

Poetry Series

David Lessard
- poems -

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David Lessard(09-14-1941)

R.C.P. for 35 years.

Retired.

Hiker, Writer. music lover. Bookworm.

1692/Near Salem, Massachusetts

Stack the wooden fagots high,
brush off the dirt, make sure they're dry;
from Salem, bring the wicked witch,
and torch the lying, evil bitch.
Hang her companions from a tree,
let them wriggle, for all to see;
put out the eyes of those that mourn,
make them wish, they'd never been born.
Kill again, the Devil's child,
lest her tongue and brood run wild;
stamp out Satan, where he is found,
bury them in cold, hard ground.
They say they're right, we say they're wrong,
within our group, they don't belong;
cast them out, send them to hell,
cast out their sin and make us well.
Pile the fagots high my friends,
this is where her stories end;
send her soul to eternity,
so our souls, will then be free.

David Lessard

A Full Life

I will never cease to be amazed
at beauty of this splendid earth;
by the mountains, seas and skies,
by the nature of life's birth.

I am in constant wonder of it all,
by the seasons and their charms;
by the mystery of stars and planets,
and how you feel, nestled in my arms.

I gaze and joy spreads to my eyes,
I drink in the miracle of living;
praising the creator of it all,
with song and much thanksgiving.

Watch light appearing in the east,
the clouds coloring in the west;
pondering the days and afternoons,
the pleasant time of gathered rest.

Wishing that death would never come,
but accepting that to all it will;
doing the best I can as I go on,
knowing that I have had my fill.

David Lessard

A Little Neck Pain...

A little neck pain in my life,
it's aggravating me to death;
take aspirin to numb the hurt,
it interferes with my breath.

I need a good massage I think,
hands to rub and ease the pain;
to make the thinking mind erase,
so I can once relax again.

A little neck pain in my life,
bothersome and causing grief;
I do neck rolls at my desk,
the neck pain does not ease.

I don't need an hour's worth,
twenty minutes will do fine;
relief is but a masseuse away,
then I'll cease this whine.

A little neck pain in my life,
reminds me of our fragility;
and how we cope with tension,
to the best of our ability.

David Lessard

A New Year's Poem

Another day, another year,
release the joy, hold back the tear;
promote the new, throw out the old,
complete the visions that you hold.

Kindly give away your heart,
let go, the things now past;
gather up new memories,
hold on to those that last.

Give up the old, worn baggage,
and plan on traveling light;
take a breath and start anew,
continue with the fight.

Let there be more laughter,
let a smile be your best friend;
spread forth the love of life,
with hopes that never end.

With dreams that still do flourish,
aspirations held up high;
with hands reached out for comfort,
and prayers that do not die.

David Lessard

A Thankful Prayer.

Father, thank you for the rain you've sent,
to quench this dried out soil of earth;
somber clouds that sheltered like a tent,
our gloomy hopes, now turned to mirth.

For all the moisture that we need,
we thank you for the drops that fall;
giving growth and life to seed,
we praise your name, creator of us all.

We are the caretakers of the land,
we await the tears of heaven's eyes;
we're laborer's in God's great hand,
beneath the shadow of darkened skies.

Thank you Father, for this day of being,
and full of love for those we cherish;
You open up, the hearts for seeing,
so we may know You, and not perish.

Once, I wondered what the day would bring,
uncertain of the path, that I would take;
now, because your knowledge makes me sing,
what I strive to do, I do so for Your sake.

David Lessard

A Tramp's Resignation.

No more will I go roving,
if you're not by my side;
I am no more a vagabond,
a-sail atop the tide.

My wandering ways are over,
I give up my gypsy life;
I'm settling down in Dublin,
and you will be my wife.

Through heather we will climb,
dodging peat moss and the bogs;
brushing back the bluebells,
leaping fallen logs.

By the fire we'll make love,
and children, they will follow;
to complete our marriage,
then it won't feel hollow.

A hearth, a home, a family,
that will be the goal;
it will fill the hours,
from the road's great toll.

David Lessard

A Welcomed Friend.

Just when I think I'm over you,
you show up at my door;
I've missed you since you left,
thanks for the encore.

Thought you'd gone for good,
knew that you'd be back;
where have you been so long?
of you, I had lost track.

I never cared when your away,
I never knew your reasons;
your were here, then your gone,
never knew your seasons.

Welcome home, please, stay awhile,
not for an hour or two;
things improve when your around,
doing the things you do.

Your an honored guest in these parts,
and I sing your harsh refrain;
and I bundle up when I go out,
in the wind, the cold, and rain.

David Lessard

Absalom

And whose child is this,
that seeks his father's crown?
that seeks and plots to
turn the kingdom upside down?

Absalom, David's son,
so vain about his human hair,
he struts his foolish pride,
wanting more than his share.

He plans to overthrow the King,
casting him aside,
His own demise will his ambition bring,
from God, he cannot hide.

His reckless ride will come to naught,
His hair captive, in the branches of a tree;
He realizes, no more battles will be fought,
He hangs in agony, for all the world to see.

Joab, the soldier, attacks him with three darts,
and while he struggles, stuck them in his heart.

When mighty David heard, his son was truly dead,
he wept and cried, 'I wish that it were me instead.'
'Oh Absalom, my proud and beloved son,
this day, has our house become undone.'

David Lessard

Afterglow

In between the sunset and the twilight,
there comes an aura of the day;
a pleasant rest from turmoil,
a peace and calm from all the fray.

In between the race in all its bustle,
there comes respite from all the go;
relaxation, and meditation,
in what's called the afterglow.

After raging storms have ended,
there comes the quiet, no more woe;
the spot when all can breathe a sigh,
from the puzzling world we know.

In the space we call the sunrise,
just before the earth gains light;
when the darkness pulls its curtain,
and bids farewell unto the night...

There's a pause that gives us glory,
it's like the end of making love,
when endorphins join the flow;
there's remembrance of our act,
sweet thoughts of filled romance...
we call the afterglow.

David Lessard

Age.

When did the hills grow steeper?
when did the roads grow longer?
when did my walks grow slower?
when did I get less stronger?

When did the nights grow shorter,
while days flew by much faster?
when did my music become passé,
drowned out by raucous laughter?

When did the muscles grow so weak?
when did work become a struggle?
now all I want to do is sleep,
or, with my wife, to snuggle.

When did my friends just pass away,
in the restless maze of living?
when did the world become so cold,
and a little less forgiving?

The old things now have withered,
they fade and give way to the new;
but nothing's new under the sun,
only your thoughts and you.

David Lessard

All Day Long...

Lord, take this day and bless it,
make my path both sure and straight;
take away the sins and sorrow,
take away the ugly hate.

Take this day and make it shine,
make my words come true with love;
take off the blindfold of my eyes,
so I can behold, the stars above.

So I can see the trail to take,
so I can walk the narrow road;
you are the atlas of my strength,
you lighten up, my every load.

Lord, take this night and bless it,
your light will be enough;
your arms will be sufficient,
when the way becomes too rough.

Take my heart and bless my soul,
as I sing your old, sweet song;
as I embrace your word, the truth,
every day and all day long.

David Lessard

Am I Any Less A Man...?

Am I any less a man,
because sometimes it cannot stand?
because hormones no more rage,
because I am up in age?

What constitutes a man?
what embellishes his plan?
my macho-ness is long gone,
but not the end of my last song.

Am I any less a man,
that I cannot understand;
there's more to love than sex,
there's still some muscle I can flex.

Though lines show in my face,
I'm content to run my race;
though gonads no more rage,
I'm satisfied with age.

I'm not any less a man,
not as fast as I once ran;
so you say, I'm old?
in my mind, I'm bright and bold.

David Lessard

Ambition

it's raining in New York,
an earthquake in L.A.;
hurricanes in Florida,
as nature gets her way.

I am a meteorologist,
I forecast crappy weather;
it's snowing in St. Louis,
let's hope tomorrow's better.

There's a typhoon in Japan,
mudslides in Peru;
what's on the agenda later?
I wish to God I knew.

There's a low front moving in,
and a high that's moving out;
I want a different job,
one that has more clout.

I'm another David Brinkley,
an anchorman's my dream;
I'd like to be the top gun,
of the local nightly team.

David Lessard

Assumption Day

Mary's assumption is just that,
an assumption,
that she was taken body and soul to heaven,
that's quite the presumption,
no man or woman has risen,
to heaven, except Christ,
we're waiting on our own self-gumption.

The Catholics have a Pope, to,
pledge allegiance to;
we've only faith to see us through.
And works to set an example too.

Faith with no works are dead,
you may as well have no darn head;
we can't just say all's well and good,
if we don't see the path we should.

Fear Him and keep his commandments,
that's gets us past the gate;
while others scoff, debate and wait.

Faith is believing in His death,
that He saved us, with His final breath.

That man himself is full of pride,
on judgment day, there's no place to hide.
Say a prayer that you will be remembered,
on the last great day;
and follow Him to glory,
all the way.

David Lessard

Autumn Song

The tinges of autumn,
sweep across my eyes;
golden aspens shining,
under azure skies.

Gold against the evergreen,
frame the blue above;
and on the currents of the air,
there is riding love.

In the brace of breezes,
in the coolness of the morn;
silent music fills the heavens,
as another day is born.

At the view of vast horizons,
that spread out to kiss the eye;
I envy hawks that soar the air,
wishing too, that I could fly.

But I see visions they cannot,
and music they can't hear;
happy I am, a child of God,
and that's enough for me to cheer.

David Lessard

Babylon

The city sucks one down,
ensnares you in its grip;
you wallow in its mire,
and go down with the ship.

Losing what you never had,
your innocence, your youth;
you did not care or notice,
when you fell off the roof.

The city grinds you down,
existing for the dollar;
doing work you really hate,
call it dirty, white collar.

You sell your soul for gold,
but the gold, it never lasts;
here today and gone tomorrow,
your now existing in the past.

The city lights are very bright,
they glitter and they shine;
and what you now possess,
is one continual whine.

Babylon, she sells her heart,
and laughs as you fall down;
Babylon the proud, great one,
is just a tinsel-town.

David Lessard

Bipolar Blues

I began the greatest day today,
things were going in my favor;
I was walking on cloud nine,
such darn happiness to savor!

Then I went and tripped and fell,
gosh darn...it made me mad;
and the joy...it went away,
I felt depressed and sad.

Then I found a four leaf clover,
bright and shining in the sun;
and the sorrow disappeared,
good luck you know, to find one!

But then the worst thing happened,
it took me by surprise;
and for a couple of minutes,
I couldn't believe my eyes.

My girl was with another guy,
I wondered where she'd been;
she was standing up, upon her toes,
and she was kissing him.

What lousy rotten cruddy luck,
forget the four leaf clover;
my romance and my girlfriend,
suddenly were over!

David Lessard

Blemish.

You were the fly, in the ointment,
that changed the contour of my face;
that eroded our relationship,
and caused me such disgrace.

You were the bug, floating in the soup,
that I ignored and sipped away;
that came back every evening,
when it all began to go astray.

You were the insects, gunky on my windshield,
that smeared the vision of the road;
that ruined my eyesight and my thoughts,
that put more weight upon my load.

You were the stain, I could not erase,
an ugly spot, that would not wash out;
that never really, fully cleared,
even with my frenzied shout.

You were the chink, within my armor,
the crack that enlarged and grew each day;
too late, my armor fell apart,
now, too late... to find my way.

David Lessard

Bliss

Like a lovely flower in the sunshine,
your sweet smile greets me with its kiss;
makes me feel warm and nice all over,
fills my heart and soul with added bliss.

Like the shadows cooling me in heat,
like a drink of cold, refreshing wine;
you are a balm of human kindness,
growing on a gentle, winding vine.

Like spray from off a water's depths,
you refresh me with your loving touch;
keeping me safe from any torment,
sheltering me, from the worldly clutch.

Like the sunsets from a perch above,
I rest in peace, from my tired mind;
gaining satisfaction from the colored sky,
while troubled thoughts from me unwind.

Like the mountains shine in lofty brilliance,
your love surrounds me while I walk alone;
gives me the blessings of contentment,
more than anything I've ever known.

David Lessard

Blue And Green.

The skies are full of clouds!
some white, some polished grey;
bikers circle distant trails,
pedaling their hearts away.

I'm dressed in blue and green,
the colors of the nearby sea;
colors of the earth and sky,
flow in my veins and me.

I've never seen the grass this high,
nor so many shrubs in bloom;
thanks to the heavy recent rains,
to summer's swift monsoons.

Lord, I scan Your beauty,
the hills, mountains rising high;
purple misty peaks of joy,
where heaven's angels sigh.

Now, after an hour's walk.
old Sol begins to reign;
and the glare of midday sun,
comes over shadowed plain.

David Lessard

Brian's Song...

There once was a skeptic named Brian,
who was down on the faith, but kept tryin;
to bolster his knowledge with fact,
with little or seldom, much tact,
he's above all the creeds and beliefs,
me thinks he needs some damn relief.

David Lessard

Change

I thought I could make it on my own,
but I found out, it wasn't true;
I made a mess of life and love,
and now, I know, you knew.
I watched it go right down the drain,
too late, to change the way it went;
and then you suddenly appeared,
out of the blue, like heaven-sent.
Took me to places I'd forgotten,
where joy and laughter reigned;
where there was only love,
where new life was ordained.
Where beauty was a added friend,
where goodness did prevail;
somewhere along the path of life,
I'd stepped from off the trail.
You brought the sweetness back to me,
through a word, a kiss and song;
and I stepped back upon the road,
where I knew, I once belonged.

David Lessard

Closure

I hit her with a quick divorce,
things were left undone of course;
she and I couldn't compromise,
we parted after many tries.

Stupid stuff, petty stuff; all wrong,
to this union, we didn't belong;
and so, we went our separate ways,
tried to forget, those angry days.

But there words we left unsaid,
wounds continued to be bled;
unfinished gestures to be made,
the final closures to be laid.

The years went by, too damn fast,
but bad memories- they still last;
the time to heal, it never came,
and things were still...the same.

We reconnected one more time,
she was a fixture in my mind;
but one more time, it didn't last,
and what we had, is now long past.

What once was love, now has died,
but we had reconciled and tried;
and we got closure, in the end,
the rest...it's blowing in the wind.

David Lessard

Compass

Without a compass, no one's life has meaning,
with no guide, a path is but a maze;
shorn of beliefs, I'm reduced to scheming,
and nothing's clear in the smoke and haze.

Without a hero, there is no man to follow,
if there's no plan, I will forever roam;
if I've no dream, my life on earth is hollow,
and I've no place that I can call a home.

With faith to help me, I can face tomorrow,
with love to cling to, I can find the path;
if peace is in me, I can deal with sorrow,
and if I've joy, I can still the wrath.

With God to bless me, I can face today,
with Him within me, I can see the sun;
with Him beside me, I cannot lose the Way,
and with His spirit, I'll know what must be done.

It's in His word, that I will find my life,
it's in His word, that I will find my bearing;
it's in His word, that I will conquer strife,
and with His word, it's love that I'll be sharing.

David Lessard

Days Of Hope.

The dawn is breaking, through the sky,
the day is bright and full of hope;
I must be off, don't know just why,
but I must not sit around and mope.

There are new things to discover,
and old familiar things to see;
I 'steal' away from my sweet lover,
to gather in, these things that be.

To watch the lives around me shine,
to feel the coolness of the morn;
to drink in thoughts that flow like wine,
to feel once more why I was born.

To feel the lovely winter's breath,
to hear the dove's sad, plaintive song;
to think no morbid thoughts of death,
to hide the soul from all that's wrong.

To send a smile to all the strangers,
to lift the hearts of those that fall;
to ward the weak from sudden dangers,
to tear down each oppressive wall.

David Lessard

Desert Blur.

Well, I rumbled down to Tucson
and warmed up, for awhile,
the sights of Benson and Willcox,
really were worthwhile...
and then we went to Safford,
to visit an old friend,
with lunch at La Paloma,
made it a feel good blend.
Then we were off to Kitt Peak,
an observatory in the sky,
telescopes of many kinds,
seven thousand feet high.
A stop at a used book store,
five for just a dollar;
others just fifty cents,
(made ya wanna holler) .
Eight hundred miles in three days.
the desert one vast blur;
but new memories were made,
that will last, we're sure.

David Lessard

Desert Rat

Here's the autumn of the day,
it's one hundred in the shade;
if you're a Phoenix resident,
where the heat is slow to fade.

Fall comes later, in November,
of the color, there is none;
barren hills of sand and rock,
only cloudless, constant sun.

They say that it's dry heat,
there's the low humidity;
but when it reaches 110,
it's of little content to me.

What can you do when it's that hot?
but stand in shade in the pool;
and submerge yourself endlessly,
to keep your body cool.

You came east to get some sun,
to prosper, love and grow fat;
slowly to meta-morph your life,
into becoming a desert rat.

David Lessard

Do You Think You Can?

Do think that you can come and woo me,
by your words from tender lips?
do you think your beauty moves me,
like a face that launched a 1,000 ships?
Isn't I, that should be wooing you?
the man that gets what he wants in life?
If I wanted you, I'd make a move,
but your love cuts like a knife.
A knife so sharp, no pain is felt,
but it slices me like butter;
I was knocked out by your comely face,
I stood mute, not a word could I utter.
Do you think you snared me with your smile?
by that deadly look from you?
my heart had fallen at my feet,
wondering if, your love was true.
Let me be the one to do the wooing,
pursue you like a mortal man;
can you win me by your wooing?
you know my dear, you can!

David Lessard

Do You Think...

Do you think that you
can win my heart,
by all the things
you say?
By tender words and
winning smiles,
do you think that
I will stay?
By the promises of love,
by the warmness of your touch;
do you think that it is
possible,
for me, to love you...much?
Do you think that by
a kind word, you can set
my soul at ease?
By doing acts I like,
by doing things that please?
Do you think you've won my joy,
by the kisses that you bring?
Well, you are correct my darling,
you have caused my heart to sing.

David Lessard

Drought

I've had my morning coffee,
taken my morning walk;
now comes the poet's banter,
of our poetic talk.

The lake is slowly drying up,
marshes dot the shifting sand;
there is no rain in sight,
for this barren, arid land.

Stagnant water puddles,
breeding who knows what;
soon, the cracks appear,
creating one huge rut.

