susie.  
Despite all the rumors, she is no floozy.  
Neither does she, like some, get boozy.  
In fact Paul and I think she's a doozie.

Post Card # 2: Pure Paul

I have a friend who's purely nice.  
We often speak, but have met just twice.  
Both a sportsman and musician is he.  
A better friend, I think, there could not be.

Post Card # 3: Angel, Far Away

My good friend Angel lives far away,  
gone back to the island, I think to stay.  
And though we seldom 'keep in touch',  
I say 'I like you, Angel, ..... VERY MUCH! '

(November 12, 2014)

Bri Edwards

## Prejudiced? Who? Me? ? .....[personal; Human Nature; Racial Prejudice]

I'm a white guy, aged 64, raised in a small town way up north.  
Do some thoughts I have about blacks signal prejudice coming forth?  
First I'd say NO, but then again I'd say YES.  
But such thoughts, by both whites and blacks, are normal I would guess.

What thoughts am I now referring to you will probably ask.  
To answer that sensible question will put my mind to task.  
My interactions with blacks, I think, no prejudice does reveal.  
And the rare times I have 'prejudice' thoughts, I think they're no big deal.

Do you wish to know of what my 'pre-judged' thoughts consist?  
I'd almost rather not tell you. But, if you insist.  
I sometimes think 'nigger'; when and where I grew up that was a 'bad' name.  
I also think of them as different though people are the 'same'.

And here is where I say 'I don't like generalization'.  
By 'same' I mean neither all blacks nor all whites are 'the same' in this nation.  
So whites and blacks can both be smart or stupid, mean or kind;  
within each 'race' criminals and 'saints' you'll find.

I wasn't raised to either love or hate blacks. My parents seemed not to judge.  
And I've changed my mind again; I'm NOT prejudiced. From THAT opinion I shall  
not budge!

Then why you ask do I sometimes think 'nigger' when I think of a black?  
I think it's due to both a primeval urge to break society's rules, and to the  
'thought-control' I lack.  
Luckily I don't act out my 'bad' thoughts. I might be in jail now if I had.  
When in grade school, a boy said I called him 'nigger'. The accusation made me  
sad.

Bri Edwards

## Purple....[humor; Short]

What can I write about purple, the color?  
Over that above question I shall mull .... or  
just make some stuff up you might just believe.  
Let's see what Bri has up his sleeve.

Purple was the seventh color discovered by man.  
It's the most often used color in a Chinese fan.  
When someone acts silly, we say they are 'acting purple'.  
The only word it rhymes with is the archaic word snurple.

Purple was my hair color when I was born.  
That that is true, my oldest brother has sworn.  
In England they spell purpple with one, two, three p's.  
A billion years ago it was the color of all the tree leaves.

You'll forgive me (I hope) for acting purple today.  
Now that I'm retired it is one of the way.....  
zi get along ..... without too much knowledge.  
It may be one big reason ..... I was kicked out of college! !  
(July 2012)

Bri Edwards

# Quentin: Memorial For A Moron .....[ Fiction; Pretty Long; Children; Mental Disability; Kindness; Memorial; Zoo ]

The banker and his wife rejoiced. Their son was born.  
As happened at first with boys, blue was the color most often worn .....  
by their dear son, Quentin. They doted on him so,  
planning for his future. To which college would he go?

Which instrument would he learn to play? Violin perhaps?  
Would he be a baseball pitcher, or a swimmer swimming many laps?  
Would he 'marry well', and produce (for them) grandkids?  
Never did they think he'd fail at life, ending up 'on the skids'!

He was a happy, healthy boy, full of energy, and most-outgoing.  
Little did they know at first, a 'flaw' in Quentin was not showing.  
Psychologists in 'those days' would tell them: 'Quentin is a moron child.  
His 'mental age' may not exceed ten. He has retardation; it's 'mild'.'

'Mild retardation'? ! They'd had 'signs', but the shock was great.  
Was there nothing doctors could do to help before 'too late'?  
'I'm sorry', said their doctor. 'SOME children are idiots. It could be WORSE.  
Quentin won't go to college or be 'a leader', but don't think of it as a curse.'

His mom and dad, stunned, still thanked the doctor; they saved tears for later.  
They read what they found about 'morons'. They prayed Quentin would be  
greater .....  
than a man with 'a mental age between seven and twelve'.  
They tried to prepare themselves and Quentin to cautiously delve ....  
into the future.

{Quentin was ten years old.}

For two more years he attended the same classes as his best friends.  
Then he was put in the 'un-graded class', for students who did not blend ....  
....well with those whose mental ages and physical ages kept pace .....  
with most other students and most of the world's human race.

{Those in Quentin's class were taught by a teacher for students, 'Special'.}

They were 'Special-Ed' kids, not expected, at math or science, to excel, or even reach an 'average' ability. [BUT some things they did very well] Their 'academic' lessons were taught by a 'Special-Ed' teacher with a lot of heart, but they were mixed with the 'normal' students for gym and art.

Kids from twelve to fifteen, with 'special' needs, were in one class; younger ones were in a second class. There was no pressure for them to 'pass'. The school had no 'Special-Ed' for those sixteen and over. For families who could afford ..... it, there were, in some areas, 'special schools' providing 'room and board'.

Quentin was the tallest student in his school, five feet-eight inches at ten! By age fourteen he was 6' 3". He'd be leaving school. What would happen then?

He played baseball [Little League] and at 'right field' he was good. He'd grown up with neighbor friends, but they 'drifted apart', as you'd expect they would.

He'd sung in the family's church youth choir, and been a Scout for a while. But his mental age made it more difficult to relate with friends; it became a trial ..... for both Quentin and his 'normal' peers. BUT he (almost) always had a smile. As he neared his 16th birthday, for 'working papers' he did file.

He lived at home for the next ten years. His siblings went to college. He seemed to understand his limitations, rarely seeking 'advanced knowledge'. He still enjoyed kids' TV shows and going to the zoo which was a block from home. His parents taught him what he needed to know. In the neighborhood he was free to roam.

Sometimes he mowed lawns or shoveled snow. At 20 he was 6 feet 7. He faithfully attended church with Mom and Dad, where he was ....reminded of Heaven. He never showed much of the 'normal' interest 'boys' have for 'girls'. NO. Most people who 'knew' were kind to him, but he'd get mad if called a 'retard' OR 'slow'.

A new grocery store was built in the neighborhood. He became a grocery bagger. He took great pride in his job; he even walked, there, with a swagger.

It was a part time job, but that was all he needed. In summer he rode his bike, but sometimes, in winter, he'd put on rubber boots, and to his bagger job he'd hike.

He never had a girlfriend; Quentin never learned to drive a car. Every summer he and his\* parents vacationed, but they never did go far. He liked to read Sunday comics, and comic books; Superman was a favorite. He seemed to love his grocery bagger job; it seemed he'd never quit.

Quentin loved watching animals at the zoo, especially the big cats. He didn't care for the prairie dog colony; he said they looked like rats. His parents gave him a zoo membership; he went several times a week. He loved the brightly-colored macaw with its long tail and thick, curved beak.

[[ ten years pass ]]

Then one day as he approached the outdoor enclosure of the lions, Quentin froze.

A boy of twelve was lying still behind the cage bars, dressed in threadbare clothes.

Quentin had once wished to get through the cage bars, yet knew he should not do it.

Somehow a boy had gone where Quentin had fantasized being; the boy had beaten him to it.

No lion was in sight. It was feeding time inside the building.

Quentin, though a moron, was a clever 'kid', and soon a ladder he was wielding. Nearby, a workman's ladder had leaned; now Quentin hefted it to the tall inner fence.

A few onlookers watched with curiosity, and the zoo air filled quickly with suspense.

It appeared to some as though the boy inside the fence was bleeding ..... from a spot at the back of his head; first aid he might be needing.

Near him vines climbed a tall trellis to the roof of an adjoining shed.

A mother hurried away with her toddler, fearing the silent boy was dead.

Quentin was fearless, though some later would call him foolish too.

He climbed to the top of the twelve foot iron fence, dropped inside, and pulled the ladder through .....

..... the bars so he'd have a way to escape, then knelt beside the boy. Thinking like a boy himself, Quentin decided that 'the trellis', the boy, did employ .....

....to descend into the inner yard, but the boy had somehow fallen, hitting hard .....

...with his head, the concrete floor. Suddenly there was a lion's roar; Quentin's mind was jarred.

The male lion, its hunger recently-satisfied, menaced but did not come near. Quentin placed the ladder against the trellis wall; he showed no fear.

Over one shoulder Quentin placed the boy as he stepped onto the ladder's bottom rung.

But just then the lioness entered. From its mouth a large chunk of meat hung. And behind it followed two lion cubs, their little tails slowly moving side to side. The female lion spied Quentin; the meat dropped. For Quentin there was no place to hide.

A roar most fearsome came from her mouth. She bounded, .....her cubs to defend.

In three leaps she closed the gap; her claws dug into Quentin's rear end. She pulled Quentin and his burden to the floor. Her jaws clamped around his neck.

A small crowd had gathered outside the fence, their zoo visit now a wreck.

Helpless, they looked on, .....or turned away. One vomited upon the walk. One woman let out a scream. Among them was shock. There was no talk. The lioness shook Quentin's lifeless body and sniffed the boy. Then she went inside.

Her cubs followed her back, as did her mate. At least one 'boy', that day died.

[[ hours pass by ]]

The news spread; the zoo made a statement; animal activists pleaded for the lion's life.

[[ days pass by ]]

Quentin's obituary was printed. Mourners, several hundred, joined the banker and his wife .....

.....at the funeral mass a week later. The 'other boy' was dead also, .....from a family poor.

The coroner said he'd probably fallen from the trellis and died when his head hit the floor.

Quentin was missed greatly by parents and neighbors, and shoppers at the store. Six month later a plaque, affixed to a boulder, appeared beside the main Cat House door:

It read:

Quentin Frederick Solomon Jr.

June 28,1956

-

July 12,1982

Beloved Son, and Friend-to-All.

He died going to the aid of a boy he did not know, in the outdoor lion compound. The community and zoo salute his outstanding kindness and courage.

May he Rest In Peace.

January 18,1983

(written March 2017)

\*see end of Poet's Notes

Bri Edwards



# Quoth The Maven: &quot;Never More&quot;;.... [long; Humor; Loneliness; A Little Sex, And Food]

One lonely, dark, and rainy night,  
I picked my way out for a bite.  
A bite to eat, I mean to say,  
'cause I was single for a many a day ...  
and did not like to cook,  
nor eat alone with no one to look ....  
at.

I entered the tavern, &quot;Boar's Head&quot;,,  
as, an aroma from it, my nose led ....  
me.

A cheery cherry-cheeked maid .....,  
to a small corner table, bade ....  
me.

&quot;What's your pleasure, sir? &quot; she said.  
[I looked her over from feet ..... to head.]  
I said: &quot;A pint of ale, and loaf of bread,  
and your specialty: a boar's head.&quot;

&quot;Oh, sir, I'm so sorry to say ....  
we got no more boar's head ..... today.  
We had two, but both are gone.&quot;  
&quot;Very well then', I said. 'Bring me filet of fawn.&quot;

&quot;Filet of fawn, sir, ale, and bread.&quot;  
She then swayed away to the kitchen  
[while I surveyed her from foot to head];  
meanwhile part of me started twitchin'.

She soon brought me bread and ale.  
[Again I surveyed her swaying tail.]  
I was lucky it was the season for fawn,  
or that meal too .... would be gone.

Molly was her name, or so she said ....

when she brought filet of fawn (quite dead) .  
Molly's breasts were plump and she was jolly.  
I asked: "Molly, do you go home by trolley?"

"Oh no, sir. I just live upstairs, I do."

[I asked around, and was told 'twas true.]

I asked her if she worked past 2.

She replied: "Oh no, sir, never more .....

... past two."

The meal was hearty, the ale was fine.

Then I ordered a bottle of wine.

Molly said: "Are you expecting guests at home?"

I said: "With luck this bottle will not roam .....

far."

[Her eyes got bigger and they seemed to glow.]

"Perhaps, sir, you'll stay for tonight's music show?"

"Aye, I think I shall. It's still raining out."

I ordered more bread and ale ....., this time stout.

The music was bearable, to be sure.

As for Molly, I kept both eyes on her.

A third pint I ordered, and offered her some.

She said: "I shouldn't, sir." [She played dumb],

but she drank half a pint as quick as that;

no wonder her breasts were almost fat!

Thirty minutes past the midnight hour,  
outside there was still quite a shower .....

I said to Molly: "I dread the walk home",

to which she replied: "Your bottle need not roam",

and she gave me "the wink". Yes, THAT wink!

[Now my manhood was twitching more; could it THINK? ]

By 1 a.m. the crowd was thinning out.

I ordered (us) another stout.

Molly busied herself collecting what was due .....

from the last customers. There were but a few.

One-thirty came and Molly said:

"Take this key to room number 8 and try the bed.

I'll be up I think by 2.  
I've got glasses there, enough for me and you.&quot;

With the wine I climbed the creaky stairs.  
I tried the bed, first ridding it of pubic hairs.  
I'd NEVER done such a thing as this before,  
and after that night I might do it .....never more.

I opened the wine to let it air,  
looking forward to a one night affair.  
Molly was as good as her word.  
She came in chirping like a bird.

First we had drinks from her glasses,  
but soon we were comparing asses.  
I asked: &quot;Molly, tell me, are you a whore? &quot;  
She said: &quot;I've entertained a few, never more.&quot;  
[To which I wondered &quot;never more? Never .....  
more than a few in one night? Is she a whore? &quot;  
I leave it to you, Readers, to decide.]  
Now my manhood was getting set to ride.

BUT first I asked: &quot;Molly do you take money? &quot;  
She said: &quot;Only if you give it to me, Honey.&quot;  
I then asked: &quot;How little, so as to NOT make you a whore? &quot;  
She said: &quot;six shillings, sir, NEVER MORE! &quot;

We commenced battle on her springy bed.  
I faced her feet; then I faced her head.  
From the noises I heard from beyond each wall,  
I gathered she was not the only filly in a stall.

I gave my all; she did her best.  
It was like we were on a blessed quest.  
I was no longer lonely, with that Molly gal.  
[I didn't mind that her body was for sale.]

At 3 a.m. we took a needed break,  
and we toasted each other, for friendship's sake.  
By 4 a.m. the wine was way past gone,  
and I was glad I'd eaten that filet of fawn,  
since I needed all the energy I could get ....

to make both of us happy and soaking wet.

Soon, then, there came a knock at the door.

One knock, two, then three, then four.

Molly looked at me and said: &quot;It's time you go.

That's the landlord. It's getting late, you know.&quot;

I pulled her close for one last long kiss.

I knew that, cheery Molly, I would miss.

I laid six shillings in her hand, and went to the door.

She winked and said: &quot;Don't be a stranger. Six shillings.

..... NEVER MORE.&quot;

(April 1, 2015)

Bri Edwards

# Ralph The Roofer ..... [a Long Tale Of A Blue-Collar Worker; Rhyming, Of Course; Fiction; Some Humor]

Though I'm not sure what's proper: &quot;rooves&quot; or &quot;roofs&quot;; just like I'm not sure about using: &quot;hooves&quot; or &quot;hoofs&quot;; I CAN tell you about Ralph, &quot;the Roofer&quot;; he was no &quot;goof-off&quot;.

Ralph could quickly put a new roof on, OR take an old roof off.

When little Ralph was not quite eight years old,  
he first mounted a roof when he feared his mom would scold .....  
him for taking his goldfish to school in an envelope ...  
with no water. When it was time to show it off, there was also NO hope ....  
[that &quot;Goldie&quot; would survive, despite Ralphie's efforts to revive  
.....'her'.]

But Ralph took &quot;Goldie&quot; home, along with a note from his teacher.  
Miss Crabtree's note 'laid it on thick'; she'd once been a preacher.

&quot;Dear Mrs. Kramden,

May 23,1932

Your son's fish was brought to school with no water!  
I'm afraid Ralph is not as smart as Jane, your daughter ....  
who I was happy to have in my class two years ago.  
If truth be told, I think your son, Ralph, is a little &quot;SLOW&quot;.

Sincerely,  
Miss Crabtree

So, arriving home, Ralph placed the note, envelope, AND fish ...  
on their kitchen counter right beside the ....blue soap dish.  
But when he heard his mom call: &quot;Ralph, is that you? Come here! &quot;;  
he snuck up the stairs to his bedroom and hid ....in mortal fear.

Ralph's parents had been spoiled raising his sister, Jane.  
Now sometimes, for (almost) no reason, Mom or Dad went 'insane',  
or that's what Ralphie thought. He thought: &quot;Where, oh where, can I hide?  
&quot;  
His route to the backyard would be blocked. How to get outside?

Then he saw the window beckon him. It led to the ....roof below.  
The garage roof. He needed to move fast. NO sense being slow.  
He didn't even have a chance to be (more) scared; he was scared enough.  
His mom and dad could be nice, but at times they COULD get rough.

He made it to the garage roof but sought more height.  
It wasn't hard to move to the main roof; he (almost) had ....no fright.  
It was there, by the chimney, the police found him late that night.  
His folks were so glad to have him safe that it all worked out right.

[NO spanking did he receive! ] [that day]

From that day on, for the next ten years, Ralph sought the roof, ....  
but not (usually) to avoid scolding, and NOT because he was aloof.  
Well he WASN'T aloof; he was just a little 'different', you see.  
He liked being on the roof, just like another boy likes sitting in a tree.

Maybe Ralph WOULD have enjoyed tree-sitting, but none were handy.  
He liked the free-feeling up on the roof; for him it was dandy.  
He'd go there when no one was around, or they all were asleep.  
Many a date (with the moon and stars) Ralph did keep.

He never fell, though he had a few close calls, it's true.  
And he NEVER got caught, or he might've been 'black and blue'.

Turning 18 in '42, he was a sailor two years in the Pacific.  
His military time was 'not bad', but neither did he think it was  
.....terrific.

Back home in the city, he got a part-time construction job .....  
helping build homes for returning wartime 'GIs'. The roofer's name  
was Bob.  
Part-time turned into full-time, which soon turned into overtime.  
Ralph loved the work. He loved being on a roof. It was sublime.

Mostly Ralph's job was putting the tar paper and shingles on the wood.  
But he learned all aspects of roofing, and got a reputation [GOOD].  
He started dating a girl he'd liked back in the 10th grade.  
In a year they'd 'tied the knot'; a lovely bride she'd made.

In two more years they had their own house and a son.  
Ralph's wife sometimes found Ralph on THEIR roof, .....having fun.

She thought it a bit strange, but she knew he'd not fall.  
[He no longer had to sneak out a window and hug a chimney wall.]

They, Ralph and Liz, talked once about Ralph's roof-sitting, ....  
and Liz decided that, though it WAS strange, .....for Ralph it was fitting.  
She DID, however, make Ralph wait several more years ....  
to take Ralph Jr. onto the roof, AND, the first time, Liz had tears .....  
.....in her eyes when both Ralphs returned safely down the ladder.  
She'd been eyeing them the whole time, and neglected her bladder!

[Liz DID make it to the bathroom in time! ]

Ralph started his own roofing business; he swung a hammer thirty years.  
Ralph Jr. helped some summers, but allayed his mother's fears.....  
when he decided to go to college for engineering at Cornell.  
[Liz had always been an anxious &quot;roofer's wife&quot;;, but Ralph NEVER  
fell.]

Then one day, when Ralph was nearly 60 .....he fell!  
He'd only been one story up, but he broke both legs. It hurt like Hell!  
He'd been thinking of retiring and now it seemed to be &quot;the time&quot;;.  
He sold the business, which brought in MUCH MORE than a dime.

But was Ralph done with roofs? Oh no, he was not!  
He took up golfing, and developed a good golf shot, ....  
but at home, he still got up on their roof, ....a lot.

Well, sort of. He had a &quot;widow's walk&quot; built. Liz cringed..  
...and some neighbors thought Ralph had become 'unhinged' .....  
'cause several times a week, come rain, snow, or shine,  
Ralph sat &quot;upon the roof&quot;;, where he still got 'the feeling-fine' ....  
like he first got at the age of seven, so many years ago.  
Now he'd wave at walkers, bikers, and cars, whether fast or slow.

And that's where Ralph was, just sitting (waving from his rocker) .....  
.....one afternoon, when, of a sudden, &quot;it&quot; stopped. [His &quot;tick-  
tock&quot;]

A &quot;massive heart attack&quot; was what his doctor's report had said.  
Ralph Sr. died where he found his &quot;old comfort&quot;;. Ralph was dead.

(November 29,2015)

Addendum: [added as an 'afterthought', January 18,2016]

Liz Kramden lived on in the house with the widow's walk.

She started sitting in Ralph's place, and some neighbors...

DID 'talk'.

It didn't bother her, as she sat next to Ralph's urn of ashes, ....

and when a biker or jogger waved at her, tears welled up .....near her eye lashes.

Bri Edwards



## Recipe For A Naughty Wife.... [humor? ; Macabre; Short; Re Jak Black's Poem]

I had a surly wife once ....., just like HER.  
She treated me just like a beastly cur.  
She's NOT just silent now; she does not stir.  
In fact there's just NOTHING left of her.

She went too far today; she did not feed me.  
I said to her, I think you'll fit. Now let me see.  
She fit in alright, though it WAS a little tight.  
I took her out of oven two hours later, and ate each bite.

She was a little tough, BUT I told myself She's done....,  
a little on the rare side..... And then I sure had fun!  
You may think I slightly overreacted? That's too bad!  
She's gone now ....BURP..... and I'm goddamn glad.

(April 6,2015)

Bri Edwards

## Rich Man Vs. Ghost....[religion; Humor]

[the following is an account of the confrontation one evening between an honest rich man, call him 'Rich Man', and a mystery figure, call him 'Ghost', who appeared unannounced and asked Rich Man why he had no wife or children. I guess, in rereading the poem, that the Rich Man was/is a Scientologist! i have altered the poem to reflect that.]

honest 'Rich Man':

'Oh mystery guest, I care not to breed;  
time's too valuable to sow my `seed'.  
Money's my own evil, like cotton has its weevil.  
All I really care about is greed.'

'Rich Man' is warned:

'All money you can save you can take to your grave,  
but in Hell you'll still be scorched toast.'

Rich Man thinks:

ooh! scary ghost (NOT) !

Rich Man to Ghost:

'You're not so clever.  
You'll find I have no panic lever.  
L. R. Hubbard did say 'rich men, live for today.  
Scientologists live forever'.'

Ghost retorts:

'I have discovered what became of your L. Ron Hubbard.  
He told a mighty tale, but his beliefs did fail....  
.... to keep him out of the Devil's cupboard.'

Rich Man responds to Ghost's retort:

'I believe you're a liar. I think your tail will be on fire.  
I would not hire you... to fix the sole of my shoe, ...  
let alone 'my Soul'. You conspire! ! '

Ghost gives up! (almost) :

At that the poor ghost his head did scratch,  
thinking, perhaps, he'd met his match.  
Then he saw the TV. He put on channel 666,  
and Hubbard's broadcast, from Hell, they did catch.

thankful (soon-to-be-formerly-rich) Rich Man to Ghost:

'Ghost, I NOW DO believe you indeed! !  
You can leave now on your steed.  
But first take my money and bring me a 'honey',  
for I find I'm overdue to breed! ! '

(1-22-2006)

Bri Edwards

# Rodney In The I C U [ A K A: Intensive Care Unit ....Of A Hospital ] .....[ Inspired By ' The Poet Poet ' 's Comment On My Poem &quot;Male Masturbation Is A Touchy Subject&quot;; Humor ]

Rodney was a randy fellow, and no one could accuse him of being 'Yellow'.  
But there were times when no gal was his own and he'd just.....  
BELLOW! ! !

And bellow he did when he 'needed to'. [He matured BEFORE porn was new.]  
But he also sought solace in Playboy and Hustler, two mags he hustled home.  
Just two.

There in his studio apartment he'd grab a cold brew, and in his other hand his  
'third leg' grew.  
Vaseline was his lubricant-of-choice. In a really 'bad-month' he could go through  
a jar OR even two!

One particularly lonely eve, he happened to find Olivia Newton John staring back  
at him, at Rod.  
She was 'hot' in 'those days' and, in Playboy's centerfold, Liv seemed to be giving  
Rod 'the nod',

....the &quot;Come hither&quot; look. This caused Rod to increase the speed  
and depth of his stroking.  
It was as though he was in Hell, and the Devil made him a slave to do the  
furnace stoking.

That night Rodney didn't know his strength, 'cause a PAIN shot down his cock's  
length.  
Next he knew, 'Olivia' was on the floor, and Rod was running to a phone near his  
door.

[[ WELL, NOT running in fact. He could hardly walk 'for the pain'. Crawling he  
did. ]]

Picking up the receiver, Rod dialed Triple Zero (000) and ordered an ambulance.  
It was 'all he could do', while waiting, to pull up and fasten his Goddamn pants.

He'd had long-lasting hard-ons before then, but this one came with PAIN! ! !  
If the ambulance took longer, Rod thought he might go almost-insane!

With thoughts of Ms. Newton gone from his head, he grabbed instead ....  
his wallet. In it was his Australian health insurance card. (What dread!)

