

Poetry Series

**Gregory Huyette**  
**- poems -**

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## Gregory Huyette()

I have been writing poetry since grade school. They come to me as inspirations at any time or place. I usually record them in 30 minutes or less and very few changes are made. I often have to read them myself after I have composed them to understand their significance and message.

I never sit down 'to write a poem.' The subjects are random and I never start a poem with a particular message in mind. I sincerely feel that I am a messenger and am honored and humbled to have received this priceless gift.

## 10 - 80 - 10

A tenth bright a tenth dark.  
The gray eighty depends on your spark  
Light it so that nothing hinders;  
Ignite it and there are only cinders.

Enjoy that bright tenth for such a short time,  
Converting the 80 to something sublime.  
This brilliance will brighten that 10 dark spot,  
Which is a part of what every life's got.

A fool takes the 80 and turns off the light by  
Whining about the top 10 and how it's not right.  
How it's not fair that others have more  
As its top 10 teeters and its 80 become poor.

In this life of 100 we choose where to live,  
Taking and hating or loving to give.  
Live the top 10 then the others will follow.  
Choose the dark 10 and the rest will be hollow.

□

Gregory Huyette

# 2024

The year is 2024.

A chasm between the rich and poor  
Has reached a stage of feudal times.  
For the poor rights are no more;  
For the rich there are no crimes.  
What once was ruling middle class  
Has faded away like winter grass.  
That worker's home, once so sublime,  
Now only rents as prices climb.  
Wealth and power are with those few  
Who hoard it and pursue  
Every chance to enhance their throne,  
Each day leaving poor more alone.  
Like Greece and Rome two hundred years  
Hail turbulent change with truculent fears.  
America can't turn back to safer shore  
Its ship is listing in 2024.

China has spoken with its \$5000 car,  
Superior to what was Detroit by far.  
Unemployed flood streets, but can't find,  
Nor keep mortgages from falling behind.  
Rich buy their homes as values crash;  
Then rent back gaining more cash.  
Crime rises when hopeless turn to stealth,  
While privileged few fortress their wealth.

□

With nothing to lose, these poor attack  
The wealthy, who fiercely fight back  
From bastions of privilege and power,  
Inflicting horrible losses as they devour  
Hoards of poor as conflict rages on  
Three years till established power is gone.  
Smoky skies and blood drenched tears  
Again chronicle man's brutal, selfish years.

Gregory Huyette

# 9/11 Anguish

God, are you there?  
Do you care?  
Why is this world so unfair?  
As we cry,  
As we die,  
We beg you  
Tell us why.  
As we suffer,  
As we grieve,  
Dear God, we do believe.

As we face the smoky sky,  
Please, oh Lord, please tell us why  
Innocent people have to die.  
Not just here, but everywhere.  
The world is suffering.  
Do you care?

We still have faith  
And hope you're there.  
Give us a sign in this despair.  
Tyrants rule the poor and meek  
While terror rapes the peace we seek.

We are angry, but you are wise.  
Help us love and not despise  
Peoples we don't recognize.  
Are you there?  
We know you are.  
As love springs from the rubble,  
You can't be far.

Gregory Huyette

# A Beautiful Woman

A beautiful woman is a sight to behold...  
More exciting than diamonds;  
Much classier than gold.

Radiant hair and eyes of pure steel  
Adorn a body of curvaceous appeal.  
Each word spoken awakens luscious lips  
That hypnotize all with their scarlet tips.

A beautiful woman is an ageless creature,  
Defying time's mutiny with every feature.  
If all earthly riches were gathered and sold,  
They would have scant chance copying her mold.  
But a mirror on the wall and a positive mind  
Show a beautiful woman is for each to find.

Gregory Huyette

# A Culpable Billionaire

There's something I don't understand about such a billionaire.  
How much does he have to have before he wants to share  
His great wealth with the world's vast pool of poor...  
Or does he just ignore their needs as he claws for more?

He has all the power that money will ever buy,  
Except to purchase one second more to delay his time to die.  
So, instead of seeking more billions to divide among his heirs,  
Why can't he invest in lost peoples so futures might be theirs?

In his short life this wealth is only his to briefly use;  
If he does nothing but make more of it, he does nothing but abuse.  
He drives one car at a time, eats three meals and sleeps in one bed.  
The other toys are just accoutrements to keep his ego fed.

With all his power this billionaire has a unique chance  
To help his fellow man to prosper and advance,  
Turning his bills and paper notes into food and educations.  
As it mushrooms it won't be just paper, but growing nations.

Gregory Huyette

# A Fool's Litany

When a youth they said I was uncouth, but they were wrong about me.  
The world was in error as I could plainly see.  
When I disagreed I did not heed whether friend, teacher or such.  
I knew more than they in every way. I was better by so much.

Now I'm an adult and richer than all those poor, useless fools  
Who make up a stagnant middle class where no one rules.  
I seek more money so I and others in my chosen class  
Can transform these non producers into a pile of broken glass.  
Only then will this country regain the power it needs;  
Rules not from middle class fools, but a selected, special breed.

Gregory Huyette



# A Girl

A girl is a very complicated machine

With moods ranging from smile to shout.

She can be very sweet, but at times in between

Since she knows boys cannot rule her out.

Gossiping and males are her favorite sports;

Of these she holds much fascination.

She cherishes dances and dangerous shorts

□

And looks to both with keen anticipation.

Gregory Huyette

# A Higher Force Demands

My life is ensconced  
With the humdrum of each day.  
To work, eat and recreate  
Is my chosen way.

Money's might molds my mentality.  
Power's pursuit my only reality  
Then a greater force demands attention  
And my priorities go askew.

Confusion and terror too much to mention  
Now cloud my every point-of-view.  
Life now seems much more precious.  
Loved ones become my real wealth.

A fool I am to only know this ☐  
When a higher force demands my health.

Gregory Huyette

# A Monkey And Me

I viewed a monkey scale a tree.  
See why he's so different from me.

While up there he was eating his lunch.  
Eying some fruit he grabbed a bunch.

As I watched him carefully feed  
He ate no more than he'd need.

Swinging through trees maintains his shape  
Resulting in a healthy, good looking ape.

So it's obvious, as any can see...  
A monkey is very different from me.

Gregory Huyette

# A New Year, A New Me

Once again I sorely see  
I'm badly in need of a new me.

Someone with a better organized life.  
Someone who's nicer to his wife.  
Someone who springs up with the alarm.  
Someone with comments that don't do harm.

Someone keeping to an exercise routine.  
Someone who doesn't eat garbage in between.  
Someone getting eight hours of rest a day.  
Someone who doesn't fritter the night away.

Someone with the heart to know  
That love is the only way to go.

If these things I can do and be,  
It will be a wonderful new year and better me.

Gregory Huyette

# A Poem Is Life

A poem is life, a being in verse,  
A body traveling a minstrel's way,  
Devouring all things for better or worse  
With a rhythmic pulse that knows not the day.  
As its chorus of words trembles with breath,  
This organ of life travels on.  
Like the undying conscience that gnawed at Macbeth  
Long after the knife had been drawn.  
An immortal being, a god of the page  
This inspiration in verse shall remain  
Living on and on with men and their age  
As long as there's life to sustain.

Gregory Huyette

# A Poet Beseeking Death

When death came a calling,  
I said, "There's no one there."  
When it pressed for an answer,  
I said, "It isn't fair."  
"Not fair when I have so much  
Poetry to give."  
"If I'm gone my lost lines will  
Have no chance to live."  
For time being death has taken a break.  
I'm not certain if it's tired  
Or paused for my poetic sake.  
One thing I do know, and that's for sure.  
Again death will come a calling,  
And then I may not demur.

Gregory Huyette

# A Poet's Work

A poet's work is a mystery indeed.  
It springs from his mind like a fertile seed.  
It's not his place to question its emergence,  
But to record and marvel at its resurgence.

Each word, phrase, sentence is predisposed  
Like a babe that is born already composed.  
It's mission to convey ideas and messages clear  
With style and flair never before existing here.

□

When a poet views release of his finished piece,  
Best enjoy as an observer or emotions increase.  
How each work is born, like the child at birth  
Is shrouded in mystery as is so much on earth.

Gregory Huyette

# A Rare Happy Birthday

Have you ever met someone you are always comfortable around,  
Whether he is roaring with laughter or not uttering a single sound...  
Someone who asks how you are, and remembers what you say;  
Then wants to know more about what you mentioned a previous day?

Someone who inquires about your family and you know that he cares,  
In spite of his many friends and all those important business affairs.  
More interested in hearing of your life than talking about his own;  
He is, indeed, one of the rarest people I have ever known.

I am honored to be among one of your friends,  
And today each of us assembled from deep in our heart sends  
The warmest of Happy Birthdays filled with love and cheer.  
We are proud to have a friend like you and grateful to be here!

Gregory Huyette



# A Real God

One day a child asked me, "Is there a real God? "  
From a baby of six I thought the question odd.  
He had yet to learn the vagaries of this earth,  
Yet questioned a mystery far beyond his birth.

My answer to this child was heartfelt indeed.  
I'm unsure of where a supreme spirit will lead.  
Is he only a concept I need when sad and alone?  
Or a force who will judge each one on their own?

Was bible's god subject to suffering and tears  
Or is man from the sea after billions of years?  
I've lived a long time and have faith in what is so.  
I told him a loving life will surely help him know.

Gregory Huyette

# A Sad World

The world is ruled by law and in a way that's so very sad.

It's not a matter of what's right or wrong or good or bad.

Facts depend on points-of-view and truth holds little sway.

Money and power are the arbiters of morality today.

Each one who still believes that what's good will win out,

Should receive praise and respect, but there's little doubt

That each day that bygone world becomes less the rule,

As each day, so sadly, each of these appears more the fool.

□

Gregory Huyette

## A Second Ago

A second ago I was young.  
Everyone else looked old.  
I was always among  
The newest in the fold.

Clocks seemed never to run.  
Mirrors were frozen in time.  
I was busy with fun  
In a world of the sublime.

Then that second passed by.  
All changed before my eyes.  
No time to ask how or why  
So quickly new moments arise.

Now all young surround me.  
I strain to hear what they say.  
Waste not a moment since I see  
Clock and mirror slipping away.

Gregory Huyette

# A Smile

A smile brightens a darkened room.  
A smile converts an air of gloom.  
A smile is the gate to a happy mind.  
A smile is a treasure all must find.  
A smile is so needed at this time of strife.  
A smile means we're in charge of life.  
A smile lost is an opportunity missed.  
A smile is an opportunity to never resist.  
A smile spreads its rays like sun above.  
A smile sends joy and engenders love.  
A smile costs nothing but has limitless worth.  
A smile is as valuable as anything on earth.

Gregory Huyette

# A Soldier's Ponderings

Here I am defending a place  
I never heard of before.  
Enemies lurk everywhere I see  
In this ever worsening war.  
Conflict and death from tribal strife  
Have prevailed for thousands of years.  
Yet I'm here offering my life  
To reverse this history of tears.  
Blood soaks the earth; smoke chokes the air.  
My mind screams as I see  
Pieces of bodies strewn everywhere  
That will always be a part of me.  
I kill people who live here;  
They try to annihilate me.  
I destroy their cities... then cheer.  
Is this how I set them free?  
I love my home; it's a wonderful land.  
There I've felt safe and free.  
Here I'm afraid and don't understand  
What my leaders expect of me.  
Please explain the reason I'm here.  
How do I tell enemy from friend?  
Each day victory seems less near.  
When will all this madness end?  
If absent without leave, I'll be an outlaw  
Who'll not deserve to be free.  
As my comrades expire, a conclusion I draw...  
My leaders have gone AWOL on me.

Gregory Huyette

# A Special Girl

To me you're a very special girl,  
Who won't go out with just any guy.  
You can afford to pick and choose  
And let all but the best pass by.

No one can lower those standards you have.  
Your friends have admiration for you.  
Among these friends, keep a watchful eye  
Since I also have an interest in you.

Gregory Huyette

# A Special Guy

To me you are a special guy  
Who has a lot of class.  
That's exactly the reason why  
It's an honor to be your lass.  
You're intelligent and show respect.  
Honesty is your guide.  
You're sensitive to those of neglect.  
I'm proud to be at your side.

Gregory Huyette

# A Tale Of S

Ships sail silently shriveling sandy sun-drenched shores.  
Suddenly some sailors see sparkling specks shining.

Surrounding sights singe sexually starved seamen.  
Strong, sagacious sailors suffer such specious settings.

Gregory Huyette



# A Teacher

A trojan horse with the force of thunder  
And a lightening mind,  
In whom each finds a new world  
Unfurled in mystery, intrigue ... Fatigue.  
A myriad of labors have sharpened that saber  
For an unending war of wits,  
As a teacher tacks bits of facts  
In awaiting funnels.  
Some inverted; others converted.

Gregory Huyette

# A Wife's Life Of Strife

Another five sunsets then comes Friday.  
Guess whose home and wants "my way"?  
Just clean dirty clothes; tweeze his nose,  
And, oh yeah, fine dining...I suppose.

It's a Big Mac, a box by Jack  
Or the Colonel's wings in a greasy sack.  
After that it's to the movies where I can't  
hear a word  
Because my love keeps asking what was said...  
while cackling like a bird.

Don't get me wrong. I can endure and have a  
fun day.  
'Cause with clean clothes, nose and hose, he's  
off again Sunday!

Gregory Huyette

# A Wife's Odyssey

Another five sunsets then comes Friday.  
Guess whose home and wants "my way"? □  
Just clean dirty clothes; tweeze his nose,  
And, oh yeah, fine dining I suppose.

It's a Big Mac, a box by Jack  
Or the Colonel's wings in a greasy sack.  
After that it's to the movies where I can't hear a word  
Because my love keeps asking what was said while cackling like a bird.

Don't get me wrong. I can endure and have a fun day.  
'Cause with clean clothes, nose and hose, he's off again Sunday!

Gregory Huyette

# A Wise Toad

I talked to a toad and he asked me,  
'Are humans as ignorant as they seem to be? '  
All over the world they fight and kill,  
Saying they do it because of their god's will.  
I'm just a toad, but I'm sure that a divine god  
Wouldn't give such actions an approving nod.  
Then so many die for that thing called democracy,  
But those few winning get most of stuff called money.  
All the rest just exist day by day and hour by hour,  
While the rich get richer and gain unbridled power.  
Although I may have lots of warts and be just a toad,  
I'll bet I can find humans a kinder and gentler road.'

Gregory Huyette

# Adversity

Adversity, adversity, how strange is your fate.  
To most it's loss and sorrow compounded by a spate  
Of shallow glances, lost chances  
Nourishing doubts and fears,  
With ignominious ignorance,  
Washed down by gushing tears.  
For these sad souls adversity is a cruel happenstance.  
Even before its advent they were afforded little chance.  
Though adversity, intrinsically favors neither side,  
Some souls advance... even enhance their dance,  
While all others continue their downward slide.  
This august group knows adversity by another name.  
Adversity and opportunity to them sound much the same.  
Travails, trauma, thunder clouds are all ways they learn.  
Journeys unclear and dangers near they miss not a turn  
In their effort to bestow good fortune they have received  
So less fortunate souls may sense what it is to be relieved.

□

□

Gregory Huyette

# Afghanistan

Lives wasted as our country has no decent cause  
In a country where the lawless make their own laws.  
Thousands of mountains and thousands of years  
Have wrought nothing but suffering, death and tears.  
Not long ago America's civil war caused 600,000 deaths,  
While 50 years past the Vietnam choked 56,000 American breaths.  
Because of ignorance and greed we insist that the answer is killing  
Even though much of our young boys' blood is still spilling.  
Killing the enemy won't change the way that they think.  
It's as ludicrous as curing a drunk by giving him more to drink.

□

Gregory Huyette

# Age And Its Henchman

Age and its henchman capture victims galore;  
Matter not strong or meek... neither rich or poor.  
No one has a chance since age will always win,  
But the henchman will decide how bad it has been.

Though age is generic its henchman depends  
Some experience its curse and rage that it sends.  
Others traverse life with ner a touch of its scourge;  
Age can welcome its entry as waning moments surge.

This henchman is complex like two sides of a story.  
One forces suffering, but the other deserves glory.  
So is the tale of age and its henchman called pain.  
Without its warnings many an age would be in vain.

Gregory Huyette

# Alaska's Almighty Alphabet

Alaska, an adventure's awesome anointing,  
Begins by bears boldly browsing bushes.  
Crowded caribou cross country constantly,  
Characterizing creation's continuum.  
Dependence dominates during dwellers' daily duties.  
Each eagle enthusiastically eyes every edible entree.  
Forests fuse foliage from frozen facings.

Glacial giants gouge gorges; generate greenery.  
God's glory guides gently—gigantically.  
Haunting hues highlight hidden heavens,  
Illuminating icy images immersed in immortality.  
Jutting, jagged jettisons jointly jostle journeymen.  
Kaleidoscoping knowledge keys kindred kinds.  
Lumbering lumps liven littered lakes.

Majestic mountains mirror millennia's movements.  
Meanwhile, migrating moose meander mysteriously.  
North's notorious nocturne never negotiates.  
Only omnipotent order orchestrates ongoing options.  
Perennial pines pierce pale pillows.  
Quaintly quilted quills quietly quiver.  
Ranges reveal remnants rising resplendently.

Short summers summon species' spawning.  
Serene sheep straddle slopes silently.  
Tumbling temperatures turn tundra to tile.  
Unforgiving undulations utilize utterances  
Vehemently voicing volumes, venerating  
Winter's wrath, while winds wildly whip  
Xmas-cold x-rays.  
Yesterday yawns; years yield ... yet you yearn,  
Zealously zigzagging zenith's zones.

Gregory Huyette



# All Is Possible

Each day is a miracle; each moment a gift.  
Each new experience gives passions a lift.  
The key to be happy is one word alone:

Faith in yourself. Have no doubt what you own.  
You are a miracle with talents unique.  
Invest in your moments that pass like a streak!

No limits exist except ones you impose.  
Think ahead of the world. Be one of those  
Whose vision captures what the future will hold,

With faith that its path is about to unfold.  
Miracles beckon as challenges arrive.  
With you all can happen. Make those talents thrive!

Gregory Huyette

# Alone In The Crowd

Though people surround me, I feel alone.  
As if on an island all on my own.  
I hear them talk, but they're not speaking to me.  
They're using language of another country.

Their interests are different and ideas strange.  
I try to get close, but feel out of range.  
Their worlds are full and always busy.  
When they look my way, there's nothing they see.

□

Alone in the crowd I make no difference at all.  
No one really cares whether I rise or fall.  
Others are too occupied with worlds of their own  
To listen to my complaints as I grumble and groan.

So I'll fashion a world that only suits me.  
I'll become the one that they're straining to see;  
That new person whose glowing face and mind  
Triumphs in the world I alone have designed.

Gregory Huyette

# Always My Little Girl

When we met my heart told my brain.

That I must remember that deep refrain.

One that would form my whole life

By asking that little girl to be my wife.

When I said, 'I love you, ' it's when I knew

That 'Would you marry me? ' was in view

And promised that always my little girl

Would forever remain my beloved pearl.

□

Gregory Huyette

# Always New Year's Day

FAMILY AND FRIENDS ARE THE BEST TREASURES WE OWN.

THOUGH THE CLOCK REMINDS US EVEN THEY ARE ON LOAN.

TIME HAS A WICKED WAY OF COLLECTING LIFE'S DUES

BY TURNING TOMORROWS HOPES INTO YESTERDAY'S NEWS.

SAVOR YOUR PRECIOUS GIFTS AND NEVER FORGET TO SAY,

"I LOVE YOU SINCE YOU MAKE EACH A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Gregory Huyette

# Am I Someone?

Am i someone i would believe?  
Or do my words conceal  
Thoughts meant to deceive  
So who knows what is real?

Am i someone i would hire?  
Will i always give my best?  
Am i filled with desire  
To better all the rest?

□

Am i someone i would leave alone?  
Should i ask my friends?  
If theirs is but a hollow tone,  
I owe them much ammends.

Am i someone i would like to know?  
Would my time be well spent?  
Or is there tension that i sow  
That force all to relent?

Am i someone i would love a lot?  
What sincerely would i feel?  
Whether honest or not  
Will be my fateful seal.

Am i someone i would remember?  
Will i leave value behind?  
At the close of my december  
Will there be some good to find?

Gregory Huyette

# America911

Stars and stripes wave in the breeze  
Hailing boundless opportunities.  
This flag bespeaks our sacred land  
Where all are free to understand  
That freedom each and every day  
Is bought by many who still pay  
With lives, tears, sweat and toil  
So we can enjoy this hallowed soil.

Since freedom's not free, we must strive  
To keep our liberty alive.  
Though unsure times, it's surely clear  
America won't ever yield to fear.

Gregory Huyette

# An Angel

Though angels come from heaven, I met one from right here.  
When things aren't right or I'm up tight she has time to be near.  
She's got so much to do, but her response is always the same.  
When I seek her help it's like I'm the only one in the game.

Joann is the name of this angel. All who meet her feel as I do.  
Her heart is an ocean of love with a soul we all should pursue.  
Her unflinching faith in God pervades all of her life,  
Inspiring a purity of spirit as executive, friend, mother and wife.

I am honored to work with and learn from this rare human being.  
A mere mortal, but her actions speak of the angel I'm seeing.  
Just knowing her has changed the way I view myself in this world.  
A more positive attitude and feeling for others has unfurled.

Gregory Huyette

# An Angel And A Toad

For an angel like you it's very rare  
To meet a toad like me.  
It almost doesn't seem fair  
That our love has come to be.

There you are so gorgeous to all.  
Your enchanting image does shine.  
For an angel like you I had to fall.

You prove that there is a divine.  
It's hard to believe you fell for me too.  
That I'll never understand.

A toad like me with warts in full view  
Ain't love so wonderfully grand!

Gregory Huyette



# An Apology For Technology

Technology can become very mean  
By robbing the "I" with a machine.  
Whether "I" Phone, "I" Tune or "I" Pad  
The result can be magnanimously bad!  
If you let the computer assume the rule,  
You'll lose contacts and become the tool.

The box will wake you, remind you or find you;  
It can help you calculate and recreate too.  
Ah yes, technology can be a valuable assist,  
But it's with real people that success will exist.  
So don't become a slave to that little screen.  
Each person can be a client... not the machine.

Gregory Huyette

# An Ode To Me

In that moment between undone and done,  
I don't give a damn thought...not one.  
Who cares about impacts of my words or deeds  
As long as they serve my current wants and needs?  
Why should I care when I'm not hurt.  
It's the rest of the world that must convert.□  
Those who don't agree aren't my friends  
Since they're wrong and at opposite ends.  
My only real friend and I are drawing nearer  
As I more frequently stare at him in the mirror.  
The more I gaze the more ways that I see  
My best friend is the only thing that matters to me.

Gregory Huyette

# An Ordinary Day?

I awake with no pain to a rain of sunrays.  
Then greet my beloved whose radiant ways  
Start everyday with a kiss and that smile,  
Reminding me again that this day is worthwhile.

With family and friends time passes warp speed.  
As sunset approaches I feel the need  
To humbly thank God and gratefully say,  
"I've never had just an ordinary day."

Gregory Huyette

# An Unknown Force

I'm not sure what to believe.  
Each people has its own.  
I think there's greater power  
Than anyone has ever known.  
Marvels from atom to universe  
Manifest incredible design;  
As sperm and egg have guidance  
The instant they entwine.

Man calls it many things  
Like Allah, Buddha and God.  
It's an unknown force  
Which in a single nod  
Could improve man's lot,  
Ceasing war, disease and strife.  
Then would man have meaning  
With no challenges in life?

This force has no timetable.  
Past, present and future are one.  
Best I use my few seconds wisely  
Before my brief journey is done.  
I do believe one thing for sure  
Judgment will be for what I could  
Because there is right and wrong,  
As there is bad and good.

This force, this power surrounds me.  
It's eternal justice and love.  
With it life is guided and brilliant  
Just as celestial bodies above.

Gregory Huyette

# Ancient Scribbling

How did I get this ancient so very fast?  
Seems like my 40th year is in the recent past.  
Seventy one has just roared by like a freight train.  
Now I trudge down the street in ever growing pain.

I truly believe in the reality of reincarnation.  
These body parts were misused before my utilization.  
I'm bald, but that feature causes me no fear;  
What bothers me is each day there is less I can hear.

There's the deal about my memory and its phase;  
Events of 50 years ago not bad... less for recent days.  
As for my virility, I feel there is something wrong.  
I tried to see four doctors, but the lines were too long.

I guess things aren't really as bad as they sound.  
I had kidney-prostate cancer and am above ground.

Gregory Huyette

# Anger And Angst

How can the world be such a stupid place?  
Why do people move at a snail's pace?

Nobody ever seems to follow the rules.  
Obviously they're nothing but ignorant fools.

I produce great results yet what do I see...  
Nothing but weak people criticizing me.

It's amazing and even kind of funny,  
I don't see my naysayers bringing in big money.

I've got reason to be angry and frustrated.  
When those losers take pride as I'm berated.

Sometimes anger is so intense I can hardly see.  
I wonder if at times it starts deep inside of me.

Gregory Huyette

# Anger's Damage

Anger wastes the day as bitterness throws it away.  
These evils join forces to betray and decay.

A sunrise dies each time anger and rancor prevail.  
Negativism sinks happiness before it can set sail.  
Saddest of all is that minutia and inconsequence  
Triumph each day left battered and tense.

"I'm sorry." "I love you." "Let me listen."  
Destroy anger and bitterness, making the day glisten.  
Kindness is the way to keep relationships fresh and new  
During a life where the days are so very, very few.

Gregory Huyette

# Another American Civil War

The rich are becoming richer than ever before  
As the middle class is left expiring in its own gore.

Each day prices rise as people's confidence falls,  
But wealthy are too busy to hear their desperate calls.

Rich are counting all the new money they're gaining  
And can't believe that there's anyone complaining.

Like Medieval Times they live in castles behind walls,  
Shielding them from the increasingly frantic calls.

As with their ancestors greed is the order of the day.  
They have no interest in a poorer class with little say.

Only when downtrodden rise and demand their rights  
Will walls fall and rich feel the pain of people's plights.

History is replete with middles classes becoming poor  
Until they refuse to be ruled by the rich and declare war!

Gregory Huyette



# Answers And Inspirations

Two works of mine are combined in a published place  
Where you can purchase each for your very own space.  
One of these Answers and Inspirations goes by the name,  
Greener Grass From The Other Side... if you want to claim

123 poems that will pave the way to happiness and love;  
I was merely a scribe since they were sent from above.  
Then there's The Mouse and the Grouse for your young child.  
It's a story of friendship and love and how to grow up mild.

□

Email ghuyette at charter dot net to see what you'll get:  
\$25 for Green Grass and \$15 for the Mouse are your best bet.

Gregory Huyette

# April

April is eternal spring.  
She sows the mirth for everything.  
Her smiling sun and soothing showers  
Create May's ebullient flowers.

April assuages winter's noose,  
As snow and cold call annual truce.  
Warmth and laughter then fill the air,  
Replacing a somber season's stare.

The year without April's place,  
Indeed would be a sterile space.  
So thank you April for being here.  
Your presence assures a happy year.

Gregory Huyette

# As Beautiful As Before

All the years we've been together  
And you are as beautiful as before.  
You're my rainbow in stormy weather;  
In angry seas my steadfast shore.

How I lived before we met  
Is nothing less than mystery to me.  
I never will forget  
That without you I wouldn't be.

Your gorgeous eyes and beaming smile  
Keep all my problems at bay.  
Just holding your hand a little while  
Still makes my heart pound away.

My dear, darling Deborah...  
You are as classy as your name.  
Forever is far too short a time  
For our love's immortal flame.

Gregory Huyette

# Assault Weapons

Assault weapons have but one purpose to fulfill.  
Their targets are humans.  
Their mission is kill.

Gregory Huyette

## At 65

Here I am almost 65.

In some ways only half alive.

Last week is just a blur;

A lot of memories never were.

Most movements have slowed down,

Though urinary tract has rebound.

My colon is much more rude;

No greasy, spicy... tasty food.

As I gaze in the mirror, I sadly see

□

A strange, old man squinting back at me.

Gregory Huyette

# August

August brings so many things to mind  
Like county fairs with fun foods and rides easy to find.  
Catfish scream louder than ever for our fishing poles,  
Inviting us to joyous jaunts at our favorite watering holes.  
The dog days of summer start drawing to a close,  
But there's still time for a lake visit or just a sprinkler hose.  
August August, we thank you for your role in this summer.  
Without you no doubt this season would be a real bummer.

□

Gregory Huyette

# Autumn Shades

All too soon autumn shades appear  
As another summer's end draws near.  
Colors surrender to fall's gold.  
Smooth surfaces wither, warp and fold.

Amber amid bronze litters the sky  
From leaves that dance and flutter by.  
A few spots still hoard their green  
Protesting the kaleidoscoping scene.

Sun's yellow bows to a pale moon.  
Dark night will rule the day so soon.  
Brown splotches, then orange are found,  
As sap hibernates 'neath the ground.

The garden's carpet is embossed  
With remnants from an early frost,  
Whose touch of icing in the night  
Leaves a preview of winter's white.

Autumn shades fade, but remember:  
Rainbows spring forth from December.

Gregory Huyette

# Average

Engulfed in a maze  
Of the best and the worst,  
I wearily stagger and stumble.

I'm the best of the worst,  
But the worst of the best.  
My problem  
To brag or grumble.

Gregory Huyette



# Balance

I jostle my high wire `tween heaven and hell.  
Smelling roses above; feeling cinders as well.  
I'll lose my balance and seek help from above.  
As I totter and tremble, please guide me with love.  
I'll slip often before reaching the other side.  
I hope you'll be there to balance my slide.  
My demise will only come if I fear a fall,  
By losing faith in myself and your lasting call.  
My high wire is fraught with myriad dangers.  
Balance will always keep cinders as strangers.

Gregory Huyette

## Be Careful With Love

Ego will sail you to the highest height  
Or crash you down to a horrible plight.  
Like fire, its power to warm  
Can destroy all in a firestorm.

Pains will be forgotten tomorrow,  
But lost love will always be sorrow.  
Love's tenderness soothes so many tears;  
Though in a sea of ego, it disappears.  
As time melts away, ego's ugliness can win;  
Destroying glory of what might have been.

So forgive lovers' faults as you do your own.  
Don't forget their presence is strictly on loan.  
Treasure these beloved for they are few.  
Respect their feelings as if they were you.

Gregory Huyette

# Be Different

Life can be a series of repetitive acts any frog can do.  
Unless your acts are more than sedative, you're sure to sink from view.  
Your 15 minutes can extend forever or be 15 seconds of slack.  
Every day, as you forge your way, not one second will ever come back.

So try something different; take a risk; do what's not your style.  
Might find this test will bring out the best that you've felt for awhile.  
Don't be afraid to trade what you know for something that you don't.  
If there's a surprise, you may be wise to put "will" in place of "won't".

The past moves fast, so why shackle the future with its faults?  
Learn what's new; change points-of view; initiate friendly assaults.  
Let birds, bees, flowers and trees do the same thing every spring.  
But don't forget as man you can do just about anything.

Gregory Huyette

# Be Kind

In these hurried, impersonal days  
They're rarer than gold and harder to find.  
Those people whose sincere and gentle ways  
Mean they exude spirit that is truly kind.

Just as blooming flowers are scarce indeed,  
Sensitive and vulnerable in an overgrown field...  
Their beauty can transform a world of wild weed  
Into a floral sight seldom seen or revealed.

Some view most with bitterness and contempt  
As if they are emotionally blind,  
Believing they are among a chosen few exempt  
From ever having to waste time being kind.

The rest do care and try to treat others fair.  
So it's important to relax and unwind  
While emulating those people truly rare  
Whose respect for others enables them to be kind.

Gregory Huyette

# Be Thankful

Be happy that you have another day

To enjoy all your treasures and say,

"Thank You" to an Almighty who loves you so

That despite your frailties you must know

Your salvation is His concern...

So thank Him with your actions in return.

