

Poetry Series

**Edward Iacona**  
**- poems -**

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# Edward Iacona(August 27,1948)

# A Change Of Strife

She said that she'd 'changed'  
On a journey for her gnosis.  
Was this a real spiritual walk?  
Or form of psychoneurosis?

She was gentle and kind,  
A true modern Isis.  
Then she screwed up our world,  
Could it be, MID-LIFE CRISIS?

As many get older  
Some folks will insist,  
That there's more to their life,  
There's something they missed.

For time slipped away  
And they now must resist,  
Simply put, they are frightened  
Or just mentally pissed.

I know well the feeling,  
So I can't disagree,  
There are dreams, there are goals  
And there's no guarantee.

Time knows not persistence  
Nor hears silent plea.  
I know that is true 'cause,  
It has happened to me.

Did this happen to her  
As she rounded the bend?  
With no more time to lose  
She went off the deep end.

Frustration and depression  
Really gives one the blues.  
I wish she'd be happy with

A car, clothes or shoes.

The Tarot and Biorhythms  
Entered her New Age view,  
Plus numerology, crystals  
And some Astrology too.

Auras and energy circles  
Charge this magical epigram  
Add the teachings of the Kabbalah  
(Not the toy from 'Trans O Gram')

Then there were angels,  
That was harmless enough,  
What followed them was  
More metaphysical stuff.

She focused on Reiki  
And healing holistic,  
Absorbing herself in  
Modalities mystic.

Did she know that her journey  
Also came with a danger?  
To her family that loved her        (more than she knew)  
She become nearly a stranger.

All the self help books she read  
Could not, possibly mention,  
Her family's heartbreak and pain.  
The truth of her cosmic 'intention'.

Motivational books can come  
With a very high price,  
That one pays for reading  
Someone else's advice.

They claim what one can find  
But give reader's no clues.  
That from taking such advice,  
Just what else they can lose.

No matter the path,  
Or what one is akin to,  
The problem with change,  
Is what one can turn in to.

Our marriage was born in the deepest of love,  
Of two facing the world hand in hand.  
Now her family still wonders what part of, 'I do',  
That she just didn't quite understand.

Like all, she desired a stress free existence,  
Free from rough patches and nary a thicket.  
But, reality reigns and there are unfortunate events  
Unlike those penned by one Lemony Snicket.

It's great to have hobbies,  
Interests and such,  
Make them part of your life  
But never a crutch.

Growth can be part  
Of a marital life,  
Not resulting in loss of  
A soul mate and wife.

If a marriage becomes ill  
Then both are responsible.  
True LOVE means everything still  
And 'Sick' does not mean terminal.

Gone off to follow her vision,  
Something should remind her.  
That the old saying has wisdom  
To not burn bridges behind her.

The grass on the opposite side as it's seen,  
Looks much greener and most beneficial.  
Until she finds out, after vaulting the fence,  
Time will tell her it's all artificial.

Edward Iacona

# A New Beginning / Spring 2014

I've sold my home on lovely Long Island  
For several reasons and to escape Winterland.  
And moved south to the warmth of Virginia  
To my little house out in the hinterland.

There's many a change in lifestyle  
But this I really did not know  
That it's a forty minute drive  
To the nearest Home Depot.

Spring has come to sunny Virginia and.  
There are familiar sounds I know  
So I got up and walked to look at  
The birds outside my window.

There they were in my front yard  
Standing on a lawn I'll soon be mowing.  
I think we all shared a sad sigh moment  
Because it's Spring and it is snowing.

Edward Iacona

# A Rocky Road

A ROCKY ROAD

Edward Iacona

My darling sent this quote to me.  
She wrote it down in Latin,  
A Language that one does not hear  
Even in Mid-Town Manhattan.

"Per aspera ad astra."  
Means, with loose translation,  
"A rough road leads to the stars",  
Which I read with fascination.

Our challenge is one of distance  
And not one of direction.  
We require something more tactile  
And not of Astral Projection.

Bureaucracy may blow us,  
Like the wind does to a feather  
We may become re-directed  
Within this world to the nether.

We shall try to stay the course  
In bad and stormy weather.  
Then to explore our new universe  
As it should be... together!

Edward Iacona

# A Sign Of My Times

A SIGN OF MY TIMES

Edward Iacona

While walking through the shopping mall  
Just because I was bored.  
I looked at all the things on sale,  
That I could not afford.

There were signs upon some items,  
On sale that enticed to buy.  
Showing both the price that 'WAS' and now 'IS'  
That caught my thoughtful eye.

Those signs show one the savings  
But to my saddened point of view,  
Within the depths of my real life,  
The opposite is also true.

There was a marriage, home and family,  
With ups and downs galore.  
A union of love and soul mates  
But what 'WAS'....'IS' no more.

Edward Iacona

# A Singular Blessing

A SINGULAR BLESSING

Edward Iacona

This blessing is for those of us  
Who have surely felt bereft.  
From losing one so close and loved  
That changed their heart and left.

For those that felt their soul mate  
Made vows they would never renege.  
For experiencing our legal system  
That costs an arm and a leg.

For losing the things that brought you joy  
Including old records pressed in vinyl.  
May you win millions in the lottery,  
After your divorce is final.

Edward Iacona

# A Song Of The Ages

A SONG OF THE AGES

Edward Iacona

There is a popular mind set,  
That on some level might be true,  
That when a woman gets older  
Her mate will bid her adieu.

There are no doubt many reasons  
For this possible lack of satisfaction,  
Maybe one could be her preoccupation  
With, 'The Power of Attraction'.

Maybe she could consider this  
Before she starts meditating,  
That her mate would be receptive  
To some real communicating.

Yes, there can be many reasons why  
Younger women may have appeal.  
It is not just the physical thing  
That initiates the male zeal.

The idea of a younger woman  
Has an up side just because all  
Of the peace and possibilities of a gal  
That's further away from menopausal.

Edward Iacona

# A Too Comfortable Cat

A TOO COMFORTABLE CAT

Edward Iacona

I see and hear that you're complaining  
So it must be your dinner hour.  
How nice it is for me to see that  
You can move under your own power.

You lay about the house all day  
And for this I should lament  
That even for a typical cat,  
Your got up and go, just went.

In your peaceful meditative state  
Is there not one thought to inflame?  
That can aspire the most sedentary of cats  
To those fifteen minutes of fame.

I know of your special talent  
And, for it I have mentally winked  
As you sometimes roam the neighborhood to  
Make sure your species does not become extinct.

Perhaps you can brag of your prowess  
And write it above you on a wall.  
Unlike Charlotte you can't spin a web  
But, maybe you can use a hairball.

There you sit with your paws tucked in  
And that requires no effort at all.  
But I have seen some cats in posters  
That can stand humanlike straight and tall.

Could you go harass a great big dog  
Or throw something off a shelf or table?  
There's more to life than lying in the sun  
Although for that you are always able.

There's a cat that's very popular  
Because he looks like he is grumpy.  
Can you emote an air of debonair,  
Nervous or just a little jumpy?

Yes, all of these ideas I've mentioned  
Have been done by other cats before  
But for the many fans of felines  
They never seem to boor.

Maybe you could jump high in the air  
And come down spinning around in a spiral  
To join the honored ranks my friend  
Of another kitty that has gone viral!

Edward Iacona

# A-Litter-Ation

Dear kitten, your name is now Lucy,  
You're named for TV's comedy queen.  
Because you are both so loveable  
And the funniest kitten to be seen....

Although my little Lucy  
You make me laugh deliriously  
Please turn your big ears to my voice  
And listen to something to take seriously.

This is your home my little kitty  
You now live in a flat in the big city.  
Unlike being amongst grass and rocks  
When wanting "relief"... just use your box.

