Poetry Series

Bri Edwards

- 232 poems -

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(Knotty) Conundrum; Naughty Condom (Or Vice Versa) ..... [some mostly-serious thoughts on birth control, inspired by a piece of trash]

This poem was prompted by something I saw; "Don't think of me.... as a Kook."
What I saw is not often seen. It might, I think, make SOME of you puke.
It really wasn't a terrible thing. It was..... in fact, a simple piece of trash,
which might, however, make some of you..... AVERT your eyes in a flash.

Now, if you were paying attention to the title, and your memory is
still intact,
you've probably guessed the "trash" was a condom. You'd be right; it is a fact.....
that I saw, lying in my pathway, a condom, a red one tied up TIGHT..... with a knot,
and inside that red rubber I assume was come, left there, lying quietly, to quickly rot.

The trash of which I now have spoken was in a roadway where I took my walk.
If seen there by a couple of teen girls, it might make them giggle and quickly talk.....
about ANYTHING besides what they'd just seen.... 'cause some would tell them: "It is obscene! "
OR..... it might cause those teen girls to ask: "Was THAT inside our Homecoming Queen? ! "

So that's one of the title-parts..... a condom, ... knotty and /or naughty,
[depending on your attitude towards condom-use; are you open-minded, or are you haughty?].
You see I played a bit with the word: "knotty". It can mean "tied in knots",
OR IT CAN MEAN "PUZZLINGLY INTRICATE", which the issue of birth control is.....
LOTS!

And THERE is the naughty (and/or knotty) conundrum. A "difficult problem" it is indeed.
Is it sinful to use a birth control measure? OR is it okay to take control and STOP the "seed"?

(November 30,2013)

Bri Edwards

(Marriage) Equality..... [see the title; personal fantasy; humor? (let me know)]

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

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

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

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

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

Bri Edwards

(Money) Laundering..... [White collar? crime; Inept 'criminal']

The illicit drug dealer had just made a big cash sale score,
but his usual messenger had quit and walked out the door.
So the dealer turned to his cousin who was trustworthy but not smart.....,
saying "Ned, take this bag of money to 10 Front St. Ask for Mark."

So off went Ned with the cash. (Besides being not too smart, he was half blind.)
On Front St. he walked high numbers to low. Number 16, not 10, he did find.
He asked for Mark and a woman said to him "You mean Clark? "
Ned thought a moment. "If Clark can clean this, I guess I don't mean Mark."
The woman said "Excuse me."

Clark approached Ned, smiled, and said "How may I help you sir? "
Ned explained, and Clark said "We usually just clean fabrics and sometimes fur."
To which Ned said "My cousin is depending on me. You'll be well paid."
Clark said "I'm sure we can handle this. We're very good at our trade."
Ned said "Thanks" and left.

That night the dealer met Ned at a local neighborhood bar.
He said to Ned "I called Mark. Where's the cash? You won't get far."
Ned replied "I took it for cleaning but the guy's name is wrong."
The dealer winced and said to his cousin "Show me where you left it. Come along."
The dealer chain-smoked.

It was evening when Ned pointed at number 16 Front, not 10.
His cousin said "Ned, I shouldn't have trusted you. We could end up in the pen."
It was 8 p.m. and #16, a laundry, was closed, as was #10, a bank.
They returned to the bar and the dealer got at least half "in the tank".
They got to bed late.

The next day Ned and the dealer once again drove his car to Front Street.
Ned entered the laundry. His cousin was in his car nearby, watching out for "the heat".
Clark said to Ned "We kept the dryer heat low to not overly parch , and,
without knowing your wishes, we chose to use very little starch."
Clark charged fifty.

Bri Edwards

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

On last Christmas Eve, to a home with NO cat,
came an unwelcome visitor ……, a rat.
Jake was the wood rat's name.
From nearby woods he came.
On his head he wore a leaf for a hat.

This house was the first-built on a new street.
Jake came in search of a nice Christmas treat.
Only seeds Jake had at home;
that's why he did now roam,
seeking softer, tasty morsels to eat.

Earlier he'd smelled smells of some baked goods,
smells unknown in his rat neighborhood.
So with exploring gear,
though with no little fear,
Jake crept ‘cross moonlit backyard ‘tween house and his woods.

Atop a brick pile he found clothes dryer vent,
then bravely through air exhaust hose he went.
When he came to lint trap
he just gave it a tap,
and, finding dryer door open, his time was well spent.

His eyes adjusted to the dim light;
(the basement had windows, but it was night) .
He smelled treats in the air,
but how best to get there?
Then Jake spied the first step and went up a stair flight.

Where steps ended, he squeezed under door,
sensing from smells he was on the right floor.
Around him now was light,
some red, some green, some white.
He found a tree strewn with bright objects galore.

He thought 'why would they have a tree inside,
and beneath it what appears to be some new sort of hide?
And why are hides of feet
hanging in a row neat? ……
Some things about this place I can't decide.'

To the next lit room Jake, the rat, then went.
To his quest for food his mind WAS still bent.
Enough he'd had of seeds,
enough of old tough weeds.
Much stronger now became a fowl scent.

Now, between him and his longed-for food,
stood a three foot high wooden wall. How rude!
Quickly Jake did then climb,
finding a sight most sublime,

a large and headless bird, tied up and nude.

In Jake's past a baby bird he'd eaten …..
before, away-from-nest, he was beaten.
Now he feasted his beady eyes
on this wondrous surprise,
and gorged quickly ……, as time was fleetin'.

As Jake turned from the scene of his crime
he found cookies colored lemon and lime,
blue, white, and red of course,
shaped like star and like horse.
'Should I take some now or wait till next time? '

All at once Jake heard a faint 'Ho, ho, ho',
and out window saw deer flying through snow.
He hid behind the tree
and from there he did see
Santa enter the room with BIG sack in tow.

Jake watched as bearded-one ate a treat
and then drank what looked like the milk from a rat's teat.
Then Santa found a plastic bag;
ears of corn made it sag.
Perhaps, Jake thought, they were for deer to eat.

To fill hanging feet took Santa a while.
Then under the tree he spread gifts in a big pile.
Santa took bag of corn, and his sack he did close,
but (before up the chimney he rose) ,
to Jake he gave a wink and a big smile.

So much Jake had seen! To him all was new.
He thought 'Was I dreaming or was all this true? '
One ear of soft corn was still there
(left by Santa he'd swear) ,
so he snatched it and out the room flew.

With full belly Jake's exit was harder,
especially dragging corn for his larder.
A treasure house he'd found
with good food all around;
from other rats he hoped to guard her.

It was fast-approaching the Christmas morn
when Jake at last reached his home with corn.
Though he brought not some meat
he still had a nice treat,
for himself and his mate and the newborn.

Merry Christmas! ! (written Dec.24th and 25th,2006)

Bri Edwards

100th Birthday [Missed By 'Mom'] …… [SHORT; my mom; death; serious but NOT sad]

Well Mom missed this day by almost nine years.
At ninety-one(?) we escorted her from this “veil of tears”.
But no tears I had the June day she passed.
Her will was NOT to live just in order to “last”.

She’d actually tried to end her life three years before,
but by bad timing and stomach-pumping she missed Death’s Door.
Then again she found herself in a hospital, ailing, in 2005 (?) .
My sister and I pushed a “morphine drip” till she was no longer alive.

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

(December 30,2013)

Bri Edwards

123…. Shabu…..[Mystery language fun; Short]

Shabu dawa linksplite tan pluverritsky,
waw donar pli fasterfit Vinter smitsky.
Tan bura sin plastekiter balka plivera.
Sonnenfister tum corridar fandi estera?

Pli tum wander stiperot. Con tilda solo....,
vasten go snitsky voya tributen monobolo.
Qintor splicken tan floradawa yanfolker,
bin Cuskert sin balka fissenwallerspokar.

(Jan.2013)

Bri Edwards

1AAA..... 'Wrong Verification Code'....[How to 'get around' the 'wrong verification code' message on poemhunter]

If, like me, you've had the problem: 'wrong verification code',
I have a suggestion for you. May I be so bold?
When on Poemhunter.com your message or comment fails to be sent,
and your frustration and anger at that failure you desperately need to vent,
just follow these steps, suggested to me by my wife most wise.
They should work or there's something wrong with my explanation, I'd surmise.

IF YOU DO YOUR TYPING, ENTER CODE, HIT 'SUBMIT' but GET THE 'DREADED MESSAGE',
do this, which YOU may have already figured out if you are of LESS AGE (than me) .
[If you keep on trying the original code, it will never work. Your time will be poorly spent.]
Go back one page to where your typing has been left.....Unsent.]

Then left click and HIGHLIGHT text; at edge of text (in white) right click and select COPY.
(I hope these instructions are clear enough for you. I hope they're not sloppy.)
Go back one page then, I believe, and do what's needed to find an empty box
in which to write a new message or comment; (my wife is crafty like a fox) :
left click in the 'empty box' and then right click and click on PASTE.

Your unsent text should now appear; (your time has not been a waste) .
You should now have a NEW verification code which never seems to fail.

Good Luck! !
p.s. I helped another poet learn to EDIT her poem so she could make a correction I suggested. I may write a poem about that, once the idea I've digested.

(Dec.2012)
(see end of story below)

Bri Edwards

2013..... Happy New Year! ..... [Serious; Being thankful for my good fortune]

In the months which led up to big Christian, Jewish, and Muslim holidays,
(forgive me for not mentioning ALL religions) , parts of our world still suffer in many ways.
In my U.S.A. we've had an elementary school massacre this month, and many people still are poor.
It reminds me of stories of white-man-vs.-'Indian' massacres, and other revolting gore.

But we, in this country, who are fortunate like me, should count our blessings to be sure, BECAUSE:
We don't have, as in Mexico, drug cartel assassins chopping heads or killing policemen in a bullet blur.
We don't have Middle Eastern missile flights or consulate attacks.
We didn't have Japan's earthquake and tsunami and don't have to follow radiation tracks.
We don't have the staggering African AIDS epidemic, though we have enough.
We don't have some of the conditions found in Russia and India, which for so many make life tough.

My life has probably never been better as far as my comfort and day-to-day existence.
If anyone tries to make me believe life for me is tough, they'll meet with overwhelming resistance.

I hope YOUR life is at least half as easy and satisfying as mine,
And I hope you enjoy a Happy New Year, whether toasted with coffee, milk or wine.

(Dec.2012)

Bri Edwards

5 'Religious' Limericks.... [some 2006 thoughts of an agnostic humanitarian (me)]

1

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

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

(February 2006)

2

Life After Death For Apes?

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

(February 13,2006)

3

Therefore I Became And Still Am An Agnostic

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

(February 18,2006)

4

The Easy Way Is Not Always The Best Way

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

(February 22,2006)

5

It’s Not Much But It Makes Me Feel Better

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

(February 25,2006)

Bri Edwards

5th Wedding Anniversary..... [nicknames for wives; how to upset the wife; Very SHORT]

In less than 2 weeks its number 5 with my dear wife number four.
I've had twenty wedding anniversaries, maybe even more.
And if my current wife were to read this, our fifth could be our last.....since
if she knew I referred to her as number 4, she would surely be aghast.

Bri Edwards

'6 Foot 3'……[LONG; Scary; Gross; Murder]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My parents lived in Santa Monica and insisted I move home.
I settled in their guest house but at times I still did roam.
I met and dated a wealthy,6-5, fashion model……
The largest piece of her flesh found would fit inside a large bottle.

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

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

But back home I learned my doctor had been found in his red Corvette.
What was left of him, I should say. I hesitate to here linger.
He'd been shot twelve times and was missing his left ring finger.
His skull and most of his ribs had been busted.

The once-shiny car had been burned, and his body was all-crusted.
By the way my doctor was 6 foot 4; could that be a clue?
I then checked into an upscale nuthouse for a month or two.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bri Edwards

65th-Birthday Gift(S) ..... [My Birthday Hike With My Mate; Birds; Cheap Spousal Gifts; SHORT]

My odometer turned over again. I'm a youthful 65.
To my delight I was given 3 fine gifts; gifts that were alive!

We had gone hiking up a hill, overlooking the nearby ocean.
I heard a call from above us, and saw three birds in motion.
Three peregrine falcons soared and swooped. Was it all for FREE?
No! said my mate: "I paid them lots of money,.....to do it all for thee."

Bri Edwards

A Bloody Riot..... [Football/Soccer Fan Violence; Humor? ? ; VERY Short]

Today's News said fans tore a referee to pieces.
I wonder if they tore..... along the ref's creases.

But it wasn't just random fanatic-fan strife,
since the ref first killed the fans' player..... with a knife.

Bri Edwards

A Bored Apple Seed.....[Humor, i hope]

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

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

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

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

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

(Nov.2012)

Bri Edwards

A 'Cultured' Sort of Cow....[2 short poems; Cows; Humor]

#1
What sort of cow gives cultured WHOLE milk?
I think Princess and cows of her ilk.
She has nary a crawling tick,
she does NOT her calves lick, (babies that is) ,
and, at our state fair she wins ribbons of silk.

#2
What sort of cow gives cultured fat free milk?
I think Princess and other cows of her ilk.
She buys, for her stall, pieces of art,
listens each evening to her Mozart,
and for the annual Dairy Ball……she dresses in SILK!
(Feb.2006)

Bri Edwards

A Limerick..... [a limerick, as i 'see' it; very SHORT, of course]

A Limerick is a lighthearted poem.
If I knew who wrote first one, I'd owe 'im.
Such beauty and grace,
like a movie star's face,
and so short it's easy to stow 'em.

(August 25,2013)

Bri Edwards

A Lonely Cloud.....[Nature Observation; Humor]

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

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

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

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

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

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

(August 2012)

Bri Edwards

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

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

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

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

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

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

And that's not all!

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

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

And that's not all either! !

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

There's a young badger in my large intestine, getting larger by the day.
And inside my small bowel there's a pine squirrel with which the badger does often play.
There are spiders in my lungs, hanging from webs and waiting for a fly.
Earwigs infest my ears and silverfish infest my sinuses; please don't ask my WHY.

There is a pair of scorpions in my spleen, and the female is expecting.
But my kidneys are CLEAR, thank goodness; all intruders my kidneys keep rejecting.
I have land crabs in my scrotum, living on my tiny pubic hair roots.
And scarab beetles feed on scraps inside my mouth; they are insect-world galoots.

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

Now I KNOW what you are thinking: 'What SHOULD Bri do? '
But to tell you the honest truth, I'm not too worried. It's TRUE!
SOME WILL SAY SUCH AN INVASION OF FAUNA IS DANGEROUS. I think that's just a rumor.
Besides, the report says 'You've got NO PLAQUE, NO CYSTS, NO CLOTS, and certainly NO TUMOR.'

(2012)

Bri Edwards

A Perfect Poem..... [What IS One? ; VERY SHORT; A Poet's Wisdom?]

How can one know what makes up a perfect poem, either short or long?
It’s the same as knowing what CAN'T be known: “what’s a perfect song? ”
As soon as someone makes a “perfect-poems list”... and shows it,
along comes someone else who takes that “list”, and in the trash can throws it.

Bri Edwards

A Poem For My Friend Angel.....'bout Birds....[Nature observations; Personal]

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bri Edwards

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Nov.15,2012)

Bri Edwards

A Simple Question About a Complex Subject: LOVE....[Questioning a past lover; Short]

As Valentine's Day does near approach,
I dare this touchy subject to broach.
Have you any love left,
or of that are bereft?
Fear not on my feelings to encroach.

(2-7-2006)

Bri Edwards

A Sonnet, Defined..... [as per Paul Brookes; NOT in sonnet form]

Four-line stanzas, except for the last, which will be two.
Each line: of ten syllables; eleven syllables just won't do.
'You' must rhyme line one with three, and line two with four.
Last stanza: line-endings rhyme. That's it. There's no more.

(November 20,2013)

Bri Edwards

A Transvestite: Glen Or Glenda? ? …… [movie review; comment]

NO, this is NOT a poem about sex! But some might think it so.
I'm prompted to write, about men in dresses, by a movie made long ago.
In 1953 Bela Lugosi, of Dracula fame, and others made a very different flick.....
about a man for whom dressing-as-a-man was simply not his schtick.

"Glen or Glenda? " was the title of the movie, about a transvestite with the name Glen.....
who dithered about telling his fiancée his secret. How to tell her and when?
And HOW would she react? Would she "freak" to find he wanted to wear her sweater?
Or would her love for him endure, and together their lives might be better?

The movie starts with a police investigation of a man's unfortunate death.
A transvestite, arrested four times for dressing in drag*, put an end to his breathe.
The detective sought answers about the dead man's dilemma-of-dress.
The movie is an acted-out documentary, though part of it is a confusing mess.

Hermaphrodites and pseudo-hermaphrodites are explained to us,
but homosexuals were only mentioned in passing. [In 1953 why cause MORE fuss!]
It seems transvestites are "normal" men in most every "man" way.
But they crave to wear women's clothing. For that reason, they dress up, to women-portray

Bela Lugosi, seated in front of ghoulish curios, in a conservative suit,
serves as a sort-of movie moderator, and shows some amusing expressions to boot.
Glen tries to quit his habit, which the movie blames on his childhood.
For the sake of his hoped-for marriage, he'd give up women's clothes if he could.

I won't tell you how the movie ended, unless of course you ask.
Living "successfully" as a transvestite would seem an impossible task.

(July 28,2013)

Bri Edwards

A, AA, AAA, AAAA..... [Alphabet; Acronyms, etc.; Grades]

A is the grade some students strive so hard for.
AA is the group which preaches booze not to pour.
AAA is the "club" you call when your car goes in a ditch.
AAAA probably stands for some organization, but I don't know which.

B is the grade I would usually settle for.
BB is a tiny "bullet" which still would make you sore.
BBB, Better Business Bureau, charges a reporting fee.
BBBB, whatever-it-stands-for (WISF) , I'll give you for free.

C is considered "average", not too good, but not TOO bad.
CC stands for copies. If I just send you copies, don't be mad.
CCC, Civilian Conservation Corps, was a Depression job-making ploy.
CCCC. To come up with a name for that, longer I'd have to toy.

D enD.

(Jan.2013)

Bri Edwards

Acting 5 Years Old……. [Marriage/Relationship; Discord; VERY Very Short; Humor?]

My wife said “Write about why you act like 5 years OLD.”
It’s hard to believe, I know, but that’s what she TOLD....
...me!
So I’ll tell YOU why I interrupt her, yell, disobey, and even MORE:
It’s BECAUSE my dear sweet loving wife sometimes acts like FOUR!

Bri Edwards

Addendum to: The Seeds That Listened And Took Action...[Follow-up to 'The.... Action'; Fantasy; Personal; Comfort; Wishing]

In a previous poem I set the stage for this addendum to the tale
of seeds that listened to my love's wishes and took action.
Though their action left us with no Internet, or phones, or even mail,
what the seeds started, ended with our relative satisfaction.

Up from the seeds sprang imprisoning apple and grape vegetation
which managed to deny us outside communication and egress from our home,
causing my love and me an immense amount of agitation ……, but
…as I write this addendum, my love and I have back our freedom to communicate and roam.

After failing to hack our way out of the house with big kitchen knives,
we began to run out of food in our house, though, for two weeks, to ration we did our best.
Then, to our surprise, the imprisoning vegetation became home to several large bee hives,
and also the birds we used to feed built dozens of egg-filled nests.

So if we weren't real pigs, we now had, just outside our windows, plenty of eggs and honey.
The apple trees and grape vines MAGICALLY matured, providing us with yummy fruit galore.
Our backyard deer brought, to our windows, garden and wild veggies from hillside plots, fertile and sunny.
Even hawks and owls left some tasty morsels caught that day or the night before.

We had our gas and electric and water service, so those weren't a worry,
but we ran out of cooking oil and butter, so my love, the cook, had to steam or boil.
We also ran out of milk, coffee, cocoa, cereal and flour in a hurry.
BUT what almost caused my love to crack, was running out of tea, which she NEEDS like most plants need soil.

The life changes imposed upon us by the "listening seeds" were due to their respect for my wife.....;
.....they had done what they had to, to fulfill her expressed wish to do without outside communication.
But after several months, those seeds' children understood what was happening to our life.
Sure we were surviving, but the stress (if we could REACH a lawyer) might result in marital litigation.

Unknown to us, the seeds of the fruits we now ate "spoke" to the trees and vines outside our windows and door.
One morning, for the first time in months my love and I could see the morning sun.
The computer wire had been returned; our cell phones (our only phones) were lying on the bedroom floor.
Once our imprisoning-bars, the apple and grape plants had withdrawn, as though they were now on the run.

A happy ending, and a lesson learned. Careful what you wish for!

(Dec.2012)

Bri Edwards

Agnostic-View (Mine) : GOD, You Blew It! (OR: God! You Blew It.) .... [Believers Beware; Personal]

I think Heaven needs a new CEO, IF..... they want my soul.
They had me in their clutches once. Now Heaven's not my goal.
In my church they preached "God is Love" and "Jesus is the Way".
Then, as I grew older I saw the world for what it is, and...I no longer pray.

If God is so Loving, Omniscient and Omnipotent, and Man "in His Image" is,
why do countless Men suffer while alive, and many are also sent... to Hell? Gee whiz!
And why was my church so stubborn, denying "Evolution"? Dinosaurs are so "cool".
Could Noah fit ALL creatures on his boat? Does God really take me for a fool? !

Now, you diehard believers, your beliefs are yours to have, I know,
and if it turns out you're right and I am wrong, you can say "We told you so."
In the meantime I'll be a "Good Samaritan" and wish you all " the best".
NOW I'll buy a fireproof suit,.... including hat, boots, face mask, and vest.

(November 25,2013)

Bri Edwards

Alien's Oyster-Feast..... [Fantasy; Humor? ; Alien Invasion? ; Personal]

As I lay face-up upon my bed, strange thoughts roared inside my head.
The ceiling light's cover seemed like a pearl, causing my synapses to swiftly swirl.
Was I really in a house, pray tell? Or was I encased in a huge oyster shell?
Was I a man such as you might greet, or was I a great big hunk of oyster meat?

I laughed a bit at my thought; if it persisted I may become overwrought.
I had on clothes, the room was square. I was NOT oyster meat. My head had hair!
Just as my racing mind was slowing, the room shook as if from a great wind blowing.
The ceiling exploded. Down came two walls. I found myself staring at two huge jaws.

The "pearl" had fallen on the bed. I was shocked beyond belief and filled with dread.
Above the gaping jaws I spied two huge eyes; we looked at each other, each filled with surprise.
Drops, baseball-sized, dripped from jagged teeth. They soaked me both on top and underneath.
The odor emanating from that face..... made me wish that from it I could race.

I shivered now as if nearly frozen. Why for me had this fate been chosen?
I was not sure if I were dreaming, but that it was real, it sure was seeming.
I'd heard of beings from Outer Space which kidnap Earthlings, leaving no trace.
As I watched the visage of this beast, I was sure I'd become its "Alien's oyster-feast".

(December 31,2013)

Bri Edwards

Allison…… [A Young Poemhunter Friend; Giggle-Girl; Personal]

Goldheart Bird is this youngster's lovely poetic-online-name,
but someday she may be better known for her violin-playing fame.
Right now I tease her, a little bit, about her "poor".... spelling,
but she may scoff at me, judiciously, when her career does get gelling.

She wrote a nice poem about.....the bird she loves so much.
I'm reluctant to tell her that MOST birds..... I'm not obliged to touch.
She and her "older" sister are both home-school taught;
I wonder: "Is that method of learning [at times] with pitfalls fraught? "

I worry sometimes about Allison's safety, and it's NOT because of school,
but because when she's laughing at my witty poems, she sometimes falls from stool.
But I don't worry about her starving, or her having constipation,
'cause she said she grabbed an apple from the fridge on her way to her workstation.

In my poem "Cassie", I said Allison's sister and I.... might just take a walk.
If Allison will join us, we can all play hopscotch..... if someone brings the chalk.

Bri Edwards

Alphabet Fun ..... [Fun with letters a, b, c, etc.; My rarely-used vocabulary; 'Bad' vs. 'Good']

[A, a …Around an august alphabet are actions awfully awesome.]

[The "mostly-bad" Awesome. Read onward.]

B, b…Behold Bellowing Bellicose Beasts behaving by being bad:

C, c…Conspicuously crusty critters cavort, creating citizen-concerns.
D, d…Diverse devils delve deeply, demanding dastardly deeds.
E, e…Enormous errors evolve excitedly, ensnaring every effort.
F, f…Felonious forces fleece forgiving, fearful fellows forever.
G, g…Gargantuan gargoyles gather gloomily; gazing, gawking gnomes.
H, h…Horrible hazards hinder happy, headstrong heathens.
I, i…Invisible, insidious 'injuries' inflicted inside innocent individuals.
[J, j…Jealous journalists join jittery jet-setters, jiving judiciously.]
K, k…Kicking Kangaroos knowingly knocking kooky kookaburras.
L, l…Licentious liberals leaving lonely ladies, ……laughing.
M, m…Monstrous monolithic money-makers making many men miserable.
N, n…Nervous Nellies, needing needles, needlessly nodding numbly.

[The "mostly-good" Awesome. Read onward.]

O, o…Optimistic operators openly offering opportunities overflowing.
P, p…Progressive politicians pounding past petty political principals.
Q, q…Quintessential quietude quietly quelling querulous queries.
R, r…Responding rescuers resuscitating ramshackle-raft rafters.
S, s…Sympathetic society-sweethearts serving shaky seniors.
T, t…Thorough thinkers tirelessly tinkering towards triumph.
U, u…Unsung utilitarians uncompromisingly urging utilitarianism.
V, v…Voracious vegetarians vetting various vital vegetarian vittles.
W, w…Wise winning-women wanting wholesome weddings.

and

[X, x…Xanthous xiphoid xebecs xchanging xenophobes (for) xenophiles.]
[Y, y…Yesteryear's youngsters: yelling, yearning, yellowing. Yikes!]
[Z, z…Zealous Zen zealots zigzagging, zeroing (in) .]

In this case the "Bad" outnumbered the "Good".
I had to credit A, J, X, Y, and Z as neither.
If I'd planned better, "Good" could have "won"; it Could.
But I'll leave it as is; I need a breather! !

(November 24,2013)

Bri Edwards

An Apple A Day……. [Apples; Health; Stupid Guy; Humor? ; Pretty Short]

An apple a day keeps the doctor away.
At least that is what my Ma used to say.
I've got no insurance, and I don't work too hard,
BUT there are lots of apples.... in my Ma's backyard.

So I sat under her tree, planning to stay well for two years.
I ate apples till l thought..... they'd come out of my ears.
Well my gut nearly burst. To the hospital I was took.
Now, to the tune of two grand, I'm on the "I-owe-hospital" hook.

(August 9,2013)

Bri Edwards

'And This Year's Winner Is.....'...Who Cares? ....[Birds Seeking Food; Very Short; Humour/Humor]

The sparrows line up for their TAKE-off
on twigs strong enough not to BREAK off.
The time is drawing NEAR....
for event of the YEAR.....,
when crumbs are thrown out from the BAKE-off.

Bri Edwards

Any Man With Money Can Have One ……. [VERY SHORT; NOT personal (really): a romantic evening; humor]

The night was young, the wine was old,
inside was warm, outside was cold.
The dance was slow, and I was bold.
My heart beat fast. Her hair was gold.
My two hands..... were on her waist.
Her two eyes said..."make haste, make haste.'

If YOU envy me, then drop a load;
pick up a "babe" where dolls are sold.

(August 28,2013)

Bri Edwards

Are You Really Better Without Me? .....[Wondering about a 'lost' love; Short]

I wonder who rubs now your shoulder.
Will you miss me when you are older?
Will you think of me then?
Will you remember when….
with me in bed it was LESS colder?

(2006)

Bri Edwards

Armamentarium.....[Coincidences? ; Unfamiliar Word; Mystery; Personal]

Does that word ring a bell with even some of my Readers?
I'd bet it's a new word to most of you new-word-needers.

I thought it odd enough when after using 'unbeknownst' in a
poem (new) ,
I ran across 'unbeknownst' in a novel I was reading.... Honest; it is true.

But that was topped after I found 'armamentarium' in dictionary not long ago;
[I wasn't looking for it, didn't know it, but stopped to read about it. You know?]
AND a few days later, I found that word in the same novel. I would not lie.
So were they just coincidences, or is there something 'deeper' going on? I wonder; is there a 'Why'?

Bri Edwards

Away In A Motel Room..... [Friends; Motel; Short; Humor]

Karl was stuck for one night in a cheap motel room,
due to unexpected stop in a city with a tourist boom.
The hotels were all full. The airport lounge was tempting,
but wife's insistence on a bed, Karl's thought was preempting.

Now the price Karl liked: 29-95 for one night;
it even had hot water, if the timing was right.
Three of four light switches actually did work,
but the toilet did have an unfortunate quirk.
When he used too much paper, it didn't all go down,
but at least he had a place for the roaches to drown.

Bri Edwards

Baby Coming……. [good grief….am i THAT old? ; EXTREMELY SHORT]

My daughter, Shannon, and her hubby, Andy, may have a child next year.
That they can raise their child without me.... I DO have no fear.

My daughter hopes her first child will learn....what this grandpa is ABOUT,
but that this can happen in my absence....I have VERY little doubt.
Bri Edwards

Balloon Wishes……. [littering; consumer consequences; me]

I'm not a fan of celebrating, at least not with throw-away things.
And about all I like to see flying in the air..... are animals with wings.
So I was not impressed when the neighbor tied balloons all along the fence.
She even tied one where a nearby thorn bush broke it; did she have no sense?

Adults and little kids gathered in her back yard, complete with kiddie pool,
and, being a good neighbor, I did not complain. I'm really not a fool.
But, near the party's end, I noticed balloons flying through the air,
and they did not escape by accident, but on purpose, I do swear.

Well, I guess I should say they were released, and I watched them sail away,
up towards the tall tree tops. I thought some might land in trees and stay.
But they all managed to keep flying, and I heard the neighbor say
"Make a wish" each time a balloon took flight.... on that sunny day.

I watched the balloons with fascination, each with a ribbon tail,
and it kind of WAS attractive as toward the "wild blue yonder" they did sail.
BUT, Hell, I think it's BAD when balloons end up in landfill piles,
AND I think it's worse to litter who-knows-what, who-knows-where, even though
they brought some smiles.

Bri Edwards

Bang! Ouch! ……. [uses of 'bang', the word; funny/not funny; Short]

Bang! was what I heard when the chair leg hit my toe.
ouch! ! was what I said....as toe-swelling began to show.

Bang! -up-time was what I had at X-mas party for my job.
Ouch! ! was what I said next morning....as my brain did throb.

BANG! is a Theory of how our Universe came about.
OUCH! ! is Religion’s response....when its beliefs are placed in doubt.

It’s likely none of THOSE bangs will cause you to drop dead,
but dead you might soon be....if a gun goes BANG! beside your head.

(June 19,2013)

Bri Edwards

'Be A Robin Hood'....[Big, Rich Company; Fantasy? ; Little Guy Strikes Back; An 'English' Tale Revisited]

I've an 'unnamed source' who looks upon CVS and other Big Name stores as 'the rich', and told ME to 'be a Robin Hood'. I think I understand 'her', but there is a glitch. Actually there's more than one glitch, and 'glitch' may not be a word strong enough. First, I don't own a bow with arrows, and, second, I don't have a bunch of men to help me get rough.....
with a 'drug store' chain like CVS that, after taxes etc. makes a billion bucks.
.....What can I do single-handedly? ..... Flatten all the tires on all their trucks?

I think the best that I can do is steal a few candy bars, and lift a case of soda from their outdoor stack.
Then I could give the candy to my homeless friend Steve, and the soda to someone 'stealing' a CVS shopping cart to homeward track.

Bri Edwards

Being Old: The Advantages And Disadvantages……. [(see the title): Long; personal? ; humour?]

For my poems, my friend Valsa George has a hunger.
She's over fifty, but, compared to me, she is younger.
She suggested I write about 'the advantages of being old'.
It's a challenge, but, Valsa, on this idea you have sold.....
me.

I – The Advantages

Retirement income though you're done working.
[Why, now, are some of you readers smirking?]
No alarm clocks waking you for your job.
More time to lie around home.....like a slob.

No more eight hour shifts sitting or standing.
No boss watching you closely, being demanding.
No more rush-hour five times a week.
NO customers to 'grease' so they won't 'squeak'.

NO children to raise and feed and clothe.
No need to help with homework which you did loathe.
NO need for razor or make-up five days a week.
NO need to be pushy when you're really meek.

No pressure to stay fit by going each week to gym.
No pressure to diet conscientiously.....to stay slim.
No deciding "Who's on top tonight? " when libido goes.
MORE time now for computer and for late TV shows.

More time for those novels you've meant to read.
More time to enjoy your garden and more time to weed.
More time to buy lottery tickets at the Seven-Eleven.
Less time to wait for The Judgment..... which may see you to Heaven.
□
.....

[BUT, I can't help it, Valsa; I've got to write more.
Now about DISadvantages 'you' can also look for.
Of course not all people are equal; you may suffer more than me!
Give us a few more years of growing old and... We... May... See.]

……

II – The Disadvantages

Though you may have income, it may not be enough,
and if your pension plan fizzles....life can get really tough.
Money worries and new pains insomnia may cause.
It may be a losing battle for you against the 'Laws....
of Nature'!

Now hemorrhoids can cause sitting to be much less than fun.
Bad knees don't allow standing, let alone allow you to run.