Only then will eternal life

Ensure your happiness from earthly strife.

Gregory Huyette

# Because Of You

Every day's one more chance  
To enjoy life's lovely dance.  
Sun beams are so bright.  
Everything seems so right.  
As I absorb the morning's view,  
No doubt it's all because of you.

At times when life turns awry,  
I want the world to pass me by.  
Frustration tries to steal the day.  
Suddenly appears a hopeful way.  
My positives rejoice anew.  
No doubt it's all because of you.

Money might bring more to life,  
Relieving momentary strife.  
But treasure is already mine...  
Why the sun always will shine.  
What more is there I could pursue?  
The world is mine because of you.□

Gregory Huyette

# Bedevilled

In vain, in vain may I explain  
A conundrum of much pain.  
Whilst I seek its answer, what's to gain  
Since I'm bedeviled in its twain?

My entry and exit, not of my refrain,  
But my saunter between bears my vein.  
What truly drives me nearly in sane:  
Doodlers who dabble, but then abstain.

Gregory Huyette

# Between Happiness And Me

The only thing between happiness and me is my attitude;

Who or what's in the driver's seat directing my mood.

It has nothing to do with my status or measure of wealth.

It doesn't even have to be related to the state of my health.

Whether I'm happy or sad is not changed by food or drugs;

Though I'll admit it's not hurt by steady supplies of hugs.

My happiness depends on whether I can draw nearer

To that image of my attention each morning in the mirror.

If I'm satisfied and confident with this familiar face,

Then happiness will be mine in life's uncertain race.

Gregory Huyette



# Blind Sight

I look but don't see the real world in front of me.  
Moments waste away with the details of my day.  
Do I have enough? How can I get more stuff?  
Can I have another win or fit in one more sin?

When I look I can't see  
What's important to me.  
I worship things and seek pleasure.  
I can't see what I should treasure.

Then a blind man told me, he lost his sight so he could see.  
He sees why he conquered grief since his life is all too brief.  
He sees that everlasting love is true language from above.  
He sees that darkness is for sleeping, not sorrow and weeping.

His spirit senses kindness and thanks to his blindness,  
He knows that with vision of heart and mind,  
It's only his eyes that will be blind.

Gregory Huyette

# Bluebirds And Love

A pair of sweet bluebirds with their gentle way  
Describes our couple who married today.  
Like bluebirds they'll nest and soar in life's sky  
With views of the world from heights oh so high.

The male is strong, but at times will depend  
On his beautiful mate and constant friend.  
While she networks her way if problems approach,  
He'll always be there to listen or coach.

□

When the season is right as the breezes go still,  
Then there'll be young who strain for their fill.  
These small ones with their fervent drone  
Too soon depart to fly on their own.

□

As with bluebirds our lovers forever will sing.  
Their song..... I love you. You're my everything!

Gregory Huyette

# Breasts

My eyes, hands mouth caress each supple breast.  
I have no choice, but to admit I have become obsessed.  
Even when I imagine them, my breathing will increase.  
My desire is that this fire will never, ever cease.  
In my dreams I fondle and kiss each loving nipple firm,  
As I watch my lover convulse, twist and squirm  
Till senses scream as nerves become unfurled.  
Passions reign as tensions drain from this tense world.

There's nothing more beautiful than a woman's breast.  
I thank the stars above that I have been blessed  
With excitement that this femininity displays.  
Luscious breasts that leave me breathless all my days.

Gregory Huyette

# Brown Eyed Beauty

My Brown Eyed Beauty what's there to say?

You're "The Best", "The Most" in every way!

There are no words in any nomenclature

That can describe how you have beaten nature.

Every year you are more gorgeous than before.

Every year I'm so thankful and love you more.

Forever is not a long enough time span;

I need more time to be your grateful man.

Happy Birthday Deb, you awesome beauty!

I can't believe God has given you to me!

Gregory Huyette

# Brown Guys

As peach is in bloom, the apricot glows,  
Spring is announced by where the brown guy goes.

He and his mate don't notice me in the chair,  
As they gather their sticks and bring joy to the air.

They excitedly chant as their spring home grows,  
Garnered with some strings and occasional bows.

Nothing is more exciting as we watch them for hours.  
They're wondrous and magic with majestic powers.

How lucky we are they chose our yard for their brood.  
Sighs of these brown guys are spring's joyous mood.

Gregory Huyette

# Cajole Me Not

Cajole me not dear ego.  
Leave alone my heart,  
As I suffer so  
Remembering the start.

The start when love was here  
Brightening my day.  
Now it's push and shove  
With strangers in the way.

Cajole me not dear ego.  
Leave alone my heart.  
As mind and body flow  
In directions far apart.

Gregory Huyette

# Center Stage

Forces of negative confront every turn.  
With all things new there's so much to learn.  
No one really cares if I fail or succeed.  
Things against me keep me from what I need.  
As things go wrong I sit back and sigh  
Wondering about happened while asking why.

Best I stop and take stock of this mess  
And closely analyze abilities I possess.  
Then develop these into a plan of action,  
Pursuing a course with fun and satisfaction.

Forces of negative will always attack,  
But a detailed plan will enable me to fight back.  
With strength and confidence I'll be upbeat...  
Causing forces of negative to be in retreat.

Gregory Huyette

## Cents Of Humor

A cents of humor is worth much more than gold.

It'll keep you young while worrying about metal will make you old.

Though gold's price may go higher, it won't make the day sunny.

But a cents of humor will summon the rays and make your days funny.

You'll never control how much gold will be worth.

However, you are in charge of the value of your mirth.

□

Gregory Huyette



# Change

Critical challenges complicated change causing  
Half-hearted habits hindering, halting hope.  
Audacious actions address America's ailments as

Nation's newly named navigator now  
Garners group genius goals generating  
Exciting efforts, emphasizing efficient execution.

Gregory Huyette

# Change The World

To give in this world, know what you own;  
Something unique to you alone.  
A special talent you've had from birth  
To better this woeful earth.

You were born for a reason, not by chance.  
Pray, work, and suffer as you advance  
Toward that goal of your life  
That reason you're here.  
Then venture forth and without fear  
Change the world in your special way  
So history's course contains your say.

Gregory Huyette

# Children

Although they aren't far from birth,  
They're already creating a better earth.  
They ask "Why? " They ask "Why not? "  
Questioning outdated ideas we've got.

Innocence and purity pervade their ways.  
Excitement and enthusiasm ignite their days.  
Their future will shine like the rising sun  
If faith, hope and love are instilled in each one.

Children are the treasured destiny for us all.  
Embrace them before they're but a recall.

Gregory Huyette

# Choose Or Lose

Every day there's a fork in the road.  
Do you settle for pie less a la mode?  
Are you the seller or being sold?  
Are you the teller or being told?

If you choose, you might be right;  
If you don't, you lose the fight...  
A fight to know where you stand,  
Pursuing ways solely you planned.

If afraid to choose, you surely lose,  
Missing chances only you refuse.  
That choice is there just for you.  
Let not love nor money dim your view.

In name and gender you had no choice.  
Now able to choose, in unflinching voice,  
Proclaim that friends you select  
Reflect your own self respect.

Decide what's best and then believe  
What you choose you will receive.  
Accept no less than your worth.  
You're the only one of you on earth!

Gregory Huyette

# C-H-R-I-S-T-M-A-S

C is for Christ who was born on this day.  
H is for Hope his birth will always convey.  
R is for Redemption he has passed our way.  
I is for his Ignominious suffering and persecution.  
S is for Sins which now have a solution.  
T is for Thanks for God's wondrous deeds.  
M is for his Miracles with all peoples and creeds.  
A is for the Almighty and his eternal gift of love.  
S is for Salvation we will receive from above.

Gregory Huyette

# Christmas Love

It's a time of year when our family remembers  
The blessings of loved ones and friends.  
Like the glow and warmth of fireside embers,  
They light up our life with joy that each sends.

Gregory Huyette

# Cleanse My Mind

Clutter, clatter...way too much chatter.  
I don't even know what's the matter;  
But I do know that I'm in a mess.  
The world passes by and I must confess  
I'm on the street corner of life afraid to cross,  
Fearing traffic of new ideas will be my loss.  
My focus withers with noises of each day.  
Old memories dominate as new thoughts give way.

My only hope is to totally cleanse my mind.  
Rejuvenate my senses as if they are all redesigned.  
Bid farewell to ideas and people not espousing change.  
Work toward the positive person I now can arrange.  
Rinse away old prejudice so coveted by the inept.  
Live by new standards, knowing that here is kept  
More precious treasure than can be found in any coffer...  
It's the happiness and peace of mind cleansing can offer.

Gregory Huyette

# Clock And Bells

When I was young, the clock was barely alive.

It seemed that the good times would never arrive.

As I grew older the needles had something to prove.

Their pace increased; they livened their move.

But still they seemed to just plow along,

Though church bells did render a louder gong.

Who knows if a new life is foretold by these chimes?

I just hope they herald the advent of new times.

In concert clock and bell have something to say...

Their message, "Leave the world a bit better each day."

□

Gregory Huyette



# Clouds

Cotton candy ceilings...

Mountains of snowy smoke...

Gargantuan ghosts glide gently by

Hypnotizing skies with every stroke.

Endless etchings enrapture the eye

As dreamy heavens evoke

Visions of another world

Far from conflict and crowds...

A gentle place of unending space

Ruled by a kingdom of clouds.

Gregory Huyette

# Corporate

They asked me

And I showed them the facts.

They asked me again

And I said what I thought.

They asked me again

And I didn't agree.

Now they don't ask me.

Gregory Huyette

# Corporate World

As long as you let the naked truth serve as your guide,  
You'll have enemies up the ladder on every side.□  
The corporate world is changing and may never be the same,  
Though what won't change is that it will always be a game.

Hard work and integrity might be essential for success,  
But telling it like it is sure to cause you or someone stress.  
Always remember it's not you, but the corporate point of view.  
Get to know who's on top and at least feign high regard,  
Never forgetting that they hold the future of your salary card.

Gregory Huyette

# Courage To Move On

My fate can be no crueller,  
Now that yesterday's my ruler;  
All due to long past pain  
That each day enslaves my brain.

If I did more things right.  
If others had more insight.  
With times weren't what they were,  
Pain today would not occur.

That tragedy is set in stone.  
It hangs around my neck alone.  
If only something else were said,  
This lead weight might be my bread.

All that happened was my fault.  
I had a chance to call a halt  
When wounds and wails weren't so bad.  
Now maudlin memories drive me mad.

Or was it all just happenstance  
That holds me prisoner in this trance?  
If this be true, then I fell  
To gutters, goblins... my self-made hell.

At times I stop and wonder;  
Would my life still go asunder  
If I put the past behind□  
And looked to see what I could find  
In today's rewards and cheers,  
The offspring of sad yesteryears?

Until my ruling past is gone,  
I won't have courage to move on.

Gregory Huyette

# Creations

Michelangelo's paint was nothing until focused and combined.  
Beethoven composed masterpieces as his hearing declined.  
Ford brought roads to life with miracle cars he designed.  
Internet was a once a quixotic dream with no supporters to find.

But these creations are just a blink compared to precious birth.  
Hearts and bodies entwine as another being enriches the earth.  
Each entity nothing before, enjoys potentially magnanimous worth;  
A chance to create or destroy in an ambiance of sorrow or mirth.

Time is short and pressures great as each attempts to survive.  
Each that strains to create will find worlds open as it ties to strive.  
More creations in arts, sciences plus politics and industry thrive.  
Each of destruction and sorrow sees its life wasn't really ever live.

□

Gregory Huyette

# Crime Of Life

Life seems but a memory of years  
Gone by too fast.

Before we can live the present,  
The future is the past.

□

Tomorrow is yesterday;

An instant is today.

The present is just a pause  
Along past's fleeting way.

Seconds tick, days go by

And years bow out of sight.

Time speeds on as days are born;

Then devoured by each night.

□

Mankind's curse is overlooked

By Old Father Time, who steals

Our precious gift

With life's most hideous crime.

This crime of life is in its passing;

The days, the years that fleet by.

Almost before a chance to live,

It seems we're given a chance to die.

Gregory Huyette

# Darling, Please Forgive Me

My darling, please forgive me for all the things I do wrong.  
Bet you never thought it would be so bad first time I came along;  
Especially during tough times when you needed a loved one there  
To listen with an open mind and closed mouth and really care.

When I get mad and shout at you, please just consider the source..  
I apologize for all the times I'm so nasty, inconsiderate and coarse.  
I'm sorry for the many occasions I could have helped you out,  
But sat at my desk shuffling piles of papers like a self-serving lout.

And for those other innumerable, thoughtless things I do  
I beg your pardon, ask for forgiveness and please remember...  
I'll always be deeply in love with you from every January through

Every December!

Gregory Huyette

# Dearest Dad

&lt;/&gt;What better occasion than Father's Day to write to express how proud I am of you and to thank you from the bottom of my heart for being such a wonderful father. You have always been there when I needed your advice, encouragement or a well-deserved kick in the pants.

I thank God for so many good things that have happened in my life. I have no doubt that none of them would have been possible without your guiding influence. I am confident in my abilities. This confidence was surely nurtured in my early years by your guiding hand.

You have always been the model of the kind of father I have wanted to be. I have tried to live up to your high standards of honesty and openness. Though I have made my share of mistakes as a dad, I am proud that both Erika and Sasha exhibit many of the fine qualities that you taught me.

Each day seems to pass by a little faster. I can't believe that your first little boy is now 61 years old. As I reflect on my life and the wonderful family experiences, I can't recall even one bad memory...except maybe for good ol' Betsy, your belt. I am as excited about seeing you next week as I was at Marquette University after the finals were over. The pure sense of love and giving that you represent, dearest Dad, is a rare commodity these days. As rare as the wonderful family you have created.

Dad, you're as fine as they come in every respect. I thank you and God everyday for allowing me to be a part of your life. I love you so very much. Your proud, and at the same time humble son, Greg

Gregory Huyette



# Dearest Mother

When I was a child, you showed me a meadow of flowers.  
You told me their names and we stayed there for hours.  
Buttercups glistened as they drank the sun's rays  
Amongst bluebells that glowed in their majestic ways.

I played in the meadow, but loved holding your hand.  
You taught me about life and helped me understand  
That love, like these flowers, though silent, can voice  
A splendiferous message when it's my choice,  
To express love with actions like forgive and forget;  
To greet all with a smile and be glad that we've met;  
To lead a colorful, bountiful life and have fun,  
Praising the heavens as do flowers the sun.

This selfless love that you've forever shown me  
Has opened my eyes so that I'll always see  
The softness that buttercups and bluebells display  
With their colors and scents that can lighten life's way.  
Thank you, dearest mother, for your hand from the start.  
Though flowers will fade, your love lives deep in my heart.

Gregory Huyette

# Death Benefits

As death approaches it helps me appreciate life,  
Since thought of dying makes daily problems fade.  
Worries about all material things causing strife  
Mean nothing in view of death's daunting shade.  
Death reminds me how precious is each day.  
A rising sun engenders hope with its shine  
Its movement means limited time to leave my say  
To improve the world with my personal design  
Death helps me focus on things that really count  
Like the importance of love of family and friends,  
And secondary significance of wealth in any amount,  
Knowing that my body dies but, my soul never ends.

Gregory Huyette

# Decay

Another crop, another farm  
Yields to greed's obscene strong arm.  
Each day another field surrenders  
To cement and shiny fenders.

□

Another mountain sadly hacked  
As more beauty is ransacked.  
One more ragged coyote's lair  
Disappears without a care.

□

An ever larger cloud of dust  
Hides economic lust.  
Clean air's replaced by maudlin fumes  
As hammers hammer more new rooms.

□

Monster mansions bought aboard  
By thousands who can't afford  
To pause or rest for a breath,  
Since that would mean financial death.

These million dollar monsters bought  
By those thousands who have sought  
To appear the chosen few  
As evidenced by the public's view.

But in private, worry and concern  
Make a flurry as would-bes earn  
Just enough for the next bill  
By ringing dry their monthly till.

How long can this disaster last?  
With resources sagging fast,  
Nature and markets will strain to live.  
Our offspring, with reason, won't forgive!

Gregory Huyette

# December

It's with trepidation and mixed emotions that I arrive here.  
It's a month of giving, but means loss of another year.  
Another year that has expired as I celebrate the holidays.  
I cherish society's true gifts and lament its hollow ways.

Its true gifts are the freedoms for which so many have died.  
Hollow ways are by a few who have cheated and lied.  
Best of all are the gifts of being with dear family and friends,  
Good wishes, hugs and kisses with the love that this sends.

I'll cleanse my mind so that the only things I'll remember  
Are future positives nurtured by this joyous December.

Gregory Huyette

# Defeat Forces Of Evil

Forces of negative confront every turn.  
With all things new there's so much to learn.  
No one really cares if I fail or succeed.  
Things against me keep me from what I need.  
As things go wrong I sit back and sigh  
Wondering about happened while asking why.

Best I stop and take stock of this mess  
And closely analyze abilities I possess.  
Then develop these into a plan of action,  
Pursuing a course with fun and satisfaction.

Forces of negative will always attack,  
But a detailed plan will enable me to fight back.  
With strength and confidence I'll be upbeat  
Causing forces of negative to be in retreat.

Gregory Huyette

# Denial

Denial is a river I know so well  
For it flows deep in my veins.  
It's my partner when lonely,  
Defender in conflict and doctor for my pains.

This river of tears cleanses my ears  
So I can hear what I need.  
Its current sucks under those who wonder  
And all who've disagreed.

With denial I can defend myself  
Against each who seems a fool.  
For theirs is the problem, the error,  
The fault and I'm the one to rule.

Waves of denial splash at my face,  
Forcing a flaccid smile.  
Torrents of liquid numb my space.  
Then nothing hurts for a while.

Denial is my river. It serves me well.  
It's the only refuge I've found.  
Though my greatest fear while swimming here  
Is that who I was has drowned.

Gregory Huyette

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Gregory Huyette

# Diary Of A Maniac

Down a dark, dank road  
Is the only way I can go  
To share this insufferable load;  
Then it won't hurt me so.

I worked hard and did my best,  
But I'm on a losing trail.  
Before another unjust test,  
I never again will fail.

No one cares, but they will.  
Friends are here with me alone.  
My desires I'll soon fulfill.  
Then I'll be well known.

I'm at a point beyond return.  
There's no reason to go on.  
So I'll make them have concern  
Before my life is gone.

Gregory Huyette



# Diet Coke

I'm a diet coke addict and not ashamed of my plight.  
I must admit I guzzle each and every morning, noon and night.  
Whether via bottle, can or glass I really don't care  
As my taste buds are hypnotized by this enchanting fare.  
As for my daily intake I have no idea of the amount.  
I'm too busy chugging this elegant elixir to bother with a count.  
Though one word of caution to those who imbibe regular coke:  
Best you switch to delightful diet and not become one of those heavy folk.

Gregory Huyette

# Dirty Four Letter Word

In this age of technology, profitability and such  
There just isn't time to be nice very much.  
Besides what does it get you when you try to be nice?  
Honking from behind? Hand gestures once or twice?

Lately have you seen a person let someone go first?  
What did you do the last time your role was reversed?  
Billions are spent to sell all the things you see.  
But being nice costs nothing; it's absolutely free.  
Yet being nice has the power to win over everyone.

□

All will marvel from its spell since it's seldom done.  
Sadly, each day seems colder as an ill wind does blow.  
History tells us that this route is a tragic way to go.  
Though there is hope if all try to do their part

To be kind in word and deed directly from the heart.  
Only then can we expect a world not so absurd  
That now seems to label the term "nice"  
A dirty four lettered word!

Gregory Huyette

# Dreams

It seems that most of my dreams fade as fast as September.

Though that failed philosophy class is one I'll remember.

Since I cut too many classes I couldn't take the final test;

Flunked the course, didn't get my degree and negated the rest.

Then there's the general manager's job I lost in the Near East.

Since the level of company politics had greatly increased.

Said what I thought which didn't work worth a damn.

That's why I find myself right here where I am.

Naked in front of all who pass with only glances so rude.

No compassion though I'm helpless, penniless... and nude.

Gregory Huyette

# Each Day

Each day is a gift to me.  
Each day is astounding to see.  
Each day is a mystery.  
Each day I'm thankful I'm free.  
Each day is a passing glance.  
Each day is a chance to advance.  
Each day I need to dance.  
Each day is full of romance.

Each day is so quickly done.  
Each day should have work and fun.  
Each day the sacred sun  
Bestows life on everyone.

Each day means fewer remain.  
Sad if they're poured down the drain.  
Joyful if I can sustain  
Faith, hope and love and never wane.

Gregory Huyette

# Ebullience, Ebullience

Ebullience, ebullience your influence  
Obviates obstreperous foes.  
You are a perspicacious cudgel  
Harboring the erudite from fatuous woes.

If ebullience characterizes a place,  
Then truculence is left with no space.  
As alacrity influences each choice,  
It stifles all attempts by acrimony's voice.

Though these words may seem strange,  
Truculence and acrimony always arrange  
To instigate a tremulous, maudlin milieu,  
Vitiating a once ebullient point of view.

Gregory Huyette

# Embers

As I sense the here and now,  
I can't help but marvel how  
This moment rose like an ember,  
Once extinguished, few remember.  
Though the warmth from its glow  
Lives here and now if we know  
That in this life all-to-fast  
We must sense embers while they last.

Gregory Huyette

# Empathetic Love

There are two words in this language especially most dear to me.  
The first word is love and the second one is empathy.  
Love is a sincere and deep affection for another being.  
Empathy is the ability to experience the other's thinking or seeing.  
What a world it would be if we could understand others' feelings.  
Then work with them in a spirit of love in all of our dealings.

Gregory Huyette

# Enjoy

Enjoy these instants afforded you before they pass away.  
If love is your password, happiness will mark your stay.  
There is no better investment than time with family and friends.  
There's no better feeling than the effect that your love sends.  
Take time out of each day and enjoy what's important in your life.  
Then dismiss time consuming, unimportant things that cause strife.  
Enjoy today without worrying about what will happen tomorrow.  
Present is past in a moment and time is a thing you can't borrow.  
Before clock or events can ever so quickly alter your tenuous fate,  
Enjoy, enjoy your wonderful, loving life; it's still not too late!

Gregory Huyette



# Epitaph

I loved again after i lost.  
I spoke out in spite of cost.  
As a parent i did my best.  
As a parent i was blessed.

I made my share of mistakes.  
I had my share of breaks.  
I tried to change the world a touch.  
Someone else must say how much.

□

If i could do it once again,  
I'd still be earth's luckiest man.

Gregory Huyette

# Everlasting

As the rose smiles at the sun  
And dances in the breeze,  
How beautiful it is for a few days.  
No matter that it fades  
Since the world is better for its radiance.

Autumn leaves paint magnificent miracles  
Shimmering atop... then floating away.  
Their resplendent rainbows enrapture all.  
They disappear, but their memory remains.

Kind words speak louder than a chorus  
As a gentle touch soothes amid the hassle.  
That smile so sincere utters orations  
And a sweet embrace endures.

Gregory Huyette

# Execution Of Guilty Innocence

Confused, confined, condemned, a boy awaits his death.  
That moment when eternity will choke his nervous breath.  
The jury said it's murder, no doubt the first degree.

Now there's but one answer ..... the final penalty.  
His claim: the world is wrong as anyone can see.  
Because of jibes and taunts, he never could be free.

Now justice must be served and the law satisfied  
So this youth was caught and then duly tried.  
As straps tighten, rage again grips this young man

As he thinks of his one friend he'll never see again.  
The last words he'll ever speak are lost in fleeting time.  
As seconds tick, he shrieks, 'you all helped me with this crime.'

A lever falls; then silence fills the dismal light.  
This murderer now has passed.  
Is such a troubled boy with you tonight?

Gregory Huyette

# Fact Versus Feeling

When a fact becomes a feeling  
For the world it's appealing;  
But when a feeling becomes a fact  
That same world has been hijacked.

When a belief is strong enough  
And nurtured long enough,  
It often launches attacks that  
Actually redefine the real facts.

Perception has two paths...  
Conception or deception.

Gregory Huyette

# Faith, Hope And Love

With faith, hope and love, let us we pray.

We believe in this new union today,  
And hope that it will always display  
Mutual love, respect and equal say.

There'll be highs and lows in future years.  
Many smiles though a few tears.  
A wondrous future there'll always be  
If faith, hope and love are family.

Through tribulations this union will need  
To be placed ahead of self wants and greed.  
At times success will need a healthy shove  
From large daily doses of faith, hope and love.

This union's endurance for eternity  
Depends on putting "you" in place of "me".  
And each day of every year  
To say, "I love you, my dear."  
Faith, hope and love will then live  
As constant companions to give and give.

Gregory Huyette

# Fall On My Knees

As I gaze at the sky and admire the trees,  
I can not help but fall on my knees  
To thank the Almighty for another chance.  
After suffering two cancers it seems a trance,

Though I am still here and a must say  
How much more I appreciate every day.  
I've been reminded that only love I own.  
All else that I have is just briefly on loan.

Now I view life's traumas like opportunities  
As I raise my eyes to heaven while here on my knees.

Gregory Huyette

# Fear

Fear keeps me here because I want to be.  
It tells me of the dangers that I want to see.  
It says that stop is better than go.  
It warns me against what I don't know.

Fear soothes me and makes me feel  
That the risks and pitfalls are really real.  
It tells me I'll be hurt if I try something new.  
Like sunglasses it helps taint my life's view.

My stultifying friend, fear, and I  
Sit on the sidelines, as the world passes by.  
Then it dawns on me that fear's not my friend.  
It's only interested in its own cruel end  
Ends like "don't, " "can't, " and "won't work."  
Negatives like "too risky, " "forget it, " and "shirk."

Fear has been the driver; I've just been in the car.  
Unless I'm master of the pedal, I won't go far.  
So I leave fear at the gate since I know I'm the best.  
Faith is my passenger and commitment my vest.  
There'll be scary moments and accidents I'm sure

When I cross the finish line, like a Cheshire I'll purr.  
If I address my problems with the solutions they need,  
Fear will be defeated as I so sweetly succeed!

Gregory Huyette

# February

February's time is short,  
But it's my first resort.  
Filled with chocolates, flowers and cheer,  
It's my favorite month of the year.

I love how each day shines  
As they spread forth with valentines.  
It's a month dedicated to love  
In this world of push and shove.

So stop and think of what really counts,  
Like people and times that are small amounts,  
But give your life meaning like February...  
Fill your days with love so make them merry.

Gregory Huyette



# First Graders

Experiences come and experiences go.  
My gray matter seldom takes one in tow.  
Then a momentarily fateful, fortuitous find  
Crossed my way, forever branding my mind.

My mission was daunting. There seemed no solution.  
Read a poem without causing a first grade revolution!  
Recite words, enlivened by colorful illustrations,  
Hoping to capture a few concentrations.

We sat on the floor. Then the tale commenced.  
With story unfolding, I was surprised as I sensed  
That these first graders quickly captured the theme,  
Even providing ideas to improve on the dream.

Questioning pictures or words they didn't know;  
Guessing future actions and how the story would go.  
Their ideas and comments so beyond their years  
Promise a future of gladness, not sadness and tears.  
□

These little ones listened, straining to see  
How image and verse forged fun fantasy.  
Fantasy turned real as these innocents displayed  
A lesson of insight far ahead of first grade.

Gregory Huyette

## First Love

At first, what I thought was love had a smiling, gentle face.  
All too soon it hemorrhaged like blood flowing through lace.

This life blood flowed from my heart; then drowned my mind,  
Leaving only debris of stark loneliness behind.

Romance was torn asunder as I now try to recall  
If what, at first, seemed a wonder was anything at all.

Gregory Huyette

# Five Senses Of Love

THE SMELL OF FRESHLY WET GROUND

□AND THE SOUND OF A WREN'S SONG,

□ALONG WITH THE SIGHT OF A ROSE

□ARE THOSE THINGS I HOLD DEAR.

□BUT SHEER BLISS...

□

□IS THE TOUCH OF YOU, BELOVED

□AND THE TASTE OF YOUR KISS.□

Gregory Huyette

# Five Years Of Love

Five years ago life changed.  
My world was rearranged.  
You and I became one  
And since, each day is fun.

Your glance is inviting;  
Your touch so exciting.  
It's still hard to believe  
What I daily receive.

You make life worth living  
With your love and your giving.  
I've learned from your ways  
How to brighten the days.

Five years is a minute  
But as long as you're in it,  
Each moment will be  
Worth an eternity.

Five years of love  
Came from heaven above.  
And I thank God anew  
For the chance to love you.

Gregory Huyette

# Flame Of Desire

Desire is the fire that enlightens my mind.  
Without it I falter and fall far behind.  
It's that bright spark which drives me to succeed  
And directs me to all the things I will need.

Desire fills the gaps that my failures will leave;  
So once more in myself I'll want to believe.  
Without desire my path is a precipitous way  
With nothing to rescue me from downs of each day.

From the shadow of failure, success surely will shine  
As from dry, rocky vineyards does blossom sweet wine.  
Matter not the success, its birth is desire  
Love of self and others is the spark that ignites this fire.

Gregory Huyette

# Flowers Know

As the sun rises with its glorious glow,  
Flowers awake because they know  
They will be guided throughout the day  
If they transfix on every ray.

So they smile and leave all beautified  
With rainbow colors far and wide.  
Their delicate pedals gaze at the sky,  
Tracing the sun's path as it passes by.

With evening's approach they close their eyes  
And patiently await next early rise.  
Though their time to wilt is soon from birth,  
Flowers know their place on this earth.

Their radiance gives life to a world often void  
Of warmth they display since it's seldom enjoyed.  
So get acquainted with their momentary glow.  
Appreciate this earth that flowers so well know.

Gregory Huyette

# Foolish Things

I've done so many foolish things.  
My selfishness has caused many sufferings.  
Most of all I've sacrificed the one I love,  
Forcing her feelings aside with a shove.  
I must control myself and now...  
To live without her love I don't know how.

□

Gregory Huyette

# For You Two

There's a plan for you two which includes so much more.  
Happiness will flow your way as do waves to the shore.

You two will set sail, yet travel as one  
In love's ship of miracles toward the setting sun.  
Your promise to each other is strength enough  
To conquer any storm no matter how rough.

Each time you enter new waters and exciting ports  
Your union will grow stronger and deal with any sorts.  
Take heart as your ship of miracles readies to set sail,  
Knowing that together unending love will prevail.

Your voyage toward the sunset was always meant to be;  
As certain as the horizon marries the heavens to the sea.

Gregory Huyette



# Formula For Happiness

AS ANOTHER DAWN ARISES BE THANKFUL THAT IT DID ARRIVE.  
WISH "GOOD MORNING" TO THE MIRROR AS IF IT WERE ALIVE.  
THE FIRST PERSON YOU SEE, EMBRACE AND EXCLAIM, "I LOVE YOU! "  
THEN APPRECIATE THE REAL TREASURES AS THEY PASS YOUR VIEW.

THROUGH EACH DAY ALL IS BRIGHT AS A SMILE PERVADES YOUR FACE.  
IT'S A POSITIVE ATTITUDE NO TRAGEDY OR TRAUMA WILL ERASE.  
WHEN MISFORTUNE DOES OCCUR IT'S TIME TO CONSIDER ADAPTATION,  
RATHER THAN FOCUS ON THE DEPTHS OF DESPAIR AND FRUSTRATION.

DECIDE WHAT YOU WANT IN LIFE IS OF ENDURING, GENUINE WORTH,  
SO YOUR SPECK OF TIME IS PRODUCTIVE, YET CHRISTENED WITH MERTH.  
ABOVE ALL, MAKE LOVE THE CENTER OF EACH AND EVERY ACTION,  
AND AVOID ALL THOSE GREMLINS THAT CAUSE YOU DISSATISFACTION.

Gregory Huyette

# Fortune Of Misfortune

Tragedy or misfortune have another side to behold.  
Oft times they point to directions heretofore untold.  
Since life is so hurried with labors of the day,  
Who can find a moment to view a different way?