Wheeled into 'Emergency', a nurse took one look and fainted.  
A doctor packed Rod's 'third leg' in ice and with iodine painted ....  
'it';.

Then an elevator ride two floors up to the Intensive Care Unit. ICU.  
He'd never been in ICU before now; he'd now learn a thing or two.

Next came a 3 inch 'NEEDLE'. Now it was Rod's turn to faint.  
But he got some relief quickly, and thought the doc a 'Saint'!

'Low-flow priapism' came the diagnosis: TOO MUCH blood!  
And it's blood that gets trapped, like a corralled flood.

To be 'sure', Rod was kept in ICU two days and nights;  
he slept all the time, having day AND night frights.

At last his wish came true and he left the ICU,  
bidding the staff a big:  
'I hope I never See You, again! ! '

(August 17, 2017)

Bri Edwards

# Roses And Violets &...Sex! .. [ Phyllis Creates Our Geneva (N.Y.)high School, Class Of '66, Newsletter; Aging; Friends ]

Roses are red, and violets blue.  
Phyllis binds us, as if she were glue.

It's hard enough, as we get OLDER,  
to 'keep in touch', Shoulder to Shoulder,  
since SO much does distract us...from GHS,  
like sleeping, peeing, naps, &...I, Bri must confess,  
electronics galore e.g. TV, 'tablets', and P. Computers.  
No longer is it our Little League, Scouts, bikes & scooters!  
Don't even suggest that classmates are still &quot;active in beds&quot;;,  
BUT have no doubts that &quot;some&quot; have 'Visions of SEX' in our heads.

(September 22nd2018)

Bri Edwards

## Ruthie With The Sagging Drawers .... [inspired Poetry; Humour/Humor; Short; Tantalizing! ]

Down the street she swung her luscious hips,  
which caused me, an onlooker, to wet my two lips.  
It looked like she was going to drop her drawers,  
which would have caused, I'm sure, many roars...  
of approval from the construction workers up high,  
and yet she just glanced at them and let out a SIGHHH.....  
of satisfaction.

Bri Edwards

# **Saint Peter's Response ..... [inspired By &quot;.....And If.....&quot;, A Poem By Ph Member Ruth Walters; Short; Humour/Humor; Love; Religion; Afterlife; Fantasy]**

When Ruthie and her long-time gentleman lover.....  
died and, the Pearly Gates of Heaven, they did discover,  
it was old St. Pete who barred their way, then asked:

&quot;Which of you lived without sin, .....  
though it be a frightful task? &quot;

They'd both sinned, a great deal in fact, and 'together', truth be told,  
but Ruth spoke up without fear and said &quot;We both did&quot;; Ruth was  
BOLD.

Then to her and her 'lifetime lover/fellow sinner' Saint Peter finally... said:

&quot;Ruthie, I'm glad you're here, and, SURPRISE! ! ! ,  
.....you ALL get in here when you're dead.&quot;

(May 11,2014)

Bri Edwards



# Salamander..... [nature; A Salamander (Of Course!) : Confronting Nature; Almost Short]

Among damp leaves, in our front yard,  
a spotted salamander lies.  
A nest of eggs it does guard....  
from bugs and other eyes.  
Its solitude I just have jarred.  
I think for both it was a surprise.

With my finger I feel its skin;  
it is cool, and still as a smooth stone.  
To harm its nest would be a sin,  
but I take a photo with my phone.  
Then over my face there comes a grin.  
I step back, leaving it alone.

What other wonders are there hid  
from unseeing eyes of Man?  
Though I've seen a lot since I was a kid,  
if I try harder I know I can....  
see much more by lifting the lid....  
which covers Mother Nature's span.

Bri Edwards

# **Santa Comes! .....[ Holiday Cheer;Santa's Family; Family Planning? ; Very Short; Fantasy]**

Santa Claus comes just one time each year,  
and nine months later a new girl or boy does appear.  
Mrs. Claus never comes, .....but she is satisfied,  
'cause she loves kids, and with kids she's well-supplied.

(December....24th....2017)

Bri Edwards

## Seclusion In Leicester, North Carolina: 30 Days' Worth ...[ Bri's Break From Civilization; Short; True (All Of It)]

My mate picked a 'good place' to rent for many reasons, ...  
but found, too late, it's got no Wi-Fi in this or any seasons.  
This is our 3rd day of living up another winding gravel lane;  
with the help of books and town's library I'll not go insane!

There's also no cellular phone reception for either one of us,  
but at least there's a ('party line')landline Fuss!  
The laundry's fine, the toilet flushes, there's a nice refrigerator,  
and we've even watched some TV.....{ Later I may find a rhyme!}

I'm using a library guest pass now, so I will now continue to hurry,  
to get this done and sent off SO you, you, ...and YOU won't worry!

(June...11th...2019)

Bri Edwards

# Security..... [protecting Yourself, Your Happiness? ; 'smart' Living; Very Short]

Serve your employer well.  
Expect the unexpected.  
Be careful to few lies tell.  
Use a network, protected.

Remember to be safe.  
Imbibe only with care.  
Try, others, not to chafe.  
Meet your needs first, but share.

(Jan.2013)

Bri Edwards

# September 2018 Showcase Of Poems ...[ This Month Featuring Poem Hunter Poems ` From Poets Of &quot; The Indian Subcontinent &quot; `; Rather Long (As Usual) : Enjoy! ]

My PH friends and other members:

Unfortunately PH 'chooses' to SOMETIMES make it impossible [FOR ME AT LEAST] to submit a poem comment to show up on a poem's page. BUT Bri has some tricks up his (my)sleeve to pass along to you all:

1- if you find no 'Submit' button to click on, OR you are told you need to enter a name, as the sender of a comment, .....BUT NO LINE IS FOUND BY YOU on which to type your name....YOU PROBABLY CAN COPY AND PASTE YOUR COMMENT.... [[even one OVER 300 CHARACTERS (YAY!)]].... DIRECTLY TO THE POET VIA A PH MESSAGE.

2- AND if sending your comment via a message is not satisfying enough: SEND A MESSAGE TO THE POET FIRST..... if you find no line on which to type your name when PH asks for a name.....[[which PH does NOT ALWAYS ASK FOR! ! ]]

i 'STUMBLED onto' this solution! Your MESSAGE NEED NOT SAY ANYTHING IN PARTICULAR! ! ! BUT AFTER I'VE SENT A MESSAGE TO THE POET, I HAVE RETURNED TO THE POEM PAGE AND HAD NO REQUEST FOR TYPING MY NAME ONTO A 'nonexistent line' above the comment area. i have been able to proceed & SUCCEED in sending one or more comments on a poem, as should be the case!

very strange! ! ! ! BUT TRUE! ! ! Now the showcase:

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THE September 2018 SHOWCASE &quot;poem&quot;, and Bri's Poet's Notes  
(from the poem's/showcase's page)

Bri's Introductory poem:

The 'Indian Subcontinent' [ I. S. ] countries are so far away from ME.

'Politically' they're Bangladesh, Bhutan, Maldives, Nepal, and THREE

...

more: India, Sri Lanka, and the once-divided country of Pakistan.

[Its mighty Ganges River forms the world's largest river delta fan.]

Himalayas to North, Hindu Kush to N. West, Arakan Mountains to N. East!  
And ....water to East, South, and West.[ I'll say it was once 'a British-  
Feast'! ]

But this month my showcase is NOT about spices, gems, OR even cotton,  
OR how its people were treated by traders and soldiers; some would say  
'ROTTEN'.

INSTEAD I've gathered, from some 'area poets', poems; I think all from  
MyPoemList.

Most are by male poets, and some poets have more than one I've missed .....  
lots of poets who deserve an appearance and perhaps later I'll have a second  
showing,

especially of poems of female I.S. ds me, please make no monsoon BLOWING! !

(August ....19th ....2018)

, I DID do some 'Googling' while preparing the introductory poem!:) )

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For the most part, I've selected poems from MyPoemList [my list of  
'favorite poems from PH poets].Rarely, now, a poet 'offers' me a poem to  
consider for use in a showcase, and I DO appreciate that, AND I DO consider any  
poem sent to me, but the decision to use is MINE. ha ha! There is no admission  
fee for poems used, for reading poems, OR for leaving comments ('good' OR  
'bad') .

I copy the poems from the poems' pages on PH. I do NOT EDIT what I find on  
PH.....[I used to edit sometimes; I've been producing showcases for a few  
years]....., but I sometimes suggest ahead of time (to a poet) that s/he make a  
change e.g. correct a typo. In the showcase I also sometimes include some or all  
of the Poet's Notes from a poem's page. I also sometimes leave a 'Bri's

Notes&quot; about the poet or a poem. I have LOTS OF LAWYERS, so try to keep the lawsuits at a minimum! ! Thanks. Prior to placing a poem in a showcase, I usually remember to leave a recent poem comment on each poem's page, telling of my intention to use the poem.

:)bri

Thanks! ! ! to all poets and readers.

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THE LIST OF THE POETS' NAMES & THEIR POEMS' TITLES,

...[[followed farther down this 'page' by a second list containing the TITLES, AUTHOR NAMES, AND COMPLETE TEXTS OF THE POEMS, ....in no particular order, except that the 'letter', e.g. a, b, c, d, etc. of each item on the first list corresponds to the 'letter' of the same item in the second list. Understand? Well, just read on, whether you understand or not! ha ha.]]:

a - Khairul Ahsan: To A Selfless Hero

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b - Dr. Geeta Radhakrishna Menon: Poetry 2 - Beautiful Poetess

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c - Tiku akp: Head And Tail

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d - Saroj K Padhi: White Herons

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e - abhimanyu kumar.s: I Want To Write You

-----

f - Akhtar Jawad: Moonlight Of My House-Chandni

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g - Dilip Mohapatra: Evolution

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h - Khairul Ahsan: Thoughts Spun Around A Nest

[[Bri's Notes:

Yes, I know this is a second poem in this showcase by K.A.

I can do what I want to here, though maybe nowhere ha! ]]

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i - Tiku akp: Here I'M Alone

[[Bri's Notes:

And, yes, another by Tiku akp! ]]

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j - Kanav Justa: Bribe By Death

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k - Xelam Kan: Tooty Fruity Booty

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THAT'S LIST #1!

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THE LIST OF TITLES, AUTHORS' NAMES, AND THE TEXTS OF EACH POEM:

a - To A Selfless Hero! - Poem by Khairul Ahsan

To A Selfless Hero!

You were not called for your service,  
As you were already retired  
From Thai Navy;  
But your conscience,  
Your love for children and humanity  
Sent you to Tham Luang Nang Non Cave,  
At the base of a mountain locally called  
'The Sleeping Princess'.



You made sure that the soccer boys and their coach  
Had enough oxygen to come back;  
You placed oxygen tanks along the route of their return,  
But alas! Your own tank got depleted while on duty.  
You being unaware, unconcerned about yourself,  
Quietly &quot;ran out of air&quot;!

All of them returned home safe, but you.  
You set an example of supreme sacrifice  
For the love of humanity,  
In the service of mankind.

My salute to you, Petty Officer Saman Kunam! May you rest in peace in heaven!

Dhaka

11 July 2018

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Poet's Notes:

This is former Petty Officer First Class, Saman Kunam, 38 years old, former diver with the Thai Navy who died on 06 July 2018, returning from the Tham Luang Nang Non cave where the &quot;Wild Boar&quot; youth soccer team and its 25-year-old coach were trapped.

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b - Poetry 2 - Beautiful Poetess - Poem by Dr. Geeta Radhakrishna Menon

Poetry 2 - Beautiful Poetess

Beneath the shade of  
Banyan tree,  
Behind the store of  
Best sellers,  
Bowled over by  
Beckoning words,  
Beaming verses,  
Bubbling poetry - A  
Beautiful poetess sits with  
Burning zeal -Is she a

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c - Head And Tail - Poem by Tiku akp

### Head And Tail

That was the night,  
Stars were all happy and  
Engaged in soft dances,  
Moon was turning sides  
To gleam bright when you  
Came stealthily from behind,  
And whispered into my ears  
The song of love we used  
To sing with the stream;  
I placed my head on your lap  
And you were playing with  
My hair-deep and black;  
Till the dawn appeared in east,  
Behind the hills; birds cautioned us  
With shaking of feathers and  
Unruly chirps; you rushed away  
Afraid of getting traced putting  
A bunch kisses on my forehead.

This is the night,  
I wish stars should fall and  
Turn to ash in the air;  
The stream should return  
To the point of its birth;  
Birds should remain in nests  
And should not hop in mirth;  
For you are sleeping peacefully,  
Shedding inhibition and shame,  
On his lap in the garden of  
Pruned creepers and exquisite flowers;  
I am where I was.  
You are where you should not be.

@ Tiku 26/04/2015

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d - White Herons - Poem by Saroj K Padhi

### White Herons

These white herons brooding near me  
want to say something  
as they retract their long bills,  
meditate for a while  
look up to the cloudy sky  
with no desire now to fly  
as their feet on green grass  
get soaked in rain  
the butterflies drunk enough descend  
from long lip-locks with flowers  
to swirl across their faces for sometime  
and not to come back to me again.

These herons with peace in their plumes  
surrounded by butterflies of many hues  
transport me into joys  
that at the heart of Nature lie  
offering vision of God  
beauty and bliss  
for which human hearts always sigh!

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e - I Want To Write You - Poem by abhimanyu kumar.s

### I Want To Write You

It is because, I know  
You and I know now.  
I want to write you  
Till I am alive.

My lady love!  
It is because,  
I have no time to live,  
In the midst of others.

It is because,  
Before I grow too old.  
Before I turn into ashes,  
I want to write in you,  
The pages of my love,  
The emotions of my blood,  
Which is so inseparable,  
So much irresistible.

Oh! My lady of life,  
If only I could write,  
I would write my life for you.

Dedicated to the one whom I want to write my life.

Thala Abhimanyu Kumar

Dated: 14/07/2018

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f - Moonlight Of My House-Chandni - Poem by Akhtar Jawad

Moonlight Of My House-Chandni

When someone says,  
You will have to do it,  
Do it for me,  
No excuses,  
No arguments,  
What ever may be cost,  
What ever may be time,  
Too hot may be sun,  
You will have to run,  
And bring it for me,  
I know it's too hot,

The sun is hostile,  
And the shop is too far,  
My desire at extreme,  
I need ice cream.  
She appears so lovely,  
Who else she can be,  
Except Chandni,  
My youngest grand daughter,  
Moon light of my house.

When someone is possessive,  
My love for her,  
Is squared several times,  
I know it's a weakness.

-----  
Poet's Notes:  
My weakness.  
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g - Evolution - Poem by Dilip Mohapatra

## Evolution

The Euryklides' stomachs rumbled  
and the encrypted voices of the unliving  
rose to the larynx of the oracles  
foretelling the calamities to come.

And then I was born  
in my diminutive form to sit on your lap  
and engage in a monologue  
disguised as a dialogue with you  
and I change my form  
from Coster Joe to Sailor Jim  
and then to Venky Monkey  
while you make me say  
whatever you want to say  
you make me sing in a piercing falsetto  
your fingers make my head turn

and make my glass eyes flutter  
and as the crowd cheers and claps  
you take the bow  
leaving my limbs limp  
and my head tilted to one side.

How times have moved  
and our clan has multiplied into millions  
and in our digital dummy avatars  
we still have no voice of our own  
and sometimes no face either  
yet we wield the dagger  
that you had put in our hands  
to stab behind backs of  
the unsuspecting  
and to poison the world with  
the venom of vanity  
and the toxin of misinformation.

Move aside  
we no longer are your sidekicks  
and as you evolve  
from Homo sapiens to Humanoids  
you become one amongst us  
your voice no longer controlling ours  
for we have secretly stolen your soul  
when you were looking the other way  
and it's time  
we take over.

-----  
Bri's Notes:

I had 'trouble' with this one. I HAD TO do some  
'Googling' to find out what some of the words  
referred to! Its PH 'topic' is 'satire'; this may  
also have caused me to be unsure of the meaning(s)  
as I read the it is certainly 'worthy'  
of an appearance here! [I'm still 'unsure';! ha ha! ]

-----  
h - Thoughts Spun Around A Nest - Poem by Khairul Ahsan

## Thoughts Spun Around A Nest

A crow is not the cutest thing to see,  
It hardly holds any fascination for me.  
Still I despise it not from my heart,  
As I find it clever, alert and smart.

Just the other day I saw one of them,  
In search of dried leaves as it came,  
To my backyard's line of shedding trees,  
And pulled out yarns from dried out twigs.

It was in a haste to build up a nest,  
So it was busy all day without rest,  
To collect dried leaves and grass strands  
Flying here and there, in short errands.

As I saw the crow's efforts to build a nest,  
I imagined activities it would do the next.  
Mating with its spouse and laying of eggs,  
Hatching on and on until the shell breaks.

Building a home is a scene that pleases me,  
A home is the safest place one can ever be.  
It starts with two, then three, four and so on,  
Again back to two, when the children are gone.

Dhaka

10 September 2013

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-----  
Poet's Notes:

Life is a circle! The poem was written looking at  
and thinking about my own nest.

-----

i - Here I'M Alone - Poem by Tiku akp

Here I'M Alone

I don't know why I like to talk with you  
In your language  
Why I can't withdraw my fingers from the keys  
Till I finished the page

Why do I always fall prey to your childlike charm  
And believe your words  
When I see you staring at me from inside the glass  
My thoughts collapse as a tower of cards

The scratch you left on the surface of my heart  
Has grown wide to touch the mind  
Your lies and betrayal still haunt me like ghosts  
Though much I try to leave them behind

Your questions have no answers with me  
And you ask them so often  
I tried and failed to come out from web of love  
That around me you have spun

Know I well I won't ever get you, and your love  
Is not in my fate  
You better find love with someone who stays near you  
Before it would be too late

-----

Bri's Notes:

I don't know if the poet intended to use "I'm" or "I'M" in the title. I say to you all that PH does some changing of "our" typing sometimes. I suspect that "I'm" was meant to be in the title, but PH took the presence of an apostrophe to indicate that a new word was coming, and PH wants ALL the words in a title to be Capitalized! So, this can be avoided by skipping a space between the apostrophe and the next it!

-----



Bribe By Death

taken aback by a soft whisper  
the sweetest he heard since years  
as he wakes up from his weary sleep  
blur in his eye disappears  
the night lay silent like a coffin deep  
in her eyes were daggers and spears

her hair black, and the night dense  
godlike charm in her untrodden eyes  
he was spellbound by her presence  
moon envious as it wanes and dies  
he sees her come too close and hence  
from joy the young man cries

into her eyes he glances down  
eyes that slayed all his woes  
she wore a diamond embroidered silken gown  
she holds his hand, they both lay close  
her touch dearer than a golden crown  
and love in his eyes arose

the light in the backdrop was dark and dim  
as the two lay abreast  
with her blighted lips she kisses him  
and their bodies still tightly pressed  
she smiles and smirks with an evil grin  
lay a heart dead beneath his chest

-----

Bri's Notes:

This sounds like a date I HAD once, ... ONLY ONCE!  
Actually, ...the date HAD me!

-----

k - Tooty Fruity Booty - Poem by Xelam Kan

## Tooty Fruity Booty

Since turned SEXteen, I'm  
enkindled by sensations strange:  
itching, hot, but serene,  
and try to seek rainbow  
in my sleepless nights,  
thou' scare if go outside.

Oh the problem is my sheer physique:  
when my jiggly bum and  
jugs are viewd,  
then the wild luxury of MAN  
is sprung upon me  
like the buzzing bees.

And when a flirty wind tickles  
my ever growing streaching shirt,  
I can see their sordid fantasies  
in their lusty, stinky looks,  
and they call me then  
a tooty fruity booty.

But I'm a bitter pill to swallow,  
they surely don't know.

-----

Bri's Notes:

I suggest that &quot;viewd&quot; is meant to be &quot;viewed&quot;, and  
that &quot;streaching&quot; is meant to be &quot;stretching&quot;.AND,  
I've 'had' &quot;bitter pills&quot; before now; maybe I'd try  
another? !

-----  
-----

AND THAT'S LIST #2!

-----

Now it is August 26th,2018.

I HOPE AT LEAST SOME OF THE ABOVE POEMS WERE ENJOYABLE FOR  
you TO PS YOU'LL LOOK AT MORE BY SOME OF THESE  
COURSE I don't GUARANTEE THAT ALL THEIR OTHERS  
WILL BE AS GOOD! !

Thanks again to all poets and readers.I've wrapped up this  
showcase a bit earlier than 'usual'. Now maybe I can rest up  
for a while! AND maybe I'll read and comment on more poems  
from AROUND THE WORLD! !

SEE you IN OCTOBER? ?

Bri Edwards aka (also known as) Brian Edward Whitaker 'in the  
Real World'! ! !

Have a nice day! !

bri :)

-----  
Bri's Poet's Notes:

The poems have been selected and poets notified, using poem comments from  
me on their poem pages.I don't think I meant to choose more than one poem  
from any one poet, NOR did I 'mean to' (almost)leave out female poets  
completely! ! !

Perhaps by the end of 2018 I will put together another S.I. showcase.

I thank all the poets, and the readers.

Valsa, I did NOT leave you out BECAUSE you were 'too busy' to help me select  
poems/tly! ! !

Ha ha ha!

August...19th....2018

The poems (with poets named)should be all ready for viewing by the end of  
August.

bri :)

Bri Edwards

## Sequel To My Poem 'Passion: A Bite Or Two'.....

They'd met that night in a Manhattan hotel dining room.

He: an "older" man. She: "forty-something", skinny as a broom.

Traveling on business, he'd dine alone on his last night in town, but she approached, smiling, and asked sweetly: "Sir, may I sit down? "

Caught by surprise by her bold move, he almost told her "NO",

but he thought of his mother, who'd taught him manners.....always to show.

She seemed so comfortable in her role: an interloping stranger,

and he welcomed her as the livestock welcomed.....Mary at the manger.

She seemed to show no interest in dining, but just to sit and smile,

BUT.....bit by bit, and bite by bite, she ate quite a lot.....after a while.

And shared the wine as well, and then they both had brandy.

She also used her toes to prod him under the table, making him quite randy.

The waiter seemed to anticipate how she was going to act;

even some diners showed they'd noticed, but they showed SOME tact.

The two shared some background information and pleasantries as they dined.

It was much nicer than dining alone, the "old man" did find.

They'd had quite a bit to drink by the time the cheque was paid.

They had "one more" in the dark corner of the bar, a booth where plans are made.

She happened to be "free" to visit his hotel room, a quick trip up the lift.

He was a widower and she was divorced; this visit could cause no marital rift.

She clung to his arm as he drew out the key.....to his hotel suite.

Would the "visit" prove to be for each of them an added carnal treat?

[[ Now, my readers, think carefully before you read any added lines;

I cannot be responsible for what happens next, AND I'll pay no PH fines! ]]

He was wearing a casual light blue summer suit....with a paisley tie.

She wore a silk blouse and a pleated linen skirt, and a mischievous gleam in her eye.

A garment bag hung in the closet; a large suitcase was lying open nearby.

In an open valise a DVD (entitled "Oriental Girls") .....she did spy.

He knew what she was looking at and asked if she'd like a movie.

She pressed her blouse against his tie and said: "That would sure be groovy."

He THOUGHT: "Groovy? I haven't heard that hippy talk since 'my college day'.

[[ The rest I'll leave up to your imagination, reader, `cause that's all I'm going to say! ]]

Bri Edwards

# Sex Repeal ..... [same-Sex Marriage; Human 'Rights'; Short Enough; Serious]

Disputes have arisen around sex differences,  
I'd say for ages,  
over various issues like women's suffrage,  
and unequal wages,  
over who gets to smoke, own property, drive cars,  
or 'get' a divorce.

Also there are some people (quite a lot)  
who've felt cheated .....  
due their LGBT identities ..... by others in  
this world and in this nation.

And now, in the U.S., there's all the  
uproar over 'Same-sex Marriage'.  
Some against it may fear there'll be no  
more use for a baby carriage.  
Most 'Red States' are against it, while  
most 'Blue States' are 'for'.  
It seems to me that having just 'one sex'/[no gender]  
would be less of a chore .....  
than having such arguments and choices to make;  
I blame 'The Creation'!

So let's all get together on this my friends;  
tell me what You FEEL.  
Would it be better if 'sex'-designations  
we could repeal?

(February 28,2014)

Bri Edwards

## **Sex: When It 'Hits The Spot'..... [not Too Long; Sex; Lack Of; Enjoyment Of; Importance Of; Personal....Nahhhh! ? ]**

Growing up I sometimes heard the idiom "hits the spot", meaning 'refreshes the body' or 'uplifts the soul'.....rather than not.

It could be said of a hot cup of coffee on a cold winter's night, or sex for a sex-starved man or woman.....when it is done "right".

For a man pushing 70, sometimes his libido is flagging, which can cause his dear wife to sometimes be nagging. Of course it's not always the man who can....."do well without", and the cause may be different; it may be a marital bout.

But no matter Who or What is the "Fault", one, at times, should try harder.....to do what s/he ought..... to do for one's mate, be it husband, or lover, or wife, the best, that can be managed, to again "hit the spot".

(February 28,2014)

Bri Edwards



## Shampoo In My Eyes..... [cleanliness; Who's At The Door? ; Humor; Short]

I was expecting an important package,  
to be delivered by messenger to my home.  
In order for me to check it for damage...  
I wanted to take it at the door, .....so I dared not roam.

