

Poetry Series

Dave Tanguay

- poems -

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Dave Tanguay (Nov.8,1948)

Dave was born on Nov.8,1948 in Westbrook, Maine The 10th. child of a family of eleven children, served in Vietnam, in 1968, Became active with the youth, peace movement of the'60s, on completion of military service.(Still belives in the young)

'Love is but the discovery of ourselves in others, and the delight in the recongnition' Alexander Smith

[email address] {davesplace@suwanneevalley.net}

"Is it"- all In the Game? (commentary)

Vice president Charles Dawes: who served under Calvin Coolidge from 1925 to 1929, had a hobby of writing books and songs. He composed a song in 1912 titled: "It's all in the game." Later in 1951 Carl sigman (songwriter) added lyrics to it. In 1958, Tommy Edwards (singer) made it a no one hit when he introduced it on the Ed Sullivan Show.

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'The dissenter is every human being at those moments of his life when he resigns momentarily from the herd and thinks for himself.'" Archibald Macleish

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Yes through the history of our nation, we Americans have always viewed our way of life as a game. After leaving a rebellious adolescence of attempting to make sense of this crazy world we live in, failing of course to succeed in this task. In addition, to be told all our young lives to grow up. We come to a decision in our lives to join the rest of the world in the game called life.

Surely all generations have their old sayings, such as "If you can't lick them, join them." Actually we are not entering a plea of guilty for our asinine behavior when we were young, but rather accepting a plea bargain of immaturity, for a lesser sentence.

We give ourselves a premature analysis for our abnormal behavior, the social make-up in society, which include psychiatrist, clergy, teachers, and of course our parents. The ones we have loved, and trusted all our lives for answers, as to how we are to function as a people.

Therefore, not all these well-adjusted and well-respected citizens in society can possibly be wrong. So we conclude: "It must be me, " and so again conformity wins the battle.

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John Kennedy said about conformity, [quote] "Conformity is he jailer of freedom, and the enemy of growth."

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Oh sure the game isn't all that bad, it can be fun, and rewarding, it can bring us happiness, and challenges. The saddest part of being on the winning side of the game is to discard the compassion we had in our youth for the people in our live