I appreciate all your willing attempts  
But no matter how you persist.  
Even when taking such careful aim  
Most of the time, you've missed.

There is something I have seen  
That's seen on the internet.  
That many a capable cat can do  
And so can you my clever pet.

How helpful it would be I feel,  
As this thought spins in my head.  
It would be great for both of us,  
If you used the toilet instead.

Any kitten that can climb the drapes  
And then stroll along the valance  
Can easily perch upon the toilet's rim  
Without fear of losing one's balance.

That is what I would like you to learn  
But there is no need to rush it.  
Someday you'll be a big cat too  
And be strong enough to flush it.

Edward Iacona

# Are We There Yet?

Feeling again that you've found "the one";  
It is difficult to try and assert  
That you or yours can love and trust  
As if you've never been hurt.

There may be a tall wall made of fears.  
And all the symptoms of Excuse-itis,  
Mixed in with memories which may have  
More pains than osteoarthritis.

So, when those special feelings rise again  
And you're scared and in search for doubt  
Here's a mathematical metaphor that  
Might help you to sort things out.

It's a very simple theory  
That's not too hard to follow  
Although I know the end result  
May be a little hard to swallow.

Suppose you want to travel,  
From a point A to a point B.  
This can be any given length,  
Or, perhaps even emotionally.

Now, begin your journey,  
And then stop in the middle  
Then start and stop halfway again.  
Keep repeating the key to this riddle.

Start and stop at every half point  
And, no matter how long you strive  
Because of the constant division;  
To your goal you will never arrive.

Now it's time for your crucial test  
To mentally measure the joy life brings.  
Think of all the new smiles there are now  
In those old romantic and cliché things.

You see, in our imperfect world  
Too many decimal places are just fluff.  
Don't believe you're THERE and in love?  
Well, then you're darn well close enough.

Edward Iacona

# Asunder

As I walk the dog each night, I stare into the sky.  
The stars alone bear mute witness to my daily weary sigh  
I still ask the heavens of what went wrong to love that went awry.  
And I think of the things we could have done but she would not even try.

Writing rhymes about our problems is a great temptation.  
No matter our marital pitfalls there was a promise of dedication.  
Heartbreak and richer lawyers are the only education  
True soul mates who have broken bonds are a sad aberration.

Love and trust can be repaired, make it your marriage vocation.  
Marriage and family live in love and should not seek cessation.  
So, these words from I who may face life in relative isolation  
'Never make a permanent fix to a temporary situation.'

02/05/09

Edward Iacona

# Bamboozled

There is some things we do in life  
We wish we could retrieve  
The one action that triggers another  
Having a result we can't conceive

That includes a hope or dream  
That does not come true  
Or, just not in quite the way  
In which we would like it to

One of those moments I'd take back  
That can still make me sigh and grieve  
Was buying her a 'Good Fortune' bamboo plant  
Never thinking that she'd ever leave

Edward Iacona

# Check - Mate

CHECK - MATE

Edward Iacona

It came in a business envelope  
That bore my lawyer's name.  
It arrived without any fanfare.  
And without any acclaim.  
Inside it was the end result  
Of a sad and expensive game.  
It contained the official decree  
That snuffed out a former flame.  
It said nothing of the heartbreak,  
Brought by her lying, cheating or blame.  
It just said our divorce was finalized  
With dispassionate words to proclaim.  
And with the included stipulations  
A new life is not the same.  
Now there's only looking forward.  
For to recapture the past there's no aim.  
One would think such a valued document  
Would be made more suitable to frame.

Edward Iacona

# Culture Schock

Surprise! There's a new love interest!  
She stole my heart but there's some Angina.  
Like many things found here in the states  
My special lady was also made in China.

In learning about each other there's  
The "getting to know you" game.  
And, it is quite apparent that  
Our backgrounds are not the same.

I don't know much about Zen or Tao  
So, we're doing the best we can.  
Sure, I know some of Chairman Mao  
But, more of Charlie or Jackie Chan

As it is quite obvious that  
She didn't come from Duluth.  
She is incredibly curious about,  
What influenced my youth.

A favorite show of my younger years,  
Brought forth a flood of TV memories.  
But, I could tell she was disappointed that  
'Hau-dee Dao-ti' was not Chinese.

Sharing our popular culture is  
Part of a caring loving plan  
As I broke the news that Pinky Lee  
Was not from Japan.

Sky King was not a flying emperor.  
I explained this to my honey.  
And, the famed Lone Ranger was not  
A show about loaning money.

Buster, Chaplin, Laurel and Hardy  
Such legends define what huge is.  
And the legacy of laughter left  
By the great Three Stooges.

But, when it came to Abbott and Costello  
A true classic comedy reference  
I never thought that to her ears,  
'Hu's on first! ' makes perfect sense

Edward Iacona

# Dis Duh Season

DIS DUH SEASON

Edward Iacona

Christmas season now starts well before Halloween  
And there's really not much of a treat or a trick of it.  
The stores just put out all the new Christmas décor  
Hoping customers would like the first pick of it.  
Now we can also be thankful by mid November  
We are seasonally right in the thick of it.  
The holiday songs, the lights, the beckoning sales,  
And displays that show every type of St. Nick of it.  
No wonder that by the time Christmas really comes,  
Many people by then are just sick of it.

Edward Iacona

# Do Not Reply

When she said she loves me  
I felt emotionally pumped.  
When my brain heard my ears  
I know my heart rate jumped.  
My attitude is confident,  
And posture isn't slumped.  
Now I'm newly motivated,  
And feeling upwardly bumped  
My world is cool and cozy like  
A pillow freshly plumped.  
Then she sends me a text message,  
Which does not leave me stumped.  
'Sorry, I have met another guy.'  
And once again I'm dumped.

Edward Iacona

## Dog - Er - Ill

A mixed breed is now a 'Designer Dog'  
However, there's a big 'But'.  
Not so very long ago that pup  
Was referred to as just a mutt.

Edward Iacona

# Dreck The Halls

It's that time of year again  
When many folks ruminates  
All about the holiday season  
And the desire to decorate.

There's so much to choose from  
And it can become highly debatable;  
To light the yard bright with new LED's  
Or buy the latest lawn inflatable.

'The holiday season starts too early'  
One hears that retail rant on and on  
But, by the first week of December  
Most of the décor items are gone.

'MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE! '  
The glaring homes will wish you.  
There are no rules for style here  
So, using good taste is not an issue.

Holiday decorating time is here  
One can love it or tolerate it.  
And with decorations 'Made In China'  
We can over celebrate it.

Edward Iacona

# Elf Explanatory

The Elves are Santa's helpers.  
And this is true because.  
According to English Grammar  
They are a Subordinate Claus.

Edward Iacona

# Emotional Holiday

NOTE: Sometimes one just needs a 'me' day escape the daily stress. Here is a little poem just waiting for the right greeting card....

## EMOTIONAL HOLIDAY

Edward Iacona

On this Emotional Holiday  
It is time to take a rest  
From all the pressure that is life  
That just might get you stressed.

Never mind the constant running  
From pillar and to post.  
Time to stop the pedaling  
And just lean back and coast.

There are forces out there  
That can turn your spirit to toast  
So, sip some wine and smile,  
For those that love you most.

Edward Iacona

# Everything Happens For A Reason

EVERYTHING HAPPENS FOR A REASON

Edward Iacona

Everything happens for a reason. Nothing happens by chance or by means of luck. Illness, love, lost moments of true greatness and sheer stupidity all occur to test limits of your soul.

Without these small tests, life would be like a smoothly paved, straight, flat road to nowhere; safe and comfortable but dull and utterly pointless.