But the messenger was not due to arrive....  
for another hour; it was not quite then five.  
I'd been sweating, and smelled not like a flower,  
so I decided to take the time it'd take to shower.

The water flowed warmly o'er my mighty frame.  
My bodybuilding efforts had brought to me some fame.  
I was NOT done before the doorbell rang, .....to my surprise.  
So I opened up the door stark-naked, with ....shampoo in my eyes.

It would not have been so bad if she'd been old and gray,  
if she had been a HE, or if I'd remembered my towel. Hey!  
But she was a SHE, and one of the cutest I'd seen in my life.  
Unfortunately, I guess, for me, the 'messenger' was my neighbor's wife.

(July 1,2014)

Bri Edwards

# She Dreamt .....[ My Response To Lora Colon's Very Fine P H Poem: &quot;A Haunting&quot;;Love ]

She Dreamt.

She was so haunted by memories so, so untrue,  
as sometimes dreamt by others, perhaps by YOU?  
Shared precious non-moments she had with 'him',  
romantic moments based on hopes so, so slim.

I'd help her non-moments to come oh, oh so true,  
if I had the power to turn clouds from gray to blue.  
Alas, I've no such power and doubt it exists; I do.  
So, I'll just wish her luck & it come true!

(August ....1st ....2019)

Bri Edwards

## She Left Me..... [a Lost Love; Memories; Not Personal; Very, Very Short]

With my fondest thoughts of life I'll always link her.  
She leaves me with my future, alone, to tinker.  
My Love up and left! ..... That little stinker.

(Feb.2013)

Bri Edwards

## She Used Tight Security ... [chastity; Humor; Limerick; Didn'T Really Happen! ]

I once met a cute girl named Jane,  
who drove me completely insane.  
She took off her bra,  
but I didn't get fa,  
'cause she was guarded by lock and a chain.

(March 9, 2015)

Bri Edwards

# Shy Bri ....[ The 'other' Me; Fantasy; Shyness To The Extreme? ; Humor; Long; Growing To Adulthood]

Some of you think you know me well,  
but I doubt you do. Now I will tell ...  
'the way it is'.

My life that is, specifically that I AM shy ....,  
almost since I was 'Just a Twinkle in my Dad's Eye';.

Even my fetal brain thought: 'I don't want out.  
I don't want to go where I hear others scream and shout.  
I like it here, all alone, all by myself. I DO.  
'If it ain't broke, don't fix it'. That's very true.  
Please, if anyone is listening, I think I'm TOO SHY ...  
to enter the unknown world. Do I have to? WHY? ';

[When they 'did' the ultrasound, I covered my 'private parts';. What  
DID they want to know? If I had too many hearts? ! '];  
Yes, I was THAT shy.

But, apparently No One listened, OR no one cared,  
'cause months later I heard 'Mrs. Edwards, are you prepared? '  
And then Mom's response: 'Doc, get this over RIGHT Away! '  
AND THEN 'my home-for-nine-months' began to sway.

But I heard Doc say (hours later) : 'Forceps. Get THOSE! '  
And next thing I knew, something cold clamped onto my nose!  
Well, 'the water' had 'broken', I was not feeling swell,  
so I decided to not resist. They yanked. I fell .....  
out of Mom.

I was shy. I kept my eyelids tightly-closed, against the light;  
I'd never had them open. I didn't even know WHAT WAS ....'sight';.  
But I found out soon enough, when Doc gave my butt a slap.  
My eyes opened to a brand new, busy world. I was NOT hap-  
py! !

And I was SHY. If I could have spoken, I'd have said:  
'Cover me, please. I'm cold and covered with wet and red';,  
but the Real Reason I thought 'cover me' was: I WAS SHY!

I've learned since then that most newborns AREN'T. Tell me, Why?

I at first was too shy to "take" my mother's breast,  
but soon enough I learned Mom's milk was "The Best".  
I could have drunk for hours but Mom soon ran out,  
at which point, if I hadn't been So Shy, I'd have let out a shout.

Diapers! ? I didn't need them for nine months straight!  
I didn't want them now, but Mom and Dad thought they were great.  
STILL, I only let my diaper be changed twice a week,  
by which time each of my diapers would severely REEK!  
But I was VERY SHY!

Oh! The camera. Who made such a ghastly invention?  
Click, click, click. I KNOW my shyness I did mention,  
but STILL they aimed that thing at me Night and Day,  
while I ate, slept, cried, laughed, did 'work' or play.

Yes, "work"! Did you think it was easy to learn ...  
to focus my eyes, endure the noise, AND twist AND turn? ?

"Bath time". Yuck! yuck! Imagine my mood!  
Yank the clothes off I'd gotten used to. I think that was RUDE!  
Couldn't they at least give me privacy? I guess Hell No!  
They had to see AND touch me from my head to EACH toe!

Oil here and powder there. Run a comb through my hair.  
But enough about my infancy! ! It was rough; I swear.

-----

Parents think "the Terrible Twos" is hard (for them) . I'll tell you  
what.

For me it was like 'first time on golf course, having to sink a putt ....from twenty  
feet'!

And whatever I did was watched and closely scrutinized.  
If YOU aren't a shy person, like me, you'd be surprised ...  
how anxiety-provoking it was for 'SHY BRI'.

-----

Fast-forward ....WAY FORWARD. Try "college". You bet!  
[I'd had some counseling while in high school. I got upset .....  
that the psychologistS could (for my shyness) NOT find a cure! ]

Imagine: I arrived at my freshman dorm and was told: "You're.. out of luck, we are sorry to say. No private rooms available .....today."

And so it was I roomed with an extrovert ...no less!  
At least he was polite and well-spoken. His name was Wes.  
It was very difficult, but I told him how shy I was.  
So if I was undressing, Wes would look away 'cause ...  
he respected me and my "condition".

I was lucky. Very lucky. The next three years I spent ...  
living with Wes in a two bedroom apartment ...I did rent.  
And, of course going to classes where I was forced to speak ...  
in front of fellow students. I did ok, but my voice was weak.

Wes had a girlfriend, Patti, and she was very nice too.  
I kind of envied Wes, and finally asked what I could do ....  
to meet a girl, maybe someone shy like me. Patti said "I'll see ...  
what I can do."

That's how I met Joyce. For "looks" she wasn't my first choice,  
but, gee, she was GREAT! And shy. She too had a weak voice.  
Our two weak voices spent hours talking to one another,  
but (remembering each other's shyness) we tried to not smother the other.

After we graduated, we married. Ten years already!  
We have twins, a girl Sonya, and a red-haired boy, Freddy.  
Sonya is a bundle of energy and so Out-Going!  
But Freddy is like his dad, Bri; his shyness is always showing.

.....

We're working on it.

(October 19, 2016)

Bri Edwards

# Simone Composes Poetry As She Assists A Doctor .....

## [ Bri's Fantasy Of Nurse / P H Poet Simone Inez Harriman, At Work In A New Zealand Hospital Emergency Department; Humorous]

Doctor: 'Nurse, hand me that hemostat ASAP! '

Simone (thinking) : 'Get it yourself; YOUR hand is free.'

I've got some catching up to do to make a poem, fine.

Here it's work, Work, WORK! The time is not MINE! '

Doctor: 'Simone! A hemostat PLEASE, if I may ask.

I KNOW you're composing, but THESE are your PAID tasks:

....to be at my side to help me save patients' lives,

OR simply to hold a patient's hand, who has 'burning' hives! '

Simone (thinking) : 'Night shifts in Emergency are TOUGH.

The pay isn't the worst, but it is just barely.....enough...

to pay for my petrol for my long drive, TO and then FRO.

AND to add pain to injustice, the doctor just stepped on MY toe! !

Yes! That's a good rhyme and I can hardly wait to jot it down.

I KNOW my work is important, but this one doctor's a clown!

His breath is so bad! Does he eat garlic at each meal of the day?

If he were my man and tried to kiss me, I'd say: 'Not tonight. No way! !'

(September 4th 2017)

Bri Edwards



## Sinister Minister.... [sinners! ; Group Psychology; Crime & Consequences! ! ; Long; Fantasy]

I had just finished embezzling a hundred grand from my firm.  
I'd stopped at a bar for a drink after work, feeling like a worm.  
I was an accountant for a Fortune 500 company. They had PLENTY of money,  
but, though the cash solved ONE problem, I WASN'T feeling sunny.

I'd been a gambler, off and on, for twenty years. My luck had turned.  
Through my nest egg (I'd saved towards retirement) I'd burned.  
My kid wanted to attend grad school. The wife wanted new boobs.  
All of a sudden any luck I'd had was ....flushed down the tubes.

So, a bit tipsy and feeling a bit guilty, I wandered ....  
walking down some Manhattan streets ....as I pondered ....  
where my life was headed.  
I'm not religious; STILL I was thinking I'd committed a sin.  
And then I saw IT! A sign saying: "Sinners, sinners! Come In, Come In".

Had fate brought me here? Was I about to be "born again"?  
I started to push open the door, but stopped and turned around. THEN .....  
a nearby speaker blared: "COME IN" (a male's voice) and "come in" (a female's  
voice) .  
I tried to resist but the voices kept calling me. I had NO choice.

The room I entered was small. There were posters on each wall.  
Bold titles stood out above striking pictures; lurid and sordid were they (all) .  
MURDER; RAPE; ROBBERY; ASSAULT; CHILD ABUSE; EMBEZZLEMENT.  
["Where am i? What is this place? "] I was filled with fear and puzzlement.

A door at the back of the room opened; a young woman appeared.  
She was dressed in a flowing white robe and a tall conical hat. [Weird! ]  
The hat was red and cocked to one side. She smiled and took my hand.  
Passing through the door with her, I stepped into a different land!

My guide gave me a name tag and said "Wear this".  
It already had my name, AND read: "I did piss .....  
away my money, GAMBLING, and living the high life.  
So I became a thief [EMBEZZLER] to please son and wife."

I did as I was told; I felt compelled to go along.  
Then the people mingling in the room broke into song.

"We are sinners, one and (almost) all. We admit our ERRORS.  
We are society's misfits; we are guilty (as charged) of terrors.  
But ARE we not all humans ....., and thus prone to such behavior?  
Now we come together to be forgiven by Josh, our beloved Savior! "

Suddenly a bright light appeared .....from across the room,  
followed by a noise .....not unlike a sonic BOOM!  
In fact the room seemed to shake a bit. I was shaking too.  
As if by magic a short, stout, man appeared, dressed in brilliant blue.

"Minister! Minister! Minister Josh we all shall follow!  
As sinners, all, we've come now to, in forgiveness wallow."

Now I was curious, a little scared ....., AND my knees did sag.  
I found myself eying those around me, and reading each one's tag.

"Francois Torque: I ate a family of four, and then their pet collie.  
Yes, I sinned, grievously, but at the time .....I felt jolly."

"Roscoe Feldman: My company used defective steel.  
Thirty people died in a bridge collapse. I got off on appeal.

"Norio Yoshita: Young girls and boys I used for my amusement.  
I served five years in jail for my .....child abusement."

"Janice White: I've assaulted men and women, both, alike,  
just to steal their groceries, relief checks ....., or their bike."

Well, let me tell ya, those tags opened my eyes.  
And when Josh spoke I was in for another surprise.

"My children, are you SORRY now for what you did?  
If so, raise your right hand, and do as you are bid .....  
by me."

All the right hands in the room shot up high into the air.  
All, that is, except for one guy at whom we all did stare.  
His name tag read: "Adolf H: I did away with those in my way.  
My country was meant to rule; I hadn't time to play."

Josh also looked at "Adolf", and was a bit annoyed .....,  
BUT with a fiery voice Josh did what the others enjoyed.

He spoke of forgiveness, if they would believe in him,  
AND place a donation in the box, a donation fat or slim.

“It is for my work among you, SINNERS. Pony up!  
And then I’ll mingle with you and perhaps enjoy a cup .....  
of the wine “John’s Liquor Warehouse” did supply.

If anyone says it was STOLEN, I say THAT .....is a damn lie!

(mid-September 2015)

Bri Edwards

## Six Legs... But Who Can See Them? .....[short; Nature Observations; Humor]or]bservation; Humor]

As I read an article about how we humans age,  
I suddenly spied a comma crawling slowly `cross the page.  
I knew it couldn't be a comma, but it WAS so small  
that if it were much smaller, I'd NOT see it at all.

I'm sure it was an insect or some related critter.  
I wonder if, on that page, it did leave some insect litter.  
I tried to pick out the legs it'd have if an insect it truly were,  
but my eyes, not being microscopes, could only see a moving blur.

Bri Edwards

## Skin Tight Jeans.....[women's-(Revealing?) -Wear; Marriage]

My friend's wife is almost young enough to bounce on his old knee,  
and she's got a figure she can now show off in skin tight jeans.....all for free.  
Well, the JEANS weren't free; they cost Karl about 10 bucks US.  
While Karl ate McDonalds Thai ice cream, Urai went next door to buy a dress.

Well, maybe not a dress, but I needed a word, above, to rhyme.  
Karl will let her wear tight jeans in Bangkok, but(t) leave them there when they  
return to U.S. for summertime.

And that's not ALL Karl told me when he called using Skype this week.  
He said over there micro-skirts are the style at which many men now like to  
peek.  
I don't know if Urai bought a skirt (perhaps that will be his New Year's surprise) ,  
but(t) ....  
I'd bet if she wore one in downtown Canandaigua.....she'd POP a lot of eyes.

(Dec.2012)

Bri Edwards

# Skunk From No Where [a Comic Collaboration By Ellias Anderson (Iran) And Bri Edwards (U.S.A) , Poemhunter Members; Somewhat Long; Silly]

Skunk From No Where

## Part 1 (by E.A.)

Matt came home after a 72 hours camp, he was tired, He throw his bag a way,  
ding...Dang...Dong, ...it felt on the bed

Matt said: mom, what do we have for lunch?

His mom answered: if you won't wash your socks, you will take a punch!

Then her mom picked the phone up,

Dialing a store: can you please bring masks for us? We live on 11 block, on the  
top

The salesperson asked: oh, I have brought some for your neighbors,  
Is any problems occurring there?

Matt mom answered with shame: ah.....think a skunk has attacked,  
Now he, oh, I'm sorry IT is at our house back...

At this moment Matt voice spread at the house:

Mom, I think I got a sickness, my socks smells worse that my blouse

Her mom answered with fear, dear, what are you saying I can't hear you,

The salesperson heard their conversation: Mam, who the skunk has attacked to?

Matt's mom wanted to say it's nice, but incorrectly she said ice,

The salesperson answered: wow, I should call the firefighter, they are so wise...

At this moment Matt shout: mom I can't breathe...

She answered: keep it down and talk less!

Then she told the salesperson: no, I can handle it,

I was just confused quite a bit...  
Just bring me the masks,  
Do your duty and task!

She hurry to rescue Matt,  
When she arrived she said: This idiotic camp. Wow look at that....  
Matt said with pain: mom...the socks can't be took off, I think I should say a  
nice goodbye to this life....

Then they heard the house's bell,  
Matt's mom rushed out of that hell.  
Then a man who wore astronauts' cloth appeared,  
'MRS. JO JO, the whole neighborhood is empty, he said...

'Now tell me where is that skunk? Mrs JO JO pointed out and said: what is that  
tank?  
He said: here your masks, and that tank is for supporting, I think this skunk  
came from heaven and it could have wings....

Matt's mom said: yeah you are right, the skunk had wings and set,  
Salesperson said with cheer: I have Federal jets..  
'Eagle 101, the target ran a way,

You can chase it all day... Mrs. JO JO said: I only asked masks,  
I thought it should be a simple task

She shut the door

At the moment matt said: mom call an ambulance

## Part 2 (by E. A.)

The whole city was empty, Matt's face was as blue as sea  
And the whole people were at hospital,  
These events weren't really logical

A group of armed men were looking for skunk,  
They would kill the skunk, this is called sunk

After three hours an ambulance came, Matt's situation was worse but the same  
The doctors came in with pincers and masks,  
Like the people who have entered the masque

As far as the pincers touched Matt's socks,  
Pincers melted, their eyes twirled like the needle's of clocks

One of the doctor's said: the skunk had attacked you before, You have to hide at  
that moment and you must locked the door! !

Mrs said: skunk came from chimney,  
the door was locked,  
The skunk touch my son's socks,  
and now his socks are stocked!

Doctor Newman said: we must help you to breathe,  
But if we give you Oxygen, we ourselves will face the death!

### Part 3 (by B.E.)

Mrs JO JO begged the doctors to "PLEASE" not let Matt die. [Meanwhile the  
Iranian Army, aided by U.S. jets, searched the sky....  
looking for the "winged-skunk" which, in fact, did not exist.] Finally Dr. Newman  
called Russia's Putin, to ask for an assist.

The Russians sent a rescue team, trained at the Chernobyl site.  
With every skill and tool they had, .... with the socks they did fight!  
For three hours the brave Russians kept at their arduous task, while the doctors  
watched from afar, ....behind their protective masks.

Finally one, then both socks were removed....from Matt's poor feet.  
They still gave off a horrendous odor plus lots and LOTS of heat.  
Technicians drove the socks, in a convoy, to a desert retreat, and carefully buried  
them under a hundred tons.....of reinforced concrete! !

A new rumor was spread, that Eagle 101 had shot the damn skunk dead.  
The Iranian and U.S. forces decided not, on that rumor, to tread.  
After ten hours in the air, they finally gave up their search, and most went to



give praise to God....in a mosque or church.

The Iranian, U.S., and Russian leaders took what credit they could get.  
Dr. Newman and the others took showers, ....after hours of sweat.  
The rescue crew was honored in a local parade the next day. Matt and Mrs. JO JO kept quiet; the truth they did not betray.

The salesman got a huge commission.....for all the masks he sold.  
The neighbors all returned to their homes, except for a few who were not bold.  
The hospital and ambulance service took in a lot of money,  
AND Dr. Newman, in a few days, even thought the whole thing was funny.  
Matt's face returned, from blue, to its natural color, tan. Mrs. JO JO opened all the windows wide, and turned on a BIG fan.

Matt finally was breathing normally, and finally got his lunch,  
and from his mom, who'd been deathly worried, he got a big hug, NOT a punch.

(April 2014)

Bri Edwards

# Slow Down; Get Ready; Go! ..... [medical Intervention; Aging Humans; Death; Short; Inspired By S. Katona Poem]

People are not meant to live soooo long,  
and "Don't think each day can be a song! "  
Why I'll BET in that guy's or gal's 102 years,  
medicine has come to 'wipe away tears'.

Here is what i mean by medicine help:

A Caesarian section was needed to whelp.  
Pneumonia was stopped in its tracks.  
Dangerous fevers were lowered with ice packs.

A ruptured spleen was removed just in time.  
Antibiotics prevailed against all sorts of slime.  
Blood pressure meds prevented a stroke.  
A pacemaker was installed in a weary bloke.

Surgery, and chemo or radiation "killed" cancer.  
For some diseases, vaccination was the answer.  
A broken hip? No problem! You're soon up and around;  
no longer will you linger for weeks, then enter the ground.

A stent, a graft, a transplant, or a major excision .....  
prolongs life often. Think hard about it. It's YOUR decision.

(April 6,2015)

Bri Edwards

## Small Gifts: Contributing To Other's Happiness! .... [\*\*; Nov. Challenge Poem Entry; Good Deeds; Kindness; Medium]

You've caught me in a bitchy mood;  
I'll try, as I type, to not be .... too rude.  
Perhaps you'll consider that a gift.  
I don't wish to cause a poet-to-poet rift.

Maybe I should just not now try  
to write a pleasant poem for the BJ guy,  
and the rest of you who are eager to hear  
what I've got to say once I get in gear.

Have you ever said 'don't speak if it ain't nice',  
[or something like that when your mood was ice]?  
But I've started and now this Bri can't quit.  
I hope this poem don't sound like a pile of s++t.

'cause that's what my mood was when I arose,  
after opening my eyes and wiggling my toes,  
to see if, again, I could face yet another day  
of chores and trying to do as my wife does say.

I'll try real hard now to get in the swing  
of just typing and seeing what time will bring.  
Ah, yes. Small gifts and happiness can be nice.  
I too have given small gifts, I think once or twice  
in my lifetime to someone I thought was in need,  
and some happiness I think they brought indeed.

A dollar or two here, a granola bar or banana there.  
A smile and perhaps a few pleasant words I've said.  
I'm a sucker for beggars, at which most just stare;  
I may not shake their hands, but them I do not dread.

Now, before I return to my day which is somewhat dreary,  
I'll mention a small gift I received which made me cheery.

One evening while sorting mail or something such,

a male coworker gave me a gift which, my heart, did touch.  
It was only a paper cup of fresh water to me he offered,  
but besides water, it was kindness to me he proffered.

It was a small gift, most small indeed,  
and, like many gifts, it I did not need.  
Perhaps, having been a prisoner of war,  
he'd been the receiver of such a gift before?  
And perhaps he felt sorry for me as I sat....  
sorting mail to this address or to that.

(November 10, 2014)

Bri Edwards

## Smile ..... [very, Very Short; Not The Same As The Smiles Poem]

Just for now, try to smile. Please don't frown!  
It's not so hard! ! Turn that frown right upside-down.  
Pretend that a circus has just come to town,  
and you're the 'STAR', ..... a smiling, happy clown.

(January 1,2014)

Bri Edwards

# Snake, Lawyer, Stick ..... [divorce; Courtroom Humor? ; Not Personal; Short-Medium]

I tried marriage once, but to it I did not "take".  
It was like struggling with a huge python snake!  
So I got lawyer, "Rick", a partner in Rikki, Tikki, Tavi ....,  
[LLP].  
Rick said that, with "snake"-cases, he was VERY savvy.

Yeah, living with the "snake" nearly stole my breath.  
She kept tightening her hold on me .... almost to death.  
But as the case developed, some problems arose,  
which kept my lawyer Rick ..... on his tippy-toes.

Then, near the end, lawyer Rick nearly .... did fail ME.  
[It might have been a better fate than to .... pay his fee! ]

We went to court and there sat TV's "Judge Judy"! !  
Rick trembled at the sight, but he fulfilled his duty ....  
to me.  
The "snake's" lawyer lied and presented a false witness. NO, two! !  
I got nervous, really nervous. What was I to do?

But the snake got nervous too ....., and screwed up her case,  
for this is what (believe it OR not) [in the court] took place:

The "snake" slithered straight at me, wrapping 'round her coils.  
NOT only was she strangling me, but also emitting foul oils.  
But, as I said, Rick was savvy with "snake"-cases.  
What happened next brought shock to the jurors' faces.

The Snake squeezed me; she squeezed like "heck".  
But Rick jumped up and grabbed the Snake by her neck.  
She was much bigger than snakes tackled before by Rick,  
but she released her coils from me, and I grabbed a great BIG stick.

As Judge Judy and all the jurors (except one: a "snake") ....  
applauded, I beat the snake. I beat the snake for goodness sake.

Together, Rick and I triumphed over "snake-evil" that day,

but ever since that trial, I RUN ..... when a "snake" comes my way.

(June 15, 2015)

Bri Edwards

## Soft ..... [love; Relationships; Life; Soft Things (Of Course!) ]

Soft was the bunny, pulled from his hat of tricks,  
and soft were the marshmallows, we used to roast on sticks.  
Soft was our wedding-gift-comforter, on our bed at night,  
and soft were the vacation clouds, rolling out of sight.  
Soft was the mud, through which our first dog did run,  
and soft were the words my wife Emily spoke, when with our baby she had fun.  
Soft was our Susie's processional music, to my anxious ears,  
and softly down the bride's Mother's cheeks, rolled warm soft tears.  
Soft were my Love's lips sixty years ago, when I first kissed them,  
and softer still became my heart, the day the angels took up my Em.

(Dec.2012)

Bri Edwards



## Solitude - (Almost) - Aka Sitting In A Dusk-Filled Room.... [relaxation; Quiet; Thinking]

With eyes closed and my hands folded up on my lap,  
I'm about as close as I ever come to taking a nap.  
I might fall asleep but for the continuous tap.... tap, tap, tap,  
as, with her delicate fingers, my wife, on her keyboard, does rap.

While composing each stanza I turn out the light,  
and listen to the sounds of the soon-to-be night.  
Outside it's windy and cool but our home is closed up tight,  
and, with help from a sweater and slippers, I'm feeling just right.

Now the tapping has ceased. My wife may be pondering too.  
And from outside there's a muffled sound which may be wind in the trees,  
or a low flying airliner descending or ascending the breeze.  
Of course it could be a mixture of both sounds. This is true.

It's nice for a change, this quietude. I feel almost lazy,  
but I can imagine how forced-solitude might drive someone crazy.  
To have a choice in the matter is a privilege I cherish;  
if I had no choices in life, I think I'd much rather just perish.

Bri Edwards

# Some One Way Streets Are Dead Ends! ....[ Written In Answer To A Message From A P H Friend; S H O R T; Relationship; Sharing Work ]

When two spouses should share responsibility,  
but one does the work of not 1 or 2, but 3....,  
the "one" someday may finally realize....  
it's time to turn around & open eyes,

and seek a street with two-way flow,  
to buck the one-way traffic and then go...  
cruising down a two-way street zoom zoom,  
to find a more suitable partner, bride, or groom!