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"You can stand tall without standing on someone. You can be a victor without having victims." Harriet Woods

~~~~~

The empathy, which came natural to us as children, has faded from our consciences. The indifference we have accepted in our attitude towards life can even make us popular among others. For everybody loves a winner, and hates a loser. However if there were no losers, there would be no winners. In addition, the losers are not always the bad guy's.

Darwin's theory of survival of the fittest, although misinterpreted in western civilization for over a hundred and fifty years, has been a source of controversial theories, introduced into our educational curriculum, which has been a major grounds for a great deal of the corruption in our society.

Leading us to believe we are a species of refined animals. The emphasis in life is on our personal lives: Psychiatrist, even clergy, will emphasize the fact we are live our lives concerned mainly about our personal mental well-being, and the salvation of our own

personal souls. As far as the rest of the world, using every shrewd angle possible, to say simply, "Go to hell! "

Americans are not a bad people; no child in the world is born bad. Our nurturing, and how we relate and adapt to society is how our personality is derived. If we are lead to believe, our nature, our body, (as we know it,) is an evolved and refined animal, then we live our lives as such. However we do not look into the essence of our nature, were our true identity lies,

We want to be a part of society we want to belong. The lives we live, all the stylish clothes, fancy automobiles, luxurious homes, formal educations, important positions, are all a means of hiding what we share in common with all of humanity.

We believe we have evolved from simple cave people, to a modern superior being with high intelligence. Certainly we don't live in caves anymore. However, our environment: of skyscrapers, automobiles, all the modern conveniences that make us feel we, as human beings have come along way, are here because our cave men are still here.

They still toil at hard labor to build our skyscrapers; they work on assembly lines to help produce our automobiles. They come into our homes to repair our convenient appliances we take for granted.

We do not want them as role models for our children; we may not even see them in the churches we attend on Sunday. They may go to a bar to have a few drinks and unwind. They may not understand all the words they hear politicians use in their speeches.

However, if we were relate to these cave men, as we did when we were children, whose hearts did not need to evolve. We would still recognize and feel: the real, true love, within, God gave them, when he created them. Then maybe we could find a true meaning in our lives

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"Love doesn't make the world go' round. Love is what makes the ride worthwhile'  
Franklin P Jones

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When vice president Dawes composed the song: "it's all in the game, " and Tommy Edwards made in a no. one hit back in the 50's, we could relate to life as a game better then, than we can today.

For we all loved and believed in our country, most of us had strong religious beliefs, and relied on our faith in God to cope with all of the confusion, and contradiction we faced in our every day life.

Today God is merely a word: politicians will use to give them more of an image, lawyers and prosecutors, will use the word in a courtroom, to move a jury, in order to win their case. To make an actor look good in a drama, or to make a comedian look cute in a comedy scene, the expression: "Oh my God! " is often used.

They main point in this commentary, is not to convert a person into becoming a religious fanatic. For even the bible will not give you all the answers, in coping with today's society... Of course, bills, and responsibilities, can keep us trapped in our realistic world.

However if we could find the time to take a moment, and really look at our selves, and see some of the mistakes we made in our lives. By looking at our own lives more closely, this will help us cope, and understand others a little differently, and compassionately. "It helped me to see and understand the world, and its people, with more clarity".

By living beyond our biological nature, and utilizing the core of our spiritual nature, for even a nonbeliever of a higher power, will detach themselves from the lifestyle of animals that confront their realistic world. By simply calling themselves human, should indeed be enough verification why they seldom have a natural urge, to swing from the trees they claim the descended from.

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"Love is but the discovery of ourselves in others, and the delight in the recognition."  
Alexander Smith

"Try it! Why not? It's free"

8/13/06

Dave Tanguay

## **A child born to fulfill all of our dreams (A story)**

'Without leaps of imagination, or dreaming, we lose the excitement of possibilities. Dreaming, after all, is a form of planning' Gloria Steinem

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Over two hundred years ago, men of vision, wisdom, and daring, with a dream to make a more perfect world to live in, conceived into reality a newborn child. A child born free and independent from any foreign rule, or decree

Nurtured with love, and understanding by her many diverse parents. For her parents were the citizens of this nation. The people, who plow her earth, build her cities, sail her waters, make her laws, govern themselves, and protect her from her enemies.

A people, whose blood, sweat, and tears, consecrated the very ground we walk on. A land where one could dare to dream and see their dreams come true, a nation of immigrants united by a common belief in freedom

Her constitution: the result of bold new ideas from men with a profound belief that all men were created equal, has served her people with a just cause. For her laws insured to every one of her citizens the freedom to live the life they choose with the only provision being to live within her laws. Unconsciously all previous generations were a part of a dream concealed within us all. The dream within all human beings, to live in true emancipation, where peace, love, and unity will prevail, and the uniting of the world will become a reality.

Unfolding before our very eyes is the beginning of the impossible dream within us all. The dream where so many worked, struggled, sacrificed, and died for its fulfillment. This dream will become a reality when the divine interaction, which gave it life, and has been living in all of us since the beginning of time, is complete.

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"I look forward confidently to the day when all who work for a living will be one with no thought to their separateness as Negroes, Jews, Italians or any other distinctions. This will be the day when we bring into full realization the American dream - a dream yet unfulfilled. A dream of equality of opportunity, of privilege and property widely distributed; a dream of a land where men will not take necessities from the many to give luxuries to the few; a dream of a land where men will not argue that the color of a man's skin determines the content of his character; a dream of a nation where all our gifts and resources are held not for ourselves alone, but as instruments of service for the rest of humanity; the dream of a country where every man will respect the dignity and worth of the human personality." Martin Luther King Jr.

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"Imagine all the people living life in peace. You may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one. I hope someday you'll join us, and the world will live as one." John Lennon

9/20/06

Dave Tanguay

A Different Outlook on Psychology (Viewpoint)

(A personal note of criticism in dealing with the science of psychology)

. I do not believe in wasting valuable time, attempting to understand the complexity of the human mind. I leave such an assignment, to the only one qualified with such authority, the creator himself.

I believe most abnormalities in the human species, are due to social conditions. Not through a mental disorder, but through a heart disorder called love. I believe an individual who has no difficulty adjusting quite well to a truly disturbed society, lacks, or conceals compassion in their lives.

I have also noticed, many psychiatrists define the effect of the abnormality, and not the cause. In addition, psychiatrists investigate the history of an individual's personal life, trying to locate the source of the disorder. "Is society so perfect, it cannot possibly bear some of the blame, and responsibility, for any abnormal behavior? "

The declaration of independence proclaims that, "All men are created equal" Although true, biologically, this is not a factor in the composition of the essence of their nature. If this were true, we would not have so many conflicting views on every subject known to man.

John Kennedy said: [quote] "Conformity is the jailer of freedom and the enemy of growth" [unquote] if we would be unafraid to be our selves, and to speak our own mind.

("To see what is right, and not to do it, is want of courage or of principle."
Confucius

We see in the maladjusted, a little of ourselves. The basis for our understanding their behavior is recognizing their feelings, from our own feelings. The only difference is, they have the courage to reveal their feelings, and we do not.

"We all have our little corner of the world we hide in; we all go along with the flow. We are all patients, on this mental institution called "planet earth."

"I put my two cents in; on this issue. I guess that's how we pay for our ride."

Dave Tanguay

A few Quotes (Quotations)

- * It's a wise man who speaks with his heart.
And a fool who speaks with his mind.
- * Let your conscience be your guide,
And your heart be your voice.
- * Some of us explore the world to seek riches and treasures.
While the greatest treasure of all, burns in our hearts.
- * Mixing intelligence with ignorance, is like mixing scotch with whiskey. The outcome is
always a painful hangover.
- * Psychology is for people who do not have love.
If you have love, you do not need psychology.
- * Do not ask me if I believe in God.
However, you do need to ask God, if he believes in you.
- * To live with God, is not to obey his rules.
However, to believe in your heart, his rules are righteous.
- * "Freedom"- is serving your fellow man.
- * "We the people" If politicians would use the words
"We will" more often, instead of "I will" then maybe
We could get things done.
- * What we learn in life, is far more precious, than what we learn in schools.
- * What we learn in our universities, can make us wealthy and famous.
What we learn in life can make us wise and loving.
- * Peace of mind can only begin with a positive belief, and outlook on life.
- * Those living eccentrically in a society which holds reality
(as we know it) to be the only truth are those distinguished with human
characteristics, for their eccentric behavior is a result from inhabiting a barbaric state.

10/13/06

Dave Tanguay

A home away from home (A vietnam experience)

This is not a poem, only a short story a tour in Vietnam

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We arrived in Danang, South Vietnam in Dec of 1967, a whole bunch of us boots fresh out of boot camp. From there we all went our separate ways. My m.o.s. (military occupational specialty) was 0341, which is a part of the infantry, "mortars" to be more specific.

From Danang I was put on a C-130 (cargo plane) to a base up north by the d.m.z. (demilitarized zone) The name of the base was "The rock pile" being a Johnny Cash fan, I found singing to myself one of his big hits "On this old rock pile" quite fitting for the occasion. Especially when I got to the lyrics, "I've got to do my time" it was the beginning of a long 13-month tour of duty in this forsaken land.

I was hoping I would be assigned to 81 m.m. mortars, because being assigned to 81's, meant only going out on battalion size operations. This of course meant a lot of skating, (slack) but no such luck. I was assigned to 60-mike mike's (millimeter mortars) so I was no better off than a regular grunt, we went out on all co. size operations even platoon patrols. (60 mm mortars were a lot smaller than the 81's this is the reason the 60's were right out there in the thick of it all.)

I was assigned to kilo co.3/9 (3rd. battalion 9th. marine regiment) this was going to be my family, my home away from home for the next 13 months. Meeting for the first time fellow marines who would become like brothers to me. For we were together at all times. The only thing that would separate us was when one of us would be the lucky one who's R&R (rest and recuperation) would come up. Each one of us was entitled to one R&R during our tour. Then a week in a civilized country where we had so much fun we had to come back to Nam to recuperate from our recuperation. Ha ha

Of course, we were separated on other occasions as well. Our co was engaged in several firefights. (Making contact with the enemy) We lost many good, young, brave men in battle. However fortunately my mortar outfit only suffered wounded casualties, we never lost a life in our closely-knit family. My best friend William Hench (we called him Max) was a scrawny but tough, warm hearted, and comical friend to us all. He would often make us laugh by doing things like dunking his head under water while we were crossing a river.

We spent most of our time in the field. All it took was a call to the captain, from the rear with orders for our next venture. Then the captain would yell out "saddle up." Which meant putting our packs on our backs getting our weapons ready and then we waited for helicopters to pick us up and drop us off, who knows where?

We did get news about what was going on back in the world (The U.S.) occasionally. I remember coming off operation Kentucky when we got the scoop about the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King jr. in '68, then not to long after that another assassination, this time Bobby Kennedy. (There was a war going on back home as well in the 60's)

Every now and then, some reporters would come out and speak to us. We avoided speaking to reporters, from orders given to us, and we were good marines who followed orders. None of us believed we were wrong for being over there. However, I believe we were living and fighting from a common bond of unity rather than a true commitment of believing we were fighting for country, freedom, all the virtues, which

inspired the heroes of World War 1, and 11.

Close to 60,000 young, brave, and patriotic men died in Vietnam. Was the war necessary, were we right to be over there? President Johnson and Nixon may have had cards they were not showing which would reveal justification and reason for the war back then. I only trust the true reason whatever it may have been was justifiable. I do not want to believe all those innocent lives lost were for no greater cause than a simple political game, played by mindless politicians.

9/17/06

Dave Tanguay

## **A Labor Day tribute (the role of the American worker)**

Labor Day is a holiday in America, which does not single out any one individual; it signifies the contributions, made by the silent heroes of our land. A dedication to the creator who fulfills all of our dreams, the backbone of our nation, where nothing would be possible without the strenuous task provided by the people that we call the "American worker."

To give some thought of the role of the working class. Our political leaders, our military leaders, our Supreme Court justices, do not know them by name. The social register of wealthy folks may drop their names.

However their legacy lives on today, in every man woman or even child who has ever had the courage to work with callused hands, can humble themselves to their God, give thanks for their next meal. Offer a helping hand to their neighbor, and open their door to a stranger in need.

Yes, our nation has many heroes; the ones not recognized are the ones who build the schools our children attend. The churches we worship in, they work on assembly lines to produce our automobiles. Protecting our environment every time we flush our toilets are workers constructing our sewer systems, on the receiving end. Some of us enjoy a penthouse view. I personally have never had the opportunity to view a city from the top of a building with a penthouse view; I can only imagine looking out at New York City, and seeing skyscrapers reaching to the heavens. All those bricks lay down with such perfection. Tell me man didn't create such a masterpiece, did he? It seems like an impossible task for any mortal being to construct.

A political leader makes the front-page headlines smiling for the cameras from a platform where he announced victory at the poles. However, one of the votes cast for him came from a worker who worked overtime to see to it his platform would be ready for him to deliver his speech.

Doing all the dirty work when threatened with natural disasters such as floods and hurricanes are workers risking their lives to restore us to the way of life we are accustomed to living. We cheer frantically at our favorite sports legends from the bleachers build by guess who? The working man who else, the luxurious million dollar homes which make business tycoons feel like Gods, are build by men who may be late making their next car-payment.