Sometimes a person will come into your life and you know right away that he or she were meant to be there...to serve some sort of purpose, teach you a lesson or help figure out who you are or who you want to become. You never know who that person may be but once you lock eyes, you know at that very moment that they will affect your life in some profound way.

And, If that someone loves you, love them back unconditionally. Not only because that person loves you, but also because they are teaching you to love and open your heart and eyes to little things. Make every day count. Appreciate everything with that person that you possibly can, for you may never experience it again.

Talk together as you have never talked before, and actually listen. Let yourself fall in love, break free and set your sights high. Hold your head up and smile because you have every right.

Edward Iacona

# Feeling The Future

FEELING THE FUTURE

Edward Iacona

Putting my pen to paper  
Makes inner voices very clear.  
Of a desire no longer secret  
For the cosmos (plus one) to hear.

Positive thoughts are focused,  
Projected strong and true.  
Encouraged within my spirit,  
By the joy of knowing YOU.

Some logic here for you to see,  
Although there doesn't need to be.  
Even Mr. Spock would likely agree  
That YOU and I are synergy.

There's nothing for you to fear, my dear  
Nor anything that will smother.  
Just smile and breathe new essence here,  
We've just begun to love one another.

A hand to hold while traveling  
This confusing mortal abyss.  
It all distills to two souls as one  
And it all comes down to this...

True intention ignites the ether,  
Twixt rhymes both common and clever.  
I will be the ONE you kiss,  
For now... For later... Forever.

Edward Iacona

# Floored!

FLOORED!

Edward Iacona

For today there may be pandemonium  
As my love buys some linoleum  
That is made from Petroleum  
As opposed from a layer of Folium.  
But as I, her beau, does confess  
From this point I do digress.  
But, I'll try to make one, more or less.  
To install it easier in her flat  
An old chair was trashed where no one sat  
Poor Phil and Lucy. the resident cats,  
Have to settled for just clawing on mats.  
So my darling and love will not go floorless  
And she will always know that my  
LOVE FOR HER WILL always BE FLAWLESS....

FOR ALLA

Edward Iacona

# For Freedom... Gone Fishin'

For the intangible concept of Freedom  
There has been many a loss of life.  
In the name of her script for Freedom,  
I was forced to lose my wife.

T'was her sad solution  
For her personal evolution  
Freedom was her revolution  
From loving marital institution.

In conflicts concerning Freedom  
This struggle really vexes  
For I have been re-called to join  
The Battle of The Sexes.

Within this forced fed Freedom  
There's an aspect that I hate,  
Having in common with my children  
Of finding someone to date.

There's many an dating site  
Floating upon the shining Cyber-sea...  
With many a lovely lady whose  
Bait is waiting just for me.

I sniff and write to ladies lines...  
Feeling I'd be quite their catch  
Only to find in sad despair that  
They think we're no match.

Swimming and searching for the line,  
To be hooked and then give my all.  
But, as I keep getting thrown back,  
I think maybe I am just too small.

In the matter of physical chemistry  
I shrug saying, 'what the heck'...  
Most gals don't look like enchanted Fiona  
And, I don't think that I look like Shrek.

But, when her lure dances by my way  
To her invite I shall not refuse it.  
Just because I have my Freedom  
I am more than willing to lose it.

Edward Iacona

## Free Style

It was in ninth grade English class  
And my teacher was Miss Joan Frank  
It was because of her love of poetry,  
That I now have her to blame or thank.

Poems came alive in her classroom  
As we absorbed Lewis Carroll's whimsy  
And many years later I still wonder what  
And why, Borogoves are mimsey

We read of an ancient mariner and  
The price of what omen's cost.  
And stopped to ponder a snowy woods  
While his little horse shook off the frost.

I have always preferred poems that rhyme  
And although this might sound terse  
I never have really understood the style  
That is known as 'free verse'.

I and others will use that form  
So I don't intend to create a gaffe  
But, in the end is not 'Free Verse'  
Just a well written paragraph?

Edward Iacona

# Garden Partay!

Garden Partay! ! !

Edward Iacona

I know that names of products  
May often be ostentatious.  
But, I never thought that packs of seeds  
Could also be so salacious.

Varieties mentioned here are real.  
And, this is what I think;  
Many gardeners and farmers  
Must enjoy an earthy wink....

To make my point I'll put these names  
In quotes or maybe in italic.  
And lay aside the obvious view that  
Some veggies look quite phallic.

There is no doubt that corn  
Is known to be nutritious  
But what can one say about a corn  
That is named 'Bi-Licious'.

A common trait I'd like to share  
From Puberty to my coffin,  
Is a link to a certain corn that's  
Called 'Early and Often'.

No homophobia amongst the stalks,  
Or none that I have seen,  
When one considers there are types  
Called 'Ruby' and 'Silver Queen'.

There is an egotistical cucumber  
Whose statistics really rate.  
I shall envy it's bragging rights  
As to being a 'Straight Eight'

Virile thoughts of cucumbers

May easily coincide.  
When human males at morning  
May deal with some 'Early Pride'

There is a carrot called 'Big Top'  
But, a cliché I must repeat...  
That size is not a factor so  
There's another called 'Short and Sweet'

Male prowess proclaims that men  
Should try to please and perhaps outlast her.  
So their cucumber of choice should be  
The one that's called 'Bushmaster'.

When Popeye eats his spinach his  
Rescues of Olive Oyl are less demanding'  
But, if he really wants to impress her  
There is a type called 'Long Standing'

Ah! the popular pumpkin  
Famed for Halloween and pie  
But the name 'Jack O' Lantern'  
May be more than meets the eye.

The apostrophe after the O  
Stands for 'of' I know that's true  
But, considering the seed names I've seen  
Do they mean one 'F' or two?

Edward Iacona

# Green (Card) With Envy

GREEN (CARD) WITH ENVY

Edward Iacona

The search for a special partner  
Can be frustrating and it vexes,  
Re-joining the new world of dating  
In the hope of finding my nexus.

Putting oneself on the Internet  
Is a mix of ego and vulnerability.  
So I delighted in the E-Mails from  
Some women that want to know me.

Sure, I had some mixed feelings  
But, why would I complain  
About getting flirty letters from gals  
That live in Ghana, Russia or Ukraine.

After a short while I realized with  
Some Virgo like logic and clarity  
That with some variations these  
Letters have remarkable similarity.

It's sad to face life all alone.  
I would love an arrow from Cupid.  
But the absence of a soul mate  
Just does not make me stupid.

I've seen her photo and she's seen mine  
And this is real romance she'll insist.  
I'm not bad looking for my age but  
She might need a good optometrist.

Her pictures are simply gorgeous.  
And, her wanting me is made clear.  
There is no remorse in her writing  
About giving up her modeling career.

Knowing the difference in our ages  
Has not slowed her nor has stopped her  
So? What relationship should I seek?  
Should I date her or adopt her?

I'd relish some passionate foreplay  
And doing what lover's oughta.  
But, should I want that and more play with  
A girl old enough to be my daughter.

I write back long thoughtful letters  
And ask about some things she'd feel?  
But, her letters in reply answer nothing  
So, it is most likely she's not real.

She writes of her yearning for my true love  
And wanting money from me, not a penny.  
So, when she will no doubt ask for some,  
I won't feel bad for not sending her any.

Wanting to be with me is her worthy goal.  
Wanting to be with me so that we are whole.  
Wanting to be my life mate is her desired role.  
All her thoughts are of me, and part of her soul.

Such loving words bring smiles  
This is what a true heart seeks  
But real love is rare in life or text  
Within only a matter of weeks.