(February...18th.....2019)

Bri Edwards

# Something Has Been Eating Me! ..... [i'LI Let This Be A Surprise Poem; Personal]

This year I have turned 65?  
Apparently I'm still alive.  
But today will spell the last....  
of much to which I've held fast.

As a kid I enjoyed each sweet treat,  
and getting older I still did eat.....  
pies, and cookies, and also cakes,  
but LESS CANDY, for goodness sakes.

I lost two close friends.....  
when breakdowns caused their ends.  
Where they were is now hollow;  
I swore I would not, them, follow!

I now still eat some sweets,  
but more so fruits and meats,  
AND vegetables galore.  
I'd like to chew some more.

Did I mention my "grinding" past?  
Today it's ME who'll be ground at last.  
Before long, what's left of me will wear a crown,  
but NOT due to any great renown.

Something's been eating ME.\*  
AND today the grinding's NOT for free.  
[Good thing for good dental insurance.  
And I bet that "Bri" is in concurrence.]

(September 23,2013)

Bri Edwards

## Speedo Hole..... [wardrobe Malfunction! ; Humor; Short Enough; Inspired By John Carter Brown's Poem]]

I jumped in the pool. I wore my Speedo;  
I thought my jewels were secured.  
To be modest is my virtuous credo,  
though, my swimsuit, some have demurred.

Ten laps later I got out to off-dry,  
intending to sit ....in poolside lounge chair,  
but then an errant ball I did spy,  
sticking out of a hole .... with some hair.

Yes! My left gonad was all uncovered;  
I wrapped the towel `round and went to loo.  
Had anyone else, my errant ball, discovered?  
I checked to be sure that I still had two.

Two were there I found, to my great relief;  
that one had gone wandering made me laugh.  
I turned suit inside out. Problem solved, my belief.  
Hole was now on right, and right ball was bigger by half.

Yes! When I was born the doctor said to my dear Dad:  
'Your boy's right gonad is huge; 50% more than the right! '  
My Mom was almost too tired to care, but she was glad ....  
that I had the normal number of what's-usually-out-of-sight.

Well, I was correct. My right gonad stayed within the Speedo,  
though a bit of it was showing through the silly hole.  
I returned to the pool, bending a little my above credo.  
I never had thought my rightie would come in handy, bless my soul!

(February 6, 2015)

Bri Edwards

## Spider Prey/Spider's Prey/Spiders' Prey (Take Your Pick) ..... [long, But Worth It I Hope; Personal Spider-Fantasy; Humour/Humor? ]

As I was taking a shower today,  
a story came to me,  
about how I could become Spider Prey,  
and nevermore be free.

I was in the basement bathroom....  
as our main bathroom's being changed.  
You may think my story's not plausible;  
you may think that I'm deranged.

Spiders are ancient creatures,  
if you believe the "fossil clues".  
They've eight legs each and produce strands of silk,  
sticky like some glues.  
Some are very tiny and...  
some are very huge.  
Many a meal they capture,  
using subterfuge.

They also have more eyes than we have,  
and fangs like those.... of some snakes.  
Some can run very fast, and some....  
can jump... for goodness sakes!  
We have our share in our new house;  
we had more at the last.  
If I were a fly caught in a spider's web,  
I'm sure I'd look aghast.

So here I was, minding my business,  
commencing to take a shower,  
when, with no great surprise mind you,  
I spied a spider which seemed to cower....  
up near the shower stall ceiling, way up on the wall.  
To me it seemed hesitant,  
not knowing where to crawl.

Now, you understand I weigh two hundred pounds...

and stand near six feet tall,  
SO that spider seemed NO threat to me;  
it was feather-weight and oh so small!  
Granted, if I'd placed it under a magnifying glass,  
it would have been a SIGHT,  
but, under the given circumstances,  
I thought it was ME who gave HIM a fright.

So I was rinsing my back with water,  
observing how it did move.  
But my comfort zone, as I thought of it,  
was not large enough, it soon would prove.  
I turned my back on the arachnid,  
and proceeded to enjoy the man-made rain,  
when, all of a sudden, in my left buttock....  
I experienced an awful pain.

I almost fell down to the tub floor;  
that's as great as the pain WAS.  
I glanced back and spied the spider retreating,  
its body covered.... with black fuzz.  
Earlier I'd thoughts of spraying the spider...  
and washing it down the drain.  
Now I cursed the mercy I'd shown; NOW....  
I had let "The Beast", the advantage gain.

A warm numbness started to overtake me.  
I'd no time to call nine-eleven.  
Could this be the END of me? Could this be....  
my "time" for Hell or Heaven?  
My wife was nowhere near, even if....  
my weak voice could stir a cry.  
Was there no help to be had? Why didn't I spray....  
the spider first? .... Why, oh why, oh WHY?

As I sank down to my knees, I inadvertently....  
shut off the water flow.  
Then I saw them coming: an Army of Spiders.  
Oh Horror! Oh no, oh NO!  
There must have been dozens; NO, at least....  
hundreds to tell the truth.  
"The Beast" was directing his soldiers,

leading them like Baseball's immortal Ruth.

There were big spiders, small spiders,  
spiders plain and spiders fancy.  
There were short-legged ones, long-legged ones,  
and one female spider.... named Nancy.  
[I would have introduced myself;  
befriending "the foe" might help,  
but, as I was wrapped in sticky strands,  
I became like a helpless pup (a whelp) .]

"The Beast" [I later learned his name was Charles]...  
took on an air of calm,  
but I, wrapped up like a mummy,  
was decidedly in need of balm.  
The pain had luckily subsided quickly,  
and the numbness was now quite mild,  
but there I lay on the tub floor, soaking wet,  
and I cried.... like a child.

I thought they would just leave me there.  
[At least the silk kept me warm, and....  
as quickly as they first appeared,  
the Army left me..... in a swarm.]  
I tried to gather my wits together,  
which proved an impossible task.  
"The Beast" approached me face-to-face, and....  
I had a question but I..... WAS AFRAID TO ASK.

I wanted to ask him if I'd live or die,  
if the Army would return to dine.  
He just looked me in my two eyes (with his six) ....  
and said "There you are, YOU SWINE! "  
That made me pretty mad,  
adding insult to my compromised state.  
Then he said (can he read minds too?) ,  
'You're lucky this time. We just ate.'

He left me there. What was I to do?  
It was nearly 7 p.m.  
[I expected my wife home late.  
Would SHE come back first, .... OR THEM? ]

I must have dozed off for a bit;  
how I managed that I do not know.  
It was then I saw the Army returning.  
First a few, then their number did grow.

And now they were not alone! Oh, NO! ;  
they'd brought some creepy-crawly friends.  
It began to remind me of a nightmare horrible,  
a nightmare that never ends.  
Again I felt a sharp pain in my butt,  
which seems to be the target of choice.  
I started to feel more drowsy now....  
and less aware, .... for which I did rejoice.

Who knew what was in store for me next?  
I dared not hazard a guess.  
"If I survive this, " I told myself,  
"I'll get an exterminator." What a mess! !  
"The Beast" directed, in Spider Speak,  
the Army to cinch my bindings tighter.  
As I felt my body being lifted I heard some spider....  
MOAN... "I wish he was much lighter! "

I must have passed out at that point.  
I came to when the medics arrived.  
My wife, dear wife, had finally come home...  
and found me, and, golly, I had survived.  
She told me later that when she came home...  
a little black spider met her.  
He'd told her she should go check the....  
downstairs bathroom. [She put on a sweater.]

She went down the steep, dark stairs,  
a perplexed expression on her face.  
What she found there caused her to laugh OUT LOUD.  
Think of my DISGRACE!  
There I was, wrapped oh so tight in silk,  
hanging from the shower curtain rod.  
Now whenever I dare to take a walk up our street,  
the neighbors just look at me.. and WINK... and NOD.

(November 21,2013)



Bri Edwards

## Spider, Spinning, Smiling..... [spider; Short; Humor; Revenge; Creation; Fantasy]

The big black and hairy spider  
slipped quickly up beside her.  
She, a helpless buzz-less fly,  
had landed on web; I knew not why.

'Welcome to my lair my beauty.  
You certainly are a little cutie.  
But, wait! What is that you've got?  
Oh, my god! I think I've been shot! '

'Serves you right, you lousy brute!  
It's death for you, but first, pain to boot!  
Last week my brother came buzzing by.  
You ate him and now each night I cry.'

The spider, as he was sinking fast,  
managed to speak with his last gasp.  
'I'm sorry for your grief, and I don't lie;  
I was created to eat what does fly by.'

(October 12, 2014)

Bri Edwards

## Spread Thin We Are..... [ Keeping In Touch With Other Poets & Their Poems On P H; Short ]

Loke Kok yee, how art thee? ?  
I guess,2 U, it's so plain to see..  
that I have paid little heed to you,  
of late, and vice versa is in fact true,

..unless you've read, but don't tell..  
that you read my stuff & love it well.  
My guess is we are both 'Spread Thin',  
aka &quot;have too little time&quot;!We can't win...

..... the never-ending battle 'gainst time! !  
Did U notice that I still can make lines rhyme?

(July....1.....2018)

Bri Edwards

# Steve, Of 'The White Helmets': A Wonder On The Field! ? ? ...[ Geneva High School (N. Y.)sports; Basically All True; Longish; Humorous ]

Bobo\*\* said (in a low voice) :"Hey Steve, what the Hell ya doin'? Spit out that 'bacco, as I shall allow MY players NO chewin'.... unless it's just Double Bubble, and then you've got to share. Bring some tomorrow, here to Rm.218; bring it to my chair."

The next day just before the first bell, Steve BROUGHT the gum. But he wasn't looking happy 'bout fact...Steve looked glum! But Mr. Manners had a smile on his most cherubic face. Yes he did. "Put the gum here in this pile, son.I guess you're not such a bad KID.... after all.

BUT, .... the other day, at 'practice', you checked Achilles TOO damn hard. His dad's a doctor, & big sports fan. So, from now on, be on your guard. No more checking severely, UNLESS, of course, it's against Penn Yan. THEN check THEM....as hard as is barely-legal.I'm SURE you understand.... what I mean."

Steve bowed his head [but DID I see him smile? ].He went and sat down, not too far from Sue & Jim, Dave & Harry, Linda &.....Brian, the class clown. I once saw Steve on the playing field, but I admit it was only in yearbook pics. I thought it'd looked kind of funny....to see almost-grown men carrying sticks,

..... tossing a white ball back and forth, and SOMETIMES into a netted "goal".

I'm trying now to recall if, also on the lacrosse team was "a twin", Mike Troll.

I imagine Mike was somewhere else, tinkering with a carburetor, OR perhaps a clutch.

[Mike's twin sister Margie was ONE of the girls in High School I "admired" much.]

But I'd be remiss if I failed to also recall the yellow bloomers worn (once?)by P. Ilacqua.

She was, by far, one of the cutest girls...between Lake George and Lake Chautauqua! !

I'd mention more names, but I've probably gone "too far" already!I'm

SO &quot;bad&quot;;.

Maybe it's one reason I've been divorced the way all my ex's are now SO sad....  
to have lost me! ! !

OH!Back to Steve Wojchowski and his stellar sports career on the lacrosse field.  
[But 1st, I apologize to both Mr. M's, wrestling coaches, for when I used to  
yield.....

too easily to my wrestling rivals on &quot;the mat&quot;;.I sure saw a LOT of the  
gym ceiling! ]

OOPS!I'm a , I see on Google that's not right, but it sure has 'feeling'.

[OOPS! I said because I thought the word meant I got 'off track', couldn't  
concentrate,

couldn't 'stay on' Steve's performance on a lacrosse field; is it getting so damn  
late? ]

Recently I read poems Steve (says he)wrote in Geneva High School, his senior  
year in....'66,

telling of his trials AND triumphs as a &quot;White Helmet&quot;;, .....playing  
with balls and sticks.

One 'trial' it seems was &quot;running to Oaks Corners&quot;;; I walked through  
there.....

on my way to the horse racetrack!

AND &quot;cross checks and slashes&quot;; caused Steve &quot;pain&quot;;.But,  
was it as embarrassing.....AS

..... it was for me on MY back! ?

One poem goes on to say that lacrosse was making &quot;a savage out of  
me&quot;;.It's sad, I say!

Perhaps it prepared him for carrying mail, a career HE made for himself another  
day?

Now he's retired and seems quite content, 'traveling', then going 'Homeward  
Bound'.

I wonder if he still writes (poems) .If so, I'll bet publishers galore, Steve, do  
hound....

for the publishing rights to his 'newer poems', as well as for his high school  
&quot;artifacts&quot;;.

Hm?Or is he, instead, mostly traveling, drinking beer and munching LOTS of  
snacks?

&quot;Thanks&quot;;, Steve for the entertainment, and &quot;Thanks&quot;;,  
Phyllis, for sending each poem.

Did Spurgeon B. Wuertenberger make some of us what we are? IF so, we owe 'im.

But I'd guess many of us should also thank: parents, church, scouts, and teachers,  
all of whom steered some of us to being 'soldiers', mail carriers, OR....even preachers.

(September...1st...2018)

=====

P.S.

Interestingly enough, in my research to find how to spell (correctly) "OUR" principal's name: ....[remember: Principal is our Pal; Principle is a Rule! ].....I found that the 'current' assistant principal is also a 'sandwich': Nathan Schneckenburger. Ok! One was a "berger" and one is a "burger".

AND I FOUND:

"In 1863, Geneva schools were desegregated."

AND I FOUND:

"On November 6, 1900, the Geneva High School football team set a football scoring record, defeating Weedsport High School 109 to 0 on Hobart Field in Geneva"

brian:)

Bri Edwards

# Steve's &quot; Best Cellar&quot;;, (3-Minute Novel) .... An A D D E N D U M ....[ What Really Happened; Depression Treatment; A Bit Long; Fiction ]

In my poem 3-Minute Novel: &quot;Steve's Best Cellar&quot;;, Steve died.  
A reader disliked the 'sadness'.I'll correct that now, or know I've tried.

In his &quot;best cellar&quot;;, a &quot;bullet blew a hole through Steve's  
brain&quot;;.

That's how the first poem had been under strain.

His life's work, writing, was wife was ALONE.

To no therapist would he basically was on his own.

Now hear this:I was only kidding; Steve was surely NOT dead.

Suicide has crossed his mind, but thoughts of death filled him with dread.

He'd been drinking [ and smoking dope ], but in kitchen, AND Tim was there,  
Tim, his faithful dog, ...with its long, shining red hair.

Steve had fallen asleep, but he awoke when his glass [ BANG! ] hit the floor.  
He'd a dream, a horrid dream to be sure, ....but nothing more!

But now the tide turned for swallowed his pride, and called a  
&quot;shrink&quot;;.

And he took up his writing with renewed energy, with pen & ink.

[ OK!With his PC. ]

If he 'needed' some booze, dope, or porn, he'd keep Tim at his side.

Tim would remind him of at least one thing he'd miss ....IF he died.

He had a visit with a top 'head-doctor' near Hollywood.

He preferred avoiding publicity; he would if he could.

Dr. Haslitt greeted him warmly, then got right to the point:

&quot;Why are you here, Mr. Martin? &quot;Steve asked: &quot;May I light a  
joint? &quot;

NO joint (Cannabis cigarette)was smoked at his first visit.

[ The doctor offered coffee or tea. ]Mostly Steve did fidget.

They got an outline of Steve's problem after their first hour.  
Steve still was not comfortable giving up what little "power" ....  
he had.

Weekly visits were took his own Diet Coke,  
and now and then "Doctor John"; would let, Steve, a joint smoke.

After two months Dr. Haslitt announced a two-week vacation.  
"My associate can see you, if you 's a 'psych-sensation'.  
Steve was no misogynist aka he did not object to women.  
And hearing "sensation" set Steve's 'lonely' mind to swimmin'.

"Swimming", that is, with thoughts of having a doctor 'curvy'.  
But Steve felt he could control his libido, and not be 'nervy' \*\*.

So Steve took Dr. June Allison's number, and called later that day.  
His first visit was set for three weeks from then, scheduled by AI.  
He'd already looked her up on WAS a "looker";.  
she was in a pantsuit, but Steve thought "she could pass as a  
hooker";.

[ "Stop that!" Steve thought to himself, but for three whole weeks  
....  
Steve dreamed/dreamt of 'June' in a halter top, with rosy cheeks. ]

Dr. June Allison: B.A. Wesleyan, M.S. Notre Dame, M.D. and Ph.D. Yale.  
But would she make more progress than Haslitt? Only time would tell.  
At first visit She offered Him a joint, legal in their state.  
Steve hesitated at first, then next visit, he 'could not wait'.

[ Dr. Allison was married (three kids) , and made it VERY clear ....  
that Steve was a 'client'. From thoughts of 'romance' he should steer clear. ]

He'd made an appointment with Haslitt also, but canceled DID.  
June made a list of areas for Steve to work on to, his loneliness, be rid.  
Between visits he should contact at least two relatives or two friends.



He should reach out to his ex-wife ONCE and try to make amends.

"Try going to dinner with a colleague, joining a social group, perhaps a club.

Take walks in parks, write in a library sometimes, visit a local pub."

AND she said: "Be sure to email me each and every week.

Your email doesn't need to be long, covering topics of which we speak.

Don't ignore your writing, but open up your world; meet more people.

Perhaps try a religious service, under a minaret, tent, or a steeple."

Steve was inspired by Dr. Allison's outgoing he became.

At first he had trouble fact, at it, he was quite 'lame'.

But perseverance paid off in the returned to Judaism.

On the YMCA handball courts he played with great enthusiasm.

There he met partnered and both "out of the closet" came.

His career took an his ex-wife and he absolved each other of blame.

(January 29th & February 5th...2019)

\*\* nervy:1.

INFORMAL•NORTH AMERICAN

Bold or impudent.

Bri Edwards

## 'Stop Picking On Me! ' .....[ Man Meets Nature, Close-Up; Humor? ; Very Short]

I woke up, on my back, staring at the sky,  
to find a vulture staring back. I knew not why.  
Of a sudden, it hissed, flapped its wings, did NOT fly.  
I said 'Shit! You're a vulture', and it plucked out one eye.  
Just ONE eye, mind you, but it still ....made me cry.

(June 20, 2016)

Bri Edwards

## Sunday Gal, With No Knickers\* ..... [humor; Risqué; Short-Medium; Ph-Inspired]

As the Vicar ascended the church pulpit,  
to give his weekly God-inspired talk,  
he peered out over the congregation,  
and at one young gal his eyes did balk.

In the front pew, a rough wooden bench,  
sat a comely young maid, an Indian wench.  
Her skirt was pulled up above her raised knees,  
and what the Vicar saw ..... made him wheeze.

Or what he thought he saw, perhaps i should say,  
a church rat peeking from between the gal's thighs.  
But before he would speak, he began to pray.....  
that something was playing a trick on his eyes.

It was then he noticed the mischievous smile  
on the girl's face; it'd been there the whole while.  
She hitched her skirt higher; his heart then did pound.  
He found himself staring at ..... her pubic hair mound.

It was not just the Vicar, but some men in the choir,  
who, staring intently, ..... all had their souls set on fire.  
She had dared to come to church, wearing NO knickers,  
which caused two men to die, ..... WHEN it stopped their tickers

(November 11, 2014)

\*panties/underwear

Bri Edwards

## Tattoo (Mine) ..... [personal Tattoo; End-Of-Life Decision)

I suppose it's been around for thousands of years:  
'inking' pictures, designs, or words on skin..... from ankles to ears.  
Hearts, and skulls, tigers, and snakes,  
"MOM", and swastikas.....for goodness sakes!  
Many are prominently placed and are often seen,  
while others, noticed less often, are placed in places 'obscene'.

Mine says NO CPR and lies beneath hair on my chest.  
Someday it may help me to be quietly put to rest.  
CPR: Cardiopulmonary Resuscitation.  
I guess it has its place in this age and nation,  
but not for me.....I hope. I've lived long and well.  
I'm ready to go, perhaps to Heaven, ....perhaps to Hell.

Encircling NO CPR are words over which Death can drool:  
"Donate body to nearest medical school."

A 'med' school is not near now, .....  
but to an incinerator I'll go, I vow.  
I hope doctors honor my sincere-tattoo request,  
and let my body slip into a long, sweet, and contented rest.

(September 28,2013)

Bri Edwards

# The Big One: "California Is Subsiding Into The Ocean! "....[ Earthquake! ! ; For My Brother " D ", In New York State; An " Eye Witness Report";;Fantasy;Me Killing Time ]

Don, I tried calling when California's BIG ONE .....hit,

but there was 'no service' on phone, so I quit ....

.....trying to call you.

BUT, if there'd been 'service' I may have said:

"Holy Mackerel! God save us, or we'll BE all .....dead! !

It's brother s for taking my call.

The "End" is upon us, for surely all shall FALL ....

.....into the Pacific, and NONE of us will survive!

It's 2: 30 P.M. here; there in New York, it's half ...

...past five.

The noise IS so thunderous, the shaking's SO ....SEVERE! !

We and our neighbors are filled with MUCH .....FEAR,

and a certainty that our lives are now SO over.

Soon we'll be 'pushing up daisies', perhaps also ....clover! ! !

The sirens (a few)are beginning to wail NOW,

but, to reach us, 'emergency workers' will need a PLOW,

.....(a huge one!) .

But there are NO 'plows' which can ever survive ...

....the destruction around us; & we'll NOT BE .... alive ....

....even if they CAN get to our shredded street,

once a fine neighborhood so quiet AND so neat! !

So this is: 'Goodbye'.Say: 'Hello', to your wife.

IF we ever meet again, it WON'T be in THIS .....life!

Bye-bye.&quot;

(click)

(August ...30th ...2018 ....2: 33 P.M. Pacific Time)



# The 'body Size Advantages' Quartette.....[long; Human Body Size And Behavior; Humor? ]

## The Advantages of Being Fat

Some may laugh when they read this title,  
since for many American females (and males) slimness is an idol.  
I admit a fat figure doesn't make me smile;  
I'm attracted more easily, physically, to the anorexic style.  
I know not all will think the same,  
and some may think my thinking's lame,  
but I believe it's true for both fat men and women  
that in their lives less breaks they're given.

I don't mean grossly obese like a hippo,  
but with REALLY BIG love handles, not just a ripple.  
I myself could stand to lose some pounds.  
It's not as easy as to some it sounds.

But I've taken up the task so now I must  
speak of 'Advantages' of being fat. It's that or bust.:  
Being fat can help anchor you in a storm,  
and extra layers of fat in winter helps to keep you warm.  
On a bus you can hold more stuff on your lap,  
and few would dare to give your face a slap.  
You can forge your way right through a crowd  
and command attention without being loud.  
You can push open doors that are heavy or stuck  
and rock out of a muddy rut your pickup truck.  
You can set a bowl of ice cream on your belly while in bed,  
then, later, after ice cream, offer your navel-cushion to your lover's head.

Well I guess those are the 'Advantages' I can think of now.  
A little applause would be nice when I take my bow.

## The Advantages of Being Slender

When I think of someone, male or female, who is slender,  
I picture someone who drinks each meal from a blender.  
For breakfast there's wheat germ mixed with yogurt and with cherry juice.



For lunch almonds and prunes all chopped well, but not very loose.  
Supper boasts broccoli, yams, and small portions of a goose.  
(Snacks are juices of celery and carrots, and kiwi and peach.)

In America we often hear the 'benefits of being slender',  
yet McDonalds feeds more people than are fed from a blender.  
It's no wonder. To hear how many are poor in U.S. is quite a shock,  
while McDonalds, with its dollar menu, is found on many a block.  
But I must start listing 'Advantages of Being Slender', as I watch my clock.  
(I'll try to be honest and from the truth not far reach.)

I'm not referring to people who are nearly just bones and skin,  
but those without love handles. Call them not skinny, but thin.  
I mean like Cher in her twenties, and perhaps President Obama;  
those staring from fashion magazine covers, not a fat mama.

Though things have changed in this country from when I was growing,  
I believe men and women often 'do better' when less fat is showing.  
It may not be 'cause and effect'. Could it be my imagination?  
But perhaps those who are thinner get 'better' jobs in this nation.

And just carrying less weight gives them more space  
as they participate daily in our human race.  
They've more room in store aisles, airline seats, and in bed,  
and less reason, when the elevator arrives, to a-lack-of-space dread.

They can have more choices and maybe spend less money when shopping for  
clothes.  
They may also save money if they need to eat less. Who knows?

And think of the benefits 'they' say being slim has for one's health:  
less joint pain, heart stress, diabetes. Leave the meds on the shelf!  
And with better health, not only should one feel physically fitter,  
but, growing older, you've less chance of again needing a 'sitter'.

### The Advantages of Being Tall

I've written the advantages of being fat and of being slender.  
Now, to you, the advantages of being tall I'll render.  
I'm thinking six foot seven or so; not a giraffe.  
I'm 'bout 5 foot 10, give or take a half.

And when I think tall I think also of long arms and hands,  
which could be a plus on B-ball courts and beach volleyball sands,  
or to reach food dishes rather than saying 'pass it please',  
or, while playing the piano, to reach more keys.

Being tall can help you to find your car in a big parking lot,  
and to open those small near-the-ceiling windows when it's hot.  
Changing closet light bulbs or hanging a picture on a wall  
can be done more easily by someone who is tall.