Yes, I'm proud to be the son of a working man. Never singled out for their achievements, were the fathers of some many of us. Only known as ordinary workers, for their deeds were never for show. I believe each one of them have their own personal glory for their job in life. Their work was never about them it was always for love of family, God, and country. In this country, this is what Labor Day stands for "The American worker" How it should be observed? "I can't speak for anybody else, but I'm going to offer my labor to a neighbor who needs a fence built on his property."

Not only a worker or the son of a worker knows how important the working people are. Any civilization in the world could not possibly exist without the, blood, sweat, and tears, shed by the working class.

"A hundred times a day I remind myself that my inner life and outer life are based on the labors of others" Albert Einstein

Labor Day is not a Holliday, which brings much excitement to many people, however

the deeds accomplished by the working men and women I believe would justify this Holliday as second to none other than Christmas. For the Lord also got his start working with his hands as a carpenter. However, like the Lord, whose holiday is recognized as the gift-giving season, perhaps that's the way he wants it. His sacrifice was for us, not for him; can there be any closer bond or caparisoned to the Lord than the working man?

"If hard work was such a wonderful thing, surely the rich would have kept it all to themselves." Lane Kirkland

"God bless and thank-you for the working class."

8/26/06

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Dave Tanguay

## **A thought for 9/11 (poem)**

What was accomplished with the destruction on that fatal day?  
Another false ideology by those who claim to God they pray

No different than hypocrites in this country who respond with hate  
To add to the killing, the only thing gained is the mortality rate

Why don't people have the courage, to speak what they feel?  
To follow ones heart - is the only way a nation can heal

I believe the Lord said - love thy neighbor, not - do as thy neighbor  
To receive respect we must earn it with the ways of our behavior

What is real and what is unreal - two different words but the same Meaning  
For what we are, is not our true being, but a result of what society is Demanding

Courage is not to show the world the creature you truly are not  
It is to be the true American that lives within you - which so many have Forgot

(I relied on the motto of a childhood hero of mine before writing this poem)  
Davy Crockett said, "When you know your right, go ahead"

9/11/06

Dave Tanguay

### **A thought for Memorial Day (poem)**

A nation born from war, for the 'purpose' of establishing freedom  
A nation divided in war, in an 'attemp' to fullfill the goal of freedom

A nation engaged in world wars, in the 'task' of preserving freedom  
A nation policing the world, in the 'pursuit' of freedom

So many young men, and women dying, for the 'cause' of freedom  
Let us remember those who paid the ultimate 'price', - for freedom

AND DEAR GOD, Please tell us! - 'WHAT'! - is freedom?

5/29/06

Dave Tanguay

**A thought to begin each day (poem)**

'This poem was written by a friend of mine who lost his eye-sight a few years ago. However he hasn't lost his vitality for life. He can see quite well from a hidden eye most of us sighted people have but never use.'

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As you go about each day
Take some time to laugh and play
Sing a song and tell some jokes
Share a tale and be kind to folks
Learn a little and care a lot
Don't be envious of what others got
Love your parents and sister too
And the life you lead will be good to you

By Les Bennett

9/19/06

Dave Tanguay

A true description of freedom

A description of true freedom

Let's use an ocean cruise on an ocean liner as our scenario we are cruising along peaceful waters, enjoying our journey along the way. Some well to do are gambling in the casino some are having a few drinks and socializing with friends. We are all enjoying ourselves leaving our trust to the Captain who is in command of our safe journey from one port to another.

The Captain has given us free reign of the ship but of course has also established laws we must abide by on our journey, which will protect all the passengers on the ship. This ship is not only for the privileged for all walks of life have their own cabin to retire to after a day of going about their daily routine.

Then lightning strikes, the winds roar, the sea is tossing those aboard the ship into panic. Screams are shouted to the heavens save us! The Captain hears the screams and knows he is the one in command. The fate of the passengers lies in his hands. There is no time to pray he shouts his orders to all his crew. A crew whom he knows he can trust to carry out every detail with the calmness of their faith. They know indeed their Captain although acts as though he were on his own, is guided by heavenly direction.

All doing their job so brilliantly until the storm has passed. As the ship sails once more safely on its journey. The passengers praise the Captain for guiding them safely to shore. But wait this doesn't describe freedom this describes tyranny. For no one man can take control it takes all united and working together. As it was written in the beginning "We the people"

Scenarios such as these have always united us, however we need not storms to bring us together all we truly need is to ask ourselves where do we go from here? And begin working for tomorrow, if you're too damn old to change then go ahead and live your life just look into the future of those you leave behind.

11/11/08

Dave Tanguay

A world government! Why not? (commentary)

Over two hundred years ago, didn't men with a bold new ideology of freedom fulfill the dreams of so many by establishing into reality a nation with the intent of uniting all peoples of the world with truths they held as self-evident that all men were created equal?

For what is an American but a foreigner from a distant land with beliefs, of their own on how they should worship, and live their own lives. Here in America we have come to respect our neighbor for their beliefs although they may differ from ours. It has worked here in America as a nation with laws set forth not by a supreme ruler, however by mortal men and women using only the diversity of the thoughts and opinions established by reason and justice to create laws that would apply to all human beings.

The greatness in which our own nation was so conceived could also be possible in the establishment of a new world order. Using the same principles in which our present day constitution was created. In forming a constitution for the world to live by, with a preamble beginning with the words "We the people of the world"

This was the purpose of the United Nations; however, the concept of a world government is as old as time itself. It has always been the dream of all human beings. Jesus Christ himself preached of a united world. Those in battle during wars often so many of them died with the final words "why" all the prejudices we have known in our country were not acts of hate, only ignorance. We do not have to learn how to love but rather find the love we all possess but sometimes do not or simple do not have the time to do the soul searching within us.

We as a people must all come to a stop! Look at each other! Then begin living amongst ourselves, with a mutual understanding. Here in the U.S.A. when we become agitated by the actions of our neighbor, or others who may cause some sort of conflict in our lives... We often come out with the words. "I'm going to call the cops on you" Or another well-known saying "I'm going to sue you for every cent you've got"

Do you see what we all have in common even during heated differences? When we use the term "I'm going to call the cops on you" we are referring to those who enforce the laws we live under. When we say "I'm going to sue you" we are referring once again to laws that can work for us to solve our differences. We all fall back on the backbone of our nation to settle our differences.

In some kind of world order or government, we could settle our differences in similar ways rather than killing each other, although killing is often a means for some people, who settle their difference by going against established law. However to enlist an army to fight in combat for reasons not even clear to them, other than being a native of the country they were born in, and so happens to be at war.

For even during the civil war in our own country, very few of the northerners were fighting to free the slaves, and very few southerners were fighting to keep slavery alive. To those doing all the fighting it was mainly a war between the states. The Yankees against the Rebels, the politicians may have had their own reasons however the people as always were fighting for their homeland.

Even if it should someday happen, we should unite under a world order. There would still be the almighty dollar we would be dealing with. For in our country today money has infested our lives to a degree in which we have nearly lost all of our sense of

humanity. Oh sure we are still far from John Lennon's ideal world he sings of in his big hit "Imagine" back in the 60's, but can't we begin somewhere, sometimes, to take the first step on the road to living beyond our crude nature. Towards living the life, we as human beings were truly intended to live. The life our creator sincerely put us on this world to live.

10/03/06

Dave Tanguay

And the Lord said 'Let there be voters, and all the fish arose from the sea

Another election coming around, politicians again
Are practicing their smile
They want our vote they'll promise us, the world will
Be - at our command
Yes, they'll shake our hands, pat our backs, and truly
Walk the additional mile
Their opponent they say is no damn good, only they
Can truly understand

Speeches delivered with so much commitment, they
Have us all under their spell
They have us believing this one is real; he certainly
Wouldn't kiss my baby and lie with those, same tender
Lips.
Cheering them on waving frantically we've done it now
This one is worth a mighty yell
O.K. they've won me over, calm down now relax I've
Got to come to grips

Election Day has arrived I'm the first one at the poles,
This one I trust and happily cast my vote
Driving to work, I sing a tune and offer a prayer my man
Will come through and win
After my day's work is through at home, the local news
Declared him the winner, time to relax with and have a
Tote.

FOUR YEARS LATER

The man I cast my vote for on that Nov. day four years ago.
The man I had no doubt would come through
All those promises of a brighter future, health care, lower
Taxes, and a social security plan
Were carried out indeed he lives in a mansion, pays no taxes,
And has a million dollar retirement plan, all his dreams have
Come true
All he accomplished legally, was stop my weed, for no taxes
Were collected, so the pot he did ban

But wait this is election year, he has made his fortune of the
Backs of us fools
Now he can travel at government expense live the rest of his
Life on the taxpayer's payrole
They'll be another to take his place, with fresh ideas, offering
Us all new hope, he learned In all those private schools
They say it's the American way, but this time I'll grab my bedroll
And hang on to my bankroll

Live on the streets with all the honest bums, and thieves that tell
You were their coming from
I won't be fooled again by some sleazy smooth talking politician
Who truly belongs in cage

I'll take my chances with those who only steal to stay alive, on the outskirts of the
jungle ruled by the political scum
Today's society is free for all. You have it all until you reach what
They call the voting age

10/20/06

Dave Tanguay

Artist and war (poem)

Poets, musicians, painters, sculptors, historians of all sorts,
Allot of them place their feelings of war into their work
Compassion for innocent lives being lost only distorts
Their minds, frustrated by politicians gone berserk

Love controls their hearts and their souls
This creates their work, into an art to behold
We feel what they feel, only try to conceal
For we know what is real, that our hearts will never heal

War has been with us since the beginning of time
Young lives being lost, for no sensible cause
Politicians wash their hands clean of all of the grime
It is not their lives being lost, from these grisly human flaws

Before we set out to kill our brothers in war
From orders given by politicians seeking glory, caring not, -for
Innocent lives being lost
Let us confront our foe with the work of the artist we respect
And adore
They will gladly introduce us to their, - much-loved idols, then all
The politicians, - we can literally toss

4/23/06

Dave Tanguay

As simple as L-O-V-E (poem)

We are born with a natural will to survive-
As we grow, this becomes our primary drive.

We live our lives always- asking why?
By avoiding our curiosity, we are often told- a lie.

Surely there is more to life, then to follow the rules.
For to obey without reason, one could -only be a fool.

To follow our heart, our soul ripens -and blooms.
Take away this freedom, and we live life- in- such gloom.

With freedom we can achieve a lifetime of dreams-
We open the gates to boundless- extremes

We see the comfort in sentimental conservatism
However we must believe in a moral - liberalism

For to live with God's love, is not - to obey - his rules.
But to know in our hearts, they were created as tools

To practice either constituted, or scriptural, law
We all come to the page that states, we must all - withdraw,

When we leave the courtyard, - or- the church -
We have not a script to involve us with - research.

By confronting our neighbor, with what comes from the heart.
We find we are masters, of the oldest - and most- creative- art.

Love worketh no ill to his neighbor, therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law
Bible, Romans ch. X111, V.13

Dave Tanguay

Auld Lang Syne (A commentary)

Being a baby boomer, as a child I remember my elders talking about the good old days. On New Year's Eve, when the traditional Auld Lang Syne, song was sung, I would believe they were referring to an old man, by the name of Langsyne.

Of course the English definition of Auld Lang Syne, is "A Scottish phrase used in recalling recollections of times long since past.' Or 'the good old days'

I remember how our elders would talk about hard times. Being a very young child in the '50's and listening to stories these old men would tell. Living when automobiles were only beginning to be a means of transportation. My imagination would soar! and I could actually feel their experiences! for they told the story so well.

However these were the good old day's to them. And I had no doubt these were real men and women. These were the men and women who gave us what we have today. They did not crumble, or give up on a dream. They endured the obstacles, or literally moved them. For nothing would stand in the way, of their unselfish dreams, to make the world a better place to live in.

How many times have we baby boomers heard from our parents "We didn't have T.V. when we were your age." I remember at the age of 6 when my father bought the family our first television. The wooden frame was huge, but it had a small black and white screen.

We may have been able to obtain 2 stations, and the reception was not always so good. Being only the second family in the neighborhood to have a television, the neighbors would flock over to our house, to watch a movie on this new fangled contraption.

By the time I was 10, most everyone in our neighborhood had one. I remember our favorite series like " I LOVE LUCY" with Lucille Ball, and Desi Arnaz, also 'THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET", with Ricky, and David Nelson.

Of course 2 more big political stars, ran the first presidential television debates in history in 1960 " KENNEDY, and N IXON" I was a Kennedy fan. In fact, he was elected on my 12Th. birthday.

Telling children of the good old day's, and how easy they've got it today, is a natural occurrence, which has been going on since perhaps, the days when cave men would tell their children, " we didn't have fire when I was a kid."

Writing this article on a computer, a computer? Where I've got access to the world at my fingertips! This was only science fiction when I was a kid. To me hearing rumors of electric typewriters, was quite an unbelievable achievement, back then.

Although I suppose our children will tell their children of their good old day's as well. However the generation that raised me, may have sung off key, and perhaps missed a few of the lyrics. but I know in my heart, I will never hear AULD LANG SYNE sung the way I heard it sung, when I was a child.

When the good old days, were! ' THE GOOD OLD DAYS."

Dave Tanguay

Beauty glows from within (poem)

Beauty is alive and all around us
Disguised with such - a distinct finesse

From the real we choose to display the
Artificial
Revealing to the world only the superficial

Beauty glows from deep within
Love needs not - a hiding bin

We fear to reveal what we truly feel
For love is sacred, - so we choose to conceal

Although the heart we can never cover up
We must never sentence love - to - a lock-up

Many have tried to act out - what they truly are not
But no matter how hard they try - they always
Get caught

It hurts - it's true - sometimes to be ourselves
We would rather live like a fool, - than to find oneself

Perhaps it's best to share our best-kept secret
With the one close enough, and whom - we share
Our blanket

It may be divine interaction to be deeply in love,
With only one
For it seems to all come undone, - when it's all said and done

8/12/06

Dave Tanguay

Birthdays (poem)

This poem was written by a friend of mine, who lost his eye-sight a few years ago. However he hasn't lost his vitality for life. He can see quite well from a hidden eye most of us sighted people have but never use.