I pray for rain to no avail,
His schedule isn't ours;
it will come when it will come,
no matter what the hours.

Meanwhile, grit your teeth,
drink and stay hydrated;
dreaming of the last time,
when in water you have waded.

David Lessard

Dualities

Dualities exist,
in the minds of everyone,
I could make a list,
it could be kind of fun.

There's hot and cold,
there's love and hate,
good and evil,
bright or dark,
hello, goodbye;
go on or wait,
soft and rough,
pastoral, stark.

High above and down below,
kind or cruel,
weak or strong,
smart or dumb,
guess or know,
fat or thin,
right or wrong.

Rich or poor, big or small,
timid...bold,
heaven...hell,
stay or come,
short or tall,
square or round,
pushed or fell? ,

Dualities exist,
in each and every soul;
with them, we subsist,
their features make us whole.

David Lessard

Dust To Dust...

We all were formed through dust,
and to dust, we will return;
time is nothing to our Maker,
as life's lessons we do learn.

Made in the image of His love,
we were never Satan's child;
evil that men do comes later,
when we're left alone and wild.

But growing under God's great hand,
it's hard for sin to touch us;
although the devil does his best,
taunting us with charming fuss.

New years come and new years go,
let's hope our wisdom grows as well;
for the mortal's days are short,
as time rings out its solemn bell.

All were formed from earthly ground,
and in the end, we'll change to dust;
there remains just one to choose from,
and in only one, we all should trust.

David Lessard

Early Morning Ramble

On this spring-like winter's morn,
I walk in the autumn of my years;
with no concern of one's approval,
to receive from one's own peers.

Feeling the brace of gentle air,
the earth's scent fills my nose;
I follow the trail contentedly,
wherever the roadway goes.

Far distances are deep and wide,
easy on the viewing eye;
brown grass waves at passing cars,
this is the place where I will die.

An easterner, transported west,
where the desert meets the hill;
where the canyons lie reposed,
with nightly skies star-filled.

I amble, make sure I do not hurry,
no aerobics for this day;
I shun the rat-race of the city,
and watch the clouds at play.

David Lessard

Earth Tones Of Arizona

The jagged, tumbled dun coloring of
canyon country,
sculptured gray rocks of
granite in the Dells,
the green leaved limbs of
quaking aspens,
the tawny brown of
weathered bunch grass,
basking in the torrid sun.

Mahogany thickened stalks of
manzanita,
the alligator juniper bark -
like a reptile's skin;
the scent of vanilla
permeating the Ponderosa pine,
long ago molten lava fields
at the base of Sunset Crater,
Indian ruins dotting the
towering sandstone cliffs.

Gnarly arms of dark mesquite trees,
where nothing else will grow,
the fuzzy, pale green cholla tree,
grabbing at you as you brush by
(also known as the Teddy Bear cactus,
the brown Sonoran desert
swallowing you up.

David Lessard

Emasculation

I'd do anything for you my love,
so, she took him at his word;
the end result...emasculaton,
(I know it sounds a bit absurd)

but she knew just how to play him,
with a withering phrase or glance;
and when the big decisions came,
it was her that wore the pants.

What he did for love was wrong,
for he chose to be inferior;
to become a wimp for his wife,
and to let her be superior.

Alas, he did nothing to excel,
nothing that made him prominent;
and he was castrated; mentally,
content, to let her be dominant.

In his pitiful role as husband,
he was unglued and then, undone;
as eventually, she rose up to be,
top Alpha dog, and number one.

David Lessard

Enduring Love

There is no prayer in public schools,
it's plain and clear the devil rules,
the world's stripped us of our tools,
with the end result that we are fools.

The ten commandments no one knows,
we struggle with our constant woes,
the lack of morals clearly shows,
and the river of deception, flows.

The truth is locked up in the dark,
you words are silenced by a bark,
the whole wide world's becoming stark,
and dies, the singing of the lark.

Yet in this void, there is a prayer,
that shines a light for all to share,
spreading love that's kind and fair,
and one that represents a care.

A love that's growing every day,
when we fall to our knees to pray,
a love that does not go away,
and rides the beam of heaven's ray.

David Lessard

Escape.

Sometimes, I have to get away from it all,
forget about the daily commitment to write;
sometimes, I just want to think of only Fall,
the autumn colors, the wind's sharp bite.

days when there is nothing better to do,
than relax, put on some music for the mood;
who was it that said, to thy own self be true?
is it too much aloofness, is it too rude?

there is always certain things to get done,
appointments to be kept, places to go;
but don't forget to stop and have some fun,
take time off, meditate, take things slow.

there's escapism in a lengthy, written book,
there is happiness in taking time to dream;
there's enchantment in your lover's look,
and nothing's as serious as it seems.

I will take this rainy day, read some poetry,
listen to the music that I know and love;
with whatever comes my way, I'll let it be,
sailing on the wings of an imaginary dove.

David Lessard

Evelyn Nesbitt...

Evelyn Nesbitt liked the good life,
wasn't cut out to be a good wife;
she drove Stanley to distraction,
and caused Harry to take action.

He put a bullet into Stanley's brain,
became known for his infamous fame;
Evelyn Nesbitt, took life on the wing,
after her scandalous Red Velvet Swing.

Stan, the architect, loved the young girls,
took them out, for high social whirls;
took them to hidden places, for tea,
and took away, their virginity.

Evelyn Nesbitt, wasn't high class,
but men loved her and her fine a..;
why she chose Harry is rather hazy,
for she didn't know that he was crazy.

Evelyn Nesbitt, liked the good life,
it banished her daily worldly strife;
she loved fine food, and lovely fur,
what the heck... can you blame her?

David Lessard

Evening Love.

The shades of evening fall,
shadows lengthen in the light;
silence of the late afternoon,
proceed the final show of night.

I pray that all went well with you today,
that happiness was in evidence;
that you took time to smell the roses,
and the love, that to you, was sent.

The love was sent from high above,
the hand of God, to you, reached out;
while you were stumbling in your path,
to try and figure what everything's about.

It's about your brother and your friend,
about the one that, you call wife;
those that give meaning to your being,
without which, you wouldn't have a life.

Cherish them, all of your days,
shower them with love and smiles;
tell them how much they mean to you,
that for them, you're content, to go
the extra miles.

David Lessard

Every Day's Your Day Lord

Every day's Your day Lord,
every night's your night;
You are seen in all things,
You know the wrong from right.

Shared the paths of knowledge,
left the choices up to us;
gave Your son unto the world,
in His words we all could trust.

You opened eyes to see my Lord,
unstopped the ears to hear;
handed us the keys to life,
there's nothing we need fear.

Taught the laws for us to see,
to keep us free from every sin;
erased the troubled past from us,
of where we once had been.

Every day's Your day Lord,
for us to bow to You in praise;
so we may have eternal life,
and in Your arms to stay.

David Lessard

Everywhere

Everywhere I look, I see Your face,
the blazing sky, the weathered hills;
I see you in the dewdrop's trace,
and in my heart and soul, it fills.

The evidence of you is all around,
whichever way I turn and look;
You're alive in each and every sound,
every spot that's hidden, every nook.

Everywhere I turn, I hear Your voice,
floating on the edge of every breeze;
You are the only perfect choice,
being here with You, just as I please.

I hear You in the sound of violins,
of a soft and pleasant melody;
it's now I put aside my foolish whims,
to allow events to be as they will be.

Everywhere I go, You're always there,
to guide me as I go about the day;
everywhere I go, I offer up a prayer,
that beside me You will always stay.

David Lessard

Exercise

I tug the handle of the machine,
and glide back on my seat;
rowing my way to nowhere,
and that is no mean feat.

Later, I grasp the dangling bar,
pulling it to my chest;
resisted by heavy weights,
I can only do my best.

The comes the shoulder press,
I raise the handles quickly;
then push them over head,
after ten reps I feel sickly.

Then I lay down upon my back,
my legs pressing the weight away;
exercise, the dreaded beast,
ain't there a better way?

I end up on the treadmill,
walking the blues real fast;
my first day back to working out,
God, let's hope that I will last.

David Lessard

Fallen

Where now is your beauty?
oh fallen soul,
your fruit rots upon the vine,
your eyes diminished, blind,
lawlessness now takes its toll.

Your pride and boasts have
brought you down,
you're lost within a maze,
no brightness now, just haze,
no smiles replace your frown.

You worship no one, but self alone,
your hands are soiled with sin,
your ears hear not above the din,
you've numerous misdeeds to atone.

When did you lose your love to him?
when did the struggle get too strong?
when did you doubt and not belong?
when did your life become too grim?

Where now is truth, my anxious friend?
the man I see - that's really you?
don't you know, what we all go through?
it's a troubled message that you send.

David Lessard

False Love

You ridicule me with your words,
unfit for the human ear;
you think perhaps that this love,
but your words do not endear.
Love is not a testing ground,
to prove who is the master;
love is not a taunt-filled goal,
to see who gets there faster.
You jeer at my misgivings,
true love, does not, find fault;
feelings are not locked away,
in a cold and buried vault.
Love is not a battlefield,
with emotions used to maim;
there's no one right or wrong,
there's no one else to blame.
You laugh, say that I'm a fool,
your love's a masquerade;
but love, I am not laughing,
as I watch it dim and fade.

David Lessard

Father Thank You For This Day

Father thank you for this day,
whatever it may bring;
whatever comes my way,
my heart to you will sing.

You lead me from the darkness,
into the paths of light;
keeping me from evil,
turning back the night.

Father thank you for this day,
when love is in the air;
when the heart is warmed,
by the friends that care.

Your truth is shining brightly,
in the shadow's den;
in the winding rivers,
where the forests bend.

Father thank you for this day,
in the power of a prayer;
in the laughter of a child,
your sweet presence we all share.

David Lessard

Feelings.

Do you feel guilt when you do wrong?
do you feel sorrow at one's death?
do you enjoy a country song?
are you offended by one's bad breath?

Then be glad, that you have feelings,
and that you're not a sociopath;
you can accept life's dealings,
be assured you're on life's path.

Beware of those that fake a smile,
no emotion of what comes their way;
don't walk with them the extra mile,
don't ask them over to have a say.

There's psychopaths among the living,
they blend in like an ordinary Joe;
but they only take, there's no giving,
things about them, you don't want to know.

Ted Bundy was nice until you knew him,
then he'd kill you just for fun;
he'd do it, on any little whim,
it's from such as he, that you must run.

Be glad, that you have guilty moods,
and you tell the truth, and not a lie;
in you, discontentment never broods,
even if you don't know the reason why.

David Lessard

Fighting On...

I will fight and
I will slay you,
while I'm alive,
I win;
free from bonds
that cripple me,
to survive them
once again.

You're just a
stumbling block,
that crimps me
for a time;
that mars the poetry
of a convoluted rhyme.

Just a blip on radar,
an obstacle to cross;
a barrier to overcome,
to get back what was lost.

Tests of faith and hope,
come regular and fast;
we take them, victorious,
thankful, if we last.

I'll not succumb to failure,
it's not written in my code;
I'm programmed for success,
and to carry any load.

David Lessard

Flesh And Spirit

Man and God, they cannot mesh,
one is spirit, one is flesh;
one's above and one's below,
words of God, man does not know.

Man's the one, that wants to rule,
but in God's eye, he's just a fool;
man to only cash does cling,
buys his joy, but God is King.

Man has life, but lacks a soul,
doesn't know what makes him whole;
his legacy's an echo in the wind,
unrepentant of unknown sin.

Man and God, can't see eye to eye,
one spreads truth, the other, lies;
one has hope, the other death,
cursing God with his last breath.

Only one, keeps us at rest,
only one, can pass the test;
only one, can bring us peace,
with a love that does not cease.

David Lessard

Flight.

On a train to nowhere,
I got off in Despair City;
with a case of heebie-jeebies,
nothing lovely, nothing pretty.
The blues were at my door,
the knocking never ceased;
my soul was spiraling down,
my heart was weak and creased.
I took a bus to nowhere,
jumped off in Sorrow City;
full of loathing at my state,
wallowing in self-pity.
my friends had all departed,
and I was left alone;
sinking in depression,
the light no longer shone.
On a jet above the city,
my baggage all took flight;
I escaped the bounds of earth,
and took refuge in the night.

David Lessard

For Jfk

Once there was a Camelot,
right here... in U.S.A;
bullets ended his short reign,
on that bloody, autumn day

once we had a king and queen,
here... in our democracy;
fifty years ago today,
his rule of hand was not to be

once we sought the moon,
to send a man in space;
now those dreams are gone,
and of those thoughts, no trace

once we were a nation, strong,
so powerful, we ruled the earth;
now, the strength has ebbed away,
and ideas that gave its birth

once the country was united,
under God and family ties;
now we stand divided,
our truth shot down with lies.

David Lessard

Forever Love

Moments with you last forever,
etched within my mind;
like a flower plucked at bloom,
one seeks but seldom finds.
From a rare bouquet you came,
fragrance like a breath of Spring;
an enchanting, bewitching perfume,
that started my heart to sing.
Your love reached out and touched me,
stirring the senses of my soul;
a kiss swept aside the loneliness,
your embrace then made me whole.
How could our love not last forever?
if true, then that's how it should be;
for love releases the stuff that binds,
and sets your captured soul free.
Your memories will last forever,
and the way that you are still;
I save all the bits and pieces,
and I never get my fill.

David Lessard

Forgetting.

Why look for you -
when you're not there?
why waste my breath -
to let you know I care?

The silence doesn't end,
the echoes don't return;
I have no need of you,
why must you make me yearn?

The love has vanished
with no one left surprised;
what we had, what we did,
all is gone, all has died.

Why do I look around -
when you are far away?
why was I befuddled -
when you chose not to stay?

I will forget you in awhile,
your face, your kiss, your touch;
forget the way you smiled at me,
and I'll not mind it...much.

David Lessard

Forging On...

When this life becomes too weary,
and storm clouds hide the day;
shrug off the doldrums of your mood,
greet with joy what comes you're way.

Smile and say, I'm feeling better,
the blues were but a quick distraction;
the sadness came but for a moment,
now I'm ready for any action.

It's the positive that does the trick,
just saying yes instead of no;
others lose their cool and drift,
the trick? Go on with the flow.

Laugh aloud and laugh quite often,
share the joy that makes you go;
be a friend to all you meet,
let your inner being glow.

Forge on ahead with quiet meaning,
life's a battle you can win;
before the batteries wind down,
and you come to your end.

David Lessard

Giving Thanks To The Lord

Lord, I know you celebrate Thanksgiving,
but not with turkey and apple pie;
You give thanks for life and living,
we here praise Your name on high.

We celebrate the book You gave us,
with knowledge of the way to truth;
we know that You erase our silly fuss,
forgive us for being too uncouth.

Lord, You are my strength through all,
my shield from evil and from sin;
You help me to stand straight and tall,
and don't remember where I've been.

Without Your love, I would be lost,
without Your hope, I'd lose my way;
with Your ransom, You've paid the cost,
You listen when I kneel to pray.

Thank You Lord, for Your great light,
Thank You Lord, for the Spirit's hand;
Thank You Lord, You ease the night,
and make all my tomorrows grand.

David Lessard

Going For A Hundred

Going for one hundred,
that's my special goal today;
alas, the topic is uncertain,
of what it is, I wish to say.

It could be death or life,
perhaps beauty would be better;
but one good thing about it,
we needn't follow to the letter.

It's called poetic justice,
to say what's on your mind;
be nasty, gracious, silly,
be cruel, be bad, be kind.

The blank page is your canvas,
swear and curse if you desire;
for me, cussing doesn't help,
it only tends to fuel my ire.

The topic is just relative,
two minds might just oppose;
but keep the poetry aflame,
it keeps you on your toes.

David Lessard

Goodbye My Love, I'M Going...

Goodbye my love, I'm going,
to new places I'll depart;
I'll not be gone forever,
we'll not be long apart.
Bear in mind my love,
keep it safe and sound;
time is but a nuisance,
of which I'll work around.
Keep your thoughts about me,
I will return one day;
but today, the winds, they call,
and I cannot stay away.
I must tramp the open road,
sleep in the forests, near;
pray for me in laughter,
shed not the lonely tear.
Goodbye my love, I'm leaving,
there's paths that I must follow;
lest my soul does perish,
lest my hopes grow hollow.

David Lessard

Have You Ever...

Have you ever walked the canyon,
do you know the one I mean?
where you can hide forever,
from the city's ugly gleam.

From the traffic and pollution,
from the sirens of the street;
where solitary hikers,
are the most you'll ever meet.

You can lose yourself in splendor,
in a world that few do know;
you can bask in natural gardens,
and just go with the flow.

Where the lights are only stars,
and the sounds are those of peace;
where the magic of the canyon,
has a hold on nature's lease.

Have you ever seen the sun go down,
in the middle of the day?
then you've never walked the canyon,
where enchantment is at play.

David Lessard

Heart And Soul

I will drink your coffee,
and I will drink your tea;
I'll eat the food you bring,
you can't get rid of me.

I'll be there in the morning,
the afternoon and night;
when the day is dark,
and when the day is bright.

I'll take each trip with you,
I will not stay at home;
for like yourself my friend,
I am content to roam.

I'll sing at life's charades,
moan at life's great sorrows;
be with you for the moment,
and with all your tomorrows.

I will laugh at deadlines,
weep when you fall down;
take joy in your successes,
I will always be around.

I'll make your day content,
on every morning stroll;
be with you throughout life,
I am your heart and soul.

David Lessard

Here You Come Again

Here you come again,
just when I was getting warm;
you come back and send the chill,
with the swiftness of your storm.

With the cutting, brutal wind,
with the sharp and frigid breeze;
bringing on the sniffles,
bringing on the sneeze.

Here you come again,
with rain and snow and ice;
just when we got comfortable,
you stopped being nice.

The dark skies tell the story,
slate grey clouds that hover;
and dish out nasty weather,
and makes us run for cover.

Here you come again,
in winter's restless fury;
that causes us to bundle up,
as we step in a hurry.

David Lessard

Hesitation.

Too long at the mirror,
choosing clothes of fashion;
with things that do not matter,
are looks your greatest passion?

Have you lost that urge to give?
then turn to thoughtless needs?
have you become obsessed,
to what your ego feeds?

Have you cast away your soul,
and fallen into lust?
shrugged of all relationships,
because you could not trust?