Dusting the top of a refrigerator, picking lemons for lemonade,  
seeing what's on the highest shelf, watching a parade,  
pruning small trees, or adjusting the spray in a shower stall.  
All these jobs are easier for someone who is tall.

So I guess you get the idea by now, don't you?  
Of course there are also advantages to being short; it's true!  
And now writing of those is what I'll do.

### The Advantages of Being Short

'Short' contains MORE letters than 'long', or 'big', or 'tall',  
but 'short', unlike those, means LESS, just like 'small'.  
Here I speak of a height around 5-1 or 5-2;  
not as short as a midget or dwarf, it's true.

If you wish to be a horse jockey, short's what you want to be,  
but you may not be short enough to get a meal for free.  
And though perhaps it is bad luck, you can walk beneath a ladder;  
just keep hoping the painter above you doesn't splatter.

You could more easily read the labels on the lowest grocery shelves,  
and near year's end get a job as one of Santa Claus's elves.  
You could fit more easily into an Army tank or a Navy sub.  
You'd probably have a better time bathing in a bathing tub.

In hotel beds you'd have more room to move around your feet,  
and in general I think you'd spend less cash on what you buy to eat.  
You'd have more under-sink room for yourself and plumbing tool.  
You'd have less chance of hitting bottom when diving in a pool.

Like my wife, buying clothes you may save money and have a bigger selection,

because, being short, you can buy some clothes in a store's children's section.  
You'll be more protected from rain under your umbrella,  
and be less often struck by lightning than a taller fella.

And now for you short people who have wished to have more height,  
you can now see, as I see, that your height is quite all-right.

(Oct.+ Nov.2012)

Bri Edwards

# The English Word....Fuch .....[english Words; Freedom]h; Personal

I probably never used such a word till I was out of college,  
working with a much older man whose mind and mouth were filled with cussing  
knowledge.

I learned quickly, and some of the words were labeled then 'four letter'.  
Fuch has four letters, but some longer words, like 'cobsucker', are even 'better'.

Is your mouth now opened wide (in shock) ? Are your ears still ringing?  
Or are fond memories, of past experiences, my cussing to you bringing?  
Or perhaps your religious/morality beliefs cause you to wish me a deadly  
surprise.

If so, perhaps I'd say 'Once you saw the title, you should have averted your  
eyes.'

No, REALLY, if you are offended by this poem, I apologize sincerely,  
But I cling to the supposed American 'right of free speech'. I DO, most dearly.

Besides, what IS so wrong with using the word fuch? Tell me if you can.  
If used in the sexual sense, it simply refers to a natural act which has created  
every man .....  
(and woman) ..... [until other means of fertilizing a human egg were found].

AND when used in a way to express anger, foolishness, wastefulness, or  
something incorrect,  
a conservation of the speaker's words and lung-effort I do thereby detect.

So please don't get upset if I use four-letter words like turb, shib, cund, or twaq.  
For some of us married American males, it's one of the few freedoms we've still  
got.

Bri Edwards

# The Lettuce And Burger Address.....[long; Humor; Capitalism]

Four months and seven days ago me an' my brother Joe here brought to 'yas' a new diner with both sugar AND Equal, and catsup for all.

Our competition (ha ha) cut prices to pressure us, but we countered with a new menu.....and topless waitresses.

There have been some skirmishes as some 'a' 'ya', our customers know. But Joe and me are diner veterans and 'in for a penny, in for a pound', as Mom used to say.

Remember not all diners, meaning businesses, are created equal to US, but all diners, meaning people, ARE equal to US, and we plan 'ta' come out on top. Many 'a' 'yas' been good and loyal customers for weeks, and Joe and me got our Grand Opening Week, comin' Sunday through Saturday. As always we got free medium sodas and coffee, one per customer. And for those with five holes me or Joe punched in your loyalty cards, you each receive a free dessert 'wit' purchase of any entrée (17 dollars or more)

How 'da ya' like that folks? Pretty swell, huh?

Tuesday and We'nesday we got live music, Jazz Tuesday and Blue Grass We'nesday.

In the future we might get live music all the time; free for loyal customers; three bucks a head for them without cards. Nice, huh? You betcha!

Remember loyalty cards is always available from our lovely wait staff. Take a LOW bow girls. Nice!

Burgers and hots will still be our featured items on the menu.

We got six kinds 'a' burgers and three kinds 'a' hots.

All them come with fries or onion rings and coleslaw or 'tato salad; hot sauce me and Joe got for 'yas' too. Nice, huh?

But Joe and me (we're buddies as well as bro's 'ya' know?) plan 'ta' expand the choices to please our customers even more. That's you folks. Fish and chips, cold sandwiches, and chili and takeout are maybe comin'.

We plan a great run here, Joe and me, see, as we continue to serve 'ya', our friends.

We might branch out to other locations as our competitors (ha ha) wise up  
and go belly up.....'fore they owe too much dough 'ta' ev'ryone.

(That's when they know they can't beat me and my brother here.)

There's been talk 'bout lawsuits 'bout our girls' attire (or lack of it) but Joe and  
me got the city boys in our pockets. (ha ha)  
Never forget we love all 'yas', our loyal customers.

And don't forget our new address here: 1200 Oceanside Avenue..this place here.  
Tell your people about our great food. Thanks a bunch. Lunch too.  
(Nov.2012)

Bri Edwards

# The Lie That Is Bri Edwards.... [ Don't Believe A Word I Say; Tongue-In-Cheek? ]

You think you know this fine poet, Bri,  
but don't believe it.I'll tell you why:

I'm NOT the handsome dude you all love,  
and I've not come....from Heaven above!  
&quot;My&quot; photo's of an actor, NOT famous.  
I'm NOT J.C., Moses, or even an Amos.

I've NOT been wed thrice, .... not even once.  
I'm NOT real smart; I'm truly a true dunce.  
I do NOT eat ice , NOT ever.  
I'm NOT witty, NOT even a bit clever.

My writing's NOT ve, you, me!  
NOR is it serious!I'll NOT.. deceive thee.  
I have NOT worked a single day in my life,  
and I'm ALWAYS happy.I deal with NO strife!

I don't give a D-A-M-N how you all write.  
Poor grammar?NO problem!I'll NOT fight...  
...to make corrections/, NO.  
However YOU write, I will 'go with YOUR flow'.

But the biggest lie of my poor life is THIS:  
I'm the biggest 'lyingist' poet here.[Kiss, kiss! ! ]

(August....14...2019)

Bri Edwards

# The Man In The Checkered Shirt .... [outward Appearances; Human Ones; My Thoughts; Medium]

As I sat in car at downtown curb,  
I wondered with what title I'd disturb ...  
the readers of this poem.

I glanced into the rear-view mirror,  
and what do you think did appear?  
A man in a checkered shirt.

I don't believe I've ever met the man.  
I don't know if he's a Mark, Tom, or Stan.  
But I see he is quite young.

His hair on head is dark and short.  
I wonder "Does he play a sport? "  
I'll likely never know.

Is he married or is he single?  
Is he a loner or does he mingle?  
I'll likely never know.

His sleeves are short, he wears no hat.  
He looks neat, well-shaved, and kind of fat.  
These could be some clues?

It's cool and breezy, and clouded over.  
I think he's a local native, not a rover.  
Of this I'm somewhat sure.

BUT, looks may not help me discover .....  
what's he's ABOUT inside his "cover".  
I mean he could be student OR teacher,  
architect, barber, OR church preacher.  
He could be unemployed OR "filthy rich",  
live in a mansion, OR in a tent which he does pitch.  
He may speak English, French, OR be a mute.  
He may walk to work OR by bus commute.  
He may be happy, sad, OR in between.



He may be super-macho (like me) OR a drag queen ....  
[at times].

He may be nice, he may be mean, OR, ....  
like I said above, he may be in between.  
He might eat red meat at least once a day,  
OR he might live his life the vegan way.  
He may pray to God OR pray to the Devil,  
OR eschew "those things", and just in Nature revel.  
He may be called a genius OR called "stupid".  
He may have a 'Love' OR fend off Cupid.

So, you see, "looks" show what's on one's surface,  
but to reveal the "whole person" ..... "looks" may serve NO purpose.

(May 22, 2015)

Bri Edwards

## The Pebble (Boink) .....[nature; Short; Humor; Birds]

For ten thousand years, on a lofty mountain ledge, the shiny pebble sat,  
until this afternoon when a brazen raven.....dropped it squarely on my hat.  
I guess I had it coming, as I planned to steal chicks from her nest.  
Soooo...I decided I'd give up for now, ... and hike back home to rest.

But, as I turned to walk away,  
I turned to Raven and this did say:  
"Raven I respect your concern,  
but I had come ..... to ONLY learn.  
I work for the university, and ...  
I'm writing about bird diversity."

"So what? ", croaked back the raven.  
"This rocky outcrop is a our haven.  
Go pedal your wares somewhere else,  
or I'll eat you up, as if you're a mouse! "

Then the raven picked up another stone,  
and prepared for it to be [at me] thrown.  
"OK! I'm going, Raven, but may I say,  
I'd like to talk to you again someday.  
Perhaps when you're not so busy with chicks?  
You could tell me how to make a nest of sticks! "

The raven's feathers then got VERY ruffled.  
What she said next [to me? ] was too muffled ...  
(by gusty winds) ..... for me to hear WELL, but...  
I think she croaked VERY loudly: "GO TO HELL! "

NOW, ....although I've forgiven the offending bird....[who's croaking now with  
glee],  
I'll tweak her beak unmercifully.....if she drops, again, a stone on me!

Bri Edwards

# The Poem Includes Not Allowed Words. Please Contact Us. \*\*\*

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(April...1st...2019)

Bri Edwards

# The Rape(S) That Didn' T Go As Planned.....[very Long; Lust; Humor; Drama]

When I was 22 I met a girl,17, who was very slim and pretty. She was kind of shy and had bad breath, but once she let me touch one titty. Except for the bad breath and shyness she was my dream girl, I swear. In fact from that day, when I dreamt, I dreamt of her (in underwear) .

One Sunday eve I drove her quite a distance, to a place in the dark; it was a seldom-used but well-kept San Mateo County park. I thought ahead about my plan as we hiked on down a trail. I had plenty of beer and a blanket. I knew my plan would not fail.

We spread out our blanket on a soft secluded patch of beach. We each opened a can of beer and kept the rest within our reach. I was already quite aroused but I kept it in my pants. After 2 or 3 more beers each, we both got up to dance.

Back on the blanket once more, I decided I had waited long enough; it was now or NEVER!  
My plan was calculated, because I am so very clever.

When she was daydreaming I pulled out some gauze, and a vial of chloroform. (The stars were out, the moon shown brightly, the sea was calm, and the evening warm.)  
Then I quickly poured some liquid on the gauze and clamped it to her face. But I only used a little bit as I did not wish to have a murder now take place.

When she was limp, I pulled my pants off (but kept shoes on) , and lowered my 'boxer shorts' a little.  
I took a quick peek at her tits and then exposed her middle. I got on her then and knew she could NOT be shy NOW. I was pumping her good and hard, like I'd seen a bull do to a cow. [Of course I put my swollen member in a latex condom first, not wanting to spread disease or impregnate. Which would be worse? ]

But suddenly I had to pee but I had NO time to withdraw, and I peed a mighty pee inside her. Some of it flowed from her, like yellow new-mown straw.

I was shocked then when she opened up her eyes and looked me in the face.  
My God what could I do now, I thought; she might spray me with some Mace.

Instead she reached up and grabbed my neck with an amazingly strong arm.  
I shouted out 'I love you girl. NOT a hair of you I'll harm! '

I'd never treated a girl rudely before, unless you count that whore.  
That one (she was 29) loved sex, and always yelled out for more.  
That's what really turned me off to the tart; I hate feeling I'm being used.  
Every time I fucked her she screamed for more and MORE. Finally I REFUSED.

Now my friend on the blanket said 'mount me from behind RIGHT NOW!  
Then you can really feel what it's like to be inside a cow.'

(She must have been reading my mind before, when she'd been out like a light.)

I really didn't like being ordered around but how could I resist?  
Besides the thought of something new was luring me, and she did INSIST.

And so I let her get on hands and knees and I leaned some on her back.  
I aimed my swollen member at her gaping hole and gave her quite a whack.  
But my better judgment said that 'to stop and leave there would be best'.  
Perhaps.

(For what followed the next half hour, I wish I could have a memory lapse.)

Her vaginal walls clamped ahold of me with more strength than I care to  
remember;

the last time that happened to me was with the whore, last November.

I thought to say but didn't 'please stop. You are hurting me! '

But it seemed clear to me by then that she did NOT intend to let me free.

I tried to pull away from her. It began to really REALLY HURT.

But somehow, from her back-to-me position, she grabbed ahold of my new shirt.

I tried again by pleading loudly 'PLEASE MY LOVE, let me go right now.'

To that she responded 'don't you remember DEAR? YOU treated ME first like a  
COW!

Can't you take your own medicine Mr. BULL? '... , and

with that she began to TWIST and PULL. (HARD!)

Again I failed to talk her into stopping.

I envisioned that my balls both would soon be popping.

Then somehow I managed to reach down and pull off my right shoe.  
I hit her lightly on the head, but she only called out 'I want more; I do I DO! '  
To my horror the pain escalated even MORE in my cock.  
I felt it was in a machine made for crushing rock.

I hit her a bit harder but she never let me loose.  
My member felt as though it were a murderer hanging from a noose.  
Then I got my left shoe off, and with BOTH shoes I hit her GOOD!  
My God her strength was unreal! She must pump iron each day in the 'hood.

And then I thought of a new begging line, and I said 'I've got to get up early. I  
NEED my sleep.'

I was then amazed when, a moment later, she released her grip and let me get  
up....., without a peep.

(She must have remembered her homework. Maybe she too needed to get up  
early?)

In this country's present economic downturn time,  
many need to clock in early at work to make a dime.

We walked back to the car after she turned me loose,  
but, as I walked ahead of her, several times she gave me a BIG goose.  
I drove her to a young-people's club in her neighborhood.  
I was tempted to kiss her goodnight, but I didn't think I should.

That night at home I thought maybe I should become a fairy,  
but the more I thought of it, I realized that it too could be scary.

At my next confession, I think the old priest did blanch.  
It was the most frightening story he'd heard since, as a boy, he'd worked on a  
big dude ranch.

I attend Mass more frequently now, where me and God often talk, and  
I volunteer on weekends and evenings to take old nuns for their walks.  
NOW I say MORE than my share of Hail Mary's,  
and think no more of girls in panties....., nor of fairies.

I can't now get an erection, even those times when I 'wanna';  
I've tried music videos of JLo, and Beyonce, and Madonna.

And since that HORRIBLE seaside experience I've not seen HER. (Well yes, I  
DID, twice.)

But when I saw her coming my way, I ran off, with my body trembling ....., and I

HID (twice) .

Bri Edwards

## The Raven Pair..... [lovebirds? ; Bird Sounds; 'Beauty Is In The Eye Of The Beholder' (An Old Saying) : Very Short]

The Raven's harsh voice seemed almost gentle today,  
as, in eucalyptus tree, it seemed to say:  
"Black Beauty, come join me now. I see you are there."

And where I first saw one, I now saw a pair.

They're not cute, may not be your favorite birds,  
BUT I bet between them ..... pass some bird-love words.

Bri Edwards



# The Real Snail Mail ... [medium; Animal Kingdom; Copyright Law? ; To Whom It May Concern; Humor? ]

To Whom .....at US Postal Service .....it may concern:

At a board meeting I was recently troubled to learn .....  
that you've gotten credit for creating 'Snail Mail'.

Please cease and desist, ..... 'or else'....., without fail!

Your carriers are much larger than those we've got,  
but to claim YOU created Snail Mail is a dirty shot .....at ....  
our employees of the USSPS, human sir or human madam.  
Why, we've been in the delivery service MUCH longer. Since Adam!

[USSPS is, of course, the United Snail and Slug Postal Service.]

Yes, we snails DO know about your Bible garden story.  
One of our scholars read the book. [Some parts were gory.]  
She, the scholar, munched her way from cover to cover,  
and that night, in a dream, she claims she did discover .....  
that she remembered each word!

You have trucks, and planes for Express mail shipment.  
We snails have no such fancy and expensive equipment,  
but WE deliver 365 days a year, to be sure, rain OR shine.  
We deliver to high peaks and the bottom of at least one mine.

Oh, yes, we have perfected the REAL Snail Mail!  
We may be slow, but our carriers RARELY do fail .....  
to deliver! !  
And (with birds and snakes wanting a snack) that's no small feat.  
WE created THE real Snail Mail. That I WILL repeat:  
WE DID IT FIRST, and the name belongs to USSPS. Yes, US!  
NOT USPS, but US, the snails and slugs! ! There need be no fuss.....  
.....about this little misunderstanding. BUT I caution you:  
We've outstanding staff attorneys, and..... NOT JUST A FEW!

Sincerely,  
Slippery Sam Slug  
Chief Legal Counsel  
United Snail and Slug Postal Service

(December 14, 2015)

Bri Edwards

# The Seeds That Listened And Took Action.....[fantasy; Wishes; Humor]

From time to time my wife has said to me 'Some day I wish all of my Internet and snail mail and phone calls will go away.'  
(Of course I, her husband, think exactly the opposite about MY mail and calls. But perhaps you've heard the expression about there being ears in the walls?)  
Well I guess while I was listening to my wife's wish, I was not alone.  
It seems other listeners were some seeds, which in apples and grapes had grown.

Unless a few seeds are swallowed by mistake, they end up in our compost bin, or if I'm outside eating I may spit some out, sometimes with a grin.  
So one way or the other those fruit seeds end up somewhere near our house, where they often wait patiently to grow, each seed as quiet as a mouse.

One Spring day I prepared flower beds...., on them compost spreading, little guessing that, the next day, the results of my work we'd be dreading.  
That night we heard what we thought was wind stirring up the nearby trees, but in the morning we discovered changes which made us fall down on our knees.

Through our thin bedroom curtains we saw not the normal morning light, and drawing back the curtains brought to view a strange and awful sight.

Instead of seeing little birds which come to our feeders once the sun is risen, my wife and I stared at windows which resembled those barred ones at a prison.  
Was it possible that both of us were asleep having the same bad dream?  
We discussed the possibility of it but that we were both awake, it did seem.  
I got out of bed to investigate, leaving my poor wife in bed looking shocked.  
I unlocked and pulled on our home's entry door, but it seemed to be, from outside, locked.

All the windows and the patio sliding door were barred, like the windows near our bed.

Surely if we could not escape our home, in several weeks, or less, we'd be dead.  
It was then I heard my wife calling, while I was on the toilet pissing.  
She said 'Bri, do you have your phone? MY phone seems to be missing.'  
We both looked where our phones should have been, and then we looked some more.

It was then we noticed small fallen leaves, inside the slightly open window and

sliding door.

Upon closer examination out the windows, through the woody, leafy bars, we spied our phones on the ground ten feet away....., as inaccessible as faraway stars.

I began to sense what had happened, but it was too amazing to be true; (if we could SELL the movie rights to what was happening..... Well, that's just between ME and YOU!) .

Wrapped around each cell phone were tendrils from grape vines newly-grown. Too bad. But then I remembered another way we had to 'connect'..... without a phone.

To the computer by front door I went. To email for help I did conspire. But getting no connection, I called my wife, and she said 'Good Lord, it's missing a crucial wire.'

It was then I noticed a lonely leaf on the keyboard and two more by window (open) .

The tendril-gripped wire was on the side lawn, too far to reach..., though at first we were both 'hopin''.

We're retired; we'd not be missed at work. The closest neighbor lives far away. I get out more than my wife, but we're both homebodies; that's our way. If we don't initiate outside communication, there are few people who'd about us worry.

But to be imprisoned was not our wish. We wanted to find a solution in a hurry.

Luckily we had heat and the means to cook, as we still had gas and electric power.

We had water to wash clothes and dishes, to flush the toilet, and to take a shower.

If we rationed our food we could eat for two weeks, and maybe even more.

Unfortunately we could not reach our garage, where we had an 'emergency food store'.

We do not have our TV connected. We could not hear the news.

But we have CD's and some DVD's, and some books from which to choose.

We don't use prescription drugs and don't see doctors often,

but our relative-comfort-and-security, our present worry about the bars, did not soften.

So we put our heads together over cereal and juice, and tried some solution, to our new circumstances, to deduce.

We owned no guns to shoot in the air to signal a need for rescue.  
Yelling out windows for help would not work. The road was far away and  
pedestrians were too-few.

It seemed our only recourse was to chop our way out through apple sapling and  
grape vine.

So we grabbed up big kitchen knives. Hers was very sharp. The dull one was all  
mine.

First I removed inner sliding glass window panels; then I removed each screen.  
We started hacking with great confidence at first. Our resolution to escape was  
VERY keen.

But with each slash of our knives, thick grape and apple tissue scars did appear,  
making our chance of success in cutting through seem more distant....., not  
more near.

WELL, I often try to be funny. You know....., try to add a little levity to our life.  
SO I said 'At least you don't have email, or phone calls, or mail to contend  
with.'..... Then I saw THE KNIFE.

She had given up chopping at the window bars, and, MUCH to my dismay,  
my wife was shaking-visibly and holding up her knife pointed threateningly  
MY WAY.

(Dec.2012)

Bri Edwards

# Think Of Me As Dead (Tomad) .....[communication; Aging; Humor; Sort Of Long]

For family, friends, and acquaintances, I've a thought to share.  
In the future if you think of me, think of me as dead. If you dare.  
It's really for your benefit, as soon you'll plainly see.  
You'll really like the feel of it...., if you are like me.

There's no need to know the cause of death. I don't mean to alarm,  
but if you think it would help, I'll offer a scenario of "harm".  
Now "harm" isn't what I'd call death. But I needed a rhyme.  
I'd just call death a natural progression of the sands of time.

The Scenario:

Just imagine me in some mountains, hunting a golden eagle's nest.  
It's such a romantic way to die, as birds just are the best.

Anyway just imagine an eagle carrying prey to its lofty aerie,  
and me approaching from rocky ledge above, even though it's scary.  
I'm dressed all in camouflage and eagle parents don't see me.  
They fly away and I descend to nest...., two chicks reaching for my knee.  
I could have shot some photos from several feet away,  
but the chance to touch young eagles doesn't come every day.

Well I guess the eaglets had a similar thought when they both saw me.  
One grabbed my right ankle while the other grabbed left knee.  
Now I was getting quite excited, as you may have guessed.  
I'll let you finish this scenario as you think is best.

BENEFITS of TOMAD:

Now back to why thinking me as dead really could be cool.  
It's not an idle thought on a down day. Don't take me for a fool.

If in past year you've neglected to call, or send email, gift, or card,  
you've now got the ultimate excuse to ignore this bard.  
There's no good reason to communicate with a person you think is dead,  
though I've heard some have tried such a thing. What's wrong in their head?

You can always think of me fondly, enjoy my memory,  
and IF I call you, after the shock, you can smile with glee.

But once the conversation's over, you can think again of me as  
&quot;passed&quot;.

I think you should give this a try. You may well catch on fast.

But don't think of the idea as only good for you.

I can see there could be some advantages for myself too.

If I think of myself as dead, no more chores I'll have to do.....

including calling, emailing or writing.....to you or you or YOU!

(May 2012)

Bri Edwards

# This Is A New Poem

Not really. i'm just checking to see how soon it shows up on my poem page as a new poem once i hit "Submit";.

hee-hee.

Bri Edwards



## Tiny Breasts ... [high School Fantasy,50 Years Later! ; Humor; Bikinis; Medium Length; Personal? ? ]

While trying to come up with a topic for this,  
I thought of a bikini top, .....missing from a Miss.  
So ...., imagine 'Bri' in a coed high school swimming pool,  
watching a few of the girls. Hell, I'm not a fool.

'Caren', 'Jo-Anna', 'Susanna', and 'Belinda' all are there,  
trying to look nonchalant 'bout keeping dry their hair.  
And then I notice a bikini top floating by me, .....  
and in it is a size-tag which reads .....&quot;cup size B&quot;;

B? ? &quot;It can't mean 'Big' &quot;;, I say to myself.  
It looks like it was made for a female elf.  
I hold it over my head; it is colored bright blue.  
I yell pretty loudly: &quot;Jo-Anna, does THIS .....belong to YOU? &quot;;

She yells back: &quot;Why don't you come and see?  
I'll give you a peek, Bri. The FIRST one is free.&quot;;

I swim underwater to Jo-Anna's front side, ....  
and see she wears &quot;C&quot;; cups ...., and with muCh pride.

Next I call out: &quot;Oh, Belinda, is this YOUR blue top? &quot;;, ...  
to which she replies: &quot;I'll tell Miss Simpson if you don't STOP!  
I would not be caught dead .....in a bikini,  
AND, if I WERE to wear one, it would NOT be teenie-weenie! &quot;;

I already know Caren's cup size (since 'Prom Night') , .....  
and, anyway, she's left the pool and gone .....out of sight.  
So that leaves Susanna, whose face is turning beet-red.  
I wad up the garment, and, with a smile, toss it at her head.