There's little time to decide if a chosen course is right.  
Search for wealth drives happiness almost out of sight.  
By becoming a cruel, omnipresent, unyielding master  
Money can force chagrined slaves to labor ever faster.

Then fortune of misfortune strikes as all becomes strange.  
Customs and thinking are challenged by airs of change.  
Because of fear and uncertainty most fail to stay the course.  
Tough the strong forge on using tragedy as their source.

Gregory Huyette

# Four Beautiful Seasons

Why there are seasons...  
And this may sound strange...  
Is to provide good reasons  
To justify change!

With no seasons when would birds nest?  
When would some fly away  
Because winter's a pest?  
And Fall colors would be held at bay.

Christmas might well end up in June.  
With no seasons no one would care.  
Then the cow would jump over the moon.  
Now that might roust up a stare!

Luckily for many good reasons  
There'll always be change  
In four beautiful seasons...  
And that's not at all strange!

Gregory Huyette

# Freedom Is Not Free

Per an erudite analysis of my country's history,  
One thing is sure... my freedom is not free!  
I do what I want and criticize those who lead.  
My rights are assured because they're decreed.

These rights were purchased with blood and tears  
By my forefathers and soldiers today who, through death and fears,  
Have had the courage to fight for rights they believed  
Were and are necessary to maintain freedom they conceived.

These rights I demand and the freedoms I assume  
Are in fact not automatic and can easily spell doom.  
If I'm too busy with my little world to care about my nation,  
My leaders' own self interest can only lead to devastation.

My rights have obligations to keep me and my country free  
If I'm too busy to exercise them, I'll be part of a tremulous tragedy.

Gregory Huyette

# From Thirty Thousand Feet

As I sit here and gaze at the earth,  
I'm amazed at my image of self worth.  
Past my window the sinew of life fleets by;  
Arteries and patches and snatches of smoke.

My ego cries out with a shout of despair  
As I stare in wonder at scenes passing under.  
The procession is endless. A lesson i'll gain.  
I feel as humble as but one drop in a rain.

Gregory Huyette

# Funeral Reflections

In these sad moments as kind comments increased,  
Not one was heard by the stoic deceased.  
May be best to treat living as dead  
By being sure nothing callous is said.

Remember their good points.  
Discount their faults.  
Beware of frivolous, picayune assaults.

Be glad for their presence as part of your life.  
Stop what you're doing in their moments of strife.  
Stand at the crypt and vow to strive  
To be kind to the living while they're still alive.

Gregory Huyette

# George W

When George W finally got there,  
His mommy made him swear  
To listen to one of daddy's tips,  
Namely, "Don't ever say... read my lips".

George W. never said he was real smart  
So right from the very start  
Among his advisors he wanted an ace  
To cover for that lost look on his face.

Well, it didn't work so George had to confess.  
Even in his inaugural address.  
He referred to euthanasia twice at least...  
And pledged to visit them in the Far East.

With Latin America George promised to be fair  
By learning to speak Latin before going there.  
Before tackling the Mideast, he thought perhaps  
He'd better take a look at his high school maps.

George W. said Gore put up quite a fight  
And had to admit Al usually was right.  
But George claimed victory by the courts' rules;  
He claimed more votes in those electric schools.

He's now president; don't count another chad.  
No matter what happens, half the folks'll be mad.

Gregory Huyette

# Getting Old

I don't prefer it, but will go along till a substitute's found  
Since it's a lot better than being part of the ground.  
My hearing's on the wane and face shows each vein.  
All the equipment 'neath my waist has gone down the drain.

But my attitude's in good working order  
Though I can't control what's south of the border.  
Even as the rest decays,  
My attitude will have many more good days!

Gregory Huyette



# Gift Of Failure

To travel a road and never fail  
Is to follow a lesser trail.  
The real path is narrow and steep  
With jagged rock and fissure deep.  
Passage gained is passage earned,  
Bought with failure and now learned.

But to fail and not learn  
Or fail with no concern  
Is to spurn a chance to know  
Which direction now is so.

Oh, to find the way unveiled  
After having failed  
Is to sip the sweetest wine.  
The fork in the road is now thine!

The gift of failure is dear indeed,  
For in each it sparks the need  
To think and labor and then know  
That from failure success can grow.  
For the greatest gain from a loss  
Involved a man and his cross.

Gregory Huyette

# Gift Of Today

Here is today ... another gift  
From a creator so understanding,  
Despite all hatred and rift  
Allows this day's smooth landing.

All monies in the world plus  
All the diamonds and gold  
Will not allow any of us  
To be one less instant old.

All that counts is love  
So live it every day.  
Who knows when gifts from above  
Will cease to pass this way?

Gregory Huyette

# God

When a tree falls in the forest with no one around,  
Does it make noise or is there no sound?  
Is existence intrinsic or must someone receive?  
Does a thing become real just because we believe?

Is there a hereafter, or is it a figment of the mind,  
That we hope for and search for, but will never find?  
As for this falling tree, there's solace I've found.  
I wonder, but believe that someone gives it sound.

Gregory Huyette

# Golden Yellow Tree

Glittering golds and yielding yellows  
Mary together in Michelangelo like pillows.  
Announcing radiance with whiffs of breeze  
In cadence commanding attention with ease.

Perfect plumage in unending motion  
Paint the sea blue sky with a yellow gold lotion.  
Its limbs spread beauty as they wave to all.  
Earth would be so much less without its rustling call.

Evening rays set masses of leafy fingers ablaze  
Like exploding fireworks to celebrate the days.  
The setting sun softly swaddles each branch good night  
Knowing that its comeliness will soon fade from sight.

Gregory Huyette

# Golf From Hell

THE DEVIL INVENTED THIS IMPOSSIBLE SPORT.  
WORSE THAN HELLFIRE, IT'S YOUR LAST RESORT.  
SO MANY HAVE TRIED; SO MANY HAVE CRIED.  
IN THOSE HAZZARDS SO MANY HAVE DIED.

WHAT A PLEASURE TO PLAY WITH A SCRATCH HANDICAPPER.  
MAKES YOU WANT TO THROW YOUR STICKS IN THE CRAPPER.  
HE SAYS IT'S JUST EYE-HAND COORDINATION.  
HE'S NEVER SUFFERED FROM TWO-FOOT PUTT CONSTIPATION.

HE SAYS IT'S JUST A MATTER OF SHIFTING YOUR WEIGHT.  
AS FOR ANYMORE SHIFTING, IT'S NOW TOO LATE.  
AND WHAT'S THAT DEAL ABOUT A FULL SHOULDER TURN?  
WHEN I TIE MY SHOES, THEY ALREADY BURN.

WORST OF ALL IS HIS SMOOTH, SLOW BACKSWING.  
IF I TRIED THAT, I WOULDN'T MOVE ANYTHING.  
HE SAYS TIMING GIVES HIM ADDED TORK.  
I SAY MY TIMING HELPS ME PLAY LIKE A DORK.

AND OH MY GOD WHEN HE'S ON THE GREEN,  
HE DROPS PUTTS LIKE A MACHINE.  
THAT'S WHERE WE PLAY SOMEWHAT THE SAME  
I MACHINE GUN MY PUTTS... AND KILL MY GAME.

AT THE END OF THE ROUND, HE SAYS IT WAS FUN.  
BUT I'M HERE TO TELL YOU WHEN THAT ORDEAL'S DONE,  
I HEAD FOR THE SHOWERS SAD AND ALONE.  
AGAIN I'VE BEATEN MYSELF... ALL ON MY OWN.

Gregory Huyette

# Greater Force

I don't know what to believe for each people has a good book of its own.  
But I do believe there's a greater power than anyone has ever known.  
Marvels from the atom to the universe manifest incredible design  
For lack of a better word they're attributed to an entity called divine.

Being but human we name it many things like Allah, Buddha or God,  
But to me it's just an unknown force which in the instant of a nod  
Can create a human body still little understood by mankind  
Or paint a magnificent sunset no mortal could have ever designed.

This force has no timetable since past, present and future are one.  
Best I use my few seconds wisely before my brief journey is done.  
I do believe one thing for sure... I will be judged for doing what I could,  
Because there is intrinsic right and wrong just as there is bad and good.

This force, this power is all around me; it manifests eternal love.  
With this goodness my life will be as brilliant as any of the stars above.

Gregory Huyette

# Halloween

Halloween is quite a scene  
Of fun ghosts, witches and more.  
Trick-or-treat makes it complete

If you know what it's all for.  
Pumpkins smile a little while  
Then are eaten or thrown away.

You'll have fun with every one  
If you need a mask for just this day.

Gregory Huyette

# Happiness Is Little Things

A GLANCE, A SMILE. TO DANCE AWHILE.  
A CHANCE TO WEAR SOME SHOES IN STYLE.  
BABY'S FIRST TOOTH, AND WORD AND STEP.  
FINDING WHERE CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES ARE KEPT.  
YOUNG BLUEBIRDS STRETCHING BRAND NEW WINGS.  
TRUE JOY COMES FROM LITTLE THINGS.

A COMPLIMENT, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S NOT TRUE,  
ABOUT YOUR HAIR, EYES... OR JUST YOU.  
SOME TIME WITH A BOOK IN FRONT OF THE FIRE,  
OR BEING TOUCHED BY YOUR LOVE, FULL OF DESIRE.  
DINING OUT OR SURPRISE WEEKEND FLINGS  
HAPPINESS IS NURTURED BY LITTLE THINGS.

A PHONE CALL FROM SOMEONE, AFTER MANY YEARS,  
WHO REMINDS YOU OF SCHOOL FOOTBALL CHEERS.  
THOSE FEW MOMENTS WHEN YOU HAVE NOTHING TO DO,  
EXCEPT DREAM OF LIVING LIKE YOUR HEART WANTS TO.  
BEING IN THE AUDIENCE AS YOUR LOVED ONE SINGS.  
HAPPINESS IS THESE WONDERFUL LITTLE THINGS.

Gregory Huyette



# Happiness Vs Sadness

Like boxers, they must compete every time they hear the bell.  
Each one will take and give jabs, dancing round the ring well.  
Happiness rules the early rounds, then sadness leaves its mark.  
Mid way through the prize fight, things will look stark  
For the boxer whose condition isn't wrought from early days  
When mind and matter most respond to influential ways.  
The negative of sadness can be a lethal left cross  
With its "don'ts" and "cant's" and "won't's", it guarantees a lasting loss.  
But happiness breeds confidence and always keeps in sight  
The weaknesses of the opponent and the reason for this fight.  
The knock out punch for sadness is unconditional, selfless love  
Which will triumph every time without even raising a boxer's glove.

Gregory Huyette

# Happy Birthday

Have you ever met someone you are always comfortable around,  
Whether he is roaring with laughter or not uttering a single sound...  
Someone who asks how you are, and remembers what you say;  
Then wants to know more about what you mentioned a previous day?

Someone who inquires about your family and you know that he cares,  
In spite of his many friends and all those important business affairs.  
More interested in hearing of your life than talking about his own;  
He is, indeed, one of the rarest people I have ever known.

I am honored to be among one of your friends,  
And today each of us assembled from deep in our heart sends  
The warmest of Happy Birthdays filled with love and cheer.  
We are proud to have a friend like you and grateful to be here!

Gregory Huyette

# Happy Birthday, Dad

Five years ago life changed.  
My world was rearranged.  
You and I became one  
And since, each day is fun.

Your glance is inviting;  
Your touch so exciting.  
It's still hard to believe  
What I daily receive.

You make life worth living  
With your love and your giving.  
I've learned from your ways  
How to brighten the days.

Five years is a minute  
But as long as you're in it,  
Each moment will be  
Worth an eternity.

Five years of love  
Came from heaven above.  
And I thank God anew  
For the chance to love you.

Gregory Huyette

# Happy Days

How many days I have left I don't know,  
But there is one thing I'm sure is so...  
Whether there are few or many more,  
I alone will decide what my life's for.  
It's for being happy and spreading mirth,  
Celebrating what I know I'm worth.

Life is so short there's no time to complain  
That when things go wrong, it's all in vain.  
A share of good and bad things will transpire  
So when it seems hopeless and things are dire,  
The difference between sad and happy I see  
Is that character in the mirror called "me."

Gregory Huyette

# Happy Doing, Not Having

The measure of happy is what I do;  
Not what I have that sits there in view.  
The actions I take, like the life I lead,  
Have precedence over the objects I need.

When I get confused and life goes astray,  
It's often because what I have's in my way.  
It's true these things do have their place;  
Just a small part of my life's precious space.

My measure of happy grows as I pursue  
Friends and loved ones each day I renew  
A promise to always love what I do,  
Not allowing what I have to hinder my view.

Gregory Huyette

# Happy Reaper

You reap what you sow...or so they say.  
Well, my life has certainly gone that way.  
Money has never meant much to me.  
That's why there's not much of it i see.

A smile and a laugh always meant a lot.  
These pleasures are treasures i've still got.  
Passion is as much a part of me  
As my wonderful, gorgeous wife, debbie.

I always loved love and am happy to say  
That it still guides my life to this very day!

Gregory Huyette

# Hate

Hate seems to work better than love these days  
As the world takes advantage of its malicious ways.  
And good place to focus hate's vengeful gaze  
Is on those horrible, contemptible highways.

Flying fingers, giant trucks and souped up cars  
Rule ranting raceways like a marauding czars.  
These bullies are masters with their horsepower endurance  
While the meek grovel with their no fault insurance.

Entering home's driveway, hate attacks family members.  
After its ravages, there'll only be whimpering embers.  
Insults, mistrust and deceit are hate's infamous creations,  
Though most daunting of all is its destroyed communications.

Now that the family is left with remnants of love's splatters,  
It's off to the office where it's lust and money that matters.  
This corporate world is perfect for hate's cultivation.  
Its sole purpose is making more money...oh the devil's creation!

But no, no there's one place that's more hateful than the rest.  
It's an institution where all of us are forced to invest.  
Talking of peace and unity, though thirsting for more hateful power,  
Each political party grows more insincere and vindictive each hour.

Gregory Huyette

# Hatred, Ignorance & Fear

Hatred, ignorance and fear...lifeblood of the assuaged.  
On each soul will be the toll of violence by the enraged.  
Instead of knowledge, hate is learned as ignorant's only hope.  
Fear of change from ideas strange, with which he can't cope.  
□  
For this sad soul the toll is a forebodingly tragic tale indeed.  
Better that he were never born since on his like will the world feed.

Gregory Huyette



# Heaven

Heaven are you really there?  
Are you an actual creation  
That merits my fervent prayer,  
Or a mere figment of my imagination?

□

As I scan the skies, I wonder what one day I'll find...  
A supernatural place of magnanimous proportion?  
That only a deity could have designed,  
Or nothing more than religious extortion.

What is out there that may await me...  
A fourth dimension of unlimited rewards?  
Heaven help me; please don't bait me.  
I beg you from down here in the midst of the hoards.

Until that moment arrives and I pass from this earth,  
I will maximize all positive abilities I can employ.  
I will love and truly live each moment with mirth,  
Believing reward will be eternal happiness and joy.

Gregory Huyette

# Heaven Vs Hell

A breath away from heaven, yet a spark away from hell.  
I titter on a tightrope of thoughts and deeds that foretell  
My future in this life, but may well sacrifice the other...  
Unless I'm strong enough to believe there is another.

One day it seems that reams of problems aren't worth my time;  
Then another sunrise bestows fortunes far beyond sublime.  
Can it be that there is a spirit that represents all that is good,  
And a countervailing force deterring the course of what I should?

Now rules of the game seem to reward only those able to win.  
No thought is given to whether their ways are moral, right... or a sin.  
For them hell is only a possibility from an economic point of view;  
Until they possess all the wealth, that's the heaven they'll pursue.

For such individuals heaven and hell can be closer than ever before;  
Sadly, addiction to false heavenly riches turn them into hell's whores.  
As I titter on life's tightrope, both heaven and hell seem oh so near.  
Deeds of love and not needs for wealth mean I have nothing to fear.

Gregory Huyette

## Here & There

Oh Mother Dear it doesn't seem fair  
That we're still down here and you're way up there.  
Another thing that's not a favorite of mine  
Is that chronologically I seem to be next in line.

Now that you're in heaven please say hi to Dad.  
Tell him I'm still bitter 'bout the Hole-In-One he had.  
I've been playing this pitiful game almost forever.  
He played once; made one and for me it's been never.

As for the joker who talked about the 'Golden Years, '  
It was brown stuff, not gray matter, between his ears.  
When I get up in the morning and gaze into the mirror.  
I cringe at that old man as he moves ever nearer.

Dear Mother, please put in a good word for us here  
Because without you it's hard to smile and cheer.  
As our Mom you'll always be the best and most rare.  
You'll live here in our hearts tho you're way up there.

□

Gregory Huyette

# Hey Dad

Remember the bird house you built so well...  
Or the skunk sharing with me his perfumed smell?  
And how you fixed all the broken bikes  
So that there was fun for each of six tikes?

Then when each old TV had a quirk,  
You found just the tube to make it work.  
In winter you fixed every sled.  
In summer oh those times when you said,  
'Let's go for fun and fishing at the lake  
To eat as much potato salad as mother can make.'

And your place at the dinner table was just right  
To preside over lively, loving meals every night.  
Hey Dad, I'll never forget your wise advice.  
I just wish you could come back and live twice.

Gregory Huyette

# High Sierras

Marauding mountains meander mysteriously  
Piercing the sky as far as I can see.  
A chorus of nature's hypnotic silence speaks volumes to me.  
These gentle monsters so majestic and high

Send soothing messages when their breezes sigh.  
At times as I gaze I can't help but wonder  
If they are from an almighty artist or just nature's blunder.  
Then I realize they have been designed by an infinite hand  
Far beyond the scope of anything I understand.

Gregory Huyette

# Hour Glass

As grains start to fall, everything is new.  
Nothing is known about what to do.  
As the pile of grains continues to grow,  
It seems easier to know which way to go.

When grains approach a quarter of the way,  
Things appear less black and white versus an earlier day.  
But the world is exciting and there's plenty of time.  
Any thoughts of the hour glass give way to the sublime.

Pleasure, money, power and love battle for share,  
While the grains at the top become increasingly rare.  
At half way flowing grains take on a resounding force,  
Though few pay attention as they race on their course.

Mental and physical factors band together as reminders,  
But many still prefer to continue using their blinders.  
As the grains accumulate to their three quarters state,  
The naive and unprepared are in for a sad, brutal fate.

They still act as if they have power over the grains and the glass.  
Nothing could be more wrong as the last few grains pass.  
For matter not the importance or the manner of any man  
When his last grain falls, the hour glass won't turn over again.

Gregory Huyette

# How Little I Know

When I was young, I knew it all.  
The world was simple as I recall.  
Things were right or wrong and black or white.  
Everything was within my sight.

As I grew older the world changed,  
Or maybe my thinking rearranged.  
I became less apt to draw quick conclusions,  
As I became aware of many confusions.

I learned to listen and think before I spoke.  
Then when even older my mind awoke.  
It awoke and I understood to my surprise,  
Knowing how little I know can be wise.

Gregory Huyette

# How Little Money Buys

IT'S FUNNY HOW LITTLE MONEY BUYS.  
JUST CARS AND HOUSES AND FANCY TIES.  
IT HAS NO MEANING WHEN SOMEONE DIES.  
JUST TO HEIRS WHO COVET ITS SIZE.

IT WON'T PLANT TRUTH WHEN JUSTICE LIES.  
JUST DISTORT TRUTH WHEN JUSTICE TRIES.  
IT'S NO SOLUTION FOR LONELY SIGHS.  
JUST A CRUEL IMPOSTOR IN DISGUISE.

IT CAN'T EMBRACE A CHILD WHO CRIES.  
JUST GIVE SAD HOPE, NOT LOVE THAT'S WISE.  
IT WILL NEVER BUY A SINGLE SUNRISE.  
JUST STEAL DAYS PROMISING A FALSE PRIZE.

IT'S FUNNY HOW LITTLE MONEY BUYS.  
JUST 'WHATS' OF LIFE, NOT PRECIOUS 'WHYS'.

Gregory Huyette



# How Will I Know Me?

How long is eternity?  
How deep is the sea?  
How far is the universe?

How will I know me?

Faith or science may address the first three,  
But how in the world will I ever know me?  
What are my talents and how will I use them?  
What are my weaknesses and will I abuse them?  
How many chances are there for advances?  
How many roads I take will be fake?  
Will wealth be my norm guarding from a storm?  
Will my protection spring from love and affection?

Success or failure depends of my ability

To answer the question:

How will I know me?

Gregory Huyette

# Hummingbird

Tiny hummingbird sips each bloom;  
So busy... no moment to spare.  
The force of each hurried zoom  
Brings more nectar to its lair.  
Miraculous flaps by miniscule wings  
Hold it motionless in the air  
As it suckles nature's sweet things  
Then moves on in a dance so rare.  
This magic bird enlivens flowers  
As it dines it demands more than a stare.  
Take time out to study its powers.  
Do something worthwhile if you dare.

Gregory Huyette

# I Have A Problem

My government's problems  
are my problems,  
But my problems  
are not my government's problems.

Gregory Huyette

# I Live For Love

I live for love, not money or power,  
Remembering that during my final hour,  
My merit will be measured

Not by materials treasured.  
My real worth will be the pleasure  
I've given others on earth.

Gregory Huyette

# I Understand How You Feel

I understand how you feel.  
Your frustrations are justified.  
Your complaints are very real,  
And you want them satisfied.

Please let me listen to your concern.  
That way the problem can be solved  
So that everyone involved will learn  
How it might be smoothly resolved.

My goal is your satisfaction.  
That's the only reason I'm here.  
My job is to eliminate any distraction  
Not cause you additional fear.

I understand how you feel.  
Conditions are difficult for everyone.  
I'm successful if you think my help is real,  
And your new adventure has just begun!

Gregory Huyette

# I Would Marry Another

I would marry another with what I know now,  
But there's really no chance and I don't know how  
I would find the courage to seek out my soul mate.  
I'm over 40 with a baby ... I'm afraid it's too late.

We met as teens with neither a very good thinker.  
I've grown up, but my betrothed is a daily drinker.  
The term alcoholic makes it sound so very sad;  
Especially since I know I chose another like my dad.

I'll go on every day with a smile on my face,  
But grimacing inside knowing that it's a losing race  
That may leave me alone and woefully far behind.  
I pray my baby will be one alcohol will never find.

Gregory Huyette

# I, A Fool

I'm amazed, if not crazed, how days do slip away.  
Nights and mornings trade places before I've had my say.  
I busy myself with daily duties and the miniscule.  
The torrid tasks allow no time to ask if I'm a fool.

A fool who falls for exigencies and rarely ever sees,  
Afforded benefits wrought from passing opportunities.  
A fool whose sole concern is gaining wealth and power,  
Through any ways in countless days to the final hour.

A fool who places things ahead of people every time,  
With no revulsion to convulsions if they generate a dime.  
A fool who finally falls victim to life's golden rule  
That life speeds by and without love all the rest is cruel.

Gregory Huyette

# If

IF I WERE THE WIND, I'D BLOW YOU A KISS.  
IF I WERE A STAR I'D FILL YOU WITH BLISS.  
IF I WERE THE MOON, I'D SEND YOU A GLOW.  
IF I WERE THE SUN, MY BEAMS YOU WOULD KNOW.  
BUT I'M JUST A MAN WHO LOVES YOU SO.

IF YOU LOVE ME, ALL OF THESE WILL BE MINE.  
THE SUN, THE MOON AND THE STARS ALL WILL SHINE.  
THEN OUR LOVE WILL BE BLESSED BY THE DIVINE.  
AND WARM RAYS WILL FILL ALL OUR DAYS.  
YES, WARM RAYS WILL FILL ALL OUR DAYS.

Gregory Huyette



# If Silence Screams

When truth is besmirched and facts are not searched,  
All those are decried who silently stand aside.  
Honesty and openness are rarely paths very nice...  
Often strewn with betrayal and deep sacrifice.

It's easier to keep quiet and avoid risk of harm...  
To side with the silent majority in a semblance of charm.  
But then those who roar will dominate all throngs  
With their selfish agendas regardless of wrongs.

Such evil segments of society have infected our land  
Since docking ships centuries ago and taking command.  
Victims were Native Americans who lived without fears,  
And their buffalo gunned down after thousands of years.

Not all early settlers succumbed to such evil waves  
But many ignored the buying and selling of human slaves.  
This most horrible of practices sparked a terrible war  
Whose prejudices still run strong and nerve endings sore.

Man hasn't accepted basic change without conflicted force.  
History is strewn with the vestiges of painful divorce.  
Today more than ever it is time to stand up and declare  
If silence screams, dreams of truth and right will be rare.

□

Gregory Huyette

# I'LI Always Love You

WE PLEDGE OUR VOWS TODAY

AND WILL REMEMBER TO SAY

THOSE SACRED WORDS ANEW;

CHERISHED WORDS, "I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU".

THEN WITH THE VIEW OF EACH SUNRISE

WE'LL RENEW OUR PRECIOUS PRIZE;

THAT WISE CHOICE WE'VE MADE

IN ONE VOICE NOT AFRAID.

NOT AFRAID TO LOVE AND FEEL

FOR EACH OTHER AND NEVER STEAL

A MOMENT FROM OUR WONDEROUS CHANCE

TO FORD LIFE'S STREAMS AND ADVANCE.

Gregory Huyette

# I'M Going To Change

How many times have I said before  
That I'm going to change my ways?  
Then in as soon as ten minutes more,  
I'm in sad theatrics of previous days.

When I promise I'm going to change,  
My strong intentions have priorities.  
As unforeseen events rearrange my life,  
They become misguided minorities.

The key to change I've finally found.  
It's about myself and how proud I feel,  
Committed to be a better person all around  
So that changes will be consistently real.

Gregory Huyette

# I'M Me

You're you and be proud.  
Scream it out loud...  
I'm me!  
I'm me!  
I'm me!  
And proud to be!  
Be happy you're alive.  
Give the sun a high five.  
Concentrate on what you've got;  
Forget about what you're not.  
Make work and play an equal task.  
When curtain closes no one will ask,  
'Did you work overtime? '  
But it will be a crime  
If you can't proudly write a loving letter  
Saying, 'I left the world a little better.'

Gregory Huyette

# I'M Rich

As I sit here and think of what I'm worth,  
I realize I'm the richest person on earth.  
I have a wonderful spouse who loves me  
And loving children that we often see.

Our gorgeous grandchildren keep us young  
Through their joy we've found we're among  
The ones learning from the wisdom they show  
By their questions and intense desire to know.

My very good mental and physical health  
Are additional assets to my abundant wealth.  
New days are invaluable gifts that must be  
Efforts to better a world so good to me.

Relatives and friends are key parts of my life.  
I live in a beautiful home with my lovely wife.  
The rest are things I may want but don't need  
Since I'm now the richest of this human breed.

Gregory Huyette

# I'M So Lucky

I'm not hungry or afraid and I can be me  
Since I live in a country where all are free.  
The cost of this freedom has always been why  
Independence has depended on many who die...

□

Who die in defense of inalienable rights  
So all may sleep soundly through peaceful nights.  
I can complain about things I think are wrong  
With no worry that police will be coming along.

Costs of living in America are increasingly high,  
But in other places costs of living will make you cry.  
By speaking your mind you pay with sweat and blood.  
Your cardboard shack disappears in torrents of mud.

Never enough food to eat or fresh water to drink;  
Rotting remains engorge air with an insufferable stink.  
So little chance to learn and improve a meager life  
As the battle to keep alive loses to poverty's strife.

Luckily, this isn't my world but often I act as if it were  
Attending to insignificants in a country rich and sure.  
I must always remember... and remember with pride  
That things uniting us far outnumber those that divide.

Gregory Huyette

# Imagine

Imagine information in the palm of your hand.  
Imagine the knowledge of a library at your command.  
Imagine all books written just a touch away.  
Imagine all media at your finger tip each day.  
Imagine a device that causes a mental revolution.  
Imagine how it calculates with instant execution.

Imagine a discovery rivaling all human means.  
Imagine its place in the mapping of genes.  
Imagine where this miracle will take mankind.  
Imagine unimaginables there still are to find.  
Imagine love ruling the world some day.  
Imagine how mankind could then find its lost way.

Gregory Huyette

# Impoverished Dignity

I seek but a dash of water to quench my horrible thirst.  
I scour dumps for scraps as my children's stomachs burst.  
I have so many enemies like angry ground and skies.  
I know not why I'm chosen the one that they despise.

In less than a minute my country is destroyed.  
Sickening sights of dead and dying, I'm unable to avoid.  
My people came to this land to escape becoming slaves.  
For many now their escapes will be at best mass graves.

I was born with nothing and grew up with pain and death.  
Now it's so much harder to sustain each belabored breath.  
All I ask is that dash of water to keep my babies alive...  
And a few grains of rice so that they can survive.

I have not asked for much, but even then I've been denied.  
I hope my young will seek more and not be too satisfied.  
Ground and sky, be friend or foe, will always fill the days.  
Though tragic, I seek a chance to dignify impoverished ways.

Gregory Huyette



# In Charge Of My Attitude

There aren't many things I'm responsible for,  
But I'm in charge of my attitude right to the core.  
At times bad things happen and good things don't,  
But letting them make me unhappy; well I just won't!

I look at the things that I do have like health and love  
And I'm thankful that my gracious Maker from above  
Gave me this chance to live, so how could I be so rude  
As to damage this precious gift of life with a bad attitude.

Gregory Huyette

# In The Garden

Hummingbirds dance from sip to sip  
While a column of ants continues it's trip.  
Each breath of breeze seizes some leaves  
As trees bow and stretch their sleeves.  
Dandelions with crowns abound on the hill  
Spewing gold and parachutes at will.  
That snail is slow, as would be the mouse,  
If on his back he carried his house.  
After a morning rinse freshens the ground,  
Doves shuffle for a snack in each grassy mound.  
A peach drops then saunters to rest,  
Alerting a squirrel on his unending quest.  
Myriad blue pedals waving in the breeze  
Owe their existence to armies of bees  
Who tirelessly toil from dawn to twilight,  
Giving and taking from each flower in sight.  
A tide of honeysuckle charges up the hill,  
Perfuming the air while conquering at will.  
Pines stab the earth with spidering roots,  
Straining toward heaven with branching shoots.  
Motionless lizards spend every day  
Eyeing oblivious menus passing their way.  
Finches lunch on exploding bottlebrush  
And test rosemary as it becomes lush.  
Feeder and fountain form a smorgasbord  
For bantering birds that come by the hoard.  
Each birdhouse welcomes a screeching brood,  
Challenging parents while they scavenge food.  
As regal as ever with their stately poses,  
All occupants pay homage to splendiferous roses.  
An Oz-like stairway snakes toward the sky,  
Offering new views from each railroad tie.  
With their beauty forget not wisteria and palms,  
Ah..... listen to the garden as it renders its psalms.

Gregory Huyette

# Insecurity Insecurity

Insecurity, insecurity you won't guide my life  
As a dominating husband or ever nagging wife.  
As my child I'll not allow you to rudely interfere,  
Reversing my role as parent hoping you'll stay near.

Nor will you serve as a parent, who can't leave me alone,  
Making me wistful of my past and unsure of what I own.  
Whether sister, brother or other, no one else will defame  
My worth and sense of self for which only I lay claim.

Insecurity, insecurity the more I know myself the less you rule.  
Seeing what is possible means you won't make me your fool.  
Only when I see my value through the mirror of my mind  
Will I know of what I'm sure with its future that I'll find.

Gregory Huyette

# Insecurity's Chant

It's not possible; things are tough.  
I'm not able, not good enough.  
My weight's not right and shape's a fright.  
Each who passes scorns my sight.  
There's no time; the risk's too great.  
I've missed my chance. It's now too late.  
I'm so young and the world's too cold.  
Things pass fast; now I'm just old.

On and on drones this grim chant.  
But to those who don't know they can't...

Things are tough so I'll work smart.  
When others stop, that's when I'll start.  
That's what I want so here I go.  
It's not my age, but what I know.

I'm good and sure of what I've got.  
Forget the world that says I'm not.  
The famous glass that needs its fill,  
Half empty no more. I can. I will!