The you're too much with this world,
and your not so much with God;
are you holding off His love,
cause people think you odd?

God is Love and so are we,
if in His steps we walk;
and if we speak His holy name,
and of His truth, we talk.

David Lessard

High Wire Act

No longer do I find,
a page that's missing,
you are the super glue,
that never breaks apart;

before you, there was no one,
that could secure my heart.

The others, they did try,
but they faded fast away;
slipped from memory,
slowly, day by day.

Until you came along,
I was rendered obsolete -
but then you looked at me,
as you walked down the street.

Said you were new in town,
looking for a certain store;
I saw interest in your eyes,
those eyes I now adore.

Over a cup of coffee,
we got lost in talk,
chit-chatting inane words,
you awoke in me, desire;

I knew we'd made connection,
and danced, on that high wire.

David Lessard

Home

Home's the spot of our heart's content,
which you long for, when you're away;
where the most of your life is spent,
the honored castle wherein you stay.

It's fine to go and wander off awhile,
to hike, to camp, to fish, to meditate;
to laugh, forget your cares and smile,
as for your worries, let those wait!

Home will be there, when you're through,
when you've exhausted your vacation;
when there's not much that's left to do,
but still there's a feel of high elation.

You've captured views of horizons grand,
camped out in tents, primitive and pure;
reflected on where, in life you stand,
boasted, when a big trout took your lure.

Home is where the tired heart's seeking,
a pleasant nest, to rest your bones;
where the embrace of love is speaking,
in peaceful, copacetic tones.

David Lessard

Homeless

There is madness in the land
and in the city,
wandering souls, that are
searching for a home;
they need compassion, not
our useless pity,
through the countryside and
streets, they roam.

Some are driven, by forces
they can't name,
some are homeless, but not
by their own choice;
many have symptoms they
cannot tame,
they're lost, because,
they have no voice.

They're ostracized, out of sight
and out of mind,
we don't speak about them,
they're cast aside;
they're seen with others
of their own kind,
they seek out shelter,
sometimes hard to find.

The mentally ill, are walking
all around us,
with different visions
we cannot see;
we often brush by them
with a silent cuss,
with silent thanks,
that it's not me.

David Lessard

I Ama Happy Medium

I am a happy medium,
not too short and not too tall,
a middle-of-the-roader,
I like the center of a hall.

I like a warm and sunny day,
not too hot and not too cold;
I enjoy the open marketplace,
where things are bought and sold.

I prefer the fuzzy PG films,
no violence and no strife;
I like Walt Disney flicks,
and his slants on life.

I've a car that's not too fast,
but yet, it's not too slow;
I am a happy medium,
it gets me where I want to go.

I have a gal, not too cute,
but isn't homely I might add;
she makes my welfare nice,
not too happy, not too sad.

David Lessard

I Cannot Die From Love...

I cannot die from love,
the pain would be too great;
it's not in my plans,
to enter thru that gate.

I need the stuff of love,
to keep an even keel;
to lose it would be heartbreak,
and that's no way to feel.

And so, I'll stay with love,
all thru the thick and thin;
never will I reject her,
it would be too much a sin!

Too many loves are lost,
thru lack of much desires;
for lack of much delight,
that douses many fires.

I cannot die from love,
for then I'd be alone;
it's not right for any man,
this state I don't condone!

David Lessard

I Can'T Wait Until Forever

I said, I can't wait until forever,
for you to finally choose a mate;
you know, we chanced to meet by luck,
though some might call it fate.

I love you and I want you,
can't be more blunt than that;
please, don't keep me waiting,
I don't want to be another stat.

Statistics are for accountants,
Lord, I know that I'm not one;
I'm more down-to-earth and casual,
true-blue... loyal...and fun.

I'll be there when you need me,
won't turn or run or hide;
it'll be a good relationship,
with me there, by your side.

But I repeat; I can't wait forever,
too much time has passed already;
this is for all the roses darling,
not for your on and off-like steady.

David Lessard

I Will Not Forget You.

I will not forget you,
you were once a part of me;
part of a love, part of a joy,
but is no longer meant to be.

So swift the years go by,
so fast the times of gladness;
now we embrace the memories,
forgetting all the sadness.

But that's the way life is,
here today, then gone tomorrow;
first the laughter and the love,
then the bitterness and sorrow.

First the wonder of one's touch,
that lingers like a dream;
then comes the second part,
and life's not what it seems.

But I will not forget you,
and the way you made me feel;
the way you captured me,
in the first and final reel.

David Lessard

I Will Wait For You.

I will wait for you,
in the shadow of the night,
in the moon's white, eerie light,
I will wait for you.

I will dream of you,
in the softness of my bed,
your sweet beauty in my head,
I will dream of you.

I will sing to you,
in the quiet of my room,
to dispel the evening doom,
I will sing to you.

I will hold you in my arms,
in the visions of my thought,
with the love of you I've bought,
I will hold you in my arms.

I will say the words of love,
and whisper them, in your ear,
I will calm your every fear,
I will say the words of love.

I will wait for you,
in the hopes of bright tomorrows,
chasing away dread of sorrows,
I will wait for you.

David Lessard

If I Never Hear From You...

If I hear from you,
it will be too soon;
you are erased
and gone to ruin;
thrown out with the trash,
dumped in the garbage heap;
and I won't be concerned
won't lose any sleep.
Good riddance and goodbye,
your presence is not wanted;
you can't trouble me again,
I'll not be shamed or taunted.
If I never hear from you,
then I will live in peace;
from your sordid anger,
I'd like a life-long lease.
From the way you doubted me,
from cruel things that you said;
when you cursed me to my face,
and wished that I were dead.
If I never hear from you,
then I can rest my soul;
heal the wounds that kill,
and once more, to be whole.

David Lessard

If I Said I Love You

If I said I love you,
would you smile and laugh at me?
would you turn away -
hiding the face I want to see?

Love comes around so little,
you'd be best to grab a chance;
instead of staring off in space,
and not giving me a glance.

If I said...you're lovely,
would you take that compliment?
compliments are few and scarce,
accept them when they're sent.

Love's nothing to be scoffed at,
you've only a dare to lose;
rejections are too easy,
love's the choice to choose.

If I said I love you,
would you simply walk away?
or would you take my hand,
and therefore plan to stay?

David Lessard

I'LI Be Back To Say Goodbye

I'll be back to say goodbye,
for I'm not really leaving;
just going for a short time,
I may do a bit of grieving.

I'll mull over what you said,
that for us the end is near;
you have to find yourself,
I understand my dear.

And you will need to understand,
that I need time, like you;
to wonder where it all went wrong,
now that I've lost you.

I hope you find yourself real soon,
I can't throw away my life;
I can't toss aside tomorrows,
I can't eradicate a wife.

I'll be back to say goodbye,
if goodbyes are understood;
if goodbyes are set in stone,
then I will leave for good.

David Lessard

I'M Going Down To Tucson

I'm going down to Tucson,
I'll stay a day or two;
maybe visit Benson, Bisbee,
before my trip is through.

Here comes southern Arizona,
where sun shines her pure light;
where the coyotes howl at heaven,
in the welcoming of night.

Tarantulas and scorpions grovel,
in the ever shifting sand;
and bats fly out of barren caves,
where tall Saguaros stand.

I'll meet up with an old, good friend,
that came west- just for the heat;
we've been pals from who knows when,
compelled by restless feet.

Driven by compulsion strong,
by search of knowledge fed;
we'll explore new hidden things,
storing memories in our head.

I'm going down to Tucson,
and probably won't stay long;
but I'll treasure every moment,
of the southern desert's song.

David Lessard

Images.

The sun is high, the skies are bright,
I walked along the trail this morn;
snow atop the hills...a lovely sight,
just like a new day had been born.
The air was sharp and crystal clean,
the breezes blowing soft and cool;
the landscape was a pastel scene,
and God's hand, the artist's tool.
Willow Lake spread out it's face,
water's depths, are now diminished;
our long drought has left it's trace,
with the seasons almost finished.
Still the view is pleasant to the eye,
the geese and ducks swim out or wade;
and weathered stalks of grass do lie,
in this creation that's been made.
The morning's warmth is gaining fast,
I turn and head back, to my car;
and what was now... does not last,
what was close, now seems too far.

David Lessard

Imagining London Town

Fog this morning,
outside my window -
London town;
a teary misty,
luminescence,
lies eerily around.

Strange for Arizona,
this shower-laden
morn;
kissing desert plants,
with its clinging dew,
it does adorn.

Not cold enough for snow,
too warm for any sleet;
it's a mirage of spring,
with rainy, tepid feet.

My rainwear hangs,
neglected -
awaiting company,
I may take for a ride today,
in a few hours...we'll see.

It's a break from sun and
dryness,
these raindrops hanging
in the air;
I imagine London town,
and the clothes I soon
will wear.

David Lessard

In The Shelter Of His Arms...

Safe in my Father's arms,
I am sheltered from the rain;
sheltered from the sorrow,
that sometimes masks as pain.
His hands reach out to hold me,
there's a strength within His touch;
and although the hurt still lingers,
it doesn't hurt as much.
I'm secure in His great truth,
and the blessings He has given;
to know that He will love me,
makes me go on, living.
When the anger has subsided,
when the hate is finally gone;
and my life's been turned around,
and a new one's going on.
Safe in my Father's arms,
I am sheltered from the winds;
embracing new beginnings,
in a love that never ends.

David Lessard

In This World, Not Of It.

Yes, we live in this world,
but we don't have to love it
it's just a temporary dwelling,
like the body we inhabit for a while,
there are too many things to improve upon,
things that bring us down and cramp our style.

There's a new world beyond this, waiting,
to welcome us with love and pure joy,
where war is non-existent and so is hate,
it will make us into someone new,
starting with a fresh, new slate.

There's a Spirit world that soon we'll know,
where the lion and the lamb will settle down,
where the wolf and bear are more like friend,
we will spread happiness instead of sorrow,
and for us, that world will never end.

It's in the Good Book, just look and see,
read the about the miracles that will occur,
man cannot lead us down the final road,
he's messed us up right from the very start,
let the Almighty One show you the way,
to Him, give up your tiresome, weary load.

We live in this world, but we're not of it,
we're strangers and pilgrims on a quest,
sojourners living in a fleeting body,
trying hard to do our very best.

David Lessard

Integrity.

You don't need perfection,
to be considered whole;
we all botch it now and then,
each one that bares the soul.
The truth at times is trying,
but it's better than a lie;
mistakes can be much worse,
if you didn't really try.
We can learn from blunders,
to correct and to succeed;
with trials of our misfortune,
by our every thought and deed.
So, just grin when you are down,
laugh.., get back into the race;
shrug off the circumstances,
paste sunshine on your face.
We're only flesh and bones,
but with Spirit, we are free;
and with all the imperfections,
we'll still have integrity.

David Lessard

Iron Dinosaurs.

Iron dinosaurs, roam this wood,
their tracks are ten feet wide;
Pity the wildlife in their way.
they've no place to hide.

The scars they leave are ugly,
tall pines shorn in half;
they are literally consuming,
every damn thing in their path.

This trail is coldly ravaged,
it's not conducive to my walk;
watch out for flying debris,
says the sign: at this, I balk.

Remaining forest is not dense,
machines leave only desolation;
man's pollution of all things,
leaves a nasty desecration.

Iron dinosaurs, roam these fields,
in the name of might and progress;
the only way to slow them down,
is with an Act of Congress!

David Lessard

Is There...?

Is there a world without your anger?
a glen that doesn't hear your voice?
a world so peaceful and so calm,
that remains quite free of ice?

Is there a spot of blissful waters,
that calm the trembling heart?
that can sooth and comfort shadows,
from which I daily break apart?

Is there a haven made for only lovers,
that can eradicate the taint of hate?
is there a place that's safe and hidden,
that does not compromise one's fate?

If such a garden was in fact, existent,
then would you take me to that land?
give me a secluded home to dwell in,
where I can make one contented stand?

It's all I ask, guide me to this field,
where summers are the only happy season;
where the soul and mind can co-exist,
without any rhyme or reason.

David Lessard

Is Your God Dead?

If there were no God,
how then, could he exist?
is he made up in our mind?
if dead, would he be missed?

Do think that morals count?
or that ethics makes us right?
who would we pray to then?
if God were not in sight?

Is, if it feels good do it, your motto?
do the laws have any weight?
is it okay to screw your friend,
to cause him grief and hate?

Who taught you what was right and wrong?
your mother, dad, or friends?
have you ever read the Bible,
to see, just how, it ends?

If God were dead and buried,
would not chaos reign supreme?
would not the hopes you had,
perish, with your dreams?

David Lessard

It's Good To Be Back Home...

It's good to be back home,
where sunshine rules the day;
a place where I can kick back,
and while my time away.

Just returned from my vacation,
from the charm of mountains;
from restaurants and gift shops,
from statues and from fountains.

From ski lifts and fresh air,
where moose and elk abound;
in the high country of Utah,
where there's beauty all around.

From the quaint old colored houses,
where the miners claimed a place;
and mined out all the silver,
and now's there's not a trace.

Now skiers claim the winters,
and tourists prize the fall;
thirty-one miles from Salt Lake,
where you hear sweet nature call.

But it's good to be back home,
where I can rejoin the status quo;
setting my own damn pace,
going where I want to go.

David Lessard

Jax

He's a welsh terrier,
fast, smart, funny;
he's adorable and cute,
makes my blue days, sunny.

He's a stray...adopted,
he chose me and I chose him;
he takes me out on walks,
on most any whim.

His given name is Jax,
he's sweet and minds real well;
most anyone we meet,
thinks he's really swell.

His love is unconditional,
loves me no matter what;
lifts me from the doldrums,
when I am in a rut.

I love this dog,
that's now a friend;
here's hoping it,
will never end.

David Lessard

King James

He's going back to Cleveland,
to set the nets on fire;
he's tired of the Heat,
he's lost all the desire.

In good old North Ohio,
he'll be welcomed by the crowd;
they fall all over themselves,
and call his name out loud.

He's returning to the city,
where he's never won a ring;
causing wild emotions,
as people jump and sing.

He's the greatest in the world,
at what he does...he's best;
he's passed with flying colors,
nearly each and every test.

If you are called a Buckeye,
then you've nothing more to fear;
cause LeBron James is going to be,
a Cleveland Cavalier.

David Lessard

Lake Views

My early morning walk along the water's edge

- -

The lake is drying inwardly,
shrinking as the days go by;
nearly half of what it was,
seems as if the waters sigh.
I walk along the waters edge,
the wild ducks stir around;
the sand is soft and muddy,
but I'm still on solid ground.
The rush of wings is sudden,
as the birds rise up as one;
and the wave of them in flight,
blocks out the morning sun.
I spot the big bird in a tree,
imposing... stately... regal;
too far away to identify,
but I'm thinking it's an eagle.
I turn and look the other way,
across what's now a pond;
a crane is riding in the wind,
I turn back...the eagle's gone.
I continue on my marshy stroll,
run into a flock of geese;
they too, rise up in unison,
I have disturbed their peace.
The cormorants are returning,
high in cottonwoods, they nest;
they soar above the waters,
and swoop over the waves crest.
Drought, it seems to never end,
we're always praying for rainfall,
sands suck up where I've been;
the desert does not mind at all.

David Lessard

Late Afternoon Walk

With the breezes blowing briskly,
and the sky a brilliant blue-
I traveled down a well known path,
with surrounding sights in view

A distant butte, a well known sight,
arising roughly in the west-
the mountains ring it's spot,
purple ridges mark their crest.

To the north, they are higher still,
to heights of twelve thousand feet-
their summits rare of footfalls,
and the absence of the heat.

On my left is Granite mountain,
a rocky, barren crag of stone-
where off the lonesome ledges,
many a turkey vulture's flown.

But it's in the valley down below,
that now draws me to it's site-
as the day winds down to sunset
and I acknowledge night.

David Lessard

Leaving

I won't be there when you wake,
in my heart, you drove a stake;
there's no more that I can take,
so I'm leaving, for MY sake.

In your heart, you've grown cold,
to another, you've been sold;
you're too brazen and too bold,
there is nothing more to hold.

I am sick of all your lying,
well past the point of crying;
way past the path of trying,
but I no longer feel like dying.

You have treated me like trash,
my dreams and goals you've bashed;
you only wanted jewels and cash,
I feel as if I have been lashed.

You've broken every cherished vow,
but to your wishes, I'll not bow;
I'm going to up and leave you now,
and I'll survive, just don't know how.

David Lessard

Let Love Die...

The cacophony of your anger
drives me to madness -
makes me, a casualty of love
that only ends in sadness;
there's a certain pathos in
the lurid words you speak,
and mortified, I turn
the other cheek.

I won't submit to
utter degradation,
nor will I succumb
to base defeat;
there's parts of me
you will never master,
and as for errors -
those I'll not repeat.

You're not the victor of
some arcane game,
any platitudes you spout
are only lame;
there are no winners
in this fading dream,
there's just a silent,
wordless scream.

Let's let it die -
with all the
bits and pieces,
until the churning
in my heart,
it ceases;
let the fallacies
and fables die,
lay to rest
the fairytale and lie.

Love suffers not

our hypocrisy,
nor bland illusions
of our senses;
if you once loved me -
then let me be,
and quit assaulting
my defenses.

David Lessard

Life Passage.

Bow unto the east my friend,
for there, the sun does rise;
as it will tomorrow,
my God, how time does fly!

Yesterday, I was a child,
sledding in the yard;
today I am a senior,
my God, at times, it's hard.

Hard to think that life,
has come this far with me;
when things went wrong and crazy,
when I didn't want to be.

But suicide's the coward's way,
life is made for living;
life is full of promise,
life is always giving.

Bow unto the west my friend,
for there, the sun goes down;
upon the mighty and the weak,
with a silent screaming sound.

David Lessard

Life Without You...

Life without you - it's not so bad,
beats the crap out what we had;
our separation became an ocean,
and I'll not get a foolish notion.

One day you were, the next your not,
and love is left to stink and rot;
tossed like garbage, in the dump,
go find some other stud to hump.

There's nothing here to save or keep,
I laugh at it, refuse to weep;
I will bend, but I won't break,
there's nothing more that you can take.

I said farewell, this time for good,
wouldn't come back if you said I could;
I had my fill of your remorse,
you couldn't have treated me any worse.