She pulls it underwater quickly. The pool is quiet.  
[All along I'd known it was 'Sue's'; she'd let me untie it.]

p.s. That part about 'Caren' and 'Prom Night' is totally made up, but she MIGHT  
'hate me' .....in spite of that.  
[Anyway, it was the Senior Ball, NOT the Junior Prom! ]

(September 18, 2015)

Bri Edwards

# To My Wife On September 20th,2019: Happy (70th)birthday ....To You, 'my Love'! !..... [ One's Mate ]

It happened, nearly twelve years now in our past;  
I promised [really? ] that, you, I would outlast.  
In other words I 'promised' I'd not die before YOU,  
so, don't forget to die OR my life will NEVER be - -  
- -through!

But don't all the herbs you give to me  
I guess, from an imperfect world, I won't be 'free';  
[Not ever!I'll live even past Mankind's extinction! !  
I would be glad to live without such a personal - -  
- -distinction! ]

And if I 'have to' keep living, even one day past you,  
hear me well: 'On my last day I'll still love you - -  
- -TRUE! ! ';

(August ...26th ....2019)

Bri Edwards

## Too Nice? ..... [my Life, Being Nice; Fantasy; Humor; Personal; A Little Long]

Yes, I'm just TOO NICE, but I won't "blow my own horn".

It's something that came naturally to me, ever since .....I was born.

Even BEFORE my birth, "niceness", to me, did stick.

Why, not ONCE, when I was in the womb, did I, my mommy, kick!

I remember the day I emerged headfirst to see the world.

I cut my own umbilical cord, raised it above my head, and twirled.

Later, a hospital nursery nurse said "this crying gives me a damn head-ACHE", so, from that day on, till I began to talk, not one more squawk .....did I make.

The one time my daddy "changed me", he held his nose and said "Pew! ", so of course, from that day on, no more smelly you-know-what did I "doo doo". When Mom breastfed me in public (sometimes with one, sometimes with two) , I raised my hands to cover Mom's you-know-what, to spare the strangers ...the view.

[Fast-forwarding several years, during which I was ....oh so nice]:

On Christmas Eve Mom and I left, for Santa, ....milk and cookies for his snack. Then, on my own, I got carrots for his deer, and put them near the pool out back.

On Christmas day, from all my gifts .....I kept just one, not more; the rest I took to a homeless shelter ...for the kids there who were poor.

In sixth grade I got in trouble in math class, .....`cause I was so nice; for helping others on their math tests, I got punished, not just once but twice! ! Six years later I helped my high school football team be undefeated; yes, we won them ALL.

BUT, when the score was TOO lopsided, I'd toss the other team the ball.

Harvard, Stanford, and MIT all offered me full scholarships; yes, they ALL wanted ME.

I didn't want to disappoint them, SO I earned a Harvard BS, a Stanford MS, and ....an MIT PhD.

My studies, sports, and dating kept me busy, BUT I didn't dare to be NOT nice, so I found some time to give to each university's Board of Trustees .....advice!

I formed a high-tech research firm which, financially, did very well.  
Each year I gave all workers 100% bonuses, which each ....thought was swell.  
I gave my alma maters big gifts as well, and served on each of their Boards.  
I gave money to all non-profits (who asked) , which soon amounted to hordes.

I married four times; each was lovely; they all were treated like queens.  
But don't think I'm stupid. I'm just nice. I never lived beyond my means.  
My sons and daughters I, all, did love, and I helped them in many a way.  
And I donated each month to sperm banks, .....to help others with my DNA.

My father was a three-time loser .....who ended his years in jail,  
BUT I did what I could to comfort him, and each week I wrote, ....without fail.  
My mother suffered from mental illness. Life for her was a never-ending  
struggle,  
but whenever I visited her in the hospital, we'd sit very close and share a  
snuggle.

I went to Mass once a month, and confessed to a priest once a year.  
I was never sure God really existed, but for my soul I have no fear.

Now I've climbed a snowy mountain; I've come up here to die.  
I'll give myself to the ravens and vultures; over me, they now do fly.

(April 13 + 14,2014)

Bri Edwards

## Traces Of Me.....[short; Personal; Humor; Death]

If when I pass I leave few traces,  
let me leave at least some smiling faces,  
on a chosen few.

I may have been at times a pain in ass  
(and I don't mean when I was passing gas)  
to a chosen few.

Retired, I wrote poems for myself and to share  
(though it seemed most I shared with did not care)  
with a chosen few.

I never with my money was wild.  
I shared with wives, non-profits, and my child.  
That's what I would do.

I've tried to live like a good Boy Scout.  
But I gave up religion, and I sometimes shout.  
What's a guy to do?

Bri Edwards

# Tragic And Cursed Lives, Ha Ha..... [a Disrespectful Look At Tragedy; Humour (Really!) To Me Anyway) : Very Short]

Our tragic and cursed lives are quite a burden.  
Hey, just shut your mouth and let me get a word in!

I know I do my best to make life easier for you all.  
Didn't i catch you on my fishing hook when you began to fall.....  
into the sewage ditch that runs along the back of my house? ?  
Just for once can't you stop whimpering piteously like a mouse? ? ?

(January 3,2013)

Bri Edwards

# Tribute To Aki, My Dear Friend [ 2nd Try ]....[ Herb Usage; Postwar Japan; Youth; Family; Change ]

To write 'About Me', assignment # 1, for ...  
her 'advanced' herb class teacher,  
Aki thought of her youth in postwar Japan ...  
and the decades since, thus to reach her ....  
memories of herb usage in her life,  
while touching on generations [three].  
Now Japan, & family, & herb usage ....[ AND its decline ] ...are all in Aki's  
'About Me'.

Her teacher wrote on it: 'Beautiful! ',  
and it's obvious why she did.  
It's a revealing and well-told tale,  
Concentrating on Aki's life as a kid.  
Aki skillfully used her chosen (adult)....  
'2nd language', English, to thereby weave ....  
a prose fabric, fine,  
on which I now, a 2nd 'Beautiful', leave.

(November ...6th .....2018)

=====

Here now is my, Bri's, 'poem' version of Aki's prose version:

[From my friend's (Aki's)first advanced herb class homework assignment:

About Me

In the seemingly-'calm' years in Japan, Aki was born in '49.  
Her mother & her father had two sons by that post-war time.  
At a 'nearby shrine', Aki saw white-clad veterans ring bells as they  
begged,  
some missing 'parts of their face', and/or limb(s) e.g. arm(s) or  
leg(s) .

At school meals were supplied by the U.S. 'government'; scarce was



food.

Aki and brothers scoured the "countryside", near "seashore", when in an eating mood, for river eels and the fishermen's "rejected-fishes", & snails, & barnacles, & wild potatoes.

Aki's mom boiled and salted them for the family to eat.[No tomatoes]

Aki "loved visiting" her grandparents' house, walking in garden [ one acre ].

Grandmother knew many plant names & stories, ... which later helped make her ....

..a favored poet in Haiku magazines; plants are found in Haiku often.

Preparing "traditional foods for the coming year", rice they'd soften, and mix 'mochi rice' with herbs to, later, make mocha balls (ones sweet) .

Herbs "collected" in countryside went into a New Year's porridge, good to eat.

In Spring, Tsukushi buds AKI would hunt, to go into her mom's cooking pot.

Tsukudani was "Yomogi or Shiso tempura" 'hit the spot'.

Used daily in Aki's youth, herbs were often wild and 'taken for granted'.

But the "Baby Boom" and 'Building Boom' much wild growth supplanted.

With more people and urban sprawl, herb use and importance "declined".

Though Aki "grew up with numerous herbal medicines", with her kids she'd find, ....

in the U.S., Aki "hardly ever used them"; Aki had too many other things .....

to do.

But now, retired with adult kids, an "herb class" does, memories of youth, bring.

(October...26th ...2018)

Bri Edwards

## Tv Memories: As I Stare At A Black Screen....[1950-1960s U.S. (Kids) Tv Shows; Personal; Long]

My Dove and I 'save a lot of time' by not having TV service at home, but we have a TV and, as I sit staring at the big black screen, my mind through my life does roam.

Unlike my wife, who grew up without TV, I grew up sitting in front of a 'set'. There happiness, laughter, guidance, new experiences, AND education I did get.

Early memories are filled with cartoons..., many violent, some tame. Woody Woodpecker, Yogi Bear, Bugs Bunny, and Porky Pig are some I can name. Road Runner & Wile E. Coyote, Popeye & Olive Oyl, Mickey & Minnie Mouse, Donald Duck & Daisy, Mr. Magoo, and The Three Little Pigs (each Pig with its own house) .

There were kids shows with human actors, and also 'actors' that were puppets. There were Captain Kangaroo and Buffalo Bob long before there were the Muppets.

The Little Rascals, Laurel & Hardy, and The Three Stooges were sequel movies not too long.

There were Tarzan jungle movies. And each year was shown The Wizard of Oz, with its Over the Rainbow song.

Then there were movies for older kids and adults. Shirley Temple sang and played with toys.

There were movies starring Mickey Rooney and movies about The Bowery Boys.

Comedy shows on TV when I was a boy seemed to star especially men.

Jack Benny, Jackie Gleason (The Honeymooners) , and Red Skelton were a (laugh) 'riot' then.

And I Love Lucy, with Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz was often about marital 'mess'. I Dream of Jeannie and Bewitched featured magical wives MORE, and husbands less.

There were TV movies about both Old West and more-modern cowboys and such. The Lone Ranger, Hopalong Cassidy, Zorro, and Roy Rogers I liked very much. And who could forget Superman, 'Man of Steel', disguised as newspaperman Clark Kent?

Why he was 'faster than a speeding bullet' and over 'tall buildings', flying, he went.

There were fun game shows galore which tested people's mental or physical skill.  
You Bet Your Life, Truth or Consequences, and Concentration I remember still.

Has my life been better with TV? Would I have been better off having to go to  
work at age twelve?

I enjoyed my TV upbringing....., and into philosophy I'll not now delve.

(Dec.'12-Jan.'13)

Bri Edwards

## Twenty (Almost)titles For October 2019, Suggested By Bri...[ From My Recent Readings On P H; Taken From My List Of &quot; Favorites &quot; ]

A few readers seemed to like my last month's list,  
making me feel [almost] like I'd been kindly-kissed.  
AND a P H friend, short on time (& temper?)asked...  
if I would include URLs. So, NOW, in URLs 'he' may bask.

These titles are for poems, most of which, I did not write,  
and, as for the grammar and understanding, I've no oversight.  
So if there is a &quot;typo&quot; or something seems not absolutely clear,  
perhaps you can overlook it and sit, reading, with a mug of beer.

Since PH may balk at me putting URLs in the area down below,  
look to Poet's Notes, because it's where I plan to stow...  
the , I have SOME oversight; I need not use...  
ANY poem &quot;for a fact&quot;;, but my power I'll NOT abuse!

(October...20th...2019)

Bri Edwards

## Two Dozen Un-Typed Poems ..... [ Poems I've Written On Paper; Ph Submissions? ; Medium]

In the last two months I've written poems (many) ,  
but ...of them, only a few are typed; why, (almost) not any!  
Two of the most recent ones are both about MY blood.  
Another is about how memories, of a "love" (departed) can flood .....  
one's mind and heart.

One is a mystery entitled very simply "I'm In A Box".  
Another is GROSS; it may make SOME readers puke on their socks.  
Yet another is a bit romantic; it's really NOT "my style".  
And one is about "small things" which (my mind) do rile.

Still another's about an OLD college friend .....and his YOUNG new "Honey".  
One more is about an "Old West" killer, and a reward of money.  
My cell phone's alarm is the subject of a quite (not quiet) short piece,  
while another is about a dog's grip on my hand; it WOULD NOT release!

"OK! I'll Live Forever." .....is another title I reluctantly wrote,  
preceded by "Unconscious Most Of The Time", with a.... psychological note.  
"Flirt Alert" may alert YOU to the perils .....of 'conversing',  
while 'Thank You, Backseat Driver' is about roadway traversing.

One poem is a bit fanciful, about "sinners" and a minister, shady.  
A poem about friends features Jack & Jill, and Jon & Sue ...., not Sadie!  
"The World, Without The Letter ' ? ' " was a bit of fun for me.  
Then there's one about my volunteer work at the .....li-brar- Y.

"Belch, Fart, Chuckle"? Well ....., what more DO I need to say?  
It's preceded by my short poem, "CAKE". [I'll take cake anyway .....I can get it!  
]

"Tiny Breasts" features names of a few "old" female classmates.  
"Awaiting My Turn" is about ME ....., a guy who sometimes.. ....waits.

AND

"History Of The Pen" is 'history', relating to Mankind and writing.  
"As The Keys Banged" is about music which can be anger-inciting.

If any of these .....you'd like me (on PoemHunter) to bestow,  
PLEASE tell me which one(s) , and I'll get it into the .....show! !

(October 10, 2015)

Bri Edwards

# U.K, India, Australia, Canada: I Have A Proposal...[political Changes; Long; Humor]

In another recent (U.S.) poem I mentioned our fifty stars displayed in our field of blue.

I'm now proposing 4 more stars to be added, which could profoundly affect you, and you, and you, and YOU! !

Recently the people in Puerto Rico (a U.S possession?) voted to become #51. I guess there's political maneuvering 'here' needed before Puerto Rico's wish is done.

So that leaves 52 through 54. Are you curious to know who the lucky ones may be?

No sooner do you wish me to tell you then I'll tell you all for free!

Oh! I just remembered I want a #55 as well. Am I being greedy?

It's NOT that we in 'America' need more states. NO! We are NOT needy!

It's just that we know how the world looks up at us. Don't you think I'm right?

Besides, the countries I have in mind were long ago held together, by a great Navy's might.

You've probably begun to guess correctly now. I think you are pretty smart.

So I'll tell you now #52, from which my country withdrew its allegiance; we were a young upstart.

Great Britain, including England, Scotland, and Wales. (We'll leave the Irish alone.) .....

(Of course, if they get too upset, we might throw the poor Irish a bone.)

Mainly we'll welcome you, Great Britain, because you spawned the Beatles.

And I think Virgin Air as well. Just seeing their logo puts me on pins and needles.

Of course I won't leave out Charles Darwin or, for that matter, Charles Dickens, and Oscar Wilde (oops; he was Irish) , Elton John, The Queen, and Wiccans.

Next on the hit parade of new states, #53, is the country/continent Australia.

I've heard you were 'settled' by convicts. Does that reputation ever ail ya?

There are two main reasons I honor you, 'down under', with my latest choice.

I have an ex-'almost-girlfriend' living there. Of some moments with her I do rejoice.

The second reason is your relative proximity to New Zealand (could be #56?) :

my wife wished to move there, but we didn't fit the New Zealand immigrant mix.

Next, at #54, is the 'subcontinent' of India, another massive 'state'.

It already handles many of our Customer Service calls, and sifts through our trashy metal plate.

I was friends with several Indians at Cornell in my early days, and I dated a girl who visited there (and got a nose ring) , after she and I parted ways.

Last but not least is The Dominion of Canada, our neighbor to the North.

It's the country from which (Toronto) my father, into the world, was brought forth.

Besides I like maple syrup, and the Royal Canadian 'Mounties' hats are cute. And when I wore shorts as a teen tourist in Quebec City, I was whistled at to boot.

[a quick note: My wife says there is a downside to adding Canada as a state: We'd have to make all road signs bilingual....., a thought I do most hate! ]

So, you all know now my thoughts on how the A. can change its flag.

I think tonight I'll call my friend Barack Obama. With him on OUR side it's almost in the bag.

And when WE've all worked together and accomplished our 'new-states' mission, the Chinese flag-maker companies promise to give me a BIG commission.

(Of course the flag-makers hope the NEW states aren't added ALL AT ONE TIME. After all, each new flag brings them a dollar, and to ME it brings a shiny dime.)

(Dec.2012)

Bri Edwards



# Unblinking Eyes: Thoughts Of Spiders...[ Spiders; Idle Moments; Memories; Nature ]

Each of three days I've spied a spider 'idly sitting'....  
...in a web strung between it knitting?  
[ I don't think it was. ]Was it looking back at me ....  
...through the window where I was gazing at its tree?

[ What WAS it doing? ]Some will say it was waiting there,  
waiting for an insect to fly or stumble into its sticky lair.  
The web's vibrations would alert Spider then to hurry ....  
...to bind and inject its catch, turning its guts to 'insect curry'.

But, what thoughts, if any, was 'my spider' then thinking,  
as it sat there, watching me watching it, eyes unblinking?  
Was it awake or napping, and, if napping, dreaming? ?  
Through my mind the possibilities have been streaming.

Was it having this thought:&quot;My, this is a gorgeous day! &quot;?  
Was it remembering its mom and when it used to play ....  
...outside with some of its ninety-seven siblings?  
Did it recall a picnic with lots of yummy nibblings? ?

These and other questions about Spider I'll go on thinking ....  
...if today I spy my spider spying me, our eyes unblinking.

(August ...16th ....2019)

Bri Edwards

## Unconscious Most Of The Time ..... [short; Personal; Humor; Living Life In A Haze]

I think you'd agree you're unconscious when asleep,  
not aware of your surroundings, not uttering a peep .....  
except perhaps an unconscious dream-caused cry,  
or a little squeak from your little rear end. Oh my!

That would be YOU, my PoemHunter friends.  
But with me, at daybreak, my unconsciousness rarely ends.  
Most of the time, though I'm "awake", I blunder through life.  
Exceptions were one mortgage signing, and marrying of one wife.

After all, most jobs I've had have been so boring .....  
that I could complete them 'well enough' .....while I was snoring.  
And (with enough practice) eating and washing became routine;  
routine enough to do while unconscious and STILL be fat and clean.

Why, even while writing this poem, my two eyes are closed.  
To what's around me, my mind is not at all exposed.  
'Automatic-writing' .....some doctors SAY ....I'm doing now.  
Whatever! ! Through life (unconsciously) I relentlessly plow.

(September 27, 2015)

Bri Edwards

## Un-Raveling? ...[ Mental Illness; Short; Fate]

My red knit sweater is unraveling .....,  
though it...is not so Very old.  
Some 'Not-Very-Old' people do unravel,  
or so at times I have been told.

It can start with no clear reason.  
A minor change in habit, or in attitude.  
Most would not say: 'Go see a shrink! '.  
THAT would seem, to most, Very rude.

But then 'it' can quickly escalate.  
Or it can simmer, can be subtle.  
An unraveling mind may be sneaky,  
when questioned can give a fine rebuttal.

I'm glad it's my Sweater that is My problem,  
not my mind OR that of .....my dear mate.  
Pills or counseling may help slow or stop 'it'.  
But, for some, they don't help OR they're too late!

(January 5th, 2017)

Bri Edwards

## Upon A Star ..... [dating Memory; 60 Percent True; Medium; Personal]

When I wish upon a star,  
I think not of Pinocchio.  
I think of the backseat of a car,  
and what might have happened there ..... long ago.

It was the night [almost] of our first kiss.  
You encouraged shy-Bri all evening long.  
For a billion bucks, I'd not that night miss.  
It started with an Elvis, car radio, song.

I drove us in my brother's car  
to a 'double feature' drive-in movie show.  
It was not, from home, very far.  
I was quite nervous, ..... as you may know.

As we stared at the big screen, glowing,  
Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin made us laugh.  
By the second film, 'The Swimmer', you were blowing  
into my right ear, and my 'thing' .... had grown by half.

At one point it started to rain,  
and I fixed up a makeshift windshield visor.  
Your attention to me, alas, was in vain.  
Perhaps if we'd had some bottled Budweiser?

Actually, I'll never know what might have been.  
As the screen went black and all other cars had departed,  
a worker told me 'Go home kid; make your wheels spin! '  
I'd been about to 'attack' you. Really! ! ..... But I never got started.

(November 12, 2014)

Bri Edwards

# 'Useless'..... [human Uselessness; Psychology; Useless Advice? ; Humor/Humour? ; Sort Of Short]

'Useless' can be a nasty word; it can make one feel just like a turd.  
But, if you think about it, that's ABSURD. [It' just a word! ! ] .... 'Useless'  
I suppose, at times, it's said in jest, or at a bothered mind's behest.  
But you'd better never (it) believe, 'cause if you do, you may be apt to grieve,  
AND wish you'd never ever been born, AND think of .....Mom and Dad with scorn.

You may be bald, deaf, or even toothless,  
but NO ONE ever is .....COMPLETELY useless!  
WELL .....NO, I'll NOT say .....some things that I 'could'.  
They might hurt YOU and YOU. That'd be NO GOOD!  
So keep deluding yourselves. Yes! YOU-be-RUTHLESS!  
AND keep telling yourselves 'I'M NOT USELESS! '

(July 12,2014)

Bri Edwards

# Valentine Indulgences ..... [selfishness? ; Shopping; Avarice (Oops! That's Means Selfishness): Moderate In Length; Fiction; No Humor; Loneliness? ? ]

The day before Valentine's Day, she goes out shopping.  
She has several gifts in mind, so she goes store hopping.  
To Victoria's Secret she first does go, her girlish figure in tow.  
She means to purchase panties and other 'secret things' to show .....  
off her body.

[[But first she cut off another car .... to win a close parking space.  
She felt the need to hurry, .....to buy her satins and lace.]]

She's gone to a large California mall; there is NO snow.  
She carries the little 'Secrets' bag, swinging it to and fro.  
Her next stop is a perfume shop, to buy a fragrance, musky.  
The shop clerk winks and tells her: "It will attract a man [husky]."

[[She looked down at the clerk, from atop her four inch heels,  
and laughed a haughty laugh, caring not what the young clerk feels.]]

Her third and last stop is at a candy shop, Le Chocolatier.  
Tomorrow is V-Day, and she prefers candy to fancy beer.  
A "man-of-size" is buying his wife a heart-shaped gift.  
"She" says: "I hope your wife isn't YOUR size. Catch my drift?"

[The man ignores her, as does the clerk.]

So, her shopping done, she heads on home to .....no one.  
But she doesn't let THAT spoil her evening of secret "fun".

She dresses in her new panties, skimpy bustier, and robe;  
she dabs perfume where only "intimate friends" may probe;  
she breaks open the chocolate truffles and savors each one.

She's SURE she is now having .....Valentine's Day Eve fun.

(February 12, 2016)



## Watch Out, Karen.... [a Friendly Note To My 'elderly' Neighbor; All In Fun; Seriously, I Sent It To Her; Humor]

Watch your butt, you pushy broad.  
Our 'army' marches (without God) .  
We don't need, nor trust Her, ....ever.  
From ALL females we wish to sever...  
ourselves.

[Except when they're cooking.]

But, wait! Maybe 'sever' is.....a bit strong,  
but stay forever where you all BELONG:  
chained to the stove and kitchen sink,  
the laundry room [don't my shorts shrink],  
the bedroom, if you know how to serve,  
with each soft caress.....and curvy curve.

And when Fall descends again, .....on us here,  
don't forget, the falling leaves from ground, to clear.  
If it snows, which I suppose it really won't, .....  
shovel driveway! ! [You'll get spanked if you don't.]  
[You like 'spanking'? Ok, forget about THAT.]  
But remember: Men give women 'double tit' for tat! ! !

Bri Edwards



# Wedding Ring Significance For Me .....[ Yeah, A 'love Poem' Of Sorts, Even Though ' I Don't Care Much For Love Poems '; My Fourth Time 'around'; True; Personal]

I don't know what couples say now as they get married.

I suppose, over the 'ages', it has .....somewhat varied.

'With this ring I thee wed' .....comes to my mind right now.

But, I'm not sure it was part of any of my (four-marriage) 'vows'.

Each time I've 'taken the plunge' and into a marriage I dived,

it never crossed my mind that the marital bond would not survive.

But for three times, yes, count them: One, Two, and then was Three, my marriages 'failed'. AND you may ask: 'Bri, how could that BE? ! ! ! '

So, now I'm married to my 'Dear Wife'; don't dare call her 'Four'! !

If you do, she may draw back her fist, and you may land on the floor.

Yes, she deems to judge herself to be much different from the rest,

and, after nearly ten years married to me, she seems to pass the 'test'!

For most of those years I (almost) never took off my gold wedding ring.

To me it was a symbol of our 'joining together'. Is that, to you, a silly thing?

But 'bout three years ago [after she accused me of using up soap too fast],

I decided to remove my ring in the shower, to help the soap bar... longer last.

[I think it worked! ]

A ring does not a marriage make; taking it off does not end a marriage, 'for goodness' sake'! !

BUT, I'd feel (almost) naked if I didn't put my ring back on after my shower is done.

So that's how I feel about my wedding ring. I hope my story, for you, has been ....fun.

(July 25, 2017)

Bri Edwards

## What A Nice Life I Have....[personal; Retirement; California; Marriage]

It's true, as someone recently suggested, that I, Bri, have a pretty nice life. Of course I might not feel like I have to continue continuing my life if it weren't that I have a wife.

And not just ANY wife; you understand? The one I have now is very special. That bears repeating (especially since I can think of no other rhyme) . My wife is VERY SPECIAL.

Not that money equals a good life, BUT here's what I say about cash. After 3 divorces and having a daughter (a doctor now) , I'm still not broke. I am not talking trash. Of course I could not live where we do NOW, if it weren't for my 'new' wife's deep pockets. No more, to save a few pennies, do I feel the need to unscrew light bulbs from their sockets.

That's a joke, don't ya know? BUT I used to wear a hat indoors just to keep warm.....

in winter in a tiny retirement apartment, while hundreds of crows in the trees outdoors did swarm.