~~~~~

Birthdays are for memories to look back over the years  
To good times and to bad times and some that bring us tears  
To conjure up those younger days when we were in our youth  
With the simple things we cherished like honesty and truth  
We've all looked back to the years gone by  
With visions of wonder held before our eye  
At what a life we've lived to date  
And questioned whether we have bumbled it,  
Or made it turn out great  
But when all the questions asked  
And we look back at the road we passed  
We couldn't have done much better  
At completing every task

By Les Bennett

8/29/06

Dave Tanguay

## **Dad, what are politics?**

A little boy goes to his dad and asks, 'What are Politics? ' - Dad says, 'Well son, let me try to explain it this way:

- #1. I'm the head of the family, so call me The President.
- #2. Your mother is the administrator of the money, so we call her the Government.
- #3. We're here to take care of your needs, so we'll call you the People.
- #4. The nanny, we'll consider her the Working Class.
- #5. And your baby brother, we'll call him the Future.

'Now, think about that and see if it makes sense.' - So, the little boy goes off to bed thinking about what Dad has said.

Later that night, he hears his baby brother crying, so he gets up to check on him. He finds that the baby has severely soiled his diaper. So, the little boy goes to his parent's room and finds his mother sound asleep. Not wanting to wake her, he goes to the nanny's room. Finding the door locked, he looks in the peephole and finds his father in bed with the Nanny. He gives up and goes back to bed.

The next morning, the little boy says to his father, 'Dad, I think I understand the concept of politics now.' - The father says, 'Good, son, tell me in your own words what you think politics is all about.'

The little boy replies, 'The President is screwing the Working Class, while the Government is sound asleep. The People are being ignored and the Future is in deep shit.'

11/9/06

Dave Tanguay

## Days Goodness (poem)

(This poem was written by a friend of mine who lost his eye-sight a few years ago. However he hasn't lost his vitality for life. He can see quite well from a hidden eye most of us sighted people have but never use.)

~~~~~

Cherish each day as you go through life
Enjoy the fun and forget the strife
See the beauty and remember it long
Keep in your heart a pretty song
Smell the roses and ignore the thorns
Enjoy your friends and forgive their wrongs
Savor the goodness that each day brings
And this life you see will bring wonderful things

By Les Bennett

9/06/06

Dave Tanguay

'Do you think I'll be different when your through! '

They call it the 'NEW HOPE', - a building for those in despair
Yes, they take in the homeless, the mentally ill, and those
With a substance abuse addiction

All sponsored by the wealthy, who believe they offer hope
And tender loving care
Rehabilitating them to become productive members of society
They believe this with the outmost of conviction

BUT masters! what about freedom, my Lord wants me this way
My kind has been around since the beginning of time
For I am the reason he came, a reminder to all who have gone
Astray
You try to hide me from your soul - you do not want to see the
Bum on the street begging for a dime

I'll take your money, but don't tell me you love me, that you want
To help me
I am a soldier of my lord; I have no money, but a - very true - love
For you

Don't look at my clothes, or smirk at my manners you find so
Uncouth
When they see me, they see the world is not just one big game
A reason to feel compassion, and live in search of the truth
I am not the one who needs to be tamed, on the cross my Lord
Took all of the blame

~~~~~

'The title in memory of the great Johnny Cash, singing at San Quentin'