Your partner may now become your new UNwelcome boss.
Missing your daily commute may seem like a sad loss.

Grandchildren or even children may come “home to roost”.
They may become a nuisance....which once had been a “boost”.
Now your face and neck (and other parts) begin to sag;
over your head you now may wish to place a bag.

You skip the gym and the diet, but now your body begins to riot.
And when out of shape it’s hard to get back...”in”. Just try it!
You don’t mind and may even enjoy when you lose the urge for sex,
but your partner may not be prepared for the change....and may become your “ex”.

You may have time now, but have lost what’s needed for reading.
You may have all kinds of will, but no way to do the work of weeding.
Lottery tickets may give you hopes, but allow your debts to swell.
AND now you’re CLOSER to The Judgment.....and you may go to Hell! !
□

(November 11,2013)

Bri Edwards

Big Fat Cat Without A Hat .....[Humor; Cats]

Outside my window a big cat sat,
a big, FAT, cat without any hat.
Its fur was white and really quite long.
Nights she would serenade me with a song.

Her song could get loud, almost scary,
almost like a huge monster, hairy.
It got so I had trouble sleepin',
and very late nights I was keepin'.

To quiet her I gave her some food,
but she got even louder with food. How rude!
I took her in, but never again!
My bed she made into a pigpen.

So I put her back out in the night;
with rain she was a pitiful sight.
Then one night along came a big black Tom.
They left like going off to a prom.

After two months of sweet peaceful sleep,
guess what through my window did peep.
The big fat cat tuning up for song,
with six black and white kittens tagging along.

Bri Edwards

Bird Turds..... [birds; very SHORT]

Outside the window are two feeders for birds,
The animals which are almost too-much for words.
I hope the seeds are fresh.
One feeder is of mesh.
If only the birds don't leave great gobs of turds!

(August 28,2013)

Bri Edwards

Black-eyed Susans For You, Susie..... [friends; flowers for a woman; SHORT]

Paul and I are not sure if the flowers' "eyes" are truly black or brown,
but, if we could, we'd use a bunch of them....to fashion you a gown.
Then no matter what month it was, or wherever you might be,
you and Paul could look at you, in your gorgeous gown, and happy you could be.

.....well, you could imagine it at least....with no bees buzzing!

Bri Edwards

'Bon Voyage, Bottle' ..... [journey of a roadside-tossed bottle; water pollution]

Stopping by the drug store
she bought six-pack of drink,
took back to children, four,
and set it by the sink.

Next day the teenage son
grabbed ONE as he went out
to pal around for fun,
skateboarding with a shout.

Down the hill, to downtown,
long hair flying high,
he drank the water down,
and dropped the empty with a sigh.

The bottle rolled to the curb
and sat there for a week,
in a middle-class suburb,
not far from a nearby creek.

A wind came up one night,
and then a sudden gust
took the bottle that was light
and tossed it like a speck of dust.....

into a big vacant lot
(filled with trash and weeds) ....
onto a sandy spot.
[In the bottle bugs stored seeds.]

Then one day a tomboy,
wandering through the lot,
thought at first 'twas a toy,
then said "what have I got? "

Ants were still inside
guarding the precious food.
She cut it open wide,
and dumped out ants; how rude!

She dumped seeds as well,
and took bottle to the creek.
The day was hot as Hell.
There, a smoke she did sneak.

She dipped the bottle in creek water,
poured it on her feet.
The water, pleasure brought her;
it was a cooling treat.

Care-less, she left the bottle
when off to home she went.

Nearby a duck did waddle.
Another day was spent.

Three weeks passed on by,
and Bottle sat like a bum.
Then clouds formed in the sky,
and a rain storm did soon come.

The creek level did swell,
scouring rocky shore.
The bottle now fell;
its stay had been a bore.

Down the creek it washed
towards San Francisco Bay.
Bottle did get squashed,
but continued on its way.

(January 2013)

Bri Edwards

BRIANS'S Fish Stories..... [a new generation of fishermen; big catches; family fun]

Over fifty years ago a boy named Brian.... lived in mid-New York.
One day he took a pole to a pond and caught a fish, not pork.
After hooking it, Brian thought.....that playing the fish could be a chore,
so Brian yanked HARD on the pole. The fish flew through the air, landing on the shore.

This year Milt's son Brian, five years old, Old-Brian's true namesake,
went with his family for two weeks to Minnesota and a fishing lake.
A prayer was said, the line was cast, and Young-Brian settled in boat to wait.
And, golly gee, Brian did catch a fish.....much TOO BIG for his plate.
I'm sure my friend Milt was excited, as you'd expect a dad to be, and
Brian's eyes were "saucer-sized"....as God and men could see.

(July 6,2013)

Bri Edwards

Bri's New Year Resolutions: 2014……. [What It Says; Personal]

I've written resolutions for other New Years; how well did I do?
I don't know! I wonder how many who make them DO follow through.....and keep track of their progress. I'd bet the answer is "FEW".
But perhaps just making "them" will help ensure..... that some do 'come TRUE'.

A short list, if I wrote one, should include the resolutions to follow:
1. Enjoy what I can in life and not in any regrets wallow.
2. Give a helping hand when possible; don't expect help in return.
3. Use what money I have wisely; don't through it all burn.
4. Take care of my health, in hopes of preventing future woes.
5. Remember that, at times, one reaps from..... that which one sows.

(December 24,2013)

Bri Edwards

Brown..... The Color ..... [What i think of when i think 'brown', one of my two favorite colors]

I believe I've written about black,
purple, pink, and white.
That I may not have written about brown....
just doesn't seem so right.
I've written of green, my other favorite color,
and now it is Brown's turn.
I'll try to guess why, from ME,
such a lofty rating Brown did earn.
I guess I've called green and brown my favorites.....
since I was a youth.
So their influence on me must have started there,
and THAT IS THE TRUTH.

I've said before "they both remind me of trees";
that again I say.
Tree leaves were green and tree bark was brown.....
when, with my crayons, I did play.
And the earth is brown;
I saw it in Mom's garden, and in the farmer's fields.
Those are some pleasant "brown thoughts"....
my reminiscing yields.

Brown chocolate was a key ingredient...
of many candy treats,
and brown was the color of the girl's eyes in second grade...
the one who made my 'heart' skip beats.

Brown was the color of deer, and rabbits,
and bats I encountered as a child,
and brown were the birds' nests I climbed high to see,
the nests at which I smiled.

Peanut butter (brown of course) and jelly sandwiches....
I gobbled with delight,
and brown was the color of my bed frame.....
which surrounded me at night.

Brown was my hair color for nearly sixty years,
till I got "old" and grey.
AND brown's the color of my wife's eyes;
I look forward to seeing them open.... every day. (Honestly!)

(September 30,2013)

Bri Edwards

Bunnies In My Life……. ['Bunnies' In My Life; Not Long; Housecleaning; Humor?]

When I was little, Bunnies were so soft and cute;
at Easter, the “Bunny” might be a guy..... in a Bunny Suit.
When I was college-age, “Bunnies” were Playboy Girls.
The ones I saw had armor-like outfits to..... go with their curls.

Now the “Bunnies” I see have as their first names “Dust”,
and when they’re big enough I just feel I must.....
wipe them up off the floor where they’ve collected,
lying there growing if, my wife, the cleaning’s neglected.

They seem mostly made up of my long grey head hair.....
and shorter hairs bundled with dust from Who-Knows-Where.
As though trying to avoid detection, they seek out untrodden space,
but I grab them up and put them in the wastebasket,..... their proper place.

Bri Edwards

Bye-bye Jimmy.....[Nature observations; Death; Personal]

Two days ago out our window in the morning
a unique event appeared to me without warning.
Among the trees, of our neighbor's southern slope,
I spied a large deer which I felt had little hope
of making it to the next day's dawning.

I saw it prostrate, its head weakly raised a bit.
One large ear moved but was about to quit.
One proud antler rose above its head,
but I thought 'this buck is nearly dead.
It will cause no more springtime 'fawning'.'

My wife was near me and I alerted her.
By the time she looked, the deer did not stir.
But she thought he was alive and that he looked her way.
She may have been correct, but who can really say?
She named him 'Jimmy'. I don't know why.

My wife urged me to write this farewell note,
the first such poem I ever wrote.
Two days have passed and Jimmy lies there cold,
no longer roaming hillsides, no longer bold.

Bri Edwards

Captain A's New Friends: Mahdi And Mehrdad..... [2 limericks for my PH friend's new friends; Short]

'Captain A' met two 'good boyz'.
Mahdi: physics expert; loves computer toys.
At festival they met.
This poem's almost set.
Hope Ellias and new friends have many joys.

Mehrdad

At fair, Ellias two new friends did meet.
In limericks he wants me to them greet.
Mehrdad: loves his math;
Metal music is his path.
I hope the three enjoy a poem treat.

Bri Edwards

Cassie ……. [my wife's concern for my health; my young PoemHunter friend (one of them): not related, really; personal; a little humor)

[[I was reading aloud but my wife said “No more”;
no more because I’d admitted my throat was sore.
She filled a tiny glass and said “Gargle with Echinacea”;
and “Stay out of cold office, …… though the computer might please ya.”

So for now I’m banned from using PoemHunter.com;
sometimes my wife treats me as if she’s really my Mom.
But I loved my Mom and, as a kid, my Mom cared for me,
and I know my wife has good intentions……. to keep me illness-free.]]

NOW for the title-girl, my PoemHunter friend named Cassie.
She’s a young Chinese-American music wonder. What a lassie!
I know I’ve used “lassie” to rhyme with her name before. ... Why not?
I could somehow use “sassy”, or “glassy”, or “chassis” as rhymes, but there aren’t a LOT (of rhymes) .

She lives, according to her, in my Pacific Time Zone.
She practices on her piano, to her increasing-skills hone.
[She’s got a sister, “Allison”, I think younger; they are both home-schooled.]
Cassie says she’s mostly her own teacher, so I guess HER “teacher” can’t be fooled.

She plays her sister’s violin a bit, and plays also, I think, with a pet bird.
I could say she is smarter than I, but that would just be TOO absurd.
She thinks my poems are funny, and I must readily agree.
If Cassie weren’t “just” a PoemHunter friend, we could go for walks and…… I could serve her tea.

(December 8,2013)

Bri Edwards

Christmas Cards ..... [keeping in touch at 'The Holidays'; personal; SHORT]

At Christmas time I have NO tree.
NO colored lights are lit by me.
But, when mailbox I open,
I'm especially hopin'.....
that cards from a few..... good friends I'll see.

Cards often have small pieces of art,
even, at times, thoughts from the heart
of some member of the cast.....
of the addressee's own past,
keeping them linked..... though they're apart.

(December 17,2006)

Bri Edwards

Cloistered Oyster.....[Nature; Humor; Loneliness]

Now oysters are often grown in shallow water in a 'bed',
then harvested and sold to restaurants where oyster-lovers are fed.

At one oyster farm a single oyster got left behind by mistake.
The oyster was saved from being eaten, and at first thought he'd gotten a break.
But after months of sitting there alone (the fish could not 'oyster' speak) ,
he longed to have an oyster conversation while resting against another oyster's cheek.

He tried to strike out on his own to seek another oyster bed,
but, besides being stuck to a rock, he knew not where any direction led.

He was regretting his forced cloistered-oyster existence,
but all his attempts to come up with a solution met with fierce resistance.
Then one day when he was feeling depressed, (I mean REALLY sad) ,
something unexpected happened which suddenly made him extremely glad.

Some oyster farm workers came by in a shallow-bottomed boat,
and dumped into the water what soon made MR. LONELY gloat.
A shower of young oysters cascaded all around him for a hundred feet.
Now if only they speak his oyster dialect, his life will be complete.

(And he'll be sure not to be left behind next time!)

Bri Edwards

Cloudy Sunset.....[Weather; Change; Personal?]

Glancing out our western window, toward the Ocean beyond some hills,
I see, near sundown, a layering of assorted clouds, like alternating color spills;
shades of gray this November day, plus white, and some almost resembling amber.
It makes me imagine a playing field over which winged-angels might clamber.

I took some photos to show my wife and now the scene has changed.
A dark gray streak is beside one forest-fire orange. Clouds are also rearranged.
As more time passes, whatever remnants there were of blue sky disappear,
and light and dark grays and almost-white stand alone……, as sunset is quite near.

(Nov.2012)

Bri Edwards

Colonoscopy.....My Second One.....[LONG; Medical; Personal; Humor?] Humor

Despite all that could've gone 'wrong', the procedure did go well,
And next week Dr. Kao, to me, the lab results will tell.
I left the office wide awake, and, without sedation, feeling fine.
As I walked some blocks to meet my wife, on a banana and muffin I did dine.

I'd suggest pre-op and post-op post cards to keep patients on right track,
Especially for us 'older' patients who, sometimes, perfect memories lack.
The pre-op handout I received could be clearer; ask me if you dare.
The post-op handout was clearer, but I almost forgot I had it, I swear!
The pre-op telephone call to me (ask me about it) Dr. Kao might abhor.
The post-op call was a nice touch, but might not have helped if I'd passed out at home on the floor.

It's been ten days at least and daily aspirin dose (I'd stopped taking) is overdue.....but
My bowel's remembered, pretty well, how to handle the food I under-chew.

Roger reacted well to my idea of hiding fake poop; it was a 'joke'.
I'm glad he didn't laugh convulsively and through my bowel wall poke.
It seemed a short 'procedure' after such a long home preparation.
Sort of reminds me of the frequently-long buildup to a short ejaculation!

We don't watch 'tv' much at home, but the tour of colon I enjoyed.
I trust the job was done 'right' as doc and nurse their skills employed.
Discomfort I had some, but minor. I never was a hurtin'.
Afterward I waited to 'pass the gas' till I was hid back behind bed curtain.

(July 2011)

Bri Edwards

Come Back You Canada Geese, You! ....[Short; Nature; Humor]

It's nearly Spring and I just saw...
that geese to the South flew;
quite a good number,
not just a few.

But to my recollection,
that's the WRONG direction.
'Hey there Leader.
I believe you have 'loose screw'.'

(Feb.2006)

Bri Edwards

Crabicide: WHO HIdes From It? …….. [cooking; partners; murder; humor?]

As a kid I experienced "frozen fish sticks" and tuna (from a can) , but

lately I've tasted lots of seafood types. My wife is from Japan.

A first for us: this month we bought two live crabs on a fishing boat,

and homeward, with my wife thinking "supper", the two crabs we did tote.

After cooking, my wife would prepare them in order for us to feed, but

first she assigned ME to boil a large pot of salted water and do "the dirty deed".

Neither of us had done such before; till now she'd bought crabs already dead.

I was not thrilled with my task, but I certainly did not dread (it) .

Off to her office, my wife assumed the computer stare,

leaving ME alone (with two live crabs) to cook our supper fare.

The water in the not-overly-large pot was boiling strongly.

My fervent hope was to complete my task correctly, not wrongly.

The first crab seemed asleep. Perhaps it was just resigned to its fate.

But the second was quite lively, perhaps resolved to stay off my dinner plate.

It spread its pincer-tipped legs in a menacing fashion, and

I WAS afraid it might just give my fingers or nose a thrashin'.

I was also afraid it might escape my grasp and avoid the certain death.

So I called into the next room and in rushed my wife all out of breath.

I said "grab the pot lid and help me get this sucker in the pot for sure."

What followed next in our kitchen is now a distant blur.

Before I knew it (but after #2 was plunged to its death indeed) ,

my dear wife burst out crying, weeping so hard she almost peed.

"This was supposed to be YOUR job" she sobbed as I held the lid on tight.

But she recovered nicely and we dined on those two crabs that night.

My wife made a terrific meal though I'd have preferred a burger with potatoes,
French-fried ……..,

AND she implied that I chickened out of doing ALONE the job of crabicide.

Bri Edwards

Craps.....[Short; Nature observations; National park; My Marriage]

Our recent driving trip through western states has ended.
In Yellowstone I said something to my wife which offended
her because it seemed to show lack of interest in what we did.
I referred to the thermal features as 'crap'. So? I'm just a kid.

How many geysers and hot springs must I endure?
They are dangerous and the water's not even pure!
Besides, I saw some of it forty-nine years ago.
I remembered Old Faithful from then; my brain's not THAT slow.

Well, my wife was not impressed by my choice of words.
It's like I downgraded the wonders to the level of turds.
So I apologized, sort of, and off we went some more
to view Yellowstone's wonders....though some are a bore.
Hee hee ☐

Bri Edwards

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

Preteen socialization;
Her first menstruation;
Mom's explanation;
Girl's apprehension;
Girl's imagination.

Bra initiation;
Boys paying more attention;
Her girlfriend conversation;
Self-examination;
Apprehension;
Excitation.

First Communion;
Mom's admonition;
Classroom flirtation;
Diary notation;
Awkward situation.

Softball competition;
Scholastic concentration;
Pimple medication;
Eye examination;
Eyeglasses prescription;
Eyeglasses selection.

Teenage titillation;
Girlfriend's revelation;
Girl's excitation;
Girl's apprehension.

Junior Prom invitation;
Buy boy a carnation;
Night of anticipation;
Perspiration;
Parent's escortation;
Close-dancing sensation.

More scholastic concentration.

Mother/daughter European vacation;
College campus visitations;
High school senior year expectations;
SAT examinations;
College applications.

Senior Ball invitation;
Car date anticipation;
Mom's admonition;
Ball dress and hairdo selection;
Softball home plate collision;
Left leg in traction;

No Senior Ball action;
Frustration (but relaxation) .

College acceptance and selection;
Awards presentation;
High school graduation.

Gyn examination;
NO birth control prescription;
(Mom's admonition) .

Cornell U. orientation;
Campus church affiliation;
Choir participation;
Scholastic concentration;
Ignoring boys' flirtations;
Avoiding temptations.

Junior year sorority invitation;
Apprehension;
Excitation;
Sorority initiation.

Fraternity party invitation;
First inebriation;
Fondling and excitation;
Close call situation.

Senior year Dean's List selection;
Trouble resisting temptation;
Weekly Catholic confession sessions;
Summa cum laude graduation.

Law school acceptance and selection;
Legal studies concentration;
Study group participation.

Widowed law professor's attentions;
Girl's uncontrollable fascination;
Gyn exam; birth control prescription;
Dinner invitation.

Wining and dining and speculation;
Apprehension and excitation;
Her first penetration.

Good times but no marriage mentions.

Graduation;
Law professor's recommendation;
Interview with law firm partners; her apprehension;
She accepts the firm's job invitation.

Two years hard work; no hesitation;
Pride in work; first promotion.

Christmas office party introduction;
Instant mutual physical attraction;
Lively conversation;
Mutual admiration;
Exchange phone and email information;
Same night brief phone connection.

Three months of weekend recreation;
Taking turns at restaurant selection;
Sharing their pasts recollections.

Three day weekends to make parent introductions;
Each time a pleasant reception;

Overnight his & her visitations;
Agreement to try cohabitation;
His place one week; her place next week; a rotation;
A jointly agreed move to new location.

Three months more of smooth transition;
She stops using birth control prescription;
Their second shared Christmas celebration.

He buys a ring in anticipation;
Ovulation.

New Year's Eve in their new habitation;
Pizza and beer; slight inebriation;
Cuddling on couch; relaxation;
Watching fireworks with fascination.

Bedtime preparation;
NO anticipation;
Bare skin touching brings sensations;
Sensations become explorations;
No need for forced stimulation;
She finds his full erection,
and presents her open invitation.

Excitation; natural lubrication;
Penetration;
Copulation;
Perspiration;
Brief exclamations;
Ejaculation;
His exhaustion;
Her satisfaction.

New Years resolutions;
Her anticipation.

Fertilization (conception) ? ? ;
Implantation? ? ;
Cell division? ?
Creation? ?

Drug store visitation;
Home testing for procreation;
Positive color indication;
Call for Ob-Gyn examination;
Waiting for doctor's corroboration.

Valentine's Day dinner reservation;
Candlelit dinner in quiet location;
Dessert and check presentation;
She speaks first, announcing her "condition";
……
He beams at her a smile of great admiration;
She breathes a sigh of relaxation;
Holding hands as they sample sweet confections.

Check paid, they sit in contemplation;
Now he makes HIS presentation;
A sparkling diamond; a second creation;
She accepts proposal with teary emotion;
Their fingers entwine with devotion;
DOUBLE celebration.

Parents notified; what a commotion! !

To-have-baby-before-wedding; their joint decision;
Plans for baby's room is a vision;
Doctor visits; sonogram examinations;
Naming-and-raising-a-baby books consultations.

Otherwise his & her work & play routine continuation.

Mom-to-be's nutrition;
No inebriation;
Anticipation;
Names selection;
Couples' Lamaze classes for relaxation.

One-month-to-go excitation;
Two-weeks-to-go her mom comes for visitation;
Three-days-to-go strange bedtime sensation;
Phone call to doctor; to-hospital-decision.

Drive to hospital: first REAL contractions;
Amniotic fluid soaks padded car seat cushion.

To labor room; beginnings of dilation;
Intravenous fluid line insertion;
Assuming the ‘frog-legs' position.

Perineum preparation;
"Mom" does practice inhalations and exhalations;
"Dad" stays though craving caffeine injection.

Arrival of the obstetrician;
Dilation progression.

Baby in correct position;
No foreseen complication;
Clock hands in motion;
Baby's head presentation.

"Mom's" time for exertion;
Dilation; contraction;
Dilation; contraction;
Contraction; dilation;
Inhale and exhalation;
Perspiration;
Expectation;
Contraction;
Inhalation;
Pushing exertion;
Repetition;
Perspiration.

Getting close now; concentration;
End of nine months preparation;
Perspiration;
Doctor asks for last BIG exertion.

Out pops baby;
Doctor's congratulations;
It's a GIRL.
Dad's and Mom's exhilaration;
Wiping off the perspiration;
Parents beam with satisfaction;
Elation! !
CREATION! ! !

(Dec.2012)

Bri Edwards

Dairy Farmer's Lament.....[Farmer overhead; Nursery rhyme theft; Short; Humor]

Riddle hay riddle, the barn cat played his fiddle,
causing my best milker to leap over the moon.

Mid-leap, a most foul moon-crater collision
tore my cow's udder.....; she has poor nighttime vision.

Surgeon's bill, no doubt, will arrive here ‘bout noon.
(Nov.2012)

Bri Edwards

Dead Cat……. [Cat lovers, get your hankies ready; SHORT; Personal encounter]

A little cat, a kitten, was lying in the road.
It wasn't napping, mind you. It was dead and cold.
I threw it off.... to the roadside.
The little cat I did NOT hide.
Now it's just a cast off, furry, piece of meat,
ready for hungry vultures to come and eat.

It was one small cat. I'm sure 'twill be forgotten,
and I'm sure a replacement for it... soon will be begotten.

(September 21,2013)

Bri Edwards

Do You Have A Sister, King? .....[Human nature; Humor; The King That Was Big Head]

Do you have a sister
Oh My Royal Mister?
If you do I would come to Your Court,
And would, with her, consent to consort.

If she is pretty and slim, all the better,
But she doesn't need to measure up to the letter.
Yes, slim, rather than fat would be best;
That makes it easier to hold ALL of her to my chest.

It's not that I dislike fat girls; I know they can be nice. And
There are those who would choose MORE meat,
And, at a slim girl, not look twice.

As for my mention of the word 'pretty',
I know there will be those who, on me, may feel pity.
Truth be told 'pretty' isn't needed if she is nice, and sweet,
And maybe wealthy and quick-on-her-feet.

So here is my supplication to You, Oh King:
Give me her hand, and
I'll give her the ring.

(Nov.2012)

Bri Edwards

Doc-You-Meant-Story..... [economy; humor...a bit? ; doctor/employee; revenge]

Doctor, you meant 10 mg, not 40, correct?
Why nurse Hayes, did you another mistake detect?
Correct it now please, as you usually do.
I just don't know how I'd manage..... without you!

Nurse Hayes, our patient's asleep now; time to cut.
There now, I've navigated around her gut.
But Doctor, it's the LEFT kidney, not the right!
So it is Hayes. You've saved me quite..... a legal fight! !

[etc. etc....for years]

Doctor, I've worked for you now near twenty years.
The economy's causing my family to have some fears.
It would mean so much to me to get a raise.
I remind you I've helped you..... in many ways.

Nurse Hayes, it's true you've been the very best,
but the economy's hurt my family with all the rest.
My daughter's wedding gifts had to be silver, not gold, plate.
I value you highly Hayes, but a raise..... will have to wait.

[10 months later..... still no raise]

Nurse Hayes, in your absence I erred in a big case,
and now a malpractice suit I surely will face.
I'm sorry Doctor. I seem to have allowed your insurance to lapse.
Upon this news, the Doctor clutched at his chest..... and did collapse.

[penny wise and pound foolish!]

(September 18,2013)

Bri Edwards

Dog House Days (As In 'In The Dog House') ..... [VERY SHORT; Personal; 'bad, BAD! husband; Humor/humour]

Gosh darn it. I must've done somethin' wrong,
'cause I'm in the dog house, AGAIN. I hope not for long.
In here it's rather rank.
COULD be worse; could be..... the fish tank.
But the wife says "It's HERE' (in the dog house) I belong.

(September 21,2013)

Bri Edwards

Don't Call Your Partner Hitler.... [Relationship maintenance; Personal; Name calling; Very short]]

Don't EVER call your partner Adolf Hitler, Idi Amin, or The Devil (Satan) .
I called my 'love' Hitler ONCE, and on her mind that STILL is gratin'.
Well, she WAS being a little bit overbearing, trying to keep me under her thumb.
I guess I didn't stop to think of the consequences of calling her Hitler. That was REALLY dumb!

(Jan.2013)

Bri Edwards

Don't Lose Heart After Losing a Love.....[Finding love again; Boldness; Short]

Don't Lose Heart After Losing A Love ……[Finding love again; Boldness; Short]

I've experienced lost love before.
Self-preservation can become a closed door.
The door may shut real tight,
but it might be alright…….
to crack the door and seek love once more.

(2006?)

Bri Edwards

Double-duty Clothesline..... [Domestic life; drying clothes outdoors; birds; short]

A plastic-coated steel cable stretches taut across our elevated spacious deck.
This clothesline's meant to last longer than me and keep our drying clothes in check.
I've altered it to ensure it does its job, though faced with mighty winds, ...
UNLESS there is some failure of hangers, or of clothes pins with which our clothes are pinned.....
...to it.

Today I watched as our hanging T-shirts put on a grand display;
they tossed and turned like dervishes but did not blow away.
And later when I'd brought the clothes indoors, after they were dry,
I watched as three kinds of birds landed on the line, and then, off again, they did fly.....
....away.

(May 31,2013)

Bri Edwards

Driving Freedom [Honk...HOoonK! !].....[Independent Driver's Thoughts; Humor/Humour]

Honk! Honk! Hooonk! ! Yes indeed, I just love to blow my horn;
it's part of Driving Freedom..... the most fun I've had since being born.
But some people are such killjoys. Over "rules" their minds do linger.
In response to their "rules"..... and their dirty looks, I raise my middle finger!

If I want to spin my wheels till they smoke, so what? Forget "air pollution".
If I can't have freedom on the roads, why'd we fight The American Revolution?
Yeah, I'm driving in the left lane of a two lane road. (it's practice) Who's caring?
When I visit Dublin this Fall I plan to drive; I don't want those Knuckleheads staring.

And I never use my turn signals..... so stay out of my way, Stupid!
Otherwise I may pretend you're a Heart, and I'll pretend I'm Cupid.

I guess by now you've gotten the idea. It's MY road to drive....AS I PLEASE.
And rest assured, if I were Captain of a ship..... I would rule the Seas!

Bri Edwards

Eating With My Hands.... [mealtime alone; humor; lack of manners!]

I bet all of you have eaten food, using no utensil.
[I wonder if monkeys ever eat, using their tails(-prehensile)]
Usually I only eat sandwiches, or whole fruits, using just hands, no tools.
After all, my mom taught me all about..... the "proper" (human) eating rules.

Yes, here in civilized America, I was taught to use knives, forks, and spoons.
What do you think Americans are, after all? African baboons? ?
BUT, tonight while my wife was gone [she'd left me leftover food],
I ate in a fashion my mother would consider..... perhaps BOTH crude and rude.
I set before myself a cold frying pan of cooked veggies and beef, not pork,
and I "pigged out" [you can say that again] using NO knife, NOR spoon, NOR fork.
The sight of the mixed veggie-and-meat juices.....
.....opened wide in my mouth my saliva sluices.

I held the bones with my two hands, and gnawed them like a shark.
Then I wolfed down potatoes, carrots, and onions. You'd think that I might bark.
[like a dog]
I had a little wine as well, but..... I did NOT drink from the bottle,
and when I'd finished off the feast, ... from the table I did waddle.

(Aug.3,2013)

Bri Edwards

Fart Poem #2 ....[Gross? ; Humor]

Naked I stepped from the shower tub, bending over SLIGHTLY,
when all of a sudden came a sound to my ears, roaring, not lightly.
It was just gas (I hoped) but it burst from me like lightning from a cloud.
It was NOT one of your gentle lady's farts, but a fart very VERY loud.

And besides the loudness there was a sound that made me worry;
could it be that recently I had eaten too much curry?
I noticed the bathroom window did not shatter,
but I was quite worried that I may have left a splatter
on the dark gray tile floor behind me.

As luck would have it there was no mess,
so I put on my makeup and put on my dress.

(Nov.2012)

Bri Edwards

Fart! ....[Humor; Gross?]

Having just exclaimed 'what can I write about? ' I heard a muffled noise,
...followed by a pungent cheesy smell which FEW of your ilk enjoys.

Now farts have gotten a bad reputation....along with burps and belches.
In our society they are THINGS...which a more 'polite' person often squelches.
And I'd say I'm one of the 'more polite'...in my normal daily life; that is except when
I'm alone...with my loving, understanding WIFE.
Why even my wife farts on rare occasions.....Don't let her know I've told.
But she generally does it behind a CLOSED door. Unlike me, …she's not so bold.

So 'FART' is what I'll write about tonight, ... stretched out in this chair.
You'll excuse me please if I let one loose...though it MAY foul the air.

Farts come in at least four varieties. I'm sure you all know THAT.
I could break it down to sub-varieties, but I'll KEEP those in my hat.
First there are farts that are quiet and smelly. Not my cup of tea.
At least one should make some noise....so others won't HAVE TO SAY 'not ME'.
Then there are those quiet but NOT smelly; I think women mostly do those.
They give off nothing obnoxious….. to offend your ears or nose.
There are noisy farts that are also smelly. Some would say they're WORST OF ALL.
There are noisy farts that are NOT smelly, ...some like a bugle call.

I've heard of 'farting posts'....used in competitions, ...and
I've heard of using cigarette lighters...to ignite fart emissions.

I've been around dogs that fart and I guess some cows do too.
Probably lots of species fart (now and then) ...not just a FEW.

I believe what's behind all farts...is simply what we.....eat.
If you eat too much or the 'wrong thing'....you MAY be blown....OFF your feet.
Personally that's never happened to me. I'm not lying; ....it's really TRUE.
No 'Captain Ahab' has ever said of me: 'My god! There he blew! '

Bri Edwards

Finding Oneself…… [EXTREMELY LONG; Growing Up; Relationships; Humor

Part One

When Bri was 13 and in grade 8,
he noticed classmates beginning to date.
At school (other) boys got their way with the girls with a kiss.
But Bri didn't have the urge; he thought 'what's this? '
He decided he should give it a try,
but each time he tried, the girl would cry.
Not only would she cry; she would run away and hide.
Bri felt between himself and the other boys a great divide.

Back home after school he'd seclude himself in his room and cry.
Through his mind was repeated the question 'why? ' 'Why DO they cry? Why? '

Bri was a straight A+ student with no flubs.
He played football but (except for 'Cooking') he joined not clubs.

After a few months Bri gave up (on girls) . He had NO close friends to set him right;
his parents should have known the problem, but they weren't bright.

In high school he took AP courses, and took 3 courses at a nearby college.
He ignored girls and sports and concentrated on gaining knowledge.

He got a full scholarship to Harvard, but his advisor looked at him funny.
By age 26 he had his PhD in psychology and started making money.
But he still asked 'why? '
It still bothered him and at times he'd cry.

Then waking up one day from a dream, Bri suddenly asked himself 'were they shy?
And if so, why with ME and not the other boys? Why DID they cry? '
The answer could be that his brain and looks were superior.
Were those girls only uncomfortable with boys that were inferior (to him) ?
If that really was the answer, he could now save face,
and could pursue women with HIS high level of brains, looks, and grace.
(But WAS it the answer? He was still not SURE why they did cry.)
For now he would work hard, avoid girls, and try to keep his eyes dry.
In two more years would be a second high school reunion. Thoughts of attending gave
Bri a fright. (He'd skipped the first,5 year, reunion.)
But by going this time he might find out if his answer to his 'why? ' was right.

PART TWO

For two more years he waited anxiously for invitation he was dreading.
At times he'd awaken at night from a 'reunion dream', profusely sweating.
Finally it arrived in mail; it would be in June, before it got TOO warm.
He kept his calendar free for the whole month, doubting, at work, he could perform.
He got out the yearbooks his Mom had bought, and he studied each girl's name.
Would he have the nerve to ask them 'why? ' ….OR would he be too scared and lame?

He lived on sedatives for a week. He picked his favorite tie, and a light grey business suit.
Would he find out if the girls had just been shy, or would they give him 'the boot'?