This all flies in the face of reason.  
Could she want to be my consort?  
It's just a fantasy at any stage or age  
But an image that's hard to thwart.

My letter to her is a simple one,  
As I try to be of a fair sort.  
'If you can get here let me know,  
And I'll come get you at the airport.'

Edward Iacona

# Intend Uh-Oh!

If one wants to improve their life  
There is no need to grouse or curse  
All one needs to do is harness,  
The power of the universe.

Be in on the public secret  
And have your star on the ascension,  
Just master the mysterious magic  
Of "Attraction" and "Intention".

There are books and seminars  
That will help get what you want.  
Follow the instructions and your life  
Becomes like a buffet restaurant.

According to the advocates  
There is nothing that encumbers  
One from getting a parking space  
To the winning lottery numbers.

Those that professionally preach this thought  
Can live in the land of milk and honey  
While their followers intentions may come to naught  
They have found their secret to making money.

I walked in meditation for a lovely life  
So clear in my minds eye view,  
When dog's biodegradable offense became  
A metaphor attracted to my shoe.

Edward Iacona

# Just Be Claus

When I think of Santa Claus  
A traditional image comes to mind.  
But when I shop in some stores  
That is not what I find.

No more sleigh and Reindeer's  
For him to get around.  
He has a plane and helicopter  
To get him off the ground.

Rockin' out with a guitar  
Or swinging with his sax  
Santa is jammin' on the scene  
Just wailing to the max.

Santa rides a motorcycle.  
Nice, but what's the deal?  
Living at the North Pole  
He should have a snowmobile.

Santa is famous for his train  
So with this there is no distress.  
Customers can now choose between  
His local or polar express.

There's a Santa with a surfboard  
So here's the opinion I'm forming;  
If he knows if we've been bad or good  
He must know about global warming.

All these items grace store shelves  
But at the risk of sounding snooty.  
I really wonder if Christmas needs  
A singing Santa that shakes his booty.

Edward Iacona

# Just Kidding!

JUST KIDDING

Edward Iacona

The amount of children a family has  
Brings an historical fascination.  
From the 1700's to the present day  
Regardless of the nation.

Judging from all the coverage,  
On TV and in magazines,  
Having many children now,  
Is still odd, or so it seems.

There are interviews and reality shows,  
They are the darlings of the media.  
From the Dionne's to the 'Octomom',  
They are all on Wikipedia.

It is the considered opinion,  
Of this thoughtful New Yorker,  
That the reason these gals have so many kids,  
UIs that they are the victims of a 'storker'.

Edward Iacona

# Love Notes

It will be my lunchtime soon  
And home from work I will depart.  
Because I know I'll have  
A special meal that is 'ALLA CART'

I need to drive home for lunch  
And for this I will confess  
First, I must walk my dog  
Or else later clean up his mess.

I will quickly make a sandwich  
In sixty six seconds or less  
Then rush off to my bedroom  
To relieve some morning stress.

I'll turn on my computer  
And go right to my E-Mail  
To read the latest lunch note  
From Alla my loving female.

I will happily read every word  
And savor her every line  
That she wrote with such care  
While I sit there and dine.

She shares her life and thoughts with me  
I'll enjoy whatever she might write  
It's the closest thing we have right now  
To an afternoon delight.

Edward Iacona

# Magic Words

There are many magic words  
When we have the predilection  
For expressing our deepest thoughts  
To the object of our affection.

Don't worry if you're word impaired  
Cause it isn't very hard  
To borrow the words of poets  
Including Avon's bard.

If that is not your style  
One really can't go wrong  
With the music and lyrics  
Of a well selected song.

And, within our wireless age  
There's no need to be perplexed  
Consider the joys of Voicemail  
Or, if you must, just text.

You can say them or sing them  
Shout out loud or mutter them.  
If emotions overcome you  
One may have to stutter them.

When it comes to magic words  
There is no one way to utter them  
No matter which way you choose  
You should not ever shutter them.

Then there will be other times  
When mutual impulses call  
And magic words may be spoken  
But are not needed at all.

Edward Iacona

# Mating Menu

MATING MENU

Edward Iacona

Looks, position and some wealth are  
The main dishes on the dating platter.  
And if one has the last one as a rich dessert.  
The first two courses won't much matter.

Edward Iacona

# Merry Questmas

Once upon a Christmastime  
A number of years ago  
I thought about my Christmases  
With a warm and nostalgic glow.

A vivid memory of my youth  
Combined fun, excitement and pretty,  
Was the holiday trip I'd take with Mom,  
To see Christmas in New York City.

I wanted to share my childhood  
And of all the things I did.  
It might add more meaning to stories  
That start; "Well, when I was a kid."

We'll take the kids to Manhattan,  
It's really not that far.  
Only ninety minutes by Long Island rail  
Or maybe, a three hours drive by car.

Time has a habit of changing things,  
I was well aware of that.  
So I knew we couldn't have lunch at  
The Horn and Hardart, Automat.

The giant Pepsi waterfall  
Atop Bond's clothing store  
And the smoke ring blowing Camel man  
Just aren't there any more.

It's Christmas at Rockefeller Center.  
But, the big tree missed its mark.  
As one of the kids reminded me that  
There are huge trees in Hecksher Park.

Of the smiling circling skaters below  
This was my children's take.  
They agreed that it looked like fun

But at home there's a frozen lake.

On a bitter cold winter day  
Young kids don't give a heck-o  
About a gold statue of Prometheus  
Or anything that's Art Deco.

I knew that in the best toy department  
There would be no displays from Lionel.  
Those are now replaced by video games  
And other electronic joys to sell.

So, we visited the "World's Largest Store"  
With all the anticipation my heart employs.  
While Santa still has his "Santa Land"  
The mighty Macy's no longer sold toys.

The animated holiday window displays  
Are still welcome and to be found.  
But, unlike the days I remembered,  
Fewer people were gathered around.

For all the walking, wind and cold  
It is with mixed feelings I make this query,  
Would Edgar Allen Poe think to write?  
"Once upon a Christmas cheery...."

So, my Christmases live on in my mind  
Their reality has gone to "Good Bye Land".  
Now I know better than to try and show  
What was my Coney Island.

Edward Iacona

# Mind Over Time

MIND OVER TIME

Edward Iacona

Behold simple shadows  
Made by the sun.  
Lengthening, shrinking and dancing  
As the Earth revolves around the Sun.  
It measures our moments even  
As we dip into darkness.  
We have learned to measure time  
With shadows, dripping water, candles  
Or the relentless ticking of clocks.  
We measure time and time measures us.  
Our measure is made in memories  
Stored deep in thoughts and melodies  
And in photographs that cannot forever  
Match the reflection of a mirror  
Our time does not march but  
Slinks forward as a cat on softest paws.  
Nearly silent in movement  
But ever stalking its prey.  
And then for I comes the  
Person that wields magic.  
Not over the reality of time  
But decidedly over me.  
In her warmth, tenderness, kindness  
Sentimentality, impulses and all the  
Other adjectives I can define in her smile  
She is LOVE born again within my being.  
And I within hers.  
We share this cosmic connection  
Of knowing a fundamental truth  
Ones clock may not be made stop  
But it can be re-set by LOVE.

Edward Iacona

# New Herizons

Well, it's over and I am single  
Yet my hopes are not dimmin'  
To find someone special in my life,  
Sends my imagination swimmin'  
A romantic re-start with a loving heart  
And with some serious 'Shein' ' and 'Himin' '  
But this I learned about divorce court,  
It's a bad place to try and meet women.

Edward Iacona

# Off The Hook

OFF THE HOOK

Edward Iacona

My kids don't like fish very much  
But I could not be happier.  
They aren't eating at home tonight  
So I'll make Salmon or Tilapia.