10/15/06

Dave Tanguay

## Fall views (poem)

'This poem was written by a friend of mine who lost his eye-sight a few years ago. However he hasn't lost his vitality for life. He can see quite well from a hidden eye most of us sighted people have but never use.'

~~~~~  
Students have returned to schools
To face the challenge of new rules
Leaves turn slowly from green to brown
Finally falling to the ground
The acorn and chestnut loose their grip
To the ground they fall and some may split
The water slowly changes from green to blue
Everyone seems to have something to do
We've left behind the leisure time of summer
It's hot long days and steamy nights
The place of life hastens toward the place we know
Of short cold days and nights of snow
We watch the daylight hours wane to few
The mercury slips and drops it's level too
We look forward and wander then
Can we make through to spring again
Ah! did we stop and watch the leaf
The bird the beast prepare for winter
Or did we spend our time anticipating
Instead of basking in the time remaining

By Les Bennett

9/20/06

Dave Tanguay

Fall, as a passage of life

"Autumn is a second spring when every leaf is a flower." Albert Camus

A special version of fall: To explain this version of fall one would need to include the other three seasons. For the other three cycles of nature, have a unique purpose of their own which all lead to the interpretation of fall which I present here. Just as a poet uses metaphors in poetry, this is the way I view the seasons leading to fall.

First, the birth of spring a child is born sprouting from its seed, a new youthful, energetic, creation of God and nature. Learning using mother natures means of survival to grow straight and strong. Coming into full bloom and standing on its own.

Then comes the summer, and the trial begins. For life is not free for any of God's creation, all of what has life has its purpose and function. All must contribute doing their part, the only way the world has existed for all of these years, and the only way it can continue to function.

Now comes the fall, some people view a phase of their lives as the "autumn of their years" they are referring to a passage of life we all enter. For our years are matured old and wise, the feeling of a sense of calmness, and serenity, looking back at memorable past, knowing the life we once knew was lived fully and complete. The feeling of contentment and satisfaction, ready for God to cover us with winter's white blanket of snow, for now all four cycles have been completed, but not ended. For come, spring comes the promise and it all begins anew, for life is a continuous cycle, just as the seasons we have accepted as a passage of our lives.

9/22/06

Dave Tanguay

Father forgive them! for they know not what they do

He died on the cross, for me and for you
The son of God, - this I know to be true

The blood shed, washed away - all of our sins
Because of his love, we have all been forgiven

Hope for salvation was given, - on that forsaken day
For all of those - who have been led astray

A whole new chapter unfolds, for all of humanity
For this life sacrificed, brought about Christianity

Although he made it clear - he was sent for all of humankind
Through the son of God, all religions are combined

He said children - look for love, look for me
When you find him, this - is when you hold the key

Easter Sunday is remembered as the day life began
For on the third day he arose, all part of God's master plan

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son
The lord spoke of love! This is the message - the world has Forgotten

4/15/06

Dave Tanguay

Flower Children (poem)

Peace and Love was the sign of the flower child
In the sixties, the young were passive not wild

They believed in peace, love, - giving, and sharing
Often judged, - not by their deeds, but for what they
Were wearing

Their parents were hardcore, most of them survivors of war
Worked hard for their children, to see they were provided for

To them freedom had a whole different meaning,
Found it hard to understand - why their children were
So alienating

Lack of understanding made the young feel as though they
Were caught in a trap
The discrepancy between these age groups, became commonly
Known as the generation gap.

Those involved in this epoch of time, all believed the world was in
Need of a revolutionary change
Their acts of rebellion, were acts of love, divinely prearranged

These baby boomers, with their idealistic dreams
Their hearts overflowing with love; - this is what made
Them gleam

What happened to this generation of peace seeking warriors?
They became doctors, lawyers, actors, and bill collectors

It's a shame from their vision - they had the world beginning
To listen
For the uniting of the world, it seemed, - was about to be
Christen

8/24/06

Dave Tanguay

Four major flaws in the system (poem)

No one- Politics

Vain politicians

Who are they, who choose - to seek a political career?
Those with egos yearning to attain their public premiere

Most of them born with money, influence and prominence
Longing for a position in society to exhibit their dominance

All of them known for a grin, from - ear to ear, - "the logo"- of their profession
Years of practice before the mirror, to master the perfect impression

To survive on their own as normal American citizens - in the land
Would be impossible, for to work - is something they could never understand

No. two-The judicial system

Idiots in the courtroom

See the idiots in the courtroom all battling it out
Lawyers, prosecutors, and judges, all engaged in a title bout

Educated to know the law inside out
To convince a jury - beyond a reasonable doubt

Lawyers do it for the money, prosecutors for the fame
Judges look on; it's all part of the game

Some devote their whole lives, - in study of our Constitution
The foundation we have stood on - since the American Revolution

No. three-Entertainment

The good and the bad

The good and the bad we view on TV
We all live here together, in the land of the free

The good guys all defend, the corrupt - evil empire
We see them all, as heroes - caught - in the crossfire

The role of the bad guys is to play the part of psychological blunders
Have you noticed the way these cops, - come on - as super wonders

No. four-psychology

Mr. Freud

Mr. Freud why have you infested our minds,

And scattered this plaque throughout all of humankind?

You have created a scheme to deal with all misfits
An explanation understood only by those who will profit

Must we need question, each and every act?
You have turned us all, - into a wild savage pact.

Can there be a passion - such as - "a friend"- without any doubt?
You seem not to believe so, - "I believe it is you who lost out"

Conclusion

No better way as of yet

No one has yet come up with a miraculous solution
To deliver us from all of this madness and confusion

Some say - its all is fair - when they choose to compare,
While others - will accept - or just simply don't care

However, we must never deny the critics - from having their say
For this is the reason why, - we celebrate Independence Day

8/28/06

Dave Tanguay

Freedom is to serve (Poem)

Why must we resort to war, when we meet resistance?
Does war give us that much greater assistance?

Our politicians will use the word evil, when they speak of our foe
But our foe, prays to God, and dresses like us, from head to toe.

We are told we must fight for our country, and keep it strong.
Let's face it, we all have our own sense of right and wrong

Freedom is only a word used by mindless politicians
For Americans, freedom has always brought about a coalition

Surely politicians are free, with their positions, wealth, and fame
To them freedom is personal, a whole new ballgame

I believe I speak for all of humankind, when I say 'freedom' is to SERVE
Search through all of man's law's, also all religious law's, to serve Requires LOVE -
this! - is what must be preserved.

Dave Tanguay

From the Institute for Stork Research and Science

“Two different theories exist concerning the origin of children: the theory of Sexual reproduction, and the theory of the stork. Many people believe in the theory of sexual reproduction because they have been taught this theory at school. In reality, however, many of the world's leading scientists are in favor of the theory of the stork. If the theory of sexual reproduction is taught in schools, it must only be taught as a theory and not as the truth. Alternative theories, such as the theory of the stork, must also be taught.

Evidence supporting the theory of the stork includes the following:

1. It is a scientifically established fact that the stork does exist. This can be confirmed by every ornithologist.
2. The alleged human fetal development contains several features that the theory of sexual reproduction is unable to explain.
3. The theory of sexual reproduction implies that a child is approximately nine months old at birth. This is an absurd claim. Everyone knows that a newborn child is newborn.
4. According to the theory of sexual reproduction, children are a result of sexual intercourse. There are, however, several well-documented cases where sexual intercourse has not led to the birth of a child.
5. Statistical studies in the Netherlands have indicated a positive correlation between the birth rate and the number of storks. Both are decreasing.
6. The theory of the stork can be investigated by rigorous scientific methods. The only assumption involved is that children are delivered by the stork. “ Author Unknown

8/10/06

Dave Tanguay

Get real with your child! (psychological view)

(Note: from the author)

"I do not hold a degree in child psychology. Nor do I have any professional training in any field of social work. I do not even have children of my own. My only credentials on this particular subject are my own beliefs, common sense, and most of all my own love."

So many times I have heard a parent say, "I don't know how to explain to my child of the horrible tragedy that occurred" I ask the parent "how did this incident affect you? "

A child is human, not some sort of computer which one carefully and delicately stores information in, and expects the information stored until deleted or modified.

A child's mind is an independent creation of God, which does not receive information directly without first going through the proper channels. If a tragic event should occur which spreads like wildfire, from where there seems to be no escape. It seems a parent feels he/she must either hide or modify the situation. They believe such information will cause a psychological flaw in their child.

Get real! Turn off Dr. Phil, and get in touch with the real world and with yourselves. We are born with love we do not have to learn how to love. We are also born knowing right from wrong. These traits are as natural as a heartbeat. No action, thought, or motive can be functional without these vital forces, which control our lives.

I do not believe we should hide any cruelty and injustice in the world from a child. For an injustice, or cruel behavior towards others, which brings pain and sadness to a child, will only encourage a will to act to change a wrong, and make it right. Some of our greatest leaders were lead to their fate from a desire to make the world a better place to live in, including the founding fathers of our own nation.

Do not always try to be the teacher, for we can learn from children. The younger they are the more their thoughts and imaginations can be, and are usually, unique, and original.. How many times have we heard the expression "Out of the mouths of babes"