Gregory Huyette

# Inspiration

If inner inkling ignites image, intelligent ideals indelibly inaugurate it.  
Imagine involvement improving immobile, inequitable inefficiencies.

Insufferable, inconsequential instances invite indifference in individuals.  
Inversely, inspiration is infinite impact initiating improvement immediately.

Gregory Huyette

# Integrity

As if a golden grain of sand  
That is lost to the hand,  
When integrity is gone forever,  
It severs a chance to extol  
The state of being whole.

□

Then perfection's fate  
Is no longer open to debate,  
Since the tragic selection  
Is integrity's imperfection. □  
Protect every precious grain

With principles that reign  
And guide the astute  
Who know that integrity is not  
Relative, but always absolute  
Nothing less than  
The very essence of petrescence.

Gregory Huyette

## Interludes

Lives end so that others begin.  
Far from sorrow death's a win.  
The flower wilts and spreads its seeds  
To fulfill next season's needs.

Oaks live years, but then pass,  
Leaving acorns in the grass.  
All species enjoy their glance  
Toward future generation's dance.

Each interlude, though brief, inspires  
Further knowledge and desires.  
To search for earth's greatest find;  
Long lasting peace for all mankind.

Gregory Huyette

## Is You Is Or Is You Ain'T?

When Washington crossed the Delaware  
His dear grand mummy made him swear  
To beat those redcoats without restraint.  
She said "Is you is or is you ain't? "

Now George kinda worried 'bout the things he'd done.  
There were all those bloody battles that he'd won.  
He hadn't always been exactly a saint  
But then there was "Is you is or is you? "

So off he rode into the heat of battle.  
Suddenly a cannon ball yanked him from his saddle.  
he felt the bump on his head he wanted to faint,  
He couldn't cause there was "Is you is or is you ain't? "

When

Now as the war was turning in favor of George,  
He met an old enemy from Valley Forge.  
He rode up to him and without restraint,  
Said, "Was you is...but now you ain't! "

Gregory Huyette



# Issues

For all, issues arise every day in every shape and size.

You must deal with all of them in ways that are wise.

For some you are glad while others make you mad.

Lucky for you, but a few, are in themselves, truly sad.

□

Worst of all are issues that you alone cause to be bad.

Before your presence there was no problem to be had.

□

Love, family and health are key issues of each day,

Though issues of money and power hinder your way.

If not addressed these infections will spread and may

Kill the love you have and result in a life of dismay.

Gregory Huyette

# It's Just A Car

Metal crown, a rubber throne with plastic in between.  
So regal is its status that all worship this machine.  
There's no chance to work or play and sleep is stressed at best.  
Without this master there's little way you'll ever leave your nest.

The only chance to conquer this friend and foe alike  
Is to change unneeded ways before disasters strike.  
Home is no doubt the palace, but too often second place  
Since the machine, the phallus, penetrates all other space.

Remember before your next journey takes you very far,  
Though the challenge is hard, you're in charge. It's just a car!

Gregory Huyette

# It's Time To Go

The final stretch, the fourth turn,  
Riggings creek, but I still yearn  
To move as sure and react as fast;  
My thoughts are present, but body past.

Organs grind as does each bone

And every day I'm more alone.

Pain has become my bed partner,

Screaming louder each time I stir.

Strained sight is on the wane,

But I still see my limbs and every vein.

My countenance will let me know

That moment when it's time to go.

Gregory Huyette

# January

A time to review, a time to renew;  
A time to bid farewell to last year's amassed.  
A time to survey opportunity's view.  
A time for the present before it's the past.

A brand new year for joys and sorrows,  
Most of which will be of our own making.  
Don't miss the todays while planning tomorrows  
Since right now is here for the taking.

Snowy driveways and football chats  
Dot this month of ice and snow.  
Old Man Winter attacks thermostats  
As sledding kids know where to go.

This new month is what you make it.  
It can be freezing cold and very stark...  
Or full of warmth if you don't forsake it,  
But recommit to love as you embark.

Gregory Huyette

# January Once More

Last year has come and gone.  
Now a blanket covers a once green lawn.  
A prime time for New Year's resolutions  
Though most will be brief in executions.

Seems like only yesterday  
When the last January made its way.  
Now another appears for a short stay  
Before eleven months are blown away.

In spite of all the cold and snow,  
Enjoy this time no matter where you go.  
Delight in the joys of January  
Since like all things in life, it's temporary.

□

Gregory Huyette

# Jealousy

Jealousy is such a self-defeating emotion,  
Like trying to swim the ocean,  
Or change the course of a clock's motion.  
All it does is infest its hosts,  
Who feel inferior to all or most,  
Until they find those they can control  
And thus steal a superior role.  
Thoughts and actions they then own  
While dominating another lonely drown.  
Unfortunately the jealous never see  
The rest of the world who always flee  
Their self deprecating chagrin blaming  
Others for the maudlin state they're in.

Gregory Huyette

# July

I can't believe it's already you, July.  
Half the year has now passed me by.  
A moment ago it was New Year's Day  
With fresh resolutions to pave my way.

My chagrin is rescued by wondrous July  
As gorgeous fireworks light up the sky.  
This freedom that I assume is owed  
Was purchased by many a bloody road.

□

Though air is sultry and mosquitoes bold,  
I prefer you, July, to the winter's cold.

□

Gregory Huyette

# June

Grilled hot dogs and burgers are the gods of June,  
Downed with chips and soda under a silvery moon.  
Then there's a story accompanied by a favorite ballad  
Spiced up with some slaw and mom's potato salad.

Trees and flowers explode in a cascade of tones.  
Clouds hail the heavens as they rise from thrones.  
Ponds are reborn from life within and on their shore.  
Fish, fowl & frog feed and breed in peace once more.

Weddings abound in this month of joy.  
It's the start of freedom for every girl and boy.  
Friends and fun need to be the words of each day  
As Gemini declares the year is nearing half way.

Gregory Huyette



# June Twenty Eighth

Sunrays are brighter; clouds much whiter.  
Nature's creatures celebrate.  
Today I vowed to delight her,  
As her lucky, honored, eternal mate.

□

On the calendar it's the only date I see  
That has given life more meaning than ever.  
Even during moments when we don't agree,  
It's a union that nothing can sever.

June 28th stands for our happiness and love  
During each and every day of the year.  
As we honor each other, someone above  
Will ensure we have nothing to fear.

Gregory Huyette

# Katrina, Katrina

Katrina, Katrina we felt your winds blow,  
With no idea how your waters would flow.  
Now we stand in cities forever downed,  
Amid homes and bodies forever drowned.

The stench of destruction so many have shared;  
A tragic price from politicians ill prepared.  
Hopefully, this time the lesson is learned,  
And won't be misguided by those unconcerned.

Costs of prevention are the only way, since  
Costs of cure are more than money can pay.

Gregory Huyette

# Last Quarter

I'm in the last quarter, but am i sad? ☐  
You bet i'm not because i've had  
A lot of ups and just a few downs,  
Mostly smiles and occasionally frowns.

If i had to do it over again,  
Would i carefully think and better plan?  
Maybe i would, but i still couldn't know  
Which curve balls life might throw.

For me the last quarter's just like the first.  
It's the present i love and the future i thirst.  
And the past is just that for me.  
It taught me a lot, but it's a memory.

In this last quarter i have no sorrow.  
I treasure today and can't wait for tomorrow.  
Then when time passes this quarter i'm in,  
I'll rest in peace knowing love did win!

Gregory Huyette

# Laugh

If you can't laugh at yourself a lot,  
You're not enjoying the life you've got.  
The greatest source of humor on earth  
Has followed you all around since birth.

Into your mirror laugh or at least smile  
And be happy for at least a while.  
A good laugh will slow that clock down;  
Just as it speeds up with every frown.

Laugh at things that make you sad.  
You'll find out they really aren't so bad.

Gregory Huyette

# Laugh Please!

I BESEECH YOU TO LAUGH.  
DON'T LIVE LIFE'S LOWER HALF.  
LEARN FROM EACH AND EVERY GAFF.  
ENJOY LIFE AT FULL STAFF.  
IT'S ALL POSSIBLE WHEN YOU LAUGH.

WHEN YOU LAUGH YOUR PROBLEMS MELT.  
MATTER NOT HOW BAD YOU FELT.

PROBLEMS ABOUND AND ALWAYS WILL.  
SOLVE SOME AND TOLERATE SOME STILL.  
TAKE TIME TO LAUGH...

Gregory Huyette

# Learning

The more you know about something,  
The more you know what you don't know  
And the more you want to know more.

Gregory Huyette

# Lenses

Straining through spectacles, it's usually difficult to see  
Where subordinate clauses and dangling participles might be.

Armed with contact lenses: one distance, the other for reading  
Overcomes a family tree's seeming lack of visual breeding.

There's the surgeon's knife with its magical, momentary slice  
That restores an optical world like those of sugar and spice.

Whether operation or not, the most precious lenses one finds  
Are those that never suffer the distortions of tormented minds.

□

Gregory Huyette

# Lest We Forget

As earth roars beneath our feet there's no place to hide.  
Buildings fly and people cry with death on every side.  
Dust and rubble now smother everything we see,  
Though once again we refuse to be slaves of tragedy.

Nature stole our buildings; it can never take our pride.  
Sights, sounds and smells choke senses on every side.  
Too long a people subject to every unjust indiscretion;  
Help us raise our heads...each a proud, renewed Haitian.

Rich neighbors thrive only a few miles away,  
But for us time seems to have held centuries at bay.  
Even before this rumbling tore our country apart,  
Scourges of thirst and hunger left many a heavy heart.

To lift our spirits as we have done often before,  
Mid this maudlin mirage where we'll never really be poor,  
We sing and we chant knowing God will help us carry on.  
We thank him for what's given, not what lament what is gone.

Gregory Huyette



# Life

MID A HOARD OF PARADOXES INDEED,  
ENTWINED IN A SERIES OF CONTRADICTIONS,  
BE CAREFUL TO TAKE UTMOST HEED.  
AVOID ONE OF LIFE'S GREAT AFFLICTIONS.

NEVER NURTURE IMAGES OF SIMPLICITY'S LIE.  
DON'T BATTLE CONTRADICTIONS THAT ARE REAL.  
ESPOUSE THE CHANCE TO UNDERSTAND WHY  
OR ACCEPT THEM ON FAITH AND WITH ZEAL.

PEOPLE AREN'T ALL GOOD NOR ARE THEY ALL BAD;  
AS THE SUN THAT GIVES LIFE AND TAKES IT AWAY.  
DON'T LET PARADOXES OR CONTRADITIONS BE SAD.  
THEN HAPPINESS WILL RULE YOUR DAY.

BUT IF YOU DRINK FROM THE CUP OF SIMPLICITY,  
REFUSING TO ACCEPT LIFE'S CONTRADICTIONS,  
MOST SURELY YOU'LL BE ANGRY, SAD AND LONLEY,  
PARADOXICALLY ONE OF LIFE'S GREAT AFFLICTIONS.

Gregory Huyette

# Life Style

As mail brings new bills to pay,  
How much more will I need?  
This sinking feeling rapes my day;  
A dank, dark cloud indeed.

I spend more than I make  
No matter how I've planned.  
With this life style, each move I take  
Sinks deeper in quicksand.

Where I live and what I drive  
Are images I have to show.  
They're testimony that I thrive  
Near the precipice, I know.

The solution is make more, spend less,  
But I won't change life style.  
With every bill I can't address  
Facing reality in a while.

I keep worrying, though keep spending  
So this life style can live on.  
There's no thought as to its ending,  
Or what I'll do when it's gone.

Gregory Huyette

# Life's A Point Of View

Life offers two poles - two roles.  
One beginning, grinning, winning.  
One refusing, abusing, losing.

Each looks through their scope  
With hope that their vision is right.  
A clear, focused lens views bright.  
One closed results in failing sight.

Some are aware and don't care.  
For most of the rest the test is too great.  
But a rare few do know and dare.  
To those must go unending praise,  
For their days are each born anew.  
Their genius? That right point of view!

Gregory Huyette

# Life's Greener Grass

Life abounds with a multitude of precipitous sides...

Some comfortable passages; other scurrilous rides.

Scenery may be beautiful or vengeful at will.

The treks can be smooth as glass or hiding a spill.

These insidious sides merely offer each one a chance

To languish on life's dance floor or arise and dance.

Love's indelible effect sweeps aside deleterious strife.

Then grass will always be greener on your side of life.

Gregory Huyette

# Listen

I've lived 70 years and what have I learned?  
Keep your mouth shut with ears open and you won't get burned.  
I often talked thoughtlessly instead of listening well.  
All the opportunities that this cost me is hard to tell.

My life would have been broader if I listened to new things said.  
But I was too busy coddling old ideas molding in my head.  
As for friends and colleagues, I offended more than my share.  
With an attitude that my ideas were the only ones that were fair.

So after 70 years there's just one thought I'd like to emphasize...  
During your life learn to listen to others, oh please listen, and you'll become  
wise.

Gregory Huyette

# Live Before Dying

Every sunrise sets  
After a gorgeous day.  
Each flower wilts□  
After its beautiful display.

All animals enjoy their existence  
During a very short stay.  
Sadly man has yet to understand  
What all these others say.

Gregory Huyette

# Live Before You Die

There are those who collect objects instead of human kind  
Like paper, cans and fence posts or anything they find.  
The present's not their bag since the future's their sole aim.  
They only love their stuff, so today's people aren't their game.  
Sadly, they've got it backward since they've died before they live.  
Their damnation is here and now and there's no one to forgive.  
Such thoughtless, selfish peasants choosing objects over mankind.  
The more wealth they seek to garner, the less value will they find.

Gregory Huyette

# Live In The Moment

Listen, feel, love completely;  
Absorb, enjoy oh so sweetly.  
Nothing exists but right now.  
Show the world you know how.

□

Immersed, focused, involved;  
Sad moments will be resolved  
Just as joyous times go fast,  
Sad's shadow will lose its cast.

It's but a moment all will live,  
So leave an imprint that will give  
Your signature on the past  
So your moments now will last.

□

Gregory Huyette



# Live In The Past

For those who are destined to live in the past  
Each 'What could have been? ' is amassed  
To a degree where no other timeframe can last.

'If onlys' overshadow the present so that today  
Is doubted, then cursed; finally withering away.  
The resulting void means they'll never have a chance  
To even hope for a future to unfold and advance.

Not an instant or an inch of the past can be changed.  
This is why it's sad for lives the past has rearranged.  
For these tragic lives it actually can be said  
That with no present or future they're virtually dead.

Gregory Huyette

# Living Dead

A chance to smile, a chance for fun  
Lost by anyone  
Who misses the train as it pulls away  
For a better time, a better day.

These living dead do breathe and move,  
But spirit and soul long ago died.  
They labor and languish tryng to prove  
That their living death is justified.

In place of joy and hope in their life,  
They worship wealth and power.  
They died for these monsters of strife,  
Which consume their every hour.

Gregory Huyette

# Loneliness

You're seldom alone if you like who you are;  
Seldom among friends with self image ajar.  
If you don't like that face in the mirror,  
One from afar draws a little bit nearer.  
Until a strange face finally sits in your place,  
Peering and sneering at you in disgrace.

As strange worlds surround, you're easily lost  
So capture your world no matter the cost.  
The price if you don't will be loss of esteem.  
Not from others, but from your very own dream.

No other can decide your level of bliss  
So never, ever delegate this.  
Partake of the world, but remember that only  
You alone decide that alone you're not lonely.

Gregory Huyette

# Lonely Rock

That lonely rock just looks at me.  
How sad it has no destiny.□  
It lies there amid that dirt, □  
While out the door each day I spirt, □  
Into traffic, trouble... tears  
As hours dissolve into years.□  
I fight and fume and formulate.  
Alas, at times who'd hesitate  
To run away from flock and clock, □  
And nestle by that lonely rock! □  
□

Gregory Huyette

# Love

Love, what can I say?  
You're my life, my way.  
When I fail you're there  
To sooth and care.

When I'm in doubt  
You're there to shout  
That I must avoid  
Those I annoyed  
When I did excel,  
Or in trying, fell.

Since I feel you each day,  
No doubt I must repay  
Your feeling of tranquility  
That love, you'll always be.

Gregory Huyette

# Love Lost

You are gone, but still here.  
Far away though so near.  
We talk without heart.  
When did this chasm start?

Air is thick every day.  
We seem in the way.  
We're hurt beyond repair.  
For neither is it fair

To live another moment sad,  
Denying things are so bad.  
Lonely together true.

There's nothing else to do  
But let this failure go.  
Then once more try to grow

A union that won't break  
Without the same mistake  
Of letting things fall apart

Until that chasm can start.  
For both our sakes, no more tears.  
Let's smile and live future years.

Gregory Huyette

# Love Yourself

LOVE STARTS WITH YOU AND HAS NO END.  
IT BEGINS WHEN YOU LOVE YOUR LIFE'S BEST FRIEND.  
LOOK IN THE MIRROR AND WHO DO YOU SEE?  
HOPEFULLY, YOU'LL SMILE AND WINK PROUDLY.  
YOU AND YOUR EGO WILL BE SO MUCH NEARER  
WHEN YOU LOVE THAT SMILING FACE IN THE MIRROR.

IF YOU CAN'T SAY "I LOVE MYSELF HUMBLY, "  
THEN YOU CAN'T LOVE OTHERS GENUINELY.  
SELF LOVE ISN'T SELFISH NOR IS IT VAIN.  
SELF LOVE IS THE FOUNDATION WHICH WILL SUSTAIN  
OUR SELFLESS FEELINGS FOR OUR FELLOW MAN  
TO HELP THROUGH OUR LIFE AS BEST WE CAN.

WHAT DO CLOUDS FEEL IF YOU HAVE'NT FLOWN?  
YOU CAN'T REFLECT LOVE IF YOU CAN'T FEEL YOUR OWN.  
YOU CAN'T ENJOY THAT BOOK ON THE LIBRARY SHELF,  
IF YOU'VE NEVER LEARNED TO READ YOURSELF.  
NOR CAN YOU APPRECIATE A FOREIGN TONGUE  
WITHOUT LEARNING WORDS FROM ITS VERY FIRST RUNG.

HEARING BUT NOT KNOWING A WORD. SO IT IS WITH LOVE.  
AVOID ABANDONING IT WITH AN EMOTIONAL SHOVE.  
FIRST LEARN WHAT IT IS; UNDERSTAND HOW TO USE IT...  
START WITH YOURSELF AND NO ONE ELSE WILL LOSE IT.

Gregory Huyette

# Love, Love, Love

LOVE, LOVE, LOVE!

WHAT MORE IS THERE TO SAY.

IT'S BEEN SAID A TRILLION TIMES,

BOTH HERE AND FAR AWAY.

SINCE MAN'S FIRST CHANCE

TO BREATHE A BREATH.

LOVE'S BEEN TRIED AND TRUE.

IN EVERYPLACE THERE IS ON EARTH,

IN EVERY LANGUAGE TOO.

HERE'S ONE MORE CHANCE

IN ONE MORE PLACE

IN WORDS MEANT JUST FOR YOU.

OH MY DARLING! IN EVERY WAY

I GIVE MY LOVE TO YOU.

Gregory Huyette



# Lovers Are Dreamers

Do dreams stay awhile or are they as morning dew?  
Can they endure like the sky's eternal blue?  
It depends on the dream and the dreamer's heart.  
As true lovers know, each day their dreams start.  
Alas, time does pass, but dreams true lovers own;  
Most are smiles, a few tears, but never alone.  
Each a dream for the other; that's what life is for.  
Lovers, keep on dreaming... it's romance evermore.

Gregory Huyette

## Love's Cure

Verbal spears birth memorable tears as  
Thoughtless comments engender fears.  
Anger's aftermath may be sorrow,  
But its wounds traverse many a morrow.

Though such injuries heal they often scar,  
Leaving pain and doubts as to who we are.  
An injured spirit after such a serious shove  
More than ever is in need of sensitive love.

Gregory Huyette

# Love's Message

&quot;I LOVE YOU&quot; HAS THREE SEPARATE PARTS

THAT TAKEN TOGETHER WILL BIND LOVING HEARTS.

IF ONE PART IS MISSING, THERE'S NO LOVE AT ALL.

SO OUT-OF-LOVE IS THE SAD AND EVENTUAL FALL.

THE &quot;I&quot; FIRST MUST KNOW AND LOVE ITSELF FOR SURE.

ONLY THEN CAN IT GIVE SELFLESS &quot;LOVE&quot; THAT IS PURE.

THE &quot;YOU&quot; CHOSEN WITH NO RESTRAINT OR COMPLAINTS

IS &quot;I LOVE YOU, &quot; A MESSAGE FROM GOD AND THE SAINTS.

Gregory Huyette

# Luck

Luck visited one day;  
Winked and smiled at me.  
Things began to go my way.  
As I could plainly see.

I met someone by chance,  
Who sought a better life.  
Now together we advance  
Forever man and wife.

Once again luck appeared,  
This time without a smile,  
As workplace disappeared;  
Now time to think awhile.

Now time to think that luck  
Wears a keen disguise,  
And really only visits  
Per direction from the skies.

Gregory Huyette

# Lucky Me

I've always felt the hand I was dealt was more than fair,  
Especially as I sit here and stare  
At my homeland, the richest country on earth.  
Then I remember parents who appreciated my worth.  
They encouraged me to strive for ever new heights  
While always discriminating the wrongs from the rights.

Ah yes, no doubt I was dealt a royal flush hand;  
A hole-in-one, grand slam I couldn't have planned.  
At the heart of it all is monumental love's feeling  
That convinces me that life truly has no ceiling.  
Happiness is for the taking; it's right over there.  
Lucky me...my dealt hand is so much more than fair!

Gregory Huyette

# Madoff

"A Liar, A Cheat, A Thief" his epitaph will no doubt read.

He made off with many dreams in his convulsions of greed.

Not caring for his victims, he squandered their treasures;

What he made off them never satiated his lust for pleasures.

The sadness of such a sick man's need to only take and receive...

He made off with their faith; the consummate reason to grieve.

Gregory Huyette

# Make A Difference

Make a difference today.  
Help someone find their way.

You may listen intently  
Or hold a hand so gently.  
Care about their needs and fears;   
Really care and share their tears.  
Be there when they cry in pain.  
Tell them all is not in vain.

If they sink into despair,  
Talk of sun that will be there.  
Show them love as if sunrays;  
Have faith and hope for better days.

Let them know they're not alone.  
See the difference you will own.

Gregory Huyette

# Man And The Chicken

Life is a chicken coop and we are the birds.  
We do a lot of good, but the droppings are our words.  
If properly managed, they should cause no stress,  
But they often cause infection which is a real mess.  
Once dropped, they can't be undropped whether good or bad.  
Good ones fertilize relationships; the others leave people sad.

Indeed, we're often behind the chicken  
When it comes to think before you speak.  
Some may lay an egg or two,  
But each knows how to shut its beak.

Gregory Huyette



# March

This wintery season has come, but not yet gone,  
Though as like Caesar it's time will soon move on.  
With St. Patrick's followers as dedicated guides,  
Fun can be had by all who celebrate these famous Ides.

Whether friend or foe or upper or lower class,  
Invest moments well for each never again will pass.  
Happiness or sadness is a decision you yourself make.  
Your mark on this month depends on the road you take.

Gregory Huyette

# May

May oh May what's there to say?  
You form flowers that drape each day.  
Assertive times for plant and creature...  
Each day paints another feature.

Bird and mammal with annual brood  
Forage forest and field for food.  
Green, not brown, now shade of choice;  
Outside sound again a festive voice.

More smiles than tears adore skies  
As yellow rays evoke spring sighs.  
Well May oh May, what's there to say?  
The year's resplendent from your sway.

Gregory Huyette

# Melancholy Math Of Life

First quarter is filled with doubts and fears.  
Second quarter is infected with jabs and jeers.

Third quarter recoups these wasted years.  
Last quarter reminisces lost smiles and cheers.

Gregory Huyette

## Middle Class Chagrin

I sigh as I wonder why things are as they are.  
Our leaders' vague ideas spring from afar.  
I listen to them and they seem not to care  
About people like me and things that are fair.

They have wealth and yearn for more power  
While I labor all day and hope to enjoy an hour.  
I try to be happy although each day I find  
That in spite of my intentions I'm falling behind.

As I fall farther behind it is destroying my pride.  
I believe more than ever no one is at my side.  
What hope is there if these leaders don't care  
That people like me have less America to share?

Gregory Huyette

# Mind, Heart, Body

When we met your body was the major attraction.  
All my senses craved physical satisfaction.  
Your eyes were penetrating and lips divine.  
Your gestures were impressive on a frame so fine.  
I longed to touch you, but that's when I went wrong.  
I needed touch your mind, but I started too strong.  
I was selfish and interested only in my own desire,  
Not caring about knowing you or what you require.  
As a result I had no hope from the very start...  
Without knowing you, there wasn't a way to your heart.  
Too late I know that it's first mind, heart... then body;  
Not actions of a loser in love so selfish and shoddy.

Gregory Huyette

# Miracle Of Mistakes

For each adult who now stands tall,  
How many times a baby's fall?  
The eloquence for which we reach,  
Bought by a child's stammered speech.  
So not to err is not to walk,  
And no mistakes would mean no talk.

Look deep in self for what it takes.  
There's no reward without mistakes.  
To improve means being wrong  
To find that place where you belong.

Upon arrival wisdom's clear.  
Mistakes have helped bring each one here.  
For to learn is to fall,  
Then rise again and give it all.

Each time that doubt interferes,  
View the start of all your years.  
Walks and talks could not take place  
Unless mistakes helped carve their space.  
From baby's wisdom do confess.  
With no mistakes there's no progress.

Gregory Huyette

# Moderation

WHY DO I DO IT? WHY CAN'T I QUIT?

□

CONSCIENCE AND REASON DON'T SEEM TO FIT.

WHETHER FOOD, MONEY OR EVEN WORSE,

EXCESS IS MY FORTUNE, MY FATE, MY CURSE.

I JUST NEED TO SAY "NO" WITH MY WILL.

I TAKE CONTROL OF MYSELF; THEN FULFILL

MY DUTY WHENEVER TEMPTATION PRESENTS.

AVOID THE EXTREMES; DO WHAT MAKE SENSE.

Gregory Huyette

# Mommio

When I was a child, you showed me a meadow of flowers.  
You told me their names and we stayed there for hours.  
Buttercups glistened as they drank the sun's rays  
Amongst bluebells that glowed in their majestic ways.

I played in the meadow, but loved holding your hand.  
You taught me about life and helped me understand  
That love, like these flowers, though silent, can voice  
A splendiferous message when it's my choice,  
To express love with actions like forgive and forget;  
To greet all with a smile and be glad that we've met;  
To lead a colorful, bountiful life and have fun,  
Praising the heavens as do flowers the sun.

This selfless love that you've forever shown me  
Has opened my eyes so that I'll always see  
The softness that buttercups and bluebells display  
With their colors and scents that can lighten life's way.  
Thank you, dearest mother, for your hand from the start.  
Though flowers will fade, your love lives deep in my heart.

Gregory Huyette



# Monday

Monday is one day I maybe could do without.

Has a lot to do with the long work week no doubt.

All the problems I left at the office last week

Are still on my desk and oh how they reek.

Between phone messages and emails it's a disaster.

No matter how fast I resolve them they grow even faster.

One client is so angry he is going to sue me.

I lost money on him and didn't know even he knew me.

My secretary went home sick and I have a hunch

That more can go wrong and it's still before lunch.

Well, though it's Monday and still not a fun day,

I'll make it a smiler since fun depends on my say.

Gregory Huyette

# Monday Then Sunday

It's Monday, then Sunday in front of my eyes.  
It seems like the calendar's telling me lies.  
Before I can live Tuesday, the weekend is here  
With another Monday drawing ever so near.

Soon it's Wednesday, then Friday. Another week's gone.  
Then a month falls in battle as time surges on.  
This is a war that I know I can't win,  
So I'll just pause and not fight this moment I'm in.

□

I'll make the most of this day through happiness or sorrow,  
Since the next day ... one day ... I won't have a tomorrow.  
No matter Sunday, Monday or what day of the week,  
A loving, full fun day is all that I seek.

Gregory Huyette

# Money And Success

How much money will be needed  
For you to think you've succeeded?  
A million, two, three or four?  
Or does that still leave you feeling poor?  
What'll you do to gain that wealth?  
Be open, honest or use stealth?  
And what'll you give for this take?  
Family, friends, birthday cake?

Think hard and long. It's only once around.  
So be sure you don't end up unfound.  
Unfound by self and those dear.  
You and your funds won't long be here.

While you toil to make your mark,  
In life's flight please disembark  
To stop and question what you've been told?  
Your real assets spring not from gold.

□

Think first of love, joy and friends.  
Then when your sojourn finally ends,  
Success will be your guarantee  
Whatever money there may be!

Gregory Huyette

# Mortality

Without an end, there's no beginning,  
Like failing to start denies winning.  
Mortality forges a perspective  
On the electives one must face.

The pace of life quickens each day,  
Providing ways to grow wise,  
Knowing that the skies will fade  
To twilight's shade and soothing night.

This darkness nurtures dawn on earth  
As passing leads to eternity and rebirth.

Gregory Huyette

# Mountains

Gazing at mountains  
I can't help but wonder...  
Are they of heaven's artist  
Or just nature's blunder?

They rupture earth  
While piercing sky.  
As breezes whistle  
Through their peaks  
I can hear them sigh.

These gentle monsters  
No doubt are designed  
To engender peace  
And magnificence  
For all mankind.

Gregory Huyette

# Mountains Speak

I peer at mountains and they speak to me.  
They claim dominion over all that they see.  
They serve as foundation and nectar for trees  
That in turn are havens for birds and bees.

Then nourishing fauna and gorgeous flowers  
Can offer a creation with limitless powers.  
On their walls forests of foliage are amassed  
Giving precious oxygen consumed just as fast.

More than ever mountains have something to say,  
I hear them screaming,

“Treat us better or dearly pay.”

□

Gregory Huyette

# Moving On

My fate can be no crueler,  
Now that yesterday's my ruler:  
All due to long past pain  
That each day enslaves my brain.

If I did more things right.  
If others had more insight.  
With times different than they were,  
Pain today would not occur.

That tragedy is set in stone.  
It hangs around my neck alone.  
If only something else were said,  
This heavy weight might be my bread.

All that happened was my fault.  
I had a chance to call a halt  
When wounds and wails weren't so bad.  
Now maudlin memories drive me mad.

Or was it all just happenstance  
That holds me prisoner in a trance?  
If this be true, then I fell  
To gutters, goblins my self-made hell.

At times I stop and wonder.  
Would my life still go asunder  
If I put the past behind  
And looked to see what I could find  
In today's rewards and cheers,  
The offspring of sad yesteryears?

Until my ruling past is gone,  
I won't have courage to move on.

Gregory Huyette

# My 21 Minutes

TWO MILLION YEARS MAN'S BEEN ON EARTH.

SO HOW CAN I KNOW MY LIFE'S REAL WORTH?

MAN'S EXISTENCE IN TERMS OF ONLY A YEAR

MEANS THAT I HAVE BUT 21 MINUTES HERE.

MOMENTS TO LOVE, LOATHE, LAUGH, LAMENT...

THEN I'VE PASSED BY; MY TIME HAS BEEN SPENT.

SO EVERY ENCOUNTER IS A PRICELESS PHASE

FOR EACH SECOND THAT TICKS IS 23 DAYS.

OH, IN HOW MANY WAYS CAN IT BE MORE CLEAR

THAT MY 21 MINUTES ARE PRECIOUS AND DEAR.

Gregory Huyette



# My Brown Eyed Beauty

My Brown Eyed Beauty what's there to say?

You're "The Best", "The Most" in every way!

There are no words in any nomenclature

That can describe how you have beaten nature.

Every year you are more gorgeous than before.

Every year I'm so thankful and love you more.

Forever is not a long enough time span;

I need more time to be your grateful man.

Here's to another grand year you awesome beauty!

I still can't believe God has given you to me!