Edward Iacona

# Oh! The Horror! ! ! !

OH! THE HORROR

Edward Iacona

It's Halloween time once again and  
There's the question some parents fear.  
As their children are may surely ask,  
What shall I go as this year?

The standard fare of witches and Ghosts  
Have become very cliché you know  
And even vampires and zombies  
Have movies or a T.V. show

One can't go as a bum or hobo  
That does not show them respect.  
A fierce Indian is also taBOO.  
It is now not politically correct.

A proper Halloween haunt takes a unique knack.  
If one wants a sweet snack for their tummy  
As even a little kid knows the plain fact  
That no one will want their mummy.

Now going as a terrorist  
Might be an idea that's hot□  
But, who would want to give one treats  
And it might just get one shot.

A mysterious visitor from outer space  
With a little odd twist because  
Who would refuse an alien treats when  
It's holding a GREEN CARD in their claws.

So, if your child comes to you  
With this annual costume question;  
I will submit this rather simple idea  
For a fine costume suggestion.

What is needed is a genuine monster

That is blood thirsty, ruthless and cruel.  
A creature that is nasty and vicious  
And has the morals of a true life ghoul.

Just put them in a nice dress or suit  
With a briefcase to take on their journey  
And they will comeback with it full of goodies  
Going trick or treating as an attorney.

Edward Iacona

# Oy! Me Faithful

OY! YE FAITHFUL

Edward Iacona

The tree is down, the decorations stored  
And a new year has come at last.  
The celebrations are all over,  
It's officially, Christmas past.

A gift one desires is always great  
But in taking some poetic license,  
What I wish for most of all  
Would be her Christmas presence

She left us for her new age dreams  
While we get along to the best of our ability.  
Will she ever realize the harm she's done?  
Well, there is always the possibility.

Someday she might just see the light,  
And want to return as wife and mom.  
And that to me will surely be  
The best Christmas yet to come.

Edward Iacona

# Park Place Monopoly

When the weather is pleasant  
To escape things that's vitriolic.  
My dog and I will go to the park  
And bask in a place that's more bucolic.

Jack is the name of my dog  
A concept that would find him 'fumin' '  
As I am convinced that he truly  
Believes I really am his human.

He must be kept on his leash  
So he can't run free and frolic.  
But, when he sees all of those trees  
It affects him most metabolic.

He feels he must declare himself  
In a manner personally hydraulic  
But after twenty salutes or so  
His efforts are merely symbolic.

Edward Iacona

# Patience And Perseverance

## PATIENCE AND PERSEVERANCE

Edward Iacona

Within the carillon of life  
Romance can always chime  
Music can start within the hear  
And it knows no age or time.

Romantic lyrics become reborn  
I recall them without resistance.  
For us the problem is not the songs  
Our challenge is one of distance.

We're connected for years by the Internet  
And, one might find this quite quizzical.  
Our love has rooted and grown because  
We learned that truest love is not all physical.

We have fallen in love completely  
And we want a blissful co-existence.  
But, to form our loving union she will  
Need a visa and we both persistence.

She will need a K-1 visa  
And, it throws us for a loop  
As we wade through a big bowlful  
Of governmental alphabet soup.

The process isn't so simple  
On this point I am not vapid  
No matter what help is employed  
Getting a K-1 visa is really not rapid.

Forms completed and documents compiled  
For the USCIS and then for the Department of State  
And, while all our submissions are scrutinized  
For months we wait...hope...and anticipate.

Then a medical and a meeting in Moscow  
We pray for a good judgment of fate.  
As we think and dream of the waited day  
We meet again at an airport gate.

For Alla

Edward Iacona

# Per Aspera Ad Astra

PER ASPERA AD ASTRA

(A rough road to the stars)

Edward Iacona

I sit here in my bedroom  
That now passes for my den.  
To write a poem for the one I love  
The words flow to my pen.  
Comparing our love to things celestial  
A cliché one uses now and then.  
The visa process is time consuming  
And when it's approved I'll shout 'AMEN! '  
I'll share my joy with all I know and  
Perhaps both FOX and CNN.  
We both know to where she's coming  
But, we are not just sure when.  
For now I merely gaze at the stars  
Which are seen within my ken.  
And to ponder their possibilities  
Just as have many mortal men.  
Yet, I know my loving destiny.  
It's my personal moment of Zen.  
For I have held heaven in my arms  
And I know that she shall be there again.

FOR ALLA

Edward Iacona

# Pondering Pirates

PONDERING PIRATES

Edward Iacona

There has remained a fascination  
That has lasted through the years,  
Of pirates, ships and the treasures  
Of those adventurous buccaneers.

It is very obvious in these times  
That pirates are still quite popular  
In films and books and games and such  
But not the real ones in Somalia.

We also pay them homage  
With 'Talk Like a Pirate Day'  
So salt yer speech me hearties  
And add 'Arrgh' to what you say.

There are pirate costumes for Halloween  
Some will buy them and some will make them.  
But a real pirate would not ask for treats  
He'd just threaten you and take them.

There are the Pittsburgh Pirates  
And to further what my case is.  
What could those pirates possibly steal  
Except for a couple of bases.

There are Neuveau Pirates of today  
That have no need to prowl the seas.  
They can be found in the local laundromat  
Selling inexpensive DVD's

Still some laud the life of pirates,  
They will act so and admire it  
What always puzzles me is that,  
Why do they desire it?

Back in the day a real pirate  
Had not much which to aspire;  
Rare promotions, no paid benefits  
And no security on which to retire.

For all the riches that they stole  
Which was a considerable pile  
What good did it really do them?  
I don't think it changed their life style.

Yet thoughts of pirates still surround us  
Be they fiction, real or on a line of scrimmage.  
But, no matter how one thinks of them,  
It took Disney to change their image.

Edward Iacona

# Promise On The Moon

The moon's a muse to many,  
It inspires music, poems and art.  
It hangs aloft for lovers  
Aiding matters of the heart.

It is there for us to share  
At day's ending till it's start.  
We share the same old mystic moon  
Just about twelve hours apart.

But have no fear my Alla dear  
As truest love is our guide.  
Very soon we will watch the moon  
As we stand side by side.

Edward Iacona

# Real Life Lesson

REAL LIFE LESSON -  
Edward Iacona

To be a student in your class  
was certainly considered a coup  
All the kids sure wanted you  
and maybe a few mommies too.

Beyond the Three R's you traveled,  
your lessons laced with mirth.  
You taught of wolves and wildlife  
and conservation of the Earth

Your teaching rings with wisdom  
of heroes and brotherhood  
Of standing up for justice  
as future adults they should

Your classroom philosophy  
was easy to explain.  
An ongoing lesson that  
your students should retain

That in living a good life  
one should never abstain  
from always striving for kindness  
and for always being humane.

When dark times came to your life  
We listened to all your lows  
We took you in like family  
We comforted your woes.

Then dark times came to our life  
faced with separation and divorce  
I called to you my 'brother'  
My thinking was, of course.

I asked that you would mediate

a union that should not be dissolved  
Your answer to my tearful plea;  
'Sorry, can't get involved.'

One thinks of all the hearts and minds  
That you touch and reach  
Maybe you should learn from yourself  
and practice what you teach.

Edward Iacona

# Real Meal Deal

Eating healthy is a goal  
For living a life that's favorable.  
But, as I try, I rarely do,  
So, am I prematurely graveable?  
There are certain times of the day when,  
I want to eat something craveable.  
So I search the market shelves for foods  
My taste buds will find favorable.  
And, I would like to make a meal  
That I would find most savorable.  
But my cooking skills are limited so  
The magic word is 'Microwaveable'!