For sometimes, even a very young child can be a very wise professor from a statement that leaves his/her students [the parents] to marvel at a new outlook on life.

Indeed before any information enters the mind, it must first go through the proper channels. What is more, the main channel it must go through is the heart.

Dave Tanguay

Get your act together (poem)

Are you a workaholic, finding work as an escape?
On the other hand, a criminal - trying to beat the system
You call a rat race.

A musician - attempting to master that doomsday sound
You hear.
Perhaps a politician - launching a new political career

Maybe enforcing the law will put you in the proper spot light
For the people will view you - as a bright shining knight

The hobo lives for today - and the hell with tomorrow,
But the preacher tries to save us from hell - and all of
Life's sorrow

When you're at the end of the line, and the future looks
Blight

The wise say "get your act together, " boy! / girl!
Don't give up the fight

As long as I see a baby's smile, that's all the inspiration
I need
For no rehearsal was needed for an honest angel's beam.

There is a God; I'm sure, - guiding us along life's rocky shore
His ways are not always understood, but in his trust, we can
Be assured

So here I am, a face in the crowd, revealing the world, the smile
Of a clown
I may be rich, or I may be poor, I may be unknown, or the talk of
The town

However I am not alone, I am everywhere, I am you, and I am he,
What I am not - is me.
We begin our life always asking why, until we give up and say
Just - let it be

The world's a stage, with a script we must follow and obey.
So get your act together and make the best of each and
Every day

8/24/06

Dave Tanguay

Getting old? I don't think so! (poem)

I may not have the skip in my walk or the strength I once had as
A lad.
However when I look at a star, it's still a discovery - I've yet! -
To explain

Learning never ceases, my curiosity is a blessing I've always
Had
I am still at awe, at the wonders in the world - my interest lie
In an endless domain

I'll never be an old foggy, who claims to know it all, and nothin -
Left to learn
For I still haven't unraveled the mysteries of life, and love,
An answer that is still pending

Troubles in our world, I cannot shun, - because I have - a
Profound Concern
The dream of peace and love is within as all - a dream that
Has no ending

I have no doubt there is a God, for all we are - and see - is
All of his creation
Ev'n him, I wonder if he has a master plan, in which we are
All a part

Are we here to seek salvation, or to make this world our
Key vocation?
To live with love as our sole objective, by our dying we
Depart with a fulfillment within our heart

10/21/06

Dave Tanguay

Happiness dwells in the soul (poem)

"Happiness resides not in possessions, and not in gold, " "The feeling of happiness dwells in the soul." Aristotle "Wise words from a wise philosopher"

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What stirs up the soul, to warm the heart, and sets  
The spirit free?  
Is it baby's first word, - a promotion at work, or just  
To be - little ole me?

Some of us are in search of a world of perceptual bliss  
However, here on Earth this world just simply does not exist

Along with the good times, we must learn to live with the bad  
Living to make a wrong, right, a feeling of happiness we  
Magically add

To turn a hopeless frown, into a new awaking smile,  
Is when you discover a solution, which needs to be nourished  
With a walk - of an additional mile

Do not look at your brother and see, - All of the external bad  
Look inside to see - all of the good, - this is what will make  
You glad

Barry Mcquire's big hit of the '60s "Eve of destruction"  
Was challenged by The Spokesmen's "Dawn of correction"

The moral of this story is "When life sets your mind into  
Troublesome swirls"

Remember! "Happiness" is a treasure hidden deep within,  
For we have to dive - for pearls

10/29/06

Dave Tanguay

**Hot summer (Haiku)**

Summer sun shines bright  
Hot and sticky to strut through  
Come nightfall we rest

11/17/06

Dave Tanguay

## **How freedom is played! (poem)**

We march into war with the goal - of peace.  
We are told we fight for freedom - and our right to believe.  
However my neighbor, also has his perverted right to fleece  
To take advantage of the week, this is his sole - belief.

Is freedom, but to do as we please - and satisfy only, - our own Selfish needs?  
To boast of material success, our ego - glowing in the dark.  
The tasks we achieve through the years, often misleads -  
And our neighbors view our lives - with a big question mark (?)

However I need not be informed why I feel, - this pain in my heart-  
For within lies the love, and my reason - to be- a part.  
My neighbor's financial prosperity, may retain his good health  
I wish him no harm, only pray - I could bestow within him, - my own New found  
wealth.

For we need not war, to show us how freedom is made  
What we need is love, - to show us how freedom is played.  
Freedom is not - but to do as we please  
But rather to please others, - because of what we achieve.

5/29/06

Dave Tanguay

## **I am a schizo-what? (poem)**

Why have they come to take me away?  
How have I misbehaved - to allow such dismay?

The doctor believes my mind is unstable-  
To belong to society, by my nature - I am - unable

Living by these rules - requires the skills of a thief.  
I always believed, money - is the root of all grief-

Our leaders send us away - to fight their battles-  
To insure their positions, remain firm in the saddle

We come home, - for the freedom, we believe we  
Have earned  
However, the meaning - of freedom I have yet to learn

Is freedom an alternative from living a life - with love?  
For those who claim to be free, - I want to be no part of

And doctor you say - in this land I'm not fit-  
I am for real! - are your credentials legit?

So before you diagnose me - with an illness, I  
Cannot pronounce-  
Look in the mirror - and see! Not a man - but a mouse

8/28/06

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Dave Tanguay

## **I made straight As in love (poem)**

The emphasis is on education we must develop the mind  
Politicians proclaim, - we shall leave no child shall be left  
Behind

Within four walls children are taught the importance of  
Intelligence  
With a high I.Q. - socially one gains highly respected  
Acceptance

They study, they study, read all the books through and  
Through  
Hoping to impress a fat judge who truly, - belongs in a zoo

All these animals with the brains, who believe they are  
Smarter than God  
Should all be lined up - in front - of a firing squad

All they know of the heart is what they learn in - biology class  
Love is only a word they define with a dictionary, - for true love  
Is not learned, - ask any jackass

I would rather spend my whole life - with a beast from the wild  
Than to marry a phony lady - with an educated smile

I was never on top of my class when it came learning the rules  
But I made straight As in love, - universities were built for  
Society's fools

10/6/06

Dave Tanguay

## **I owe! I owe! So it's off to work I go (poem)**

Hurry! Hurry! Push and shove  
No time to spare - for a little love

Be sure you do not arrive late for work  
Or you boss will truly go berserk

Do as your told, and don't ask why  
For their rules -you must abide by

Do not speak - out of line  
Or you'll wind up on - the assembly line

If you want - to become a success  
You must kiss ass, - and always say - yes

You have not - a mind of your own  
For your soul, - you owe to - the savings and loan,

So if you want to continue to eat  
Your job and your life, you must keep discrete

When you retire and your work is through  
The government will tell you - just what to do

But when you die, - and you're finally free in heaven  
You will have no boss, to give you direction

8/27/06

Dave Tanguay

## **I will continue to search (poem)**

What is this driving force within, which will not let me rest.  
At night I toss and turn, and wake up in such stress

Is this feeling inside explainable, - through proper diagnosis  
Is it to be treated as a type of disturbed - mental psychosis

No! is not me - it's the people, - forced to accept life in society  
People living as actors, living a life, - with a great deal of anxiety

They are equipped with the knowledge - of a past farce  
Their intelligence, and wisdom, - is inadequate, and sparse

They lack the courage, to stand against such - a madness  
Instead they conform, - and live through life - with - such sadness

We are all victims, living with doubts, the only certainty is death  
We follow, accept, work, struggle, till we breathe, our last breath

Oh sure there are those who live full, rich, and happy lives  
The fortunate few, who require little incentive, - to survive

I will continue to search for a better way - to live my life  
For not only I, - however for the children, I will join - in the afterlife

3/15/06

Dave Tanguay

## **Idiots in the courtroom (poem)**

See the idiots in the courtroom all battling it out  
Lawyers, prosecutors, judges, all engaged in a  
Title bout

All college educated to know the law inside out  
To convince a jury, - beyond a reasonable douth

Our way of life they claim provides justice for us all  
They are in it to win, right or wrong, to them it's a free for all

Lawyers do it for the money, prosecutors for the fame  
Judges look on, it's all part of the game

Some devote their whole lives, - in study of the Constitution  
Others believe the bible is the only solution

Any doctrine which proclaims to uphold rules to live by  
Is all evil, for love is not learned, it is within us till we die

Our society requires rules for us to live by the game  
To follow our heart, - is truly - the only way - our love can be  
Proclaimed

5/24/06

Dave Tanguay

## **In him we trust! (poem)**

We are all passengers on this planet Earth  
A spaceship traveling through time and space  
A journey we travel - from the time of our birth  
We seek to understand, with love - life, we embrace

Using our natural senses, we seek to define reality  
Death is the only factor, we are certain of encountering  
Though we live our lives with much abnormality  
Living our lives can be grueling, - and very aggravating.

Speak of earthquakes, floods, drought, and war  
Also of hate, prejudice, greed, poverty, and lust  
Combine them with laughter, humor, and love galore  
It all reveals a true God, and a purpose! - In him we trust

5/26/06

Dave Tanguay

## **Let us give thanks (poem)**

Our world of so many modern conveniences  
We were born to accept, and have taken for granted  
Allow us to live our lives with very little inconveniences  
In our minds, a feeling of aid has been implanted

What would we do without television or telephone?  
Not to mention a washer and dryer, along with  
Running water  
We were all born during such an historical milestone  
With personal computers, our home - became our world  
Headquarters

Let us give recognition, to the men and women - who  
Persevered  
The pioneers of yesterday, who gave us - what we have today  
Through their hard work and tolerance, let their deeds be revered  
Let us offer a moment of tribute, be gratefully given - in a highly  
Valued way

Guided with persistence - by way of God's resourceful hand  
For he worked along beside them, as he whispered - his plan  
Prayers - from those seeking to find a better way  
Were being answered, -unfolding, before us were the wonder's  
Of a entirely newfound day

10/08/06

Dave Tanguay

## Let us remember the word "Welcome" with Thanksgiving

This isn't a poem, but an article related to our upcoming holiday of Thanksgiving