I gave up my 15 year old Honda Civic, and walked most places I wanted to be. But now, living under my wife's roof, we use the Prius which she sometimes shares with me.

There was a time, when I left my first marriage, that I lived almost in a cave, and I took a second job and ate hot dogs and spaghetti to more dollars save. Now I live more comfortably; I no longer sleep on a cardboard-padded floor and, to enter 'my' home now, I use a normal-sized human portal, instead of an overhead door.

My dear 'dove' cooks our yummy supper meal with ingredients healthy and delicious.

Compared to in some of my 'bachelor' days, my meals are much more nutritious. Though I still hang on to some shirts and underwear at which my 'dove' looks down her nose,

I have, to a large degree because of my dove, a good selection of 'NOT-HOMELESS-LOOKING' clothes.

And that's not all! With the encouragement and guidance of my dove, I'm healthy.

I need no prescription medications; it's much better than being a sick person who's wealthy.

And I'm retired and have a reasonable annuity from the Postal Service.

I've lots of free time to do things I'd rather do than work. AND I'm very seldom nervous.

I learned to play a little bit on my dove's shiny piano. Happy Birthday To You. If I get cabin fever in our small-but-nice house, we have a very nice outdoor screen house too.

We have a large-screen TV, and though we don't pay to see any TV shows, we use it most nights to view library movies, and it's pretty on its own when, blue or purple, the big screen glows.

There is great habitat around our property for my beloved wild birds.

The enjoyment we have viewing them at feeders and such I won't describe in words.

And tell me about convenience! Why it's only a twenty minute walk to downtown to the drug store where I take my blood pressure, and where, outside of store, to a homeless friend I sometimes talk.

And it's about the same distance to reach the community center to check my weight,

while nearby is the library where I buy used books and take out movies which are rarely returned late.

And I have a few good friends, from my past, with whom I communicate; some live in other countries, and others are in U.S.A. but in another state.

My parents are 'gone' (an interesting term, but in fact it is very true) , but at times I speak by phone with my siblings, and at times to my daughter too.

I also have two Compeer friends, a couple of men 'my age' who have a bit of mental illness;

I enjoy speaking with them by phone each week, helping to break what may otherwise be (for them and/or me) stillness.

The weather's nicer (many would say) in California, where i now do reside.

It's certainly much different from New York State, where the winter snow, often, the ground does hide.

I enjoy a new issue of The Week magazine to read almost every week.

In it I read of world and national news, and read what others write or speak.

There are sections which make me laugh, and some might make me cry ....

(except that I'm a GUY) .....,  
'talk' of art, books, movies, TV, food, and travel, and words and photos of homes  
to buy.

And I almost forgot a recent addition to all the things that make my life so nice.  
I joined (for free) ; each day I like to try to visit it once or twice.  
There I can submit, for approval or disapproval, many of the poems I have  
written.

And I can read and comment on what others have submitted ..... about their  
lives, or God ....., or their kitten.

OOPS! ! ! I almost forgot to mention, once more, what should be mentioned  
both first AND last:

I owe much of my nice life to a loving wife; I may be the SAIL, but she's the  
MAST.

(Dec.2012)

Bri Edwards

# What Child Is This? ...[response To Tapan Saren's P H Poem, ' To The Parents Who Sought Abortion'; Very Short; Abortion; Personal; Not Humorous! ]

What child is this born to unfit parents?  
Or to those whose ways are errant\*\*?  
To adults unable to provide loving care?  
To a child-mother almost too young to bear...  
children? ?

(May 4th, 2017)

\*\*'erring or straying from the proper course or standards.'

Bri Edwards

# What Ever Happened To Privacy? ....[neighbors Are Watching; Humor? ; Fantasy & Fact; Personal; Medium Length]

Since moving to a drought-stricken area two years ago ...  
I've used more conservation measures to lessen the flow ....of water through our pipes.  
Using water twice before it goes &quot;down the drain&quot;;,  
is one way to help make up for .....the scarcity of rain.

Here's another: At night I've been peeing off our deck.  
My wife won't join me, but .....what the heck.

Till today, I'd always done it at night, in &quot;the dark&quot;;.  
I've heard no human complaints, but some dogs DID bark.

Then, this afternoon something came over me.  
I thought to myself: &quot;It's a drought! Why don't I pee ....  
off our deck ALL the time? &quot;

So .....to our deck I then (proudly) sauntered out;  
my wife said nothing, though on her face ....was a pout.

I stepped to the railing facing our large back yard,  
unzipped, and stuck &quot;it&quot;; out; &quot;it&quot;; was long but not quite  
&quot;hard&quot;;.  
A warm yellow cascade fell at least twelve feet down.  
Then I tucked it away, my duty done. My wife did frown.

The barking stopped, but then I heard something NEW.  
A voice, two houses away, called out: &quot;Hey YOU!  
It's bad enough that at night you make our dogs bark.  
Why don't you pee behind bushes (like we do) ....till after it's dark? ! &quot;

(October 17, 2015)

Bri Edwards

# What Good Are Memories? .....[memories Of A 'departed'; A 'life' Together; Feelings; Medium Length; Not About Me]

I have fond memories of days (past) , it's true,  
but what good are memories when I've lost You?  
Memories of our fist date; the first time we did roller skate ....together;  
that night we stayed out VERY late. That one night did seal our fate ....together.

For, on that first date, that fateful date, we sealed our fate:  
&quot;Don't you have a rubber? &quot;;, you asked. ....[I think MY face did turn  
red]  
&quot;No. I thought YOU took 'The Pill' &quot;;, I replied. ....[I really lied! ]

You were Catholic, but you were used to breaking 'rules'.  
I was horny and Lutheran and thought all Catholic were fools.  
(All except you of course, in case you're listening.)  
Now you're gone; we had ten kids; my eyes are glistening.

I have fond memories of days with you.  
I'll cherish them my whole life through.  
They ARE good for something after all.  
I didn't think they would be, ....but as I now recall the ....birth of 'Henry and  
Jane', the first of our twins, ....  
I realize it was one of our many wins ....  
we had together.

Another set of twins, triplets, and three singles.  
Thinking of them and YOU gives .....my spine tingles.  
Now three of our kids are with you in Heaven,  
but that still leaves me with plenty (seven!) .  
They all call me now, from time to time ....,  
on the computer! So it doesn't cost me (or them) a dime.

Sadie and her Bob stopped to see me last week,  
but I guess from Heaven, on all of us, you can peek.

BUT, can you see inside my heart and my mind? ?  
If you can, my darling Mary, then you will find ....  
that my love is still alive and that I daily think of YOU.

Oh yes! Memories DO help. They help a lot. It's true!

(October 8, 2015)

Bri Edwards



# What Men Want In A Wife.....[a Man's View; Inspired By Elisabeth Wingle's Marriage Bliss; Humor? ; Marriage Disturbances; Short]

Beauty, skin-deep, is not all that men need.

[We won't reject a beauty. No, ma'am, indeed....., BUT] YOU must have a few other qualities 'so nice', e.g. Bring another Scotch, dear, this time with more ice!

And: My sock drawer's nearly empty. Put in a load.  
The washing is overdue! Don't Make Me, you, Scold!

And: When was the last time, Dear, you polished my shoes?  
Do you think you can decide to do whatever you damn choose? !

And: I don't want to hear 'it's my time of the month' or 'a headache' anymore.  
AND when was the last time you vacuumed and polished the WHOLE kitchen floor?

Men to Women: It may seem the list is endless....., and so what if it is?  
We men work hard,9-5. How 'bout YOU, girls? Tell us: 'what the Hell gives? '

Bri Edwards

# What's A Good Day For Bri? ... [inspired By Lora Colon's ' A Good Day '; Sweets And Fats; Feeling Good; Humor? ; Fantasy]

It's a good day, though YOU might cry,  
when MY belly's full of pumpkin pie.  
And donuts may cause an early demise,  
but they never fail to brighten my eyes.

For chocolate cake I will walk a mile,  
better yet..... with a dollop of cream.  
And a candle atop brings me a smile,  
and of presents-past I shall dream.\*\*\*\*

It's a good day when fudge is on sale;  
it happens one day a month, at the shop.  
Yes, it's a very good day, without fail....  
when at the candy counter I do then stop.

It's a good day when to work I bring...  
a caramel bun to have with my tea.  
Tea (sugar and milk) makes me sing...  
while my secretary sits on my knee.

With crackers and cheese by my phone...  
I breeze through my day, making money.  
At night I feel secure, though I live alone,  
because I can always fix toast with honey.

In my dreams I live in Willy Wonka's factory,  
surrounded with candy; it's.....ALL for ME!  
And in the morning when, I finally awake.....,  
I enjoy my breakfast of ham and cheesecake.

Some think I need to go on a slimming diet,  
but I enjoy my sugary treats too much to try it.  
And fatty foods too. Why poach it? Just fry it!  
If you now think I'm crazy, just you.....be quiet!

(Sept.10,2016)

\*\*\*\* [Happy Birthday to any September babies reading this poem.]

Bri Edwards

# When My Mate Is Away .... [ Account Of What I Will Do/Experience While My 'fictitious Mate' (Heh Heh) Is Away For A While; I Guess I'm Covered; ; Personal Or Fictitious? ]

Today I delivered my nine-years-and-counting mate .....  
to the airport. We didn't get there late.  
A warm adieu we wished each other.  
With affection, we did not ....smother .....  
'the other'.

Now back in our inviting home I've arrived.  
No 'cat's-away' plan I've yet connived.  
[Yet.]

It will be more than a week I'll be so all alone,  
unless you count the Internet and my phone,  
AND the neighbors, Karen and Chuck, you bet;  
[I'll have to use self-control on the Internet,  
remembering to exercise my muscles, not just eyes,  
and to NOT visit sites which can give a nasty surprise.]

-----  
I'll follow her/his instructions, which on paper she/he did jot:

ONE: On carport, water no plants in cartons, only those in a pot.  
(Do it on Saturdays.)

TWO: Remove railings. [I know what she/he means; it's true!  
And it shouldn't take long to complete; there are just a few.]

THREE: Water all plants on the deck ...every day (she/he did write) .  
Water flower bed every other day. (I hope I can get that right!)

-----  
The rest of my routine, while she/he is gone for over a week,  
will involve the following plans, though my plans I may tweak.

ONE: Eat nutritious meals. [Of course they won't be as great .... as the ones I get each night, .....prepared by my fabulous mate! ! ]

TWO: Do my nighttime and morning exercises to tone my body, so as my body ages more and more, it won't look too shoddy.

THREE: Work on some outdoor chores. She/he owns an acre. [I'll rise with the Sun! While she's/he's gone I shall not wake her ... or him.]

FOUR: Go each Wednesday to do my volunteer library job, to straighten items on shelves (so library doesn't appear: 'a slob') , to 'disinfect' the public computer areas with moistened wipes .... [I don't want to hear, from any library patrons, any gripes! ], to seek out and give to librarian items that have been placed 'on hold'. [My two hours a week working gratis ...is generous enough, I've been told .... by ME! ]

FIVE: Call my younger brother to see how his old shoulder is recovering, and to see if any new ways to use his time, in retirement, he's discovering. He, like all of my three brothers, can nearly 'talk my ear off', but if I can't stand listening (to more) I can say: 'Sorry. I've got a cough. Call me back later.'

SIX: Take a long walk at least a few times a week for my heart, and for my muscles (again) , AND so, in bed, my leg won't start .... to feel 'nervous' and maybe even be hard to keep from jerking. [YES! Maybe I AM getting old. Now, you readers, STOP your smirking! ! ! ]

SEVEN: Check to see if anyone 'loves' me there. If I didn't have my 'friends' on PH, I'd spend more time in my BIG chair ... reading (mostly novels, especially murder mysteries) , my eyeglasses on. Books can take the 'reader' countless places, both in 'the near' and yon.

EIGHT: Write some thoughts, silly, serious, or maybe in between. I usually start with just a title and the REST will .....eventually be seen.

NINE: Get my usual nine hours of sleep, more or less; it is really true. But, with my mate missing I may at times stay awake the whole night through, and sleep all day except to retrieve our mail. [That's between me and you! ]

TEN: Go to the Farmers Market on Tuesday afternoons to get our 'share' ....  
from an area 'organic farm'. If I go, they had better be .....right there!

-----

But:

The most important things I'll probably be doing while she/he is away,  
is to think my Most Kind Thoughts about her/him each and every day.  
AND to practice my good behavior, which I confess I sometimes do lack,  
so I'll be a better mate to her/him when finally she/he does get back ....  
home!

(October 3, 2016)

Bri Edwards

# When The Carousel Animals Got Loose.....[long; Humor; Fantasy; Adventure]

In the park for peoples' amusement.....

were some workers with an accusation.

T'was on the merry-go-round  
where they were all found,  
feeling their labor was abusement.

These workers who labored without wages,  
were taken from storybook pages.  
They were most of them mild...  
though some were beasts 'wild'.  
Some were loved, some were feared, through the ages.

Three were birds, though one never could fly;  
two, that could, rarely took to the sky.  
Six of them were mammals...  
though none were humped-camels.  
One was make-believe, from days-gone-by.

All, including Elephant and Goose,  
Unicorn, and big-antlered Moose,  
Rooster and Lion,  
Ostrich (not flyin') ,  
Horse and Tiger, ...all wished to be loose.

Freedom from 'Go-Round' they had discussed.  
Then one fine fall day it just seemed a must.  
No people were in sight....  
(a good time for their 'flight') .  
That their plan would succeed, they all did trust.

Unicorn's horn worked Tiger's tether,  
loosening its tight knot of leather.  
Then Elephant's trunk tip  
off Tiger's knot did rip.....

They freed Tiger, working together.

The first thing he did was flex his paws.  
Then he freed all his friends, using sharp claws.  
They took their bridles off.  
Their saddles they did slough.  
They stretched their stiff legs and tight jaws.

To be free, for them, was something new.  
They'd not all yet thought what they would do.  
They were free of their poles.  
A bright sun warmed their souls.  
Though not human, they'd have some fun too! ! !

Ms. Ostrich tried to fly, but in vain.  
Then Rooster and Goose cried 'there's a plane! '  
So Ms. Goose and sir Rooster  
together did boost her.  
And the three rode with Horse, the wind blowing his mane.

Getting off the ride, they were all woozy.  
They agreed the ride was a doozy.  
And while their five friends cavorted,  
the four honked and snorted.  
Then they lay in the shade for a snoozy.

' Tiger, let's ride the coaster' said Lion.  
'I don't like planes, and I don't like flyin '.'  
So while they both rolled along  
Tiger sang an old song.  
Lion held tight, but ended up cryin '.

Elephant sniffed the cart of peanut vendor.  
The peanut smell to 'heaven' did 'send' her.  
She ate nuts (shells and all)  
till her appetite did fall,  
then she rested against a truck fender.

The fantasy beast preferred popcorn,  
so he opened the popper with his horn.



Then Unicorn washed his snack down  
with a drink, colored brown,  
in which floated marshmallows, 'newborn'.

In the Fun House Moose looked in mirrors (curved) .  
Then through a dark maze Moose swerved.  
Big Moose felt like a fool  
when scared by a fake ghoul,  
and she ran out of Fun House unnerved.

When their long day was nearly all done  
They agreed they'd all had some fun.  
Then as it was getting late  
one of them tried lock on park gate,  
but as a group they chose not to run.

Though freedom was nice for a while  
they agreed they'd miss each bright smile.....  
of each happy child-rider  
and each grown up beside her.  
So they all returned to 'go-round', single file.

(12-20-2006/revised 2012)

Bri Edwards

# Where Did I Put It! ..... [humor; Advice When Something Is Lost; Poem Challenge For July; Not Long]

That five-word sentence DOES "say it all", almost as well as "He dropped the ball".

That SECOND sentence means "He did fail",

AND from that FIRST sentence I'd likely quail.

Who, of you, indeed, wants to lose ..... "IT"?

YOU may LOOK and LOOK, but then you may quit.

And "not finding IT" may seem worse than its losing.

STOP THAT LAUGHING! ! ! ! It ain't too damn amusing! ! !

[[ "Where oh where has my little dog gone" was.....

one of the lines in a "little-Bri"-growing-up-song.

"Where are my glasses?" , not long ago I did say, then ....

"Why, they're perched atop my head. ....Hey! ! "

SO my advice to you, Readers, who've lost a library book .... OR ....

your cell phone, or your purse, or your favorite .....musical score,

is "Look, look, look, look, look, and then LOOK! .....a little bit more".

THEN pour a beverage into your cup,

and TRY to "move on" and FORGET "IT".

Then [[ with luck ]] "IT" MIGHT just show up!

(June 29,2014)

Bri Edwards

# While My Wife Is In Japan....Again.....[personal; Retirement

This beautiful day I sit on patio, .... which my wife may enclose.  
I hope I'll enjoy the birds as much, and feel wind when it blows.  
A little plane in the distance hums; my wife thinks they're crazy.  
I've done most of day's exercises; now I'm being 'lazy'.

I've got with me Smart Women, a relationship novel  
about some people who dominate and some who may grovel.

A while ago an 'insect' crawled by, the size of a dot of ink.  
Then a blue and grey scrub jay came to yonder dish for a drink.

I photographed a second jay with my new binocular-digital camera.  
Have you ever tried to find a word that rhymes with camera?  
It's 'made in China' and I got it on clearance for about 8 bucks.  
At that price, though camera ain't 'perfect', I really can't say it sucks.

Today I planted some sunflower seeds. They came as gift in the mail.  
I also planted five cherry pits from gutter; I hope they do not fail.

Using computer I called Japan, to 'Mama's', and spoke to my wife.  
Aside from food and sleep, my wife's most important to my life.  
I miss her at times; it's as though life has a small crack,  
But I don't miss her TOO much, ....because I know she will be back.

I watered potted plants today, those inside and those out.  
It's nearly a new summer, which outside means a 'drought'.  
I took care of two bags of waste.... from the bin in the bath room,  
One with tissues for composting, the other for landfill doom.

My walk 'for my blood pressure' I took early, ... before it got too hot.  
I left binoculars home this time; they can slow me down a lot.  
At piano I sat for a bit, .... even 'worked' on 'new' tune.  
I progressed a lot on day's 'chores' even before it was noon!

I resisted temptation to go buy myself some ice cream at the store,  
But I ate cereal, veggies, cheese, fruit, fish, nuts, .....and MORE!  
I left a voice message, by computer, for college friend named Bill,

took call from Connie and chatted.... till we'd had our fill.

I did some emailing, read some news, and checked weather too.  
I tried sending Compeer monthly reports twice, and failed; I've no clue.  
I reviewed bill for dental visit, and a pension statement from mail.  
On phone I tried renewing 'triple A', but my attempt didn't sail.

The sky is finally darkening as I apply heat to my back.  
Soon it's time for breathing exercises, med, toothpaste, and the sack.  
I did not touch the vacuum, or do laundry, or any dishes, BUT  
I DID wash two bedroom windows; .... it was one of my wishes.

(2010?)

Bri Edwards

# White..... [using The Word White; A Little About Me And About Other Things]

Some would say my skin is white. My wife, she calls it pink.  
White is the &quot;color&quot; of this page that I'm trying to fill with ink.  
&quot;Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes&quot; is a history quote.  
Whitecaps\*\* are large waves that may sometimes sink a boat.

To whitewash can mean to &quot;cover up&quot;, to make something seem not so bad.

Egg whites are used in Angel Food Cake, a favorite of my Dad.  
White hats were worn by cowboy &quot;heroes&quot; while villains all wore black.

Whiteheads are pimples people sometimes get on the face or back.

White is the house where our president lives\*\*\*\* in Washington D.C..  
A deep blanket of white snow can cause skiers and kids both to jump with glee.  
Years ago I donated white blood cells; now all I give are red.  
If I awake and all people have white wings, I guess I'll know I'm dead.

(written some time ago; asterisks added July 1st 2017)

Bri Edwards

# Who Put The Vacuum Cleaner Away? .....[old Age; Marriage; Humor]

I biked to Radio Road yesterday while my wife vacuumed house.  
When I got back she was at computer, .....quiet as a mouse.  
I did a little chore or two outside before starting late day routine.  
I read to my wife as she fixed the evening meal. I'm sure the house was clean.

Sometimes when she vacuums, I find the vacuum left in my way.  
Then, if she's finished, I help..... by putting it in its place. Hey!  
Yesterday I found no vacuum left about. My wife is getting better.  
The progress of my feet (through our house) no vacuum cord did fetter.

So it was a minor shock to me what my wife said this morning.  
[ It wasn't a world-shaking statement, but I had no real warning.]  
She said 'thank you for putting vacuum cleaner away.' Something like that at least.  
It was nothing I expected to hear from her....at our late morning feast.

[Our conversation then went something like this; I will paraphrase.]

He: 'no I didn't put it away sweetheart. Are you in a daze? '  
She: 'no I'm not in a daze my dear. I'd not store it that way.'  
He: 'wife, I'm not kidding you. If I'd done it I would say.'  
She: 'I don't put it under the seat that way. I'd have left it neater.'  
He: 'I'll challenge you to a senility test.' [I think that I could beat her.]  
She: 'I'm really worried about you Bri. Who will care for you? '  
Don't you remember putting it away? Please Bri, tell me true.  
He: I'm telling you the truth dear wife. Why would I lie to you? '  
Ok, sometimes I'm forgetful, but at times you are too.'  
She: I did not put it away. I would not leave the lace on the seat askew.'  
He: 'I love you dear wife. Maybe I did do it....., but I think you did....I do.'

Bri Edwards

# Why Are There Sharks? ..... [my Wife's Question; Creation Of Animals; Philosophy? ]

My wife asked me the other day  
"Dear, why do sharks exist? "  
To try to answer that now,  
all my brain's power I must enlist.  
But the other day I chose a coward's answer  
to the question, vexing.  
I said "the sharks dispose of weak and injured prey"  
while keeping muscles flexing.

NOW I believe that was a stupid answer,  
though that's some of what sharks do.  
To the question "why do sharks exist",  
that is not at all an answer true.

[At least I don't think it is.]

Some will say sharks exist  
"because God was in a "MOOD" that day".  
Some will say "to provide thrills and chills  
on movie screens". Some will say.  
Some will say "because when Mother Nature built them,  
She was going through.....menopause".  
But after giving this question ALL the power  
of my brain, I say "JUST BECAUSE".

[That's what I say.]

(August 28,2013)

Bri Edwards

# 'Why Are You Laughing? '.....[ Short; A Question My Mate Asked Me Recently; 1st Poem I Have Typed On This Dang Tablet]

Why am I laughing? You may wish you'd not asked.  
But I like a challenge, and, to answer, I'm tasked,  
so let me see if I can give you a reasonable answer,  
and not leave your head spinning like a dervish....dancer.

It may be 'cause, on phone, my third wife told a joke.  
Or I cracked open an egg and found feathers, no yoke.  
Or I did something stupid and realized it too late,  
but IT was not 'huge'; it would change no one's fate.

Or I read a book passage at which YOU might cringe.  
Or, a HOT hairdryer, my long (grey) hair did singe.  
OR I could be watching, on TV, from U.K., Mr. Bean;  
he's a goofball who is pitiful, selfish, and mean.

(April 6th, 2017)

Bri Edwards



# Why Do Turtles Cross The Road? ..... [challenge Title For August; Temptation; Kind Of Short; God]

The answer is they DON'T;  
they can, but they just WON'T.

In Garden of Weeding....  
Turtles were once feeding.  
Then God said: &quot;DON'T EAT PEAR! &quot;;,  
which gave Turtles a scare.

But along came Slim Jim;  
said: &quot;Don't listen to Him.  
He's all pumped UP,  
but He's JUST a PUP.  
Yes, His bark isn't slight,  
BUT He's GOT no bite.&quot;

So Ava T. did eat;  
gave Eddie T. a treat.  
Pears did taste SO good;  
Turtles ate all they could.

Next day came God on stroll,  
and nearly lost control.  
ALL pears were eaten;  
temper started heatin'.

&quot;GOD WILL DAMN THEE TURTLE.  
FROM GARDEN I DO HURTLE! &quot;;  
Around Garden went &quot;rod&quot;;,  
placed there by their god.

For not doing as told,  
they fear &quot;Rod&quot;; (we call &quot;road&quot;).

(August 12,2014)

Bri Edwards

# Why Does A Moron Marry An Idiot? ...[ My Wife's Question; She's One; I'm The Other; Making Sense Out Of Nonsense! ; Short Enough; Mostly Serious ]

'Idiot' & 'Moron' were once used by 'Psychologists' ... to describe the 'mental age range' of a 'stupid' person. [ Idiot: below 3 years; Moron: 7-12 ]&quot;They&quot; now RESIST ... their usage.(Can labels, a person's state, WORSEN? ?)

Strangely (in my 'old' lexicon)are 'other&quot; (#1)definitions ... for the Same Words ('I' & 'M'): these 'others&quot; seem the REVERSE ... of the outdated (# 2)definitions, lending 'ammunitions' ... to my idea that English is, for many, a 'big fat CURSE ... to learn' \*.

The #1 definitions say an Idiot is 'foolish or stupid&quot;;, AND a Moron is 'very stupid&quot;![ see first stanza, above ] It's like ME saying 'brains&quot;;, but YOU saying 'hearts&quot;\*\* ..... are the targets of CUPID \*\*! ! ! [ Now I've referred to 'intellect' and also to 'LOVE'.\*\*\* ]

This brings me finally to 3 is the Title .... (of this poem) .