The big day came and he arrived in style in a Lincoln limousine.
His classmates saw it stop at the door. 'Could it be the Queen? '
 (They were just joking.)
Most of them, especially the 'girls', wondered if he'd be there.
They looked at his clothes. Was he apprehensive? They looked at his hair.

He went immediately to the bar and downed, in an hour, two Mai Thais.
At mealtime he found his name at a table at which sat only other single guys.
At the bar he'd chain-smoked, holding cigarettes between stained thumb and finger.
At the dining table between courses, he smoked more, and his exhaled smoke did linger.
Each other man wore a tieless leisure suit or a gaudy tie with sport jacket.
He engaged them in some small talk, straining to be heard above other tables' racket.
The meal done he warily approached a table of women, not ONE a loner.
Their male partners were watching baseball elsewhere. (One girl had been a 'Stoner', but they all looked nice, including the ex-Stoner with the nose ring.)
The girls had huddled on one side of table. He wondered what this visit would bring.

When they saw him take a chair, opposite, they were startled. One almost did bolt.
Bri's legs beneath the table were trembling, like those of a newborn colt.
For a moment no one said a word. They all looked him in the eye.
Then he just blurted out his question to them 'tell me girls, why? '
They seemed not to comprehend the question. Finally the nose ring girl said 'WHY? '
Bri pinched himself and said 'WHY did you girls cry? Was it that, with me, you were all shy? '

Again they were all silent, exchanging glances eye-to-eye,
But finally the 'ex-Stoner' spoke up clearly asking 'why? I'll tell you why'.

She admitted Bri had been handsome and brainy. But he'd had some 'issues'.
At that point some of the other girls seemed to blush. Some even grabbed at tissues.
Then the one with the nose ring hesitated. Another giggled. Was it funny?
But then Bri said 'WHAT issues? Look, I've done well, I'm nearly famous, I've got money.'
At that the one girl giggled even more; she was almost a nervous wreck.
Bri continued to list his good features, but finally said 'what the heck? ! '
As he was about to give up, rising from his chair, 'ring-nose' said 'sit DOWN! '
Two of the five women almost bolted, but ring-nose eyed them with a FROWN.

All was quiet, for a minute or two; Baseball was still going.
Ring-nose looked long at rigid Bri, but HER apprehension was showing.
Finally she spoke. 'I guess you deserve an explanation; we all agree, it's true.
But first I have a question of my own. Just WHAT work is it you do? '
To that Bri responded 'I'm a Harvard-trained psychologist. Why do YOU ask, why? '
And she said 'we wondered how CLOSE you get to people now. Is that question fair? '
He said 'my patients lie on a sofa and I listen to them while I sit across the room in my chair.'
(By now all the girls had finished their drinks. Two lit cigarettes; ring-nose lit a joint.)
Now Bri, despite himself asked 'why ask how close I get? What is your point? '
Again ring-nose hesitated, then inhaled deeply, exhaled, then said 'the answer's this.
And this is also PART of the answer why we cried and ran to 'avoid you kiss.'
It wasn't that you aren't a nice guy. You are, though you are rather conceited.

It's mostly that your breath was horrible and mouth wash was oh so needed.'

Bri was shocked. He thought a moment, then said 'why didn't you girls tell me? Why?
I never realized that. If I'd known, I would have given mouth wash a try.'
To which the woman said 'first we were embarrassed. That's one reason why.
We found out how sensitive you were. Your sister told us you did cry.
And second, there were other things about your hygiene that turned off most of us.
Didn't you ever wonder why no one wanted to sit next to you on the bus? '

(Again Bri thought about what she said. He almost got up himself to hide.
And thoughts of murdering his sister were building up inside.)
Finally he said 'look girls, I appreciate what you've told me but I must hear the rest.
I thought I had it all figured out; after all I'm a psychologist, one of the best.
As for the bad breath, perhaps it was cigarettes; I started smoking in grade 7.'
Nose-ring said 'excuse me a moment', went to bar, came back with a 7/eleven.
Bri smoked a cigarette, two girls made quick bathroom visits, another got beer to share.
Once all were settled, Bri looked to ring-nose, who was running fingers through her hair.

She cleared her throat, looked at each girl and then Bri, and then she said.
'You also had real bad dandruff; it fell, like snow from the back of your head.'
She paused. Paused some more. And Bri said 'are you sure about the dandruff? Is there more? '
To which ring-nose replied. 'Were SURE, and YES Bri there is more.'
The girls were chugging beer. More cigarettes and another joint came out.
Ring-nose gave a questioning look to other girls. One answered; it was almost a shout.
'Bev, you've gone this far. You might as well tell him the rest. Go ahead.'
Ring-nose inhaled deeply, braced herself, and this is what she said.
'Bri, this may be the most embarrassing thing to hear; it IS for me to say.
I wish you had found this out from others, but I can't stop now. No way.'
The smoke was making everything hazy. One girl had a huge frown.
The giggler no longer giggled; she kept her eyes both looking down.
(pause) (pause) 'We know sometimes you didn't make it when you went to boys room to pee.
There even were a few times your bowels were a little loose so take this advice from me.

Quit smoking, go buy some mouthwash. Don't forget dandruff shampoo.
And see a doctor. See what advice about your bladder and bowels he can give to you.'

Bri by this time was sweating. He smashed his butt in an ashtray.
He thought about ring-nose's revelations. Then he had these words to say.
'Obviously I smoke. I started early. Now I'm up to three packs a day; give me a break.
As for dandruff and bathroom problems, that was long ago for goodness sake.'

The giggler kept her eyes down but giggled. Ring-nose cast her eyes to Heaven.
Another round of beer was brought as well as another 7-11.
Bri took a bathroom break. He came back with a scotch.

The baseball game might be over soon. One girl glanced at her watch.
When all were back in the corner, all eyes turned to ring-nose who said
'before the meal Pam walked by you sitting at the bar; dandruff was falling from your head.
You seem to be in denial. I'm a psychologist also. I guess I'll finish in a blaze of glory.
As for your bladder and bowels, faint stains on your fancy suit do tell the story.'
At that Bri abruptly got up and left. The girls hoped he'd do nothing rash.
Instead he emailed ring-nose a note saying: 'Thanks. I'll see you at next class bash.'
(Ring-nose wondered if that was a pun.)

His limo was waiting. Bri hadn't expected his reunion stay to last.
He was shocked but pleased to finally have the answer to 'why? ' about his past.
Back home he made a doctor's appointment, bought mouthwash and dandruff shampoo.
He vowed to cut way back on cigarettes. He'd see how he could do.

Part Three

At month's end he returned to work after a short rest.
With his next reunion 5 years off, he set about his quest
to correct the ‘faults' pointed out to him by the table of his school mates.
Then he could start experiencing his first ever Bri + female dates.
The third shampoo he tried did the trick. No more snowy flakes.
Using various smoking cessation methods, he vowed 'I'll quit, even if years it takes.
He consulted a urologist and a gastroenterologist as well.
With diet changes and occasional pills he no longer leaked or gave off a toilet smell.

When Bri was satisfied with his progress in the realm of good hygiene,
he used his membership in Mensa International to enter the dating scene.
All Mensa International members must have a minimum IQ of 132; some are female.
So he consulted a member contact list and contacted some by email.
There actually were very few in his age group who were single,
but he did have dates with two in Boston and with their friends did mingle.
The dates went ok. He wasn't sure what a 'good date' should be,
but the Mensa women talked a lot about themselves. He thought 'what about ME? '.
Bri found himself at an urban bar one night, and a hooker picked him up.
It was his first time seeing behind a size-C-or-any-size bra cup.

The five years went by and he received the invitation.
This time around he was determined to avoid humiliation.

Part Four

At the airport he rented a Ford Taurus; no limo he would use.
On Saturday night, into the party house parking lot he did cruise.
At the bar Bri had his two Mai Thais but no cigarette he smoked.
He looked for the men he knew who would know the gossip and he poked
into what they knew about ring-nose and the other girls at corner table.
Bri didn't learn all he wished to, but he learned what he was able (to) .
Again he was seated at a table of nine other single men.
The meal choices were pasta primavera, scallops, and Rock Cornish game hen.
This time he'd worn a sport coat with a gaudy tie, trying to blend in.

But this time all the others wore turtle necks. (What WAS his childhood sin?)
He kept his eye on corner table, watching for the men to go to TV set.
When they did, Bri made his move. A better chance he would not get.

Most of the same girls were there. The new one had heard about HIM.
He smiled graciously as he approached. It was now sink or swim.
Bri did not sit down but nodded to one and all. Ring-nose was there.
He had sent her and email the week before asking her to save him a chair.
He had also written of his progress in bringing his hygiene up to par.
He was down to 3 cigarettes a day; he still smoked but he'd come far.

Bri spoke first. 'Good evening ladies. It's so good to see you all.
Would any of you care to dance? ' (At that he almost did, but did NOT stall.'
His hopes were running high.
He looked ring-nose in the eye.
Again she became the spokesperson for the female passel.
She was the only one for which the job was not too much of a hassle.

'We're so sorry Bri if we disappoint you by declining your request to dance.
You see our husbands and boyfriends could be back soon. We don't want to take the chance.
To which Bri replied (after a moment) , with a smile
 'Come now ladies. Just one dance with me. I don't ask you to run a mile.'

Like at last reunion, the women looked from one to the other to ring-nose.
(The giggler giggled a slight giggle. Bri felt like strangling the little thing.)
Drinks were tipped nervously, cigarettes were lit, and a joint did appear.
Though ring-nose, a psychologist, dreaded it, again the moment of truth drew near.

She cleared her throat, resisted lighting up, and said
'Bri, I got your emails 5 years ago and again last week; both I read.
Thanks for sending them. We are proud of your great progress.
But again, we've discussed this amongst us, and this we must confess.
We sent out spies earlier this evening to verify the facts.
Not one cigarette was smoked. You no longer smoke three packs.
Your dark sports jacket shows no dandruff. Your breath I you claim to glory.
Your pants have been discreetly inspected and 'NO SPOTS' tells the story.'

To which Bri responded 'your spies tell the truth, but what about a dance?
After all I've been through since grade 8, don't I get a second chance?
Ring-nose looked from face to face. Some frowned, some looked away.
'Bri, we felt sorry for you then and do now as well, but you 'll have a better day.
It's true our men would not care tonight with whom we dance.
It's not for them we turn down your offer and deny you (as you stated) a 'second chance'.
 Bri was beside himself. He was a well-respected psychologist.
(Concealed beneath the table his hands closed in shaking fists.)
How was it he could solve other people's problems but not his own?
Were these girls a sign that he was destined to live his life alone?

'I beg you ladies. I'll not return ever if you don't give me a straight answer NOW.
And if your answer is an honest one, I'll not bother you more I vow'.

The giggler had left the table and had not returned.
Through ring-nose's mind the 'how? ' of how to answer churned.
At last she decided, as is oft the case, the best path was to tell the truth.
But first she would give the explanation for it so the answer might seem less ruth(less)
.
'Bri, in middle school it's true you smelled; that ‘s why we ran away.
But we all thought you were quite divine in most every other way.
Though you were not the biggest player you were on the football team,
And watching you run and catch the ball made us want to scream.
Your manners, though not as grand as ours, were A+ for a boy,
and of course grades were all A+, even in the courses you did not enjoy.
We heard you had the makings of a fine chef; the girls' club had same teacher.
You were (still are) very handsome. Despite the breath, ironically, your smile was your best feature.
(We especially liked you when we heard you cried over us.)
So we KNOW we owe you another explanation for our reluctance to dance.

Bri's heart pounded. Every heart at the corner table pounded.
….
…..
…….
'Bri, …..we are shy. All of us.'

Bri's heart relaxed a bit, his hands unclenched, he rose with an odd smile.
He exited the party house without another word and sat in the rental car a while.

Part Five

The following day he flew back to Boston and resumed his life's routine.
He tried a date from time to time and frequented the bar scenel.

Then one evening, on his second Mai Thai, he was approached by a real looker.
She was young, a tanned brunette, with sparkling teeth. Bri thought 'another hooker'.
But this one seemed a bit different. It didn't seem a routine sex hustle.
There was a sweetness and caring exuding from her, nothing to, Bri's feathers rustle.

They DID end up together that night, but in his bed, not a hotel.
He'd not figured out her essential difference, but he knew time would tell.
That time came sooner than he'd thought as she was about to become his newfound lover.
Another ten minutes, tops, and her essence Bri would discover.

Her breasts were cute, with tiny pink rosebud nipples, and
Her smooth belly below her navel showed a few sensuous ripples.
Bri's external sexual organ had swollen nearly hard as a rock,
But when he pulled down her lacey flowered panties he found a second cock.

He was shocked of course (I would be) , but he was NOT disgusted.
Strange, vaguely familiar feelings ran through Bri's body, and he knew she could be trusted.

(WELL, maybe he should think 'HE' can be trusted?)

The night was all he (Bri) could have wished for and there were many more.
He was relieved, it's safe to say, to learn she/he wasn't another whore.
Just another sort of human he had heard about inn psych 101.
'She moved in with Bri and though they had some problems, mostly they had fun.

Each work day Bri went off to the office to help his patients,
And she went off to her office to help HER patients. (she was a surgeon)
(and a little older than Bri first thought…but that was fine)
They even adopted twins, a boy and a girl; their life together was a charm,
and in a few years Bri escorted his partner into his reunion on his arm.

Bri Edwards

Finger-licking Bad..... [Bad 'tastes'; Oddities; Eccentricities]

Would you ever wear a striped shirt with green paisley pants?
If I did, I'm sure there'd be no end to the critics' rants.
Imagine a man with a shaved head...., but only on one side.
If he were hitchhiking, would you stop to give him a ride?

Would you give a panhandler wearing a mink coat even a dime?
I'd bet most of you readers would not give her the time.
And if the waiter set in front of you a fish still wiggling in sauce,
I'll bet a few of you readers...., your cookies would toss.

Bri Edwards

Five Lines Left..... [SHORT Poetry; Using Up Page]

I've four lines left on this page.
Now three lines left, I do gauge.
What can I do...., left with only two?
If I knew, I'd be known as a sage.

Bri Edwards

Flying Into Tomorrow.....[SHORT; Nature observation; International Flight; Personal]

We're soon flying into tomorrow
and leaving yesterday behind.
In this way we'll more daylight borrow,
but losing sleep's what we may find.

I'll go back a day when I return.
It's silly how our world works.
I'm glad my body doesn't churn…
dealing with one of Earth's silly quirks.

(december 10,2010)

Bri Edwards

Four MORE Short Nature Poems... [mussel; antelope; goose; ermine]

Zebra Mussel Invades

The zebra mussel has, on its shell, stripes.
It fouls, sometimes, boat intake pipes.
They are cute on the beach.....
as far as my eye does reach,
but they're invasive: a "natural disaster". Yipes!

Cautious Antelope: Oryx

Oryx stands tall in the African bush
using its tail to chase flies with a swoosh.
It has leaves it could chew,
but with no lions in view.....,
off to the waterhole now it will push.

Snow Geese Fly Over

I saw at least my twelfth bird species today....
from my window, since I came home from my play.
Snow geese flocks over flew,
mostly "white" but some "blue".
I enjoyed seeing them, I'd certainly say.

Herman, the Ermine: Wanted For Murder

I once knew an ermine named Herman.
Some thought of Herman as a vermin.
It's true he was not bright,
and, in hen house, he left a sad sight...,
with chickens left dead or just squirmin'.

(all Feb.2006; revised years later)

Bri Edwards

Four Short Weather Poems.... [Weather; Short]

I'm Not Counting Winter's Starlings and Crows

Today feels a lot like Spring
though I know Mother Nature
has much MORE snow to bring.

Then in a couple months more,
but not much before,
the birdies will once again sing.

Some Upsides And One Downside To Sunshine

Though the glorious sun is now shining,
I'm sure, due to the cold, some people are whining.

The sun brings forth many Spring crops,
and even some bikini tops (and bottoms) ,
but with skin cancer some tanned bodies are pining.

A Two-'hatter'-wind Chill Day

Massive winds played havoc here today;
shingles and siding here and there lay.

I was glad for my windbreaker hood,
which usually keeps my heat in really good,
but I also wore a knit hat which was handy,
and together hood and hat kept me WARM,
which was dandy.

A Little Sun Goes A Long Way

The sun is struggling to be seen,
but the grey cloud bank is being mean.

Oh! Just now the sun comes out,
shining with TERRIBLE clout.

But NOW it's TOO bright.....
Let me lower my sun screen

Bri Edwards

Four Very Short Nature Poems....[Pigeons; Bats; Mosquitoes; Slugs; Some humor]

Rock Dove

Some call it pigeon, some say rock dove.
Some, for it, feel hate; some more like love.
Once found nesting on high rock face.....,
now they are the city's "disgrace".
// /// / // // // / / /// //

Beware what falls on you, Reader, from above!

Amazing Bat Features

A bat is a wonderful creature.
Clawed wings area a distinctive feature.
Its bite is worse that its "bark".
It can fly in the dark;
‘bout radar it might make a good teacher.

As I Squish You, Mosquito

What are you thinking, as I squish you?
Did you suck some blood from my tissue?
You HARDLY had a drink;
Your belly was not pink.
Have you a family that will miss you? ?

Indoor-outdoor Slugs

Out my kitchen window live some slugs
with an affinity for my rugs.
From back door they do crawl,
leaving trails in the hall.
They move in slow motion, unlike bugs.

(2006; revised 2012)

Bri Edwards

From The 'Other Side' Of The Binoculars.....[Nature; Birds]s

Our lives are not our own so much like two hundred years ago.
Instead we're watched and photographed as we travel to and fro.
Sometimes we're captured, tagged, and measured…..but luckily released.
Sometimes we're confined, on display, even at times when we're deceased.

Nothing's off limits about our lives for those who want to know.
Where we go in winter, how we build our homes, how we catch a beau.

True.....some of 'them' have provided some of us with shelter and some food.
But much of what they've done to our lives..... has been downright rude!
Tall structures and trucks and planes....kill us when we travel.
Drained wetlands, cut forests, and poisons cause....some of our lives to unravel.

We do get back at them a little bit, ...from time to time it's true.
We sometimes snatch a sandwich from them, or on their heads we poo.
We may wake them up at 4 a.m. with early morning chatter,
or dig holes in their wooden house siding.....while making quite a clatter.
We eat some of their fruit and grain; that is also true,
But what we'd really like to do to them is.....put them in a zoo! !

(April 2012)

Bri Edwards

FUN-eral……. [my funeral; relatives; life and death; fun]

Did you ever notice, in "funeral", the much smaller word, Fun?
If there was a funeral for me, who would "from it" and who would "to it" run?
At 64 I'm overdue perhaps; why should I any longer stick around?
In our big paper dictionary, many as young or younger than I have died, I've found.

I've no wish for a funeral; burn me to ashes and be DONE!
But IF I had a funeral, I'd wish it were a bit of fun.....
for me at least, and hopefully for all those who might come.
But it's usual, I think, for funeral-attendees to seem a little glum.

If I knew I could NOT avoid..... a public showing in a casket,
I'd want a convex mirror mounted near my head, ... using tricks to mask it.....
so I could see what was going on at my fun-final-farewell party, AND
to see who might show flowing tears, and who might show laughter, hearty.

Perhaps I'd see a sibling or two or three. I surely would hope not all four.
At least one (the oldest) , I think, would be practical and not attend; maybe more.
After all, why spend the money and time? They should all know me by now.
BUT I might understand, if they lived close by.....and if someone served free chow.

My ex-wives, if they had money, might show up well shoed and gloved,
and, if my wife saw my exes at my funeral, she'd be happy I'd been loved.
My stepdaughters might show up, thinking it the thing "to do".
And if their mom outlived me, they'd be closer to the money too.

I've got some old friends who'd wish me well, but I doubt they'd make the trip.
One cousin might show up; she and I were once "glued-at-the-hip".
My parents are long gone from this life; no funerals THEY had.
If I looked into my mirror and saw them not, I'd be neither glad nor sad.

My one and only child, if anyone, I'd hope to see in casket mirror.
I'd hope not to see her chuckling, but instead to see a tear.....
or two, but not many. She should know I'm satisfied to rest,
as I've taken my humanity course, and (I think) passed the test.

(February 2013)

Bri Edwards

God And The Gas Pumps.....[religion; creation; short]

Now I'll bet God never pumped gas into a car, nor did He check the oil.
It's hard to believe He ever worked at any gas station doing manual toil.
And yet I've thought of a link that binds gas pumps and the Man Above.
The same Guy who sent the flood to Noah. Noah's the one who sent out a dove.

It matters not whether you believe the Earth is billions of years or only thousands of years old.
In church, as a boy, I learned God made all things. That's what I was told.
He was all-powerful according to the minister. He didn't need long to make stuff.
He could have put pools of oil underground and waited patiently, sitting on His duff,
.....(take any dictionary definition of "duff" you please) ...to see how long it would take for parrots, or wolves, or men to pump it out.
Or he could have let Nature form petroleum from decayed fragile grasses and trees most stout.

So remember...., your electricity at home may come from wind or solar power or coal.....,
but most of your cars run with gas created SOME HOW by God, the Guy who gave YOU a soul.

(Nov.2012)

Bri Edwards

'God Is So Creative.' - My Wife Said.....[God; Creation of creatures; God?]

Have you ever discussed alligators
while lying in bed with your mate?
(The Mama covers eggs with dirt and stuff,
and the eggs then incubate.)

And have you looked at the eyes of flies
with all those tiny shiny parts,
or smelled the perfume smells of roses,
or the smell of donkey farts?

And what of all the human varieties
of behavior and body form?
It's enough to cause a genius's brain
to form a mighty mental storm.

Some say God created it all somehow,
and that God is all knowing too.
Was it, then, supernatural handiwork
which gave us gardens and the zoo?
OR
Did God just supply all the ingredients,
and Mother Nature did the rest?
Some life forms seem so practical to me;
others seem to have been made in jest!
OR
Does God not actually exist at all? ....?
But no genius is this poet;
I don't care how life forms came to be,
and I plan to never know it.

(Jan.2013)

Bri Edwards

Golden Eagle....[Eagles: Hunting and Caring for young]

A Golden Eagle stands tall upon its perch,
with keen eyes, for its next victim to search.
Suddenly it spreads wings, is off with a lurch,
sweeping low o'er groves of aspen and birch.

A jackrabbit stirs near a clump of brush.
Silently toward it the eagle does rush.
The rabbit's life-ending cry breaks the hush.
Too late! The eagle, its backbones does crush.

With rabbit in tow it flies to its nest
where its chick gobbles warm handouts with zest.
With its mate the parent shares all the rest,
preparing themselves for the next hunting quest.

(Dec.2006; revised Dec.2012)

Bri Edwards

Green: The Color... [Green Things]

My favorite colors are green and brown.
 Green-leafed trees polka-dot our town.
Green's the color of farm pond scum,
 and green's the color of green tea gum.

Copper turns green when it's weathered.
 Some Amazon parrots are green-feathered.
Green is the color Army privates wear,
 and green's what the young clerk dyed his hair.

The city of Oz was oh so green!
 Green is the color of a string bean.
If you're nauseous you're "green around the gills",
 and I'd be "green with envy" if you had no bills.

Green beer is drunk on St. Patrick's Day.
 Green is the color of newly mowed hay.
A wilted green salad looks so sad,
 but a green stick fracture is "not so bad".

Greenbacks are U.S. paper money.
 From green clover bees make clover honey.
A green traffic light tells me to go,
 and a green banana ain't ripe you know.

A green-winged teal is a small duck,
 and a green four-leafed clover may bring you luck.
I've heard of "green thumb" but not "green nose".
 I wonder if green is the color of gangrened toes.

Bri Edwards

Halloween Approaches....[Short; Scary? ; Gross?]

Halloween suddenly now approaches.
Let me eat some crawling roaches.
Let me kill some football coaches.
(And let me not forget the cute cheerleader.
To my pit bull I can feed her.)

Boys and girls will knock for candy.
I'll lock them in a cage that's handy,
and feed them, instead, some stew that's sandy,
made with rat tails and chicken legs
and wiggly worms and spider eggs.

I can't help my lustful craving for BLOOD,
which each October through my brain does flood,
like a scarlet explosion from a plump rose bud.
My knives are sharpened, my teeth are grating.
The porch light is on, my freezer's waiting.
I'll only harvest what I can handle,
luring them in using treats and a glowing candle.
They get their treats but then they are MINE!

(October 2012)

Bri Edwards

Handkerchief..... [The word origin of 'hankerchief'; Musings]

Don't ask how I got the idea. Who would write about a snot rag?
But the idea came into my mind, and on my mind it did nag.
A handkerchief: a piece of cloth used to wipe hands or brow on nose.
Why would I write about something into which a guy might blow his nose?

I don't know why "handkerchief" came to mind while, for a title, I did search.
I suppose even stranger ideas, for a title, from my mind could lurch.
And I never meant to speak of its use, or appearance, or from where the first one came.
Instead I thought I'd write my thoughts about "handkerchief", the name.

So as I lay here wondering what to write...., how to explain the name, ... a thought that I shall share with you...., into my mind came.
Hand-ker-chief, Handker-chief, Hand-kerchief. There! I had it!

A "kerchief" is a scarf-type thing a woman might wear over her hair.
In some places and in some earlier times they are/were common..., but today, I might stare.....
if I saw a kerchief on a head. "What's she trying to hide? ", I might wonder.
A bald head, a bad dye-job, a botched cut? What's she hiding....., "under"?

So perhaps handkerchief comes from "kerchief" and a second word: "hand".
I own a few myself, handkerchiefs, but in my hand one rarely does land.
Mostly they sit in my sock drawer, though one I may carry just in case....,
but it kind of turns me off when a man raises a wrinkled, used hand-kerchief to his face.

(Jan.2013)

Bri Edwards

Hard..... [Girlhood to oldage; Life; Family; Racial discord; Marriage; Very LONG]

Hard were the calluses on my Daddy's hands the first time he held me,
and hard it was on Christmas morn' to find only one small gift beneath our tiny tree.
Hard was my Mom's life, raising seven kids and washing other people's clothes.
Without our family's belief in God, life could have been harder. Who knows?

Hard it was for me, in several ways, when a little blonde boy threw a rock which broke my arm.
That was the one time I believe Mom lied to me; she said 'He meant no harm.'
Hard it was when my Mom tried to explain why 'our' seats were at the rear of Selma buses,
and hard it was, my first day at Jefferson Davis Elementary; so MANY made so much FUSS!

Hard were the long nights I stayed up studying after I did the dishes,
and hard it was for me and my parents to make come true my college wishes.

It was hard for all when off to Cornell on the Greyhound I ventured forth,
and it was strange at first, coming from the Deep South, to now be living up North.
It was hard to only afford one phone call home a month, but a lot of mail from home I got.
Life became less hard as I adjusted to college and life living with my aunt. I blossomed quite a lot.

It was hard breaking up with my first boyfriend, a Big Red football player,
but as hard as it was, it added a useful experience, another growing-up-layer.
It was hard, it hurt, when I never received an invitation, to a sorority, to join,
but it perhaps concentrated me more on my studies, and saved me some 'coin'.

It was hard sometimes when I had to work at my part time dining room job,
but it was easier than imagining myself being a wealthy coed snob.
It was hard financially on my parents when for my graduation they came North.
But they were thrilled to hear that my undergraduate record caused a grad school scholarship to come forth.

That fall I began attending Cornell's School of Architecture; quite a challenge.
My fellow architecture students, from around the world, were quite a mélange.
School was hard but I loved it and, with a loan helping, I no longer waited on tables.
My life now revolved around learning about poured concrete, angles, space, and gables.

It was hard not to love all that for two years I was taught,
even though the long days and nights working on projects, with stress, often was fraught.
Hard was the work, but sometimes harder was having almost no social life .....
except what we had as fellow students, and competition was always rife.

Hard it was after grad school to leave Cornell's beautiful quad,
and hard, at first it was, being a junior associate on an architectural firm's squad.
I learned the ropes from some pros, and my reputation spread by word-of-mouth.
It was nice in some ways to be at least half way back in the South.

Now I could afford a car and I got back home at least once or twice a year.

It was difficult to get my conversation with Mom and Dad to, away from me, steer.
Chief among Mom's questions for me was 'Have you met any nice men yet, my dear? '
She was sure I'd be a business success but, that I'd end up an Old Maid, she did fear.

In a few years I became the lead 'man' on some small jobs for one key client.
In a few more years, for larger jobs, the partners became, on me, more reliant.
I did take some time to socialize more, and I joined an 'exclusive' St. Louis health club.
I no longer felt it likely that, due to being black, I'd receive a snub.

Ten years into my career I met a tennis-playing accountant named Phil.
After we started dating, dreams of having my own family, my head began to fill.
Six months into our romance, I took Phil to visit Mom and Dad, arriving in town on a rainy night.
Though I'd 'warned' them both ahead of time ……., I could tell they BOTH had reservations about Phil being white.

But we pulled off the visit with the help of my younger sister and brother,
and, when it was time for us to depart, with hugs my parents both me and Phil did smother.
More frequent visits Phil and I made to see my folks, often flying on down,
and when I visited Phil's parents in Pittsburgh there was nary a frown.

It was hard to not rush into a premature engagement,
but to help quiet us down we started a cohabitation arrangement.
Finally it happened and in another year we were happily married.
It was hard to be told we could not have our own children, but the disappointment we both buried.

But we both wanted children and we adopted two, one white and one black.
It was hard to keep from piling things on them so NOTHING they'd lack.
The best schools, the best clothes, the best educational toys.
And we did our best to see them socialize rapidly with other girls and boys.

It was hard when our boy and girl, off to college, both of them went.
Our girl off to Boston for liberal arts, and our son off to L.A. for engineering we sent.
My parents retired, thank goodness, and we had them come visit us often.
Now my Mom could rest her back more, and Dad's hands could soften.

It was hard for all when Phil had his first heart attack.
But he got better each week until finally he was totally again on track.
But I'll have to admit (don't tell Phil) it was nice to beat him at tennis now once in a while.
He would, as always, advance to meet me at the net at game's end with a big smile.

Our children were adopted at ages 7 and nine. They were our pride and joy.
There was always a regret they were not biologically ours, but they were always OUR girl and boy.
Phil and I and Mom and Dad attended their college graduation days.
And our children continued to make us proud and thankful in many ways.

It was hard when Phil had his third heart attack. He almost died.
It was so hard waiting, Phil having to retire, until a donor heart was supplied.

But the surgery went like clockwork. Before long he started to work at home part time.
It was sometimes hard to leave him at home when I went to my office at Ryan, Beckett, and Grime (I'm Grime) .

The hardest thing in my life up to age 55 was the day my mother died.
As Phil and I and Dad sat at her bedside with my siblings, we all cried.
Dad came home to St. Louis to live with us and became a fixture in our house.
We both cherished the years we had left with him. He was quiet as a mouse.

Dad lived another fifteen years, for the last of which we had a live-in nurse.
It was another extremely sad and hard day for me the day he was carried to the cemetery in a hearse.

Our children had their own weddings and our grandchildren started to arrive.
By the time I was 75, Phil and I had added up our grandchildren to a grand sum of five.

Then came the HARDEST day of my life, the day I found Phil lying in our bed.
I knew before I even touched him, that the best part of me was dead.

I moved to be near my daughter, to 'assisted living' by the Pacific Ocean.
I've led a full and mostly happy life, but at times I'm still choked by emotion.
It helps to have friends in my building and to have my daughter and some of her children near....., but
every night at bedtime...., for Mom and Dad and Phil, ... I still shed ONE tear.

(Dec.2012)

Bri Edwards

High School Clubs And Other Activities.....[Personal; High School]

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Back then I joined two clubs where my main interests did lie.
Biology Club: I was surrounded by girls. My, my!
We saw local prehistoric bones on museum trip.
Conservation Club: At North Street pond, I think we nets did dip.

Varsity Club was just for guys. Sorry girls. Whoops!
One could get nice jacket if one was good at track or hoops.
Honor Society was for 'good students'. You know the type.
Perhaps, like other human things, it was a bit of hype.

I know there were many 'clubs' in which I did not partake.
In one girls and boys could shoot. In another they could bake.
Foreign languages and music interests were not ignored.
Hobbies and sports were pursued and future jobs explored.

There were social clubs for just one sex. I don't know what they did.
To join, did club invite you, or did you have to make a bid?

Student government members were picked by peer selection.
I was beaten for Justice, by Roger in election.

At play rehearsal at Gretchen's, Carmi found me up a tree.
In play, Dave Hall's toga fell off. I'm glad it wasn't me!

I WONDER if the club 'advisors' got paid to help us learn and 'grow'.
We were nurtured while away from home….SO MANY YEARS AGO.

(2009)

Bri Edwards

HIs Royal Highness: TKTWBH....[LONG; Humor; Fantasy; TKTWBH]

This MAY be a dull tribute to a self-important Dude.
That's 'dude', not 'duke'..... Good gracious! I'll TRY not to be rude.
After all He really is a King, though with Him I may disagree.
He begged me not to be cruel to Him, and for that I'll get BIG fee.

(Yes, Big just like His Head!)

I've read at least one of His poems on the site PoemHunter.
BUT if poets were football teammates, I'd be the quarterback, and He the punter.
He claims He's Most-Wealthy; that could be said of many pricks.
I wonder sometimes what it really is inside His Big Head that ticks.

(A bomb?)