Life without you - it ain't so bad,
you can't kill what we never had;
I didn't lose, you didn't win,
what the hell was your name again?

David Lessard

Life's Walk.

Take a little trip with me,
down life's wild, rocky road;
take no baggage with you,
shrug off the heavy load.

You only need your open mind,
perhaps your tortured soul;
forget your winsome heart,
it will never make you whole.

The heart is too deceiving,
you can't trust it to be true;
it will only be a burden,
of things you wish you knew.

Keep fast the mind and soul,
they're the glue that binds;
the mind is beautiful,
the soul makes sure it shines.

In the end, you'll need the love,
that encompasses all things;
for endless satisfaction,
of what tomorrow brings.

David Lessard

Light In The Darkness...

They've banned all prayers in public schools,
it's quite damn clear that Satan rules;
the world has stolen all our tools,
and gives to us, educated fools.

The 10 Commandments, no one knows,
we're bombarded with constant woes;
the lack of morals clearly shows;
and the river of deception, flows.

The truth is locked up, in the dark,
the Word is cut off, with a bark;
the world is now becoming stark,
and snuffles out, the singing lark.

Yet in this void, they're comes a prayer,
that shines a light, for all to share;
that bears the mark, of all that care,
and spreads the love, both strong and fair.

A love that grows, each passing day,
when we sink to our knees, and pray;
love that lives and never goes away,
and rides the beam of heaven's ray.

David Lessard

Light Vs Darkness

There is a light shining in the darkness,
lift up your eyes, let it shine right in;
it will free you of your worries,
it will forgive your greatest sin.

That light has no kin to darkness,
what fellowship has love with hate?
you can eliminate the daily sorrow,
it is, for you alone, He waits.

His light guides on the right path,
we need not wonder where it is we go;
the love of Christ is there for all to see,
it's in His truth, we abide and know.

The light is greater than the darkness,
darkness only hides the wickedness;
prevents the soul from living,
stalls the ultimate happiness.

There is a light shining in the darkness,
that sets us free from Satan's grip;
gives us the robe of His understanding,
as we set sail upon His sin-free ship.

David Lessard

Like An Old Friend.

Like an old friend the highland hills are calling,
no matter what... the type of weather;
it could be snowing, it could be raining,
I simply close my eyes and imagine heather.

But it is scrub oak and pinion pine,
that adorn the ridges where I walk;
that sprout from out the desert earth,
and it is to the manzanita that I talk.

The last strong winds of March
blow down the stalks of grass,
limbs of bushes, dancing in the wind;
it's in this atmosphere I take my hike,
feeling fresh, I don't want the day to end.

In the brunt of breezes,
a bandanna shields my face,
a barrier to pollen in the air;
I've had enough of weepy eyes
and sniffing nose,
for my uncovered face to once more bare.

In the distance, mountains kiss the sky,
and snows lie deep upon their peaks;
in an hour's time, you can don your skis,
if that's your wish and it is snow one seeks.

I make the loop, the wind's now at my back,
like an old friend, sweetly pushing me along;
taking deep sighs, contented with the day,
breathe the end of March and its springtime song.

David Lessard

Limbo.

My tarnished thoughts are locked in limbo,
I buried them, years and years ago;
with the strongest lock that I could find,
you'll not pry them from me I know.

There, they cannot trouble me or you,
there, they'll never cause one harm;
their safe away from any demons,
or those possessed with demon's charm.

I'm glad for limbo, my sweet refuge,
the secret harbor, where I am safe;
a solitude of my own creation,
where brutal forces cannot chafe.

I've taken all my fear and stored it,
in the vaults of my own mind;
where the thieves cannot steal it,
nor can others of my kind.

In limbo, there is bliss and peace,
freedom from hurts and anguished pain;
knowing all this truth, I'm certain,
there's nothing more to lose, nor gain.

David Lessard

Lobotomy.

Becaws i lost my tempa,
thay had to fix my brane,
caled me two agresieve,
sed I was inzane.

thay opined up my hed,
an tuk a pease rite out,
sed eyed luz my tempa,
woodint hav to shout.

sed eyed be a gud boy,
an not caws annie fus,
sed eyed be sweet-tempa-ed,
an woodint hav to cus.

thay sed that I wuz eval,
thay had to tak it out,
sed eyed be beta of,
eye furget jus what ab-out.

sew, thay whitled out my hed,
the bad part of my brane,
sed thay had to do it,
becaws eye wuz inzane.

David Lessard

Lord, When I Think...

Lord, when I think of all
the years I shut You out,
I am ashamed and I weep
with flowing tears;
You turned me
all around,
crushed, then buried
my daily fears.

I never thought to seek You out,
I thought that you
would come to me;
in my ignorance I did
not know,
that I had to ask
for You to set me free.

Better late than never, people say,
and they, for once are right;
Your acceptance was
from the start;
and now, I sleep
comfortably,
throughout the night.

Lord, when I think of all the
years I didn't know your name,
those years were blotted
from my sordid past;
and now I humbly come to You,
for all I need,
for all the love,
that did not last.

David Lessard

Lost

I can't last a day without you,
it would not be complete;
for without you, I am lost,
and wander in the street.

Going round in circles, lost,
I cannot find my way;
I'm without a compass,
and don't know how to pray.

Don't know how to live my life,
I laugh instead of cry;
I'm missing out on love,
and don't know the reason why.

Must there be a reason then?
for all my trials and trouble?
guess I'm a soul in limbo,
searching through the rubble.

Why do I doubt you Lord?
is it because of sin?
or that spectre in my face,
that knows just where I've been?

Help me in my faith Lord,
so I can tear apart this wall;
so I can see more clearly,
so I will not fall.

David Lessard

Lost At Sea

I set the sail and off I go,
in the cool, New England mist;
it's the gypsy in my heart,
the wanderlust I've missed.
I leave my maps at home,
and the compass there as well,
I push off in the fog,
into the water's swell.
I see the freedom of the gulls,
relaxed, I contemplate the day;
not caring if I rock the boat,
or if, I lose my way.
The waves are lapping at my bow,
sounds of water and of bird;
break the mold of silence,
but no other sounds are heard.
A balm that's known as sailing,
becomes a rapture on the sea;
it washes dirt from off my soul,
cleansing it...and me.

David Lessard

Lost In Limbo.

You were here and now you've gone,
disappearing from my sight;
what made you flee from me?
before it yet was night.

Before the darkness came,
before the light receded;
before I got my fill,
of everything I needed.

Everything I needed love,
was taken from my hand;
without rhyme or reason,
or sense of any plan.

No damn plan to follow,
no map of any kind;
I feel rather lost,
about to lose my mind.

About to lose my mind,
to suffer such a loss;
to dwell in limbo dear,
dreams that have been tossed.

David Lessard

Lost In You

Where do I go from here?
when there is no where else to turn;
when the way is hard to see,
and my heart, it still will burn.

When the roses fall from grief,
when the dawn no longer shines?
when the memories grow dim,
of all the fun filled times?

All that's left of you is ashes,
now scattered on the wind;
from that day of long ago,
that I thought would never end.

Why must I go on living?
when there's nothing to live for?
and your vision's gone from me,
behind some damned locked door.

Where do I go from here?
there's no path that I can take;
to obscure the love we shared,
from dreams I can't awake.

David Lessard

Love Games...

Why do you haunt my memories?
the images I cannot erase;
it was a hundred years ago,
when last, I saw your face.

At least it seemed to me,
a hundred years ago;
wish I knew then what I now -
the old, familiar saying goes.

I would have walked the other way,
I wouldn't have offered you my hand;
the time we would have better saved,
if we knew then where we would stand.

If we knew the bitterness to come,
if we knew the pain we'd wallow in;
we might have stepped aside,
instead, we took it on the chin.

But fate plays games with lovers,
let the throw of dice begin;
some are happy winners,
some, losers in the end.

David Lessard

Love Song.

Like beams of morning sunlight,
like freshness of the dew;
your fingers brushed my cheek,
and love awoke, and grew.

Like the gentle wind in evening,
like sprinkles of new rain;
your kiss captured my heart,
and I'll never be the same.

Like shadows in the forest,
like clouds that float on high;
your love crept into being,
just as quiet as a sigh.

Like a rainbow after storms,
like the scent of fragrant air;
you burst into my mundane life,
with your happiness to share.

Like the sunset over water,
like new blossoms in the Spring;
you are the gift of sweet surprise,
of what you daily bring!

David Lessard

Love, Walks, Music, Books.

The bench I rest upon, is
not yet fully in the sun -
but the morning is so mild,
and my walk's not nearly done.

The silence seems so odd,
the traffic's nearly nil -
no breeze disturbs the air,
on this winter's day so still.

Bill Williams Mt. to the north,
recalls a mountain man of years ago -
just to the west of Flagstaff,
its summit now, crowned with snow.

Five thousand feet below,
perched here, upon this bench -
I ponder of life's journey,
with the sometimes monkey wrench.

And satisfied with love and walks,
content with music and my books -
I'm filled with peace and harmony,
and life's ever-changing looks.

David Lessard

Lover's Quarrel

They had a lover's quarrel,
a little tiff, a lover's spat;
as the days went by, she noticed,
he never held her after that.

He never wrapped his arms around her,
never stopped for an embrace;
cold silence filled the void,
you could see it on his face.

You could see it in his manner,
in the way he sulked around;
she wished it all away,
but it only brought her down.

It brought her down to sadness,
when she learned he didn't care;
and what was left of their love,
simply vanished in the air.

It simply vanished in the air,
what was once a joy, now gone;
now the question still remains,
who the hell was right or who
the hell was wrong?

David Lessard

Love's A Two Way Street

Tell me you no longer love me,
then tell me, the reason why;
did you fall out of love so soon?
when you knew, did you once cry?
Why did you wait so long to tell me?
you know I cannot read your mind;
what caused you to not love me?
was I ever that unkind?
I was totally surprised my love,
when you said, that we were through;
all that time you never loved me,
and like a fool, I never knew.
I could have made my plans to part,
much sooner than I did;
because you didn't tell me,
the knowledge that you hid.
All the while, I never knew,
that your love, it was no more;
but once I knew, then I was gone,
straight out that cold, front door.
And I survived without you,
because love's a two-way road;
but you were on a one-way street,
and in quite a different mode.

David Lessard

Love's Bitter Pill.

Release me from this prison,
and forever, let me go;
take these chains, destroy them,
they hinder me more than you know.

Cast off the shackles of my mind,
throw out what we once knew;
I do not love you anymore,
today, this time, we're through.

Bury deep the endless sorrow,
hide from me, the vapid lies;
still the curses from your lips,
the moans, the sobs, the cries.

Set aside the slings and arrows,
you've gone and wounded me enough;
once I was a proud and happy warrior,
now I realize, that I am not so tough.

You broke me down, was that your plan?
you chose to battle and broke my will;
I'm like some discarded piece of trash,
I took your bitter, tasteless pill.

But I will rise again from your defeat,
and I will claim my own sweet victory;
and you'll not know the outcome,
for it is mine alone to see.

David Lessard

Love's Grand Mystery

In portals of beginnings,
of love's sweet mystery;
some will find safe harbor,
others, lost at sea.
Some will find no joy,
some gain happiness;
others fight and quarrel,
creating much distress.
Sometimes we jump the gun,
and leap before we look;
see outward, but not inward,
and never read the book.
Looks can be beguiling,
and therein lies the trap;
often baffled by a smile,
we cruise without a map.
In doors of our perception,
of love's grand mystery;
some will lose their sight,
of things they cannot see.

David Lessard

Love's Mystery

Do you think that you could love,
a person that never knew you?
a person that never heard you?
a person that never saw
the light shining in your eyes?
a voice that uttered whispered sighs?

Can you still believe in love,
that can't be seen or ever heard?
that develops in your soul,
that lies dormant in your heart,
that stirs one's precious mind,
is such a love, difficult to find?

Do you think that you could cherish
a love that's far from heaven,
and miles and miles away from land,
invisible to all but you,
can such a love be found,
what would be its sound?

Can you imagine love like that?
love that comes to you on breezes,
love that rides atop the wind,
love that feels like summer's rain,
behold it if you can my friend,
this love will never, never, end.

Do you think that you can love,
a thing unseen, untouched?
that is present in your dreams,
that pervades your blissful sleep,
refreshing your mind,
If you could love such a thing,
you'll inherit, all it brings.

David Lessard

Make Believe Cowboys.

The make believe cowboys,
are driving into town,
to have a shootout on the street,
and wordlessly fall down.
A harmless show of shooting,
some die and some will live;
their actors, showing off,
their meager lives to give.
They're cowboys in the shadows,
mean outlaws in disguise;
and today a dozen fall to earth,
and another dozen dies.
They're a figment of the past,
of those that bit the dust;
of the losers and the rest,
of all that soon went bust.
The make believe cowboy,
with a Honda for a horse;
dying without bleeding,
their life, now's run its course.

David Lessard

March Madness.

Is your madness basketball?
or the Spring that just won't come?
do you like your orange juice,
with just a touch of rum?

Do you yearn for sunshine?
that's just around the bend?
or are you hibernating,
until the winter ends?

March madness comes in many forms,
like love, like sports, like weather;
like pollen drifting on the wind,
and you sneeze, out in the heather.

Or you have the baseball fever;
you yell with every pitch;
you choke on beer and hot dogs,
sometimes... life's a bitch.

March madness is once more in the air,
the tempo's fast and fleeting;
you grab whatever floats your boat,
and long for summer's greeting.

David Lessard

Medicine For The Soul

Take two poems, call me in the morning,
maybe your melancholy will be better;
if you read each line that counts,
and do not miss a letter.

Poems are solace for the soul,
where mortals gladly share;
they'll take you to a special spot,
where other poets care.

They grieve or cry or shout out love,
their words are wounds they carry;
of death, of sorrow, of shattered goals,
of the endless hurt they parry.

Catharsis of the broken hearts,
purging the tears of loss;
moving on with unbowed head,
regardless of the cost.

Take a poem and lift your voice,
it's the medicine were needing;
to staunch the battle of neglect,
where true joy is bleeding.

David Lessard

Megalomania.

I am a man of some importance,
far above the middle class;
I have ingenuity and charm,
I deal in gold, not brass.

I drive Jaguars and Mercedes,
take my meals at fancy places;
have my nails done at salons,
digest the stock market races.

I pay a hundred for a haircut,
a thousand dollars for a suit;
I am smooth, suave and cultured,
it's my own horn that I toot.

Can't be bothered with the losers,
I turn away from ragged souls;
can't be trapped by sentiment,
I step around each trap or hole.

why am I here, in this institution?
bouncing off these so-called walls?
alas, there are so many like me,
wandering down these long, cold halls.

David Lessard

Memorial Day Get-A-Way.

Four hours to get to where I wanted to go,
slowed down by marauding cops or obstacles;
wanting something to quench my damn thirst,
like maybe two humongous popsicles.

But so what, I settled for a sip of water,
without this substance, we all would die;
popsicles are temporary, a dime a dozen,
ain't that the truth? why would I lie?

Shit, I always take too damn much food,
and never eat a fourth of what I bring;
also, too many damn unwanted clothes,
guess, it's me, my old damn thing.

Two hundred and five miles later, I'm there,
I make too many trips to the car and back;
the night is dark and black and far along,
don't care, too damn tired, I hit the sack.

It snowed the first day, but didn't stick,
at 7,300 feet, weather like that can occur;
next day was sunny and cool and quite nice,
that's the weather I can easily endure.

But I only had three days to hang around,
the third day I was heading back to home;
dodging traffic cops, race - minded cars,
to settle in awhile, & for awhile, not roam.

David Lessard

Memories Of A Thanksgiving Dinner.

This is too much, this Thanksgiving dinner,
I've stuffed myself, excess of this and that;
I'm doing it all wrong(my plan to get thinner) ,
the gorging of this food, only gets me fat.

Thirty minutes later, I'm off to dreamland,
my head is bobbing, I feel the need to sleep;
the afternoon's not going as I had it planned,
but I've no miles to go, nor promises to keep.

Turkey, taters, green beans and cranberry sauce,
followed by pumpkin and cinnamon-apple pie;
my daily battle with calories is a total loss,
now finished with my food, I let loose a sigh.

Did the Pilgrims and the Indians eat as much?
did they belch when they had had their fill?
did they stare at the dessert, afraid to touch?
thinking twice, as another turkey they did kill?

Is it right to glutton out while others starve?
to literally, bite off more than one can chew?
I'll ponder it, when the next turkey I must carve,
until then, the answers to the questions...
I wish to God I knew.

David Lessard

Modern Cowboy

I am a modern cowboy of the west,
I drive a Honda, don't ride no horse;
and I don't brand any cattle,
I'm retired, still alive of course.

I wear Levis and a flannel shirt,
a big hat, that's broad and wide;
singing Tumbling Tumbleweeds,
as I smile and step outside.

Watching the evening sunset,
I pledge my heart to the ground;
to the open plains and desert,
that's where my body's bound.

Where sun's forever the king,
where to forever I can see;
where the land goes on for miles,
where I can be lost and free.

I am a modern cowboy, I repeat,
without a saddle or a gun;
it's here, I can lose my senses,
where the wild west once was won.

David Lessard

Monsoon.

Rain

falls

HARD.

Leaving puddles in it's wake;
leaving rainbows for a memory,
in one awesome, brilliant, take.

I stand outside, face the wind,
the moisture hits my face;
and in ten minute's time,
it leaves its cold embrace.

It drops from 80 to 60,
the coolness chills me through;
like autumn in the summer,
from climes I never knew.

The gulch runs fast with water,
speeding to a lake;
and there's a brief respite,
with wetness in its wake.

Monsoon weather in the desert,
makes one forget the drought;
but tomorrow we will see,
how little we made out.

David Lessard

Morning Hymn

Father, thank you for the love,
that comes like summer sun;
that falls upon the hills,
and warms the soul to run.

Or to take a leisure stroll,
in the silence of the dawn;
when the heart's at rest,
when not much is going on.

When the day is full of promise,
when the shadows have to flee;
when Your presence fills my heart,
and Your knowledge sets me free.

The morning is for peace,
for some quiet meditation;
when we pray again for love,
to heal this sad, great nation.

Father, again, we give our thanks,
for all blessings that You send;
by touching people's life,
and broken dreams to mend.