Edward Iacona

# Road Worthy

Travel the unknown road ahead  
There is very little cost.  
If there's a road behind you  
You never will get lost.

Edward Iacona

# Seasonal Songs

## SEASONAL SONG

Edward Iacona

Familiar music fills the mall and air  
On the day after Thanksgiving  
They are the tunes of the holiday  
That will affect the cost of living.

The playlist may be limited  
It is sort of a musical famine  
The songs are repeated so often  
That there are some lyrics I want to examine.

From the chorus of Hallelujah  
A classic that is well known  
Of course I'm referring to the one by Hayden  
And not the one by Leonard Cohen

Baby, it might be cold outside,  
But please consider this deduction  
This often heard popular song  
Is one about a seduction.

So, within the cunning context  
This couple may connect.  
Just remember that when originally penned  
It was still politically correct.

It begins to look a lot like Christmas  
With a special wish for that holiday season  
Those Hopalong boots were quite desired  
For a very good reason.

While such a wish now sounds curious  
Please reader don't be annoyed.

Just go to your computer  
And look up the actor William Boyd.

His cowboy fame was near ubiquitous  
And he had merchandise to like.  
Every young fan would want to ride  
An official Hopalong bike.

Did you hear what I heard  
There's a child shivering in the cold.  
So the song strongly suggests that  
They bring him silver and gold.

Not really a bad idea but  
Let us further rank it.  
If the baby was really cold  
Why not bring a blanket.

Little drummer boy wants to play  
In the song so episodic.  
Although to most people I think  
A drum is not very melodic.

Mom Mary should have said,  
&quot;No, I have sown and I wish to reap  
Please understand my drummer lad  
I have finally gotten him to sleep.&quot;

On that first noel it is sung  
Shepherds' watched from snow so deep.  
However, there is this little fact  
That into my mind did creep.

Although a tender and thoughtful song  
I should like to explain this refrain to ya.  
It rarely snows in Bethlehem unless  
It's the one in Pennsylvania.

Hey, you'd better watch out.  
Don't pout and so much more,

Perhaps this song is really about  
The foreboding book 1984.

So, Mommy was kissing Santa Claus  
Of that sight the child was sure.  
What a joyous memorable view for  
An up and coming voyeur.

Enjoy the holiday and the songs my friends  
Listen and sing them with delight.  
And, to the talented that create them  
Merry Christmas to all and a good write.

Edward Iacona

# Sextext

Absence makes the heart grow fonder,  
Or so the old cliché goes.  
But, there was something missing  
As our loving relationship grows.

We both knew what that was  
And what would make us smile.  
If only we could find a way that  
Makes our connection more tactile.

Even on the World Wide Web  
Making love is still in fashion.  
Words can paint vivid pictures  
That conveys a lover's passion.

A cyber world of pleasure  
Certainly is in place before us.  
All we need is the Kama Sutra  
And a good Thesaurus.

With an adventurous spirit,  
To speak of this rather candid,  
We developed the useful skill  
Of typing single handed.

Weeks later she reminded me how  
We solved what we were neglecting  
Then announced the exciting news  
That she was 'expecting'.

Our computers were protected  
So how this happened I was curious.  
Nonetheless, such a blessed event,  
Would never make me furious.

We still have some months to go  
And by her side I'll be lovingly.  
I will be there to cut the cord  
And it had better be a USB.

Edward Iacona

# Significant Other Numbers

SIGNIFICANT OTHER NUMBERS

Edward Iacona

I'd love to find a companion  
Whose heart I'd make go pitter patter.  
Until I read what women want  
And then some numbers are going to matter.

As I read one profile  
I'm sure that for me she'd fall.  
But, then I read that she's five feet two  
And wants a man that's six feet tall.

To use her as an example  
Here is a thought to debate or rebuff.  
I am four inches taller than her,  
So, why is that not enough?

There must be some adaptability.  
There's no formula or calculation  
One needs for vertical compatibility  
When involved in joyful copulation.

If I met and liked a lady  
I'd not hesitate to call her  
Just because the reason was  
That she's just simply taller.

To date a woman taller than me  
I can imagine the relief she imbues  
Being with one without the need  
To balance on high heeled shoes.

Additional significant numbers  
That figure onto this page  
Are the variable considerations  
About the differences in age.

There's an allure to older with younger

Though others may wonder, squawk and gawk.  
The biggest challenge to the couple is  
That eventually they'll have to talk.

Be one younger or one older  
There's really no true reference  
Perhaps the only factor is that  
It speaks to a mutual preference.

To use an acronym of today  
Some might want to find a M.I.L.F.  
So in the final equation,  
I aspire to become a D.I.L.F.

Edward Iacona

# So, What's Noose?

SO, WHAT'S NOOSE?

Edward Iacona

There's a magazine about weddings  
That is named, &quot;THE KNOT&quot;.  
It has articles about marriage  
And bridal fashions that are hot

There's focus on the Bride - to - be  
And about having her special day.  
Here's pre-marital advice for the grooms,  
Is just leave off the &quot;K&quot;

Edward Iacona

# Sorry!

The phrase 'I'm Sorry' you may agree  
Has turned into a social amenity  
We say 'I'm Sorry' more than Brenda Lee  
Which was a hit song for her back in 1960.

You may not want to acknowledge the damage you've done  
The pain that you've brought to spouse, daughter or son.  
But if you've done wrong you must see the light  
To take a pro-active step to returning things right

There will remain feelings that you can't erase  
Lost time and memories that you can't replace  
Because of your actions now nothings the same  
Take a look in your mirror and know that there's blame.

Maybe those words are one's you won't do.  
They may not exist in your new age point of view.  
Or, don't want to hear the anger, it might make you blue  
It's easier to leave your loved ones hurt and askew.

Just saying I'm sorry is not all it takes  
No magical words to make gone the mistakes  
Begin the road back with those words from your heart  
They do not mark the end but maybe a start.

Your family's your bond like no other glue.  
A great family we had, can we renew?  
Deep in your heart you know what to do.  
If I can say 'I'm sorry' then I think you can too.

(May 13 - 2008)

Edward Iacona

# Sorry, Wrong Number

Those handy little Cell phones have changed  
They do things now that can enthrall.  
They play music, games and take pictures too  
They can even make a phone call.

And if voice mail is not enough  
You can type a text that's wordy  
By using the little keyboard  
That's much too small but QWERTY.

With all of the things Cell phones can do  
There's just one thing I am berating.  
It is what this little device has done,  
For the wonderful word of dating.

When on a first time dinner date  
And her Cell phone rings  
It can be a harbinger  
Of what the future brings.

Depending on her reaction  
You'll soon find out your fate.  
Whether it will be an early evening  
Or you'll be getting home very late.

This is a human application  
That can cause one to burn.  
But, better than going to the ladies room  
With her never to return.

Edward Iacona

# Star Crossed

STAR CROSSED

Edward Iacona

For thousands of years many believe  
And hold fast to their opinion  
That the twelve star signs rule our lives  
And hold us within their dominion.

Through complicated calculations  
Shiny points of night light above  
Reveal our traits and future lives  
And can tell us who we should love.

We can wonder if we're compatible.  
That is an astrologer's task.  
And, as many things in life,  
It depends how and whom you ask.

Some will say 'Yes.' and some 'No.'  
Or, "If there's effort and really tries."  
But my astral guide to love is only this,  
The stars in each others eyes.

Edward Iacona

# Staying Power

STAYING POWER

Ed Iacona

When the going gets tough, the tough get going  
That's a proverb we've heard before  
That doesn't mean for your marriage  
One should be quick to use the door.

You made a lifelong commitment  
And life isn't always sweet.  
Marriage is not like computer spam  
One just can't click on DELETE.