~~~~~  
To children the Thanksgiving holiday simply means Christmas is drawing nearer. Christmas of course means more to children than Thanksgiving. Although taught to us in elementary school, details of the first thanksgiving in our country. This article offers a refresher course, of this historical event.

On Sept.6,1620 the pilgrims set sail for the new world on a ship called the mayflower. They sailed from Plymouth England and aboard were 110 pilgrims. The long trip was cold and damp and took 65 days. Since there was a danger of fire on the wooden ship, the food had to be eaten cold. Many passengers became sick and one died by the time land was sighted on Nov.10th.

Although they had first sighted land off Cape Cod they did not settle until they arrived at Plymouth, which had been named by Captain John Smith in 1614. It was there that the pilgrims decide to settle. Plymouth offered an excellent harbor. A large brook offered a resource for fish. The Pilgrims biggest concern was attack by the local Native American Indians. However, the Plutuxets were a peaceful group and did not prove to be a threat.

The first winter was devastating to the Pilgrims. The cold snow and sleet was exceptionally heavy, interfering with the workers as they tried to construct their settlement march brought warmer weather and the health of the Pilgrims improved, but many had died during the long winter. Of the 110 Pilgrims and crew who left England, less then 50 survived the first winter.

On March 16,1621, what was to become an important event took place, an Indian brave walked into the Plymouth settlement. The Pilgrims were frightened until the Indian called out "Welcome" (in English!) .

His name was Samoset and he was an Abnaki Indian. He had learned English from the captain of fishing boats that sailed off the coast. After staying the night, Samoset left the next day. He soon returned with another Indian named Squanto who spoke better English than Samoset. Squanto told the Pilgrims of his voyages across the ocean and his visits to England and Spain. It was in England where he learned English.

Squanto's importance o the Pilgrims was enormous and it can be said that they would not have survived without his help. It was Squanto who taught the Pilgrims how to tap the maple trees for sap. He taught hem which plants were poisonous and which had medical powers. He taught them how to plant the Indian corn by heaping the earth into low mounds with several seeds and fish in each mound. The decaying fish fertilized the corn. He also taught them to plant other crops with the corn.

The harvest in October was very successful the Pilgrims found themselves with enough food to put away for the winter. There was con, fruits and vegetables, fish to be packed in salt, and meat to be cured over smoky fires.

The Pilgrims had much to celebrate, they had built homes in the wilderness, they had raised enough crops to keep them alive during the long coming winter, and they were at peace with their Indian neighbors. They had beaten the odds and it was time to celebrate.

The Pilgrim governor William Bradford proclaimed a day of thanksgiving to be shared by all colonist and the neighboring Native Americans, they invited Squanto and other Indians to join them in their celebration. Their chief, Massasoit, and 90 braves came to the celebration, which lasted for 3 days. They played games, ran races, marched and played drums. The Indians demonstrated their skills with the bow and arrow and the Pilgrims demonstrated their musket skills. Exactly when he festival took place is uncertain, but it is believed the celebration took place in mid-October

The following year the Pilgrims harvest was not as bountiful, as they were still unused to growing corn. During the year, they had also shared their stored food with newcomers and the Pilgrims ran short of food.

The 3rd year brought a spring and summer that was hot and dry with the crops dying in the fields. Governor ordered a day of fasting and prayer, and it was soon thereafter that the rain came. To celebrate - November 29 of that year was proclaimed a day of thanksgiving. This date is believed to be the real true beginning of the present day Thanksgiving Day.

The custom of an annual celebrated thanksgiving, held after the harvest, continued through the years. During the American Revolution (late 1770's) a day of national thanksgiving was suggested by the continental congress.

In 1817, New York State had adopted Thanksgiving Day as an annual custom. By the middle 19th century, many other states also celebrated Thanksgiving Day. In 1863, President Abraham Lincoln appointed a national day of thanksgiving. Since each president has issued a Thanksgiving Day proclamation, usually designating the fourth Thursday of each November as he holiday.

'As we open, our homes this holiday season to family and friends with an extended hand of friendship, and a warm greeting. Let us remember the hand extended to us with the greeting of "welcome" in our own native tongue. For this was a foreign land to us, the generosity, kindness, and knowledge, extended to us by the inhabitants of the land we have come to call and recognize as our home, "America". We should give thanks to the real and true Native Americans; from where the helping hand of friendship in time of grave need, gave us all a new beginning. The dreams of our ancestors were fulfilled only because of the warm welcome we received from the American Indian'.

11/2/06

Dave Tanguay

Ma, here comes the rag man!

Reminiscing those good old days

Last night as I lay in bed I looked back with childhood memories of the days of innocents, simplicity, when the world seemed right. When everybody done their part, work was the role, the young looked forward to. I remember calling to my mother "Ma, here comes the rag man", a humble old man who would come by once a week with a Santa Claus bag on his back, to the neighborhood to pick up old rags the people would save for him.

Or how about the swill men who would also come by once a week to pick up the swill to feed their pigs on the farm. (Boy didn't that truck smell!) There was no such thing as summer school; for summer was the time, we got our real education. Not on electronic games, but by roaming the hills, playing kick the can on the streets, and of course at night we would find the daring to play spin the bottle. For to sneak a kiss was a very big thrill in those days.

'Although these days were the happiest days of my life, I sure wouldn't want to go back and start all over again'

11/10/06

Dave Tanguay

Man's image as a mechanical creation (essay)

Some say God created man; they also say he created man in the image of himself. Are we somewhat like our creator, we created the automobile, primarily using our physical capacity as its design. For we created the automobile with an energy source such as fuel, for combustible power, just as we humans have food as a source of our energy. All the wiring and so many diverse parts all working together to function as a separate entity, including an exhaust system.

Of course, the first automobile was crude and awkward. In addition, it evolved through the years, becoming more refined, in all aspects. However, its creator, man, made all of the improvements. We learned through experience such as trial and error what was best; man also was responsible for the automobile's appearance. Some people say, "You can judge a person by the car he/she drives" yes some of us have large egos, and demand large luxurious automobiles. Some are sporty and desire sporty cars, and so on and so on.

The first automobiles, along with automobiles of today, when their life span has expired, wind up in a heap at the junk yard. Then the assembly of updated models replaces the old, and life goes on from generation to generation. We can be assured the heap of junked automobiles are just that "junk" and does not live on in automobile heaven, or hell.

Of course, the automobile is completely dependent on its creator to function. It has no brain, heart, soul, or a means of reproducing itself. Some people believe we humans are a refined and evolved species of life. Some Darwinian believers look at the human species as being at one time, monkeys, swinging from trees, and have evolved from the model A to the model X.

When God created man, his design was original from day one as it is today. Perhaps the creation of different models were design in the beginning; however, none of the original parts were in need of improvements, or needed to be designed more efficiently. I suppose you could say the original design was carefully planned out to last from man's beginning until man's end. Man himself may have tinkered with the original, and tried to undo the old man. Just as a piece of fine composition such as our constitution, we live under. Lawyers try desperately to find loopholes, to work around the laws in order to win their case in court.

In a biblical sense, preachers may approve of this scenario. Believing the bible is the word of God, and we all must live by the rules. Here we go again; perhaps the constitution is a way man is playing God once more, by laying out the rules for a more perfect way of life. I the author of this essay from a personal insight of my own, finding an analogy in the bible to our constitution, yet the bible in it self, although it is said was written by prophets inspired by God, a skeptic will question its authenticity.

By no means am I a disbeliever in God. However, I am also a believer that the devil exists and both parties are the two opposing forces in the world. I have reached this theory through realistic conclusions not from conclusive bible interpretations, or proven scientific discoveries. However, by simply observing humanity living by their true nature, not judging who is good and who is evil, for although one's soul may differ from another. Good or evil may exist in either being.

Some of us are content with any type of philosophy to live by, and some could live their whole lives only seeing and believing what our so-called real world can do for

them. This is where I do not leave out the premise of monkey behavior all together. For come election year, politicians are all acting like a horde of mad apes seeking the high perch in the jungle where they can call themselves king of the hill!

8/25/06

Dave Tanguay

Money! money! money! (poem)

Money! money! money! "who", needs money?
Yeah right, - ask me another question honey-

From day one, - money rules our lives.
How much we are worth, is how well we survive.

If we are born to wealth, clout, and prominence
We can be assured; the people will acknowledge our
Dominance.

However if it so happens we are born poor, we only have dreams.
Dreams to be, - to be on top of the - so-called - social hierarchy

Yes through our lives, we dream the UN - dream - able
Our dreams may even cause our minds to become unstable

Whose idea was it to initiate such a craze as money anyhow?
It sure wasn't the Indians, for they greeted us with the word, -
"How! "

If it were up to me, I'd rob Fort Knox, and dump the goal in
The middle of the ocean.
Without a core value for money, this would start quite a commotion

Who knows it may even be the beginning of a brand new day.
For to give, share, serve, love, - would be given every which way

9/11/06

Dave Tanguay

Monsoon season (Haiku)

Rain during monsoon
Season we get soaking wet
Sunshine breaks we cheer

11/16/06

Dave Tanguay

Mr. Freud (Poem)

Mr. Lincoln called it - a new birth of freedom
Freedom! Why then - am I judged for no reason?

I too, - heard those words screamed out, - free at last
Now he is free! For he lay under the grass

Mr. Freud why have you infested our minds
And scattered this plaque throughout all of
Humankind?

You have created a new scheme to deal with all misfits
An explanation understood only by those who will profit

Is it truly freedom we seek for humankind?
For even in scripture, we must read between the lines

Must we need question, each - and every act?
You have turned us all, - into a wild savage pact.