David Lessard

Morning Walk/Jog

The April winds blow from
every point of the compass,
I jog down the trail, then up,
the breezes bend the grasses
...cattywampus,

I dodge a dog, just a pup.
A bicyclist flies on by,
as I rest upon a bench,
I gaze at the town and sky,
a breathless, senior mensch.

The air is temperate and mild,
perfect for an early morning walk,
the wind continues to be wild,
and I'm content with silent talk.

The jog and walk refresh the spirit,
the silence fills the empty mind,
solitude is that which does endear it,
the solace is the freedom which I find.

Lord, You make the day quite pleasant,
the air, the wind, the lovely view,
I can know, this day was heaven-sent,
and I offer praise right up to You.

David Lessard

Mountain Fever.

The mountain's crest is miles away,
but the lure of it is calling;
I hear the song of nature's voice,
and my feet cannot heed stalling.

I must get up and get my gear,
bring my sun-glasses and my hat;
a pint of water for my thirst,
as I leave, I kiss the cat.

Then I'm climbing up the ridge,
and the green trees in profusion;
the views keep getting better,
banishing the city's mass confusion.

Just a solitary being on a morning hike,
breathing fragrance of the forest air;
my thoughts now filled with peace,
with no worry, and no care.

On the peak's green crest I ponder,
the sights before me, all displayed;
I feel as if I can see forever,
the grand creation God has made.

David Lessard

Music Never Heard

There is music I can't hear,
sounds I cannot contemplate;
words are lost in meaning,
this is my burden and my fate.

I fight against the silence,
but the silence finds me out-
they tell me it's much worse,
but I'm a skeptic and I doubt.

I tell myself it's not so bad,
I gather most of what's said;
but then I hear the laughter,
and see them shake their head.

They shun the handicapped,
and speak to those around me;
I smile, remain invisible,
now it's me they cannot see.

There are sounds that pass me by,
some music that I will not hear;
conversations with empty air,
words falling - on my deaf ear.

David Lessard

My Goodbyes

I will not mourn long,
now that you have gone,
I'll be like all the rest
and carry on;
a swift barrage of tears
is what you'll find,
but be assured, your
always on my mind.
I cannot harbor images
of your anguished death,
I cradled you, held you
with you dying breath;
it was all that I could bear
to let you go,
your in my thoughts much more
than anyone can ever know.
The memory I keep will be
the one of youth,
when we fiercely loved
and kept the truth;
when you spoke such tender
words to me,
I saw the beauty that
no one else could see.
My ragged dreams no longer
hold a glow,
there will be sleepless nights,
that much I know;
but your face will never
fade away,
when I recall the bliss
we had each day.
Death is but a portal to
a distant land,
soon, I'll be beside you,
where it is you stand;
again, I'll hold you close,
as I did then,
embraced in love...right

up to the end.

David Lessard

My Prayer

Let my prayer be heard in heaven,
Father, let it reach Your ear;
thank You for Your many blessings,
and for the ones that we hold dear.

Let this prayer encourage others,
for those that may have lost the way;
let them discover your sweet truth,
this very moment, this very day.

Bind the wounds of those who suffer,
heal the pain that blocks the soul;
give to them the peaceful solace,
that stirs the heart and makes them whole.

May their sorrows turn to laughter,
may their tears dry up and flee;
change the thoughts that harbor evil,
take off the veil, that they might see.

Let my prayer be heard in heaven,
Father, grace the seeker's mind;
let those that hunger after justice,
be You the Judge, that they will find.

David Lessard

New Beginnings.

The madness is almost over,
just a few days remain;
then we all can start anew,
and play again, the same refrain.

New Year's resolutions,
are gone in a few weeks;
will this be the year,
that new roads we will seek?

Stay on the path forever,
do not waver to one side;
we must face the truth before us,
and longer can we hide.

Face the facts before us,
grab the truth and hold;
forget the many lies,
that since youth, we have been told.

Rise above the mundane life,
that we now are leading;
stop the flowing wounds,
cauterize the bleeding.

Shake the old, begin the new,
become the one you want to be;
bury the old self in the past,
the one that none need see.

David Lessard

New Day

My first cup of coffee,
such an ordinary pleasure;
to start the morning wake,
to the day, take measure.
a cup of joe, most satisfying,
the warm brew lifts the veil;
the brain becomes awake,
and sleep leaves in its trail.
the body limbers up,
the arms stretch up and wide;
the former things have passed,
this day has a brand new side.
the sun is there, behind a cloud,
the dawn is rising, quick and fast;
and I will greet this day,
and forget about the past.
the past, where no one lives,
the past, this day is dying;
the future beckons with the sun,
and me, God knows, I'm trying.

David Lessard

New World Waiting.

So long my love, I'm going home,
I've a date that's to be kept;
my days of youth are memory,
and of love, oft times, I've wept.

We all must take the road my love,
that leads to who knows where;
but my journey hinges on,
God and faith and prayer.

On truth and honesty,
on love of fellow man;
on God's inspired word,
on what I call...a plan.

With no faith, then God is dead,
without hope, the end is grim;
I took the leap of faith,
filled its glass up to the brim.

Goodbye my love, I'm going home,
to where a world shines bright;
to what our eyes cannot conceive,
what's waiting for our sight.

David Lessard

New Year Resolution.

On this lovely winter's morn,
I took my daily constitution;
and reflected thereupon,
my New Year's resolution.

To do away with hurt and strife,
to cause the thoughts of war to cease;
to initiate the joys of love,
to bring about the gift of peace.

To promote forgiveness, and to forget,
to bind the wounds of one another;
to treat all people with respect,
to treat all men, as your brother.

To pray, to laugh, to be content,
to elevate one's holy soul;
to recognize deficiencies,
get rid of them and make one whole.

To lend a hand when it is needed,
to bend a bit, but not to break;
to share the spirit with each other,
to honor God, for heaven's sake.

David Lessard

Night Fright

Wolves sniffing at my door,
or is it just imagination?
a soldier at a lonely outpost,
in some forsaken, frozen nation.

It's ten degrees below outside,
but I have a healthy fire going;
but damn, is it really wolves?
Jesus, I hate like hell not knowing.

I grab my gun and heavy coat,
embrace the cold and frigid night;
look around in anxiousness,
to see what's caused my fright.

Tracks spread out in all directions,
I shoulder my rifle, fire two rounds;
but for the sudden, rapid, echo,
there are no other worldly sounds.

In the distance, I see them running,
shaggy blurs, stark against the moon;
I barricade and brace the door,
for they'll be back, too soon.

David Lessard

Nothing More Wonderful

Hot coffee, sliding down my throat,
A wakeup call to morning's light;
Shrugging off the doldrums of last night.
Followed by a second cup...just right!
Now a shower to further wake the body,
Refreshing water, pouring from the spout;
From my head the night-time webs I rout,
Dry off, clothe up and then, step out.
The sun is climbing higher in the sky,
The warmth of it's great rays feels fine,
I have a feeling that today is really mine,
And I will make out as the sun...and shine.
Whatever strikes my fancy, I will make do,
And whatever comes my way, I'll see it through;
For I have plans, visions, and many things to do.
Lord, thanks for the coffee and the shower,
The sunshine that follows where I go;
You're the lamp that lights my way in darkness,
And I'm content and stable in its flow.
Give me this day to welcome heaven,
Let me feel the wonder of Your mighty bliss;
To walk Your path is walking in the truth,
For there's nothing more wonderful than this!

David Lessard

O.C.D.

Musn't step on the sidewalk's crack,
don't want to break a mother's back;
I wash my hand ten time in a row'
for germs grow on them you know.

I cleaned my room once more,
vacuumed the carpet, washed the floor;
a toothbrush for the corners of the kitchen,
where stuff can grow that looks like lichen.

Washed my hands again, real good this time,
(only washed them nine) ,
Scrubbed the windows in my den,
then scrubbed them once again;

Till the panes, they were so clear,
things looked so close and near.
I lay down and took a rest,
thank god, to get things off my chest.

Arose again, to clip my nails,
read Heloise's old wife's tales;
polished my shoes, ironed shirts,
sucked my thumb, nursed my hurts.

David Lessard

Ocean Speck's.

In the ocean, we are but a spot,
a jumbo jet is lost in choppy sea;
its Davy Jones that wins that day,
we search the spot, quite fruitlessly.

It's swallowed in the ocean blue,
twenty thousand fathoms down;
under pressure too vast to comprehend,
where there is no evidence of sound.

Amelia's down there too, so long ago,
her trip to span the world, cut short;
when did her plane give out and die?
perhaps, too quick for her to abort.

The Titanic was unsinkable they said,
but an iceberg stood there in her way;
beneath the waters deep, she sank,
many perished on that tragic day.

In the ocean, we are but a speck,
a lifeboat is a dot upon the waves;
and rescue's iffy at the best,
here, not even Jesus saves.

David Lessard

Old Tennis Shoes And Sweatshirts

Old tennis shoes and sweatshirts,
I cannot throw them out;
an aging athlete's memories,
of what this life's about.

Fading dreams of glory,
of moments in the sun:
the finality of triumph,
of a race that now is done.

Of hurdles, sprints and javelins,
of sweat and breathless times;
reduced down to some fragments,
of some poetry and rhymes.

From the clamor of the crowd,
to a distant, storied past;
when medals hung on necks,
that we knew would never last.

Old tennis shoes and sweatshirts,
I cannot throw them out;
until the cheering stops...
and I hear the last great shout.

David Lessard

Once Upon A Time...

Once upon a time, the wind blew cold,
the snow was piled above my head;
I hibernated with the windows shut,
got carbon monoxide, ended up dead.

I saw no one that once I knew,
no friends, no family did I see;
I was surrounded by the snow,
and there was no one else, but me.

I was not cold, but I was lonely,
a solitary man that's all I was;
I remained a hermit, I was once,
and so I did what any hermit does.

I read from books that were invisible,
I made up stories in my empty mind;
till I went crazy from the loneliness,
I then saw images of a different kind.

There were ghouls and demons that appeared,
was I in hell or was it I just insane?
now I'm surrounded by the hellish dreams,
that my fevered thoughts cannot contain.

Once upon a time, the wind blew cold,
the snow was piled above my head;
I hibernated with windows opened wide,
and so, I froze to death, instead.

David Lessard

Once, You Were My Bonnie Lass...

we danced in fields of clover;
I called you my sweet colleen,
you called me darling rover.

We laughed in rain filled days,
and frolicked in the heather;
but since you've gone away,
my days lack any measure.

Once, you were my bonnie lass,
from the hill we viewed the bay;
but you left without a word,
I guess you had your stay.

Now days are mostly dim and gray,
the fog's rolled on the moor;
my soul laments your leaving,
I now wonder what life's for.

Once, you were my bonnie lass,
we made love in the sun;
we made love in the darkness,
alas! those days are done.

David Lessard

Once...

Once there was a page, with nothing on it,
So I took up my pen, and wrote a sonnet;
nothing special, but it rhymed,
and so I did it, one more time.

Poems are images that only I can see,
hope you can visualize as well as me;
it's written from the heart and soul,
afterward, I feel it makes me whole.

To set in rhyme the things I feel,
to others of a kind, it must reveal;
they're not alone upon this earth,
creating poems is actually giving birth.

The pregnancy is short and sweet,
as we put words upon the sheet;
to set our troubled minds at ease,
as we write as many as we please.

Once there was a page, with nothing on it,
so I sat at my P.C., and wrote a sonnet;
I tried to get my point of life across,
and if I didn't, it was my only loss.

David Lessard

One Day, When I Went Deaf...

One day, When I went deaf,
I learned to love,
the silence deep within;
the tranquility of peace,
and places I had been.

When I lost my hearing,
I retired from the race;
from the robot way of living,
with work's quite brutal pace.

I soon became a transient,
a face without a name;
handicapped and stamped,
as a person on the wane.

Unspoken and unseen my fate,
ignored by senseless chatter;
I was talked around, not at,
for them, I didn't matter.

One day, When I went deaf,
I learned to love,
the stolen, quiet times;
to sit and type these poems,
and hope to God, they rhyme.

David Lessard

One.

One word...You.
one life...Yours.
no more walls...
no more doors.

One hope...You,
one goal...Yours.
one sea...for all.
one beach...one shore.

One song...You.
one earth...Yours;
no more wars,
no more gore.

One court...You,
one decision...Yours;
thunder peals,
that's God's roar.

One creator...You,
one God...You;
blessings flow,
and make us new!

David Lessard

Ordinary Girl

I don't kiss the ground you walk on,
I'll not bend down at your feet;
you were just in my parade of girls,
sauntering, down the street.

You are not my one and only,
you don't set off fireworks;
save it for your other johns,
save it for those crazy jerks.

I'm not paying you for making love,
there's no cash involved in us;
no use screaming to the crowd,
no use making any fuss.

It was sex and nothing else my sweet,
don't come off so high and mighty;
don't be a consternation girl,
you're too fat and flighty.

You're not a diamond in the dust,
nor a treasure that's worth keeping;
you look to find Mr. Rich and Right?
Then my dear...keep seeking!

David Lessard

Paranoia

They're everywhere...hiding,
'friends' that shake your hand;
but behind their cheesy grin,
you don't know where you stand.

Were you followed home today?
by those we term a stranger?
were you uncomfortable?
or aware of any danger?

Did they pursue you in a car?
by an unsuspecting man?
have things not gone your way?
things you do not understand?

Do you call it just poor luck?
things occurring by pure chance?
the stare that someone gives you,
or was it, a passing glance?

They're everywhere my friend,
in the shade and in the sun;
and the exits are all blocked,
leaving no place else to run.

David Lessard

Parting

You keep coming back, like a song,
notes of discord, no melody at all;
like a scratched and broken record,
I had to cast you in the pile.

Your groove was curved and crooked,
you were warped and out of date;
no rhythm, nor no harmony,
your stayed around too late.

Over wore your welcome,
you couldn't let it go;
I'm better off without you,
that much, I'm sure you know.

Hasta la vista sweetheart,
bon voyage and then goodbye;
we gave it all we had,
can't say we didn't try.

But here's a parting of the waters,
where the dam just used to be;
now let's pick up all the pieces,
and set each other free.

David Lessard

Poems Are A Slice Of Life

The poem that comes to life,
is a tiny slice of living;
of love, hate, depression,
and acts that need forgiving.

To vent, to rage and holler,
spewing out the torrid thought;
don't let the hurt be King,
don't let the insides rot.

Give way to all the feeling,
sing out the sad refrains;
revel in the sunshine, Love,
weep away the falling rain.

The tears fall from the cheek,
but they will not last forever;
the heart rejoices in its love,
of most any new endeavor.

Find souls of kindred poets,
that will bless the mind and spirit;
and if a poem or two offends you,
then for God's sake, don't go near it!

David Lessard

Prayer

Does God answer prayers?
He answered mine;
prayer is always answered,
whether with a smile or whine.

If we do His will,
if we obey His voice;
if we have the faith,
we'll make the rightful choice.

You can choose the bad,
or you can choose the good;
but you cannot read God's mind,
let that be understood.

His ways are not our ways,
just tread down the right path;
His Word will show the way,
to keep you from His wrath.

Does God answer prayers?
do people hear His voice?
have they the faith of a mustard seed?
then make the rightful choice.

David Lessard

Prayer For The Lost.

We're lost because we cannot see,
we're blind because we do not hear;
the flesh and blood is but the dream,
of someone we weren't meant to be.

We were lost before we ever knew,
the innocence of sheltered youth;
in the stage of infancy at birth,
we knew not where the four winds blew.

And as we grew with mom and dad,
we took from them their certain rules;
be good, polite and mind your tongue,
we became their own cloned fools.

If you were lucky and made out right,
then you had fortune from the start;
but too many upped and ran from home,
and broke their parent's heart.

We once were lost but then were found,
a tortured soul that carved a road;
a man we found, that knew no sin,
and carried every sinner's load.

This poem is His to share with you,
take His message to the lost;
He will walk that road with you,
regardless of the cost.

David Lessard

Prayer To The Father

Father, please forgive me,
for the error of my ways;
if I fall off the path,
correct my steps...today.

Let me walk in grace,
with Your love within;
take away the lust of flesh,
and keep me from all sin.

Give me understanding,
and the strength to fight;
keep me safe from harm,
and the evil of the night.

Let Your light shine through me,
in the presence of the day;
rid me of the false desire,
that holds one in its sway.

Father, keep me well and strong,
with the armor of Your being;
banish my infirmities,
and send the devil fleeing.

David Lessard

Questionable Ingredients

What's in a hot dog?

Frankly, dear, you
don't wanna know;
taste is all you get,
the rest you don't
wanna know.

The ingredients are
far from nutritious,
although we all know
the damn thing tastes
delicious.

Can you eat a
piece of liver?

OR does its contents
make you quiver?

Is blood sausage
just a treat?

the sight is nauseous,
is it really meat?

Let's not forget
pork rinds and pig's feet;
or briny, pickled eggs
they are so neat~!

With a beer, most
anything is fine;
what's that...?

do I hear a whine! ?

David Lessard

Rain Gift.

Rain. lovely morning rain,
it's pleasant and is wanted;
and when the fog rolls in,
it's looking rather haunted.

There's something so refreshing,
about the misty skies;
that's like a kiss of spring,
in the season where it lies.

Winter days, they seem far off,
in the high desert where I live;
but I am not complaining,
I take what nature gives.

For we know that sunny weather,
is just around the bend;
and seasons come and go,
without apparent end.

Bless this day of moisture,
that's a present from above;
receive the gift of rain,
and welcome it with love.

David Lessard

Recipe For Good Poetry...

Set aside a little Shakespeare,
sprinkle in a bit of Poe,
add a cup of Stevenson,
knead them all, like dough.
take a teaspoon of Lord Byron,
and a dose of Masefield,
sweeten it with Dickinson,
to see what it will yield.
pour in a dash of Service,
a few ounces of Millay,
take a sip of Tennyson,
to see if it's okay.
add some Robert Frost,
Kipling for good measure,
now, take your biggest spoon,
and stir it all together.
let's not forget Wordsworth,
and the rich flavor of John Keats,
there...you're finished product,
an assortment of great treats!

David Lessard

Reflections...