You needed change? A different world?  
A metaphysical point of view?  
Best reassess your self help books dear,  
Because real life is not all about YOU.

Edward Iacona

# Such Flattery!

SUCH FLATTERY

Edward Iacona

"Why do you write in poetry form? "  
Came this harmless inquisition  
The answer is quite simple you see,  
I dislike writing long exposition

"I really like the things you write,  
They are thoughtful with wit and panache.  
You remind me another writer I like,  
Have you heard of Ogden Nash? "

What incredible company I shared as  
I Smiled at this complimentary gem.  
Then sighing at Ogden's grave reaction  
He would be revolving at many R.P.M.

Edward Iacona

# Ter-Mights?

TER-MIGHTS?

Edward Iacona

It's a very frustrating feeling,  
When one can enjoy some "SALSA",  
If one needs to come up with Oak  
And all one has is Balsa.

Edward Iacona

# Thanksmisgivings

THANKSMISGIVINGS

Edward Iacona

There's a little tradition on Thanksgiving  
In which the family and each guest  
Takes a turn before the dinner  
To tell how their lives are blessed.

Each person speaks of gratitude  
Within their minds reflection  
As she listens and waits what does she think  
In her personal introspection.

Does she give thought to her family  
Once united, happy and strong.  
Or a single thought to her husband  
And how she did them wrong.

Details here are unimportant,  
As our hurt remains inside.  
Does she have any accountability  
To consider how she lied.

If there's a mental inquisition  
If recent past comes to her minds door...  
My question ends with a preposition  
What could she be thankful for?

Edward Iacona

# The Best Of Times

THE BEST OF TIMES

Edward Iacona

That youth is wasted on the young,  
May be a cliché bon mot.  
Maybe we can also act like teens  
Though chronologically, we're not.

Yet we can stroll beneath the stars  
With her hand holding mine  
And talk and feel each other's thoughts  
That is always a telling sign.

We can go on a little picnic  
With just some sandwiches are fine.  
And have a little drink as well  
From a thermos of chilled wine.

We can hold each other closely too  
With arms that tightly entwine  
Like an old wooden fence post  
Engulfed by a clinging vine.

We share our love of meaningful music  
There are many from when we met.  
There's no MP3 for her and me  
Just a way to play a cassette.

We may recall when the tempo of love  
Was "accessò" with nary a time for rest.  
But time has allowed a transient bridge  
And that "andante" for us is the best.

We can reminisce of youthful love  
And all the emotions it empowers.  
Then look into each other's soul  
And smile to rejoice in ours....

FOR ALLA

Edward Iacona

# The Blame Game

THE BLAME GAME

Edward Iacona

When choosing a different life path  
One may not get just what they thought.  
Even Columbus wound up somewhere  
Other than where he sought.

She demanded her new journey  
As her family begged her, 'No! '  
And as witnesses to her false words and deeds,  
She is reaping what she did sow.

One is accountable for their actions,  
And with all due respect,  
No matter books read and voices heard,  
What the heck did she expect?

So here's a murderous little metaphor  
That could be defended with vigor,  
When someone gets shot; do you blame the gun,  
Or the one who pulled the trigger?

Edward Iacona

# The High Cost Of Loving

THE HIGH COST OF LOVING

Edward Iacona

A divorce is what she wanted, not I.  
Her freedom, a new life and new route.  
Our loving marriage cost little to enter,  
But so much more to try and get out.

Never mind the cost of tears and trauma  
Caused by her misbegotten mystical journey  
Yet another bitter pill to swallow is  
Dealing with a marital attorney.

Their ads give hope and understanding  
Pledging to defend rights without a doubt.  
Until one meets for a consult to find  
That is not what it's all about.

We speak about my problems  
As they assess every asset,  
Their interest seems to center  
On what they think they can get.

The talk of my sad situation  
And a strategy quickly fade  
To their more important agenda of,  
How much and how they're paid.

Shakespeare penned a lethal thought  
For those hired to defend their employers.  
'The first thing that we do, ' is said  
'Let's kill all the lawyers! '

That is a line from Richard The Sixth,  
And while such mayhem should restrict us.  
After giving it some careful thought, I ask,  
What jury would want to convict us?



# The 'L' Word

At one time she said, 'I love you'  
But not now the way her life leans.  
She no longer wants to say that phrase;  
Wondering what it really means.

'Love' is only the English word that's  
Felt the same in every nation.  
She may be bi-lingual but for her,  
This word loses in the translation.

Though this word has hurt us both,  
Neither she nor I disdain it.  
So, in trying to lay aside her fears  
I'll endeavor to explain it.

For the word 'love' most writers,  
Do not seem to lack words  
But, I think I can examine it  
By looking at it backwards.

Spelled in reverse it's 'evol' and  
No matter what book you bring  
If you search for the definition,  
It doesn't mean anything.

But if you add two letters  
Specifically 'V' and 'E'  
It will now spell 'evolve',  
Important in being a 'we'.

To evolve is a great concept  
As love rises in the caring heart  
But, here is the main caveat  
To grow together and never apart.

More than some fancy word play,  
It's a recipe clear and true  
That the menu of life can change if  
The ingredients are the right two.

Edward Iacona

# The Paws That Refreshes

THE PAWS THAT REFRESHES

Edward Iacona

'I just love coming home to my Phil, '  
She said, 'He waits for me at the door  
'He wraps his arms around my neck  
How could I ever be loved more? '

'He nuzzles me all over my face  
He kisses and then nibbles my chin.  
His affection will lift my spirit  
No matter the poor mood I'm in.'

Is this what I really want to hear  
While I'm trying to charm her in chat?  
Then she finally reveals to me  
She's talking about her beloved cat.

It's good to know that she likes affection.  
Now my tactile senses are no longer flat.  
And within my vivid imagination I think  
She and I should try doing all that.

But I give some thought to how Phil acts  
And there may be some things I'm forgettin'  
If there's anything to re-incarnation there's links  
To the Kabbalah or something Tibetan.

Now, I may not be completely correct  
But such teachings may explain why.  
Although her Phil is a feline right now  
He may have once have been a guy.

Oh, what could poor Phil make of this  
As he watches us passionately embrace and kiss?  
Would his little cat mind still reminisce  
About once being human and enjoying such bliss.

But for this cat some things have gone amiss

He offers up his opinion and he is not remiss.  
Phil stomps away from this scene to dismiss  
With a low growl and an audible hiss.

FOR ALLA (AND PHIL HER CAT)

Edward Iacona

# The Power Of Redemption

Through the windows of my car  
You'll see bottles and cans inside.  
And to the recycling center today  
They shall take a one way ride.

As I look at the current contents  
Of my cluttered car's interior  
I must admit that my motive  
Is, at best, rather ulterior.

In personal economic downturn  
I behold each empties worth  
Taking secondary satisfaction in that  
I am helping to save the Earth.

Edward Iacona

# The Weigh Of Words

## THE WEIGH OF WORDS

Edward Iacona

From the dawn of the written word  
It soon became the norm  
For writers in almost every tongue  
Including ancient Cuneiform.

To describe the essence of love  
And in literary ways to drape them.  
So lover's may borrow a clever phrase  
When their own words escape them.

Elizabeth Barret Browning  
On one of her romantic days,  
Decided to enumerate her love  
As she counted all her ways.

It's in 'Sonnets Of The Portuguese'  
But I will tell you before you begin it  
There is not a word about Portugal  
That is anywhere within it.

She walks in beauty like the night  
And at Lord Byron I do not scoff.  
As I have heard love's often easier  
When the lights are off.

Even Poe who is never cheery  
Carried on about his lost dearie  
Going on about his lost Lenore  
While some Raven squawked, 'Nevermore'.