Now you readers may not ALL have heard His silly claims.
Why, He thinks He is more beautiful than other men and EVEN 'other DAMES'!
Of course I've never seen Him; He's got NO PHOTO on the site.
To me there seems something not kosher here..... I'll bet he looks a fright.

(Thanks for sparing us, King.)

He claims birds fly to his palace, to just stare...., and Him adore.
I'll bet those birds are vultures, their minds all filled with gore.
I'd bet He'd not even make them a decent meal; (I believe He's VERY skinny) .
And I'll bet when horses look at Him, the sight makes them all whinny.

(HIS mother wouldn't do that. Or MAYBE she would? H'mm.)

Now maybe I should tone it down a bit; I really need that fee!
But if I really believed He DESERVES so much praise, I'd write His Praises FREE!

(Donations are accepted, to me that is, readers.)

He says He has someone else PEE for Him. That's what He SAYS..... I think He's full of shit....
Well, I guess I can't control my words. Goodbye fat fee. That's it.

He tells me He dwells in a palace. I think perhaps in a lowly cell.
I'll bet His hair has dandruff, and exudes an awful smell.
His attire, perhaps ONCE regal, I'm sure hangs from Him in tatters.
He told me He put his parents in the Tower, to have control over all their matters.
(Good Grief!)
By 'matters' I'm sure He meant their money, and their EXTENSIVE lands.
But I'll bet Mom and Dad sensed His plotting, and put HIM in jailor's hands.
And though He has claimed all mirrors turn toward Him, and reflect His every whim,
I'd guess His cell's walls are covered with mirrors..., just to torture Him.

(the wages of His misbehavior)

I've SUDDENLY realized that, while writing this, I continue to capitalize His Name.
I think He's got me partly brainwashed; I may never be the same.
I truly for a while believed in all His claimed beauty and great wealth.
Probably all The 'King' NOW DOES HAAVE is hunger and poor health.

(Poor Baby)

I guess what really did GALL me and drove me to this unfortunate route,
is that He thought His poems were better than MINE. What a Dirty Lout.

(Well maybe He KNEW in His Heart that I am the superior poet; He just could not admit it;
He has such a Big Head/'Swollen Head'! ! ! ! You CAN'T believe Him. REALLY.)

He'd even talked of 'allowing' applications, filled out for those who would be His queen.
I think about all He could come-up-with, NOW, is King Kong, from movie screen.

He claimed to have authored....more than just one famous book.
I know now 'the books' was another lie. You doubt ME? Just you take a look.

(He probably can't even read or write and has 'someone else' do those for Him!)

AND not long ago I'd asked Him if He had a sister...., pretty as well as slim.
At the time I still was fooled...., and I thought 'I'll make a Brother-In-Law out of Him.'

(He answered that He had no siblings, as He was the firstborn... AND He was ALL His parents could ever have hoped for. // In REALITY they probably wished they could return Him. BUT they didn't know 'where' He had come from. They didn't DARE try another baby. Personally i don't blame them.)

But now that He's in a dungeon, (I'm sure) , and I should ask His mom and dad.....if they have a 'suitable' daughter, or niece, for me; this should make them VERY glad.

(Of course I won't be picky as long as I get in the family.)

I wouldn't mind living in their palace and having some coins to spend.
I could probably write more about ME, but I'm sorry readers. THE END

(Nov.2012)

Bri Edwards

Hoarse Red-tailed Horse.....[Short; English Language; Humor; Fantasy]

Perhaps you've read the tale of the red-tailed horse
who, after she ate eight bowls of ice cream, felt no remorse.
That night, feet uncovered, she slept on her couch (no small feat!) .
Like an arctic tern she did toss and turn, in her room with no heat.

Next morning in her room at the inn, she was hoarse and sore.
Not feeling hale, with hail falling on the moor, she vowed to eat ice cream no more.
Through her mind went 'flu'. Then (like birds flew) the 'flu' idea she threw.
For four hours she gargled, and sipped warm soup. In due time the hail melted and looked like dew.

She still could not bear bare feet. But two pairs of pears she did eat.
In time she ate squash with thyme, did not whine, had wine and some meat.
From her porch she blew a kiss to a hare with blue hair. She swatted a fly.
The next day she would dye her tail green. She was glad she did not die.

(3-31-2010)

Bri Edwards

Holiday Diets -- NOT! ! ! .....[Overeating; Holiday food; Diets; Humor]

This time of year lots of people talk.... of going on a diet.
But I'd be surprised if even ten percent of them ever try it.
Sure holiday food can cause some fat surprises,
but that's why clothing stores sell bigger sizes.

Pecan pie with ice cream, and apple pie with cheese
will slide down my pipe, with holiday consummate ease.
And don't forget the buttered dinner rolls and warm banana bread,
because if you think I'd pass them up, you're out of your bloody head!
Don't let doctors scare you with warnings, about too much food.
Pile your plates high, and don't forget, towards the cook don't you be rude.

So pass the potatoes, the more gravy and butter the better.
I'll just loosen my belt, and undo the row of buttons on my sweater.
Put a mountain of rare beef on my plate and wine in my tall glass.
And after the holidays, a good tailor, can let out the pants' seams for my ass.

(2010)

Bri Edwards

Homage To The Turkey (Second Try) ....[Birds; American History]

I sent off as suggested, my first effort to my Italian friend Carmi.
She read it and then requested something 'lower key'; to me that's Irish blarney!
I had mentioned, first time, Ben Franklin's affection for The Turkey; she thought THAT was nice.
I didn't mind naming Ben the first time around; this will make it twice.

Ben was famous as a diplomat when America was newly 'free'.
He was also an inventor I believe. I think once he used a 'lower key'
while performing an experiment with lightning, Nature's electricity.
It involved using a kite, and a kite string on which was tied a key ('lower'?) .
But back to Turkey: Ben thought the native Turkey to be noble as could be.
Despite Ben's efforts, the Bald Eagle, instead, was picked as a symbol of 'The Land of The Free'.

I must admit I admire and enjoy seeing both birds I did now name,
but the Eagle's pictured on money and well protected, while the Turkey's wild game.
Turkeys can be quite majestic when they strut about, their feathers ruffled and spread,
but unlike the soaring Eagle, in turkey season a hunter may shoot a turkey dead.

Death would not be my preference for either of these noble birds. I wonder now
if Carmi is reading and enjoying at least some of my words.

I helped New York Conservation Department return Turkeys to my home state.
That was near Ithaca, where in the 1960's, no turkey had been seen of late.
I guess the effort worked. In late years I saw turkeys; Toms and at times a hen.
They probably emigrated from Pennsylvania, to the south, the state of dear old Ben.

I've never heard an eagle cry, but to hear a Turkey gobble from woods is thrilling.
Carmi I would have voted for The Turkey. Alas! The Eagle got top billing.

(Nov.2012)

Bri Edwards

Homage To The Turkey……[Humor; Holiday Food]

Carmi suggested this poem paying homage to a bird,
but first I had to consult a book to get a definition of that word.
'Homage' definition #2 is 'special honor or respect....publicly' shown.
Is the special honor therefore having ones flesh cut off ones bones?

Perhaps instead the honor comes in being 'served' with ceremony
at Thanksgiving, when a turkey's status soars above that of baloney.
As a kid I'd join for holiday feasts with assorted kin,
and await the carving of the naked headless bird with the golden skin.

Hours in a hot oven, accompanied by periodic basting,
produced a festive centerpiece which was well worth tasting.
And from its drippings gravy was made to drench potatoes yummy,
and cooked inside the bird was spicy stuffing, soon to fill my tummy.

And when the bones were stripped of meat, with none left for the flies,
I'd seek out the wishbone, the potentially-lucky prize.

So here's to you, the Turkey, who Ben Franklin thought much of.
We hope you rest in avian peace, when you reach Turkey Heaven above.

Bri Edwards

Homeward Flight... [Thailand visit; My marriage]

on homeward flight i sit with 'Ghee'.
an East Bay businessman is he. there's a seat between us, to SFO,
for my wife.....if not to mama's she did go.

our trip to Thailand is now done.
we had minor problems....but also fun.
my nose bled (twice) and wife's knee did too,
but we saw birds and beasts (wild) not in zoo.

a seeming-endless stream of bats
over us flew like winged-rats.
a huge water lizard had lost its tail;
i hope, at catching fish, it does not fail.

we had dinner one night with Urai and Karl,
but her mom's death our future plans to visit them did snarl.
he suggested we go see go-go clubs our last night,
but we retired early due to early next-day flight.

my wife bought Chinese bills, while on our trip,
which now sit in money belt on my hip.
hotel toothbrushes i'd give to beggers....(my treat)
but, after first night, beggers i did not meet.

Bangkok's fleet of Toyota taxis was sight to see;
orange, green, yellow, red, blue, and pink delighted me.
it would be busy enough with cars, buses, and trucks;
then add motorbikes galore, weaving among them like so
many little ducks.

in Sukhothai we peddled bikes to a big park.
we saw unleashed dogs, but none did bark.
we took photos of Buddhist ruins and of birds,
and with a Chinese tourist exchanged some words.

in Ayutthaya our cute waitress learned a new word, 'cake',
but I think from plastic, the icing they did make.
Pak Chong resort visit was delayed
by train accident...then by our 'rescuers'' charade.

)
we drank lots of bottled water; they say 'don't drink tap'.
but we brought our own soap to use after pee or crap!

accommodations ranged from a rustic park bungalow....
to some other, more expensive, places that put on quite a show.

i had trouble saying 'thank you' in Thai;
my wife struggled with the word 'baht'; i don't know why.
we ate lots of fruit, meat, eggs, and white rice.
some more vegetables, though, would have been nice.

the weather was pretty good, even cool at times.
my wife treated her skin carefully....to foil 'insect crimes'.
we saw no go-go girls; Karl said their time they'd sell.
but we mused about resort employee, whose sex was hard to tell.

the battery charger burned due to the wrong voltage.
we may make more such mistakes in our coming dotage.
twice we dried clothes on our wire clothesline.
we gave Karl and Urai dry snacks, but forgot to give them wine.

i sent greetings by cards to relatives and all;
my wife sent a few cards, and about twenty I did call.
i used my wife's laptop once, to check my email;
she used it, at times, to confirm our trip's detail.

the beds were 'hard' but sleep was pretty good.
my wife got two beds often, to get what sleep she could.
i called Penn Yan (N.Y.) drugstore one night, to check on
'sleeping pill's' effect
since with our west coast pharmacy i could not connect.

airline breakfast, just concluded, was a small hotdog.
the sun's lighting up the cloud banks, like the East Bay fog.
my stepdaughter will pick my up from SFO like she did 3 years
ago.
and again i'll have short head hair, and a beard i did just
grow.

by now my wife should be at mama's...., not too late i'd bet,
showing her our photo plate that from floating market we did get.
while in Japan she may look at some house to buy.
i guess then to Japan, again, i would someday fly.

on trip i took some U.S. dollars....., even some in my shoe.
i gave some U.S. coins to cabbie's little girls (2) . it was a true vacation;
little exercise i did,

and i ate ice cream often...., like a little kid.

i think i behaved pretty well; not perfectly i'm sure.
it'd be a miracle if, for my wife, at ALL times i'd please her.
she, that is my dear wife, should back to me soon fly,
before the laundry pile here at home does reach up to the sky.

(there is more ……but we landed) happy new year! ! !

(Dec.2010)

Bri Edwards

Homosexuality: If It Were The Norm.... [human sexuality; what if? ; perceptions]

I believe most human societies are heterosexual at their core.
Homosexuality is often viewed variously as sinful, abnormal, and more.
To avoid punishment or unpleasantness many homosexuals have "lied".
Now many gays who have hidden or held back will not be denied.

At least in America I believe homosexuality is no longer a crime.
Gay unions and even marriages are gaining recognition over time.
The Boy Scouts* still ban gays, making their organization harder to sell.
But the Pentagon has finally dropped the anti-gay motto "Don't ask. Don't tell."

All of which makes me wonder how different American society would be.....
if the majority of citizens were homosexual, not straight like me.
Even the name "straight" might change; maybe I'd be called "skewed".
I might be shunned if it was discovered that women, not men, I screwed.

What if human societies evolved with homosexuality the norm?
Would religious leaders proclaim heterosexuality an amoral storm?
Would the "new straights"/homosexuals think of the "skeweds" as sick?
Would Boy Scouts* only "homo" men and boys choose,.... and no heterosexuals pick?

I believe heterosexuality may have evolved as, OR has always been,
the norm, due to "hetero-sex" being needed... to produce more kin.
Of course babies can NOW be produced without sex being "done".
Many people (present day straights) would say "that" takes away some fun.

If you believe as I do, you believe "gays" are gay when they come out of their mother.
But their sexual inclinations, a "straight" society does often smother.
I doubt homosexuality will ever be, in America, the norm;
if it is, I hope, to the "new rules", we can all peacefully conform.

[* Boy Scouts of America voted (since I wrote this) to allow gay boys as Scouts in 2014]

Bri Edwards

Homosexuality: The Procreative-argument Against It..... [a 'Liberal', Non-religious, Scientific? , Layman's Perspective 'Supporting' Homosexuality; SHORT]

Some have said being gay or lesbian is against the procreative plan of God.
It may seem at first a fine argument. But I think some more...and it seems odd.

In bee societies some members procreate, while others have other jobs.
In some mammal groups only certain males get to service the female mobs.
And what about humans who “find” no mates or are born sterile, as they say?
It may be, if there IS a God, that She has other roles for some of us to play.

(July 6,2013)

Bri Edwards

How Silly Is This? ...or...Does Your Next Move Matter? .....[Personal; Life; Death]

Why do I care at all what next I do in life?
After all I'm the boss of me...though I don't say that to my wife.

Well sometimes I do care, but should it really matter?
Is it better to be Alice or better to be Mad Hatter?

What it really comes down to is the LITTLE decisions I make.
Shall I immerse myself in a novel, or out-the-garbage-take?
Well, luckily, as I'm retired, I've more leeway in my choices.
I've got time to respond to my mind's contradictory voices.

I should not feel guilty, and try not to feel guilty, about what I do next.
I'm the boss after all, so 'Let me not be vexed'!
Shall I start a new poem? It seems the thing to do.
The household chores I have in mind can wait a day or two.

I've lived a pretty full life. I'm satisfied with myself.
What things I don't do from now on can just stay on 'the shelf'.

I think I've done enough to live up to expectations,
and if I don't 'measure up' then DAMN the calculations! !

My dear Mother is long since gone, but still her lead I follow.
I think my days contain some goodness; they are not just hollow.
I don't believe in 'God', but if I did I think She would agree
that I've done what is expected, and She'd smile at me.

And although I've had relationships in which 'some' have said I failed,
I truly believe they ended because my EFFORTS were bewailed.
And perhaps as some small evidence that I was not a cad:
my major former partners, to talk to me these days, are glad.

And if you believe humans have a duty to pass on DNA,
I've performed my 'duty'. (But it was only to let my first wife have her way.)

Well I guess I got a little carried away with this poem, but ain't it all the same?
To take out garbage, or write a poem, or have a child…it's all a game.
It's part of the game of life and who's to say what and if it does matter.
But let not this, my casual-view-of-life, your outlook on YOUR life shatter.

(July 2012)

Bri Edwards

I Beg Her For Forgiveness..... [Personal; SHORT; marriage; humor?]

I beg her for forgiveness, for what I did (when she wasn't lookin') .
I beg her for forgiveness, or I won't get, tonight, home cookin'.

I beg her for forgiveness, though my wrongs are ONLY.. in her mind.
I beg her for forgiveness, ... or another home I'll have to find.

(August 2013)

Bri Edwards

I Dare You To Call This Poem A Stinker.....[My poetry; 'good' vs 'bad' poems? ; Horror; Humor]

I've written poems in my past I did not like very much,
and I've written some others I thought had just the RIGHT touch .....
of intelligence and cleverness, with maybe humor or horror, and usually rhyme.
Now, tell me, Reader: "Have I done a great job, or what, THIS time? "

E=mc(squared) , and, of strangers, we should at times beware;
don't step into a snowstorm with wet hair; in love and war, all things are fair.
2+2=4; when leaving horse barn, don't forget to shut the door;
each day finish at least one chore; when mad, count to 10 beFORE... (speaking) .

Where could I have left my eyeglasses? To lose them I most surely dread.
Could they be in the medicine cabinet? Oh, good Lord, they're on my head.
When trying to live peaceably with your husband or wife,
saying "I'm sorry" or "You're forgiven" can help to cut down on marital strife.

The hands of time are moving fast; your fate is sealed; the die is cast.
When you're home alone at night, don't let a strange noise give you a fright.
Keep on reading the book or chatting on the Internet; your time has not come....
NOT JUST YET. .....
BUT when alarm is set and you've pulled up the cover, then a grisly death, around you, will hover.
There's NO chance that in the morning you'll be alive. Instead you'll be cut into pieces.....five.
Your blood will seep through a floor board hole, and drip down into a kitchen bowl.

Don't stir the oatmeel four mor than twenty minutts.
Kik the pitbul befour it dares to bite yoo.
Remember to tak extendded lunche brakes evon tho yoo are newest employey.
Yoo will bee ok if yoo run fast enuff in frunt of aproching cars.

Why did the chicken cross the road? Because she was bored.
What did the blonde say to the two policemen? .....Oh damn, I don't remember the end to this joke.
How many Pollacks does it take to change a light bulb? Two, I think.
The skunk said "hi" to the elephant, and the elephant said "boo! "

A California winter can be much less harsh than one in New York.
Here, in places, there's so little snow, you can shovel it with a spoon.
Here I may need an umbrella, but I would rarely need a boat,
while, in a New York winter, I might want a scarf, warm hat, and jacket.

(Dec.2012)

Bri Edwards

I Don't Care Much For Love Poems...[Love; Marriage; Personal; Romance]

Despite what the title of this says, I feel compelled to write a poem of love.
It's because I've been nudged by a certain woman I know, WHO I'll call my 'dove'.
Today she seemed to wonder if such a poem I'd even written. So.....
I grabbed an old notebook of poems and found one I wrote the year-with-love-for-her I was smitten.

[But I decided to write an update.]

OK, I'm not a man to show my love quite like Romeo or even like Clark Gable,
but, then again, my dove isn't quite a Juliet or, for that matter, a Betty Grable.
You will of course NOT let her know what I wrote on the previous line;
If she ever did find out I said that, she surely would begin to whine.

In truth, it would not be HER whining; I cannot tell a lie.
It would be ME whining..... and begging for mercy, after she'd socked me in the eye.

Gee, I forgot this was supposed to be a love poem. I'd better hurry and get busy.
But it's a bit of a strain on by brain. It almost makes me dizzy.

OK! I've just been fooling around with you, my faithful Reader.
Why, I love my 'dove' SO MUCH that, sometimes, I almost want to eat her.
She is the sweetest woman who I know, this side of the front sidewalk,
and if you don't believe that it's true, let me assure you it's NOT just idle talk!

I'm happy each morning I wake up with her lying beside me on the bed,
and I know that if I tried to sneak out and I woke her, she'd bang me on the head.
I enjoy it when we hug, and, if she went away forever, I'd surely miss her.
I like it when we have our goodnight kiss....., though she says I'm a bad kisser.

I worry about her once in a while when it gets dark out, and she is not home as yet.....,
ESPECIALLY if I'm getting hungry, and I'm not sure if a home-cooked supper I'll get.
When she finally decides to start supper (any time between 5 p.m.
and 9) ...,
I look forward to reading a novel aloud as she labors, but I sometimes pause for a gulp of wine.

Ladies and gents (especially ladies) , how am I doing writing about the subject 'LOVE'?
Do you think what I've written so far will impress my one and only dove?
If not, perhaps you could offer some suggestions of how I could sound more romantic.
I'm afraid that when I try to write of LOVE, my efforts may sink me like the ship Titanic.

Bri Edwards

I Doubt Your Word 'King'! ...[TheKingThatWasBigHead aka King Big Head; Humor; Short]

I'm most sorry 'Your Majesty', but I doubt your story's true.
I doubt you even have a throne, except when on a loo.
In fact 'Oh King' the more I think of it, it makes me want to puke.

(Do you have 'someone else' do THAT for you?)

Why I'll bet you're not EVEN a prince...., or even a lowly duke!

Bri Edwards

I Hate People…… [humor? (I hope so): some personal thoughts]

Don’t YOU just hate some people? Wouldn’t you like them gone?
Some human-types I do despise, though some people over them do fawn.

The first that comes to mind is the “no-hands” bicycle-rider.
Driving my car past one yesterday, I wanted to broadside her.
I suppose they really aren’t such an awful lot and don’t deserve my hate,
but when I see them doing what I CAN’T do, upon my brain it does grate.

Other types which I’ve come to hate are some well-known mega-jocks.
The way they hit baskets, home runs, and finish lines.....does blow off my socks.
And what about singers, actors, and comedians who have achieved great fame?
Yes, they too I hate so badly. They make me feel so lame.

And then there are those men, whose lives I’d love to wreck;
the ones who, faced with contrary wives, remain CALM, ...while I’d want to ring her neck!

Okay! You’ve guessed it, perhaps. I really could never hate them.
But it seems I’m a dull piece of dusty gravel, and they are sparkling gems.
They’re NOT an “awful lot”, I don’t “despise” them, and I’d NOT wreck their lives for real.
To tell the truth, gosh darn it, it’s just envy I do feel.

(September 8,2013)

Bri Edwards

I Have A Treat For A Black Cat .....[Humor; Cats]

Black cat why do you run?
I want to have some fun.
Let me pet you.
Let me get you
some fish on toasted bun.

Fish you don't like you say?
What else would make your day?
Some beef perhaps?
Some chicken scraps?
I'll help you have your way.

When you finish your meal
I'll make with you a deal.
Come visit me
and I will see
next time you'll have some veal.

Then together we'll play;
for some toys I will pay.
Then you may nap
upon my lap.
I'll care for you O.K.?

We'll be not all alone.
Each other we shall 'own'.
At night I'll sleep
while watch you keep,
in our bed by the phone.

(10-22-2006)

Bri Edwards

I Made Her Laugh……[Short; Humor; Community]

As I walked this afternoon downtown (I didn't drive but took my feet) ,
I passed a popular shop where you can obtain a yummy ice cream treat.
And once you've got it....., (in a chair in front of the shop) , you may take a seat.

In a short distance I came abreast of a couple eating from cones their sweet,
and I said "Excuse me, don't you know the law against ice cream eating on the street? "
[a brief pause and then……..]
The man chuckled; the woman followed with a laugh.

MY day was now complete.

(Nov.2012)

Bri Edwards

I Picked My Nose……. [VERY SHORT; Fun with words; humor/humour]

Some would prefer my intended-title.....which was: "I Picked My Rose",
BUT the "R" would not stick! I had to use "N" in place of the "R".....which originally I chose.

And some would be disappointed if I wrote a poem ……"Madam, Touch My Glass",
only to have the "G" and "L" float away.....in a hot air balloon, filled with gas.

Bri Edwards

I Will Survive..... [When A Relationship Is At An End; Male/Female; In Four Styles Of Poetry]

*[Style One: non-rhyming; non-limerick; free verse (?) : not funny]

I Will Survive

On a cold November afternoon he said
"It's over. It's time for you to leave."
At first I thought "He's kidding me",
until I saw in his eyes he told the truth.

"Please pack your things. I'm sorry.
In two days you need to be gone."
[That shocked me a bit, a lot in fact.
There had been signs, but I was naïve.

We used to spend evenings together.
In August that all changed.
Three nights he now "works" late.
Our (his) bed's not now so busy.]

"Fine" I said. "I'll leave sooner."
[Why prolong the departure?
I'll be okay. I'll manage. Somehow.
I always have. I think I always will.]

**[Style Two: rhyming; non-limerick; not funny]

I Will Survive

A cold November afternoon he said
"You need to move from my house, and from my bed."
"You're kidding me" is what I was about to say,
but his eyes said "This is serious; let's not play."

"In two days I need you to be out of here.
I'm sorry for this inconvenience my dear."
[This shocked me a bit, a lot in fact,
but signs of its coming I had not lacked.

We used to spend each evening together.
Now many evenings, alone I've had to weather.
Many late nights at "work", lately, he has spent,
and our love life it seems got up and went.....
away.

"Fine! " I said. "I'll be out in just ONE day."
[I detest prolonged goodbyes. I'll no longer stay.
I'll manage somehow. It'll be okay.
I will survive without him. That is my way.]

***[Style Three: rhyming; non-limerick; humorous]

I Will Survive

One cold November afternoon he said.
“It’s over. It’s time for you to leave my bed.”
[Hesitation. Then I said....] “You’ll miss the way I gave you head! !
But you’re right. It’s over ‘cause lately your thing’s been DEAD! ! ”

He replied: “Whatever. But in two days a new roommate is coming.
Unlike you, this one’s a keeper, not just someone bumming.”
[That shocked me a bit. A lot in fact.
I thought this guy had class, but he’d had no tact.

I guess I was born and will remain a country bumpkin,
with a body of a goddess but the brain of a pumpkin.
Our time spent together evenings had tapered off,
and the most action I’d get in bed was when he’d cough.]

“Okay, fine” I said. “I’ll be out of here by tomorrow night.
Your new roommate might be smart, but I’ll bet she’s a fright! ”
I did NOT say “But I’ll take my furs and I’ll take my jewels,
and your coin collection and all your power tools! ”

****[Style Four: limerick]

I Will Survive

With winter coming he did kick me out.
I did not cry, protest, nor even shout.
Signs were there for me to see.
He no longer did woo me.
But I don’t need HIM, you know! [The dirty lout.]

(November 7,2013)

Bri Edwards

I Win Her Heart Back .... By Force And Charm ..... [keeping a marriage alive; personal; maybe a little HUMOR/humour]

When, as often happens, my wife suggest I should move.....out,
my superior mental faculties prepare for the needed "don't-remove" bout.
Since it was ME who campaigned for marriage, ...against HER weak resistance,
it's up to me to guard against dissolution, without it seeming to be "insistence".

"I doubt that you still love me, not to mention like me" she may say.
Then I use a proven combination of charm-and-force, to bring her back my way.
It may not seem fair to you female readers....that I have such awesome power.
But it works every time and cost me less.....than the price...of a flower.

To nip her protests in the bud and straighten out her mind, ...
I first raise my voice to drown out her own; don't think me too unkind.
And when she has stopped whining and listens up, I turn on the Big-Bri-Charm.
I simply remind her of how grand a guy I am, and how I keep HER from harm.

I show her how what she THOUGHT-was-true, ...IS not even close,
AND, if a speck of truth IS there, each complaint of hers is an exaggeration, gross.
I tell her that "of course I love" her! Why else would I have stuck around?
AND that, though she sometimes is a pain in my ass, my good feelings for her DO abound.

If I sense that she's not buying my act, hook-line-and-sinker,
I pause, oh-so-momentarily, to with my mental faculties tinker.
A little adjustment here-and-there usually does the trick, BUT.....
if it doesn't work, THEN I beg for forgiveness on my knees, and admit I'm just a prick.

(February 4,2014)

Bri Edwards

I Wish I Had Been Born A Bird...[Personal; Birds; Humor]

My parents were both humans, so I am human too,
but I'd wish to be a bird, if I could be born anew.
Though I 'love' birds, you may think my wish absurd.
But more absurd wishes I'm sure you have heard.

Of course I'm not a bird and never will be.
But if I could talk to birds I could better see
if the life of a bird would really satisfy me.
Eating seeds and bugs and such, and sitting in a tree.

My bird of choice? How would I pick a winner?
Not a penguin, who has to dress for dinner.
Not an ostrich, another flightless bird.
And a strutting peacock might just be absurd.
Perhaps an eagle, soaring high above you,
or a hummingbird, acrobat of the blue.
Or perhaps a mighty swan swimming gracefully,
or a nightingale whistling a concert, free.

For certain I would not choose a caged-life,
though, uncaged, dangers for me might be rife.
I think I'd prefer fresh-kill to old road kill,
and a nest in tree rather than on window sill.

If a bird, I'd not have had to deal with military draft.
Or had others think sometimes that I am daft.
All sorts of human signs and laws I could spurn.
And there'd be no reason to file a tax return.
I'd have no need to wear or ever change diapers,
no need to get gas or change windshield wipers,
no need for lawyers or too many teachers,
no need to listen to rehashing preachers,
no need to plan for death or watch my cholesterol.
As a bird I'd just have to listen to Mother Nature's call.

(September 2009)

Bri Edwards

If Cat For Mice....., Why Not.....? .....[Predator/prey; housekeeping; Very short; humor]

In Winter, for mice, I'm a cheater.
I use no traps; I use a cat. Traps can't beat her.

As Spring is on the way,
when the ants come to play,
I plan to soon use an anteater.

(February 2006)

Bri Edwards

I'll Quit Poetry..... [my PoemHunter connection; other members; a little Long]

Sitting quietly in my too-fancy chair, I hear classical music now fill the air.
[It's a rare evening during which my wife and I don't a movie share.]
Now the music's stopped coming from down the hall; I did enjoy it.
I believe my wife's at her computer in the "office"; she, the music, did employ it

I've been sitting in the dark trying to think what to write,
and my mental list of possible subjects is a miserable sight.
I've already quit college, three wives, and snowy winters, BUT....
this poem's title refers to me quitting poetry WRITING; so WHAT!

Yes! I must insist that's a great plan.... I feel I now have to follow,
and it's a plan my readers must accept, though in pain they may wallow.
But be consoled, my fans. I don't think it will be a great hardship to swallow.
There are plenty of mine already written, so don't you think your lives will be hollow.

Of course I may miss the writing and may cheat once in a while,
but if I do I'll try to write with exceptional humor and/or exceptional style.
And if I get a special request for a poem with a subject you choose.....
I'll try to not let you down, ... or your sensibilities abuse.

[Hey, I've got other things in my life besides poetry to take up my time,
though I must confess that one of my favorite things to do..... is to make up a rhyme.]

I can now concentrate on submitting a backlog of poems, some good, some perhaps not.
Some you may praise, and some you may prefer to leave alone to just rot.
And we'll all have time to sample more works of OTHER PoemHunter members.....
whose poems have been ignored while MINE have warmed YOU.... like red-glowing embers.

There are some poets' names which I'd like to suggest,
but if they don't interest you, then look at the rest...
of the long-standing site members AND those new ones too.....
who..... I think will be glad to get comments from YOU!

Elena Plotkin, Ruth Walters, and Valsa George are a few.
Gulsher (John) , R. G. Bell, and Shahzia Batool.
Hira Akhtar, Goldheart Bird, and Cassandra Jasmine are quite young.
Poetheart Morgan and Ellias Anderson might write "better" in their native tongue.

Adeline Foster and Felicia DeAnn Manning are ages apart.
Noreen Carden and Unwritten Soul write from the heart.
"The King That Was Big Head"'s poems are dubious art, while
Cynthia Buhain Baello hits the poetry target with her poetic dart.

Valerie Law and Greg Davidson wrote poems 'bout dementia.
Babbling Brookes is a poet friend.... now 'in absentia'.
"Is It Poetry" and Luscious Larry write poems curious,
while those of Vanessa Hughes and Diane Hine.... should not worry us.

Kanav Justa and M. D. Dinesh Nair are two fellows to read,
while Fiona Pimentel and Beach Girl are poets worthy indeed.

I’ve left out plenty of poets whose poems I’ve bitten,
who have helped make Bri Edwards, with PoemHunter, smitten.

(January 9 & 11,2014)

Bri Edwards

'In-N-Out, Fast Food Stop..... [Waiting For A Ride At A Restaurant; Simple Pleasures; Unruly Kids In Public; A Bit Of Humor; SHORT]

Though my "love" says it's a bad place to wait,
here I am with two milks. Only milk, no plate.

She doesn't mean it's a dangerous place; that she doesn't mean.
The staff is courteous, the milk is good, and the place is surely clean.
So far, an unruly little boy is all I have to complain about.
If I had my way I'd give him a little swat, then I'd kick him OUT!

(Jan.2013)

Bri Edwards

Instructions For Doctors And Next Of Kin At My Death (Some Guidelines) ..... [Personal; in 7 short sextions; 2006]

Section The First: At my death some restrictions apply:

If in Monroe County when I die
U. of R. Med School will get me for their supply.
Dying out of Monroe,
please tie tag to my toe,
pay, and get me to a Med School nearby.

Section The Second: Besides location, there are other restrictions:

U. of R. Med wants all my limbs there,
delivered a in day or less; seems fair.
No nasty diseases,
too much fat displeases,
have yellow donor card or beware!

Section The Third: Let's hope it's the last time I burn!

If dead too long for Med School to take,
my disposal should still be.... a "piece of cake".
Find an incinerator...
(the cheaper the greater) :
at two thousand degrees, "ashes" you rake.

Section The Fourth: If I'm only half-dead! (See other donor card!) :

Though Med School should be cheapest way,
I've got money for 'end',.... so I say:
"If you could give my parts,
to give others fresh starts,
docs and others you have my O.K.! "

Section The Fifth: OR Save on air pollution and help a tree grow:

If you could, and not get in trouble,
you could toss what's left with the rubble.
You don't even need to burn.... me;
enough worms will then.....turn me...
to fertilizer "on the double".

Section The Sixth: Last expenses for "dear old B.E.":

As of this day, finances are fine.
Cash needed at death CAN be mine.
If no time to get at.... it...
don't worry about that.. a bit;
I should still have a good credit line.

Section The Last: "Blurb" at least rhymes with "disturb" (and it's close to what I mean) :

I (sort of) hope these don't you disturb.