Gregory Huyette

# My Bucket List

There are but a few things that exist  
Which merit inclusion on my bucket list.  
Not included are riches or power  
Nor visiting the Pyramids or Eiffel Tower.

I pray I can leave the world a better place  
So that mine will not have been wasted space.  
To laugh, love and listen is each a life go  
So my List is complete and existence whole.

Gregory Huyette

# My Darling

There are two kinds of people inhabiting this earth.  
Most are valuable; a few have immense worth.  
It's not in terms of money, but so much more.  
They may have riches or be among poor.

They are truly diamonds of another kind.  
Just as gems they're rare and so hard to find.  
Like diamonds these few cast a brilliant glow.  
Even more they spread kindness wherever they go.

My darling, you are truly one of these very few...  
You're brilliant, kind and sensitive.  
I'm so honored to be with you!

Gregory Huyette

# My Favorite Colors

Blue is my favorite color drawn from the seas and skies.

It beautifies my mother's and two of my daughter's eyes.

It also imbues the flag of my country where freedom is dear.

That's why when I feel blue, I know happiness must be near.

Red is a close second and I'll always remember why.

As a child I loved fire engines and the Monarch butterfly.

For me the lovely, regal rose created this exquisite color.

Many shades exist, but it's hard to focus on any other.

Yellow is another color that has always caught my eye.

It explodes from the morning sun; then paints the sunset sky.

I wonder if, in fact, my favorite color might be yellow.

It reminds me of all that is good, positive and mellow.

Green, the color of life, emboldens the countryside.

Eyes of another daughter sparkle this color far and wide.

Though the color of money, it's more important for me

That it signifies "proceed" toward opportunity.

Brown graces the eyes of my son and wonderful wife.

Before I met my partner, brown didn't mean much in my life.

Because of her, this color is the most radiant of all.

Her big brown eyes and gentle sighs are why love came to call.

Gregory Huyette

# My Mother And My Cancer

My mother always told me that without health, you have naught.  
Now I find myself in a place I'm truly caught.  
Cancer ate one of my kidneys and my bladder's a sorry sight.  
Expert doctors are working hard, but disagreeing what is right.

The one who sliced me open did a great job cutting out the cancer.  
But as for the matter of my inflamed bladder, she really has no answer.  
She suspected an infection and a urine specimen proved it was so;  
Confusing since a specimen to the other doctor had resulted in a "no."

All I know for sure is that the sewed up incision is not what hurts.  
I'm suffering from what has attacked my bladder with the pressure it exerts.  
As I sit down my lower body screams for help with what's the matter.  
My prostate cancer has been usurped by first kidney and now bladder.

Dear mother I have spared you the knowledge of my trauma.  
You've had enough; you've had it tough in your 91 years of being mama.  
Just know that your first born is enjoying a life in the style you taught.  
Love is the way and each day is a gift; life's jewels that can never be bought.

□

Gregory Huyette

# My Nightmare

Government...

Of the Rich

By the Rich

For the Rich

Shall not perish from this earth.

Gregory Huyette

# My Own Worst Enemy

How can I defend  
That I'm my own worst friend?  
Everything that happens badly  
Is because of me sadly.  
I made loved ones afraid  
Till they no longer stayed.  
So I've lost my family.  
Now I sleep with my money.  
And how will I atone?  
Well, I'm living alone.  
And now the real irony...  
I live with my enemy.

Gregory Huyette

# My Problems

I really have no problems except those I have made.

My ego and desires light fires that must be paid...

Paid with lost opportunities and forgotten friends,

All due to my own faults and refusals of amends.

The time I take to blame the world I could well invest,

Solving problems of others to bring out their very best.

In doing so I surely know of what reward I'd be paid...

Resolution of painful problems I myself have made.

Gregory Huyette



# My Seven Virtues

I am the smartest genius there can be,  
So I'll steal all that I see;  
And rape any body at every chance.  
While consuming all I'll advance

To ignite hatred like wildfire,  
And destroy what others own that I desire.  
Then I'll have what I want with no effort at all.  
Who says my Seven Virtues will be my fall?

Gregory Huyette

# My True Friend

There are two kinds of people inhabiting this earth.  
Most are valuable; a few have immense worth.  
It's not in terms of money, but so much more.  
They may have riches or be among poor.

They are truly diamonds of another kind.  
Just as gems they're rare and so hard to find.  
Like diamonds these few cast a brilliant glow.  
Even more they spread kindness wherever they go.

Lenora, you are truly one of these very few...  
You're brilliant, kind and sensitive.  
I'm so honored to know you!

Gregory Huyette

# My Wonderful Wife

'I'm just me.' says she, but there's so much more.  
She's just the one I have been looking for.  
If I traveled the whole world round,  
There's no one better I could have found.

She calls herself 'a gentle soul'.  
Scores of friends attest to her role.  
She hopes no one again breaks her heart.  
Thank God she stold mine from the start.

Those gorgeous eyes and generous smile  
Display an always-positive style.  
She cares and cares and cares a lot...  
And loves and loves with all she's got.

Her tears always a blink away  
Belle her tenderness on display  
For others less fortunate with life.  
How lucky I am that she's my wife.

Everyone's birthday receives her card.  
She always remembers and tries hard  
To give every chance she can  
And thinks of others time and again.

Her faith has been a guiding light  
As she lives her beliefs and will fight  
To help others whenever they appear.  
She's my life. I'm so grateful she's here.

Gregory Huyette

# Nasty Mirror

I look in the mirror and who do I see...  
A strange old man glowering at me.  
His forehead has crashed and mustache faded;  
It can't be me. My mind must be jaded.

This nasty mirror depicts sad, faltering eyes.  
Now I know it's telling me balled-faced lies.  
It portrays the mouth with a sliver of lips.  
The facade of a countenance it shatters and rips.

Well maudlin mirror I'll have you know  
That 'neath this wretched casement ready to go  
There's a sharp mind and a white hot heart  
Recounting countless memories from the start.

As a young lad I was eager to learn.  
Then as a teen first love made my heart burn.  
In my late twenties I exchanged vows  
And started a family with the usual roughs.

My thirties raced as the kids grew even faster.  
School, sports and music they attempted to master.  
As my forties proceeded they struck out on their own,  
Leaving us two to renew our love alone.

Little feet appeared with the cherished grandparent's role.  
Though the cascading fifties started eliciting a toll.  
Health became an issue as bad habits of youth were paid.  
The sixties is when pain and suffering stayed.

Now I'm an old man as evidenced by the cruel mirror.  
Yesterday I was young and now the end seems so much nearer.  
But rather than lament the fact that I soon may be dead,  
I'll smile at the mirror and plan for the fun I know is ahead.

Gregory Huyette

# New Life

Earthly passing is not an end,  
But sadness pervades family and friend,  
Who remember a life well spent  
By one who knew what true Love meant.

When body and soul depart  
The Magnificence of Heaven will start  
As truth and freedom thrive  
In an existence never more alive.

This new life beyond the stars...  
So much better than ours.  
It's where Love reigns supreme  
As God's everlasting theme.

Gregory Huyette

# New Orleans

This landmark is a distressed city  
Near a wretched, yet predictable sea;  
Blown down, then drowned  
By an ocean of enmity.

During man's course of life,  
Such tragedies will lead him astray.  
It's then that government of the people  
Must show its people the way.

A plan is hope in a storm of mistrust  
Which conceals most accessible land.  
With a guide, rebirth is demonstrably near  
When today it's not close at hand.

The cost of prevention is a fraction  
Of the cure that they now must pay.  
Years and untold reactions can't suffice  
For lives lost on this terrible day.

□

Now many are forced into vast expanses  
Where they have no confidence or skill.  
With family broken and only a bus token,  
The present seems an eye calm and still.

At the end of New Orleans' ordeal  
After publicity and memory quit.  
The outcome of this struggle will result  
From what people and governments commit.

Gregory Huyette

## New Year 2001...Ironic!

Two thousand years ago a child was born  
Now two thousand years from then, centuries have been torn  
By wars and hate and lusts of men refusing to be filled

Now two thousand years have been beaten and been killed  
This new millennia can heal wounds of the past  
Only if man looks back and stands aghast

At blood that has flowed from his fellow man  
At sick and poor and the sorrow they withstand  
Only then can the spirit of a child born long ago  
Save the world from hate and help us to know

That through love there is a future free and clear  
Let us not repeat the past in this bright new year!

Gregory Huyette

# New Year's Resolutions

As I face another December,  
It seems like yesterday I vaguely remember  
Those New Year's resolutions I sincerely made,  
Which like morning mist have tended to fade,  
Leaving me with the same indomitable ways  
That have afflicted me for all of my days.

Once again I will endeavor to change,  
Attempting to alter attitude and actions to rearrange  
A life sorely needing to discover a better will and way  
To give loving, productive meaning to every day.

Gregory Huyette



# Ninety-Nine Versus One

Ninety-nine and one used to equal 100 percent.  
However, math today is askew and I how resent  
That the one percent controls the ninety-nine  
And seeks to steal their remaining fruit rotting on the vine.

Once ninety nine was ninety-nine times one percent.  
Now that one is 40 times or greater of all the money spent.  
This 100% contains more powerful, greedy rich every day  
As middle class suffers through more poverty and less say.

Many new millionaires and billionaires populate the 100%  
While millions lose their homes and can hardly pay rent.  
Our wealthy political leaders who fashion income tax laws  
Take care that they and theirs are protected in every cause.

"We the people of the United States..." will deteriorate  
To read "We the rich and powerful, how much we rate..."  
Unless common man wakes up from his slumbering nights  
And demands his rightful place in that 100% of his rights!

Gregory Huyette

# Normalcy

A seemingly simple word, this normalcy,  
But what it was, isn't now and will never be.  
Walks to school, unlocked doors no more.  
Plane flights, trusting nights now not as before.

Normalcy, from now on, what will it decree?  
Sadly our children will surely see. As for me,  
Today its meaning is of little use  
Since it now bespeaks of widespread abuse.

□

Gregory Huyette

# November

How can it be November when it seems January has just passed?  
Though it is a special time to be thankful for memories amassed.  
Think of all the good times shared with family and friends.  
Remember that time steals them away so be sure to make amends  
For thoughtless actions and words against these who are dear.

Thank them for the love and kindness which they have kept near.  
Forgive them for their errors and faults by cleansing your mind  
So that good times with family and friends is all there is to find.  
Since happy days or unhappy days are often by one's definition,  
Know you are always in charge of choosing the correct rendition.

If you decide to be happy all will benefit from your style of living  
Since every day in every way you'll wish "Happy Thanksgiving! "

Gregory Huyette

# October

It seems that each day this world is more unscrupulous than sober  
I want to hide behind my Halloween mask in this scary October  
The rich are richer and the middle class knows not what's in store  
Their only certainty is that they will join the class known as poor

The weather's turning cooler and the governments much colder  
The year still has its holidays though much fewer for the older  
Through this maze of uncertainty, confusion and unrest  
All I can do is batten down the hatches, smile and do my best

Gregory Huyette

# Oh Lordy! Now You'Re Forty!

Sweet Erikette, as they say...

'You've reached the big four oh today! ! ! '

As you climb life's great hill

Stress and strain will test your will.

Find strength to forge past rocks and trees.

Forget those aching, shaking knees.

More of your bod now starts to talk

As back, feet... legs seem to squawk.

One way to stem those mid life crises

Is to shop for modern medical devices.

Sadly, there's not much they can implant

When some parts simply scream, 'I can't! '

Though these stubborn parts may utter 'Nope! '

Your young, beautiful life is so full of hope.

A gorgeous family in so many ways

Promises a joyous life that only love conveys.

As well, your positive views and planned dreams

Guarantee a future even better than it now seems.

Gregory Huyette

# On Behalf Of

I speak on behalf  
Of the lost souls  
Who can't laugh,  
For they're like holes  
Who attain but half  
Of their life's goals.

Those who can't cry  
Are worst than the sad  
And I'll tell you why.  
It's because they never had  
A reason to sigh  
From a feeling of glad.

Gregory Huyette

# On Thanksgiving

Be thankful you can open your eyes wide.  
Be thankful for what you see outside.  
Be thankful for green grass and blue sky.  
Be thankful for all those passing by.  
Be thankful for this country so free  
Where each can express opinions peacefully.  
Be thankful on this Thanksgiving Day.  
Repay these gifts in your special way.

Gregory Huyette

# One Season

I look upon the window  
And what do I see;  
A group of shirt sleeved children  
Playing merrily.  
Snow covers posh pink roses,  
Though they seem not to care.□  
Peach blossoms battle autumn's leaves  
As I sit here and stare.  
The tumult is grandiose  
Fourth of July with Yule tree.  
It's confusing, but I understand,  
As I give thanks on brittle bended knee;  
At my ripened age, one season will do for me.

Gregory Huyette



# One Soldier's Ponderings

Here I am defending a place  
I never heard of before.  
Enemies lurk everywhere I see  
In this ever worsening war.

Conflict and death from tribal strife  
Have prevailed for thousands of years.  
Yet I'm here offering my life  
To reverse this history of tears.

Blood soaks the earth; smoke chokes the air.  
My mind screams as I see  
Pieces of bodies strewn everywhere  
That will always be a part of me.

I kill people who live here;  
They try to annihilate me.  
I destroy their cities... then cheer.  
Is this how I set them free?

I love my home; it's a wonderful land.  
There I feel safe and free.  
Here I'm afraid and don't understand  
What my leaders expect of me.

Please explain the reason I'm here.  
How do I tell enemy from friend?  
Each day victory seems less near.  
When will all this madness end?

If I go AWOL, I'll hide behind a mask;  
A coward who doesn't deserve to be free.  
But as comrades expire, a question I must ask...  
Have my leaders have gone AWOL on me?

Gregory Huyette

# Only Now

Who knows about the future? What ever will we find?  
What things are in store by chance or is it grand design?  
What can be done today to alter the future course?  
Live fully now and let these actions show their force.

Today at work or play know only present time exists.  
Real world has little room for past-present-future trysts.  
The future you require, joyful or dire, will never arrive.  
Future will always be tomorrow as long as you are alive.

So love and live each instant of this and every day.  
Be careful that you or the moment never waste away.  
Do not condemn yourself to a life of sanguine sorrow  
By treating today as if it were yesterday or tomorrow.

Gregory Huyette

# Only Time Will Tell

The future is ours if we hold at bay  
Money and power that stand in the way.  
Cures can be found and new bridges crossed  
If we have the will, regardless of cost.

Courage and truth must come to the fore  
To father discovery and nevermore  
Take a back seat to discomfort from change  
Like new ideas and old ways they estrange.

Man must become so much more than today  
Or past frailties will doom his well charted way.  
While he ardently battles injustice and fear,  
Fangs of pride and avarice always lurk near.

We may embrace stars or return to the plow.  
Only time will tell and it's bellowing now.

Gregory Huyette

# Opportunity Of Illness

No stimulus to awake and take hold.  
To unfold and advance there's no chance.  
Family, country and work justify this shirk.  
No chance to change face with duties of this pace.  
No time to wonder if life is a blunder.

Then strange fortune strikes; the likes of infirmity.  
Pain that drains the body can fill the  
A find that there's more that counts,  
Really amounts to living.

Tragedy prevails when wails turn to self-pity.  
Fear shears the mind of its flesh.  
With no means to refresh, it will shrivel and groan,  
Leaving the body to expire alone.

But from the darkness of disease  
Can emerge the light of thought, bought with agony.  
Enlightenment gained through sustained desire;  
That fire that ignites the sparks of the mind.  
What a find!

Gregory Huyette

# Our Anniversary

Sunrays are brighter; clouds much whiter.  
Nature's creatures celebrate.  
Today I vowed to delight her,  
As her lucky, honored, eternal mate.

□

On the calendar it's the only date I see  
That has given life more meaning than ever.  
Even during moments when we don't agree,  
It's a union that nothing can sever.

This sacred date stands for our happiness and love  
During each and every day of the year.  
As we honor each other, someone above  
Will ensure we have nothing to fear.

Gregory Huyette

# Our Country's Leaders

Our country's leaders are but feeders on our contributions,  
Though they care nothing about our problem's solutions.  
Their aim is just a useless game of their own creation,  
Instead of a sincere attempt to maintain the health of our nation.

Even worse, this meaningless chicanery they love to employ  
Is at the expense of the masses they're sure to destroy.  
Our country's leaders are nothing more than puppets of the rich,  
Without whose direction they would never be able to switch.

Vain and inept leaders continue to ignore the majority voice  
In favor of their individual egos and political party choice.  
So sadly each day the common man has less representation  
And one day will strike back at his leaders in hopeless frustration.

Gregory Huyette

## Our Michael (Jackson)

The world is better because of you;  
Your music so exciting;  
Your dance we pursue.

□

Your imprint on the world will always live on.  
Your life in our hearts will never be gone.  
You were supreme as you ruled the stage,  
But your personal life showed another page.  
Shy and retiring to the point of a mask.  
Sadly privacy was an impossible task.

□

We showered you with wealth and fame;  
Huge rewards, yet punishment the same.  
Your visit was too short, but filled with love.  
Thanks, Our Michael. Sing and dance above!

Gregory Huyette

# Our Not-So-Legal System

It's not that you're right or wrong or whether it's a sin.  
The only thing that counts at all is if you bank a win.  
The power of money, not the facts, is your winning guide.  
What really happened takes back seat, just here for the ride.

Get a lawyer who boasts that he's never, ever lost a case.  
Don't be a fool and choose one who has ethics as his base.  
Then let him teach you exactly how... and what to say,  
Especially when those damnable real facts get in the way.

The truth, nothing but the truth so said your sacred oath...  
As interpreted by your attorney, just to serve you both.  
Though scared and tattered, this troubled system survives;  
So much better than other worlds where despots rule lives.

□

Our not-so-legal system is here since many have fought and died.  
As Winston Churchill said of democracy,  
"It's better than all the rest we've tried".

Gregory Huyette



# Our World

A fountain of joy and yet of sorrow,  
Of love today and hate tomorrow.

A mirror of heaven, a dungeon of hell  
Where good and evil both do well.  
A creation whose people are steeped in sin,  
But with faith that atones for the state  
They're in.

A garden of food, a desert of none,  
In which many suffer for the sake of one.  
A victim torn between right and wrong  
By the devil's curse and the angel's song.

A turmoil where good 'n bad resemble  
Each other and nations plot to destroy another.  
A sanctuary of peace threatened with strife  
Where death gives way to vibrant new life.  
Our world!

Gregory Huyette

# Painting Words

IMAGES SPRING FROM NOWHERE,  
BUT BEAR A KNOWN DESIGN.  
NO BRUSH OR PAINT IS MY WARE  
THOUGH PAINTINGS DO SEEM MINE.

MY CANVAS BREATHES ALIVE  
AS WORD AND IMAGE MERGE.  
FROM NOTHINGNESS I STRIVE  
TO CAPTURE EACH NEW SURGE.

PEN SWATHES, LIKE BRUSH STROKES,  
FASHION WORDS, ONE-BY-ONE,  
UNTIL MIND'S EYE EVOKES  
IMAGES CLEAR AS THE SUN.

ALL WHO VIEW THESE WORKS  
WILL FIND IT'S NOT ABSURD  
TO FEEL THE POWER THAT LURKS  
BEHIND EACH PAINTED WORD.

Gregory Huyette

# Passing Through

Wet blades in the shade of an old house  
Scatter as a mouse shatters the dew,  
On this morning as i pass through.

A city asleep beneath a deep eastern ray  
Is herlded from slumber by a trumpeting jay,  
Who christens the day anew,  
On this morning as i pass through.

Golden hair and a rare trace of green  
Can be seen, transfigured in the treetops  
By autumn's brush as a thrush scampers from view,  
On this morning as i pass through.

Dawn's drowsiness is shaken as a baby awakens  
To the city's soft ceiling of blue,  
On this morning as i pass through.

Gregory Huyette

# Pearl, Merle And Earl

Pearl, Merle and Earl are an unlikely crew...  
The two girls are 87; the ol' man 92.  
They say they live alone, but hardly true  
Their cavalcade of caretakers is always in view.

There's the day nurse and night nurse  
And the two for weekends.  
Then the stock boy who buys the food  
And a healthy dose of Depends.

Pearl, Merle and Earl can still get around  
With jaunts getting shorter with less of a sound.  
They love everybody, but one thing all hate;  
Why can't folks keep their simple names straight?

"I'm Pearl with one "e" not at the end of my name.  
"I'm Merle with two "e's", but pronounced the same."  
"It's Earl. My one "E" is a capital letter at the start."  
This sly crew will tug at the strings of your heart.

Gregory Huyette

## Pearl, Merle And Earl And Politics

Pearl, a republican, finds it hard to change.

Merle, a democrat, as usual thinks Pearl is strange.

Earl, is independent minded and politically on the fence.

Pearl whines, "When I hear the liberal crowd, they're just too loud."

Merle snaps back, "Pearl, that's no reason.

Would you vote for Mickey Mouse if he were quiet for a season? "

Earl joins in, "I'd vote either way for anyone who didn't say

Something stupid for a day."

Pearl laments, "I'm worried about where our country's going."

Merle agrees, "All politicians argue while our problems keep growing."

Earl declares, "We, the people, will demonstrate,

Until our government really starts to improve our fate."

These senior members differ on many issues, but they're closely bound...

In the belief that "It's government for the people, not the other way around."

Gregory Huyette

## Pearl, Merle And Earl And Sex

Every few days Earl tries to remember what sex used to be.  
So he asks his girlfriends, "Is these thoughts sinful or weird of me? "  
Blushing Pearl responds, "Why are all men so crass and crude? "  
Merle chimes in "Well Pearl, I like men who put me in the mood."  
Pearl recoils, "How can you treat it with so little dignity? "  
Merle jokes, "Using "it" for the word "sex" is an 'old' way to be."  
Listening to these ladies poor Earl becomes increasingly confused.  
Are these thoughts a good thing or should they be refused?  
Pearl says, "Merle, to keep your mind clean I suggest you pray."  
Earl retorts, "Pearl, I don't want thoughts of sex to go away."  
Merle pipes in, "Pearl, just remember the way we all got here.  
Folks have been doing "it", I mean having sex, for many a year."  
Earl, why don't you hustle those 70 year olds at other tables.  
Sitting at one there's an Olga, Margarite and at least two Mables.  
White as her name sake, Pearl sat fingering her worry beads,  
Hoping no 100+ year olds will bother her with their awful needs.

Gregory Huyette

# Poet Begging Death

When death came a calling,  
I said, "There's no one there."  
When it pressed for an answer,  
I said, "It isn't fair."  
"Not fair when I have so much  
Poetry to give."  
"If I'm gone my lost lines will  
Have no chance to live."  
For time being death has taken a break.  
I'm not certain if it's just tired,  
Or paused for my poetic sake.  
One thing I do know, and that's for sure.  
Again death will come a calling,  
And then I fear won't demur.

Gregory Huyette

# Politicians

Politicians are spurious breeds.  
They place themselves before our needs.  
They say what it takes to get elected.  
Then do what they want when selected.

They promise rapid change and better times.  
Then succumb to ignominious crimes.  
As aspirants they vow that we'll be protected.  
Then protect themselves until detected.

They talk of our forefathers who were terrific.  
But avoid today's ideas that are too specific.  
They admit no mistakes except by the other side.  
And spend our taxes slinging dirt far and wide.

In this needy world politicians must be leaders.  
We can ill afford ignorants, selfish or cheaters.  
We, the people, must now take the reigns  
And accept no leaders with moneyed veins.

With wars and economic catastrophes galore  
We must extricate ourselves from each  
Power-loving whore.  
Our world's future depends on a will to succeed...  
How the politician helps his fellow man;  
Not serve his selfish need.

Gregory Huyette



# Poor

Poor is not stupid.

Poor is not mean.

Poor is not lazy.

Poor is more than seen;

Yes, more than you see

With love and dignity.

Gregory Huyette

## Poor Fools

If I knew half as much as I think I do,

There would be twice as much that I know is true.

My vista would be a 20-20 view...

Though ego chooses other paths to pursue.

This truly vexing error is nothing new.

It has plagued us poor fools all history through.

Gregory Huyette

# Powers Of Flowers

I can spend hours gazing at flowers

As they speak directly to me.

Each of my senses completely devours

Their magnificence that my spirit can see.

□

Their faces smile as they dance in the breeze.

They flirt with the sun in a day long swoon,

Waving to the birds while beckoning the bees.

Then retire with a wink at the moon.

□

A world without flowers like an earth with no rain

Is a creation where nothing can live.

Thanks to these flowers and their magical powers,

There's loving beauty these miracles give.

Gregory Huyette

# Precious Family

Oh precious family,  
You are my all.  
When the world trips me  
You break my fall.

Many things tempt my time.  
I dare not waste the clock.  
With the sound of each chime,  
I must take stock.

As days disappear,  
I will invest time  
To keep you loved ones near  
And share the sublime.

Since money and power  
Are toxic to precious family,  
I'll spend each waking hour  
Loving you completely.

Gregory Huyette

# Problems Offer Opportunities

Look where you find it difficult to see.  
Dream those dreams or they'll never be.  
Prove that all naysayers are very wrong.  
Turn each of their grumbles into a song.

Think of old customs in a different way.  
Be sure they have the imprint of your say.  
When discouragement tries to draw near,  
Your attitude determines its level of fear.

The future depends on what each sees.  
Problems always offer opportunities.

Gregory Huyette

# Procrastination Vs Priority

If it weren't for procrastination, I'd have no alone time at all.  
Between family, friends and work I need some time to stall...  
Just a few moments for myself to think and cleanse my mind.  
If I attend to all my priorities they'll be impossible to find.

Parties, holiday times and vacations are all lots of fun,  
But preparing and recovering from them keeps me on the run.  
Then there are job duties with meetings and work at night.  
It seems like alone time may never be within my sight.

I have a list of things to do like a garage sale planned for years  
Or annual medical and dental exams postponed due to my fears.  
Tax forms mold upon my desk though April springs anew;  
I've done nothing but strain my brain keeping them close in view.

The creation of procrastination is a concept not always bad.  
It provides opportunities to review all the priorities that I've had.  
If it can rearrange my goals and thus provide that alone time,  
How can procrastination be called anything but simply sublime?

Gregory Huyette

# Queen Of Hearts

52, each a chance  
To draw and win...  
Then know romance.  
There among the cards  
So hidden from my view  
Just one among many  
To spark my life anew.  
God deals each with care,  
But will you come my way?  
I've dreamt of smiling eyes  
That crown each joyful day.  
I choose one of 52,  
Blood rushing to my chest...  
Thank God! I've drawn and won.  
I've found the very best.  
Now love truly starts.  
It's you, the Queen of Hearts!

Gregory Huyette

# Questions I Must Answer

At the end of the day questions I must ask;  
Did I give my all, no matter the task?  
Were my efforts focused on others I see  
Or selfishly directed toward what's good for me?

Were my actions as spirited as an exciting story,  
Renewing hope for the aimless and dilatory?  
Did my attitude reflect understanding of the world  
Or oppose differences with epithets easily hurled?

Did I speak then listen to what others had to say  
To sense their needs and respect their way?  
Each morning I'll reenergize another start  
From answers to such questions I must do my part!

□

Gregory Huyette



# Quintessence Of Love

When you appear, sunrays brighten my space.  
My world is enhanced by your magic grace.  
You are my spring, my morning, my start.  
No one but you entrances my heart.

Your countenance is enchanting, your voice divine.  
I'll need nothing more if you will be mine.  
Together forever we'll share all life's treasures...  
Quintessence of love beyond all earthly measures.

Gregory Huyette

# Real Fiction

There are two kinds of fiction to find...  
One in the world and the other in the mind.

When unpleasant things happen for real  
With which the real mind is unable to deal,  
It creates a world of fiction so it can survive  
In order to justify that its unreal beliefs are alive.

These unreal beliefs have a real world all alone  
As they deny real facts with data of their own.  
Their fiction continues as world events transpire  
With interpretation to support beliefs they require.

The world of fiction will collide with the world of real  
As its members seek reality, it will lose its appeal.  
Unless it dispenses with its delusions of the facts,  
It will disappear as it's devoured by the reality it lacks.

Gregory Huyette

# Real Success

Don't let hunger for success destroy the way you are.  
Power and money never substitute for the stuff of a star.  
They leave you less a person after 15 minutes of fame,  
Unable to remember from where or whence you came.  
You are a precious gift, an invaluable one-of-kind;  
A miracle of unique precision never before designed.  
Your value is unfathomable. There's one of you on earth.  
All computers in the world couldn't measure your worth.  
Whatever your way of life there's one thing you will need...  
It's not power and money with their hypnotizing greed,  
Just sensitivity for others that will guarantee you succeed.

Gregory Huyette

## Regrets Of A Dead Man

In this pine box I now regret all the things I didn't do  
Busy with myself, I never heard other points of view.  
My world grew around me instead of the other way.  
Now I've no chance to learn what that world had to say.

Just yesterday my world was teeming with forever.  
Then in an instant cruel fate severed my endeavors.  
If I had another chance, how different I would be.  
I'd be a part of other worlds and learn from what I see.

With time so precious, important things would be done.  
My world could be for others with love, respect and fun.  
But sadly here I lie hoping that there is a heaven's gate,  
Knowing my life could have been a heaven  
But sadly it's now all too late.

Gregory Huyette

# Religion

Marx termed religion an opiate of the people.  
Yet worldwide it rings out from every dome and steeple.  
If Jesus, Mohamed and Buddha were ever together,  
They wouldn't sip tea and discuss upcoming weather...

But likely lament these sad and dangerous times  
As money and power now ring the world's chimes.  
The dirty four lettered word today seems to be love.  
While these five lettered forces have ability to shove.

Then there's the question about what religion is right.  
Which one has the correct version of heaven in sight?  
With each, the faithless are condemned to damnation,  
As the supreme spirit destroys much of his own creation.

Often images of divine beings are created by man,  
The one who disappoints perfection again and again.  
Then these effigies are housed in chambers of wealth,  
And fortified by a hierarchy entrenched in stealth.

No one on earth has ever encountered a supreme being.  
Reflections depend on stories of what ancients were seeing.  
Writings translated into many languages over many years  
By fallible humans with motives, prejudices and fears.

Religion doesn't depend on material wealth and power.  
All buildings and earthly practices time will devour.  
What religion really is... and has been from the start...  
Is what you believe and practice with love in your heart.

Gregory Huyette

# Remember Me

Remember that raucous laugh, often too loud  
That could bother a few or bolster a crowd.  
Then that sense of humor that would prevail  
Replacing that old grouchy man's veil.

As for the rest of my shortcomings and thoughtless crimes,  
I hope you'll replace them with memories of good times.  
Like the family gatherings where we all laughed and played  
And enjoyed true happiness from the emotions conveyed.

It's not sadness, but gladness that defines this day.  
I am at peace knowing I have traveled with you all this way.  
Most of all as my soul rejoices with the stars above,  
Please remember I'll live on through your spirit of love.

Gregory Huyette

# Remember Not

Remember not lost loves and friends gone astray.  
Remember not doubts and fears that held your heart at bay.  
Remember not those who criticize, since you can't please all.  
Remember not ones who never learn regardless of their fall.

Remember not all who bring you down for they're not your friends.  
Remember not wasted times with them and their capricious ends.  
Remember not anyone who seeds sadness in your life.  
Remember not this sower or your fault will lead to strife.

Remember not yesterdays, but as they affect tomorrows.  
Remember not the easy ways as they will lead to sorrows.  
Remember not anyone that blocks your happiness,  
Especially the mirrored image whom you daily dress.

Gregory Huyette

# Remember! Remember! Remember!

As you look in the mirror remember;  
Remember as clock bells chime.  
Remember, remember, remember  
You're living on borrowed time.

From the future you borrow the present  
With nothing but an I.O.U.  
Remember there'll be a payback  
When all the presents come due.

So cherish all your loved ones.  
Never forget to say,  
"I love you, I need you, I want you  
Each in your very own way."

Gaze at the brilliant sun  
Or marvel at each cloud formation.  
Every fleeting moment enjoy  
This wondrous, yet transient creation.

From January through June to December  
Remember! Remember! Remember!