Flowers on a grave,
petals on the water,
shadows on a hillside,
rain cascading down;
snow, like scattered gems,
dancing in the air,
things that once were lost,
now, surprisingly are found.

Ripples on a pond,
geese, racing in the sky,
cold that stuns the face,
willows bending in the wind;
stars, falling out of heaven,
northern lights aglow,
roads that are too short,
roads that never end.

A book, you can't put down,
a book you soon forget,
songs that make you laugh,
songs that make you cry;
paintings oh so grand,
art that leaves you breathless,
all these make you wonder,
but, we're not sure just why.

Love that ends in pain,
love that ends in joy,
love that lives forever,
love that bans all fears;
the end work of a dream,
the substance of life,
the finish of a goal,
that satisfies the years.

David Lessard

Relocation.

They want to send more pronghorns southeast,
to the San Rafael valley and Elgin, Arizona;
whether the general public likes it or not,
you can't stop progress and your not gonna.

Forget the cries of outrage in the atmosphere,
the pronghorns have no say so in this matter;
wolves were let loose in the White Mountains,
who cares if the antelope's world we shatter?

Who cares if the last mountain lion dies,
and other species are disappearing fast?
we are civilized human beings before all,
will we, the homo-sapiens truly last?

We destroy the animals that once ran free,
we cut down the trees that give us air;
and voices that ring out to protest,
are silenced by ones that do not care.

Are we aware, that we too, face extinction?
by dismal, constant stress of nuclear war?
can't we be good guardians of the earth?
else, what do people of this world stand for?

David Lessard

Remembrance

Weep no more, my darling,
try not to be so sad;
remember love's sweet honey,
all the good times that we had.

When love was young and burning,
and our bodies were on fire;
when I neglected other things,
and you were my one desire,

When life was full of meaning,
and your kisses were like wine;
when the highlight of each day,
was in your arms...entwined.

When your laughter was like music,
when your touch, was mine alone;
when your star was shining brightly,
and all others...it outshone.

When the nights were never long,
and the days were never dull;
when the waves broke ever gently,
against our life's great hull.

David Lessard

Retirement

It's a cold morning-
I put out the trash;
after three cups of
coffee... brewed;
after reading a chapter
of my latest library book,
and the local newspaper;
after splashing water
on my face, brushing teeth,
combing hair, donning clothes,
taking care, to dress warmly;
after checking the P.C.'s
e-mails and headline news.
There is no rush, no hurried
breakfast, no scraping ice
from off the windshield, no
clock I have to punch in.
The morning is mine, as is
the afternoon and evening.
Once the temperature warms
up a bit, I will take my
hour's walk, in the hills
that surround the town.
I will take in the familiar
sights of Thumb Butte,
Granite Mountain, Bill
Williams Mountain and the
San Francisco Peaks, snow-
topped now, eighty miles away
as the crow flies.
Then, I will decide how to
occupy my time for
the rest of the day.
Retired now, for the past
ten years and loving it.

David Lessard

Safety

You came along, when
I had no more to give;
and your presence
stirred my soul;
gave me cause to live,
made my fragments whole.
Gave my life some meaning,
changed the way I
looked at things;
made me realize that love,
can bring a heart to sing;
can lift the deepest sorrow,
with the gift it always brings.
You came along when,
I was at my lowest rung,
weary, battle-scarred,
when my last song was sung;
You never doubted me
when I told you of my life,
the toils, the trouble, the
heartbreak, the endless strife.
You smiled and said I love you,
then you took and held my hand,
and we walked on through tomorrow,
and today, with you, I stand.
You came along when,
apathy, was my only friend;
when I was down and out,
when I thought the pain
would never end.
But where there's love
there's hope, and you
were there for me;
now, I'm safe, within your arms.
and from those, I'll never flee.

David Lessard

Saints.

There are wounds that never heal,
and prayers that no one hears;
afflictions that torment you,
words that do not stop the tears.

There are hopes that never soar,
dreams that sometimes fade away;
joys appear that drown in sorrow,
goals that are not reached that day.

But there is promise of tomorrow,
gifts for those that do prevail;
new life for those who carry on,
who journey on a different trail.

Re-creation of the searching soul,
new beginnings for the hungry mind;
transformation for those that change,
a stable heart, you may know the kind.

They suffer hardship, like you and me,
but they forge ahead without complaints;
some laugh and call them crazy fools,
some clap hands and call them saints.

David Lessard

Sea Of Love

In your sea of love,
the waves are white-capped;
I swim furiously,
but my strength is sapped.

I am drowning in your love,
sinking faster every day;
reaching out for life-lines,
when I was cast away.

Today I float upon my back,
to rest my weary arms;
thinking of the afternoon,
when first I sought your charms.

The day was bright and sunny,
you smiled and I was hooked;
like a fish caught in the water,
one glance was all it took.

Now, I've gone, spit out the bait,
but the blood is running out;
and when I'm finished bleeding,
there won't be any doubt.

That in the sea of love,
you control the line;
but I'll survive the night,
and tomorrow, I'll be fine.

David Lessard

Second Thoughts.

Fueled by a bottle of Cold Duck,
I sought your body with my lust;
I never thought of fornication,
or of a guy, you couldn't trust.

Burning with my carnal thoughts,
filling my brain with wild desire;
I cast aside my sin-filled mind,
and leaped into forbidden fire.

I set aside, my heavy, moral code,
cast away, my sober, precious soul;
no thought of any consequences,
or how such actions, take their toll.

Neglectful of my fearless heart,
neglected my safe, spiritual side;
shunned what's right and is wrong,
now, there's no place that I can hide.

Now, no way that, my heart can mend,
until my thoughts, they turn to YOU;
now YOU'VE patched my heart and soul,
by forgiving sins, I never knew.

David Lessard

September Walk.

A delightful walk at day's break,
the air so fresh and cool;
clouds gather in the mountains,
and I am nature's fool.

I walk with easy footfalls,
ambling about with pleasure;
taking in the far-off views,
of which I cannot measure.

In this grand September sunshine,
the month my soul was born;
I watch the grass bend over,
on this fine autumn morn.

The breezes keep me well refreshed,
the quiet...gives me peace;
as I walk familiar trails,
whose beauty does not cease.

I stretch my arms out to the wind,
as I round the last long bend;
and laugh with mild regret,
that soon, this day must end.

David Lessard

Solitary.

In a solitary cell, you've
lots of time to meditate;
but first you must accept,
conditions of your fate.

The 'monkey' mind, it interferes,
and ceases to be still,
it races in confusion,
against the shaky will.

Therefore, you're driven crazy,
in disciplinary segregation;
you're a figment of existence,
in your own imagination.

You're not a monk or yogi,
you're something dark and sinister;
befouling yourself behind these walls,
a stinking, forgotten, prisoner.

They jailed you for a petty thing,
on any charge that they could find;
they shut your body in cage,
but they couldn't jail your mind.

No, they couldn't jail your mind,
but now...you're losing it;
as you contemplate the concrete,
in the corner...where you sit.

David Lessard

Solomon

He asked for wisdom,
he asked for understanding,
for what is our life,
without some goal?
without forethought and
with no planning?
God gave him what he asked,
with no glitches,
Solomon's name grew far
and wide, and with it,
his great riches.
A temple grand, he built to God,
he was a man of staunch devotion;
his building was of much renown,
from the works he put in motion.
The Queen of Sheba came, to see if
he had wisdom to share;
she had quite the entourage,
lavish gifts to show she cared.
Solomon had 700 wives and 300 others,
he started worshiping the
gods of his girlfriend, ,
and after forty years of being King,
God's anger finally brought his end

David Lessard

Somewhere Along The Way

Somewhere along the way,
I found your truth,
such a treasure to behold,
among the many misses;
you were the one that,
I was looking for;
the one the waves seek,
from off the ocean's shore.
you were the harbor,
where my ship was safe;
secure, nestled in your arms,
where the four winds
cannot chafe,
the passage-way that few
can find,
where love's mysteries
can now unwind.
Somewhere along the way,
you became my friend, my mate,
we formed a bond, that time,
it could not break;
and I forgot the weary
times that passed,
when love was snatched
and I was left within
its wake.
When roads were dead ends,
when the cries you heard
were yours;
when life was just a
puzzled maze,
and a series of
revolving doors.
Somewhere along the way,
you became my anchor,
the life raft tossed-
to those afloat;
you let me climb upon
your ladder,

into your warm and
comfort-being boat.
You caught me before
I had time to drown,
now in your love,
I'm born anew and found.

David Lessard

Space.

There are planets in the sky,
whose names we do not know;
all we do is stare and gape,
something old back then, aglow.

Light that came from years ago,
we gaze at in the night;
created for our vision,
this star-filled, wondrous sight!

There are comets racing high,
asteroids all afire;
black holes that suck up stars,
as they suddenly expire.

Galaxies that dwarf our own,
are out there, in the void;
we see the northern lights at times,
and we are overjoyed.

There are nebulas, swirling round,
gaseous clusters, that bend the mind;
as we slumber silently,
as space above, unwinds.

David Lessard

Special Day

Like cotton candy, broken in bits,
spores float down, riding the air;
looking like snow flurries swirling,
I slow and stop and simply stare.
From giant cottonwoods they fall.
from a nest, a heron pays no mind;
the shade where I walk is pleasant,
utter solitude is what I find.
Spring-time kisses the morning sun,
earth's special, in this leafy place;
my early daytime walk and ramble,
pastes a smile up on my face.
To be alive and mostly healthy,
is quite enough for any man;
but today's reward is special,
from the woodlands where I stand.
White feathers in the gentle wind,
seeds come softly, floating down;
dots the landscape where I walk,
five miles from any town.

David Lessard

Speed

He put it to the floor,
felt his head pushed back;
he barreled down the road,
burnt rubber leaving tracks.

Forty, eighty, one hundred,
the needle kept on going;
until outside his window,
no images were showing.

Just a blur of color,
just the engine's roar;
just the dark ahead, as,
through the night he tore.

Now the speed was blinding,
he felt a rush within;
not conscious of the road,
or where the hell he'd been.

The deer sprang from the trees,
kissed his windshield, quick;
he pulled off to the shoulder,
then barfed, becoming sick.

Speed was not the culprit,
as he wiped up the slop;
fast cars were not responsible,
it was just that sudden stop! !

David Lessard

Spread The Cheer

Give me tears of happiness, not sorrow,
forget yesterday, embrace the 'morrow;
there are too many people down,
spread good cheer to those around.

Wipe off the frown, put on the smile,
destroy the blues, sing merry awhile;
get off the wagon of forbidden fruit,
go out and buy yourself a suit!

Shake off the doldrums of today,
forget your work, go out and play;
cast off the blahs, bring out the grin,
no one loses, today you win!

Get off your high horse, say hello,
if you've a friend, then let them know;
give them a hug, or a big, fat kiss,
let them know it's them you miss.

Tell a joke, if it's in good taste,
time's a flying, so do not waste;
don't be humbug and don't be rude,
let everyone see your damn good mood!

David Lessard

Spring

Spring comes in,
sneaking round the corner,
blending into the last days of winter,
a change that no one notices here,
because the changes are so subtle.
It could be that Spring came two months ago,
when the hint of rain never appeared,
when the snows that were anticipated,
never fell.
The temperatures hovered ten degrees
above average,
while other parts of the country
were bombarded with the worst winter
in several years.
Climate change is hard to figure out,
when such a winter arrives.
Are we really warming up OR
is simply the variance of
the decades?
the turning of the planet(s) ?
To not have to scrape ice from off one's
windshield is nice,
To not have to bundle up in Eskimo clothes
is nice.
Yet in August, when the sun beats down
and it's ninety, climbing to a hundred,
I think of New England and how pleasant
the days were in that good old summertime,
when the green fields and soft rain
made my heart glad and
my soul comfortable.

David Lessard

Spring's Around The Corner

Spring's around the corner,
the winds are getting strong;
buds of green are sprouting,
as Nature sings her song.
Fruit trees now are budding,
soon, we'll hear the bee;
soon will come the robin,
and the cold will surely flee.
My allergies are kicking up,
the itchy eyes, the runny nose;
as the pollen drifts my way,
with scents of the fresh rose.
The sap is rising in the east,
the maple syrup's boiling;
and when we coat our pancakes,
its taste we'll be extolling.
Steps will move a bit faster,
looks of love will be a treat;
days of rain will likely fall,
and the grass will tickle feet.

David Lessard

Super Odd.

Your back, just like a habit,
that I've tried years to stop;
you weren't content beneath me,
you wanted on the top.

To wear the pants and strut,
to have the final say;
but every time you talked,
your foot got in the way.

I was happy when you left me,
the stress of you was gone;
the bickering, the quarrels,
they just went on and on and on.

Without you, I had peace,
now you come groaning back;
cut out the whining wails,
and please, cut me some slack.

There can't be two alpha males,
forget it, your a broad!
and two similar attractions,
can make one super odd.

David Lessard

Take Me Away (A Prayer)

Take me away, to where the grass is greener,
take me away, to where the brooks still run;
to where the meadows sway with gentle breezes,
to where the blackness is banished by the sun.

Let me lay down, among the tender grasses,
let me lay down, and I'll dream the day away;
send to me your lovely words and music,
send me to, the fields to which I'll stay.

Share with me, your love and sweet compassion,
share with me, the joy that only comes from you;
give to me, the peace that no one understands,
give to me, the rest that only comes through you.

Let me hear, the sounds that only you can bring,
let me hear, songs that come from out your soul;
bless me, with your cool, refreshing waters,
bless me, with your love, and make me whole.

Take me away, to where there is no darkness,
take me away, to where the light, it never fades;
far from this sordid world where once I lived,
far from the sad delusions and false charades.

David Lessard

Tell Me, If You Can.

Tell me, if you can,
why the sun's so far away;
why the stars light up the night,
and separates the day.

Why the air's just right,
with the oxygen we need;
why the mighty oak,
blooms from just a seed.

Tell me, if you can,
why good outweighs the bad;
why memory stirs sweetly,
of the good times that we had.

Why the view of far off peaks,
stirs adventure in our heart;
why we enjoy the sunrise,
why lovers hate to part.

Tell me, if you can,
of life's great cosmic dance;
why we believe the way we do,
that we got here not by chance.

David Lessard

The Cold...

The night grows cold and
you're not here to warm me;
the music plays-but it plays
for only one;
I think about the solitude,
why I'm left bereft,
wondering what I've done.
We had some words- but
nothing to cause a stir,
nothing that caused panic,
nothing I can infer.
Yet, you left without a note,
and with that act, some doubt;
impelling me to question,
just what this is about.
Why the sudden silence
of an empty, lonely room?
why the deepening feeling
of slow, impending doom?
The break of dawn is blinding,
as my eyes adjust and peer;
but the coldness comes again,
because you are not here.

David Lessard

The Drive To Phoenix.

Went to Phoenix yesterday,
14 degrees warmer than here;
a hundred miles one-way,
growing every day I hear.

I drove the speed limit,
everyone passed me on the left
(and right)
a mass of cars and trucks,
made driving there a fright.

Glad I didn't stay too long,
headed back before the dark;
my tires sang the highway's song,
I found my lane and made my mark.

60 was too slow,70, not fast enough,
the traffic was moving quick;
I gunned it up to eighty,
of five lanes, I had my pick.

I beat sundown to Sunset Point,
turned west to Prescott town;
the daylight changed to twilight,
and I got home safe and sound.

David Lessard

The Endless Pursuit Of Self-Satisfaction.

The endless pursuit of self-satisfaction,
what does it gain us in the end?
bigger house, bigger car, bigger t.v,
but will it win a friend?

Where ends the get and getting,
the want for more and more?
the things you can't take with you,
when you have bought the store.

There is need and there is want,
can you separate the two?
are you happy with the way things are?
or, must you still pursue?

There are things we cannot buy,
that are worth more than a treasure;
love of friends and family,
this, you cannot measure.

The endless pursuit of self-satisfaction,
is it worth your time and soul?
isn't pride and ego just corrupt?
why must you play that foolish role?

Take pleasures in the simple things,
love and joy and hope - they bless;
the others are just glitter,
and make one's life a mess.

David Lessard

The Everyday Battle

Evening kisses afternoon,
shadows bump the sun;
quiet are the city streets,
now that day is done.

Now we pause to just relax,
a drink to calm our nerves;
to mediate and vegetate,
the stuff of life's odd curves.

Give the mind some peace,
give the heart some rest;
no more work to conquer,
freedom from the stress.

Have a hearty supper,
but skip that piece of pie;
you've no need of sugar,
don't even ask me why.

Night becomes a fixture,
as blackness fills the light;
you've endured the race of living,
for at least another night.

David Lessard

The Fall

Don't you know you're loved by Him?
the grand creator of us all,
we were made perfect in his sight,
before we took that fall.

Before we turned the away,
and took another path,
then knew what evil was,
and the anger of God's wrath.

We lost the innocence of youth,
trapped by lies and sharp deceit,
floundered in the great unknown,
wandered down a one-way street.

No compass there to guide us,
no maps to find our way,
we bought the mass deception,
on that tragic, fateful day.

The prince of night is calling,
for the souls that seek his name,
ignorant of consequences,
they soon are doomed to shame.

To repent and to forgive,
gets us right with Him,
and we're made a new creation,
new life filled to the brim!

David Lessard

The Fight Against Truth

Get away resistor,
you've no hold on me;
your charms are wasted,
can't you see?

Leave me the hell alone,
your voice is meaningless;
I concede you nothing,
I've nothing to confess.

Not to you or your like,
not to those who crawl;
under truth and freedom,
tearing down the walls.

Put aside your snares,
I'll not fall into your pit;
you'll always be my enemy,
and against you I'll not quit.

Take your lies and go,
and darken not my door;
I'm done with evil ways,
and all that they stand for.

David Lessard

The Five Stages Of Grief

Denial.

I could not accept the fact that he was dead,
he was just a boy, a youth of only five;
please, don't tell he is gone, that he has died,
How can I picture him as anything but alive! ?

Anger.

Whose fault was this, to let this happen?
not mine, you left me a month ago;
and now you say to me his death changes nothing,
how would you, in your great wisdom...know?

Bargaining.

I told God that I would alter my behavior,
if only He would not let, my young son die;
but you can't bargain with the Lord,
no matter how damn loud you moan and cry.

Depression.