I thought it time.... for this lengthy blurb.
I MAY outlive you ALL,
or.... from a HIGH building fall,
OR be ‘gone’ when I step off this curb.

Bri Edwards

Is It A Trait Of Men? ? .. [Men Upsetting Women (Wives) : Humor?]

What have I done today....
to make my wife upset?
It wasn't very much,
but troubled she did get.
.... guess I have the knack
to make my Love's eyes wet.

I walked to the mailbox.
I moved a flower pot.
I trimmed my toenails,....
and to do so, I did squat.

Yes, I have hurting hips,....
but only now and then.
If I don't do chores NOW,
tell me, won't you, WHEN?
ok! Call my stubborn;
it is a trait of MEN.

NOW she serves me supper.
Are my sins forgiven?
The day was not so bad;
more trouble I have been in.
But SHE may think it "time" ……
time I end my sinnin'.

Bri Edwards

It's Not Much But It Makes Me Feel Better.... [Humanitarian contributions; Personal; Very Short]

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

(2-25-2006)

Bri Edwards

Keep Me From Backsliding (With Fingers) ..... [good hygiene/grooming? ; personal; VERY SHORT; limerick; a little humor?]

It once was my unsightly habit
to gnaw skin near my nails like rabbit.
Fingers look better now;
use fewer band aids. Wow!
If hand to mouth I raise, please grab it.

(February 2006)

Bri Edwards

Kiss With A Twist.....[Marriage; Temptation; Humor]

My wife was out of town for a week. It was time to have a treat.
So I took a cab to my favorite bistro to have myself a bite to eat.
It was as I prepared to return home that I glanced at a corner table.
I tried to pry my eyes away from her, but found I was not able.

What had caught my eye was candlelight reflecting from a silver gown,
worn by one forbidden to me since the aisle I walked my new bride down.
Inside the gown was one of the sweetest gifts God to men has given,
a young innocent, creamy-smooth-skinned morsel to which my body was driven.

I tried with all my might to resist this newly-found temptation,
But, alas, I believe it was too much dinner wine that was leading me to damnation.
The craving was too much for me; I felt like a child in Toy Land.
I warily approached her table, looked about, then took her in my hand.

I undressed her with my eyes during our ride to the hotel.
That I was in danger of disrupting my marriage, I could surely tell.
I ordered up a suite on the top floor, for myself and my forbidden sweet,
but I did not allow myself to indulge, until I'd pulled up our bed sheet.
My mouth was watering with desire, my lips were slightly held apart.
At last I consumed what my wife had forbidden, but which for years I'd craved with all my heart.

Until that moment she'd remained enclosed, in her silver gown.
I removed her wrapper and pulled her to my mouth, sucked repeatedly, and finally swallowed her down.
(Nov.2012)

[....alternate ending, starting at "then took her in my hand."...]:

The ride through the dark streets was anxiety-filled, yet quiet.
I could wait no longer. I undressed her there and popped her in my mouth. There went a twelve-year diet.

(Nov.2012)
(The KISS was a foil-
wrapped hershey kiss.)

Bri Edwards

Leaving A (Poet's) Legacy..... [SHORT; Personal]

Not all can leave a legacy of money, real estate, or famous works of art.
Some legacies are products of emotions such as love and caring from ones heart.
My personal financial legacy will be small unless my wife dies first,
and even then it will not come near to matching that of William Randolph Hearst.
From my parents I received some love, good genes, and a little dough.
My daughter should receive the same, plus into the bargain my poems I'll throw.

Bri Edwards

LIfe After Death For Apes? ……. [other than human-apes; VERY SHORT; limerick; serious (really)]

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

(February 13 2006)

Bri Edwards

LIfe Is Like A Stupid Joke..... [peculiarities of Mankind; religion etc. (my doubts): Hell, here i come! ; HUMOR? ?]

The title was suggested for this poem by my back-scenes beautiful "dove".
Parts of this, my Readers, you may despise, but hopefully parts of it you'll love.
My dove did not give me any specific thoughts of what to write ABOUT.
Was she referring to our having to (after only 5 years) replace the kitchen sink grout?

I don't think so! ! ! So it's up to me to take on the task. I hope I'm up to IT.
I hope the poem pleases both me and you, and isn't just a pile of s++t.

Why is it people can be found guilty of murder and sometimes condemned to death,
BUT then they spend years and years being kept alive, while the taxpayers hold their breath?
Well, it's not that we hold our breath; it's more like we hold a convict's hand.
This year, in California, the voters were asked, once again, to take a stand.

And speaking of death, why do so many religious people speak so highly of an afterlife,
but then they spend so much time trying to avoid it.... although their lives are full of strife? ?

Why do some drivers accelerate madly when the traffic light goes to GREEN,
only (at the next RED stop light) to be RIGHT AHEAD of you again? What a stupid scene!
And why is it people with jobs are often lauded, (and, as well, they DO get paid) ,
while some "worthy-unemployed" are looked down upon, AND poor, though, with the jobholders,
.... they'd quickly places trade?

And I almost hate to bring up religion again, BUT how can Men believe God is kind....
when some people don't even have a handful..... of their own grain to grind?
And the joke's on us I guess! Industrialization has left Mankind's future in a mess,
with carbon emission pollution and radioactive contamination. God, come on, confess!
You aren't really on our side, are You God? The truth, to us, DO TELL! !
Oops! I guess I said TOO much. Here comes the armed army of angels. I'll see SOME of you in Hell! ! !

(December 2012)

Bri Edwards

Limericks..... [Duh! ..... Limericks; 8 Assorted]

-1-

Little babies are a joy to look at.
Lots of babies on my lap have sat.
Like God-sent bundles of joy.
Lots more fun than a toy.
Licensed daycare is where I work at.

-2-

Imagine if suddenly there were no clothes.
It'd take getting used to for me I suppose.
It'd be a surprise.
I might avert my eyes.
I think I'd blush right down to MY toes.

-3-

Many mistakes by Mankind are made.
Many despite well-thought plans that were laid.
More reason to insure.
More reason to find cure.
Mistakes can end in high price being paid.

-4-

Everyone in the world has SOME faults.
Even safecrackers can't blow ALL vaults.
Ever try and fail?
Enough for you to wail?
Erase disappointment; use pie and choc'late malts!

-5-

Remember when, as a kid, you just had fun?
Rolling, running, rollicking in the sun?
Riding bike all day?
Rolling in the hay?
Regrets you knew? Had a few? OK! NO-ONE HAD NONE! !

-6-

Idyllic lives, by humans, are seldom led.
Incorrect choices are made and tears are shed.
Incline yourself to accept.
In moments have YOU wept?
If not in public, perhaps some tears in bed?

-7-

Cute young ladies often visit me for sport.
Countless hours together we do cavort.

Come with me for fun.
Cool me off when done.
Cash I give which to IRS I don’t report.

-8-

King Big Head on Poemhunter did boast:
“Knives can not cut Me, nor can fire roast.
Keep your faith in only Me.
Kneel before My Majesty.
Kneel before Me! I’m High Pie, to your Low Toast! ! ”

(August 26-27,2013)

Bri Edwards

Little Dill Pickles.... [Food; Nature; Imagination; Personal]

I just grabbed a long-handled spoon.....
to scoop little pickles from a jar.
While looking at them swimming in jar's brine,
I had a thought I thought was bizarre.

Once in Georgia at a big swamp's edge,
an alligator in a ditch I taunted.
Tonight those pickles WERE alligators..... I pledge!
Well NOT really, but there was resemblance.

I imagined looking down at a pool of ‘gators,
with no heads, nor legs, nor tips of tail.
[as penguins resemble tuxedoed-waiters]
My imagination as yet does not fail !

(Feb.2013)

Bri Edwards

Living With ME Is Like Living In A ZOO! ! .....[my animal qualities; humor]

It's not MY idea for a poem title, but
my wife's, whose got me in a bridal bridle.
She's lived with an animal before, but
NOW, in ME, she's got near-a-score!

A score of animals, like in a zoo;
I'm more of an animal than she or you.
It's true, I really AM a True-human, ...but
animal traits in me are always bloomin'.

I've got a gorilla-sized head on my shoulders;
elephant-like hairs are on my broad back;
sometimes I smell nearly like a skunk;
like a penguin, in my feet, heat I lack.

I drink liquids like a humped-camel;
I eat like a pig at his last meal;
I pick scraps of meat from bones like a vulture;
like a lion, I lick my plate. NO lie. That's for real!

I jump like a rabbit when suddenly startled;
up a tree like a squirrel, I can climb;
I walk like a monkey (or so my wife says):
I sleep like a bear-in-winter....., "OVERtime".

I hear like an owl. [well, this one's a lie.];
when I howl like a wolf, my wife would like to bury (me):
at some movies I laugh like a crazy hyena;
I belch like a bison, long gone from the prairie.

I'm nearly as proud as a peacock. Why not? I ask.
But I'm slow as a turtle at some chores I do.
At times I'm stubborn as a mule or wild ass,
but at times loving as a lovebird; this last is (ALMOST) true.

(Feb.2013; revised July '13)

Bri Edwards

Marriage Is..... [aspects of marriage; some personal thoughts from a three-time 'loser']

I'm a man who likes marriage, though it doesn't always like me.
I'm in my fourth (three divorces): may be my last; we'll see.

Marriage is a tumble. Sometimes I stumble, may even have rumble.
Marriage could be better were both spouses more humble.

It's a joining of bodies and souls confronting each day
and confronting each other, at rest, and at work, and at play,
with thoughts, emotions, words (or not) , and activities....
varying according to each partner's proclivities.

It's sharing life between two people, for "better or worse",
and often sharing meals, and bedroom, and bathroom, and even "purse".
Kids or pets, added to marriage, may give it needed zest,
but may also be problematic, like problems on a test.

A mix of emotional and material desires
will sometimes fan OR dowse two people's nuptial fires.
And though it may be convenient to just say marriage is "love-driven",
I suggest you can also say at times: "I'm sorry", and "You are forgiven".

(March 2010)

Bri Edwards

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

Mary was a little weird, a fact you'll soon agree.
And if this story sounds familiar, I hope you'll forgive me.
She attended Beavis Elementary, just around the block.
She left for school each school day, by eight a.m. by the clock.

Now one day was 'Bring a Pet to School With You Day'.....;
that could turn out hectic, but NOT tragic most would say.
After all, what could eight-year-olds bring to class that could break ANY rule? ?
(Soon, you'll find you are wrong, my friend. Mary was weird and cruel.)

She could have taken her lamb to school, as in the nursery rhyme.
Her classmates would enjoy it. The thought's almost sublime.
But what instead did Mary take from her home menagerie?
Something cold and sinister that would make even teachers flee!

When Mary got to school that day no one paid her any mind.
(She was weird of course.) That she appeared with no pet was fine.
The day progressed quite nicely with dogs and cats; even one rat.
But Mary fidgeted more than usual in the BACK ROW where she sat.

Now as I said there were lots of cats and dogs (and one guinea pig, some birds) :
that day the poor janitor was kept busy, sweeping up their turds.

Each child was given time in class, to show and talk about their pet,
but a half hour before the recess bell, Mary had not talked or shown one.....yet!
When she was the last one left, who'd not stood at the teacher's desk,
the teacher, Mrs. Apple, called her up; she thought Mary was a PEST.

'Mary dear' (that's what Apple SAID, though it was NOT what she thought)
'you are now the last one, my dear, left to show us what you've brought.'

At that, with a smirk on her face, Mary reached for her cute rear;
one especially precocious boy thought 'her ass? ' with hope but also fear.

So Mary reached down the back of her skirt, and SLOWLY she did take....
a two foot long, glistening-black, hooded cobra snake.

The teacher fled; some children did too, but SOME were mesmerized.
They could NOT believe what Mary had brought though they saw it with their eyes.
The 'Day' was NOT as successful as the principal hoped it'd be.
Five classmates died of cobra bites. Three are still in comas. Hee hee.

(Nov.2012)

Bri Edwards

Maybe They 'Say' and I Just Don't Understand....[VERY SHORT; Birds; Humor]

Birds swoop in and swoop out and away.
Is it more fun on a windy day?
Maybe it's never fun,
like me taking a run.
I guess I won't know, because they won't say.

Bri Edwards

McDonalds and Me...[VERY SHORT; Junk Food; Humor]

Eyewear tech with my glasses did toil,
and now Toyota tech is changing car's oil.
While waiting this warm day in Redwood City,
I've eaten a large ice cream cone. Just one. A pity!

McDonalds may get a lot of shit
for helping lots of people be unfit,
and there most likely is some truth in that,
but there are much worse things than salt and fat.

Bri Edwards

Medicare and Me……. [U.S. aging population; Government-sponsored medical insurance; Personal]

As I approach age 65 I've a decision to make;
should Medicare coverage be an option I'll take?
At this moment I don't think so, and I'll tell you why,
but I should talk to my mate before passing it by.

I keep hearing how the government is running out of cash,
causing spending for many fine programs to be slashed.
Social Security and Medicare payments help drain Treasury dry.
To get along without either is what I'd like to try.

Actually I don't qualify for Social Security; I'd have to work
more.....
in a Social Security tax-deducting job; perhaps a food store?
The tax was not deducted when I worked for the Postal Service,
but I have an annuity and good health insurance, and I'm NOT nervous.

In two years my mate can get Medicare if she pays,
but I hope to do well without it for the rest of my days.
I'm in pretty good health but don't want to live past 75;
it's my curiosity and wife and daughter urging me to stay alive.

'Primitive societies' have let aging adults die when they became a drag....
..., when they got mentally slow and /or their bodies did sag.
I'm at the beginning of that phase. It's not my life that I hate.
But I'd hate to be a drag (if only a small one) by living too late.

(Jan.2013)

Bri Edwards

Memories of Times With MY Little Girl (Shannon) .....(A father's memories; Personal; Short]

I like hearing Blane talk to HIS child;
his "Daddy" voice is playful and mild.
It reminds me of when
Shannon was half-of-ten,
and WE had moments both calm and wild.

(Feb.7-2006)

Bri Edwards

Message For The KIng (TKTWBH) .....An UNPOEM [LONG; Funny? ; Fantasy]

BIG HEAD, (MY WIFE'S TITLE FOR YOU) .....
she says what are you talking about, huh? huh?

my wife says (if i can remember it all) (not in this order) :

'it'' is Her house, Her chair, Her computer, Her HUSBAND, unlike in U.K. where the wife belongs to the husband. here in california the husband belongs to the wife. how's that? (Her words again; forgive my wife dear King) .
she is a tax accountant, worked 12 hrs a day,7 days a week [not all the time, King, but don't tell her i told you so]. she used two or three screens simultaneously! ! ! ! she worked long and hard during her career, which allowed her to have TWO houses in the most expensive housing area between san francisco and silicon valley, ...[one is rented for 2400 hundred a month/was 2700 hundred but she felt sorry for the two loser engineers, a married couple, who rent from her. (she also was afraid she might lose them to the competition after a yr or so of paying 2700....that's greenbacks i'm talking...US dollars that is)]....don't tell her i told YOU that, please, Your Hinnyness.
She was gesticulating with Her arms as She shouted Her words to me from across the room. [but She DID have a big smile on Her face.....probably because She is SO PROUD of Herself...for Her financial success (sound familiar King?) as well as her defiance of Your male chauvinist pig words].

She says She 'beat the odds'.. She came here not speaking english. She says 'SOME people....(not ME King...believe me?) ....say She still can't speak english. She is a woman, another obstacle to Her in this great country. She came here in/with one suitcase only! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! Now She says She came here IN the suitcase.? She can make a joke herself once in a great while. i don't think her people are much on humor. she is 'ESL' that's english is 'second language', King.
She says 'what is he? gay? '.....but don't worry King, neither of us care what sexual preference You have...You do have ONE?
personally i find it to my advantage, living with Her, to always watch my words and voice volume. but alas, i am not careful enough and often end up in the unroyal doghouse. i have to feign crying and ask for forgiveness and say 'i'm sorry'.....she also doesn't like me calling her 'honey', but 'dear' and darling and sweetheart don't bring any trouble. thanks goodness.
hey King, what can we do? ? she is japanese, born and raised; maybe that has something to do with her poor attitude. again, PLEASE FORGIVE HER. thanks King.
i just read this to Her [adding a new section in the middle]. AND She reminds me that i was supposed to tell you that YOU HAVE A BIG HEAD but i, Her husband HAVE A BIG MOUTH. in fact King, now She says you should change your name to BIG MOUTH. oh, sorry King for not capitalizing your pronouns as i typed. i HAD to capitalize Hers and the computer contains a limited number of capitals i think so i had to be conservative. i'll try to make it up to you in a later message some day. bri edwards, henpecked husband....but well-cared for by my loving wife.
(Nov.2012)

Bri Edwards

Milk (The Food) ……. [VERY SHORT; The Versatile Liquid Food]

Milk. It’s the first food that many babies taste.
I hate to see milk (or other food) go to waste.
Even if it starts to go sour, for goodness sakes,
one may still use sour milk.... to make pancakes.

And with skill and equipment, milk can with ease...
be made into butter, ice cream, yogurt, and cheese.

(September 21,2013)

Bri Edwards

Mongolian Green Baby Bottoms...[Mongolian folktale? ; Doctors; Horses; Baby birthmarks]

Yesterday my wonderful wife told me a (perhaps) little known fact.
She said Mongolian babies are born with green buttocks intact.
Well, it's not that they're intact which was so surprising, but
the vision of green butts caused me to be surmising.

She said she's Mongolian, though I call her Japanese,
and she said her two grown daughters' bottoms WERE green..... Geez!
She claims the green lasted for about six months; they are no longer green.
I'll have to take her word for it, as her daughters' butts I've never seen.

Then she told me two related 'tales'. Believe me, there is NO pun intended 'here'.

(1) A Stanford doctor said a U.S. doctor blamed one green butt on a Mongolian mom spanking her Mongolian baby's rear.

The second tale I had more trouble believing, if I may be so bold to say.

(2) Mongolia used to have millions of green horses.....Perhaps they ate too much green Mongolian hay.
The lands which are now brown, in that area north of the China Walls,
were once lands VERY green, colored by green horses' manure dropped all around, not confined to stalls.
Then green horses were dying out, and the last one, before its death, said to an old Mongolian fellow.....
'So you'll remember us GREEN HORSES...., FROM NOW ON all Mongolian babies will have GREEN BUTTS....., NOT butts of brown, or white, or yellow.'

(Dec.2012)

Bri Edwards

My Colonoscopy.....And Life (Mine) .....[Medical; Humor; Personal]

Seven years have passed since my first colonoscopy. I had it in New York State.
That doctor said 'wait ten years', but my new wife and new doctor sealed my fate.
My 'new' fate made second colonoscopy come only seven years since my first,
and today most of what I drank I drank not to quench my thirst.

Tomorrow is the 'big day' and I look forward to its end, ... so
laxatives I'll no longer into my aging body have to send.
No 'solid' food I've had today, though on 'solid' food my mind might dwell.
To have some fruit, ice cream, or cereal...now sure would be swell.

The instructions say 'clear' liquids 'only', on this day before,
but, to me, the instructions need more details to truly make clear the score.
What does 'clear' in 'clear liquid' mean? ; they allow coffee, 'black'.
And it seems red grape juice is OK, but don't on 'red Jello' snack!

I've chosen no sedation if the doctor and I can do without.
I'd like to view and hear, as well as I can, each round of the bout.
But my wife will be on call if I am sedated and need a ride back home.
I'd rather be free after the procedure to through San Carlos roam.

I know I'm on a touchy subject....for those who love me most,
but, if possible, I'll be the one to decide when to 'give up the ghost'.
I actually like medical stuff, and I did promise to do this this year for my wife,
but I'm not sure I'll go for a third 'search for problems'; I don't relish a really long life.

The diarrhea's not so bad.....as long as the bathroom is 'free'.
After all, once the doctor goes in, he should see all there is to see.
And I know he really doesn't want to see shit, ... nor smell it I suppose,
when he dons a pair of gloves, and up my rear end shoves the hose.

(7-17-11)

Bri Edwards

'My' Hemlock .....[Nature; Tree; Personal]

A stately hemlock.... my western window does guard.
Its afternoon shadow marks the edge of the yard.
Its flat needles are green.
Its cones have a brown sheen.
The colors are the two favorites of this aging bard.

Its branches block much of the hot sun as a rule,
helping in summer to keep my small apartment cool.
By its natural way
less electric I pay;
the big hemlock's my own air-conditioning tool.

House sparrow, gray squirrel, and jay....in it do perch.
There too, some birds may conduct an insect search.
The tree keeps its needles all year
and helps bring to me needed cheer,
(more than would maple, elm, walnut, or birch) .

AND

Though hemlock poison has been known to make some people dead,
the thought does NOT make ME feel any moment of dread.
(Trees were friends in my past,
and that same feeling shall always last.)

(Nov.2006)

Bri Edwards

My Modest Life....[LONG; Personal; Humor]

i grew up in a modest home. the nearby country i did roam.
modest were my mom and dad. four modest siblings i also had.
geneva was a modest town. at graduation i wore a modest cap and gown.
(ok….my cap had a gold tassel. about that, please don't give me a hassle.)

then i modestly went to cornell; that i'd quit three years later who could tell?
i modestly quit my church beliefs. that there's no hell, for me i'm betting.
i became a conscientious objector and worked two years in hospital setting.
i roomed in a modest home. by foot, bike, and bus i did roam.

then i shared an apartment with brother don. i did modest jobs for modest wages.
my general appearance i think was plain. i was modest, ….not vain.
except for occasional, mild 'depression', it seemed i had not a care.
then (past twenty-five years old) i sought a partner from the sex pool more fair.

first wife (pam) was not so modest…..if by modest one means plain.
she gave birth to our modest daughter (shannon) ..... after a short labor but lots of pain.
pam and i shared five modest homes, and we had a modest dog.
we had a modest divorce....though nine years together we did log.

then i had modest apartments and two modest girlfriends, and kept my modest postal job.
then i married and divorced wife two (debbie) , ...she was at times irrational and a slob.
my very modest yugo i replaced with a honda, the last of my modest cars.
the end of marriage to third wife (donna) i blame (in part) on her emotional lifetime scars.

in 2004 i retired 'early'…. as post office chose to downsize.
at the time i lived in modest comfort.... in a senior citizen highrise.
i modestly pursued volunteer work as i'd done on and off since '86.
with no ties binding me i moved to hometown geneva; some would call it 'move to the sticks'.

i spent a modest few months in cousin's apartment. eye to eye we did not see, ...
so i got my own modest place near college fieldhouse, and walked indoor track for a modest fee.
i found a modest café, 'flour petal', and many modest hours there i enjoyed.
i wrote poems, and.....with thoughts of a new partner i no longer toyed.

i met a modest new friend angel. he, it turned out, had some 'issues'.
i made a modest bed of banana boxes, and blew my nose on toilet tissues.
i developed mild hypertension. it seems in control now without pills.
i walked roads and sidewalks in modest shoes, wore modest clothes with no frills.

then a former postal customer, and old guy, henry, 'said': ‘find a geneva woman on the internet'.
he jarred me into action, and that's how my present wife i 'met'.
after a month of emails we met in ithaca (new york state) , though she lived on the west coast.
did she find me irresistable? i don't know, ...and i shall not boast.

she lured me to join her, in san carlos, in her new, not-so-modest-but-small house.
my wife also has a small though not-so-modest car, a prius, which can be quiet as a mouse.
i flew here on a trial basis but stayed to share our lives together.
i'm still a modest guy, trying not to be spoiled by the mild san francisco bay area weather.

i've had a modest ponytail, and i'm modest about my child's success.
but i've eaten a few immodest restaurant meals. they weren't my idea.....as you might guess.
i'd say our tv set's not modest, but it's only used to watch library flicks.
(by 'modest' i mean plain or simple; with luxury i seldom mix.)

but i'm not COMPLETELY modest when it comes to my self-image. [I THINK I'M REALLY GREAT!]
i have lots of common sense, and.....i'm very seldom ever late.

(Jan. and Aug.2011)

Bri Edwards

My Poemhunter.com Identity..... [Secrets; Online 'safety'; Personal]

When you visit Poemhunter you may notice some information that seems hard to swallow.
Be sure that you realize: "NOT all (you read) you should blindly follow.
For instance, one new member emigrated from Greece, from "Olive Oil Hill".
And maybe you shouldn't believe a name such as Cody, Buffalo Bill.

In my life I've made a habit of being truthful, sometimes "to a fault".
Sometimes, after being honest, the disagreeable outcome I could not halt.
I probably would, therefore, have used my real name. I did use my real picture.
But due to my Love's influence, I've used, instead, a disguised middle/first name mixture.

(Dec.2012)

Bri Edwards

My Repetitious Future....[LONG; My Life/Personal; Math]

What do I have to look forward to the rest of my fine life?
It depends, to some degree at least, on my dear wife.
If she stays alive and somehow keeps on putting up with me,
I may live twenty more years (ten more than I 'should') . We'll see.

To make the math simple let's say my years left are ten.
So how many times might I repeat things between this day and then?
I mean some of the daily, weekly, monthly, or yearly things I do.
Some are necessary and some I enjoy, but some I don't look forward to.

Sleep: Let's say 10x365x10=36,500 hours, give or take.
That's about two-fifths as many hours as I'll be awake!
How many movie DVDs watched at night from our couch?
That's 5x52x10=2600 movies we'll see. Ouch.

At only two real meals a day, that's still 7300 sittings to dine,
but with an equal number of snacks I think that I'll be fine.
And while Aki slaves to prepare about 3400 dinners
I'll be reading to us aloud from 130 novels of murder, losers, and winners.

If my body cooperates I'll take 2600 walks, give or take.
Some will be near Bay, but most will be near home that I'll make.
And walking my town's streets I'll take down 300 outdated signs,
and trim 200 overhanging branches as long as no one whines.

I'll practice Happy Birthday on piano 3000 times, most times while standing,
and do perhaps 200 little home projects, which may include some sanding.
I'll fill bird feeders 120 times or more, depending on the birds,
and 2000 times add water to bird dishes, removing first their turds.

I'll romance my wife 520 times; that figure may be high.
I'll shave my face a thousand times unless I give beard, again, a try.
Trim toenails 60 times and fingernails about one-o-five.
3650 showers I'll take as long as wife's alive.

I'll have an untold number of bowel movements. Wait and see.
And ‘bout eighteen thousand times, usually without flushing, I'll pee.
I'll have 10 to 100 doctor appointments. Who really knows?
I'll go to dental office twice yearly, though their current business staff blows.

I'll brush my teeth six or seven thousand times, but with no flossing.
I'll punch a time clock no more times; except for from my wife, I'll have no bossing.

Ten or twenty shirts I'll wear out completely, while getting countless others dirty.
I'll call my siblings about 400 times, especially my sister Birdie.
I'll call friends about 2500 times, plus emails, but few letters.
I might wear an outdoor jacket 400 times, but I'll rarely wear a sweater.

I'll take 3600 doses of aspirin, and twice-that of flaxseed oil,
and 500 bottles of red wine to, hopefully, bad health foil.
I'll open our mailbox over 3000 times unless Saturday delivery stops.
And perhaps 70 times, as a good citizen, I'll call the local cops.

I'll vote for U.S. president three times I guess, no fewer,
and more times to reelect lesser-officials or to elect some people-newer.
I'll send 200 checks to those less-fortunate or to help environment.
And, with my wife,10 times we'll file tax returns, an annual requirement.

I'll wear a necktie no more times; that I can just about swear.
My wife may trim my hair now and then, but no barber will cut my hair.
I'll have eyes examined 8 or 10 times, and buy perhaps 4 pairs of glasses.
A few times, when wife's not looking, I'll look at pretty lasses.

I may attend 3 or 4 weddings, and funerals perhaps one or two.
I plan to attend one or two high school reunions; I'll see what I can do.
My wife will probably take me on 3 to 5 trips beyond the U.S. borders,
and each year 2 or 3 more-local trips; from her I take my orders.

I plan no more colonoscopies, though I don't mind them at all.
I may have a few 'suspicious' moles removed. Doc and wife will make the call.
There should be 1 more census form to fill out for our government,
and 120 credit card statements to check to see what we have spent.

I expect to become a grandpa two or three times. That's ok.
And for 20 migration seasons I may welcome duck travelers to the Bay.
I'll write perhaps 500 poems if I get inspired,
and check blood pressure a thousand times to see how high I'm wired.

I'll say 2500 time to my dear wife, 'I love you'. I do.
And a thousand times 'I'm sorry', though sometimes it's not true.

I'll die one time. One time is all. I hope no one I'll sadden.
[If I croak in less than 10 years, perhaps some folks I'll gladden.]
But, believe me, if I last more than ten years, I hope no one I'll madden.

(2012?)

Bri Edwards

Nature Knew ..... [SHORT; how to get a woman; personal]

Nature has a lot of power, so i asked....
for a woman (knock on wood) .
I think Nature answered my call...
just as fast as She could.

Now I've got a woman to cook,
to clean, and keep me warm.
I've settled for one at a time;
after all, who needs a swarm?

(February 2014)

Bri Edwards

Naughty Neighboring Table.... [Man's wandering eyes; Marriage; Dining out; Personal]

I was sitting at a little table, my mate seated opposite me on a long wall bench,
when in walked and sat two feet from my mate, a long-legged, young blonde wench.
I went about my business of perusing menu, ordering, and beginning meal.
But, darn it, I couldn't help stealing glances of the girl, from her crown down to her heel.

A second young lady came and sat across from the first. Were they a couple?
As the first one raised her water glass to tender lips with a hand smooth and supple.....,
I consciously made sure I looked (usually) elsewhere. No staring!
Then the blonde pulled off her sweater, revealing a T-shirt. Was she, a brassiere, wearing?

I don't think my mate noticed my wandering eyes. Subtle I can be.
But I had the sensation of flesh expanding from below my belt line towards my left knee.
Thank goodness for long shirttails, back AND front, and low restaurant lighting.
I'd not want my mate, when I rose from my chair, to make an embarrassing sighting.

(Jan.2013)

Bri Edwards

Need Nose Plugs For Bed Bugs? ……. [personal; humor/humour; nosebleeds; SUPER SHORT]

Why did my nose bleed during the night?
Is something wrong with nose? All's not right? ?
I now blame it instead.....
on THOSE bugs in my bed.....
which from time to time..... TAKE a good bite!

(February 15,2006)

Bri Edwards

No Pie For The Pig.... [Disappointed Pig Fantasy; Very Short; Humour/Humor]

Pig went to Bakery to buy pie,
but sign on door read 'NO ENTRY WITHOUT TIE'.
Since no tie the pig had,
he felt pretty darn bad,
and returned to eat slop at the sty.

Bri Edwards

No Stockings Are Hung…….. [X-mas Eve Has Changed For Me; Personal]

NO stockings, this Christmas Eve, by the chimney are hung.
NO holiday music plays in our home; NO carols are sung.
NO wreath's on our front door to make our home look so dandy.
I WON'T go to a midnight church service, where as a kid I got candy.

NO tree adorns our living room, topped off with a star.
NO Christmas cookies are baking to be placed in a jar.
NO presents are wrapped, awaiting Christmas Day's morning light.
A very few cards arrived, and THOSE aren't even in sight.

NO, it's not like the Christmas Eves I knew long ago,
when in bed I had visions of reindeer with Santa's swift sled in tow.
My parents are long dead and my siblings are scattered,
my daughter has her own family now, but I've got what most mattered.

I've got my health, or most of it, and still most of my teeth.
I've got warm outer winter clothes, and clothes to go underneath.
I've got food in the house, and each night a warm shower.
I've got a cell phone to call friends and relatives and to tell me the hour.

I've got wild birds out our windows to enjoy as they feed.
I've got PoemHunter, books, and movies; more than I need.
I've got volunteer work and such.....to help keep me busy,
and I've got a loving wife, though...., at times, she makes me dizzy.

The ONE Christmas event I miss since moving.....out to the West Coast.....
is making snowmen and snow women; it was what I liked most.

Bri Edwards

Not That One Can't Change Ones Mind……[Following a breakup; Short]

I guess first step is to ascertain
if it's true what I did once entertain.
I've thrown evidence out,
but did not some cards "shout"
your love for me? … Or am I insane?

(Feb.2006)

Bri Edwards

Ode To A Commode...Or....A Poem About Toilets....[Short; Humor]

modern 'toilets' are large flushable porcelain bowls
which catch waste from both your and my exit holes.
i'm used to white ones with large flush-water tank.
a hidden pipe carries off stuff that often does smell rank.

some in japan were quite different.....with no way to sit!
i'm glad i found 'my style' when t'was time to shit.
and if from toilet-paper usage you're leaning,
some toilets have the choice of an in-bowl shower, for cleaning.

toilet seats are sometimes colored, or cushioned, or even heated;
for me, more important (at times) is JUST to be SEATED!

toilets have changed since they were just holes in the ground.
i hope, when i 'need' a toilet, one's always around!

(4-4-2010)

Bri Edwards

Old Yogurt…… [food; humor; me; cousin request]

I've just had old yogurt on oatmeal with strawberry jam.
It's better than corn flakes and marmalade with old stinky ham.
I say OLD yogurt because it was the last of last batch.....
which, at home, with yogurt-starter and fresh milk we hatch.

No, the old yogurt was good. No mold I found there,
but if I'd found mold I'd have removed it with meticulous care,
and added the moldy yogurt to food scraps.... for our compost,
and used what yogurt was left, with peanut butter, on buttered French toast.