Gregory Huyette



# Reminds Me Of You

In a way this fine day reminds me of you;  
Bright, full of life to pursue.  
And the skies, like your eyes, sparkle with sheen;  
Not just blue, nor gray, nor green.

But a chorus of colors amid golden rays  
That makes days, like your ways, live and true.  
No cloud is allowed as i look all the while,  
Like your face that no frown can beguile.

Your laugh, like half day, is brightest of all;  
Your call. A sound ever new.  
Yes, in a way this fine day paints quite a view;  
So bright, so warm , so you!

Gregory Huyette

# Retirement's A Requirement

Retirement's a requirement to enjoy life.  
Rest a spell, who can tell, you may not need that strife?  
Say 'hi' to those you haven't seen enough before,  
Like relatives and friends who once brightened your door.

Change seizure to leisure. Decide what you want.  
Up at eight, then it's straight to your favorite haunt.  
Or sleep until nine and then dine in bed.  
Rise 'n shine when ready or keep snoozin' instead.

Or do you thrive on meetings with no time to eat?  
With business your world, you'd rather compete.  
Pursuit of power and the pace of each hour  
Keep you longing for that grand ivory tower.

If it's money you seek, think what it buys...  
Enjoyment and freedom or a box just your size.  
Take care as you give your assets a shove  
That you don't push aside the ones that you love.

If your goal is to make the world a better place,  
Improve the creature that inhabits your space.  
Best to stop hoarding and discover a way  
To retire your past and require today.

Gregory Huyette

## Rich Vs Poor

If you think the rich will ever give a damn about the poor,  
You're asleep on the tracks and don't hear that locomotive roar.  
They own the train rushing your way as you sleep on their tracks.  
You dream of a play world as they steal your neighborhood shacks.

Politicians who should represent you are at their beck and call.  
It's about money plus power and your needs or rights not at all.  
In this uncertain country one thing is certain. They'll never relent...  
The rich won't be satisfied until they have their greedy 100%!

Gregory Huyette

# Road To Oblivion

I know what I want and I know where I'm going.  
Each year power expands and fortune keeps growing.  
I've no time to listen to the ignorant or weak.  
How can they know anything of what I speak?

Better to view the world through my own telescope  
Than depend on unequals who can't seem to cope.  
As I lumber ahead so many fall silent and recede...  
Family and friends fade from sight, but it's money I need.

Then my fortune and I make a startling find.  
Alone in our rage the world has left us behind  
On a road to oblivion that's sad and lonely for sure.  
A one way lane filled with pain we fought hard to secure.

Gregory Huyette

## Roses For Debbie

The first gentle rose is for you Debbie,  
For the good things you are and will always be.  
The second is for the caring you give,  
Which will touch so many as long as you live.  
The rest of these beauties reflect your lovely face.  
Thank you for such class and that natural grace;  
Also for your patience and sensitive ways.  
Your presence, like roses, brighten my days.

Gregory Huyette

# Running Out Of Time

Just looked at my watch and I'm running out of time.  
Best to attend to pertinent issues and forget the five and dime.  
I'm usually so busy with routine chores of the day  
That what really counts I miss or feel it's just in my way.

After work I was too tired for family with no strength to move on.  
Now I sit with time on my hands, but with family long gone.  
I spent my time gathering material possessions for all to see.  
Now that time is running out I realize they mean nothing to me.

The two sided coin of time has helped me truly understand  
That life is like a veritable desert of sand.  
One side is love which will provide protection every hour.  
The other is desire for material things sands of time will devour.

Gregory Huyette

# S

Ships sail silently shriveling sandy sun-drenched shores.  
Suddenly some sailors see sparkling specks shining.

Surrounding sights singe sexually starved seamen.  
Strong, sagacious sailors suffer such specious settings.

Gregory Huyette

## Sad At 65

Here I am almost 65.

In some ways only half alive.

Last week is just a blur;

A lot of memories never were.

Most movements have slowed down,

Though urinary tract has rebound.

My colon is much more rude;

No greasy, spicy... tasty food.

As I gaze in the mirror, I sadly see

□

A strange, old man squinting back at me.

Gregory Huyette



# Sad Oak

I've a sad story about a great oak that fell.  
It now lies dead...a useless empty shell.

This oak once was the mightiest tree in this land,  
Towering over others mired in rock and sand.  
Its roots were deep and drank from rich soil  
While others suffered in their unending toil.

Mighty oak's trunk stretched toward the sky,  
Unconcerned as the others continued to die.  
Its branches held proudly to each healthy leaf,  
Caring little of the forest's deepening grief.

Why be concerned with this world of dying and weak?  
They seemed to offer nothing the great oak would seek.  
Then fate spoke to the oak, but its message was denied.  
Suddenly climate started to change and the rains subside.

With no help from dead comrades, temperatures did soar.  
Scant vegetation protected the earth's life giving floor.  
Had oak shared light, rain and riches of the land,  
Sad oak and the forest would not be rock and sand.

So much had been given to this unique, mighty oak.  
Sadly, its life ended before its spirit of giving awoke.

Gregory Huyette

# Sanity Oh Sanity!

Sanity oh sanity at times you hide so well.  
Without your ever presence it's a living hell.

Each day each I meet poses a painful crisis.  
Without you they're left to their own devises.  
I try to trust only myself so I can't be hurt.  
With watchful eye I attempt to always be alert.  
Health, wealth and youth have all taken leave.  
I need you now more than I could ever believe.

Sanity oh sanity you're my driving force...  
Without you at my side I have no recourse.

Gregory Huyette

# Sasha, My Sasha

Sasha, my Sasha, what can I say?  
You're a dear angel in every way!  
When you enter the room problems disappear  
As your smiling face and personality draw near.

Your beliefs are solid as are your points-of-view,  
Since your keen mind has thought them through.  
You're that rare combination of beauty and brain,  
Which so many seek, though most often in vain.

I'm so proud and fortunate you're a daughter of mine.  
You're a classy lady with a brassy shine!  
Sashutte, you're still a young lover regardless of age.  
Your future promises many an exciting new page.

□

With you in my life it will never be sad.  
I'll be busy beaming and bragging since I'm your dad.  
Happy Birthday dear angel... float through the sky.  
Set goals towards the heavens and your life will fly.

Gregory Huyette

# Scars

Those who suffer scars outside  
Are afflicted since they can't hide.  
But they likely confront reality  
Since their appearance is there to see.  
In turn most learn it's not what is seen,  
Since actions determine what life will mean.

Whereas those harboring scars inside  
Can't be treated when they've denied  
That there's anything wrong...  
Until the next crisis comes along.  
Then it's the world that's marred...  
Not them since they have worked hard.

Scars of denial, insecurity and hate  
Are like open wounds that never abate.  
These marks take their greatest toll  
Surreptitiously hidden, destroying soul.  
Sadder are innocent victims that suffer;  
Unscarreds exposed to denial with no buffer.

Gregory Huyette

# School Shooting Problem Solved, A Satire

A loaded gun is now carried by all teachers  
In order to defend against those insane creatures,  
Who take lives of our children with each crazy desire.  
The next time we see one our reaction will be 'Fire'.

Teachers have been trained to carry a weapon concealed  
So they can shoot the gunman as soon as he's revealed.  
All will carry loaded firearms in pocket, bra or purse,  
Determined to put maniacs where they belong... in a hearse.

The children have been told the guns are for their own good.  
They understand and will always react as they should.  
They won't try to find and play with a loaded gun  
Since that would put in danger the lives of everyone.

Nor will they ever use the gun on another classmate  
Because they have been bullied, belittled or shown hate.  
Most important all teachers who carry guns always loaded  
Will be calm in class though their personal life has exploded.

Gregory Huyette

## Sea, Sky & Man

Gazing at the hypnotic sea and mesmerizing sky,  
It's truly lamentable how much has gone array.  
Though through man's many betrayals and travails  
Ocean's orchestra, with its symphony, always prevails.

While tranquility appears to be in man's way,  
Celestial and marine shades marry each day.  
Horizon's glare with so much to share and teach;  
Sadly, its peace appears just beyond man's reach.

Gregory Huyette

## Second Best

Opportunity knocked but I was always satisfied with second best.

My pitiful self told me I wasn't as good as many of the rest.

Rather than decide I settled for that familiar second place

Among mediocre colleagues I found a comfortable space.

Not unlike a child fearing those ghosts of the unknown

I only took solace in a make believe world of my own.

Second place became more attractive with my ego's decline.

Once an unacceptable option then appeared to be just fine.

The irony of my second best attitude I sadly failed to see...

Though I freely chose it, like quick sand, it devoured me.

□

Gregory Huyette

# September

How can this year now be on its descent  
Even before my time has been well spent?  
Schools bulge with students and teachers.  
Lectures and homework take on familiar features.

Though what is distinctly unfamiliar and tragic  
Is how quickly learning quality is losing its magic  
Due to ineptitude of leaders we've put in place,  
Whose capabilities and interests leave a dark space.

Just as leaves start to wither and fall from the trees  
Let us not stand by as our schools fall to their knees.  
Students who suffer from this system so dower  
Will be our incompetent, dishonest leaders tomorrow.

Gregory Huyette



# September Quandary

Thirty days does have September,

But there's one thing I don't remember.

What happened to those eight other months?

I know I must appear a dunce, but...

All this time couldn't pass me by I don't believe,

While I celebrated last year's New Year's Eve.

Then before I could make it to New Year's Day,

Exactly 243 days of this year have passed away.

Never again will this calendar inhibit my sight.

□

People and experiences will be focused delight.

Gregory Huyette

# Seventy

A very close friend is 70 today.  
He's so lucky in every way.  
He can play golf and walk and smile  
As he enjoys life with manner and style.  
He suffers no crippling, chilling pain  
That makes the world seem all in vain.

□

Like us all, he's made mistakes,  
But learned that's what it takes  
To become a better man  
Who spreads love as best he can.

□

The celebration of this day  
Is but another way to say  
That we celebrate his birth  
Since it's become a better earth  
For the mark that he has made  
And the foundations he has laid.  
So during his next seventy years  
Love will conquer all his fears.

Oh dear friend, with family and friends you see  
How lovingly wonderful seventy can be!

Gregory Huyette

# Shades Of Gray

Until now two extremes have shaped the days  
From opposite ends of the scale of grays.  
One without hue and not really white,  
Because it couldn't reflect all incident light.  
The other lacked hue since rays that would fall  
Were absorbed with no light reflecting at all.

Henceforth, a hopeful force steers a course of moderation.  
Opposite ends of the spectrum will no longer stifle a nation.  
Thoughtful, careful shades of gray soon will prevail  
As crises require scalpel rather than hammer and nail.  
Up to now opposite ends have been easiest to support;  
Sadly, they have created an extreme world about to abort.

Intelligence and wisdom will finally have a strategic say,  
Addressing issues here and abroad through shades of gray.  
Problems are staggering and will need cooperation  
Of electorate and politicians to avoid a depressed nation.  
A miracle has happened to show that all are shades of gray,  
As major changes are effected in this quest for a new day!

Gregory Huyette

# Share

Whether you have a million shares or one share,  
You share in life's the same.  
You share some of its benefits  
As well as some of its blame.  
The real difference for you is if you share your share.  
That will decide if your life really has been fair.  
Be it a million shares or one share, your responsibility  
Is to find here on earth where you can share  
For your share of eternity.

Gregory Huyette

# Silence And Slow Time

These days when worry is all about money,  
It's a veritable crime  
To not be concerned more about  
Declining silence and slow time.

Silence refreshes tired minds  
As slow time gives new life to confused brains.  
Together they provide perspective to pressures  
That cause unwarranted strains.

Such strains like worry about the next raise  
Or rumors circulating these days...  
Or a car versus the one parked next door  
Or rehashing events long passed before.

Major problems now demand something new.  
Attitudes and methods never before in purview.  
Long term solutions traversing borders and politics;  
Each strategy well thought out, devoid of quick fix.

Silence is mother of this kind of thought.  
Slow time ensures that these ideas are not overwrought.  
These treasures are all too rare indeed today,  
And why mankind seems to have lost its way.

□

Silence and Slow Time

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- And why mankind seems to have lost its way.

Gregory Franklin Huyette

November 17, 2009

Gregory Huyette

# Simplify

In this computer complicated, overrated material world I ask, "Why? "  
Why is there no time or reason to take hold of life and simplify?  
Governments are so confusing that the people they are abusing  
Have no way to understand to what degree they suffer from each lie.  
Their hope, their only hope is to simply simplify.

A child's life is simple and pure.  
It learns when rights and wrongs occur.  
Then its vision becomes confusing when it observes a world refusing  
To simplify its ways; in fact it's now a spurious maze  
Where rich leave poor careening; wars have no meaning,  
And man has left the elements teaming.

Though there is hope as the years rush by  
Just take hold of life and simplify.  
Instead of the implications of money, power and fame,  
Let love's admirations simplify your game.  
Then no doubt you'll change all the while  
And happiness will rediscover that long lost smile.

Gregory Huyette

# Simplify Life

Why do I have such admiration for complication  
And seldom see advantages of simplicity?  
Is it the overall fault of divine creation?  
Or is there something intrinsically wrong with only me?  
I've spent my life stressing and working my heart out. □  
Now I'm not sure I know what it was all about.

My dedication to complication brought many a reward. □  
I can buy whatever, but now it's the time I can't afford. □  
Without further hesitation this complication I must destroy. □  
Or I'll never have a simple, happy life that few ever enjoy!

Gregory Huyette



## Sixth Place And Falling

Below children and grand children plus old friends,

My rank in importance continually descends.

Then ahead there's bridge and constant reading,

Which result so sadly in my sixth place seeding.

I find it appalling that I'm in the sixth spot and falling,

Though my greatest concern is where it all will end...

How far down the depths will my position descend?

Now that I'm old, unhealthy and not very attractive,

Will the next level ahead be a person more active?

I don't smoke, can't drink and sex is just a concept.

Maybe sixth place is too high for someone so inept.

At the end no matter how far I sank or my final rank,

Her love made it worthwhile so I'll have her to thank.

Gregory Huyette

## Sixth Place And Sliding

Below children and grandchildren plus old friends,  
My rank in importance continually descends.  
Then ahead there's bridge and constant reading,  
Which result so sadly in my sixth place seeding.  
I find it appalling that I'm in the sixth spot and falling;  
Slipping and sliding at the time of this writing.

Though my greatest concern is where it all will end...  
How far down the depths will my position descend?  
Now that I'm old, unhealthy and not very attractive,  
Will the next level ahead be a person more active?  
I don't smoke, can't drink and sex is just a concept.  
Maybe sixth place is too high for someone so inept.

At the end no matter how far I sank or my final rank,  
Her love made it worthwhile so I'll have her to thank.

Gregory Huyette

# Smile And Be Happy

This life is so very short  
So why harbor those frowns.  
Your face will just contort,  
Yet you'll still have those downs.

As good and bad visit you,  
Just keep this in mind.  
Happiness is what you view  
Plus what you leave behind.

If seeing bad is your fate,  
Bitterness drives you mad.  
It's yourself you really hate  
Since you discovered sad.

But if good is your choice,  
The world becomes your place.  
Though good and bad have a voice,  
Smiles will shape your face.

Gregory Huyette

# Sounds Of Silence

Nature's greatest gifts attacked by disquieted nations,  
Leaving nothing in place but mechanical reverberations.  
Melodies of the woods serenading shooting stars  
Surrender to hammers pounding and boisterous cars.

□

Silence, soothing silence, you have spoken a world to me.  
A partner with whisperings always meant to set me free.  
Now a threatened companion once always at my side;  
When juxtaposed with greed I often ignored your guide.

Silence, I beseech you, use tones soft, but clear  
So no matter where I am, I'll know you can be near.  
At times when myriad noises distract or voices demur,  
Hypnotize me into your world where all thought is pure.

□

Silence oh silence; I need you more each and every day.  
Clear my mind; destroy that grind with your gentle way.  
Silence my silence; I promise to hear your every word.  
Give me peace and help me cease to value the absurd.

Gregory Huyette

# Speak Love

Today has there been time to say  
"Please", "thank you" or "I like it your way"?  
Before the next sunrise appears and you've spent it,  
Be sure you've uttered each word and meant it.  
Mellow comments engender the same you will learn.  
Try "I love you" and see what's received in return.

Gregory Huyette

# Stealth, Health And Wealth

Stealth, health and wealth, each a curious breed  
Are not such strange bedfellows indeed.  
Stealth, with its cunning and mysterious ways,  
Escapes notice matter not the attention one pays.  
With the suspicious this surreptitious wins in spite  
Of all who strain for a glimpse of its sight.

Then there's health with its nefarious aim,  
Favoring young and wealthy in its merciless game.  
What justice is there as it forsakes the weak,  
Choosing to stand by and laugh at the meek?  
Or why does it change with no reason at all,  
Ignoring vanquished victims imploring its call?

Now lastly take wealth, oh wealth so dear.  
The worst irony of all may, indeed, lies here.  
Many forfeit love and happiness for a chance  
To tiptoe with this god in an all-too-short dance.  
Then as stealth teams with wealth, it's time to pay  
Costs of health escaping more notice every day.

Gregory Huyette

# Stone, Mirror And Mist

Stone, mirror and mist;  
All enrapture me.  
I can't resist  
Time's trinity.

As I try in the mirror  
To change the stone,  
Mist draws nearer  
Till I can't see on my own.

Then I turn my attention  
To the mirror at hand;  
Stone in mind, but not mention;  
Mist shifting like sand.

I battle the mirror.  
There can be only one.  
When image is clearer  
I know I have won.

Only then will mist clear.  
Stone will have no say.  
Abygone will be fear  
And I'll be on my way.

Gregory Huyette

# Success

Success, like gold, is sought by each,

- But to many it's out of reach.
- With these unfortunates sets in
- Grief, unrest and deep chagrin.

A word to all of those in search:

- Take care that you don't besmirch
- Yourself or others as you strive
- To keep dreams of success alive.

Define success in real terms

- That your ability confirms.
- Plus never be in the employ
- Of a career you don't enjoy.

Rare the ones whose actions bless

- A better world from their success.
- If fame and fortune is your sole aim,
- A lesser world is part your blame.

Gregory Huyette



# Such Is This World

It's not what you say, but how it is said  
That determines what stays in the head.

Appearance of conviction as you speak  
Shows you and your ideas aren't weak.

Understanding 1% less than you do,  
Makes you expert for some points-of-view.

Facts are merely what they appear to be  
Since reality only a few can or want to see.

Truth is defined by those who prevail  
So all other information is irrelevant detail.

Such is this world not for better but worse.  
Demand change to put decline in reverse.

Gregory Huyette

# Summer

Hotdogs and hamburgers on a sizzling barbeque.  
Cold drinks on hot days taste so good too.  
Blue skies and blue waters paint a fun view.  
Vacations are creations that it's time to renew  
So grab fishing poles and plan to catch quite a few.  
Pack up all your play things, but forget what haunts you  
Like job duties and monthly bills you daily pursue.  
Remember for independence what many had to do,  
Sacrificing their lives for your red, white and blue.  
Amid fireworks and picnics on July 4th pause to  
Thank those who made this country so tried and true.  
Enjoy summer as it holds all seasons together like glue.

Gregory Huyette

# Survivor

I'm a survivor in obstreperous times like these  
Though I'm often knocked to my knees.  
I have the will to arise and carry on  
Until these turgid times are memories long gone.  
Rather than complain about what my life should be,  
I accept what the world has briefly offered me.  
Then I do my best to improve my lot,  
And share the benefits and attitude I've got.  
I may not be a big winner or clever contriver.  
Happiness derives from my pride as a survivor.

Gregory Huyette

# Sweet Butterfly

Oh, sweet butterfly, you adorn the morning sky.  
Flowers flourish in full view all because of you.  
For your beauty in my garden you seek no recompense.

Just a chance to dance on pedals and spread their joyous scents.  
How can I express my thanks? There's nothing I can say.  
You're an angel straight from heaven with a brush to paint this day.

Gregory Huyette

# Take A Chance

Contrite, contained, controlled;  
Now it's too late. I'm old.

I dared not fail,  
But dared to be stale.

What a sad story told.

The only real way to advance  
Is to tear down those walls...take a chance.

If you fail, the worst that you'll do  
Is learn something else about you.

Whether it's money, power or romance,  
Take a look and then take a chance.

Failure, like success, has a dual rendition; □  
A sad subtraction or awesome addition!

Try something new that will enhance,  
And feel your mind and heart dance.

Gregory Huyette

# Take Care Of Love

Who are your friends in your search for intimacy sublime?  
But who are real loved ones needing much more of your time?  
When do you check your bank for your supply of funds?  
But when do you check your love to see if it still runs?

Where do you store your valuables like diamonds and such?  
But where do you keep your love and is there very much?  
How often do you service your car to be sure it runs well?  
But how often is your service of love just a hollow shell?

How often do you eat a balanced, healthy diet of food?  
But how often is your diet of love remorsefully rude?  
How often do you take a vacation from your world of spills?  
But how often do you spill love and replace it with chills?

How often do you labor hard for that promotion at work?  
But how often is your labor of love anything but a shirk?  
How often do you look in the mirror and what do you really see?  
For happiness, take care of love, and let all other things be!

Gregory Huyette

# Take Charge

Before it's too late to obviate the past,  
Take charge of the present or it won't last.  
Tomorrow is yours when you take charge.  
Ensure that your future always looms large.

Gregory Huyette

# Teachings Of An Ant

Did you ever watch an ant as it scales a hill?  
Its falls and misdirections cast its iron will.  
If something blocks its way, another one is found.  
There's no time for delay when other ways abound.

It carries twice its weight, but seldom waits to rest  
As if there were a race and each movement a test.  
It talks to ants that pass, but never loses sight  
Of its duties and its will to use all its might.

□

Common good with no place for selfish need  
Is the guide as it takes just enough for its breed.  
This minute ant has so much more than minute worth.  
Why can't its ways be learned by humans on this earth?

Gregory Huyette



# Tears

Tears are heavenly rain

That wipe away sorrow's stain

Or at least soothe its pain.

Tears magnify joyful gain

Like emotional champagne.

No one should ever fear

Feeling a renegade tear.

It should be very clear...

The place for heavenly rain is here.

Gregory Huyette

# Technology's Downside

Technology can become very mean  
By robbing the "I" with a machine.  
Whether "I" Phone, "I" Tune or "I" Pad  
The result can be magnanimously bad!  
If you let the computer assume the rule,  
You'll lose contacts and become the tool.

The box will wake you, remind you or find you;  
It can help you calculate and recreate too.  
Ah yes, technology can be a valuable assist,  
But it's with real people that happiness will exist.  
So don't become a slave to that little screen.  
Each person should be the user not the machine.

Gregory Huyette

# Thank You Dear Mom

How can I thank you for all you've done?  
No doubt I'm the luckiest son  
Who ever walked on the face of the earth.  
You've shown me love and what I'm worth.

All that I am I owe to you  
Who guided me gently when all was new.  
Seven up and a glass straw when I wasn't well.  
Your bandage and a kiss whenever I fell.  
Your great cooking deserves the world's first prize.  
Especially those cookies and homemade french fries.

I remember your tears, mostly of joy.  
My eyes are now moist as your little boy  
Is still learning to give as you taught me to.  
I'm at peace with the world because of you.

You're beautiful in all ways as all can see.  
You're everything any mother ever could be.  
Every day I think of you and say gratefully,  
'Thank you, dear Mom for having me.'

Gregory Huyette

# Thank You, Joanne

Thank you, Joann for your kind smile,

- For your wonderful ways and sensitive style.
- 
- In this hurried world of push and shove
  
- You find time to display pure, selfless love.
  
- So, so many have passed by my view,
  
- But I've never met someone quite like you.
  
- Joann, I'm grateful and honored to say,
- 
- Working with you means a fun, inspiring day.

Gregory Huyette

# Thank You, My Darling

Thank you for giving my life meaning,  
But even more for making our life possible.  
Since we met, I have never felt alone.  
Happiness is knowing that you are close by.

Your presence has made this house a home.  
Ceilings, walls and floors are not bound  
By nails and cement as much as by your love.  
Paint and adornments are lifeless  
Without the warmth of your presence.

Thank you for being your wonderful self  
And being so generous to share life with me.  
My only regret is that each passing year  
With you at my side seems to rush faster.  
My joy is that forever we will share life. □  
For this wonder I will always be grateful.

Gregory Huyette

# Thanks Mom

We're thankful for you Mom  
For your warm, gorgeous face.  
There's no better Mom than you  
Anywhere or any place.

□

Your soothing words and gentle smile  
Always helped us through our day.  
You taught us all the while  
Your love was the only way.

□

Because of you we enjoy the gift of living,  
And are so grateful you're our Mom that  
Everyday is Thanksgiving!

Gregory Huyette

# That Merciless Clock

Those hands never cease.  
They batter body and mind  
And seem to increase  
Leaving wreckage behind.  
They accelerate in every way,  
Exacting ever more painful pay  
For abuses of a younger day.

Constantly those arms flail greedily,  
Consuming a little more of me.  
Their march to the right seems wrong  
Since it only hastens my end along.

That expressionless ever changing face  
Moves with an increasing pace  
Leaving me less and less space  
Until my time encounters an eternal lock  
Orchestrated by that merciless clock.

Gregory Huyette

## That's Life

59, FEELIN' FINE, BUT EARS ARE SLIPPIN'.

MEMORY'S THERE WITH CIRCUITS BLIPPIN'.

CAN EAT ANYTHING, BUT WITHOUT FAIL

MY COLON WILL TELL THE LAST SAD TALE.

AS SAD TALES GO, TAKE MY GOLF GAME;

AFTER ONE HOLE I WONDER WHY I CAME.

MY ENERGY'S FINE, BUT HAVE TO ADMIT

I PRESS COMPUTER KEYS TO KEEP FIT.

Gregory Huyette



# The Answer

An answer is money.  
Another is power,  
But the answer is love  
perched high above these  
on its tower.

Gregory Huyette

# The Battle With Time Is Won

Time splatters like a raindrop's blast,  
Appearing then evaporating in the past.

Create something lasting and real  
That yesterday can never steal.  
Cheat time by building a force  
That continues after life's divorce.

Ideas and feelings always live on  
Long after fame and fortune are gone.  
These thoughts can be truly divine  
Living on as only you choose to define.  
They live on through those they inspire  
As with countless more who inquire.  
And never forget what was done

Thus the battle with time is won!

Gregory Huyette

# The Calf And The Giraffe

Once upon a time was born a gentle brown-eyed calf

Who lived near a zoo and met a tall, wise giraffe.

The calf said to the tall, wise giraffe, "Come and run with me."

The giraffe replied, "I can't since I live within these walls you see."

The confused brown-eyed calf asked, "Can't they let you out."

The giraffe smiled and asked, "Do you know what a zoo's about? "

The gentle calf said, "You did something wrong so you're in jail."

The wise giraffe laughed and explained that his was a happy tale.

He said, "For everyone who visits the zoo there's so much joy I give.

As one day you'll love your babies and teach them how to live.

So let's enjoy every day and look forward to what's in store.

Then both of us can give to others since that's what life is for."

Gregory Huyette

# The Car And Dad

The car, the car, oh what a prize.  
No matter its color make or size.  
Just gas and a girl is all that is needed...  
And some fatherly advice that should be heeded.

Speaking of dad, oh how he loves his car.  
Junior can drive it all day if he doesn't go far.  
Gas is so much and parts are so high  
That when the kid drags out he just wants to cry.

As the gas leaks out and rust sets in,  
The boy's to blame! Oh where's he been?  
His son just went to watch neighborhood time trials,  
But what bothers dad is that lost two hundred miles.

The young man's defense is quite astounding.  
Too bad it can't beat the old man's hounding.  
Yes, junior was found guilty of the mileage crime.  
So now it's back to the skate board full time.  
Again dad's penalty is easy since the meatball did sneak.  
He's grounding his culprit for only a week.

Before closing let's look at pop's side.  
Was he right in cancelling the boy's ride?  
He worries and wonders and often laments,  
Remembering the kid's first four accidents.

After making up a code, rules and a motto,  
Poor old dad finds that his son has given up the old auto.  
The smooth talking kid has just made a deal  
To drive his new girl friend's new foreign automobile!

Gregory Huyette

# The Cat And The Rat

The pudgy, playful cat said to the rather weary rat,  
"I have to keep chasing you so that I don't get too fat."  
The rather weary rat said he didn't understand.  
"Don't you chase me for the next meal you've planned? "

The cat laughed and asked, "Why would I want that?  
Without you, who would I chase, you silly, weary rat? "  
"I'm tired and sure don't care if you do get fat."  
Said the more than rather angry weary rat.

At that the rather weary rat decided to ask,  
"Can we be friends or is that too tough a task? "  
The pudgy, playful cat frowned and wanted to know,  
"Weary rat, just how fat do you want me to grow?  
If I stop chasing you, that won't be too wise,  
Since you're the only way that I can exercise."

The rather weary rat started to sob and wail.  
All this running had made him quite weak and frail.  
Then he had an idea that might stop the cat from getting fat.  
So he simply asked the pudgy, "Why don't you chase you  
Then you can chase it in every place you want to be."  
The pudgy, playful cat had never, ever thought of that.  
Now for sure he knew he would never become fat.  
He smiled and said, "My chasing you must end  
Because, rather weary rat, you are now my best friend!

Gregory Huyette

# The Cockatoo And The Kangaroo

The happy cockatoo asked the hopping kangaroo,  
"Does everyone in your family have a purse like you? "  
The hopping kangaroo stopped and smiled at the bird,  
Saying, "Calling it a pouch would be a better word."  
The happy cockatoo was interested in learning more  
And asked, "A pouch? Please tell me what it's for.  
The kangaroo explained that she had become a mother.  
This pouch was the home of this new precious other.

Out of the pouch the precious baby popped his head;  
Looked at the cockatoo with a funny smile and said,  
"You make me very nervous Mr. Happy Cockatoo.  
Flying in the air with those arms on top of you."  
Mother kangaroo said, "Don't be afraid of such things.  
Since this cockatoo is a bird, those are called wings.  
Just as we kangaroo hop on our legs to get around,  
The cockatoo uses its wings to fly above the ground."

The cockatoo said, "I guess it's like my nest in the tree  
Where I lay and hatch my eggs, then raise my family."  
Your ways seem strange. It's different from what I see.  
Though when I get to know you, you're a lot like me.  
We both have our babies and help them find their way  
So they can love and raise their own families another day.  
It's this love we all share that shines brightly as a flame  
Whether pouch, feather or wing, we're all much the same."

- 
- 

Gregory Huyette

# The Cow And The Sow

The grazing Guernsey cow said to the wiggly-eared sow,

“Is it because of all your babies that you’re happy now? ”

The wiggle-eared sow thought as her babies had their meal.

Then said, “Happiness is from inside me. It’s just how I feel.”

I love my babies as they root and squirm with thirst.

They add to my happiness, but it starts in my heart first.

Well, the grazing Guernsey was confused and did fret.

She was unhappy with herself since she had no babies yet.

The wiggly-eared sow sensed the grazing cow was sad

□

And said, “You’re beautiful and of that you should be glad.

□

Be proud of who you are and work hard to be the best.

Then the world’s your pasture and will come all the rest.

Your babies will be happy and the reason they will be

□

Is because happiness flows from you for all to see.”

Gregory Huyette

# The Crow And The Doe

Again and again the wise ol' crow said to the sweet, young doe,  
"Don't play by the winding brook since that's where hunters go."  
But sweet, young doe said, "I love to play by this gentle stream.  
As I drink its cool water, I see how pretty that I seem.  
While I'm there, I'll be watchful and be careful as I can.  
Besides, the many times I've played there I've never seen a man."

Wise ol' crow frowned, pointing his wing as he quickly said,  
"Innocent, sweet young doe, you won't see hunters; just feel their lead.  
You may drink the water and watch yourself while you're having fun  
Though from my perch I can see hunters and each one has a gun.  
Please stay deep in the forest where no man or gun will go.  
Play with your friends and have fun, but always let your mother know."