I have nothing left to hold onto and subsist,
why do I go on working, eating, why sleep?
the waters that covered him
might as well have covered me,
he'll not return, regardless of
how the soul does weep.

Acceptance.

Maybe, just maybe, I'll see him in another world,
there's hope in the resurrection some do say;
he'll be as I remember, a lively lad of five,
and I will stroll with him in fields of glory,
that fine day!

The Hermit

The hermit shares with no one,
the gifts that he has found;
he treasures solitude,
on this, his measured ground,
protecting with fierce wrath,
those who sneak around.
BE OFF WITH YOU he shouts,
to a vacant plot of land,
he's the only one who sees,
where no one else can stand,
he lives in a universe,
that only he thinks grand.
He sings a rhyme to nobody,
he laughs at his own jokes,
on Saturday he takes his bath,
and in his tub, he soaks,
he's content to be alone,
without any other blokes.
He's half mad and silly,
but don't get in his way,
if you offend his senses,
why then, he'll make you pay,
and he'll not change for others,
tomorrow or today.
The hermit shares with no one,
he's in a world; his own,
with the mind of just a child,
though he is full-grown,
he lives for just himself,
and has nothing to atone.

David Lessard

The Lone And Outcast Man.

Another silent Father's day,
no card, no call, no letter;
estranged from me by choice,
and too many miles of weather.

Hope your day is going well,
wish you love in what you do;
but the separation's hard,
the un-forgiveness...too.

Your rejection of a father,
hurts the soul, and heart;
magnifies the distances,
of how far we are apart.

They say, no news, is good news,
but I tend to disagree;
when I don't hear from you,
I feel there's something wrong with me.

I was just a man who loved you,
imperfect, in my own way;
was I so difficult to live with?
is that why you did not stay?

Another quiet Father's day,
with no voices of my clan;
there ought to be a holiday,
for the lone and outcast man.

David Lessard

The Lord Works In Mysterious Ways

Lord, You work in mysterious ways,
blessing me with friends and family,
I know now the summer of many days,
when seasons linger and when they stay.

Earth revolves, according to Your plan,
and still, people know not your truth,
but on Your side is where I stand,
You direct me, with Your hand.

But man, deceived, has crushed the truth,
commandments now are broken,
no more eye for an eye or tooth for tooth,
they remain dull and ignorant, and uncouth.

laws and

Thank You Lord, for removing my veil,
lifting my eyes so I could see,
beside You, all religions fail,
and soon, they all, will weep and wail.

Lord, You work in mysterious ways,
touching my soul with blessings,
I honor You with the rest of my days,
until the final trumpet plays.

David Lessard

The More...

The more I read, the more my eyes are opened,
the more I listen, the more my ears do hear;
the more I dwell within His Holy house,
the more I know, I've only Him to fear.

Rain falls like tears from heaven's skies,
snow flutters down, makes the world so white;
the seasons come and go, and still we marvel,
at the passing visions in our sight.

The more I taste the fruits of your creation,
the more nourishment of my aching soul;
the more I drink the scent of every morning,
the more the mind and spirit become whole.

About us, life's many storms are raging,
but here, there's peace and quiet harmony;
in the solace of Your song my heart is beating,
You fulfill the core and being that is me.

The more I long to touch, it's You I seek,
the more my hands are raised to You in prayer;
the more I sing Your song and shout Your praises,
the more I realize, it is for me You care.

David Lessard

The Sixty Second Poem

The sixty second poem,
is over from the start,
hope it is okay,
if I break somebody's heart.
Hearts will mend in time,
pain will go away,
only memories remain,
and often, they don't stay.
The sixty second poem,
a test of how you rhyme;
can be a fruitless pleasure,
if you are pressed for time.

(couldabeen two minutes)

David Lessard

The Way To Peace...

The way to peace
comes from understanding;
from compassion,
and careful planning.

Through prayer and praises,
to the God above;
that sent His son to us,
as one untarnished dove.

The way to peace,
is with a heart of gladness;
with forgiving of our fellow man,
eliminating former sadness.

Through helping hands
and with a strong embrace;
where hate and evil,
are gone without a trace.

The way to peace,
comes from a peaceful mind;
that brings the love we need,
and that we so seldom find.

David Lessard

The Way...

The way your eyes light up,
when I whisper words of love,
kiss your lips, touch your brow;
you alone were made for me,
for the here and now.

The way your smile invites me,
the way you hold me close,
embracing me with bliss;
your look says everything,
one I'd sorely miss.

The way you snuggle in my arms,
holding hands together,
you're the reason for my being,
the gift that came from God,
is the gift that I am seeing.

The way you drown my sorrow,
and keep away the grime,
keep away the harms;
by your just being you,
by your sweet and tender charms.

The way we stay in harmony,
by the beating of our hearts,
by unconditional grace;
and leave no memory of dissent,
the way of love is in your face.

David Lessard

The Winter Of My Days

These are the winter of my days,
short are the nights, as is the dawn;
the winter seems set in its ways,
I dream of ravens on the lawn.

Owls coo softly in my tall trees,
I think I hear one call my name;
the chilly winds moan a breeze,
the season used to seem quite tame.

Hands of frost come back, suddenly,
my limbs don't warm up, much;
but things will be what they will be,
as I seek shelter in my hutch.

Winter bites the air too long,
it numbs the mind, grips the soul;
the nip of it's teeth are strong,
for me, the bells of winter toll.

These are the winter of my days,
I passed autumn years ago;
I must accept old winter's ways,
forgive me, if I move too slow.

David Lessard

There Is A Love

There is a love, that does not know a boundary,
it's unconditional, and gives it free;
there are no limits to its everlasting arms,
I feel security and comfort, just for me.

There is a peace, that passes understanding,
a sense of quietness, that has no name;
if we only give our burdens up to Him,
He takes it all away, the sorrow and the shame.

There is a blessing, no one else can measure,
that's like a fountain, from His throne on high;
it is a richness, that money cannot tender,
and we shouldn't let that blessing pass us by.

There is a joy, that fills the mind and soul,
offered without cost, to those who dwell below;
a happiness that is a constant pleasure,
it is the deepest joy, that we will ever know.

There is a love, that flows just like a river,
winding powerful and gently, to the open sea;
serene and calm, it lies there waiting,
existing placidly, there for you and me.

David Lessard

There Is No Magic Anymore

There is no magic anymore,
only Copperfield in Vegas;
the city that's know as sin,
or simply...Lost Wages.

I don't believe in magic,
I suppose I never did;
well maybe as a youngster,
or as a silly, stupid kid.

Magic hides the reasons,
the truth is seldom known;
we hide behind a shadow,
and truth is never shown.

There is no magic anymore,
only figments of the senses;
we cannot believe the lies,
as we build our flimsy fences.

Magic died when we grew up,
with Santa and Peter Pan;
when we lost our innocence,
and we became a man.

David Lessard

There Is...

There is beauty in His being,
there is beauty great and strong;
there is beauty in His seeing,
there is beauty in His song.

There is justice in His voice,
there is justice in His power;
there is justice in His choice,
there is justice He will shower.

There is mercy in His heart,
there is mercy in His eyes;
there is mercy He does impart,
there is mercy no money buys.

There is wisdom in His laws,
there is wisdom in His soul;
there is wisdom without flaws,
there is wisdom that makes Him whole.

There is forgiveness in His arms,
there is forgiveness in His word;
there is forgiveness and no alarms,
there is forgiveness when He is heard.

David Lessard

They'Re Back!

My allergies are coming back,
I will sniffle and I'll sneeze;
once more, my eyes are watering,
and when I breathe, I wheeze.

My tear ducts are itching,
and my nose... it tickles;
I cough and clear my throat,
my nasal passage trickles.

When I wake I'm blinded,
the sandman's left his mark;
I shuffle, stumble blindly,
fumbling in the dark.

Warm wet washcloth helps,
I gargle liquid mint;
brush my hair in place,
check for belly-button lint.

After toiletries are done,
I brew the morning Joe;
fetch the paper from the walk,
ambling quite slow.

Then comes again, the tears,
of itch-filled, runny eyes;
the sudden drip from nostrils,
and my disturbed, and weary, sighs.

David Lessard

Things

Things that bring me joy...

Chopin's nocturnes playing softly,
a golden sunrise in the 'morn;
the first snow of the season,
a new life being born.

Things that bring me peace...

Gentle rain against my window,
the blue of sunny skies;
the shelter of God's arms,
the laughter in your eyes.

Things that make me wonder...

A tree that sprouts from rock,
stars falling in the night;
the moon's glow upon water,
an eagle in its flight.

Things that impart sorrow...

The death of someone dear,
the violence of the day;
pollution of the earth,
a man that's lost his way.

Things that show beauty...

A poem that makes me weep,
a song that moves my soul;
paintings that cry out,
work that makes one whole.

David Lessard

Things Are Out There, Blooming

unknowing that spring's not here;
but with the warm weather we have,
they are bringing us false cheer.

Days now warm, will soon grow cold,
the bite of February's coming;
soon, the earth will feel the chill,
and stop the hummingbird's humming.

Reminding us, that cold's still king,
and that mornings still are frigid;
when we forget our warm, fleece gloves,
and find our digits all are rigid.

Winter's wind blows from the north,
from the bite, you can't escape;
though bulky clothes surround us,
it still nicks your neck's nape.

Things are out there, blooming,
and soon will fade, the clover;
and we'll be back in the know,
that old man winter isn't over.

David Lessard

This Is Your Day Lord, Not Mine...

This is your day Lord, not mine,
the day I consider... best;
I'll let the love of your light shine,
and take your blessed rest.

All day I'll give you praise,
and take a break from work and play;
your truth helps, through life's maze,
and your book shows me the way.

This is your day Lord, not mine,
and I sing your name, aloud;
keep me free from any whine,
my head is up and is not bowed.

I offer up my noontime prayer,
meditate upon your word;
let me show a stranger care,
kind words they have not heard.

This is your day Lord, not mine,
let the poets all rejoice;
let this verse, be your time,
Your day Lord, your poem, my choice!

David Lessard

This Is Your Day, Lord.

This is your day Lord,
I give it all to you;
shunning sports galore,
before it all is through.

I will read your verses,
the way of living right;
so I can face the world,
and make it past the night.

Help me defeat evil,
give me strength to win;
let your blessings flow,
and cleanse me from all sin.

Let your love shine through me,
as I walk along life's road;
I give to you my burdens,
you lighten up my load.

This is your day, Lord,
protect my soul from pain;
let the Holy Spirit enter,
as I praise your name again.

David Lessard

Time Is A Fraud...

the trash is out,
the day is breaking;
I read two chapters,
with coffee, awakening.

electric razor to my face,
brush the molars,
comb the hair;
dressed for weather,
foul or fair.

get ready for my
daily hour's walk,
a silence envied,
free from squawk.

old sol is rising
in the frigid east;
as I engage in
life's sweet feast.

this new year seems
to me, not new;
perhaps time is a fraud,
it seems like just the
past year's time,

the sky's the same
old color... blue.

David Lessard

Time Passages...

There was a time in my life,
when I could run forever;
when I could work all day,
at my perceived endeavor.

But that time has passed away,
I'm content that it's expired;
now I do the little things,
that my heart's inspired.

A walk, a hike, a ramble,
viewing scenes as they roll by;
watch clouds that chase the sun,
in that inverted dome, called sky.

Today, it was a roadrunner,
that scurried in my sight;
that stayed fifty yards ahead,
unconcerned about its plight.

He finally wandered off,
made his own trail in the grass;
now a fleeting image,
soon it too, will pass.

David Lessard

Today Is But Tomorrow...

Today is but tomorrow,
looking for a home;
but yesterday is lost,
in limbo it does roam.

In cyberspace somewhere,
it floats as in a dream;
and what you see today,
it isn't what it seems.

Time, it has no essence,
it's there, but it is not;
and goals that live today,
may someday die and rot.

Like visions of a nightmare,
too hard to comprehend;
the more that we do struggle,
the more it does not end.

Today is but tomorrow,
so grab life when you can;
for tomorrow may be nothing,
but one's unfinished plan.

David Lessard

Tonight's The Night...

Tonight's the night I'll let you go,
you only live to bring me down;
you only live to give me pain,
it's better when I'm not around.

It's better when I leave the house,
to seek my pace and quiet;
when we are together,
our life is more a riot.

A riot without an end in sight,
the sparks fly all day long;
and too many fireworks destroy,
any semblance of love's song.

Love's song is drowned in sorrow,
it's a bitter song of loss;
when the tenderness is fleeting,
the soul pays too high a cost.

Tonight's the night I'll let you go,
perhaps you'll thank me in the morning;
but tonight my heart needs solace,
to keep it far from churning.

David Lessard

Too Late...

Too late, the sunshine of your smile is
GONE,
the scented perfume that you wore has
VANISHED;
the kiss, the hugs, the merry manner of
YOUR BEING,
is absent, your very presence
BANISHED.

Too late, the softness of your loving
EYES,
the subtle touch upon my fevered
BROW;
the tender way you spoke of rich-filled
LOVE,
I wish I'd known then, what I know
NOW.

Too late, you were a fleeting, brief
ROMANCE,
an illusion of a dream that I once
HAD;
a charade that played sweet music for
AWHILE,
but fell into disharmony and then went
BAD.

Too late, this winter's tale has
ENDED,
the happiness we shared was shattered by a
LIE;
that I was the only one you ever
TREASURED,
that night, I saw you with some other
GUY.

Too late, you threw away whatever chance was
OURS,
gave up the warmth of my arms around your

WAIST;
the love, the caring, the soul's sweet
REST,
has eroded now... and gone to
WASTE.

David Lessard

Too Soon...

Too soon, the blossom's scent is gone,
too soon, the colors fade from view;
death takes from us, reluctant hands,
takes everything we ever knew.

Shuts the eyes that knew my love,
stills the beating of one's heart;
erases all the memories,
'tis such a mournful part.

Yet you remain within my thoughts,
there, you will no more die;
the children share my visions,
and will, when I in silence lie.

The blossoms fade and fall apart,
when they pass, they leave a fruit;
that returns for many coming years,
as long as we do feed the root.

Too soon, the lovers joy is crushed,
too soon, the end comes near;
but the love... it never dies,
that much, I know, is clear.

David Lessard

Transformation.

A little lower than the angels,
that's the mold He made us in;
so, it's a fight to follow Jesus,
and keep our bodies free from sin.

A battle with, the prince of darkness,
a tussle with the carnal mind;
a struggle with your lust,
the casualty's the heart you'll find.

There is a war within your soul,
you've got to set aside your pride,
to retain your sanity,
from the Lord you cannot hide.

For those that overcome, God speaks,
and they'll find shelter in His arms;
safe from the master of the lie,
protection from his evil harms.

A little lower than the angels,
that's the world we're living in;
if we surrender all to God,
he'll not care where we have been.

David Lessard

Transformed.

Never will I find another one,
that sends the love You do;
that has no need of promises,
whether false or true.

That has no need of wealth,
for wealth is not Your gain;
the love of You is all I need,
if nothing else remains.

Your gift of mercy and of grace,
are sufficient unto me;
with Your helping hands,
my soul will soon be free.

With Your Spirit Lord,
with the love You share;
I have no need of anything,
and I am loosed of care.

This prayer is love I send to You,
the praise is Glory in Your name;
When once I heard You call to me,
I have never been the same.

David Lessard

Treasure Hunt.

There is a treasure that
will fill your deepest dreams;
when life just falls apart
right at the seams
when nights are cold and
days are of despair
and you're left wondering
if your friends still care.

There is a treasure that
will fill your greatest hope
and you'll no longer think
about that piece of rope
you will find comfort at
the road that bends
along the road you thought
would never end.

There is a treasure that
will meet your satisfaction
that will fill your need
if you take action
then you will gain
a rightful rest
then you won't feel
the need to weep
and you will slumber
sweetly as you sleep.

There is a treasure that's
greater than true wealth
greater than possessions
and greater than your health
into your heart and mind
the mysteries must seep
until you can find the truth
you soul does seek.

Treasured Days...

Treasured days, they pass too fast,
they're gone before you know it;
days of splendor and of love,
now, nothing's left to show it.

You were mine, but for a while,
just a fragment of an hour;
but in that little bit of time,
with love, on me, you showered.

I was blessed to know your mind,
the essence of a love filled soul;
you took a timid, fearful man,
and you somehow made him whole.

For one sweet shining moment,
I knew what love could bring;
for one brief lovely moment,
I heard love's choir sing.

Treasured days, they stop too soon,
and cast you back to earth;
stealing hearts that once did love,
and banishing all mirth.

David Lessard

Trouble

You were the one I wanted from the start,
I thought you loved me,
you stole my lonely heart;
but then you coldly laughed and sped away,
shot my love to pieces,
had your sordid way.

You were everything I wanted, so I thought,
you smiled seductively at me,
I was then caught;
you were just trolling for a stupid fool,
someone that you could trample,
someone that you could rule.

You were the woman, I thought I wanted,
but you were danger, trouble,
yet my soul was haunted;
you wound your web with cunning and deceit,
and with your kisses,
turned up the heat.

I was blinded from the turbulent beginning,
wanting you, needing you,
but you were my ending;
I was swallowed up whole, and then spit out,
puzzled by your actions,
and what they were about.

You were the one I wanted from the start,
now you've vanished, and I'm...
struck by your poisoned dart;
there is a name for you, one that I abhor,
I'll not write it -
but it rhymes with chore.

David Lessard

Turning Away

He's there, but he doesn't hear you,
because we've turned our back on him;
he'll not listen to your sorrow,
until you're through with sin.

Until you've burned all bridges,
until you've changed your life;
there will be more of trouble,
that cuts you like a knife.

That stains your heart and soul,
that blemishes your being;
that covers you like a veil,
prevents your eyes from seeing.

Stops up messages to the brain,
you listen, but you don't hear;
because you do not understand,
you shout to his deaf ear.

We've turned aside from him,
from the way and from the Spirit;
learned instead, the way of man,
as for truth, we don't go near it.

David Lessard

Umbrellas In The Wind

Umbrellas in the wind, it's crazy,
the pelting rain, skies so hazy;
the November day is cold and wet,
but I'll take what I can get.

Umbrellas in the wind, it's wild,
I was wrong, the weather wasn't mild;
but I was bundled up just fine,
prepared to walk the rainy line.