(September 22,2013)

Bri Edwards

Or Liver, Or Bladder, Or Kidneys.... [medical worries, mixed with humor; anorexia; an ex-wife; Limerick?]

Do clearly-seen ribs anorexia mean?
Donna fears, to it, she may lean.
I say it's time to fear
when she looks in mirror
and then CLEARLY sees outline of spleen.

(2-26-2006)

Bri Edwards

Our (Sometimes) Traveling Partner..... [Preparedness; Personal; Humor]

Now in our sixties, my wife and I sometimes have a travel buddy,
especially on those days which may turn out wet and muddy.
But I remember a few times my wife had Ella with her on sunny days.
There's something about Ella which makes my wife feel protected in some ways.

One day the three of us were hiking together on a windy day in Yellowstone.
There were warnings of bears in the area and Ella made us feel less alone.
Unfortunately my wife tripped and fell, falling onto our dear friend.
With some duct tape I had in the car, I did my best to Ella mend.
Instead of with regular bandages, with the tape I did first aid... on her torn skin and a rib (broken) .
What i tell you is all true. i wouldn't want you to think i'm jokin'.

But I do have a confession..... Ella is not a typical gal or fella.
If truth be told, our 'partner'-'buddy'-'friend' is a well-used Umbra Ella.

Bri Edwards

Our King Returns! ! ! ! ……. [The Return of TKTWBH; a Very Short Tribute to the Mysterious Ruler of Poemhunter]

not dead is He, by golly.
the fact now makes me jolly.
but He must have been lonely.
to PH He belongs only,
and no other can take his place!

do you agree oh Grace? |

(July 2013)

Bri Edwards

Our TV.....[TV; Personal; Childhood; Short]

The TV my wife bought has a screen ‘bout 5 times bigger than the TV I watched as a boy.
Those were the good old days when Bugs Bunny, Roy Rogers, and Tarzan I did enjoy.
Of course shows were just in black and white, at least on my parents' set.
Even now I'm not sure how much more pleasure, from 'color', a viewer can get.

Actually, we don't have the large 'flat screen' hooked up to watch TV shows.
It's only with DVDs, from our town's library, that the TV at night glows.
Besides saving lots of money, and getting outdoors for more 'fresh air',
I'd bet I devote much more time, than I would, to composing poems to with you share.

(Nov.2012)

Bri Edwards

Out Our Window On A Breezy Evening....[Short; Nature]

The sun has finally settled behind the nearby Belmont hills,
but its lingering light, the evening sky, with blue pastel fills.
Our star has warmed another San Carlos April day,
and now westward it recedes, as outside calls a jay.
A few grey clouds were briefly-edged with bright orange for my eye,
but it won't be long before the planet Venus sparkles in the sky.

A fragile birch tree peeks at me through a nearby window,
its limp branches swaying as the wind moves them to and fro.
Beyond the birch, beyond some roofs, a wooded hillside rises,
concealing roosting birds and browsing deer and more nighttime surprises.

(4-23-2012)

Bri Edwards

Pacing Like A Puma (Cat) ..... [Confinement; Back 'trouble'; Personal]

Cooped up with bad back,
some freedom I do lack.
Careful is what I must be.
That's what 'she' says; you see?

I'm not allowed from house.
I'm 'kept in cage' like mouse.
She does it for my good.
It won't last long.... Knock wood!

I take care of myself,
can get food off the shelf,
can use bathroom just fine,
can pour myself some wine.

But no more outdoor walks;
at that my wife still balks.
So if I've too long sat,
I pace like Puma cat.

Bri Edwards

Panties Showing.... [limerick...so it's SHORT! ; peeping O'Reilly?]

Her silk panties showed when she bent over...
to search the lawn for a four-leafed clover.
She caught the nervous eyes....
and caused the lustful sighs...
of a nearby, panting, Irish rover.

(September 18,2013)

Bri Edwards

Parafake: The 'Word'.....[English language; 'new' word]

My wife used the "word" parafake, one evening in our bed.
Now don't get any nasty idea she was speaking of ME, in your nasty head.
In fact I don't believe either of us recall, of WHAT she was speaking,
and "parafake" isn't even a word in my dictionary. I know; I went peeking.

There is paraffin and paraformaldehyde, and parakeet of course,
but I could not find parafake; nor was there parahorse.
So I looked up "para", which turns out to be some sort of money.
Then I looked up the prefix "para- (or par-) ", with no definitions that were funny.
The prefix definitions range from "beside" and "beyond", to "incorrect",
to "a diatomic molecule" which, without super-eyes, I could NOT detect.
Well there was one definition of para-, the prefix, which I thought would fit.
"Para" can mean "assistant" (such as in paralegal) . On that definition I bit.

So then I looked up "fake" in my dictionary to try to pin down "parafake".
Guess what. There are widely varying definitions of "fake", for goodness sake!
Well I've chosen the definition of fake which is "one that is not genuine".
Therefore I say a "parafake" is an "assistant to one that is not genuine". If you don't agree, that is fine.
So a paralegal would be a parafake if her boss had no law degree, and
a vintner's assistant would be a parafake if his boss neither made NOR sold wine. You SEE?

(Nov.2012)

Bri Edwards

Peace Cause May Be A Lost Cause..... [Just What The Title Says; VERY SHORT; Limerick]

A professor spoke on peace tonight.
Good for her, but I think she's lost sight.....
that war won't go away,
as hard as one might pray,
if somewhere exists military might.

(February 22,2006)

Bri Edwards

Peanut Butter: My Old Friend.....[Personal; Food]

I had a peanut butter sandwich today
which made me think of all the way....
sssss my life has been touched by that
stick-to-your-mouth sludge of peanut fat.

Not 'touched' in the sense that's it's shaped my life,
but when I open a jar and take up a knife
or a spoon, I can picture times of enjoy-
ment as an adult consumer and as a boy.

Of course I'm lucky in that I generally enjoy food
even if I'm in a rare bad mood.

I assume pb was a common snack in my childhood,
though I'm not sure it was. My memory is not that good.
But I do remember my Mom made cookies from it;
I helped her. And the first cooled cookie I'm sure I bit,
paying some attention to the crisscross pattern on top,
or the sometimes-present big chocolate drop.
And when I visited my childhood neighbor, Helen, it's a good bet
that sometimes a peanut butter sandwich I would get.
[But I really better remember that Helen's kitchen at times had cake.
I assume her mother, Betty, the cake did make.]
At Halloween there were pb 'cups' made by Reeses.
Chocolate and pb. It's good they were small pieces!

As an adult pb has been with me off and on.
Probably when I shared a home with my brother Don,
and when Shannon, my daughter, was young (that makes me smile) ,
and when I lived in a storage garage for a short while.
I used to put it on plain warm toast, but
perhaps mixed-with-vanilla-ice cream I enjoyed it most.
I can't tell you how it would taste on sliced tomato,
but I can say it wasn't good when tried on mashed potato! !

And as I type today there's an unsealed jar nearby.
My wife cautions me against too much, but I'm not sure why.
From time to time it's a treat on cereal or bread,
but usually it's just a spoon of it I stick into my head.

Bri Edwards

Perhaps..... ['global warming' and Mankind; some thoughts]

Al Gore was almost once our head of state.
Now in movie he says it's near too late.....
to keep storms, drought, and oceans from swarming....
over us. He calls it "global warming".

In a way it's sad that it may be true.
[Drastic changes could Man's proposed future undo,
but I think convenience forms Man's path.
Consumption may bring to Mankind great wrath.]

Perhaps as in Bible story of Flood
not all Mankind will be buried in "mud".
Perhaps survival instinct will kick in,
and some segment of Mankind will still "win".....
....to live on with grandkids on their knees,
if "God" or "Mother Nature" it does please.
I don't know if I care more or care less...
than you, the reader, care about this mess.

I really don't think Men should live so long
or guzzle gas as they listen to song.
Perhaps it's now our species' turn to end....
and end the need, from ourselves, to defend.

(March 8,2007)

Bri Edwards

Perilous Pathway [An Analogy] .... [Serious; for a Friend; personal; Relationships]

Ah! the joys of tramping along a country pathway on a sunny day.
It's Autumn and Indian Summer warms you..... all along the way.
Here and there you spot a bird, though they're not singing as in the
Spring.
The tree leaves have not quite started to fade. Joy to your heart, Nature does bring.

A harmless snake slithers into the grass.... as you pass it by.
You see a few fluttering insects, and once or twice a pesky fly.
But overall you're feeling safe, despite an ever-present danger;
you really should have read the notice of Poison Plants, posted by a Ranger.

They will not kill you, but they can often bring misery to your life,
if you don't learn to heed the danger..... and recognize their leaves-of-strife.
Three leaflets, joined, a shiny compound leaf, with leaf edges often notched.
The oil they give off, if you're sensitive to it, can leave your skin blistered and blotched.

Scratching the affected parts of your body may bring some fleeting bit of relief,
but only causes more damage, in the long run, just bringing YOU more grief.

Now for the analogy I've promised you, the Reader, in the poem's title.
I've led you to it skillfully, as a cowboy steers his horse..... using bit and bridle.

I've used a "country pathway" as an analogy for a cherished love affair.
Both can bring to you much pleasure, but of the danger you should beware.
Sometimes the dangers are hard to spot; sometimes they should be all too clear.
But once you've suffered more than once, it probably is time to change your gear.
To "change gears", to me, means to change your ways, hopefully for the better,
something like retreating from the rain, before you get..... even WETTER.
Because getting wetter, like poison plants, can lead to a Terrible State.

Avoiding that "country pathway" [though at times beautiful] may be the way to go.
Likewise there may come a time to leave a relationship; hopefully you'll know.
And after suffering heartache, which always causes your Spirit to burn,
you'll cast off the person who always brings you down, and in another direction turn.

As there ARE pathways in Nature free of ever-present danger,
there also is someone better-suited to YOUR life. Heed the words of this Ranger.

(December 3,2013)

Bri Edwards

Picking Grapefruits.....[Fruit; Neighbors; Human nature; Short]

I pick grapefruits from ground ‘neath Helen's tree.
Through her window she is gazing at me.

I have her permission to gather from the ground,
but, forewarned! ....., if I dared pick from her BRANCHES,
on my skull she would pound.

Bri Edwards

Pills.....[SHORT; Medical; Personal; Humor?]

please see below:

keep going:

you are almost there!

if i really 'need' them i really don't mind pills,
but i'd rather walk and eat to keep at bay my ills.
by 'eat' i mean oats, and apples, and other healthy stuff.
a brisk thirty-minute walk a day isn't very tough.

i'm here at the drugstore, my blood pressure to take.
i hope to quit b/p med, to my life more simple make.
i think i can do it (if i keep up my walking) ,
be prescription-free, and keep on kicking and talking.

i quit my daily blood pressure med a week ago.
my readings are higher but, i think, still good to go.
if 'doc' doesn't mind me being 'prehypertensive',
i'll skip the prescription though it is not expensive.

a year ago i took 'cholesterol med' for a day.
then my new doctor and i agreed to try another way
to improve my lab results with diet for a year, ……
eating nuts, and flax seed oil capsules from my dear.

a year's gone by and soon cholesterol i'll check,
with luck live a few more years, and not die a total wreck.
life's a drag enough sometimes, without being ill.
perhaps i can make it without a prescription pill.

? ?
on second thought… it's not simple not taking pills
IF i have to walk and diet to keep away my ills.

a super colossal MAGICAL pill i would surely take
if then i needn't exercise……. and EVERYDAY i could eat my cake.

(2010)

Bri Edwards

Pinched Nerve……. [Back Problem; Personal; A Warning!]

A pinch of this and a pinch of that can improve a recipe,
but a pinched nerve, in my spine, can make a mess of me.

This week I was doing a routine chore. I bent to lift a plastic bag.
The result, I believe, was a pinched nerve, which made my body sag.
Well, it didn't sag immediately; at first it was just a mild twinge,
but within a day my back sagged like.....a door with a broken hinge.

Of course once I felt "that twinge", I "should have" paused to rest.
Instead I took a walk AND did chores.....to give myself a test.
My body failed the test, and I was shown to be a FOOL.
I'd thought the walk would be good for me and all would turn out cool.

After all, I've had trouble before.....and lived again to play.
But I "SHOULD" have ceased activities.....for the remainder of the day.

Now I'm resting midday, in our bed, watching birds at the feeder,
while my wife does HER chores, plus helps ME.....if I need her.

Luckily I've had no shooting pain in my leg as I had some years ago.
I plan to be much better in a few more days.....IF I take it SLOW.
I've hardly yelled in pain at all today; already there is improvement,
and, luckily, I can manage to get to toilet (by myself) to have a bowel movement.

(January 2013)

Bri Edwards

Piping Plover..... [bird; what's in a name? ; Very Short]

A cute little shorebird bears that Piping Plover name.
I wonder from where the bird's first name came.
Is it drawn somehow from the plumbing trade, ...
or from how its colored feathers are "out-laid"?

Then again, the bird's first name and the word meaning "a shrill, high-pitched sound".....are the same.

(Feb.2013)

Bri Edwards

Please Explain……. [Questions; Time Off The Computer]

Why do people wash underwear so much? It will just get 'dirty' again.
Why does the grocery store not sell rooster meat, but only chicken hen?
If people hear in church that Heaven's so great, why do many of them fear death?
And why did my parents give me the first name Bri instead of the name Seth?

Why does my wife own two pianos but never does she play?
Why do horses pee and poop on straw, but gladly munch on hay?
Why do people bring new babies into the world when they've got no money for food?
Why do customers call 'service' for some help and then to 'service' be so rude?

Why is it more pleasant to leave for work on a sunny morning?
And why can a golfer be having such a great round, then be cut down by lightning with no warning?
Why do I ask so many questions 'Why? '. You may wonder why is that.
The answer is: 'I discovered my wife had locked me out of her PC, when at it this morning I sat.'

(so I had time to think of stuff..questions ……like 'Why DID she do that? ')

Bri Edwards

Plums et al.....[Foods; Drinks; 'Yummy'; A grocery list?]

Plum, orange, pear, pomegranate, pineapple,
coffee, tea, Coca-Cola, Fresca, and Snapple.
Rye bread, bran muffin, carrot cake, croissant.
These are some of the foods I might just want.

Pork, beef, lamb, all kinds of meat,
turkey drum sticks, roast duck, and chicken feet,
spinach, beets, carrots, zucchini, tomatoes,
lasagna, angel hair pasta, rice, and potatoes.
Mushrooms, seaweed, garlic, sour cream with chives.
All are found in the diets of some of our lives.

And don't forget cheese: Swiss and Muenster and Provolone.
And fish from stream, lake, or sea, without or with bone.
Clams, mussels, scallops, shrimp, and squid.
Most of these I have tried since I was a kid.

And don't forget hens' eggs, oils, milk, and water of course.
I've even eaten fish eggs (AND sperm!) and once the flesh of a horse.
Throw in various seeds, peanuts, and nuts from nut trees,
and sugar, salt, cinnamon, ginger et al, if you please.

Bri Edwards

'Poetic Pizza' Pieces For PoemHunter Pals....[Fantasy Poem/Pizza Creation; Personal]

Kanav Justa suggested I share my pizza with PoemHunter friends,
but I've found, when trying to send real pizza, my wife's computer bends.
So you PoemHunter friends will have to settle for.... slices of my thoughts.
You'll have to settle for "Poetic Pizza" Pieces my mind and pen have wrought.

Instead of dough for its foundation, I use what I see and hear and think.
Instead of an oven for baking, I bake on notebook pages (or paper scraps) with ink.

Instead of tomato or pesto sauce I spread a layer of imagination and/or knowledge.
"Pizza" is one of the few things I feel I can make well, and I need not..... to have gone to college.

Instead of cheese I at times use insight, advice, and/or humor; rarely it is sleazy.
Valsa George enjoys a taste of my "humour", though some of it.... may be cheesy.

Instead of extra toppings of peppers, mushrooms, fish or meat,
I sprinkle most of my slices with yummy rhymes, making them..... so 'right' to eat.

My "pizza" and "slices" come in three sizes: Large, Medium, and Small.
I have an appetite for Extra-large myself, but I wish to please you all.

I hope you find some "Poetic Pizza" pieces that you like,..... none TOO HOT, nor TOO COLD,
and if any of you diners have complaints, PLEASE let me know it. BE BOLD!

(October 31,2013)

Bri Edwards

Prejudiced? Who? Me? ? .....[Personal; Human Nature; Racial Prejudice]

I'm a white guy, aged 64, raised in a small town way up north.
Do some thoughts I have about blacks signal prejudice coming forth?
First I'd say NO, but then again I'd say YES.
But such thoughts, by both whites and blacks, are normal I would guess.

What thoughts am I now referring to you will probably ask.
To answer that sensible question will put my mind to task.
My interactions with blacks, I think, no prejudice does reveal.
And the rare times I have 'prejudice' thoughts, I think they're no big deal.

Do you wish to know of what my 'pre-judged' thoughts consist?
I'd almost rather not tell you. But, if you insist.
I sometimes think 'nigger'; when and where I grew up that was a 'bad' name.
I also think of them as different though people are the 'same'.

And here is where I say 'I don't like generalization'.
By 'same' I mean neither all blacks nor all whites are 'the same' in this nation.
So whites and blacks can both be smart or stupid, mean or kind;
within each 'race' criminals and 'saints' you'll find.

I wasn't raised to either love or hate blacks. My parents seemed not to judge.
And I've changed my mind again; I'm NOT prejudiced. From that opinion I shall not budge!

Then why you ask do I sometimes think 'nigger' when I think of a black?
I think it's due to both a primeval urge to break society's rules, and to thought-control I lack.
Luckily I don't act out my 'bad' thoughts. I might be in jail now if I had.
When in grade school, a boy said I called him 'nigger'. The accusation made me sad.

Bri Edwards

Purple ....[Humor; Short]

What can I write about purple, the color?
Over that above question I shall mull .... or
just make some stuff up you might just believe.
Let's see what Brian has up his sleeve.

Purple was the seventh color discovered by man.
It's the most often used color in a Chinese fan.
When someone acts silly, we say they are 'acting purple'.
The only word it rhymes with is the archaic word snurple.

Purple was my hair color when I was born.
That that is true, my oldest brother has sworn.
In England they spell purpple with one, two, three p's.
A billion years ago it was the color of all the tree leaves.

You'll forgive me (I hope) for acting purple today.
Now that I'm retired it is one of the way.....
zi get along ..... without too much knowledge.
It may be one big reason ..... I was kicked out of college! !

(July 2012)

Bri Edwards

Rant…. [a short ranting poem about poems/poets; tongue-in-cheek]

Poems MUST be subtle!
Else them I'LL SCUTTLE! !
NEVER make the meaning clear!
From clear meaning YOU MUST ALWAYS STEER! !

ENOUGH! of poems about Loves.
REMOVE those boxing gloves! !
Give us GRIEF, and HATE, and GORE!
"Endearing" poems must exist NO MORE! ! !

And DAMN! your poets' tricks!
I'll HIT you HARD with STICKS …..
if spelling or punctuation FAILS,
and empty on you.....PIG SLOP PAILS! ! ! !

(September 18,2013)

Bri Edwards

Reunion: A Letter To Classmates.....[Personal; High School Friends]

Reunions are cool.....though maybe not so much in the summer.
That this year I'll miss my first one ever is a bit of a bummer.
It's at least interesting to see you all.....even you aging macho guys,
and to give or get answers to all the 'who? 'S, 'what? 'S, and 'why? 'S.

I've seen classmates since last reunion.....at least a dozen,
including a 'no-show' Genevan, ...Connie A., my dear cousin. Visiting Kit L. (and wife) in Rocky Mountains, for me, was a treat.
In Ohio, John F. fixed my wife and me, at his home, something yummy to eat.
We've had two meals at Bob (& Martha) B's in their hilltop home (quite high) ,
and dinner out in Bangkok with Karl M. and wife; Urai speaks both English and Thai.

At last reunion I was retired, living back in our hometown;
now my life has changed (again) .....since then a lot has 'gone down'.
I learned to use internet which helped me find my new mate.
I got my first cellphone; with 'tech things' I'm quite late.
I've settled in wife's San Carlos home, not far from S.F. Bay and ocean.
My child's become a doctor, and gotten her medical career in motion.
I don't do Facebook or Twitter but I did join Classmates.com,
on which I put my long 'story'; in size it is a bomb.

I hope my absence won't wreck reunion for anyone this year.
One or two, in my absence, might even, to reunion, more readily steer!
Therefore I plan to send this, if I can, to my classmates' email,
but in five year's time I do plan to attend; I hope my plan doesn't fail.
Of course that's assuming there is one, and I'm still 'around',
and enough reunion committee members are in a few years found.

To all of you I send my greetings and my sincere best wishes.
I'm sorry I won't be there to help, with all the dirty dishes.

And 'thank you' to Sandy (S.) and all other reunion workers, present and past.
Good health to all my high school classmates as middle age creeps up fast!
□

Bri Edwards

Rich Man Vs. Ghost....[Religion; Humor]

[the following is an account of the confrontation one evening between an honest rich man, call him 'Rich Man', and a mystery figure, call him 'Ghost', who appeared unannounced and asked Rich Man why he had no wife or children. I guess, in rereading the poem, that the Rich Man was/is a Scientologist! i have altered the poem to reflect that.]

honest 'Rich Man':

'Oh mystery guest, I care not to breed;
time's too valuable to sow my ‘seed'.
Money's my own evil, like cotton has its weevil.
All I really care about is greed.'

'Rich Man' is warned:

'All money you can save you can take to your grave,
but in Hell you'll still be scorched toast.'

Rich Man thinks:

ooh! scary ghost (NOT) !

Rich Man to Ghost:

'You're not so clever.
You'll find I have no panic lever.
L. R. Hubbard did say 'rich men, live for today.
Scientologists live forever'.'

Ghost retorts:

'I have discovered what became of your L. Ron Hubbard.
He told a mighty tale, but his beliefs did fail....
.... to keep him out of the Devil's cupboard.'

Rich Man responds to Ghost's retort:

'I believe you're a liar. I think your tail will be on fire.
I would not hire you... to fix the sole of my shoe, ...
let alone 'my Soul'. You conspire! ! '

Ghost gives up! (almost) :

At that the poor ghost his head did scratch,
thinking, perhaps, he'd met his match.
Then he saw the TV. He put on channel 666,

and Hubbard's broadcast, from Hell, they did catch.

thankful (soon-to-be-formerly-rich) Rich Man to Ghost:

'Ghost, I NOW DO believe you indeed! !
You can leave now on your steed.
But first take my money and bring me a ‘honey',
for I find I'm overdue to breed! ! '

(1-22-2006)

Bri Edwards

Rubber Bands: around and around....[Food container closures; VERY short; Personal]

My partner uses excessive wrapping to close food bags with a rubber band.
When I go to open up a bag so-closed-up, the effort's almost more than I can stand.
AND she accuses ME of screwing on too-tightly, every stubborn food jar lid,
but (sometimes) she accuses me wrongly. Other times I admit I DID.

(Jan.2013)

Bri Edwards

Salamander..... [Nature; A Salamander (Of Course!) : Confronting Nature; Almost Short]

Among damp leaves, in our front yard,
a spotted salamander lies.
A nest of eggs it does guard....
from bugs and other eyes.
Its solitude I just have jarred.
I think for both it was a surprise.

With my finger I feel its skin;
it is cool, and still as a smooth stone.
To harm its nest would be a sin,
but I take a photo with my phone.
Then over my face there comes a grin.
I step back, leaving it alone.

What other wonders are there hid
from unseeing eyes of Man?
Though I've seen a lot since I was a kid,
if I try harder I know I can....
see much more by lifting the lid....
which covers Mother Nature's span.

Bri Edwards

Security..... [protecting yourself, your happiness? ; 'smart' living; Very SHORT]

Serve your employer well.
Expect the unexpected.
Be careful to few lies tell.
Use a network, protected.

Remember to be safe.
Imbibe only with care.
Try, others, not to chafe.
Meet your needs first, but share.

(Jan.2013)

Bri Edwards

Sexual Desire vs. Anaphrodisia.... [Libido; Aging; Some priests; Short; Personal]

Sexual Desire vs. Anaphrodisia ……[Libido; Aging; Some priests; Short; Personal]

"decline or absence of sexual desire." So the dictionary does state.
Am I to be shamed, blamed, or inflamed, when my sexual desire does not A+ rate?
Perhaps I should now become a Catholic priest. Then I could thereby be excused.
But wait! What about those allegations of which some "celibate" priests have been accused?

I guess even some of the most "godly" cannot control their sexual desire.
Likewise, but in reverse I guess, I cannot control my LACKluster sexual fire.

(Enough said?)

(Jan.2013)

Bri Edwards

She Left Me……. [A Lost Love; Memories; Not Personal; Very, Very Short]

With my fondest thoughts of life I'll always link her.
She leaves me with my future, alone, to tinker.
My Love up and left! ..... That little stinker.

(Feb.2013)

Bri Edwards

She Left Me……. [Breaking Up; VERY Short; Humor/Humour (Just A Little)]

With my fondest thoughts of life, I'll always link her.
She left me, alone, with my future to tinker.
My Love up and left! ,…… the little stinker!

Bri Edwards

Shoe Relief……. [Shoe Misery; Humor; Good Foot Etiquette]

You've heard before "My shoes are killing me! " and "Boy my feet are sore",
but have you ever thought of what it's like,..... for the SHOES which pound the floor?

"Dang! " said the right shoe when the kid kicked a sharp rock in a fit,
and "Yuck! " said the left shoe when the jogger slipped on shit.

"Good grief" cried out the pair of shoes when the dirty feet began to sweat.
And, at mile 42 of a 50-mile hike, the hiking shoes said "Aren't we there YET? "

Yes, your shoes take a beating from you; at times they endure a horrid smell.
If shoes could really speak, they might say "You put us through Shoe Hell! "

So humans, wash your feet AND socks, and watch out where you step.
If you have respect for shoes, and give them relief,.... then they will have more pep.

Bri Edwards

Shoe.....[Making words; Humor]

A shoe, by inserting "r", would be a shore,
littered perhaps with sea shells and more.
A shelf, if we dropp the "sh", would be an elf ……,
perhaps a tiny version of myself.

Add "f" to an ox and it becomes a fox.
Switch "s" for "f" and you'd have a pair of sox.
Replace "c" with "t", and chicken soup will thicken.
Add "f" and "t" and as will quicken.

Precede ill with "p", and I've got my pill.
To make liquor, add "s" to the preposition till.
Drop "ous" from gorgeous and you'll have a ravine.
Without "ss" a prince would never be a queen.

Add "ar" to a million dolls and you'll be rich.
Tack a "b" to your itch and you've got a bitch.

(Feb.10,2012)

Bri Edwards

Six legs... but who can see them? .....[SHORT; Nature observations; Humor]or]bservation; Humor]

As I read an article about how we humans age,
I suddenly spied a comma crawling slowly ‘cross the page.
I knew it couldn't be a comma, but it WAS so small
that if it were much smaller, I'd NOT see it at all.

I'm sure it was an insect or some related critter.
I wonder if, on that page, it did leave some insect litter.
I tried to pick out the legs it'd have if an insect it truly were,
but my eyes, not being microscopes, could only see a moving blur.

Bri Edwards

Skin Tight Jeans.....[Women's-(revealing?) -wear; Marriage]

My friend's wife is almost young enough to bounce on his old knee,
and she's got a figure she can now show off in skin tight jeans.....all for free.
Well, the JEANS weren't free; they cost Karl about 10 bucks US.
While Karl ate McDonalds Thai ice cream, Urai went next door to buy a dress.

Well, maybe not a dress, but I needed a word, above, to rhyme.
Karl will let her wear tight jeans in Bangkok, but(t) leave them there when they return to U.S. for summertime.

And that's not ALL Karl told me when he called using Skype this week.
He said over there micro-skirts are the style at which many men now like to peek.
I don't know if Urai bought a skirt (perhaps that will be his New Year's surprise) , but(t) ....
I'd bet if she wore one in downtown Canandaigua.....she'd POP a lot of eyes.

(Dec.2012)

Bri Edwards

Smile …….. [VERY, VERY SHORT; Not the same as the SMILES poem]

Just for now, try to smile. Please don’t frown!
It’s not so hard! ! Turn that frown right upside-down.
Pretend that a circus has just come to town,
and you’re the 'STAR', ... a smiling, happy clown.

(January 1,2014)

Bri Edwards

SMILES……. [VERY SHORT; fooling with words; i know there is a 'special' name for this type of poem, but i forget what it is; I tried it with a twist]

Smiles May Invoke Laughter, Ending Sadness.
Might I Leave Everyone Smiling……
In Lives Ever Sweet,
Lifting Even Suffering,
Engaging Satisfaction.
Smiles!

(December 30,2013)

Bri Edwards

Soft ..... [Love; Relationships; LIfe; Soft things (of course!)]

Soft was the bunny, pulled from his hat of tricks,
and soft were the marshmallows, we used to roast on sticks.
Soft was our wedding-gift-comforter, on our bed at night,
and soft were the vacation clouds, rolling out of sight.
Soft was the mud, through which our first dog did run,
and soft were the words my wife Emily spoke, when with our baby she had fun.
Soft was our Susie's processional music, to my anxious ears,
and softly down the bride's Mother's cheeks, rolled warm soft tears.
Soft were my Love's lips sixty years ago, when I first kissed them,
and softer still became my heart, the day the angels took up my Em.

(Dec.2012)

Bri Edwards

Soldier Recruiting [Come On God!].....[an informal recruiting session, overheard]

I'm sitting in a coffee house,
an outcast from my home.
I brought pen and paper,
and I'll let my mind now roam.

In walk two young men with a.....
third man, still young....but older.
The third man is dressed in camouflage;
he is a U.S. Army soldier.
They sit not far from me, where I.....
can hear.....much of what they say.
The soldier is pitching that, for a bright future,
the Army is the way.....
to go.

The words PAY, BENEFITS, and RETIREMENT,
and TRAVEL I do hear,
but what I don't hear are the words:
WAR, KILLING, DEATH, ...and FEAR.
[Well sure not all soldiers get involved directly....
with fighting for a living.
And I know, for many people, military service.....
is considered patriotic giving.]

{I think now they're discussing paintball wars,
practice for wars more real.
Damn it! If God were such a great leader,
why couldn't PEACE, not War.....be the Daily Deal? }

(June 26,2013)
(revised October 13,2013)

Bri Edwards

Solitude - (Almost) - aka Sitting In A Dusk-filled Room.... [Relaxation; Quiet; Thinking]

With eyes closed and my hands folded up on my lap,
I'm about as close as I ever come to taking a nap.
I might fall asleep but for the continuous tap.... tap, tap, tap,
as, with her delicate fingers, my wife, on her keyboard, does rap.

While composing each stanza I turn out the light,
and listen to the sounds of the soon-to-be night.
Outside it's windy and cool but our home is closed up tight,
and, with help from a sweater and slippers, I'm feeling just right.

Now the tapping has ceased. My wife may be pondering too.
And from outside there's a muffled sound which may be wind in the trees,
or a low flying airliner descending or ascending the breeze.
Of course it could be a mixture of both sounds. This is true.

It's nice for a change, this quietude. I feel almost lazy,
but I can imagine how forced-solitude might drive someone crazy.
To have a choice in the matter is a privilege I cherish;
if I had no choices in life, I think I'd much rather just perish.

Bri Edwards

Something Has Been Eating ME! ..... [I'll let this be a surprise poem; Personal]

This year I have turned 65?
Apparently I'm still alive.
But today will spell the last....
of much to which I've held fast.

As a kid I enjoyed each sweet treat,
and getting older I still did eat.....
pies, and cookies, and also cakes,
but LESS CANDY, for goodness sakes.

I lost two close friends.....
when breakdowns caused their ends.
Where they were is now hollow;
I swore I would not, them, follow!

I now still eat some sweets,
but more so fruits and meats,
AND vegetables galore.
I'd like to chew some more.

Did I mention my "grinding" past?
Today it's ME who'll be ground at last.
Before long, what's left of me will wear a crown,
but NOT due to any great renown.

Something's been eating ME.*
AND today the grinding's NOT for free.
[Good thing for good dental insurance.
And I bet that "Bri" is in concurrence.]

(September 23,2013)

Bri Edwards

Spelliing Isn't Easy.... [Correcting A Young Person's Spelling; Spelling Tricks; My Mistake!]

> It is true that some tasks are easier
> for some people than for others.
> I don't know if spelling is usually easier
> for sisters or for brothers.
> I've spoken English for over sixty years,
> and written it almost as long,
> but still sometimes when i spell words
> they come out.....oh so wrong!
>
> A bright young poet wrote me a poem,
> and she did her best.
> She was brave enough to sit at Ray's,
> unlike all the rest.
> I corrected spelling, but I LIKE her poem,
> and I told her it was so.
> She said she wasn't good at spelling.
> I hope I did not fill her with woe.
>
> Now I've read the poem again. It still
> is good and it even rhymes!
> But even a GREAT poet like ME
> needs help with English sometimes.
> So now I'll try to think of some tricks
> to help her along.
> If i were a great composer (I'm not)
> i could turn this into a song.
>
> SaLmon Lives in oceans, rivers, and Lakes.
> It may sound Like samon, but an L it takes.
> Flavorful only has 2 Ls, though you might think 3.
> It's the same for beautiful, as some flowers can be.
> Yogurt's a tough one. it has NO e, it is trUe.
> When YOU think of YOgUrt, just think of YOU!
>
> More than one banana is BANANAS, not banana's.
> Banana's is a contraction or shows possession.
> And remember the Y and apostrophe in THEY'RE.
> Good luck. Have fun. This is the end of the session.
>
>

Bri Edwards

Spider Prey/Spider's Prey/Spiders' Prey (Take Your Pick) ..... [LONG, but worth it i hope; Personal spider-fantasy; humour/humor?]