Well, sweet, young doe had other ideas of what would be fun to do.  
She thought, "Since I'm now two year old, I'll try something new."  
There was fun and lots food for the taking at a farm far down stream.  
To play with calves, piglets and chicks was almost too much to dream.  
So off went young doe and her friends, laughing and singing at will,  
"With our new buddies we'll eat farm food till we've all had our fill."

As they headed toward the creek, young doe recalled what ol' crow said  
About telling her mother where she was going and feeling hunters lead.  
But she knew if she asked her mother, the answer would sure be "No".  
So why ask because she was big now and had already decided to go.  
Ol' crow's warning about those hunters just didn't make sense.  
As they went farther than before, the forest suddenly became dense.

They came to a fork in the stream; one was right and the other wrong.  
Smiles changed to tears as a whimper replaced sweet young doe's song.  
"We're lost deep in the forest. Oh, how I wish my mother were here.  
She'd know what to do so that we'd be safe with nothing to fear."  
A sharp noise, then another, cracked in the forest as does started to cry.  
"Please protect us from hunter's lead. We're much too young to die."

As luck would have it, the wise ol' crow was keeping watch from above.  
As the does trembled and cried, he swooped in with his message of love.  
"I've watched you learn from the good things and errors you've made.  
So again learn from these mistakes and never be afraid to



Seek advice from family and friends, especially experiences of another,  
Like the one who just arrived. I believe that's your loving mother! "

Gregory Huyette

# The Dandelion

The hearty dandelion has much to bear.  
Neither lawn nor garden welcomes it there.  
Any place it appears it's a vagabond...  
A sad creation of which no one is fond.

How is it that this plant of such ill repute  
Has the stamina its enemies can't dispute?  
It's poisoned, weeded and still breeds;  
Awash with a head of transcending seeds.

Tragedy rests with this golden flower  
As it awakes with each spring shower.  
A world so needy, but yet so rude  
Cares little about its vast use as food.

Gregory Huyette

# The Dangerous Pedantic, Etc.

Each day is much more pedantic,  
As this fraudulent world becomes frantic  
With the didactic and doctrinaire  
So much so that they dictate what's fair.

Informed citizenry must take reigns  
From misguided, self righteous brains  
Who fool no one but themselves  
As their books die unread on shelves.

Have fear that these ignorants here  
Are those who will only cheer  
When each intention and selfish concern  
Is satisfied even as sidewalks burn.

Vision and strategy must prevail  
As priorities overwhelm mundane detail.  
The world really has no other choice.  
The future ill affords more erudite voice.

Gregory Huyette

# The Devastation Of A Nation

A nation valuing its rights more than its obligations.

A nation valuing high class riches more than middle class wealth creation.

A nation valuing politicians more than the people's participation.

A nation valuing the short term with little long term consideration.

A nation valuing the demeaning of truth with false manipulation.

A nation valuing the status quo in spite of devastation.

A nation valuing its children so little that ignores their desperation.

A nation valuing its won self interests regardless of growing consternation.

A nation valuing diversity regardless of the harms of its aberration.

A nation valuing these injustices will disappear from its own perturbation.

Gregory Huyette

# The Fortune Of Misfortune

Tragedy or misfortune may have another side to behold.  
Oft times they point to directions heretofore untold.  
Life is so hurried with labors of the day  
That there's scarce a moment to consider another way.

There's little time to decide if a chosen course is right  
Since search for wealth has driven happiness out of sight.  
Search for wealth becomes the powerful, unyielding master  
Forcing sad, unthinking slaves to labor ever faster.

Then the fortune of misfortune strikes as all becomes strange.  
Customs and thinking are confronted by airs of change.  
Because of fear and uncertainty most fail to stay on course.  
Winners redefine goals using such tragedy as their source.

Gregory Huyette

# The Frog And The Dog

The big bullfrog said to the wiry weenie dog,  
"Come out and sun with me on my nice, nifty log."  
The wiry weenie dog yelped at the big bullfrog,  
"I can't get out there since you're sitting in a bog."

Froggie croaked back, "Of that term I'm not fond.  
I'll have you know this log is on a crystal pond."  
The wiry weenie dog, not wanting to appear a dud,  
Asked, "Which part is crystal; the moss or the mud? "

The big bullfrog said to show his irritation,  
"Forget it wiry weenie dog. I withdraw my invitation."  
Now the wiry weenie dog really felt mighty bad  
And said, "I'm sorry big bullfrog that I made you mad.  
I'd like to visit you out on your nice, nifty log,  
But my short legs might get stuck since I'm a weenie dog."

The big bullfrog said, 'Just wait a spell.  
Stay where you are since I jump very well."  
After three hops, frog and dog were sitting side by side.  
They enjoyed the day together till both were sleepy eyed.

Gregory Huyette

# The Gift Of Failure

To travel a road and never fail  
Is to follow a lesser trail.  
The real path is narrow and steep  
With jagged rock and fissure deep.  
Passage gained is passage earned,  
Bought with failure and now learned.

But to fail and not learn  
Or fail with no concern  
Is to spurn a chance to know  
Which direction now is so.

Oh, to find the way unveiled  
After having failed  
Is to sip the sweetest wine.  
The fork in the road is now thine!

The gift of failure is dear indeed,  
For in each it sparks the need  
To think and labor and then know  
That from failure success can grow.  
For the greatest gain from a loss  
Involved a man and his cross.

Gregory Huyette

# The Gift Of Sight

Each time I close my eyes I realize  
My world has disappeared;  
No sun, no flowers or smiles, just darkness,  
The worst thing I could have feared.

With eyes wide open I understand  
There is no precious gift more grand  
Than my faculty of sight  
To view my world of wrong and right.

In turn it is no doubt my obligation,  
As I view my struggling nation,  
To change the wrongs that I find  
And convert those who see, but still are blind.

Gregory Huyette



# The Hand I'M Dealt

I've been dealt a hand not fair or just,  
Though in this game I know I must  
Play my cards the best I can,  
Since the same one deals to every man.

To whine and whimper in this game of poker  
Is to lose my way and end up a joker.  
The right path is always fraught with peril,  
But all other ways are sad and sterile.

Gregory Huyette

# The Happy Sadness Of Golf

It's not a sport or pastime ... and usually not fun.  
You're reduced to a mumbler before you are done.  
The book says to hit against your left side.  
Seems like hitting the ball is what should be tried.

Then there's that bit about not moving your head.  
That'll be no problem ... as soon as you're dead.  
Down and behind the ball is what they say.  
Just more of the same ... your game's going that way.

And what's the deal about a full shoulder turn?  
One try and it's wheelchair racing to learn.  
And be sure your follow-through finishes high.  
No matter your shot's an unplayable lie.

Or maybe your release wasn't just right.  
Keep the faith, hacker, the nineteenth's in sight.  
Then they wreck the course with water and rough.  
Just making small holes is rotten enough.

Ah, putting; yes, putting ... what a miserable part.  
A three-footer with a break can tear out your heart.  
The worst things of all are those ugly out-of-bounds  
With their penalty strokes and club-throwing sounds.

Lessons, hope and practice ... no, they'll never pay.  
Watch golf on tv ... you'll be saner that way!

Gregory Huyette

# The Hen And The Wren

The lovely, laying hen said to the itsy-bitsy wren.

'Good morning. It's nice to see you now and then.'

The itsy-bitsy wren said, 'Thank you Mrs. Hen.

I haven't seen you for awhile and don't remember when.'

The laying hen said to the itsy-bitsy wren, 'If you recall,

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The last time we were together was a bit before last fall.'

The wren smiled and said, 'Oh yes I should have guessed.

It's spring again so I'm back to build another nest.'

The hen said, 'Soon we both will be sitting on our eggs.

Not long after that there'll be babies 'neath our legs.'

The itsy-bitsy wren said, 'I wish my eggs weren't so small.

Your eggs are so large that your babies will be tall.'

Well the lovely laying hen said, 'Your eggs are just right.

And that song you sing brings everyone delight.'

From spring to fall wherever hens and wrens reside,

There'll be nests, eggs and babies chirping far and wide.

Gregory Huyette

# The Hippo And The Mosquito

The huge happy hippo asked his mosquito friend,  
"Why must you sting when it does nothing but offend?  
Your bites really hurt and then they itch for days.  
Think of something new and try to change your ways.  
The sweet honey bee has a stinger much like you,  
But instead of causing pain, helps flowers paint a view.  
Can't you turn that stinger into a thing for good?  
Please stop all the suffering and do as you should!

The munching mosquito landed on the hippo and said,  
If I don't sting every day, no doubt I'll soon be dead.  
Blood is my diet so I must sting each and every day.  
I know you eat just plants, but I can't be that way.  
Hurting others is the only way that I can live.  
I depend on others and the suffering that I give.

Huge hippo understood what the munching mosquito said.  
Then thought to himself, "Maybe he'd be better dead! "  
Just then hip hippo had an idea for this bug.  
He said, "Maybe all your poison could be made into a drug.  
Snakes have used their venom to make medicines for good.  
You can help all those suffering as you know you should.  
If you can be like the snakes, you'll bring happiness and bliss.  
Then each hurtful, itchy bite will be like a friendly kiss.  
As for your diet, if you smile and bring cheer,  
Maybe, instead of blood, you'll start to like root beer! "

Gregory Huyette

# The History Of Sistery

Born just a year apart  
A gorgeous green eyed toad;  
A beautiful blue eyed tart

They spoke tongues of  
Mexico, Spain and Brazil  
Little smiling, loving faces  
I can see them still

Then fate took control  
Good fortune for me  
Love second time round  
Changed the duo to three

This history of sistery  
Is no mystery at all  
It's a glorious union  
Since love once more came to call

Three sisters now bound together  
Though with separate lives and loves  
Looking to make history of the future  
Is this sistery of awesome doves

Gregory Huyette

# The Iraq Debacle

The unwilling  
Led by the incompetent  
Forcing the impossible  
Upon the dissatisfied.

□

Gregory Huyette

# The Menace Of Mediation

Mediation is a monster when maliciously misused,  
Devouring good but weak who are sadly confused.  
If mediators have agendas or favor either side,  
Their use in any negotiations must be disqualified.

In this maudlin world of misfits accusers often lie  
To feather plaintiff pockets with what they can pry.  
Truth never was their mantra and honesty a lost art.  
Yet wins are easier aided by good but weak hearts.

When sacrificing truth to make risk "go away"  
Risks will grow ever greater and society will pay  
A higher price as evil becomes the alternative  
As winning supplants right as the only way to live.

With just cause the strong will always state their case  
Since squandering their chances will further deface  
A legal maze where good but weak give up their say  
Trying to avoid risk, but sadly aiding injustice today.

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Gregory Huyette

# The Moose And The Goose

The mighty mad moose said to the gentle gliding goose,  
"It's not fair you fly in formation while I suffer much abuse.  
Wind and breeze are there as you fly first class.  
I'm down here on the ground fighting weeds and grass."

The flock of geese had just landed for some food and rest,  
And here is this mighty mad moose acting like a real pest.  
But the head gliding goose had a gentle reply,  
"Mighty mad moose you're upset and I don't know why."

"Each year we chart the route for you mighty moose.  
We're the train's engine, while you have freedom of a caboose.  
Pay attention to our direction as we geese pass over;  
Then you moose will know the way and have time for clover."

Sir moose replied, "You fly south for winter and return in spring.  
So all I have to do is remember that one important thing.  
As I browse through trees and brush, I need to raise my eyes  
To see you all as you map our way through the skies."

The attitude of mighty moose changed from mad to glad,  
Since he understood the treasure that he really always had.  
As the gentle gliding geese flew off in formation,  
Mighty moose smiled and tipped his antlers in appreciation.

Gregory Huyette



# The More You Know

The more you know about something,  
The more you know  
What you don't know  
And the more you want to know more.

Gregory Huyette

# The Mouse And The Grouse

The teeny, tiny mouse said to the finely feathered grouse  
"I'd like to come and visit you in your lofty, lovely house."  
The finely feathered grouse smiled at the teeny, tiny mouse  
And said, "You can't since I'm saving it for my future spouse."

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The sad teeny, tiny mouse said, as tears started to douse,  
"I'm lonely and just wanted to say hello, finely feathered grouse."  
Well, the finely feathered grouse with his lofty, lovely house  
Was lonely too since he hadn't yet found his future spouse.

But how could a mouse so teeny, tiny and a grouse so fine of feather  
Ever visit each other and have a talk together?  
They had nothing in common and their lives had different starts.  
Although one thing was the same; they both had hurting hearts.

No one had ever visited the finely feathered grouse  
And he did like friendly words uttered by the teeny, tiny mouse.  
As mister mouse gazed aloft, sir grouse returned that smile  
And suddenly blurted out, "Come on up and we'll chat for awhile."

Overjoyed, the teeny, tiny mouse jumped, but just bumped the tree.  
Then tears wet ears to tail as teeny tiny moaned mournfully,  
"You can fly free through the air, but alas, I'm earthbound.  
There's no hope since you live in a tree, but my house is on the ground."

Suddenly, a star from the heavens flashed an idea for these two.  
Perhaps they could visit together if both tried something new.  
The finely feathered grouse left his lofty, lovely house  
And eagerly landed in a bush near the star struck tiny mouse.  
In one hop teeny, tiny leapt toward the bush, and I've heard tell  
That the friendship of grouse and mouse has been doing very well.  
□ (Illustrated book available direct from author)

Gregory Huyette

# The Mule And The Molecule

This meeting was not liked by the Stubborn Mule,  
But he had no choice because Tinsy is his fuel.  
Since Tinsy is the smallest thing that there is on earth,  
Stubby decided to see just what this little guy was worth.

"Hey Tinsy, you're so small, I'll bet you can't be in a stone.  
I'll bet you live in your own tiny place, just yourself alone."  
Tinsy replied, "Well Stubby, stone and everything is made of me.  
Trillions like me are in all things in this world, including your body."

Stubby thought for a while and then said to his newfound friend,  
"Now that I understand, I'm sorry...I didn't mean to offend.  
I think you can explain to my buddies who all of you are.  
If they realize that you're part of them, they'll treat you like a star! "

Tinsy replied, "I don't want them to treat me like a star.  
They just need to appreciate that I am a part of what they are."  
Tinsy Molecule and Stubborn Mule now have a life of fun.  
They work together and play together since they are really one.

Gregory Huyette

# The Parrot And The Ferrett

&lt;/&gt;&lt;/&gt;Jolly Polly parrot said to the fast, fidgety ferret,  
"You want some of my food before I eat all this carrot? "  
Well the fast, fidgety ferret as usual was in a real hurry  
And didn't have time to eat since he only had time to scurry.  
So he said, "Thanks, but no thanks. I must be on my way.  
It seems like there's never enough hours for me in a day."  
Then jolly Polly parrot frowned at fidgety and said,  
"Unless you change your ways, my friend, you'll soon be dead.  
Fast fidgety ferret, you must eat well to keep your body sound  
Or you're going to get sick and become part of the ground."  
That was indeed a scary thought for fast, fidgety ferret  
So he asked jolly Polly for some ideas that might have merit.  
"I think that three healthy meals and some regular rest and play"  
Said Polly to fidgety, "Now that will give you a better day."  
Fast fidgety thought and then smiled at his friend Polly parrot,  
And happily said, "I'll do it. Now my new name is just Ferret."

Gregory Huyette

# The Pendulum

The pendulum swings to both extremes;  
Each side is unreal or so it seems.  
Good times are too good and bad times too bad.  
So both sides replace the spaces they had.

All that is sure is that change will occur.  
Those who embrace it will no doubt endure.  
Those fighting the pendulum and its change  
Will flounder and falter in a life they estrange.

Opportunities abound as the pendulum swings.  
For the advantageous there's a plethora of things.  
But the negative attitude will suffer a fall  
When struck severely by the pendulum's ball.

As stark as today's events appear to be,  
The pendulum's equilibrium will set them free.  
Look to the long term with unfailing hope.  
Take advantage of the pendulum no matter its slope.

Gregory Huyette

# The People

When Executive, Legislative and Judicial fail, it becomes official;

The trail is then determined by the people in the streets,

Not by law makers... the law breakers in their comfortable seats.

Government is not of the people, by the people, for the people today.

It's certainly of a wealthy few, by a select few not caring what we say.

If it continues this course, there will be widespread conflict and force.

This course is leading to another horrible, tragic civil war

Unless the people remember what their Constitution is truly for.

Gregory Huyette

# The Poor Rich

There's a real risk that the poor rich suffer  
For which their bank accounts provide no buffer.  
In fact their money can build huge walls of wealth,  
Isolating their concept of the world's mental health.  
What they see and hear is usually through a servant  
Whose motives are most often much less than fervent.  
The actual world that lies beyond their gifted breeds  
Is rife with downtrodden and their unfulfilled needs...  
Much like the days of yesteryear when royal stalls  
Were protected from heathens by motes and walls.  
Unfortunately, as history has so often shown,  
Conflict arises when a class declares wealth their own.

Gregory Huyette

# The Power Of Your Vote

Each vote is an invaluable opportunity to sound your voice;  
To be a vital part of the country by expressing your choice.  
No matter whether you're black, white, brown, yellow or tan,  
Your vote counts the same as every other woman or man.  
Even if you have made millions from the Wall Street game  
Or work two jobs to feed your family, your vote is the same.  
Your power is limitless as foolish, naïve politicians find out  
When they don't listen to what your needs are all about.  
Government serves you by the power of your votes and desires.  
Vote them out if they can't find solutions this country requires.

Gregory Huyette



# The Real You

No matter where you live, what you wear or what you do,  
What really counts is the matter inside of you.  
The spirit of your heart and state of mind  
Is the real you for the rest of the world to find.

Be proud of yourself and smile every day,  
Remembering that you can have this world your way.  
Avoid your doubters who always criticize;  
They don't know you and the extent you are wise.

Buoyed by unyielding confidence and prodigious inspiration,  
Happiness through love is your guaranteed destination.

□

Gregory Huyette

# The Sea

As I stand gazing at the sea,  
Serenity enraptures me.  
The ocean's constant motion  
Spins a trance like a potion.  
Here is where I want to be.

My triumphs and sorrows,  
My todays and tomorrows  
All blur as waves pass me,  
In the rhythmic rush  
Of this unending sea.

A lesson I'll learn  
From my stem to my stern.  
The sea has set me free.

Gregory Huyette

# The Sea And The Sky

The sea and the sky have a wondrous affair.  
One rules the water; the other the air.  
Together their powers are infinite indeed,  
They're of service to man in his every need.

With such supreme import, it seems that man  
Would protect these riches any way that he can.  
But man being man, unfortunately,  
Places himself ahead of the sky and the sea.

In his rush... toward money and pleasure,  
He often forgets that his greatest treasure  
Can be immutably disfigured and indelibly destroyed,  
Leaving future offspring a catastrophic void.

Best, respect mighty seas and cavorting skies  
So they're here for many generation's admiring eyes.

Gregory Huyette

# The Sky

I stare in awe and wonder  
How such beauty as the sky  
Views the world asunder  
And sends rain clouds to cry.

Its ceiling of celestial blue  
Protects from a universe.  
Sadly, what it can not do,  
Is avoid earthly things much worse.

If only it could send a cloud  
To guide before each mistake  
By whisper or thunder loud  
Nights would be less awake.

Gregory Huyette

# The Slug And The Ladybug

The sad, silly slug said to the lovely ladybug,  
"Why are you pretty while I have this ugly mug?  
I live under a rock since I don't have a shell.  
Because no one likes me, I don't feel very well.  
I'll just keep living underneath this dirty stone,  
All by myself so sadly alone.

The lovely ladybug shook her head and said,  
"Sad, silly slug, get out from that awful, stony bed!  
Just remember each of us has a place on this earth.  
We're put here for a reason so each of us has worth.  
The one to make you happy has to be yourself,  
But you've put your best friend on a forgotten shelf.  
Start by being proud that you are the best slug you'll ever see.  
Don't compare yourself to others that you'll never be.  
Love yourself, smile and always be kind.  
You'll be surprised how many friends that you'll find."

The sad, silly slug had never thought that way before.  
He considered himself only a sad, silly slug and nothing more.  
When he looked into the brook and smiled, what did he see?  
It was a miracle that changed his face so he said happily,  
"This smile has found a home in my once sad, lonely heart.  
I'm proud of myself and look to each new day's start.  
I'm now happy with myself and proud to be free.  
I'll work hard to make myself the best that I can be.  
Just a note of gratitude from this happy, hopeful slug:  
He shouted, "With all my heart, thank you, lovely ladybug! "

Gregory Huyette

# The Snail And The Quail

The quick, quivering quail laughed at the slow moving snail  
And said, "Don't ever enter a race or you'll be last on the trail."  
Well, that snail always saw himself as moving kind of slow,  
Though he was sure he knew where a straight line would go.  
He thought, "Quail is faster, running back and forth, then forth and back.  
If he does that in a race, quick quivering quail might just run off track."

So the slow moving snail smiled and challenged quick, quivering quail  
To a race for the candy store on the other side of hill and dale.  
Quick, quivering quail laughed so hard he could hardly talk.  
He joked, "Slow snail, you have no chance if you run and I only walk."  
Slow moving snail responded, "Tomorrow you'll have a chance to shine.  
Race time is noon and where ants cross the road is the starting line."

Quick, quivering quail, still laughing, said "I'll give you a big head start."  
Slow moving snail answered, "No thanks. Just race fast. I'll race smart."  
Off went quick, quivering quail with buddies to have fun and stay up late.  
Slow moving snail worked on a plan to move faster and go straight.  
The day passed quickly for snail and quail as each went his separate way.  
Night was short and soon a bright new sun hailed the start of race day.

Quick, quivering quail was tired after staying out late with his best friend.  
Slow moving snail slept well and had his plan for how the race would end.  
Snails and quails crowded 'round as queen ant started to whine,  
"Loosen up your shell and feathers; then step to the starting line.  
On your mark, get ready, get set, now off you two go."  
Quick quivering quail rushed down the track... sir snail started slow.

It wasn't long before quick quail had quivered across two dales, and then  
Thought he'd just catch 40 winks before trying that much track again.  
He thought, "I could walk in my sleep and still win this race.  
That slow moving snail, carrying his shell along. What a big disgrace! "  
So off he went into Dreamland, seeing candy stores over the next dale.  
Or was it two more hills that were the end of this easy trail?

Meanwhile slow moving snail studied his map as he moved along.  
He smiled at flowers and friends on the hill; then broke into song,  
"I've worked hard for this race and thank each and every fan.

I'm confident that I'll win, but if not, I can always try again.  
With your cheers and my hard work, "slow" won't mean "lose".  
Victory depends not on just our skills, but how much of them we use."

As slow snail topped the hill, it rained, but not on a single snail fan.  
They had umbrellas, since slow snail had checked with the weatherman.  
His name now was "quick snail" as he slid down the hills of water and mud.  
Rain woke quick quivering quail as a big dropp hit his head with a thud.  
Quail ran faster as he thought he saw the finish line with each advance...  
But shrieked, "Oh no, I can't believe it. This line is made up of ants! "

Snail's slide downhill helped him move over the dale as never before.  
Soon there it was within sight and smell...that winning candy store.  
Then snail's moves were much slower and he could hear a noise behind.  
Sure, it was quick quail, so snail reached for all the strength he could find.  
Before he knew it, slow moving snail was in front of the candy store.  
So proud, he yelled, "I Love You All! " as he listened to the crowd roar.

Gregory Huyette

# The Spore And The Condor

Said Spunky Spore, "We germ cells are busy making plants  
So that as you fly over, Casual Condor you see flowers dance.  
Though we're very tiny, you'll find it's true  
By joining with other spores we can form something new."

"Well Spunky Spore, " replied Casual Condor, "You impressed me.  
As I soar it sounds like you're in almost everything that I see."  
"How right you are! " exclaimed the proud Spunky Spore,  
"We're in everything there is and we're busy making more."

The poor condor now wasn't so casual as he started to cry.  
Spunky Spore asked, "Sir, you're crying, please tell me why."  
The sad condor wiped his eyes and said, "I need help from you.  
Please make more of us or we'll be extinct and gone from view."

Spunky Spore is joining with his friends to see what they can do,  
But for a while Casual Condor and his family will be just a few.  
If humans care enough to protect this wonderful team,  
Then the tragedy of extinction won't again arrive at this extreme.

Gregory Huyette



# The Storm

A purple sky with  
Its premature night  
Arouses the breeze and  
Sends it to flight  
Through shivering trees  
Who bow in its sight.

Ghosts of the sky  
Gather and groan  
Abhorring their lot as  
They hang there alone.  
Sudden arcs spark rumbles  
Sending tumbles below.

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A splotch, two, two million  
And then...  
The air is no longer  
Sultry and warm,  
But fresh and cool  
In face of the storm.

Gregory Huyette

# The Strong May Be Weak

When sorrow stabs a mind,  
There's so much it can find.

The strong may be the weak,  
Hiding behind a façade they seek  
To appear to be powerful  
By causing others to be sorrowful.

Their weapons of hate and attack  
Will only ricochet back  
Further wounding their weakened mind  
While forcing others farther behind.

Their weakness will start to fade  
The moment in sorrow they're not afraid  
To view tenderness as something strong  
And being a bully as always wrong.

Gregory Huyette

# The Swan And The Fawn

Finely Freckled Fawn called to Suave, Stately Swan,  
"Please help me quickly. I need you to come on.  
When I took a drink in the pond, what did I see?  
But a poor little fawn drowning who looked just like me."

Sir Swan explained "Be calm my dear and listen here.  
It's only your reflection." he explained with affection.  
"Each time you take a drink just think how you can smile,  
As that pretty face looking at you is happy all the while."

"Oh thank you Sir Swan." said the grateful Freckled Fawn.  
"All my fears and all my tears from now on will be gone.  
Suave, Stately Swan and Finely Freckled Fawn are friends  
Because of thoughtfulness and gratitude upon which friendship depends.

Gregory Huyette

# The Tragedy Of Tragedies

For profound change to take place  
Horrible tragedy must be the case.  
Man would rather forgo what's better  
Than change his ways by even a letter.

Man seems to be guided this tragic rule:  
Namely that he will continue to be a fool,  
Allowing environs to deteriorate ever faster  
Until they are the seat of a mitigating disaster.

In this apathetic world of dissention  
Man often chooses costs of cure over prevention.  
Then as so many die and more suffer;  
Compromising solutions become ever tougher.

Parents, children and families are destroyed...  
The tragedy of tragedies is this we can help avoid  
By banning weapons that fire per second or faster,  
Leaving in their wake nothing but murderous disaster.

Gregory Huyette

# The Wind And The Breeze

I, the wind, will blow you a kiss  
And everyday I'll never miss  
A chance to beckon the breeze  
And ask her to pretty please  
Cool your neck and wipe your brow.  
Then together we'll remind you how  
To stop and see what really counts;  
Like worry free days in large amounts;  
Like mellow meadows of flowers and birds;  
Like selfless ways and sensitive words;  
Like painless moves and painless minds;  
Take note of us for we're God's signs...

I, the wind and my sister, the breeze.  
Listen as we whisper, pretty please.

Gregory Huyette

# The Woman Of My Life

From her beautiful face to delicate feet,  
She's a fantasy dream complete.  
Oh those gorgeous brown eyes hypnotize  
Like beams of a brilliant sunrise.

She's intelligent, sensitive and sensual too.  
Her feminine grace is captured by few.  
She makes life worth living, giving her all.  
No friendship is fleeting or favor too small.

To live with her is to feel everyday  
Sweetness and kindness ... her only way.  
She's a gentle soul soothing signs of strife.  
My lover, my partner, the woman of my life.

Gregory Huyette

# The Work Of A Poet

A poet's work is a mystery indeed.  
It springs from his mind like a fertile seed.  
It's not his place to question its emergence,  
But to record and marvel at its resurgence.

Each word, phrase, sentence is predisposed  
Like a babe that is born already composed.  
It's mission to convey ideas and messages clear  
With style and flair never before existing here.

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When a poet views release of his finished piece,  
Best enjoy as an observer or emotions increase.  
How each work is born, like the child at birth  
Is shrouded in mystery as is so much on earth.

Gregory Huyette

# These Christmas Days

On these Christmas days all through our place  
We merrily decorate every possible space.  
There're lights on the roof and wreaths on the door.  
Garland on the banister just adds that much more.  
Rainbows of cards brighten tables and walls,  
As Santas and the manger enshrine smiling halls.  
At the center of attention is our beautiful tree  
Adorned with mementos from friends and family.  
Piled beneath the foliage under ribbons and bows  
Are the symbols reminding us why this season glows.  
Not what's in each box or how many are there,  
But the spirit of giving plus the memories we share.  
Before the wink of an eye or the twist of a nose  
One more year has rushed by so we'd like to propose  
That we be kinder and gentler to family & friends  
And to all we encounter since our future depends  
On the love we give that can't help go both ways  
Filling lives with the spirit of these Christmas days.

Gregory Huyette



# These Days Of Doubt And Strife

As these days pass my way,  
These days of doubt and strife.  
They clearly cry out and say  
I must change my life.

Excess must espouse the past  
As temperance becomes my guide.  
Worth in money will shrink fast  
To favor those at my side.

□

Times may well become worse  
As uncertainty and mistrust prevail.  
Though there'll be crises to traverse,  
Doing what's right, I won't fail.

□

Success will be what I unite,  
Not how much I can divide.  
Then I'll have chosen to live right  
A life filled with love and pride.

Gregory Huyette

# Thirty Years

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IT'S THIRTY YEARS THAT I'VE SLAVED.

LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT I'VE SAVED

I BOUGHT SOME STOCKS THEY SAID WERE STARS.

NOW BANKS OWN MY HOUSE AND BOTH USED CARS.

THE KIDS DO CALL, BUT NOT ENOUGH.

THAT ALIMONY MAKES IT TOUGH.

THINGS ARE BETTER SINCE I MET DEB.

SHE'S HELPED ME BACK FROM MY LOW EBB.

WE'LL MARRY SOON, BUT BOTH ARE NERVOUS.

WE CARRY SCARS FROM PREVIOUS SERVICE.

THE NEXT THIRTY YEARS I WON'T BE CONCERNED

WITH DEBBIE, FRIENDS AND WHAT I'VE LEARNED.

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Gregory Huyette

# This Child

This child is born. The world has changed.  
Many lives are rearranged.  
A chance that never lived before  
To change the world forevermore.  
A miracle still not understood,  
This birth, another chance for good.

Fleeting time will leave its mark.  
Therefore, from first day disembark  
On earth's uncertain, curtained road,  
Rich with hope 'mid heavy load;  
Like doubts and fears and, yes, betrayal.  
But true love can lift each veil.

So love this child and don't forget  
The seconds race now that you've met.  
No time's too late nor challenge great  
To embrace this child and guide its fate.

Gregory Huyette

# This Confusing World

Oceans are almost empty, mountains flat and the sun has lost its sheen.  
Summers swelter and winters freeze as peoples seeking shelter are brought to their knees.

Glaciers disappear like paper thin lace leaving bone dead rock in their head stone space.

Hoard of species disappear leaving portents of the future so remorsefully clear.  
Yet the specie that holds hopes of solutions is busy destroying itself in a spate of revolutions. In this confusing world it now seems that the skies are green.

While the earth around it continues to collapse, it expedites the fall with unending mishaps.

Tomorrow is gone; it's already spent on superfluous intercourse,  
The damage of which will only be understood too late with the greatest remorse.  
By then the skies will have turned ashen black, with oceans sucked dry.  
As the pale sun and its moon are hijacked by a much wiser sky.  
Hopefully, there's a borrow from the day after tomorrow  
To overcome this trauma, tragedy and so unnecessary sorrow.

□

Gregory Huyette

# This Fabulous Place

As I peer at the moon and revel at each star,  
It's as if night's ceiling really isn't that far.  
My mind floats like a comet through unending space.  
The haunting heavens are mine in this fabulous place.

Back here on earth many smiling people abound.  
Like bees in a hive they busily scatter around.  
They enliven this world with their unending pace.  
Friends and acquaintances are close in this fabulous place.

Not long ago each country was a world of its own.  
Now distant corners yield mysteries to a mere telephone.  
Unknowns spring from sources that once hadn't a trace,  
But now have become indispensables in this fabulous place.