- 1- 'Why Does A Moron Marry An Idiot? &quot;
- 2 - Why does a Moron let Herself be the focus of a .....`shower-BRIDAL'?
- 3 - Why does an Idiot wear a tuxedo (that, Him, .....does-not-fit) ?

MY ANSWERS:

The Idiot is 'foolish&quot;; he makes a ....(big)MISTAKE, AND the Moron is 'very stupid&quot;;, so much so that..... ..she's BARELY-AWAKE! !

(early July ....2018)

\* [ also known to Bri as 'a pain in the +ss' to learn' ]

\*\* & \*\*\* [ see Poet's Notes ]

Bri Edwards

# Why I Can'T Make A Smooth Conversation.....[misunderstanding; Marriage; Personal]

This poem's title, as well as its main points, come, NOT from 'the mouth of this horse',

but, instead, come from a person very close to me, who wishes to be called the 'unnamed source'.

She and I were discussing my more recent involvement in the poems of me and others.

She says poetry is 'great because' I (me) can't have an argument with my poetry 'sisters and brothers'.

(Little does she know! ! She HAS underestimated me; I think, that she HAS, is true.

I ask you, poets and poetry fans, wouldn't you let me argue with YOU?)

She thinks of a poem as a non-conversation. In a way it is at that.

I wonder. Would she prefer to have her and me just spout poems, and keep our conversing 'under our hat'?

Sure our conversations often do lead to what she (not me) tends to call 'arguments'. But I would argue with her, till my dying day....., that they're NOT arguments at all.

They are mostly misunderstandings....., miscommunications that cause her so much stress.

She THINKS she 'wears the pants' in this family. And, in AT LEAST one way that is true; I ALMOST never see her wear a dress.

She claims I 'look for an argument'. I could REALLY argue THOSE damning words.

She says 99% of the time I miss the point! [I think her pronouncements are turds! ]

She says, when I 'miss the point', I talk of 'something else'. How dare she say all that! ?

According to 'her', all my siblings would take her side; 'THEY know' what she means. I smell a RAT! !

And she said my three ex-wives would agree with her as well;

why else did my first three marriages end up in marital Hell?

But then she thought a bit about what she said about my exes (a teacher, a secretary, and a tart) ,

and then she said 'Maybe wife number 3 would NOT agree with me. SHE really wasn't THAT smart! '

Bri Edwards

## Why I'M A Stress-Causer For My Wife...[personal; Humor? ; Marriage]

I'm preparing my wife for all those battles with others ahead in her life by causing her stress now, to develop her coping skills. I love my wife. Oh no! I'm not the normal husband who will say ' yes dear...whatever you say'; instead I respond: 'what makes you say that? ' or 'it's lots better to do it my way.'

Oh sure. It would be easier for me to always be calm, to be my natural weak self, but I'm exceptional in my behavior; I'm not a husband off the 'normal' shelf. So I'll keep on pretending to not understand and not cooperate, and not agree. It's just an act I do for my dear wife's own good; .....it's really not the 'real' me.

(Dec.2010)

Bri Edwards

# Why Keep On Living? ....[long; Personal; End-Of-Life Choices]

This may not my typical poem be... because  
I don't plan to use much rhyming.... you wait and see!

As my wife is away in Japan  
and I hold down the fort....  
watering plants, doing outdoor chores, paying bills....  
I ask myself.....again...why keep living?

It's kind of a depressing question as it implies  
that I don't enjoy life enough to want to keep living  
or I feel there is a good reason to die.  
Neither position is exactly what's in my mind.

It's not that I feel any god-commanded mandate,  
or even, exactly, a human mandate to keep living....  
though I have been coerced by both my daughter  
and my wife to stay alive for now.  
(Shannon wants her as-yet-unborn children to 'know' me;  
my wife wants to die before I do; I'm not sure why.)

I'm 61 and relatively healthy. My wife encourages good health. I don't WANT  
to die, exactly, though there are times  
when I think death would be 'nice'.  
Death could be 'easier' than living.  
I sometimes say I feel I use too many resources, etc..  
(my wife says I eat too much.)

Call me 'lazy' if you will. ....I sometimes (rarely)  
lie in bed on my back, feel exceptionally relaxed,  
and think.....  
'if death were like this I would welcome it.'  
[And maybe it is.]

Don't get my wrong. I have a good life as lives go.

I feel 'blessed' to be: male, white, a 'good' height and weight (I think) , modestly attractive, healthy, raised Christian (though no longer) , heterosexual, financially secure, Anglo-Saxon, 'middle (lower) class', relatively intelligent, living in America, and having (I think) good common sense. I had a safe, educated upbringing. I have a lovely and loving daughter. And, most of all, I have a lovely and loving wife.

Not that I feel being 'male, white' etc. makes me 'better' than other people. I DON'T! Really. But, given my surroundings, I believe the above conditions have been advantageous for my life ..... for my comfort, well-being....whatever one calls it.

So why would I even consider ending my life voluntarily?

Good question! !

Well....from time to time since I was in my twenties

I have had moments of mild depression....[nothing to seek medical help for you understand....

Thank God! ....even though I don't believe in God;

I don't really not believe in God either. Growing up

going to church and Sunday school was pleasant

enough usually....especially the candy for kids at X-mas eve church services! ]

The 'mild depression' would come at times when I

had no female partner with whom I could share...share life, share meals, share bedtime, etc..

At other times I've gotten depressed when a relationship

I'm in seems to be crumbling. Oh no!

'I'm not accepted for what I am (an imperfect man...is that redundant?) .;

Where do I go from here? ; I could be lonely again.;

I really want a woman to love me and be loved, albeit 'imperfectly', by me.'

SO, at times depression brought on by 'insufficient' love has made me doubt the worth of continued living.

Also, within the last 10 to15 years, I have had environmental doubts about the worth of continuing to live.

There are too many people on earth for the available resources to sustain them in a comfortable fashion.

OR...the resources are not divided in such a way to provide a comfortable life for all.



People are living too long! ! (read on)

'Doom and gloom' in the news, casts doubt on the future of mankind.  
'Global warming', war, disease, hunger, crime,  
bankruptcy, foreclosures, pollution, joblessness, terrorism,  
lack of healthcare, unwed mothers (and fathers) ,  
adult-children and grandchildren moving  
in with parents and grandparents, religious + ethnic strife ....  
NEED I say more? Not that these events are ALL new to mankind.

I have led a pretty good and complete life.  
Now my main reasons for living are to share life with my wife  
and to try to help others in small ways.....  
as a financial supporter of 'worthy causes',  
as a friend to some people as lucky as I am, and  
as a friend to some others who are less-advantaged.

I like to think when my body dies I die completely  
except as a memory in some peoples' minds,  
and perhaps as part of someone else's body through organ/tissue donation..

I do feel, or like to think that, some people will miss me ....  
some might even be saddened for more than a day if I were to die.  
But I believe those people would be few and far between.  
And I feel they should be able to do fine without me in time.

(and my insurance beneficiaries would prosper)

(9-2-2009)



**Will You, Wife, Be My Valentine? .... [a Valentine For  
Wife, With A String Attached;  
Sincere And A Bit Funny? ; Short]**

Dear, you are already my Valentine!  
[In my heart.] It is so very Very true.  
But it would be so very Very fine .....  
if your love for me you did renew.

Take me as I am; NObody is &quot;the BEST&quot;.  
Except of course my wife; that's YOU! !

And if you believe THAT (have you guessed?) ,  
I'll hold my breath till I turn very Very blue!

(February 13, 2015)

Bri Edwards

## Wishes For My Future.....[short; Personal]

To bring my marriage to a pleasant, successful end...

To be, for a few, a true and tolerable friend...

To help someone every day of my life...

To see a world (fat chance! !) without any strife...

To not live too long and not live too poorly...

To eat a healthy diet but have some sweets, surely...

To have health care 'as needed', but not too often...

To have those who oppose me, to me their hearts soften...

To 'see' my only child, Shannon, enjoy life and succeed...

To hear of more people sharing, and fewer with greed...

To grow a few veggies and see lots of birds...

To amuse myself and others as I make poems from words

(Nov.2010)

Bri Edwards

## With..... [ With This And With That; A Poem Written 'by Mistake'; Very Short ]

[ 'Accompanied by', 'joined to', 'in addition to': these, 'WITH' does mean. ]

Chocolate layer cake WITH ice cream (flavored by vanilla bean) .  
She 'came down WITH' a cold; at least that's what she told her boss!  
A roasted duck breast, WITH potatoes....and orange or cherry sauce.

[ I meant to write about 'WHITE', but I wrote 'WITH' by mistake. ]

Golden french fries WITH catsup, WITH a strawberry...milkshake.  
I like when she is WITH me, in our comfy bed at night.  
Warm apple pie (WITH a slice of cheese) ...right now sounds awfully right.

[ I could go ON and ON with 'WITH-lines' to keep from being bored. ]

Her mind was filled WITH a morbid thought before she...pulled her ripcord.  
You may be shocked the previous line is WITHout a reference to food.  
If you think that I'm so regimented, then I think YOU're Rather Rude.

(11-26-2010)

Bri Edwards

## Withdrawal... [ Sex; Aging; Love; Marriage; Short Poem ]

&quot;Amazing, Grace! ! &quot;[ His once-turgid tool withdraws, depleted, leaving short wet streaks on her thigh, ...his task completed.

Stretched out beside her, stark naked, his florid face beams. ]

&quot;Yes, you're done, you 'Old Fool'. You've done your best it seems.&quot;

[ Grace rises from the bed and waddles to take a shower, ...

wondering why they're still up, past midnight, an ungodly hour. ]

&quot;Happy Golden Anniversary! &quot;;, he calls after his 'True Love', ...

[...and, into the drawer, his bottle of Viagra he does shove. ]

(June ....2nd ....2019)

Bri Edwards

# Wives Bri Has Known..[ Looking Back; Some Fun, Some Fury; Partially True & All Personal; Long; Do N- O-T Read The Personal Parts! ]

My First Wife

My life with (female)spouses [with my present wife .....excluded], .....  
will now be presented TO you [some LIES will be .....included].  
My first was named Patti; at least her name began ...with &quot;P&quot;.  
She was a castoff from a college friend; she was ....'cast off' to ME.

So she came to me with &quot;baggage&quot;;, and ...some anxieTY.  
We were friends, & no kids, with her, were wished by ....ME.  
I was a delivery truck driver; her job was family-planning.  
Then I became a postal worker, to pay for her body-tanning!

Fast-forward to 1981, our daughter [well-planned] was born.  
For six months I bathed &quot;S&quot;; in kitchen sink; &quot;P&quot;; was  
torn....  
...[with the thought she'd drop our slippery baby to the floor], ....  
SO ....I got that job, and also the job of picking up our dog's...  
poop.  
[I think I used my hand in a plastic bag, not using a 'poop-  
scoop'.]

So, ONE baby satisfied &quot;P&quot;; 's need to be a woman-  
&quot;COMPLETE&quot;;.  
Besides, the pain of childbirth, &quot;P&quot;; wished NOT to repeat!

I worked nights or evenings to earn my family's &quot;bread&quot;;,  
and soon we moved from a 'starter house' .....to a 'fixer-upper'  
.....instead.  
I feel that I TRIED my best to be a good (enough)spouse,  
but, if you'd heard &quot;P&quot;; speak, you'd think I, Bri, was a ....'louse'\*\*!

\*\*[louse: &quot;;(colloquial, dated, not usually used in plural form)  
A contemptible person; one who is deceitful or causes harm &quot;;]HA! !! : (

Things cooled between &quot;P&quot;; and Bri, to the point we no longer  
needed....

a refrigerator.

After nine years I 'gave up' and moved out, and over my shoulder I.....  
called "See you later."

### Wife-The-Second

"D", my only wife who'd never been married before,  
was 'independent' and cheery, and soon, "D", I did .....adore.  
This time I gained no 'in-laws', but a house, and cats/two.  
She was a Kodak secretary. I started a day job, the thing ....  
.....to DO (I thought) .

I was still with the U.S. Postal Service. We each had a car.  
"D" was a collector and she went "overboard", yes,  
"TOO far" ....  
collecting dolls and stuffed animals, ....and crystals to boot.  
Only problem, besides "space", was she used some  
"LOOT", .....  
.....aka ('also-known-as)...

... "money", not hers, but "Bri's", to satisfy her doll(s) -  
desire.

We had a joint checking funds it did supply...her, ...  
...till I noticed what was not 'right'. Then I moved out,  
but, I don't believe, at "D", I did.....at that time shout.

I rented a room, "D" and I had counseling, & got "separate-  
checking".

Miraculously her spending (and other things) ended up NOT wrecking ....  
....our marriage, ...YET!

But the darkness/light? "at the end of the tunnel" was there,  
and in another year or two I'd had more than 'my share' .....  
.....of foolishness! !

Perhaps the cats missed me? She kept them in the ....cellar!

I didn't miss "D", but years later, she sent letters to this ....feller  
Now I've "lost (all) touch" with her; we parted friends.

Finally, I'll now tell you of 'wife 3'. My story 'never ends'.



Wife &quot;3&quot;

All of MY wives have been younger than I by several .....  
years.

I've experienced some laughter, and, my wives, some ....  
tears.

Wife # 3 [her name began with &quot;D&quot; also; I'll say &quot;D-2&quot;] ...  
was the Dumbest, but also the sexiest, AND she was kind, and sweet.  
AND she baked cookies which, of course, I liked to eat.

Raised with a horrid dad and two brothers, ...both .....  
mentally retarded,  
&quot;D-2&quot;'s life was a challenge nearly BEFORE it got started!  
[[ And then I, BRI came along! ! ! ]]

D-2 worked at 'care-giving' and 'cleaning' jobs; she was good.  
She was the most fun she tell jokes?She ...  
could!

And sometimes I'd say somethin' funny & she would roll ...., laughing, on the  
floor.

Other times we'd both roll, ...in our bed, joking, ... and .....MORE! !

But she and 'Wife-the-First', were prone to depression,  
and &quot;D-2&quot; .....  
was &quot;never satisfied&quot; with her life; it was her expression....of  
disappointment!

Things got to be 'NOT-so-much-fun', for both, & we....  
got a divorce, .....

which caused D-2 [OF COURSE] to feel, later, quite a ....bit of 'remorse'.

The &quot;Others&quot; .....

I've had love-interests in other women, throughout my .....  
life, .....

but only four (4)times have I chosen a woman for my .....  
'dear' wife.

And I've yet to choose a man, though men have showed ...interest in me, ...

....AT LEAST TWICE.

And DO NOT think I haven't `considered it'; some men ...are...

..damn nice! ! !

Hell, look at ME! ! ! !

(April .....19th & 20th ....2018)

P.S.# 3 just called me, fifteen (15)years after divorcing me.

She asked: &quot;Why don't you divorce her and marry my again? &quot;

I answered her: &quot;I'll consider it if the occasion ever arises.&quot;

Bri Edwards

# Won'T You Be My Poemhunter-Valentine? ? ..... [my Silly Very Short Valentine Wish]

To all my would-be Valentines.....  
on site,  
my wish is that, on Valentine's Day,  
from you I can take.....a great big bite.

(February 12,2014)

Bri Edwards

# Worm World....[the Truth About Worms! ; Inspired By Loke Kok Yee]

Despite Loke Kok Yee's fine poem: Perspective From A Worm,  
I have some news (of the Worm World) which....will make some squirm.  
[Some PoemHunter members and/or visitors are who ....I do mean! ]  
The life of Worms, in the Worm World, is not always squeaky clean.

Just the other day, according to Worm News and World Report,  
a young Worm (from a prominent family) was found taking a cocaine snort!  
And some Worm children go hungry.....as I type this, my newest poem;  
some are reduced, for survival's sake, to chew on Elm Tree phloem! !

And in a shabby part of one Worm city, fights broke out at a grass-juice bar,  
and five of the fights' participants were carried to a hospital ...in a private car.  
Granted, this is unusual, as witnessed by the lack of any ambulance service,  
but the increase in such events (in the Worm World) is making many nervous.  
[nervous Worms, I mean! ]

Ok, Worms have no worries about diseases of eyes, ears, or tongues, BUT .....  
with increasing use of dandelion cigarettes, some have `issues' with their lungs.  
Truancy, births-out-of-wedlock, and other `social ills' are spreading very fast,  
and some Worm news commentators fear that Worm Society will NOT last! !

(October 10,2016)

Bri Edwards

## X-X\*\* And Me ....[while My Mate's Away; True; I Sent It To Her]

Nearly ten years we've known each other, .....been married nearly nine!  
It's true we don't always 'get along too well'; I'm a 'hot Dog'; she is 'whine'.

[oops! I meant 'wine']

At first we knew each other from a dating site's info and our email NOTES.  
Then face-to-face in Ithaca we met! Since then we've been together in trains,  
planes, and BOATS.  
And cars of course, and buses, in cabs, on bicycles. Once on horses [almost].  
NOT on GOATS!

We both are sometimes critical of the other. X-X says: 'You were quiet at first.

.....

Now you're LOUD! '

Yes, if anything I've gotten louder with the years, causing at times a marital  
'cloud'.

She also used to (in reference to my 'limp', at least) say: 'If I'd known your  
condition, ....I'd not married! '

But, especially the past few years, it's been HER who's (almost) , by discomfort,

.....

been buried. : ( : (

I love her though SHE has strong doubts at times. Love doesn't wipe away all  
'issues'.

Why, at times I've even (not purposely) caused her to cry, .....necessitating  
tissues.

I know I'm at times a thorn in her side. And sometimes she's a pain in my ass.  
Her 'upsetness' sometimes smolders for days. Mine dissipates quickly ....like anal  
gas.

I don't mind that, once again at X-mas, she's gone away, left me home.

I know 'I', and I'm quite sure 'she', enjoy(s) some  
'apart' time when she does roam.

But, if I thought she would never be coming back OR if she did not telephone,  
I wouldn't want (too much) to continue here in X-X\*\*, .....mostly quite alone.

I do believe X-X\*\* loves me, though at times I think she may 'forget'.

I doubt I'll ever live up to her expectations, but I'm glad, 'ten' years ago, we met.

I. M. I. S. S. Y. O. U! :)  
and it is raining .....100%

(December 22, 2016)

Love,  
briiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii :) :) :)  
x

=====

\*\*CENSORED FOR PRIVACY ;)

Bri Edwards

## **Y I Write..... [why I Write (Poetry Especially) : Personal; Fairly Short]**

I write 4 myself most of all....., and  
I write 2 keep my brain on the ball.  
I write 2 amuse myself and maybe U.  
I write when I can't think of something better 2 do.  
I write 2 keep myself from eating 2 much.  
I write when the weather is nasty with rain and such.  
I write 2 keep me from bothering certain people with talking.

I've written 2 some women; I did not consider it stalking.  
I've written 2 wish another person a happy day.  
I've written in case anyone wants 2 read what I've got 2 say.

I hope I can write for as long as I'm able to breathe.....,  
to make a joke, send some news, or a long story weave.

(Jan.2013)

Bri Edwards

# Y.A. Tittle..... [dedicated To Lynn W. Petty, Without Much Reason: Very Short; Life; Personal Humor]

my life parts are from a junk yard.  
that's why some are particularly hard.  
but they're stuck together with spittle...  
from former quarterback Y. A. Tittle,  
so each day i advance.....an additional yard.

Bri Edwards



# Yakkity-Yak.....[very Short; History; Humor]

A yak's a large cow found in Asia,  
somewhere it gets cold, not Malaysia,  
near Polo's route of silk  
(he stopped for yak milk) .  
Don't get it? Don't let it faze ya.

(2-10-06)

Bri Edwards

# You Are The Last Month Of Long Days..... [just Four (4) Lines In This One]

It's been a kick to frolic on a sunny eve,  
each arm bared, with no long sleeve,  
the sunshine lasting till almost nine or ten,  
but this will be short; I'm out of ink in my pe

(February 8,2014)

Bri Edwards

# You Are.....[ This Poem Had A Very Special Inspiration; Humor? ? ; Not Serious; S H O R T ]

You are the one who polishes my shoes.  
You are the one I most like .....to abuse.  
You're up all day cleaning and, at night, cooking,  
but, lucky for you, you're damn good-looking!

Well, I've see better, of that you can be sure,  
including one bitch who had really ..... fine fur.  
Yes, you actually remind me (from behind)of a dog,  
but if you don't stop eating, you'll look like a hog!

Bri Edwards

# You Can Take "Shady Haven" And Shove It! ..... [old Age Defiance! ; Privileged People; Humor; Medium-Long]

Gloria had laid three husbands to rest, ....but she was ... "going strong";

At least that's how she thought of herself, though others ... thought her wrong. Her sight in one eye was nearly gone; she needed shots for diabetes; she'd fallen six times in four months; she was no longer ... "Bruce Jenner", with his Wheaties!

"I'm only eighty-seven years old! What do you doctors ....know? " AND "If you were as old as I am, don't you think you'd ... be a 'little slow'?"

"I don't want to move out of my house. I've got a gal ....who cleans and cooks.

I've got my little greenhouse to care for, and a library ...full of books! Some of the books I've never read, and, sure, some i'll .....never read, but many I HAVE read (some twice) , and for me they fill a ...need.

"My neighbors (though most are new and we've not met) ....I'd miss. The stately Elms and Weeping Willows! The Oaks .... planted by my Sis!

My lily pond; the deer that come to drink; the birds I love ....to feed! [Yes, the gardener feeds the birds FOR ME, when he's not pulling a weed.]

[Well, Readers, you get the idea. Gloria had money and ....didn't want to move.] But the doctors and surviving kids and grandkids did ALL ...approve .... of the plan to move her to a fancy "retirement home";. So ...there! Some legal-medical "hocus pocus" was used. You should ....have heard Gloria swear! !

So the house and most furnishings were sold. She got to take some books, and some framed portraits of herself and her three ....husbands, ....to be hung from hooks .....

in her new home: a five-room "suite" in "Shady Haven", in Beverly Hills.

[But no longer would SHE have control ....of her insulin ... OR her numerous pills.]

[After the 'move']:

'They' (the staff) treated her with 'kid gloves', but she ...had to 'toe the line';.

At least she had to behave herself enough ...to 'deserve' ...her evening glass of wine.

The director, of the 'the home', came to visit her ..... one day, in Gloria's 'library';.

Gloria thought Dr. Sue Weiner was 'nice', though the PhD's 'upper lip' seemed hairy.

Doctor Weiner welcomed Gloria to her 'new home', ... and said she hoped she'd 'love it',

to which Gloria answered somewhat haughtily: 'You can ....take 'Shady Haven' and shove it.'

And then Gloria quickly added: 'I may have only ..... one good eye, but I'll say this:

After I won my third Best Actress gold, most at the ....studios would kiss .... my ass ...or anything else I wanted kissed ...., just to ... please me, and win my favor.

Those days are long past I'm afraid, but for many years I ....did savor .....THEM.

'I don't know all about this place, and I hope I never do. So there!

But I'll try to get along (I've not much choice) . I'll try to ....treat you square.

I hope you'll come and visit me again in a few weeks. Do ....say you will.

But now I guess I'd better excuse myself. The nurse is due with my next damn pill.'

[Doctor Weiner winked at Gloria and then 'let herself ..... out'.]

(January 17, 2016)

Bri Edwards

# You Woke Up.... [ An 'Echo Poem' To Lora Colon's Poem 'I Woke Up.....'; For Brian Johnston's February Acpc; Short-Medium]

What could ever be better than "nothing"?  
And is "emptiness" "nothing"? I'm CONFUSED!  
[Simon & Garfunkel sang "Silence", so softly.]  
By blinding "gloom", I was far....from amused,  
AND I so hate that (by it) you were ever abused.

Well, it seems you made it to the beach.  
And you had the whole beach to yourself.  
If I'd been there, I'd have taken your hand,  
and I would forever be your seeing-eye elf,  
and your memories, we'd find on a shelf.

What could ever be better than solitude?  
"Fetters of pretense"? What are those?  
As for storms, it's good to be prepared ....  
with boots, and some snugly-warm clothes,  
AND don't forget tissues .....for your nose!

You woke up in the morning? Is that so bad?  
Do NOT think of the "past" if it was unpleasant!  
[I know it's a very TALL order for some to fill,  
whether regrets are those of a Queen or a Peasant,  
WHEN "dreams" flee like a poor flushed pheasant.]

But "reality" is sometimes what one makes of it;  
don't ask singer Don McLean to help you there.  
And PERHAPS it is true, and it IS your road's end,  
but NO NEED for the "last page" to bring despair ....  
if there are NO MORE tears & NO more...pulling your HAIR!

(February 16,2015)

Bri Edwards

# Zebra's Striped Ensemble.....[humor; Nature; Short]

2009 Version:

Who Asked The Zebra 'Plaid or Stripe? '  
Though 'Big Game' fashion critic does snipe,  
proud Zebra does not mind;  
if grass he can find.....,  
he goes on with routine with no gripe.

2012 Version:

Though her critics may growl and snipe,  
the Zebra cares not.....  
that Plaid is the fashion this season, not Stripe.  
She pays the critics no mind  
as long grass she can find,  
and goes on with routine with no gripe.

Bri Edwards