As I was taking a shower today,
a story came to me,
about how I could become Spider Prey,
and nevermore be free.
I was in the basement bathroom....
as our main bathroom's being changed.
You may think my story's not plausible;
you may think that I'm deranged.

Spiders are ancient creatures,
if you believe the "fossil clues".
They've eight legs each and produce strands of silk,
sticky like some glues.
Some are very tiny and...
some are very huge.
Many a meal they capture,
using subterfuge.

They also have more eyes than we have,
and fangs like those.... of some snakes.
Some can run very fast, and some....
can jump... for goodness sakes!
We have our share in our new house;
we had more at the last.
If I were a fly caught in a spider's web,
I'm sure I'd look aghast.

So here I was, minding my business,
commencing to take a shower,
when, with no great surprise mind you,
I spied a spider which seemed to cower....
up near the shower stall ceiling, way up on the wall.
To me it seemed hesitant,
not knowing where to crawl.

Now, you understand I weigh two hundred pounds...
and stand near six feet tall,
SO that spider seemed NO threat to me;
it was feather-weight and oh so small!
Granted, if I'd placed it under a magnifying glass,
it would have been a SIGHT,
but, under the given circumstances,
I thought it was ME who gave HIM a fright.

So I was rinsing my back with water,
observing how it did move.
But my comfort zone, as I thought of it,
was not large enough, it soon would prove.
I turned my back on the arachnid,
and proceeded to enjoy the man-made rain,
when, all of a sudden, in my left buttock....
I experienced an awful pain.

I almost fell down to the tub floor;
that’s as great as the pain WAS.
I glanced back and spied the spider retreating,
its body covered.... with black fuzz.
Earlier I’d thoughts of spraying the spider...
and washing it down the drain.
Now I cursed the mercy I’d shown; NOW....
I had let “The Beast”, the advantage gain.

A warm numbness started to overtake me.
I’d no time to call nine-eleven.
Could this be the END of me? Could this be....
my “time” for Hell or Heaven?
My wife was nowhere near, even if....
my weak voice could stir a cry.
Was there no help to be had? Why didn’t I spray....
the spider first? .... Why, oh why, oh WHY?

As I sank down to my knees, I inadvertently....
shut off the water flow.
Then I saw them coming: an Army of Spiders.
Oh Horror! Oh no, oh NO!
There must have been dozens; NO, at least....
hundreds to tell the truth.
“The Beast” was directing his soldiers,
leading them like Baseball's immortal Ruth.

There were big spiders, small spiders,
spiders plain and spiders fancy.
There were short-legged ones, long-legged ones,
and one female spider.... named Nancy.
[I would have introduced myself;
befriending “the foe” might help,
but, as I was wrapped in sticky strands,
I became like a helpless pup (a whelp) .]

“The Beast” [I later learned his name was Charles]...
took on an air of calm,
but I, wrapped up like a mummy,
was decidedly in need of balm.
The pain had luckily subsided quickly,
and the numbness was now quite mild,
but there I lay on the tub floor, soaking wet,
and I cried.... like a child.

I thought they would just leave me there.
[At least the silk kept me warm, and....
as quickly as they first appeared,
the Army left me..... in a swarm.]
I tried to gather my wits together,
which proved an impossible task.

“The Beast” approached me face-to-face, and....
I had a question but I..... WAS AFRAID TO ASK.

I wanted to ask him if I’d live or die,
if the Army would return to dine.
He just looked me in my two eyes (with his six) ....
and said “There you are, YOU SWINE! ”
That made me pretty mad,
adding insult to my compromised state.
Then he said (can he read minds too?) ,
'You're lucky this time. We just ate.'

He left me there. What was I to do?
It was nearly 7 p.m.
[I expected my wife home late.
Would SHE come back first, ... OR THEM?]
I must have dozed off for a bit;
how I managed that I do not know.
It was then I saw the Army returning.
First a few, then their number did grow.

And now they were not alone! Oh, NO! ;
they’d brought some creepy-crawly friends.
It began to remind me of a nightmare horrible,
a nightmare that never ends.
Again I felt a sharp pain in my butt,
which seems to be the target of choice.
I started to feel more drowsy now....
and less aware, ... for which I did rejoice.

Who knew what was in store for me next?
I dared not hazard a guess.
“If I survive this, ” I told myself,
“I’ll get an exterminator.” What a mess! !
“The Beast” directed, in Spider Speak,
the Army to cinch my bindings tighter.
As I felt my body being lifted I heard some spider....
MOAN... “I wish he was much lighter! ”

I must have passed out at that point.
I came to when the medics arrived.
My wife, dear wife, had finally come home...
and found me, and, golly, I had survived.
She told me later that when she came home...
a little black spider met her.
He’d told her she should go check the....
downstairs bathroom. [She put on a sweater.]

She went down the steep, dark stairs,
a perplexed expression on her face.
What she found there caused her to laugh OUT LOUD.
Think of my DISGRACE!

There I was, wrapped oh so tight in silk,
hanging from the shower curtain rod.
Now whenever I dare to take a walk up our street,
the neighbors just look at me.. and WINK... and NOD.

(November 21,2013)

Bri Edwards

Spilling Milk..... [OOPS! ; refrigerator accident; personal]

I may have caused a great big mess.
If I knew for sure I did it, I would confess.
SOMEONE placed an open carton on its side.....
in refrigerator, and from the carton milk did slide.
I DO confess I put it on its side, but NOT so it would spill.
I wanted to blame my wife for THAT, but perhaps I need a memory pill....
to give me one of those memories of which I've heard ……
which allows a person to remember their life word-for-word.

I don't like to run out of milk for my cereal or "hot" drink.
We have a full-sized refrigerator; it should be good for two, don't you think?
TWO people that is, and, in this case, two half-gallons of milk as well.
But my wife has it crammed with stuff; the identity of some I cannot tell.
So when I'm running low on milk, I stop at the nearby grocery store.....
to buy more milk, and sometimes carrots, and bananas. Sometimes more.
I put the unopened carton of milk in "its spot" in the fridge door,
and I place almost-empty carton on its side (on other "stuff") so it will not pour.....
out.

I've done it before with no problem and heard no complaints.
[I guess I'm lucky to have a wife who puts on me (ha ha) few restraints.]
But a few days ago something in our kitchen went horribly wrong,
and I've been ordered to write a poem about it: "AND MAKE IT LONG! ".
I guess it probably WAS my fault completely after all. Okay! I confess.
BUT, ... not trusting me with the job (I guess) , MY WIFE cleaned up the mess.

Sorry Sweetheart!

(October 15,2013)

Bri Edwards

Stinky Sox/Socks ……. [VERY SHORT; hold your nose; NOT personal! ; humour]

A strange thing I saw the other day;
I saw my dirty socks get up and walk away.
Yes! They, so dirty and oh so ripe, walked away By Themselves! !
But they were CUTE, as I held my nose, and.....
they reminded ME..... of Santa's elves.

(November 30,2013)

Bri Edwards

Super Bugs ..... [department of health warning! ; VERY SHORT; humour/humor]

Super Bugs! Watch out for them; they're on the prowl.
Antibiotic-resistant, they look at humans and grimly growl.
They've evolved due to Mankind's own antibiotic abuse,
through repeated patient and doctor "under" AND "over" use.
These bacteria have the potential to cause Mankind's next great plague,
when millions will surrender to Super Bugs, ... while waving a white flag.

So, please, don't you take antibiotics when not prescribed or needed.
But, IF prescribed, take-as-directed, or good health..... may be defeated.

(November 19,2013)
(January 25,2014)

Bri Edwards

Talk Of Expanding Mind! …….. [fantastic brainiac tale; SUPER SHORT]

My thick skull sometimes springs tiny leaks,
I think when my intelligence peaks.
Then out through my scalp's skin.....
flows of genius do spin;
some brain matter, new freedom, then seeks.

(February 14,2006)

Bri Edwards

Tattoo (Mine) ……. [personal tattoo; end-of-life decision)

I suppose it's been around for thousands of years:
'inking' pictures, designs, or words on skin..... from ankles to ears.
Hearts, and skulls, tigers, and snakes,
"MOM", and swastikas.....for goodness sakes!
Many are prominently placed and are often seen,
while others, noticed less often, are placed in places 'obscene'.

Mine says NO CPR and lies beneath hair on my chest.
Someday it may help me to be quietly put to rest.
CPR: Cardiopulmonary Resuscitation.
I guess it has its place in this age and nation,
but not for me.....I hope. I've lived long and well.
I'm ready to go, perhaps to Heaven, ...perhaps to Hell.

Encircling NO CPR are words over which Death can drool:
"Donate body to nearest medical school."

A 'med' school is not near now, ...
but to an incinerator I'll go, I vow.
I hope doctors honor my sincere-tattoo request,
and let my body slip into a long, sweet, and contented rest.

(September 28,2013)

Bri Edwards

The 'Body Size Advantages' Quartette.....[LONG; Human Body Size and Behavior; Humor?]

The Advantages of Being Fat

Some may laugh when they read this title,
since for many American females (and males) slimness is an idol.
I admit a fat figure doesn't make me smile;
I'm attracted more easily, physically, to the anorexic style.
I know not all will think the same,
and some may think my thinking's lame,
but I believe it's true for both fat men and women
that in their lives less breaks they're given.

I don't mean grossly obese like a hippo,
but with REALLY BIG love handles, not just a ripple.
I myself could stand to lose some pounds.
It's not as easy as to some it sounds.

But I've taken up the task so now I must
speak of 'Advantages' of being fat. It's that or bust.:
Being fat can help anchor you in a storm,
and extra layers of fat in winter helps to keep you warm.
On a bus you can hold more stuff on your lap,
and few would dare to give your face a slap.
You can forge your way right through a crowd
and command attention without being loud.
You can push open doors that are heavy or stuck
and rock out of a muddy rut your pickup truck.
You can set a bowl of ice cream on your belly while in bed,
then, later, after ice cream, offer your navel-cushion to your lover's head.

Well I guess those are the 'Advantages' I can think of now.
A little applause would be nice when I take my bow.

The Advantages of Being Slender

When I think of someone, male or female, who is slender,
I picture someone who drinks each meal from a blender.
For breakfast there's wheat germ mixed with yogurt and with cherry juice.
For lunch almonds and prunes all chopped well, but not very loose.
Supper boasts broccoli, yams, and small portions of a goose.
(Snacks are juices of celery and carrots, and kiwi and peach.)

In America we often hear the 'benefits of being slender',
yet McDonalds feeds more people than are fed from a blender.
It's no wonder. To hear how many are poor in U.S. is quite a shock,
while McDonalds, with its dollar menu, is found on many a block.
But I must start listing 'Advantages of Being Slender', as I watch my clock.
(I'll try to be honest and from the truth not far reach.)

I'm not referring to people who are nearly just bones and skin,
but those without love handles. Call them not skinny, but thin.
I mean like Cher in her twenties, and perhaps President Obama;
those staring from fashion magazine covers, not a fat mama.

Though things have changed in this country from when I was growing,
I believe men and women often 'do better' when less fat is showing.
It may not be 'cause and effect'. Could it be my imagination?
But perhaps those who are thinner get 'better' jobs in this nation.

And just carrying less weight gives them more space
as they participate daily in our human race.
They've more room in store aisles, airline seats, and in bed,
and less reason, when the elevator arrives, to a-lack-of-space dread.

They can have more choices and maybe spend less money when shopping for clothes.
They may also save money if they need to eat less. Who knows?

And think of the benefits 'they' say being slim has for one's health:
less joint pain, heart stress, diabetes. Leave the meds on the shelf!
And with better health, not only should one feel physically fitter,
but, growing older, you've less chance of again needing a 'sitter'.

The Advantages of Being Tall

I've written the advantages of being fat and of being slender.
Now, to you, the advantages of being tall I'll render.
I'm thinking six foot seven or so; not a giraffe.
I'm ‘bout 5 foot 10, give or take a half.

And when I think tall I think also of long arms and hands,
which could be a plus on B-ball courts and beach volleyball sands,
or to reach food dishes rather than saying 'pass it please',
or, while playing the piano, to reach more keys.

Being tall can help you to find your car in a big parking lot,
and to open those small near-the-ceiling windows when it's hot.
Changing closet light bulbs or hanging a picture on a wall
can be done more easily by someone who is tall.

Dusting the top of a refrigerator, picking lemons for lemonade,
seeing what's on the highest shelf, watching a parade,
pruning small trees, or adjusting the spray in a shower stall.
All these jobs are easier for someone who is tall.

So I guess you get the idea by now, don't you?
Of course there are also advantages to being short; it's true!
And now writing of those is what I'll do.

The Advantages of Being Short

'Short' contains MORE letters than 'long', or 'big', or 'tall',
but 'short', unlike those, means LESS, just like 'small'.
Here I speak of a height around 5-1 or 5-2;
not as short as a midget or dwarf, it's true.

If you wish to be a horse jockey, short's what you want to be,
but you may not be short enough to get a meal for free.
And though perhaps it is bad luck, you can walk beneath a ladder;
just keep hoping the painter above you doesn't splatter.

You could more easily read the labels on the lowest grocery shelves,
and near year's end get a job as one of Santa Claus's elves.
You could fit more easily into an Army tank or a Navy sub.
You'd probably have a better time bathing in a bathing tub.

In hotel beds you'd have more room to move around your feet,
and in general I think you'd spend less cash on what you buy to eat.
You'd have more under-sink room for yourself and plumbing tool.
You'd have less chance of hitting bottom when diving in a pool.

Like my wife, buying clothes you may save money and have a bigger selection,
because, being short, you can buy some clothes in a store's children's section.
You'll be more protected from rain under your umbrella,
and be less often struck by lightning than a taller fella.

And now for you short people who have wished to have more height,
you can now see, as I see, that your height is quite all-right.

(Oct.+ Nov.2012)

Bri Edwards

The Farmer Looks Like Hell....[Borrowed from 'The farmer in the dell' song; Farming and family ups and downs; Economy]

[sing]: The Farmer looks like Hell. The Farmer looks like Hell. Ho hum, he looks so glum. The Farmer looks like Hell.
The Farmer looks like Hell. The Farmer looks like Hell. Ho hum, his son's a bum. The Farmer looks like Hell. [stop singing]

[speak]: Compared to five years ago, his overhead is higher, and price supports are lower.
His wife's about to leave him, and his chicken barn needs a blower.
The Chinese stole the garlic market. Some 'genius' claims soybeans aren't healthy.
And he'll have to work for years to be certified 'Organic', or lose those buyers who are wealthy. [stop speaking]

[sing]: The Farmer looks like Hell. The Farmer looks like Hell. Ho hum, he looks so glum. The Farmer looks like Hell. [stop singing]

[speak]: The idea of fueling cars with corn has now gone bust,
and, on top of that, his wheat crop is ruined by rust.
The Farmer looks like Hell. [stop speaking]

{fast forward five years}

[speak]: The Farmer's feeling fine. The Farmer's feeling fine.
An efficiency expert lowered overhead, and a new President pushed higher price supports.
The Farmer's got a sexy young girlfriend, and his accountant gives him glowing reports.
The Chinese had a three year drought. A new soybean expert is in, and the old one is out.
He still sells non-organics to the 'poor' citizens, but his Organics are what it's 'all about'. [end speaking]

[sing]: The Farmer's feeling fine. The Farmer's feeling fine. Each year he banks a 7-figure sum. He is feeling fine! [stop singing]

[speak]: The Chinese haven't yet heard that corn's bad for all of their new cars,
and rust-tolerant wheat is now among the Farmer's newest money-making stars.
The Farmer's feeling fine!

(Dec.2012)

Bri Edwards

The Lettuce And Burger Address.....[LONG; Humor; Capitalism]

Four months and seven days ago me an' my brother Joe here
brought to 'yas' a new diner with both sugar AND Equal, and
catsup for all.
Our competition (ha ha) cut prices to pressure us, but we countered with a new menu.....and topless waitresses.
There have been some skirmishes as some 'a' 'ya', our customers know.
But Joe and me are diner veterans and 'in for a penny, in for a pound', as Mom used to say.

Remember not all diners, meaning businesses, are created equal to US, but all diners, meaning people, ARE equal to US, and we plan 'ta' come out on top.
Many 'a' 'yas' been good and loyal customers for weeks, and
Joe and me got our Grand Opening Week, comin' Sunday through Saturday.
As always we got free medium sodas and coffee, one per customer.
And for those with five holes me or Joe punched in your loyalty cards,
you each receive a free dessert 'wit' purchase of any entrée (17 dollars or more) .
How 'da ya' like that folks? Pretty swell, huh?

Tuesday and We'nesday we got live music, Jazz Tuesday and Blue Grass We'nesday.
In the future we might get live music all the time; free for loyal customers; three bucks a head for them without cards. Nice, huh? You betcha!
Remember loyalty cards is always available from our lovely wait staff. Take a LOW bow girls. Nice!

Burgers and hots will still be our featured items on the menu.
We got six kinds 'a' burgers and three kinds 'a' hots.
All them come with fries or onion rings and coleslaw or ‘tato salad;
hot sauce me and Joe got for 'yas' too. Nice, huh?
But Joe and me (we're buddies as well as bro's 'ya' know?) plan 'ta'
expand the choices to please our customers even more. That's you folks.
Fish and chips, cold sandwiches, and chili and takeout are maybe comin'.

We plan a great run here, Joe and me, see, as we continue to serve 'ya', our friends.
We might branch out to other locations as our competitors (ha ha) wise up and go belly up.....'fore they owe too much dough 'ta' ev'ryone.

(That's when they know they can't beat me and my brother here.)

There's been talk ‘bout lawsuits ‘bout our girls' attire (or lack of it) but Joe and me got the city boys in our pockets. (ha ha)
Never forget we love all 'yas', our loyal customers.

And don't forget our new address here: 1200 Oceanside Avenue..this place here.
Tell your people about our great food. Thanks a bunch. Lunch too.
(Nov.2012)

Bri Edwards

The Little Things…… [my excuse for not giving roses; etc.; humour/humor?]

It’s the little things that count so much,
while many things are awfully overrated.
Would you rather have a Rolex watch or.....
an enema when you are constipated?

Or a toothbrush when you teeth feel grungy? ‘Cause.....
brushes work better that watches....at removing fungi!

And life with no bike may seem like “small potatoes”,
but at times it’s like a BLT sans sliced tomatoes.
Air-polluting vehicles certainly have their place,
but in rush hour traffic a bike may win the race.

And two dozen red roses may seem quite nice,
or a flute of champagne from a bottle kept on ice,
BUT once you’ve had that AND still been divorced twice,
a loving smile and a peck on the cheek should more than suffice.

SO.... I guess I should replace with “Big” my title’s “Little”,
since, if you’ve suffered with “Dry Mouth”, you’ve craved spittle.
AND if you’ve had that or something like that happen to you.....
you’ll agree “Big” is the adjective for which this poem’s title is due.

(November 7,2013)

Bri Edwards

The Pebble (Boink) .....[Nature; Short; Humor; Birds]

For ten thousand years, on a lofty mountain ledge, the shiny pebble sat,
until this afternoon when a brazen raven.....dropped it squarely on my hat.
I guess I had it coming, as I planned to steal chicks from her nest.
Soooo...I guess I'll now give up my quest, ... and hike back home to rest.

But, ...although I've forgiven the offending bird....[who's croaking now with glee],
I'll tweak her beak unmercifully.....if she drops, again, that pebble on me!

Bri Edwards

The Rape(S) That Didn't Go As Planned……[Very Long; Lust; Humor; Drama]

When I was 22 I met a girl,17, who was very slim and pretty.
She was kind of shy and had bad breath, but once she let me touch one titty.
Except for the bad breath and shyness she was my dream girl, I swear.
In fact from that day, when I dreamt, I dreamt of her (in underwear) .

One Sunday eve I drove her quite a distance, to a place in the dark;
it was a seldom-used but well-kept San Mateo County park.
I thought ahead about my plan as we hiked on down a trail.
I had plenty of beer and a blanket. I knew my plan would not fail.

We spread out our blanket on a soft secluded patch of beach.
We each opened a can of beer and kept the rest within our reach.
I was already quite aroused but I kept it in my pants.
After 2 or 3 more beers each, we both got up to dance.

Back on the blanket once more, I decided I had waited long enough;
it was now or NEVER!
My plan was calculated, because I am so very clever.

When she was daydreaming I pulled out some gauze, and a vial of chloroform.
(The stars were out, the moon shown brightly, the sea was calm, and the evening warm.)
Then I quickly poured some liquid on the gauze and clamped it to her face.
But I only used a little bit as I did not wish to have a murder now take place.

When she was limp, I pulled my pants off (but kept shoes on) , and lowered my shorts a little.
I took a quick peek at her tits and then exposed her middle.
I got on her then and knew she could NOT be shy NOW.

I was pumping her good and hard, like I'd seen a bull do to a cow.

But suddenly I had to pee but I had NO time to withdraw,
and I peed a mighty pee inside her. Some of it flowed from her, like yellow new-mown straw.
I was shocked then when she opened up her eyes and looked me in the face.
My God what could I do now, I thought; she might spray me with some Mace.

Instead she reached up and grabbed my neck with an amazingly strong arm.
I shouted out 'I love you girl. NOT a hair of you I'll harm! '

I'd never treated a girl rudely before, unless you count that whore.
That one (she was 29) loved sex, and always yelled out for more.
That's what really turned me off to the tart; I hate feeling I'm being used.
Every time I fucked her she screamed for more and MORE. Finally I REFUSED.

Now my friend on the blanket said 'mount me from behind RIGHT NOW!
Then you can really feel what it's like to be inside a cow.'

(She must have been reading my mind before, when she'd been out like a light.)

I really didn't like being ordered around but how could I resist?

Besides the thought of something new was luring me, and she did INSIST.

And so I let her get on hands and knees and I leaned some on her back.
I aimed my swollen member at her gaping hole and gave her quite a whack.
But my better judgment said that 'to stop and leave there would be best'. Perhaps.
(For what followed the next half hour, I wish I could have a memory lapse.)

Her vaginal walls clamped ahold of me with more strength than I care to remember;
the last time that happened to me was with the whore, last November.
I thought to say but didn't 'please stop. You are hurting me! '
But it seemed clear to me by then that she did NOT intend to let me free.

I tried to pull away from her. It began to really REALLY HURT.
But somehow, from her back-to-me position, she grabbed ahold of my new shirt.
I tried again by pleading loudly 'PLEASE MY LOVE, let me go right now.'
To that she responded 'don't you remember DEAR? YOU treated ME first like a COW!
Can't you take your own medicine Mr. BULL? '..., and
with that she began to TWIST and PULL. (HARD!)

Again I failed to talk her into stopping.
I envisioned that my balls both would soon be popping.

Then somehow I managed to reach down and pull off my right shoe.
I hit her lightly on the head, but she only called out 'I want more; I do I DO! '
To my horror the pain escalated even MORE in my cock.
I felt it was in a machine made for crushing rock.

I hit her a bit harder but she never let me loose.
My member felt as though it were a murderer hanging from noose.
Then I got my left shoe off, and with BOTH shoes I hit her GOOD!
My God her strength was unreal! She must pump iron each day in the ‘hood.

And then I thought of a new begging line, and I said 'I've got to get up early. I NEED my sleep.'
I was then amazed when, a moment later, she released her grip and let me get up....., without a peep.
(She must have remembered her homework. Maybe she too needed to get up early?)
In this country's present economic downturn time,
many need to clock in early at work to make a dime.

We walked back to the car after she turned me loose,
but, as I walked ahead of her, several times she gave me a BIG goose.
I drove her to a young-people's club in her neighborhood.
I was tempted to kiss her goodnight, but I didn't think I should.

That night at home I thought maybe I should become a fairy,
but the more I thought of it, I realized that it too could be scary.

At my next confession, I think the old priest did blanch.
It was the most frightening story he'd heard since, as a boy, he'd worked on a big dude ranch.
I attend Mass more frequently now, where me and God often talk, and

I volunteer on weekends and evenings to take old nuns for their walks.
N0W I say MORE than my share of Hail Mary's,
and think no more of girls in panties....., nor of fairies.

I can't now get an erection, even those times when I 'wanna';
I've tried music videos of JLo, and Beyonce, and Madonna.

And since that HORRIBLE seaside experience I've not seen HER. (Well yes, I DID, twice.)
But when I saw her coming my way, I ran off, with my body trembling ……, and I HID (twice) .

Bri Edwards

The Raven Pair…… [Lovebirds? ; Bird Sounds; 'Beauty Is In The Eye Of The Beholder' (An Old Saying) : Very Short]

]

Their harsh voices seemed almost gentle today,
as, in eucalyptus tree, they seemed to say:
“Black Beauty, come join me now. I see you are there.”

And where I first saw one, I now saw a pair.

They’re not cute, may not be your favorite birds,
BUT I bet between them …… pass some bird-love words.

Bri Edwards

The Seeds That Listened And Took Action.....[Fantasy; Wishes; Humor]

From time to time my wife has said to me 'Some day
I wish all of my Internet and snail mail and phone calls will go away.'
(Of course I, her husband, think exactly the opposite about MY mail and calls.
But perhaps you've heard the expression about there being ears in the walls?)
Well I guess while I was listening to my wife's wish, I was not alone.
It seems other listeners were some seeds, which in apples and grapes had grown.

Unless a few seeds are swallowed by mistake, they end up in our compost bin,
or if I'm outside eating I may spit some out, sometimes with a grin.
So one way or the other those fruit seeds end up somewhere near our house,
where they often wait patiently to grow, each seed as quiet as a mouse.

One Spring day I prepared flower beds...., on them compost spreading,
little guessing that, the next day, the results of my work we'd be dreading.
That night we heard what we thought was wind stirring up the nearby trees,
but in the morning we discovered changes which made us fall down on our knees.
Through our thin bedroom curtains we saw not the normal morning light,
and drawing back the curtains brought to view a strange and awful sight.

Instead of seeing little birds which come to our feeders once the sun is risen,
my wife and I stared at windows which resembled those barred ones at a prison.
Was it possible that both of us were asleep having the same bad dream?
We discussed the possibility of it but that we were both awake, it did seem.
I got out of bed to investigate, leaving my poor wife in bed looking shocked.
I unlocked and pulled on our home's entry door, but it seemed to be, from outside,
locked.

All the windows and the patio sliding door were barred, like the windows near our bed.
Surely if we could not escape our home, in several weeks, or less, we'd be dead.
It was then I heard my wife calling, while I was on the toilet pissing.
She said 'Bri, do you have your phone? MY phone seems to be missing.'
We both looked where our phones should have been, and then we looked some more.
It was then we noticed small fallen leaves, inside the slightly open window and sliding
door.

Upon closer examination out the windows, through the woody, leafy bars,
we spied our phones on the ground ten feet away....., as inaccessible as faraway
stars.
I began to sense what had happened, but it was too amazing to be true;
(if we could SELL the movie rights to what was happening..... Well, that's just
between ME and YOU!) .
Wrapped around each cell phone were tendrils from grape vines newly-grown.
Too bad. But then I remembered another way we had to 'connect'..... without a
phone.

To the computer by front door I went. To email for help I did conspire.
But getting no connection, I called my wife, and she said 'Good Lord, it's missing a
crucial wire.'
It was then I noticed a lonely leaf on the keyboard and two more by window (open) .
The tendril-gripped wire was on the side lawn, too far to reach..., though at first we
were both 'hopin''.

We're retired; we'd not be missed at work. The closest neighbor lives far away.
I get out more than my wife, but we're both homebodies; that's our way.
If we don't initiate outside communication, there are few people who'd about us worry.
But to be imprisoned was not our wish. We wanted to find a solution in a hurry.

Luckily we had heat and the means to cook, as we still had gas and electric power.
We had water to wash clothes and dishes, to flush the toilet, and to take a shower.
If we rationed our food we could eat for two weeks, and maybe even more.
Unfortunately we could not reach our garage, where we had an 'emergency food store'.

We do not have our TV connected. We could not hear the news.
But we have CD's and some DVD's, and some books from which to choose.
We don't use prescription drugs and don't see doctors often,
but our relative-comfort-and-security, our present worry about the bars, did not soften.

So we put our heads together over cereal and juice,
and tried some solution, to our new circumstances, to deduce.
We owned no guns to shoot in the air to signal a need for rescue.
Yelling out windows for help would not work. The road was far away and pedestrians were too-few.

It seemed our only recourse was to chop our way out through apple sapling and grape vine.
So we grabbed up big kitchen knives. Hers was very sharp. The dull one was all mine.
First I removed inner sliding glass window panels; then I removed each screen.
We started hacking with great confidence at first. Our resolution to escape was VERY keen.
But with each slash of our knives, thick grape and apple tissue scars did appear,
making our chance of success in cutting through seem more distant....., not more near.

WELL, I often try to be funny. You know...., try to add a little levity to our life.
SO I said 'At least you don't have email, or phone calls, or mail to contend with.'.....
Then I saw THE KNIFE.
She had given up chopping at the window bars, and, MUCH to my dismay,
my wife was shaking-visibly and holding up her knife pointed threateningly
MY WAY.

(Dec.2012)

Bri Edwards

Think of Me as Dead (TOMAD) .....[Communication; Aging; Humor; sort of Long]

For family, friends, and acquaintances, I've a thought to share.
In the future if you think of me, think of me as dead. If you dare.
It's really for your benefit, as soon you'll plainly see.
You'll really like the feel of it...., if you are like me.

There's no need to know the cause of death. I don't mean to alarm,
but if you think it would help, I'll offer a scenario of "harm".
Now "harm" isn't what I'd call death. But I needed a rhyme.
I'd just call death a natural progression of the sands of time.

The Scenario:
Just imagine me in some mountains, hunting a golden eagle's nest.
It's such a romantic way to die, as birds just are the best.

Anyway just imagine an eagle carrying prey to its lofty aerie,
and me approaching from rocky ledge above, even though it's scary.
I'm dressed all in camouflage and eagle parents don't see me.
They fly away and I descend to nest...., two chicks reaching for my knee.
I could have shot some photos from several feet away,
but the chance to touch young eagles doesn't come every day.

Well I guess the eaglets had a similar thought when they both saw me.
One grabbed my right ankle while the other grabbed left knee.
Now I was getting quite excited, as you may have guessed.
I'll let you finish this scenario as you think is best.

BENEFITS of TOMAD:
Now back to why thinking me as dead really could be cool.
It's not an idle thought on a down day. Don't take me for a fool.

If in past year you've neglected to call, or send email, gift, or card,
you've now got the ultimate excuse to ignore this bard.
There's no good reason to communicate with a person you think is dead,
though I've heard some have tried such a thing. What's wrong in their head?

You can always think of me fondly, enjoy my memory,
and IF I call you, after the shock, you can smile with glee.
But once the conversation's over, you can think again of me as "passed".
I think you should give this a try. You may well catch on fast.

But don't think of the idea as only good for you.
I can see there could be some advantages for myself too.
If I think of myself as dead, no more chores I'll have to do.....
including calling, emailing or writing.....to you or you or YOU!

(May 2012)

Bri Edwards

Tiny Droplets..... [Walking unprepared on a 'misty' day; Personal experience]

Tiny droplets fell, but I did not balk.
When they ceased I went.... for my walk.
I thought "umbrella? " before I left,
but I wished NOT to.... its weight heft.

I soon got wife's call; she warned of rain.
I told her I'd turn back. I'm NOT insane!
But I did NOT mean to turn back quickly,
and.... it's just NOT true I'm always sickly!

Soon tiny droplets again began to fall...
tiny droplets. That was all!
I figured my jacket would protect,
but I erred in my weather projec-
tion.

I would not turn back, at least not yet.
I'd see how much I might get wet,
AND the tiny droplets might well STOP,
and I'd NOT look like.... a sopping mop.

As I neared first third of three mile route,
my choice (to not bring umbrella) I began to doubt.
At first I could see where each drop hit me,
but soon the hits melded..... into a small Sea.
I'd NOT worn my usual broad-brimmed hat;
my glasses got all wet! Think of that!

I turned back and headed home at last,
though cows I passed were holding fast.....
in their pasture.

I thought to myself "Tiny droplets DO add up! "
If I HAD one, they'd have filled a fair-sized cup,
..... which made me wax philosophical,
giving me thoughts which for me aren't typical.

Like droplets, tiny life-moments can add up.....
to fill ones "success", OR "failure", cup.

(October 27,2013)

Bri Edwards

To Pee Or Not To Pee? ……That Is The Question…..[very Short; Humor]

.

I'd bet I could hold it in my bladder till this movie's done,
But if I lost the bet and peed on me…… that would be no fun.

(Feb.2012)

Bri Edwards

To Write; To Die; To Eat……. [Thoughts While Lookiing At A Blue Sky; Personal; Pretty Short]

Looking up from the couch……at the blue California sky,
thoughts have swung from what to write, to how much to eat, to….the time to die.
If I had my way I'd take a walk, but I'm sidelined by my "bad back".
For now I'll write this, put death on hold, and then perhaps eat pie,

…..or cake, or ice cream, or cereal,……or nuts, or even fruit.
And when I die I hope to be not-buried; I'll have no need for a suit.
I only need to write a few more lines; I'm writing like a hack,
and if you don't appreciate the result, you can give this poem the boot!