Burns compared his love to a red red rose  
A most popular match by far.  
That thorny flower is a common choice  
But that is just the way things are.

Shakespeare's Romeo to his Juliet would tell  
That a Rose called by any other name  
Would have a similar sweet smell  
And, with such words was fanned the flame.

Then it was Gertrude Stein who wrote  
A Rose is a Rose is a Rose.  
What she exactly meant by that.  
I can only guess, 'Who knows? '

And, one need not be Russian  
To tell his lady he adores her  
By quoting some romantic Pushkin  
To his darling ptichka moya.

From the face that launched one thousand ships  
To the face on the barroom floor..  
Alas, for the woman that I truly LOVE  
There is no adequate metaphor..

FOR ALLA

Edward Iacona

# Time Tells True

TIME TELLS TRUE

Edward Iacona

There's a popular time worn belief  
That older people have a hunger  
To date or have a relationship with  
A person that's much younger.

At the risk of sounding sarcastic,  
There may be a concern to mount.  
That, "Age is just a number" relates  
To what is in one's bank account.

Now, dear reader, don't be incensed  
This is not a common deception.  
For significant other age differences  
There is many a joyful exception.

When dating someone much younger  
I think that I might truly balk,  
Not because of others opinions  
Or, for people that might gawk.

Not to worry about those intimate times,  
Though the pace may have slowed to a walk  
But eventually the age difference may tell  
When to each other you'll need to talk.

Edward Iacona

# To Bee Or Not Two Bees

Bees do whatever they please  
Going in and out the hive  
They don't need any keys.  
Bees will stay in a wooden one  
Or one that hangs from trees  
Living in one throughout winter  
And still they do not freeze.  
They will stay out of the snow  
As none of them own skis.  
All Bees have five eyes  
That is how it really sees.  
Even so with all those eyes  
There is not a brow to tweeze.  
Often Bees are dressed in stripes  
But do not work as referees.  
Bees go from flower to flower  
That is their expertise.  
Every day that is their work  
And what drones daily reprise.  
They dance around in pollen  
Up to their little knees.  
Making pollen dust fly all about  
Floating on a gentle breeze.  
But yet I have never heard  
A Bee that can actually sneeze.  
Bees make honey naturally  
Without any college degrees.  
Honey is delicious on many foods  
But horrible when on cheese.  
Honey is a sweet idea  
When it is used in teas  
It is also an old remedy  
If one has a cold and wheeze.  
I am not a Bee at all  
But I say this with ease.  
I LOVE MY 'HONEY' VERY MUCH.  
And on this thought I'll seize  
When I kiss her tenderly  
With a loving little squeeze.

Edward Iacona

# True Teachings

TRUE TEACHINGS

Edward Iacona

Here are some true things I have learned:

I have learned lessons from books  
Such as Green Eggs And Ham.

I have read that Rhett Butler just  
Does not give a damn.

A sweet potato is not  
The same thing as a Yam

History tells that Thailand  
Was once called Siam

And French Indo China  
Is now Viet Nam

When closing doors  
One should not slam

If I take it on the lam  
Means it's time for me to scam.

Addressing women politely  
One can say "Maam";

A male bighorn sheep is  
Also called a Ram.

I like jelly on toast and  
I also like jam.

Edison's first recording was  
Mary Had A Little Lamb.

Don't do things to later regret  
In front of a video cam.

I have even read the book  
Ruba'iat Of Omar Khayya'm

And, now I own a Cell phone that  
Is much smarter than I am!

Edward Iacona

# True Touch

TRUE TOUCH

Edward Iacona

I know what it's like to feel her breath  
Blending into mine.  
I know what it is to hold her close  
As our hearts and arms entwine.

I know her voice and her laughter  
That makes her eyes glisten and shine  
Even when I try to please her  
By making a little rhyme...

I know the magic of her songs  
When she sings them in my ear;  
So softly, sweet and gentle  
For I alone to hear.

I can feel her with me everywhere  
And this may sound absurd...  
The strongest impulse I feel from her  
Is when I am touched by her loving word.

Edward Iacona

# Vortex

VORTEXT

Edward Iacona

In math it's taught Pi R Square  
But this is what I've found  
No matter how you slice it  
Pi is usually round.

Edward Iacona

# When You Wish....

When You Wish....

Ed Iacona

When the love of my life left us  
And wrote us out of her script  
She left her family sad and hurting  
And me emotionally ripped.

I spent the days in contemplation  
Sifting through the all years  
Until comes night with lack of light  
When shadows can hide the tears.

To find a little glimmer  
Of reconcilable hope  
I consulted first the guidance  
Of my daily horoscope.

I asked a toy 'Magic Eight Ball'  
And turned it over for it's say  
The answer in the window showed  
'It's Certain', 'Unclear' or 'No Way! '

I tried to use a Ouija board  
To get an answer true.  
Problem with my using one  
To use it, it takes two.

I have a best friend, a physic  
An expert with decks of Tarot  
Will there be a return of my beloved?  
But her cards could not show.

There's a website that grants real wishes,  
And to me that sounded great!  
To make them come true one must  
Comply with the magic power of '8'.

Write an '8' upon a card and

Then show it to the moon.  
Recite your wish specifically  
And It will come true soon.

I drew an '8' most carefully  
And to this I shall attest  
After showing it to the moon  
The moon was not impressed.

I guess there is no real 'Secret'  
For it is my found contention  
For no matter how hard I tried  
There is no 'Power of Intention'

All I wanted was a solution and  
For this I was willing to do my part  
But no matter what I tried I found  
That only God can change ones heart.

Edward Iacona

# Where O Where?

WHERE O WHERE? - Ed Iacona

On a hot and steamy summer night,  
While eating Italian lemon Ices,  
I thought again of the dismal plight  
Caused by her Mid-Life Crises.

Say what you will to defend your 'change'  
Deep inside you know what's true.  
Our lives you hurt and made re-arrange  
Yet my prayers ask, Where are YOU?

You said you aren't living your life  
For your children and me too.  
You sought escape as mom and wife  
Still I question, Where are YOU?

In nature all birds leave the nest  
But before they take to the blue  
Two parents teach them to be their best  
I'm here. Where are YOU?

So, Maysie, am I your Horton?  
I'm still caring after you flew.  
Trying to balance on a branch  
And wondering, Where are YOU?

You left your family to seek your 'light'.  
That is what you said was true.  
Yet, one wonders how you sleep at night  
We're here, Where are YOU?

Our daughter is in all honors,  
Taking college level Spanish too...  
Yo tengo un pregunta grande,  
¿Adonde estabas tu?

All the shades of their growing up,  
No matter what we go through,

Should be part of our family's loving cup  
But sadly, Where are YOU?

Edward Iacona

## Yes... Just Like That

One can love you with the intensity of  
The BIG BANG when it ignited.  
One can love you until our Sun fades  
And our planet Earth is blighted.  
One can love you with the simple joys  
That can make a child delighted.  
One can love you and defend you  
And offer comfort when you're slighted.  
One can love you like a kitten  
When a ball of string makes it excited.  
One can love you with the vision  
That's not short but only far sighted.  
One can love you in so many more ways  
But don't rhyme and aren't cited.  
Although such a love just can't last  
If it continues long unrequited

Edward Iacona

# You'Re Toast

YOU'RE TOAST

Edward Iacona

When it comes to getting married  
There is this lesson to learn,  
Beware of toasting flutes that say,  
&quot;To Whom It May Concern&quot;.

Another version that can cause stress  
Or might leave one quite perplexed,  
Would be the matched pair of glasses  
That refers to you as, &quot;NEXT&quot;.

Edward Iacona