□

Trees reach to the sky as flowers follow the sun.  
Flora and fauna provide seasonal splendor for everyone.  
The fortunes of nature paint an inspiring face,  
Enchantingly molding rock and soil in this fabulous place.

Time's needles are unrelenting in their unscrupulous race  
To transform budding roses into wilting leaves in a vase.  
But love's light looms large and is life's base in every case...  
The essence of existence making our world this fabulous place.

Gregory Huyette

# This Poet's Responsibility

When I'm inspired I'm but an observer,  
Enthralled and encompassed in a mosaic of fervor.  
The ideas are finished and I'm but a scribe,  
Laboring for understanding as each word I imbibe.

So often after a work is recorded,  
I read it to comprehend what was reported.  
Most surprising of all is that after my screening,  
I've transcribed words without knowing their meaning.

Themes are random and messages mixed.  
Their origin unknown since I remain transfixed  
As I record them without any rhyme or reason.  
To do less would be intellectual treason.

I'm grateful I received this precious gift.  
I know I must give others a lift  
By passing on these messages from somewhere above.  
Like life, problems are transient, so be happy through love.

□

Gregory Huyette

# This Struggling Earth

If there is a creator, he's a very sad sack  
As he sees what is happening and then looks back  
To notice history is again repeating.  
Instead of his plan of peace and love for each other,  
The religions are competing!

The holy land that once was is now nothing but dirt  
Where hatred is rampant and people are hurt.  
Christians, Jews and Arabs all lay claim  
To common sand loaned by their creator since they were once the same.

But books written by men profess to be God,  
Proclaiming rights not right on their common sod.  
Hunger for power and wealth sadly determine worth.  
The creator's peace and love are farther away than ever on this struggling earth.

Gregory Huyette

## This Way

This way is a steep road that starts out slow.  
Then picks up speed the further I go.  
As I accelerate it's harder to view  
Those that are dear that precious few.

The twists and turns often distort my sight,  
So I stray from these few and what is right.  
I must enjoy friends and family while I can  
For I know I won't pass this way again.

Gregory Huyette



# This World

This world is what you make it.  
You can give or take from it.  
You arose from the depths of its vaults.  
And will return to its soil and salts.  
In life each receives talents or riches to improve the world's lot.  
If they're used to his full measure, he's a success; otherwise not.  
Reward or punishment in any life there might be hereafter  
Will depend on how he used his riches and resources as a crafter.  
This world has grave needs and injustice you no doubt will find.  
So it must be better from your touch that you will leave behind.  
It's not your location, life style or what you have, save or earn.  
Your destiny will be determined by the heaven's gifts you return.

Gregory Huyette

# Thoughts

Learn to live together since we're much more the same.  
Only bad will happen when we try to look for blame.  
As mother nurses child, we must nurse each mind.  
Then ignorance, hate and jealousy are left far behind.

There's good in each of us whether slug, bug or whatever.  
All livings things must love, not hate, in this sliver of forever.  
Be full of cheer; be glad you're here; destroy signs of sorrow.  
Smile today; have fun and play for who knows of the morrow.

Gregory Huyette

# Three Of Me

The one I feel in me.  
The one the world does see.  
And the one I could be.

My fate lies in the space  
Between what I could be,  
And what I put in place  
For the world to see.

If this gap is small,  
Perhaps there can be  
Just one me.

Gregory Huyette

# Tic Toc, A Clock

No chance to wait; can't hesitate.  
Turning to the sixty for a breath, then death.  
Turning three score once more and more...  
This face ranges with changes to after from before.

It knows no man, but again spins faster and faster,  
Having no master in joy or disaster.  
Its needles point and anoint each moment with the past.  
And as fast its joints are turning ever to the right  
In spite of a world yearning, burning for a pause in its flight.

This face rushing to its cause will never be bound  
As it paces, yet races with the sound, tic toc, a clock

Gregory Huyette

# Time

Who knows about the future? Who knows what we'll find?  
What good and bad things are in store by chance or design?  
What can be done today to alter the future's course?  
If truth be known you alone rule effects of its force.  
Today at work or play only the present exists.  
A wise world has no room for a past-present-future tryst.  
Each future hour, joyful or dour, will never arrive.  
The future will be the future as long as you're alive  
The past is gone forever never to steal today's times,  
Unless could-have-been memories commit awful crimes.  
So love and live each instant of each and every day.  
You have so little time as each moment passes away.

Gregory Huyette

# Time Grows Shorter

When I was young, the clock was barely alive  
It seemed that the good times would never arrive.  
As I grew older the needles had something to prove.  
Their pace increased as they livened their move.  
But still they seemed only to plow along,  
Though church bells did render a much louder gong.  
If a new life is foretold by such chimes,  
I just hope they herald the advent of good times.  
In concert clock and bell voice vulnerable dismays;  
Their message, "Time grows shorter to find happy days."

□ □

Gregory Huyette

## Times Like These

At times like these who can say  
This is right or that's the way?  
Black seems white or is white gray?  
And right was wrong the other day.

Once in vogue, it holds no sway.□  
To march, to march, but not to pray.  
Rights are sought, but who will pay  
The cost of duties they portray?  
□  
Fears and fights and friction may  
Obscure our goals and cause delay.  
Yet we must work and hold at bay  
Forces of evil which will betray  
Self and country when they bray  
That rights and wrongs are both okay.

Gregory Huyette

## Time's Two Faces

A clock has one face, but time has two...  
One is of hope: the other a shrew.  
I strain at the pinnacle in sight of both ways.  
One is of past years; the other mere days.

As I squint for a better view of the days,  
The apex slants more towards the shrew's gaze.  
My only chance lies in a much slower pace,  
Hoping to enjoy days before they change face.

Gregory Huyette



# To A Queen From Her Elf

I wake up and pinch myself;  
It seems like a fantasy.  
I'm a very lucky elf  
And forever hope to be.

A little elf married to a queen  
So gracious on her throne.  
More beauty than I've ever seen  
And she's my very own.

I declare my pledge as an elf  
To love her with all my heart.  
Every day I'll pinch myself,  
As this dream again will start.

Gregory Huyette

## To Mommio

When I was a child, you showed me a meadow of flowers.  
You told me their names and we stayed there for hours.  
Buttercups glistened as they drank the sun's rays  
Amongst bluebells that glowed in their majestic ways.

I played in the meadow, but loved holding your hand.  
You taught me about life and helped me understand  
That love, like these flowers, though silent, can voice  
A splendiferous message when it's my choice,  
To express love with actions like forgive and forget;  
To greet all with a smile and be glad that we've met;  
To lead a colorful, bountiful life and have fun,  
Praising the heavens as do flowers the sun.

This selfless love that you've forever shown me  
Has opened my eyes so that I'll always see  
The softness that buttercups and bluebells display  
With their colors and scents that can lighten life's way.  
Thank you, dearest mother, for your hand from the start.  
Though flowers will fade, your love lives deep in my heart.

Gregory Huyette

# To My Darling Wife

To My Loving Wife

□

You're my dream divine.

You're all things fine.

Bottom line...

The world is mine

As long as you're my Valentine!

I LOVE YOU SO! ! !

Gregory Huyette

## To Pam

They say you've passed, but you'll always be here.  
Your contagious voice and smile are ever so near.  
Heaven's a bit better now that you're there.  
We on earth are short changed it just isn't fair.

Pam, we miss you Pam We need you Pam. We love you so.  
Now you're in a better place than any of us can know.  
You've found peace and now are living what your fate will be.  
One day we'll all enjoy each other again in this vast eternity.

Gregory Huyette

# Traders

Trundling taut, twinged and tattered,  
Smudged, sanguine, sad and spattered,  
Still hope of millions mattered  
More than bloody body battered;  
In spite of spirits sorely scattered...  
Leaving net worth notions shattered.

Instant wealth appeared on paper,  
But like cruel water vapor  
Disappeared leaving a hell  
Of felled and falling screaming "sell".

Sadly some short sighted seekers  
Again augmented awful leekers,  
Buying back their badly botched;  
Lauding losers when one notched  
Levels below lingering faders...  
Think not, wait not, tainted traders!

Gregory Huyette

# Traffic Lights

During that time you're having a good day...  
You're not in a hurry; lights all go your way.  
When time is ample and the scene serene,  
Just as you need them, they all turn green.  
When the pressure's off with no goal ahead,  
The friendly signals never turn to red.

But when time is short and pressure's on,  
That friendly shamrock is quickly gone.  
If boss or spouse will determine your fate,  
At each blood red light dejected you wait.  
It's like riding a sagging nag made of lead.  
Your time erodes with each frustrating red.

Since life's lights are full of red and green,  
Safe traffic depends on a well paced routine.  
Then respect for all lights, as well as speed  
Are necessary if life's journey is to succeed.

Gregory Huyette

# True Gifts

What in life can be considered true gifts...  
Things that will give our spirits a real lift?  
Material things like status or power  
Can enhance living, but be lost in an hour.  
An expansive house or an expensive car  
Are pitiful possessions if they define who you are.

Love between family and friends  
Are true gifts upon which all happiness depends.  
Regardless of its size or how much was spent,  
A gift's value determined by its giver's intent.  
Always give with love and sincerely believe  
In so doing there will be gifts of love you receive.

Gregory Huyette

# Tuesday

Tuesday I'd say could be quite nice  
If it weren't in the grip of Monday's paper vice.  
You'd think that with all the computers around,  
That paperwork would seldom, if ever, be found.  
Though things now-a-days are even sloppier  
Thanks to that invention, the high speed copier.  
Unfortunately, Tuesday appears to be a bad news day.  
It's just too close to muddled Monday for a better way.  
If it could only be a little bit later on in the week,  
That would be closer to the ideal advantage I seek.  
But as long as poor Tuesday appears so very early,  
I know there's something good I can find in it surely.

Gregory Huyette



# Two Roads

Two roads life takes;  
Happiness or heartbreaks.  
Neither easy, but one less strain;  
The other offers only pain.

Why many choose the hard way  
With its high price to pay.  
Is beyond wildest dreams.  
But so many times it seems  
Attractions of the hard way  
Are disguised as best today.      □  
No thought of the morrow  
With its impending sorrow  
For those who blithely say,  
'It's best for me today.'

Tomorrow's today will survive  
If tomorrow can be kept alive.  
Knowing what's best now  
Must be viewed by how  
It affects your plan  
Of what you want and how you can.

Gregory Huyette

# Unique Masterpiece

Remember, you are a unique masterpiece.  
With your talents, tastes and toils you can increase  
Chances that this world will house a better fellow man.  
No one like you has gone before... or ever will again.

Your talents are impressive, but only if you recognize  
Their strength depends on faith in self. Then you're truly wise.  
The world prefers to ignore your words, as it rushes on its way.  
But you can change minds and hearts if you believe what you say.

Your tastes in life can't be mundane or your talents won't unfold.  
To better complacent man, your values must be brave and bold.  
Study history's masters and disasters then chart your time.  
Battles will be hard, fields scarred, but less would be a crime.

How many times have superior toils determined spoils of war?  
Make that extra effort until your mind and body roar.  
It's not brains or brawn, but dedication on the practice field.  
Unique masterpiece, never cease. You can make the world yield!

Gregory Huyette

# Us Civil War In Two Oh One Four

In the US the year is two oh one four.  
Chasms between the rich and poor  
Have reached a stage of feudal times.  
For the poor rights are no more;  
For the rich there are no crimes.  
What once was ruling middle class  
Has faded away like winter grass.  
That worker's home, once so sublime,  
Now only rents as prices climb.  
Wealth and power are with those few  
Who hoard it and pursue  
Every chance to enhance their throne,  
Each day leaving poor more alone.  
Like Greece and Rome two hundred years  
Hail turbulent change with truculent fears.  
America can't turn back to safer shore  
Its ship is listing in two oh one four.  
China has spoken with its \$5000 car,  
Superior to what was Detroit by far.  
Unemployed flood streets, but can't find,  
Nor keep mortgages from falling behind.  
Rich buy their homes as values crash;  
Then rent back gaining more cash.  
Crime rises when hopeless turn to stealth,  
While privileged few fortress their wealth.  
With nothing to lose, these poor attack  
The wealthy, who fiercely fight back  
From bastions of privilege and power,  
Inflicting horrible losses as they devour  
Hoards of poor as conflict rages on  
Three years till established power is gone.  
Smoky skies and blood drenched tears  
Again chronicle man's brutal, selfish years.

Gregory Huyette

# Volunteer To Be Happy

Sad things happen. Of this there's no doubt.  
But that's not what this thought's all about.  
When something goes wrong, most volunteer  
To fall down and stop or stand up and cheer.

It's easy to fall when goblins are grand,  
But there's something I don't understand.  
And that's why some volunteer to be sad  
For what could have been, since all is so bad.

Suns keep rising and there're always more springs,  
So volunteer to be happy for these wondrous things.  
Take off those shades and try a new style.  
It's hard to feel bad when sporting a smile.

Why volunteer sadness when costs are so high?  
It's like choosing death before having to die.  
I guess only the lonely really know why.

Gregory Huyette

# Vote!

Corporate worlds can be ripe for hate's cultivation.  
Their main purpose is money, materialism's creation.

But one place where evil can be worse than the rest...  
Is a place where the hateful oft' times invest.  
Talking of equality, though thirsting for more power;  
Governments may seek rights to mutilate or devour.

By exercising a right that's more an obligation,  
A voter determines his future and that of his nation.  
Bought by blood of thousands wounded and dead,  
Voting ensures that leaders are the ones who are led.

So choose who you will and you're sure not to lose  
Unless you surrender your power to choose.

Gregory Huyette

# Waning Years

In these waning years the worst of my fears;  
Those things for which there seems no amends.  
It matters not the multitude of my tears,  
I observe the incessant passing of my friends.

I feel sorry for my self for each dreadful surprise.  
How could this happen to one I long to see?  
Then I'm thankful another spirit more wise  
Grants understanding that this is not about me.

Rather than sulk in a sea of sorrow  
I'll remember those precious times forever.  
Now with friends enjoy today and tomorrow  
Though the years may wane I'll be to clever.

Gregory Huyette

# War

Tragedy spawned by powerful and greedy;  
Nurtured by innocent, ignorant and needy.  
Politician and general safe behind buffers  
As each patriotic soldier fights and suffers.  
If not for the poor, who would ever wage war?  
It's waged so powerful egos can be staged.

Each time a confused, lonely soldier has to die,  
Power and money are the real reasons why.  
How can destroying a country and its population  
Ever help inspire and unite it as a nation?  
In America democracy's a product of so few years  
Built on a bloody Civil War and oceans of tears.  
Through war all classes think they can be winners,  
But spoils are just for the powerful and their sinners.

Gregory Huyette

# War In America

In this sad country there will be a bitter war,  
Not from foreign peoples who would attack us,  
But between our very rich and hopeless poor.

There'll be death and destruction as the war rages,  
While wealthy choke the waning middle class.  
As history repeats the tragic Dark Middle Ages.

When the middle class has only bitterness and hate,  
Opportunities for peace will then be too late.  
When they realize that the rich will never yield,  
They'll take their hopes and causes to the battle field.

The rich will have the best arms that money can buy.  
The power of the poor will be in their angry numbers  
And their desire to effect changes in their lots or die.

Man can go to the moon, create an internet, cure cancer.  
But put rich politicians with no conscience in a room;  
They'll languish and war in America will be the answer.

Gregory Huyette



# Waves

Rushing, dashing, clashing each on their way  
To another city to another bay.  
Large swallow weaker, bounding evermore  
Till each is consumed by a sovereign, sandy shore.

□

Lunar orchestration oscillates sea's symphony,  
As countless waves appear, singing joyously.  
Sounds are unforgettable, though instantly are gone.  
New sharps, flats and quarter notes emerge to carry on.□

□

White cap dances surrender with explosive rings.  
Sounds and sights intoxicate witness to such things.  
An incarnate moon reincarnates each once more,  
Thus another journey to one more marauding shore.

Ions ago a marriage twixt the heavens and the sea  
Spawned a splendiferous skyline in all its majesty.  
Then waves started to recede and mountains expand  
So life forms could leave waters and populate the land.

A living entity is this endless sea.  
A world all its own, so very very little known.  
A mystery in motion is this swaggering, swaying ocean.  
With a parade of waves to see; that's how it will always be.

□

Gregory Huyette

# We The People

When the Executive, Legislative and Judicial fail, it's official;

A new trail must then determined by the people in the streets,

Not by law makers... the law breakers in their comfortable seats.

Government is not of the people, by the people, for the people today.

It's of a wealthy few, by a select minority not caring what we say.

If it continues this course, there will be widespread conflict and force.

We the people, the middle class, founded this country and made it great.

We need to unite and articulate our message to the ruling noble class before it's too late

Gregory Huyette

# We The People Ii

We the people of this great land

Are fortunate indeed and understand

That it has been acquired with blood and tears

Of many whose patriotism overcame their fears.

We the people guarantee everyone rights every day

Or our system will be held hostage and wither away

As an historically privileged few extend their control,

Thus destroying the power of the people's role.

We the people through our informed choice

Determine the value of each of our leader's voice.

If we don't understand issues or get involved,

There'll be no quality leaders or problems resolved.

Gregory Huyette

# Wedding Day

Sunrays are brighter; clouds much whiter.

Nature's creatures celebrate.

Today I vowed to delight her,

As her lucky, honored, eternal mate.

□

On the calendar it's the only date I see

That has given life more meaning than ever.

Even during moments when we don't agree,

It's a union that nothing can sever.

This ceremony stands for our happiness

and love during every day of the year.

As we honor each other, someone above

Will ensure we have nothing to fear.

Gregory Huyette

# Wednesday

Wednesday marks the middle of the week.  
It's getting closer to the days that I seek.  
Leave all papers and abandon and every file.  
For a moment be a vagabond, a marauding exile.

This afternoon means that it's all downhill.  
Fabulous Saturday will soon fill the bill.  
Maybe a game of golf in the afternoon  
Proves that Wednesdays can't come too soon.

Even the thought that the weekend is now close  
Makes the workdays a whole lot less morose.  
As I sit at lunch in the middle of the day,  
I can't help but be giddy now I made it half way.

Work's getting easier and paper piles less high.  
Each grunt and groan is turning into a sigh.  
There's less to befuddle me and less to beguile  
As each hour passes by it engenders a smile

Gregory Huyette

# What Could Have Been

What could have been is mere space.  
It places last in any race.

What happened is what counts.  
What could have been only amounts  
To wasted time and much despair...  
Not cold facts, but just hot air.

What could have been deserves a spurn  
Unless it provides a chance to learn.

Gregory Huyette

# What I Don'T Have

What I don't have concerns me a lot.

I strive for it every day.

What I do have concerns me not.

In fact, it seems in my way.

I crave things I missed when young

Like money, houses and cars.

I always felt I was among

Those missing their shooting stars.

Even today when I look around

I don't think I have enough.

No matter what fortune I've found,

I'm worried that things are tough.

I

Others seem to have more than I do.

I'm amazed at how much they've got.

I wonder if it has something to do

With things that concern me not.

Gregory Huyette

# What Money Buys And Doesn'T

A trip around the world with a first class ticket,  
Freedom though guilty in a legal thicket,  
A castle with high walls and a mote,  
The purchase of most any senator's vote,  
Foie gras, caviar and Chateau Lafite at least,  
Beautiful women there to please at every feast.  
All this as they stare at their bank accounts,  
And bar no holds for even greater amounts.

These are accoutrements for which so many fight and die.  
Just one simple word... Why? Why? Why?

The paper notes they fondle and cherish so  
Won't be worth a penny when it's their time to go.  
The lives they crush and hopes slit as with a sheath  
Can't be healed by the usurped money they bequeath.  
Their funds won't buy or keep a single real friend.  
In fact as it grows scavengers from all sides will descend.  
Money won't buy true love which is most precious of all.  
Nor one second extra of life when eternity comes to call.

□

Gregory Huyette



# When I Say ' I Love You '

When I say, "I love you" this is what I really mean  
A new life for you and me from that word in between.

Love is a delicate word, yet powerful just the same.  
Practice it with pious virtue; betray it with sanguine shame.  
A word like love flows easily, deeds must then follow.  
Love sounds sweet, but in deceit, its ring is oh so hollow.

"I love you." is the greatest thing that can be said or heard.  
So without hesitation I share with you each precious word.  
Thus every day in every way "I love you" so selflessly.  
With you is the only place in this world I would rather be.  
You're my partner, my sweet lover and very best friend.  
Our torrid love affair, so very rare, will surely never end!

□

Gregory Huyette

# Whitewash My Mind

Clutter, clatter...way too much chatter.  
I have no idea what's the matter;  
But I do know that I'm a mess.  
The world passes by and I must confess  
I'm on the street corner of life afraid to cross,  
Fearing traffic of new ideas will be my loss.

My focus withers with noises of each day.  
Old memories dominate as new thoughts give way.  
Delving deep in my fears, what do I find?  
I must whitewash all that currently infects my mind.  
Rinse away antiquated ideas toward a new direction.  
Life rewards only those who make a right selection.

Gregory Huyette

# Who I Am

If I'm over six feet tall with blue eyes...  
That's not who I am.  
If my extra weight is hard to disguise...  
That's not who I am.  
If I have all that money buys...  
That's not who I am.  
If I'm smart with powerful allies,  
That's not who I am.  
If I've seen the world as far as a plane flies...  
That's not who I am.  
If I love cheese burgers and French fries...  
That's not who I am.

□

I am a comfort when someone cries...  
That's who I am.  
I loosen painful, sorrowful ties...  
That's who I am.  
I offer consolation when someone dies...  
That's who I am.  
I am a help for each who tries...  
That's who I am.  
I'm happy even under cloudy skies...  
That's who I am.  
I love in spite of faults and lies  
Or anyone who doubts or denies...  
That's who I am and as you see  
That is who I will always be.

□

□

□

Gregory Huyette

# Why I Love You

I love you because you have taught me  
How to view myself as others can see.  
I love you because you have made days  
More worth living through giving and praise.  
I love you because of my feeling of pride,  
Knowing that you'll always be at my side.  
I love you because you're my best friend.  
Our love for each other will never end.  
I love you my darling and promise to say,  
"i love you, need you and thank you" each day.

Gregory Huyette

# Why Must Babies Pay?

There's nothing so dear  
As when you hold your baby near.  
So keep it near and remember  
That any month can be December.  
Innocence lost can not be regained  
When blood has left schools stained.  
Why must our babies have to pay  
So selfish few have their deadly way?

Gregory Huyette

# Why Things Happen

Things don't just happen  
There's a reason for it all.  
A universal map exists  
In which each of our paths fall.

Matter not that it took billions  
Of years for mankind to form.  
Each one of man's millions  
Has his idiosyncratic norms.

Whether there's just one creator  
Or an omnipotent, omniscient force,  
Some day sooner or later  
There'll be union with this source.

Then why things happened the way  
They did will be known, but too late  
To change things where we had a say  
Versus no choice about our fate.

Gregory Huyette

# Wise Ol' Owl

Wise ol' owl stealthily hides in trees and green  
So that all day he'll hardly ever be seen.  
He sleeps while people harangue and harass,  
And terrorize each other on highways en mass.

As the sun starts to set with the rise of the moon,  
This gorgeous creature emerges and soon  
The night is his café and the menu his fare.  
He swoops through darkness with a silent stare.

Steely eyes, wing span and superiority of sound  
Leave little chance for prey that is soon found.  
He conquers the darkness all through the night,  
Disappearing in greenery when rays are in sight.

Gregory Huyette

# Without Her

Without her what would life be...

Nothing but pure rummage to me?

How could I possibly carry on

Knowing that she was forever gone?

What would I do with each day

Without her ever loving way?

How could I sleep a peaceful night

Without her countenance in sight?

Where would I find a place to flee

Without her soothing security?

Thank the Lord since He did decide

To keep this darling angel at my side.

Gregory Huyette



# Words

How often do words get in the way,  
And not express things we want to say?  
Once spoken, words can't be reclaimed  
So be careful where they're aimed.  
Words can be fired like a gun;  
Their poor aim can wound anyone.  
Words can seed love as well as kill it.  
They can drain a heart empty... or fill it.  
All too often words are said  
With no thought of their impact ahead.

Gregory Huyette

# Words Of Love

Before the next sunrise gives you a shove,  
Be sure you warble a few words of love.  
To help mellow utterances flow from those lips,  
Here are gentle thoughts and amorous tips.

You can't say "I love you" too much each day.  
Show what you mean and mean what you say.  
With a kiss on the cheek or a touch of the hand  
A pedestrian day can become something grand.

"I want you", "I need you", "I miss you", my dear  
Are utterances that you never should fear.  
Descriptives like "sweetest", "kindest" and "best"  
Shows that special person is apart from the rest.

Begin each day with the right kind of start  
By saying "I'm proud to give you my heart".  
At night an embrace with those words oh so true.  
"My darling, for ever I'll deeply love you".

Gregory Huyette

# World Energy Crisis

Supplying world energy needs is a great challenge of our time.

So as aspiring populations explode it would no doubt be a crime

Not to harness the atom, empower the waves, as we beckon the sun

To provide all peoples a chance to rise up and someday be someone.

Also power of the winds, along with landfill gas and fossil fuels

Will provide an energy hungry world with indispensable tools.

World population of one billion was not generated until the year 1804.

Today it takes only twelve years to add another billion or more.

By 2050 this growth will result in 8-12 billion and stupendous energy need.

So answers must be discovered everyday for this future world to succeed.

Gregory Huyette

# Worthless Money

Whether ink on paper that buys things  
Or computer wealth Wall Street brings,  
Money is not worth the homage given  
By wasted lives so sadly driven.

The few moments each has on earth  
Only create real worth  
If a difference can be left behind  
For a better world to find.

Ink on paper or computer deals  
Care not for how a human feels.  
As it continues to accumulate  
It infects hosts with greed and hate.

But love, true love for fellow man  
Will accomplish more than mere money can.  
Material things are built, and soon are gone.  
But love is the difference that will live on.

Gregory Huyette

# X Out

X Out those memories causing you constant pain.  
Don't allow them another moment in vain.

X Out any person demeaning your life...  
Whether father, mother, son, daughter, husband or wife.

X Out insecurity, prejudice and fear,  
Which limit your chance to enjoy your brief life here.

XXXXXX In to your days this meaning of a kiss,  
Showering your happy existence with unlimited bliss.

Gregory Huyette

# Year End Collection Of Questions

It's the end of the year and what have I done?

Have I helped someone in need or hurt anyone?

Has it been a world as only I want it to be?

Or have I viewed it the way others can see?

This year have I worked to be better than before?

Or have I sought to be just another money whore?

Do I understand this complex world as it changes?

Is my narrow daily life captured, limiting my ranges?

Most important has love in my life continued to grow?

Without it this year is a loss as is the next sadly so.

Gregory Huyette

# You Forever

You've changed my heart forever.  
Never again can it sever.  
Never again will I feel lonely,  
Only because of you.

My fears are gone;  
I'm able to move on.  
I always feel new  
Since I'm with you.

No matter what I meet  
My life is complete;  
Happiness always in view...  
Forever, because of you.

Gregory Huyette

# You Look Cute Today

Darling daughter, when on the phone,  
I usually say, 'You look cute today.'  
Bet you're wondering all on your own,  
'Without seeing me, there's no way.'

'Hair's a mess; no make-up in sight;  
These jeans have seen a better day.  
I can't be cute. That's not right.  
What a thing for dear dad to say.'

Maybe I'm thinking how cute you were  
At one, ten, twenty and more...  
Sweet and kind with a beautiful mind  
And a countenance for all to adore.

Even on the phone or when I'm alone,  
I'm right each time I say that  
I love you and miss you  
And have no doubt that...

You look cute today!

Gregory Huyette



# Your Ascent

How many times you've fallen means nothing.  
It's how many times you got up that make the difference.  
Your climb toward life's summit will suffer falls if you've charted a high enough course.  
Each fall only makes your ascent sweeter if you arise wiser and continue.  
Plan your next step rather than fearing your next fall.  
If you start with fear, you have already fallen even before taking your next step.  
During your ascent, you will rise and fall like the sea.  
As the falls rise take care; as the rises fall take heart.  
Beware of a slide masquerading as smooth ride.  
As the tempo quickens, remember a fall is fast, an ascent slow.  
Look ahead with your eyes and behind with your memory.  
While ascending don't let your vision be blurred by your memory.  
Remember the past only as it can relate to your present and future.  
The past without reference is nothing, but the past with only remorse is worse than nothing.  
See the present for what it is rather than should have been.  
Live the present before it is the past while planning for the future before it is the present.  
During your ascent think quickly, but deliberately.  
What you have put behind will gain on you if you don't keep moving ahead.  
Keep your mind on the summit, your eyes on the ascent and your foot on the very next step.

Gregory Huyette

# Your Best Pill

I beseech you to laugh.  
Don't live life's lower half.  
Learn from each and every gaff.  
Enjoy life at full staff.  
It's all possible when you laugh.

When you laugh your problems melt.  
Matter not how bad you felt.

Problems abound and always will.  
Solve some and tolerate some still.  
Take time to laugh□  
It's your best pill!

Gregory Huyette

# Your Choice

Plan the next sunrise,  
But smell today's flower.  
Think of the future  
While enjoying each hour.

Can't control birth's offerings,  
But effects are your choice.  
They're sufferings or joy  
As you lament or rejoice.

What happens will happen,  
But reactions you own.  
Smile with the world  
Or whimper alone.

Each moment is real;  
All others are not.  
Treasure what you are.  
Use what you've got.

Gregory Huyette

# Your Dreams

When daily problems appear by the reams,  
Face them head on and remember your dreams.  
Nothing is as enduring or as bad as it seems  
When family and friends engender sunbeams.  
You alone decide life's grimaces or gleams...  
It's your choice, not what someone else deems.  
Short cuts won't work, nor will extremes.  
Success isn't easy, so hold fast to your dreams.

□

Gregory Huyette

# Your Right To Be Wrong

Wouldn't it be great to never be wrong;  
To always be right and go along  
Knowing your opinions count more  
Than any others that have gone before?

Alas, this won't ever take place since  
From wrong to right there's a lot of space  
Littered with wrongs, but along the way  
Your proportions can improve everyday.

Everyday, that is, that you demand   
Your right to be wrong and firmly stand  
On the path only you have chosen to go  
That's right for you from wrongs you know.

Gregory Huyette

# Your Signature For Eterity

Nothing's yours. Nothing.  
You choose what to use  
For your brief moment.  
Fame, love, fortune, power.

Borrow with care  
For that instant of use  
Is your signature for eternity.

Gregory Huyette

# Your Stop

Approaching your stop along the way,  
How do you act; what do you say?  
Have you rushed ahead or let others pass,  
Respecting all no matter their class?

That erroneous comment you overheard;  
Did you tolerate it without a word?  
Or was there a need to criticize,  
Demonstrating to others that you are wise?

Will this journey be influenced by you;  
Or are you just along to enjoy the view?  
If there is conflict or a need to change,  
Will you risk entering the fray to rearrange?

As your stop nears, what is your concern;  
Fortunes of others or your own turn?  
When your stop does arrive, will there be real pride  
That it was, indeed, worth this all-too-short ride?

Gregory Huyette

# Your Touch

With your touch  
My mind shivers so much.  
It steals my breath away  
As my heart has its say.  
Just your hand in mine  
Makes cloudy days shine;  
Sooths all my pains  
Like warm April rains.

When our lips softly meet,  
I am whole... so complete.  
Then the world belongs to me,  
And you are in all that I see.  
I'll love you oh so much  
And live just for your touch.

Gregory Huyette



# Zest For Life

Each new day is a wonder...  
A gift I don't deserve.  
I'll try not to scatter it asunder  
With a careless, unthinking swerve.

My focus must be toward others,  
Searching for each want or need;  
In an unceasing effort to understand  
Where I can most effectively intercede.

Only through loving and listening  
Will my life be of value to any of the rest,  
And thus generate the joy by its glistening, □  
Which is the real source of my life's zest.

Gregory Huyette