(January 2013)

Bri Edwards

Toe Jam……. [Toenail Poem; Yuck! ; Very Short; Humour/Humor[

You can keep your toenails to yourself.
You can keep them on the kitchen shelf.
Put them next to the jar..... of... toe jam,
which I hear is excellent on rare leg of lamb.

Bri Edwards

Traces Of Me.....[SHORT; Personal; Humor; Death]

If when I pass I leave few traces,
let me leave at least some smiling faces,
on a chosen few.

I may have been at times a pain in ass
(and I don't mean when I was passing gas)
to a chosen few.

Retired, I wrote poems for myself and to share
(though it seemed most I shared with did not care)
with a chosen few.

I never with my money was wild.
I shared with wives, non-profits, and my child.
That's what I would do.

I've tried to live like a good Boy Scout.
But I gave up religion, and I sometimes shout.
What's a guy to do?

Bri Edwards

Tragic And Cursed Lives, Ha Ha..... [a Disrespectful Look At Tragedy; Humour (really!) To Me Anyway) : Very Short]

Our tragic and cursed lives are quite a burden.
Hey, just shut your mouth and let me get a word in!

I know I do my best to make life easier for you all.
Didn't i catch you on my fishing hook when you began to fall.....
into the sewage ditch that runs along the back of my house? ?
Just for once can't you stop whimpering piteously like a mouse? ? ?

(January 3,2013)

Bri Edwards

TV Memories: As I Stare At A Black Screen....[1950-1960s U.S. (kids) TV shows; Personal; Long]

My Dove and I 'save a lot of time' by not having TV service at home,
but we have a TV and, as I sit staring at the big black screen, my mind through my life does roam.
Unlike my wife, who grew up without TV, I grew up sitting in front of a 'set'.
There happiness, laughter, guidance, new experiences, AND education I did get.

Early memories are filled with cartoons..., many violent, some tame.
Woody Woodpecker, Yogi Bear, Bugs Bunny, and Porky Pig are some I can name.
Road Runner & Wile E. Coyote, Popeye & Olive Oyl, Mickey & Minnie Mouse,
Donald Duck & Daisy, Mr. Magoo, and The Three Little Pigs (each Pig with its own house) .

There were kids shows with human actors, and also 'actors' that were puppets.
There were Captain Kangaroo and Buffalo Bob long before there were the Muppets.

The Little Rascals, Laurel & Hardy, and The Three Stooges were sequel movies not too long.
There were Tarzan jungle movies. And each year was shown The Wizard of Oz, with its Over the Rainbow song.
Then there were movies for older kids and adults. Shirley Temple sang and played with toys.
There were movies starring Mickey Rooney and movies about The Bowery Boys.

Comedy shows on TV when I was a boy seemed to star especially men.
Jack Benny, Jackie Gleason (The Honeymooners) , and Red Skelton were a (laugh) 'riot' then.
And I Love Lucy, with Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz was often about marital 'mess'.
I Dream of Jeannie and Bewitched featured magical wives MORE, and husbands less.

There were TV movies about both Old West and more-modern cowboys and such.
The Lone Ranger, Hopalong Cassidy, Zorro, and Roy Rogers I liked very much.
And who could forget Superman, 'Man of Steel', disguised as newspaperman Clark Kent?
Why he was 'faster than a speeding bullet' and over 'tall buildings', flying, he went.

There were fun game shows galore which tested people's mental or physical skill.
You Bet Your Life, Truth or Consequences, and Concentration I remember still.

Has my life been better with TV? Would I have been better off having to go to work at age twelve?
I enjoyed my TV upbringing....., and into philosophy I'll not now delve.

(Dec.'12-Jan.'13)

Bri Edwards

TV Tears ..... [VERY SHORT; Aspiring to view TV; Personal; Humour/humor]

The sun's now begun to set in the west.
I sit in chair with my mind (almost) at rest.
I briefly thought "I'll watch TV".
Then I shed some tears.

We've a TV but it's been not-hooked-up.....
not for MANY years.

(September 21,2013)

Bri Edwards

U.K, India, Australia, Canada: I Have a Proposal...[Political changes; Long; Humor]

In another recent (U.S.) poem I mentioned our fifty stars displayed in our field of blue.
I'm now proposing 4 more stars to be added, which could profoundly affect you, and you, and you, and YOU! !

Recently the people in Puerto Rico (a U.S possession?) voted to become #51.
I guess there's political maneuvering 'here' needed before Puerto Rico's wish is done.
So that leaves 52 through 54. Are you curious to know who the lucky ones may be?
No sooner do you wish me to tell you then I'll tell you all for free!

Oh! I just remembered I want a #55 as well. Am I being greedy?
It's NOT that we in 'America' need more states. NO! We are NOT needy!
It's just that we know how the world looks up at us. Don't you think I'm right?
Besides, the countries I have in mind were long ago held together, by a great Navy's might.

You've probably begun to guess correctly now. I think you are pretty smart.
So I'll tell you now #52, from which my country withdrew its allegiance; we were a young upstart.
Great Britain, including England, Scotland, and Wales. (We'll leave the Irish alone.)
.....
(Of course, if they get too upset, we might throw the poor Irish a bone.)

Mainly we'll welcome you, Great Britain, because you spawned the Beatles.
And I think Virgin Air as well. Just seeing their logo puts me on pins and needles.
Of course I won't leave out Charles Darwin or, for that matter, Charles Dickens,
and Oscar Wilde (oops; he was Irish) , Elton John, The Queen, and Wiccans.

Next on the hit parade of new states, #53, is the country/continent Australia.
I've heard you were 'settled' by convicts. Does that reputation ever ail ya?
There are two main reasons I honor you, 'down under', with my latest choice.
I have an ex-'almost-girlfriend' living there. Of some moments with her I do rejoice.
The second reason is your relative proximity to New Zealand (could be #56?) :
my wife wished to move there, but we didn't fit the New Zealand immigrant mix.

Next, at #54, is the 'subcontinent' of India, another massive 'state'.
It already handles many of our Customer Service calls, and sifts through our trashy metal plate.
I was friends with several Indians at Cornell in my early days,
and I dated a girl who visited there (and got a nose ring) , after she and I parted ways.

Last but not least is The Dominion of Canada, our neighbor to the North.
It's the country from which (Toronto) my father, into the world, was brought forth.
Besides I like maple syrup, and the Royal Canadian 'Mounties' hats are cute.
And when I wore shorts as a teen tourist in Quebec City, I was whistled at to boot.
[a quick note: My wife says there is a downside to adding Canada as a state:
We'd have to make all road signs bilingual....., a thought I do most hate!]

So, you all know now my thoughts on how the U.S.of A. can change its flag.
I think tonight I'll call my friend Barack Obama. With him on OUR side it's almost in the bag.

And when WE've all worked together and accomplished our 'new-states' mission,
the Chinese flag-maker companies promise to give me a BIG commission.
(Of course the flag-makers hope the NEW states aren't added ALL AT ONE TIME.
After all, each new flag brings them a dollar, and to ME it brings a shiny dime.)

(Dec.2012)

Bri Edwards

Umpiring A Competition..... [Poem By Request; Kinda Short; Poem Competition Umpires]

Elyas does progress through competition so well.
Gratitude, for the four umpires, in him does swell.
Doctors Nejati and Rang Avar are the names of two.
And two other nice humans with a good world view.
Elyas was impressed with their humanity concern.
From each other I'm sure they all can more learn.

Dr. Nejati kindly posed some questions to answer.
I bet Elyas handled them like a comfortable dancer.
It would be nice if all contestants could be 'the winner'.
But not winning is not as bad as being a sinner.

I send good luck wishes to my friend Elyas in Iran,
And to the Umpires for doing.....whatever they can.

(September 13,2013)

Bri Edwards

We've Gone Bananas This Week.....[Fruit; Groceries; Personal]

There are at least ten types of fruit trees growing here and there in our city,
but as far as I've been able to tell, there are no banana trees. What a pity!
But to look in our home this week, you'd think we had a tree in our own yard.
We've got long and short bananas; ....some are quite firm, while some are much less hard.

Why, you ask, is there a plethora of this tropic fruit in our house right now.
I have a simple explanation and I shall explain it to you now.

I guess I bought the first bunch in our town's downtown grocery store.
Then, there a few days later, they had some 99 cents-a-bag ones, so I bought some more.
Then my wife, at another store, picked up a big bunch which is a little green.
Luckily I can easily eat two or three a day, as I'm a banana-eater, mean.

(Nov.2012)

[note: 'mean' is used here as a slang adjective, meaning 'excellent; skillful]

Bri Edwards

What A Nice Life I Have....[Personal; Retirement; California; Marriage]

What A Nice Life I Have ……[Long; Personal; Retirement; California; Marriage]

It's true, as someone recently suggested, that I, Bri, have a pretty nice life.
Of course I might not feel like I have to continue continuing my life if it weren't that I have a wife.
And not just ANY wife; you understand? The one I have now is very special.
That bears repeating (especially since I can think of no other rhyme) . My wife is VERY SPECIAL.

Not that money equals a good life, BUT here's what I say about cash.
After 3 divorces and having a daughter (a doctor now) , I'm still not broke. I am not talking trash.
Of course I could not live where we do NOW, if it weren't for my 'new' wife's deep pockets.
No more, to save a few pennies, do I feel the need to unscrew light bulbs from their sockets.

That's a joke, don't ya know? BUT I used to wear a hat indoors just to keep warm
in winter in a tiny retirement apartment, while hundreds of crows in the trees outdoors did swarm.
I gave up my 15 year old Honda Civic, and walked most places I wanted to be.
But now, living under my wife's roof, we use the Prius which she sometimes shares with me.

There was a time, when I left my first marriage, that I lived almost in a cave,
and I took a second job and ate hot dogs and spaghetti to more dollars save.
Now I live more comfortably; I no longer sleep on a cardboard-padded floor
and, to enter 'my' home now, I use a normal-sized human portal, instead of an overhead door.

My dear 'dove' cooks our yummy supper meal with ingredients healthy and delicious.
Compared to in some of my 'bachelor' days, my meals are much more nutritious.
Though I still hang on to some shirts and underwear at which my 'dove' looks down her nose,
I have, to a large degree because of my dove, a good selection of 'NOT-HOMELESS-LOOKING' clothes.

And that's not all! With the encouragement and guidance of my dove, I'm healthy.
I need no prescription medications; it's much better than being a sick person who's wealthy.
And I'm retired and have a reasonable annuity from the Postal Service.
I've lots of free time to do things I'd rather do than work. AND I'm very seldom nervous.

I learned to play a little bit on my dove's shiny piano. Happy Birthday To You.
If I get cabin fever in our small-but-nice house, we have a very nice outdoor screen house too.
We have a large-screen TV, and though we don't pay to see any TV shows,
we use it most nights to view library movies, and it's pretty on its own when, blue or purple, the big screen glows.

There is great habitat around our property for my beloved wild birds.

The enjoyment we have viewing them at feeders and such I won't describe in words.
And tell me about convenience! Why it's only a twenty minute walk
to downtown to the drug store where I take my blood pressure, and where, outside of store, to a homeless friend I sometimes talk.
And it's about the same distance to reach the community center to check my weight, while nearby is the library where I buy used books and take out movies which are rarely returned late.

And I have a few good friends, from my past, with whom I communicate;
some live in other countries, and others are in U.S.A. but in another state.
My parents are 'gone' (an interesting term, but in fact it is very true) ,
but at times I speak by phone with my siblings, and at times to my daughter too.
I also have two Compeer friends, a couple of men ‘my age' who have a bit of mental illness;
I enjoy speaking with them by phone each week, helping to break what may otherwise be (for them and/or me) stillness.

The weather's nicer (many would say) in California, where i now do reside.
It's certainly much different from New York State, where the winter snow, often, the ground does hide.

I enjoy a new issue of The Week magazine to read almost every week.
In it I read of world and national news, and read what others write or speak.
There are sections which make me laugh, and some might make me cry …. (except that I'm a GUY) …….,
'talk' of art, books, movies, TV, food, and travel, and words and photos of homes to buy.

And I almost forgot a recent addition to all the things that make my life so nice.
I joined (for free) Poemhunter.com; each day I like to try to visit it once or twice.
There I can submit, for approval or disapproval, many of the poems I have written.
And I can read and comment on what others have submitted ……. about their lives, or God ……, or their kitten.

OOPS! ! ! I almost forgot to mention, once more, what should be mentioned both first AND last:
I owe much of my nice life to a loving wife; I may be the SAIL, but she's the MAST.

(Dec.2012)

Bri Edwards

What Makes Bri Feel Bad....[Personal]

I don't mean (by 'feel bad') unruly, criminal, or mean.
I mean disgusted or disappointed, or somewhere in between.

It bothers me to see a person littering, but I still get through the day.
If I think someone is wheeling a store's cart home, I really want to say:
'Did the manager give you permission? '.... It seems like stealing in a way.

I feel a little disappointed when the ice cream in carton is finished,
and when old age causes a person's quality of life to be diminished.
Of course I can buy more ice cream, though Aki may say 'no',
and people really can limit how many years...they have left 'to go'.

I feel bad when I'm misquoted, when people try to 'put words in my mouth.'
I actually manage to say enough 'bad things'...all by myself.
I feel a little 'bad' if an [unnamed] woman complains.... when I raise my voice.
I think it's a common trait of many men (Evolution?) : ...do we really have a choice? ?

So now I've told you some of the things that....can make me feel 'bad'.
I tried to think of more things but couldn't, and that makes me feel very glad.

{Well, sure there are more things, ……but why dwell on what upsets?
Perhaps the more one dwells on positive things, ...the better one's life gets.}

(2-3-12)

Bri Edwards

What Makes Bri 'Feel Good'....[Personal]

I'll start with what makes me feel good, this windy, rainy night:
A recently showered and shampooed body; a 'clean shave'; electric light;
A moderately heated room; making rhymes; ....a sated appetite;
A kind and caring wife who 'forgives' me; underwear that's not too tight;

Being retired from post office and being paid for staying home;
Having good enough health; still having hair to brush or comb;
Getting under down comforter on our marriage mattress of foam;
Seeing lots of kinds of birds when outdoors i do roam;

Trimming annoying branches over sidewalks where i walk;
Keeping in touch with special friends via email or phone talk;
Finishing home projects using nails, shovel, or caulk;
Seeing 'attractive' women...though at them i don't gawk;

Giving a helpful answer when someone asks directions;
The yummy taste in my mouth...when i eat confections;
Deciding who to vote for in the upcoming elections;
Not needing, at age 63, to maintain 'too many erections';

Eating ice cream (neopolitan is especially good) :
Donating blood for others as often as i could;
And listening with aki to an owl hooting from a darkened woods.

(2012)

Bri Edwards

When The Carousel Animals Got Loose.....[LONG; Humor; Fantasy; Adventure]

In the park for peoples' amusement……
were some workers with an accusement.
T'was on the merry-go-round
where they were all found,
feeling their labor was abusement.

These workers who labored without wages,
were taken from storybook pages.
They were most of them mild...
though some were beasts 'wild'.
Some were loved, some were feared, through the ages.

Three were birds, though one never could fly;
two, that could, rarely took to the sky.
Six of them were mammals...
though none were humped-camels.
One was make-believe, from days-gone-by.

All, including Elephant and Goose,
Unicorn, and big-antlered Moose,
Rooster and Lion,
Ostrich (not flyin') ,
Horse and Tiger, ...all wished to be loose.

Freedom from 'Go-Round' they had discussed.
Then one fine fall day it just seemed a must.
No people were in sight....
(a good time for their 'flight') .
That their plan would succeed, they all did trust.

Unicorn's horn worked Tiger's tether,
loosening its tight knot of leather.
Then Elephant's trunk tip
off Tiger's knot did rip.....
They freed Tiger, working together.

The first thing he did was flex his paws.
Then he freed all his friends, using sharp claws.
They took their bridles off.
Their saddles they did slough.
They stretched their stiff legs and tight jaws.

To be free, for them, was something new.
They'd not all yet thought what they would do.
They were free of their poles.
A bright sun warmed their souls.
Though not human, they'd have some fun too! ! !

Ms. Ostrich tried to fly, but in vain.

Then Rooster and Goose cried 'there's a plane! '
So Ms. Goose and sir Rooster
together did boost her.
And the three rode with Horse, the wind blowing his mane.

Getting off the ride, they were all woozy.
They agreed the ride was a doozy.
And while their five friends cavorted,
the four honked and snorted.
Then they lay in the shade for a snoozy.

' Tiger, let's ride the coaster' said Lion.
'I don't like planes, and I don't like flyin '.'
So while they both rolled along
Tiger sang an old song.
Lion held tight, but ended up cryin '.

Elephant sniffed the cart of peanut vendor.
The peanut smell to 'heaven' did 'send' her.
She ate nuts (shells and all)
till her appetite did fall,
then she rested against a truck fender.

The fantasy beast preferred popcorn,
so he opened the popper with his horn.
Then Unicorn washed his snack down
with a drink, colored brown,
in which floated marshmallows, 'newborn'.

In the Fun House Moose looked in mirrors (curved) .
Then through a dark maze Moose swerved.
Big Moose felt like a fool
when scared by a fake ghoul,
and she ran out of Fun House unnerved.

When their long day was nearly all done
They agreed they'd all had some fun.
Then as it was getting late
one of them tried lock on park gate,
but as a group they chose not to run.

Though freedom was nice for a while
they agreed they'd miss each bright smile…..
of each happy child-rider
and each grown up beside her.
So they all returned to 'go-round', single file.

(12-20-2006/revised 2012)

Bri Edwards

When Wives Get Upset.....[Marriage; Short; Humor? ; Personal]]

There are times when my wife has a fit.
Then she treats me like a twit.
Or worse she treats me like a cur.
What did I ever do to her? ?

Of course it is HER house.
So I must cower like a mouse.
She may pinch, poke, and punch.
I must 'eat it' like it is lunch.

'Cause if I don't I may find,
she will treat me even LESS kind.
Well at times I may deserve it all.
Many men have made the fall.....from grace.

Tonight was just such a night.
I yelled at her and that ain't right!
I WAS both a twit AND a cur.
How can I make it up to her? ?

Maybe I can't and that IS bad.
It even makes me a LITTLE sad.
Well, I'm only a man. What's your guess?
I think women should just expect LESS.....from men.

Bri Edwards

While My Wife Is In Japan....Again.....[Personal; Retirement

This beautiful day I sit on patio, ... which my wife may enclose.
I hope I'll enjoy the birds as much, and feel wind when it blows.
A little plane in the distance hums; my wife thinks they're crazy.
I've done most of day's exercises; now I'm being 'lazy'.

I've got with me Smart Women, a relationship novel
about some people who dominate and some who may grovel.

A while ago an 'insect' crawled by, the size of a dot of ink.
Then a blue and grey scrub jay came to yonder dish for a drink.

I photographed a second jay with my new binocular-digital camera.
Have you ever tried to find a word that rhymes with camera?
It's 'made in China' and I got it on clearance for about 8 bucks.
At that price, though camera ain't 'perfect', I really can't say it sucks.

Today I planted some sunflower seeds. They came as gift in the mail.
I also planted five cherry pits from gutter; I hope they do not fail.

Using computer I called Japan, to 'Mama's', and spoke to my wife.
Aside from food and sleep, my wife's most important to my life.
I miss her at times; it's as though life has a small crack,
But I don't miss her TOO much, ...because I know she will be back.

I watered potted plants today, those inside and those out.
It's nearly a new summer, which outside means a 'drought'.
I took care of two bags of waste.... from the bin in the bath room,
One with tissues for composting, the other for landfill doom.

My walk 'for my blood pressure' I took early, ... before it got too hot.
I left binoculars home this time; they can slow me down a lot.
At piano I sat for a bit, ... even 'worked' on 'new' tune.
I progressed a lot on day's 'chores' even before it was noon!

I resisted temptation to go buy myself some ice cream at the store,
But I ate cereal, veggies, cheese, fruit, fish, nuts, ...and MORE!
I left a voice message, by computer, for college friend named Bill,
took call from Connie and chatted.... till we'd had our fill.

I did some emailing, read some news, and checked weather too.
I tried sending Compeer monthly reports twice, and failed; I've no clue.
I reviewed bill for dental visit, and a pension statement from mail.
On phone I tried renewing 'triple A', but my attempt didn't sail.

The sky is finally darkening as I apply heat to my back.
Soon it's time for breathing exercises, med, toothpaste, and the sack.
I did not touch the vacuum, or do laundry, or any dishes, BUT
I DID wash two bedroom windows; .... it was one of my wishes.

(2010?)

Bri Edwards

White…… [Using The Word WHITE; A Little About Me And About Other Things]

Some would say my skin is white. My wife, she calls it pink.
White is the "color" of this page that I'm trying to fill with ink.
"Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes" is a history quote.
Whitecaps are large waves that may sometimes sink a boat.

To whitewash can mean to "cover up", to make something seem not so bad.
Egg whites are used in Angel Food Cake, a favorite of my Dad.
White hats were worn by cowboy "heroes" while villains all wore black.
Whiteheads are pimples people sometimes get on the face or back.

White is the house where our president lives in Washington D.C..
A deep blanket of white snow can cause skiers and kids both to jump with glee.
Years ago I donated white blood cells; now all I give are red.
If I awake and all people have white wings, I guess I'll know I'm dead.

Bri Edwards

Who Put The Vacuum Cleaner Away? .....[Old age; Marriage; Humor]

I biked to Radio Road yesterday while my wife vacuumed house.
When I got back she was at computer, ...quiet as a mouse.
I did a little chore or two outside before starting late day routine.
I read to my wife as she fixed the evening meal. I'm sure the house was clean.

Sometimes when she vacuums, I find the vacuum left in my way.
Then, if she's finished, I help..... by putting it in its place. Hey!
Yesterday I found no vacuum left about. My wife is getting better.
The progress of my feet (through our house) no vacuum cord did fetter.

So it was a minor shock to me what my wife said this morning.
[It wasn't a world-shaking statement, but I had no real warning.]
She said 'thank you for putting vacuum cleaner away.' Something like that at least.
It was nothing I expected to hear from her....at our late morning feast.

[Our conversation then went something like this; I will paraphrase.]

He: 'no I didn't put it away sweetheart. Are you in a daze? '
She: 'no I'm not in a daze my dear. I'd not store it that way.'
He: 'wife, I'm not kidding you. If I'd done it I would say.'
She: 'I don't put it under the seat that way. I'd have left it neater.'
He: 'I'll challenge you to a senility test.' [I think that I could beat her.]
She: 'I'm really worried about you Bri. Who will care for you? '
Don't you remember putting it away? Please Bri, tell me true.
He: I'm telling you the truth dear wife. Why would I lie to you? '
Ok, sometimes I'm forgetful, but at times you are too.'
She: I did not put it away. I would not leave the lace on the seat askew.'
He: 'I love you dear wife. Maybe I did do it....., but I think you did....I do.'

Bri Edwards

Why Are There Sharks? ..... [my wife's question; creation of animals; philosophy?]

My wife asked me the other day
“Dear, why do sharks exist? ”
To try to answer that now,
all my brain’s power I must enlist.
But the other day I chose a coward’s answer
to the question, vexing.
I said “the sharks dispose of weak and injured prey”
while keeping muscles flexing.

NOW I believe that was a stupid answer,
though that’s some of what sharks do.
To the question “why do sharks exist”,
that is not at all an answer true.

[At least I don’t think it is.]

Some will say sharks exist
“because God was in a “MOOD” that day”.
Some will say “to provide thrills and chills
on movie screens”. Some will say.
Some will say “because when Mother Nature built them,
She was going through.....menopause”.
But after giving this question ALL the power
of my brain, I say “JUST BECAUSE”.

[That’s what I say.]

(August 28,2013)

Bri Edwards

Why I Can't Make A Smooth Conversation.....[Misunderstanding; Marriage; Personal]

This poem's title, as well as its main points, come, NOT from 'the mouth of this horse', but, instead, come from a person very close to me, who wishes to be called the 'unnamed source'.
She and I were discussing my more recent involvement in the poems of me and others.
She says poetry is 'great because' I (me) can't have an argument with my poetry 'sisters and brothers'.
(Little does she know! ! She HAS underestimated me; I think, that she HAS, is true.
I ask you, poets and poetry fans, wouldn't you let me argue with YOU?)

She thinks of a poem as a non-conversation. In a way it is at that.
I wonder. Would she prefer to have her and me just spout poems, and keep our conversing 'under our hat'?
Sure our conversations often do lead to what she (not me) tends to call 'arguments'. But I would argue with her, till my dying day....., that they're NOT arguments at all.
They are mostly misunderstandings....., miscommunications that cause her so much stress.
She THINKS she 'wears the pants' in this family. And, in AT LEAST one way that is true; I ALMOST never see her wear a dress.

She claims I 'look for an argument'. I could REALLY argue THOSE damning words.
She says 99% of the time I miss the point! [I think her pronouncements are turds!]
She says, when I 'miss the point', I talk of 'something else'. How dare she say all that! ?
According to 'her', all my siblings would take her side; 'THEY know' what she means.
// I smell a RAT! !

And she said my three ex-wives would agree with her as well;
why else did my first three marriages end up in marital Hell?
But then she thought a bit about what she said about my exes (a teacher, a secretary, and a tart) ,
and then she said 'Maybe wife number 3 would NOT agree with me. SHE really wasn't THAT smart! '

Bri Edwards

Why I'm A Stress-causer For My Wife...[Personal; Humor? ; Marriage]

I'm preparing my wife for all those battles with others ahead in her life
by causing her stress now, to develop her coping skills. I love my wife.
Oh no! I'm not the normal husband who will say ' yes dear…whatever you say';
instead I respond: 'what makes you say that? ' or 'it's lots better to do it my way.'

Oh sure. It would be easier for me to always be calm, to be my natural weak self,
but I'm exceptional in my behavior; I'm not a husband off the 'normal' shelf.
So I'll keep on pretending to not understand and not cooperate, and not agree.
It's just and act I do for my dear wife's own good; .....it's really not the 'real' me.

(Dec.2010)

Bri Edwards

Why Keep On Living? ....[LONG; Personal; End-of-Life Choices]

This may not my typical poem be... because
I don't plan to use much rhyming.... you wait and see!

As my wife is away in Japan
and I hold down the fort....
watering plants, doing outdoor chores, paying bills....
I ask myself.....again...why keep living?

It's kind of a depressing question as it implies
that I don't enjoy life enough to want to keep living
or I feel there is a good reason to die.
Neither position is exactly what's in my mind.

It's not that I feel any god-commanded mandate,
or even, exactly, a human mandate to keep living....
though I have been coerced by both my daughter
and my wife to stay alive for now.
(Shannon wants her as-yet-unborn children to 'know' me;
my wife wants to die before I do; I'm not sure why.)

I'm 61 and relatively healthy. My wife encourages good health. I don't WANT to die,
exactly, though there are times
when I think death would be 'nice'.
Death could be 'easier' than living.
I sometimes say I feel I use too many resources, etc..
(my wife says I eat too much.)

Call me 'lazy' if you will. .....I sometimes (rarely)
lie in bed on my back, feel exceptionally relaxed,
and think.....
'if death were like this I would welcome it.'
[And maybe it is.]

Don't get my wrong. I have a good life as lives go.
I feel 'blessed' to be: male, white, a 'good' height
and weight (I think) , modestly attractive, healthy,
raised Christian (though no longer) , heterosexual,
financially secure, Anglo-Saxon, 'middle (lower) class',
relatively intelligent, living in America, and having
(I think) good common sense. I had a safe,
educated upbringing. I have a lovely and loving daughter.
And, most of all, I have a lovely and loving wife.

Not that I feel being 'male, white' etc. makes
me 'better' than other people. I DON'T! Really.
But, given my surroundings, I believe the above
conditions have been advantageous for my life .....
for my comfort, well-being....whatever one calls it.

So why would I even consider ending my life voluntarily?
Good question! !
Well....from time to time since I was in my twenties
I have had moments of mild depression....[nothing to seek medical help for you understand....
Thank God! ....even though I don't believe in God;
I don't really not believe in God either. Growing up
going to church and Sunday school was pleasant
enough usually....especially the candy for kids at X-mas eve church services!]
The 'mild depression' would come at times when I
had no female partner with whom I could share...share life, share meals, share bedtime, etc..
At other times I've gotten depressed when a relationship
I'm in seems to be crumbling. Oh no!
'I'm not accepted for what I am (an imperfect man...is that redundant?) .;
Where do I go from here? ; I could be lonely again.;
I really want a woman to love me and be loved, albeit 'imperfectly', by me.'

SO, at times depression brought on by 'insufficient' love has
made me doubt the worth of continued living.

Also, within the last 10 to15 years, I have had
environmental doubts about the worth of continuing to live.
There are too many people on earth for the available
resources to sustain them in a comfortable fashion.
OR...the resources are not divided in such a way to
provide a comfortable life for all.

People are living too long! ! (read on)

'Doom and gloom' in the news, casts doubt on the future of mankind.
'Global warming', war, disease, hunger, crime,
bankruptcy, foreclosures, pollution, joblessness, terrorism,
lack of healthcare, unwed mothers (and fathers) ,
adult-children and grandchildren moving
in with parents and grandparents, religious + ethnic strife ….
NEED I say more? Not that these events are ALL new to mankind.

I have led a pretty good and complete life.
Now my main reasons for living are to share life with my wife
and to try to help others in small ways.....
as a financial supporter of 'worthy causes',
as a friend to some people as lucky as I am, and
as a friend to some others who are less-advantaged.

I like to think when my body dies I die completely
except as a memory in some peoples' minds,
and perhaps as part of someone else's body through organ/tissue donation..

I do feel, or like to think that, some people will miss me ….
some might even be saddened for more than a day if I were to die.
But I believe those people would be few and far between.
And I feel they should be able to do fine without me in time.

(and my insurance beneficiaries would prosper)

(9-2-2009)

3

Bri Edwards

Wishes For My Future.....[Short; Personal]

To bring my marriage to a pleasant, successful end…
To be, for a few, a true and tolerable friend…
To help someone every day of my life…
To see a world (fat chance! !) without any strife…

To not live too long and not live too poorly…
To eat a healthy diet but have some sweets, surely…
To have health care 'as needed', but not too often…
To have those who oppose me, to me their hearts soften…

To 'see' my only child, Shannon, enjoy life and succeed…
To hear of more people sharing, and fewer with greed…
To grow a few veggies and see lots of birds…
To amuse myself and others as I make poems from words

(Nov.2010)

Bri Edwards

With….. [with this and with that; a poem written 'by mistake']

“Accompanied by”, “joined to”, “in addition to “: these “WITH” does mean.
Chocolate layer cake WITH ice cream (flavored by vanilla bean):
she came down WITH a cold; at least that’s what she told her boss;
a roasted duck breast WITH potatoes and orange or cherry sauce.

I meant to write about “WHITE”, but I wrote “WITH” by mistake.
Golden french fries WITH catsup, WITH strawberry milkshake;
I like when she is WITH me, in our comfy bed at night;
warm apple pie, WITH a slice of cheese, right now sounds awfully right.

I could go on and on WITH “WITH-lines' to keep from being bored.
Her mind was filled WITH a morbid thought before she pulled ripcord;
you may be shocked the previous line is WITHout a reference to food;
if you think that I’m so regimented, then I think you’re rather rude.

(11-26-2010)

Bri Edwards

Y I Write..... [Why I write (poetry especially) : Personal; Fairly short]

I write 4 myself most of all....., and
I write 2 keep my brain on the ball.
I write 2 amuse myself and maybe U.
I write when I can't think of something better 2 do.
I write 2 keep myself from eating 2 much.
I write when the weather is nasty with rain and such.
I write 2 keep me from bothering certain people with talking.

I've written 2 some women; I did not consider it stalking.
I've written 2 wish another person a happy day.
I've written in case anyone wants 2 read what I've got 2 say.

I hope I can write for as long as I'm able to breathe.....,
to make a joke, send some news, or a long story weave.

(Jan.2013)

Bri Edwards

Yakkity-yak.....[very Short; History; Humor]

A yak's a large cow found in Asia,
somewhere it gets cold, not Malaysia,
near Polo's route of silk
(he stopped for yak milk) .
Don't get it? Don't let it faze ya.

(2-10-06)

Bri Edwards

You

You Are The Last Month Of Long Days

It's been a kick to frolic on a sunny eve,
each arm bared, with no long sleeve,
the sunshine lasting till almost nine or ten,
but this will be short; i'm out of ink in my pe

Bri Edwards

You Are The Last Month Of Long Days ..... [JUST FOUR (4) LINES IN THIS ONE]

It's been a kick to frolic on a sunny eve,
each arm bared, with no long sleeve,
the sunshine lasting till almost nine or ten,
but this will be short; I'm out of ink in my pe

(February 8,2014)

Bri Edwards

Zebra's Striped Ensemble.....[Humor; Nature; Short]

2009 Version:

Who Asked The Zebra 'Plaid or Stripe? '
Though 'Big Game' fashion critic does snipe,
proud Zebra does not mind;
if grass he can find.....,
he goes on with routine with no gripe.

2012 Version:

Though her critics may growl and snipe,
the Zebra cares not.....
that Plaid is the fashion this season, not Stripe.
She pays the critics no mind
as long grass she can find,
and goes on with routine with no gripe.

Bri Edwards