Umbrellas in the wind, it's freaky,
when clouds above are streaky;
when the north wind blows so strong,
it's moans are like a haunting song.

Umbrellas in the wind, they bend,
give way and break, in the end;
and the rain finds you less prepared,
but wind and rain, they do not care.

Umbrellas in the wind, it's weird,
not dependable, just as I feared;
the chilly wind made one big racket,
I forgot my gloves-thank God for
pockets in my jacket!

David Lessard

Valentine

Valentine, where you ever mine?
Can't you see my heart is broken?
You consumed it like a chocolate,
You treat me like some token.
Like a discarded goodfornothing,
You ignore me with a smile;
Make me feel like dirt,
As if I was on trial.
You're no cupid, sweetheart,
You're mean and vile and cruel;
To think I loved you once,
Considered you a jewel.
But your gold was a fool's gold,
And worthless from the start;
You're a pimping sad Madonna,
A hussy, hopeless tart.
Valentine, where you ever mine?
Don't you know you've killed me?
You gobbled me up, just like candy,
Why couldn't you just let me be?

David Lessard

Violence

Another shooting in a mall,
two more lives, now gone;
again, we hear the doomsday call,
in the 'morrow, life goes on.

We blink- then go on living,
it's become too commonplace;
are we too unforgiving?
death comes daily with no face.

Guns kill people left and right,
violence now, it's not a game;
now, killers do not wait for night,
now, murder comes without the shame.

Schools, theatres- nowhere is safe,
in a restaurant or in a park;
we look about us...just in case,
afraid of light, along with dark.

Mental illness, gets lots of blame,
but what makes one pull the trigger?
anger, depression, alienation?
it's most difficult to figure.

David Lessard

Waiting For Winter.

I sit and wait for winter,
it comes closer every year;
soon the winter will not leave,
that's the one I fear.

Now, it is the autumn,
of time that passes fast;
I think of ways to slow it,
to somehow make it last.

But entropy exists,
in every living thing;
and time destroys the essence,
of the seasons that it brings.

The spring and summers leave,
to where they once had been;
I sit and wait for winter,
and of my fated end.

When time runs out the clock,
and the seasons stay the same;
when they remain unchanged,
when the others never came.

David Lessard

Walk The Other Way

don't go there, no one's there to greet you,
stay away, turn around and leave;
there's nobody there that once you knew,
only someone's ghost that grieves.

exit now, and never come this way again,
you must not enter gates now shut;
I tell you as a former lover and a friend,
as the one now wounded by your cut.

you cannot see me bleed, there's no blood,
the injuries are deep inside and hidden;
our relationship went from glorious to one big dud,
long gone are days that I would do your bidden.

yes, there's no one here to say a fond hello,
and no one cares if you appear or not;
you were a devil in disguise, that much I know,
and in your treacherous web, I once was caught.

so, please, walk the other way for my sake,
wander down another lane that isn't mine;
when I dwell on us, my torn heart shakes,
and it's only sorrow and destruction that I find.

David Lessard

We Couldn'T Make It (But We Tried)

We couldn't make it, but we tried,
and something in our love just died;
couldn't sort it out and start again,
we'd only end up, where now we've been.

You lied to me, and you held me back,
our union just crumbled on the track;
what's left is nothing else to see,
there's only you, and now, there's me.

Two souls that joined, are grown apart,
faced with loss, and a brand new start;
lovers they once were, some time ago,
now have, no particular place to go.

What once was beautiful, became a dud,
once pure, we now have clothes of mud;
invisible to others that cannot see,
only visible to us, (that's you and me) .

We couldn't make it, but we tried,
we were too proud, too cut and dried;
now love has vanished, without a trace,
and of our union, there is no trace.

David Lessard

Welcoming Spring.

Spring came by the other day,
as I walked about the hills;
getting exercise and play,
coming quick, no fuss, no frills.
I felt it warm my weary limbs,
felt the sun caress my back;
sensed the chill of morning dim,
as I hiked the dried up track.
Saw the blooming of the trees,
the canopy of sheltered shade;
kissed the ever pleasant breeze,
relishing the earth He made.
The lilacs bursting into blue,
iris soon will take their place;
the daytime's longer, it is true,
most people show their happy face.
Farewell to winter and its cold,
let's greet Spring with a smile;
winter's days were growing old,
let's have sunshine for awhile!

David Lessard

What Do You Believe?

Is there a God or not?
does one ever really know?
His book, known as the Bible,
can show us where to go.

His words can light our path,
His laws can give us strength;
we can walk the road of truth,
no matter what its length.

The key word here, is faith,
that the dead will rise again;
that we'll be made his children,
in a world that will not end.

In a world of bright tomorrows,
that give hope to each and all;
that gives us grace and peace,
so that we may not fall.

It's an individual choice,
and concerns your very soul;
it's a matter of the heart,
for you...the bell does toll!

David Lessard

What Is A Soul Worth?

Is the day of one's death,
greater than their birth?
what's the final saying
of what a soul is worth?

Is it enough to be just good?
with no need of God above?
to say you've done your best,
but never did know love?

To love is to know a God,
perhaps the God of money;
that's the root of evil ways,
believe me, it's not funny.

And you may love the movies,
you might also love to drink;
the show's are just escape,
with booze, you cannot think.

Without a God in heaven,
then, we have lost our soul;
and without the love of Christ,
then, we are never whole.

David Lessard

What Is Beauty?

What is beauty?

It's a nocturne by Chopin,
a painting by Van Gogh;
golden rays of sunrise,
the aura of moon-glow.

A ballad by Sinatra,
the shine of morning dew;
a woman deep in love,
poems you never knew.

Steps of your first child,
work that is well done;
strength of summer storms,
your moments in the sun.

The touch of tender hands,
the bliss of sweet return;
the longing for your lover,
the arms for which you yearn.

It's leaves that burn in autumn,
views from the mountaintop;
the words that whisper love,
that you hope will never stop.

David Lessard

What Is Love's Message?

Is love so sweet that it will never end?
Then I suspect you've not been around the bend;
what's here today may be gone tomorrow,
so quickly joys have turned to sorrow.

So fast the days have sped away,
when were just a child at play;
when everything was fine and right,
when the blues were never in our sight.

Is love so grand, that we are blind?
to think we'd spend forever with one kind?
familiarity breeds contempt they say,
does allure and charm get in our way?

Why does her perfume turn our head?
or is it something else she did instead?
why are we committed to her side?
and, after time, look for a place to hide?

Is love the end of what we truly need?
or are there other voices we should heed?
the trials and tribulations fade in the end,
what message, when we lived, did we send?

David Lessard

What Love Feels Like To Me...

Love...you're the sunshine on my face,
the shadow on my wind-burned cheek;
the perfume that I cannot trace,
the truth my soul does daily seek.

You're music that my mind does hear,
you're the sunrise in a dismal sky;
you're the comfort of a silent ear,
sweet visions of the day gone by.

Love...you're stars so shining bright,
constellations vast and oh so grand;
that we forget the dark of night,
moons we touch with outstretched hand.

You're the view from jagged hilltops,
that charms the heart, soothes the eye;
the wonder that makes my soul to stop,
and then... causes it to fly!

Love...you're the warmth of summer's breeze,
the breath of March and therefore Spring;
and Autumn's death of colored leaves,
and constant snows that winters bring.

David Lessard

What My Love Is Like.

This is what my love is like,
I'm asleep with just a smile;
in pleasant dreams I dwell,
and your with me for awhile.
When the sunsets are like gold,
and the sun's afire each dawn;
and peaceful flows my life,
like a river, rolling on.
Like a rainbow colored sky,
like sweet music always heard;
your kisses floating in the air,
without a spoken word.
The comfort of your fingers,
from a tender, caring touch;
when the night has been too long,
and I seek your arms to clutch.
This is what my love is like,
when I take the lover's role;
when a sudden glance from you,
makes my mind and body whole.

David Lessard

What's It All About?

How many children died today?
How many abortions were done?
Life in the womb is still life,
Eyes that will not see the sun.

How many people shot today?
How many of them died?
How many hearts were broken?
How many of them cried?

How much food was thrown away?
With the garbage that went out?
How's the air pollution in town?
What the hell's it all about?

It's about solace for the soul,
It's about loving your fellow man;
It's about rickets and diarrhea,
it's about following God's plan.

It's about peace and brotherhood,
It's about justice and salvation;
It's about love, prayer and hope,
It's about us as a caring nation.

David Lessard

When The Wind Dies Down

When the howling wind dies down,
I will leave and go outside;
Stride about, the streets of town,
Leave this lair, in which I hide.
Take in fresh air, exhale the old,
Stretch my legs and walk about;
Bundled up from this Spring's cold,
Filled with hope, shorn of doubt.
When this shrieking wind dies down,
I'll embrace the coming day;
Without despair, with no frown,
In whatever, comes my way.
I will stroll, with measured gait,
With each encounter, I may meet;
Unafraid of sudden chance or fate,
No fear of shadows on souless streets.
When the forceful wind dies down,
I'll kiss the dawning of the sun,
Thankful, for all things around,
Grateful, for all things done.

David Lessard

When Will We...?

When will we embrace the truth,
face the music, end the dance,
shake off lies and anger,
break free from our trance?

When will we stand still and tall,
rid ourselves of harmful ways,
cast aside neglected slights,
hold the love until it stays?

When will we stop with bitter words,
that demolishes the stuff of life,
that causes dreams to wither,
that wallows in the strife?

When will we greet the break of day,
with praise instead of hate?
blowing kisses to those we love,
as we walk on through the gate.

When will we spread the good news
and fling away the bad?
remembering all the beauty,
of the life that we once had.

David Lessard

When?

When will we dare to walk,
in God's great shining light?
and put aside temptations,
that hover in the night?

To avoid the heart of evil,
to shy from certain sin,
and eliminate the anger,
that's buried deep within?

When we rise above it all?
the jealousy, the morbid hate?
and not accept the premise,
that someone calls our fate?

To keep the laws of God,
higher than the laws of men;
men that think they're wise,
but our troubles never end.

When will we honor truth?
that speaks with holy breath;
to know that heaven waits,
upon on our earthly death.

David Lessard

Where Are The Arms...?

Where are the arms that used to hold me,
through all those long and lonely nights;
that took away the toil and struggle,
that ironed out the twists and blights.

Now, I lay alone, with time my enemy,
and I am not content with living,
I miss the arms that held me tight,
and always were forgiving.

You were the love I always wanted,
there was beauty in your face,
but not your heart;
we got lost in the spiral of our feelings,
lost love's soul... we swiftly fell apart.

Like a dream, you slowly faded,
until, there was nothing left to hold;
gone was the passion of two lovers magic,
that blossomed young, but then, grew old.

Where are the arms that used to hold me,
when fear and doubt got in our way?
just when you gain the treasured prize,
you realize, that nothing golden stays.

David Lessard

Who Am I Lord?

Who am I Lord, that You know my name?
know of my sorrows and of my shame?
know the depths of my aching soul,
knew the reasons, I wasn't whole.

Why me Lord, I fell from off the path,
I never knew about, Your rod and staff;
I was the worthless slave to ugly sin,
now You have pardoned where I've been.

You gave strength when I was down,
You turned my sad life all around;
You gave me hope when days were dim,
forgiven me, each godless whim.

Who am I Lord? You've cleaned my heart,
and set before me, a brand new start;
You raised me up when I was low,
I've changed... I'm sure You know.

Why me Lord, I stumbled left and right,
but then You came, in God's great light;
reached out a long, forgiving hand,
so, in Your presence, I could stand.

David Lessard

Why?

the day is bright, outside the sun is shining,
the clouds are nowhere in sight,
so, why should I, be pining?
I'm pining because my love has fled,
inside, I feel an ache, dull and dead;

she left because I yelled her name,
in such a way, she thought I was insane.
but I'm meek and mild-mannered, like Clark Kent,
until I find, that all my money's spent;
until I discover that she has lied,
until I feel my brain has died.

she was a love that quickly stole my heart,
now she's a memory that tore my life apart;
a ghost that comes and goes with pain,
and things are never, quite the same again.

a specter of a song once heard,
that now seems foolish and absurd;
a melody that plays inside one's head,
when the outer shell of life is dead.

the day is bright, there's not a cloud in sight,
but I am fractured into pieces, not quite right;
because I lost a love, I thought would never die,
and I am left with the old age question...why?

David Lessard

Winter Games

They're going for the medal,
they glide, they jump, they fall;
the others fade away
and only three stand tall.

But they're all Olympians,
even if they fade away;
perhaps in four more years,
that will be their day

As Grantland Rice once said,
there's more to life than fame
it's not the win or loss, '
but how you play the game.

They are poetry in motion,
on the ice or in the snow;
an athlete's sweet ballet,
just going with the flow.

A time when nations merge,
and fellowship shines through;
vicariousness of pleasures,
of a world we never knew.

David Lessard

Winter Talk.

Sun's bright, air's chill,
on my evening walk;
wind bites at my neck,
not enough to balk.
Legs give way to joy,
causing many smiles;
snow on distant peaks,
perhaps a 100 miles.
Winter grass is golden,
like Kansas in the Spring;
I relish in its charm,
makes my heart to sing.
Serenity engulfs my psyche,
making my mind calm;
like a healing ointment,
like a healing balm.
Tonight the season shines,
as coyotes howl and croon;
as I touch the stars,
and embrace the moon.

David Lessard

Yarnell Hill.

The fire's out, rain has come and gone,
we've swallowed life's huge bitter pill;
young men died, their last sweet song,
played on slopes of Yarnell Hill.
they march no more, to Nature's tune,
they'll sing no more, their voices still;
their harmonies are fled too soon,
in the cavities of Yarnell Hill.
they walked their paths with weary feet,
determined men with special skill;
they danced to a different drummer's beat,
as they trudged, up Yarnell Hill.
now, mournful music fills the air,
the notes, discordant, somber, shrill;
once more, we learned, that life's not fair,
for the brave nineteen on Yarnell Hill.
but this dirge, it too, will end,
when tortured hearts have had their fill;
then will come God's great healing mend,
in silent symphony, it plays, on Yarnell Hill.

(dedicated to the 19 fire fighters that gave their lives, The Granite Mountain Hot Shots of Prescott, Arizona)

David Lessard

You

You were always there...
when my heart was aching;
when my mind was down,
and my soul was breaking.

You lifted me from sin,
patched up the empty hole;
You created a new heart,
and then You made it whole.

The days without Your love,
were stark and cold and dark;
but the day I found Your love,
my heart sang as a lark.

A song for You alone,
that only You could hear;
the praise that angels sing,
whenever You are near.

You were always there...
I just never heard Your call;
until the day I loved You,
on that day, my sin did fall.

David Lessard

You Alone...

In my mind, I saw the world anew,
in my mind, I envisioned happiness;
you alone, know what I've been through,
you alone, know that I've been blessed.

In my thoughts, you have been alive,
in my thoughts, you have reigned supreme;
in my heart, for you alone I strive,
in my heart, you're more than just a dream.

In my soul, you alone reside,
in my soul, you make all things true;
in my hopes, you are on my side,
in my hopes, you complete just what I do.

In my goals, you are my number one,
in my goals, you keep me on the road;
you alone, make it worthwhile to run,
you alone, turn aside, my heavy load.

In my mind, I saw you from afar,
in my mind, I never knew your name;
but you alone, are now my shining star,
and knowing you, I'll never be the same.

David Lessard

You Were All I Had

You were all I had,
now from me you've gone;
death took you fast away,
only memory lives on.
Once, we were a pair,
now, it's only one;
the loving knot is cut,
spilling dreams undone.
You were the world to me,
but fate got in the way;
death became victorious,
and I was left to stay.
You were all I had,
now part of me has died;
no shelter from the grief,
no place where I can hide.
You were all I had,
now you're a haunting song;
still present all these years,
in a place I don't belong.
You were all I had,
such wondrous love to me;
now the spirit's gone,
but you won't let me be.

David Lessard

You Were Right (And Wrong) About Me

I was a lover, not a friend;
You were blind and didn't see,
Where this road would surely end.

You were wrong about me,
I never gave to you, my heart;
You wanted more, I had to flee,
and we can't go back to start.

You were right about me,
But you couldn't face the fact;
and you couldn't let things be,
you said my love was all an act.

You were wrong about me,
I never said that I would stay;
and regardless of your plea,
I'll see you some other day.

You were right about me,
said I was a big charade;
said we never would agree,
and now, the love, it fades.

David Lessard

Young Love.

Back when I was but a lanky lad.
and you nothing were but a lass;
you rose and came into my life,
I couldn't let the moment pass.
I asked to walk you home,
we strolled past fields of heather;
and the moments led to hours,
when time found us together.
Seems like there was always sunshine,
in those youthful, golden days;
when we encountered love,
and learned each other's ways.
Until maturity did find us,
and we lost what we once had;
and the struggle to survive,
killed the love and drove us mad.
But I recall the bliss and beauty,
when we were something to behold;
and though that age has passed,
the memories don't grow old.

David Lessard

Your Comfort...

I Will live for God and no one else,
for all do fail me when they go;
was I a friend to those I knew,
or was my friendship all for show?

I bled too many times to count,
the roads I took were rough;
but I could not change my life,
even when I'd had enough.

Even when I lost it all one day,
and I was left to mourn;
when crying in the night,
was my welcomed thorn.

But then I took You in my heart,
where You hid in wait for me;
You took the thorn from out my side,
then, You let my soul fly free.

Gave me freedom from the hurt,
gave me shelter from each storm;
gave me comfort from the cold,
and with Your fire, kept me warm.

David Lessard

Your Look Says It All

Speak no more! Your look says everything,
the acid stare of vengeful angry eyes;
the cutting words still in my ears do ring!
now frosty silence round about me lies.

I will not stay and listen to your taunts,
I've enough to last me all these years;
now bitterness, within my conscience, haunts,
no more remorse, no more regrets, nor tears.

Take what's left and keep it to yourself,
you never shared my love that once you had;
you must have set it on some empty shelf,
all you ever did...was just to drive me mad.

I will leave you and you will soon forget,
the promises, the hopes, forgotten dreams;
you'll erase the times when we first met,
long before the nightmares and the screams.

Farewell to dying love... to all the pain,
remember nothing...let's just forge ahead;
we lost it all, and now, have all to gain,
yet I wish... it was someone else instead.

David Lessard