Can there be a passion, - such as a friend, without any
Doubt?
You seem not to believe so; 'I believe it is you who lost
Out'

5/28/06

Dave Tanguay

My political years (Poem)

I was born in Nov. of 1948 - the month Truman was elected,
In '52 Eisenhower took over the reigns
With him in office, the flag, and God were connected
After 8 yrs., Kennedy sparked my 12th. Birthday, - then political
Blood began to run through my veins.

Losing him through assassination, - Johnson took over the lead
His administration, sent me to Viet Nam, to fight in a meaningless War
Only to return to listen to Nixon, with promises of peace, he said,
We truly need.
His tactics whapped my soul, and led me to yell out - a rebel roar

From that night we were united, a world of peace - and love
Ford, - Carter, - Reagan, - Bush, George H, - Clinton, - Bush, George W.
All of their policies, had no merit, with the man up above
For all the presidents we've had since then, - got us into a whole Lot of Trouble.

So why don't they all agree on what I said on that foggy night!
For not only I, but Jesus as well, believed in loving our fellow man -
This is a policy once inaugurated, will bring about - all of our Human Rights
And never again will we have to draw out, - or even acquire - a Battle Plan

This is the missing link - that ALL WHO CARE ARE WAITING FOR, - TO FIND
SANITY-From a world where to many of us suffer- From The ILLNESS - OF
INHUMANITY

3/12/06

Dave Tanguay

No shortcuts please! (poem)

With, television, movies, music, the internet and old
Fashion gossip
Where do the young find refuge to absorb all of this
High-tech?
Surely, with personal computers valuable information
Is gathered with the help of the agency called gossip
We find so little time to see how we all as - human beings
Relate and connect

Our modern technology can brings us the answers that can
Help save the lives - of so many
Also, entertain us with activities to satisfy the wishes of both
The young and the old
However, walks through Mother Nature are becoming rare and Obsolete - she misses
our solitude and solemn company
Though science can teach us "HOW, " it all comes alive - only
God can explain "WHY" it all so beautifully unfolds

Yes in the classroom it's real you can touch it, you can see it -
OH - it's all so sensible
All the pieces fit together we find joy in the explanation of
"HOW" it all functions
However to answer the question "WHY", with God the answer
Is quite comprehensible
So take no shortcuts please - on your latest discoveries,
For the "HOW" and the "WHY" must find true conjunction

"Or your newfound discoveries will truly wind up as major malfunctions"

10/02/06

Dave Tanguay

No such thing! (poem)

There is no such passion as hate, - only a mental state of ignorance.

What we fail to understand, - through our need of knowledge, -

We choose the excepted norm - of utter indifference.

Therefore, our love, we profoundly fear - to acknowledge.

6/10/06

Dave Tanguay

One of the reasons I believe (An enlightenment)

I do not believe God has rules, or laws for us to live by. I believe God created all creatures with love. If we would live by utilizing the core of our nature, allowing our heart and soul to guide and control our every emotion, we could justify our own actions.

I do not need a quotation from the bible informing me to steal or kill, I will face punishment for my actions nor do I need man's law to threaten punishment for breaking his laws or rules.

If all the good one does is from fear of punishment, or promise of reward, where does love fit in?

"Believe nothing, no matter where you read it or who said it, no matter if I said it, unless it agrees with your own reason and common sense." Buddha

I do not need a decision from a supreme court justice, informing me murder can be justified, by calling it a right to choose. On the other hand, an act of congress declaring murder can also be justified by calling it war.

If the human race would live in peace, love, and honesty with each other there would be no need for a belief in God. He would simply be an expected fact of existence.

Why do so many of us seek out and persecute others for their actions by using scripture or constituted law? For God's law is not on paper it is within us.

'LOVE' is one, of the many reasons I believe in God

9/19/06

Dave Tanguay

Our sick president (poem)

President Bush takes up the family tradition.
Going to war for oil, this is his true mission

He said "I will order all those terrorist killed"
For his psychopathic desires, - need to be fulfilled

His childhood dreams of being a war hero
Were not met, - when war came. He scored zero

Therefore, he started another war, where he does
Not have to fight.

For other lives lost for him, would bring his ego
Into the spotlight.

To admit he made a mistake, and bring the troops home
Would only be another failure, for this king on his throne

If the people could see through this truly deranged man
Who has the mind of a child, - trying to play batman

They would impeach him, and send him back to his ranch
In Texas

Were he truly is at home -surrounded in his own - evil axis

4/21/06

Dave Tanguay

Perhaps some day (poem)

What kind of civilized people do we believe we have become?
Our minds educated and infested, by the rules of the game
Living to win, - satisfying first, - our ego, - society's prize scum
We continue to live, more appallingly than animals, - it's a
Shame

Perhaps someday when we are through fighting, - amongst one
Another
And look in the mirror, and see a reflection we can except as
Our own
When we live our lives, being ourselves, - with nothing to prove
To our brother
If we stop using the week, as prey, merely as a - stepping stone

Then perhaps SOMEDAY! - a hope for a BETTER DAY,
FOR THIS DAY, - I live, - AND PRAY, - In a very ELABORATE WAY

6/8/06

Dave Tanguay

Reality TV (A past reflection)

As a baby boomer, born when television was only beginning to be a part of our lives. Our generation were fortunate enough to be blessed with the best actors in the world, Men and women who were required to pay their dues before they could claim the title of a star, for it was not an easy task to give a performance, which would touch the hearts and souls of an entire nation.

What attracted this generation to stay tuned to their favorite TV series? What charisma did these stars possess to facilitate such enchantment? What common bond did they share with each other uniting them as close as family?

They made us laugh, and they made us cry. They were more than mere actors. The roles they played took little rehearsal. For they were the characters they were playing, Living the times of yesterday, as well as the present. Did we not feel every word spoken, every emotion expressed? The plot in the movie had no ending, for it became a part of our lives.

In 1955, I still remember my reaction, at the age of six. Watching Mike Fink eat his hat, after loosing a river race, he boasted he would win against the "KING OF THE WILD FRONTIER" Davy Crockett (Played by Fess Parker)

Television was more than entertainment; it was a way of life. A story of Americans in all walks of life, an education on the history of our nation, as a united people. It made us proud to be Americans. We could see the good along with the bad.

Is it different today? Of course it is, however life will go on with or without our personal opinions or approvals. If answering a question such as how will television affect our lives in today's world?

The majority of my generation will acknowledge we benefited a great deal from television. However one of our greatest cartoon heroes "POPEYE THE SAILOR" would always say "I am what I am and that's all what I am"

Television informs, educates, and entertains. I still have difficulty defining reality either on screen or off.

A big hit by ELVIS, titled "Are you lonesome tonight" begins with the lyrics "Someone said the worlds a stage and each must play a part."

The day we became old enough to be aware of ourselves, saying the word "I" we became actors, and have been trying to win an Oscar ever since.

Therefore, we get our act together, memorize our script, and play our role. However, we must remember, on screen the bad guys are paid to look bad, and to always be captured, just in the nick of time. It seldom happens in our so-called real world.

3/21/06

Dave Tanguay

Reality? you can have it! (poem)

Reality as defined by Webster does not suit my definition
For what is considered real is merely a means, - such as
An essential condition

The social reality most people have come to accept as
Fact and truth
Requires conforming to indifference, I'd rather remain
Quite uncouth

Living by standards set forth by the rules and laws of
Humankind
One lives a life quite one-sided; "idealism" is a truth to
Which we are blind

To follow the herd right or wrong is as natural as learning
To walk
But to follow your heart you walk alone, this is how the
Mysteries of life are unlocked

Some live their lives never seeking to answer the big
Question why,
The only certainty they accept is the fact that someday
We all will die.

To live for today and the hell with tomorrow satisfying
Only our own selfish needs
We grow like weeds in a garden disrupting ideals -
Through our unstapled - and egotistical greed

If it's all the same to you, I'll remain living in a dream
World
Hoping perhaps that my dreams will someday - all unfurl

Until then I'll pay the bills for to eat is a fact of life - no one
Can deny
But, please do not deny me my dreams - for this so-called
Realistic world I simply choose to defy

9/29/06

Dave Tanguay

Rocking horse (poem)

This poem was written by a friend of mine who lost his eye-sight a few years ago. However he hasn't lost his vitality for life. He can see quite well with a hidden eye most of us sighted people have, but never use.

~~~~~

Bought at a yard sale in 92  
Most of the time I've nothin to do  
But just sit around the old porch and wait  
For someone to call me old paint  
Upon my old frame you'll find no horse ride  
For distance and travel you'll find I'm no ride  
I'm just made of wood and the distance I go  
Is confined to rockers that move to and fro  
So I just sit and wait  
By no special gate  
For the next little person to ride  
Just a bit lonely and sad inside  
And when they jump on there's a grin on my face  
For the journey we go will take us someplace  
It may not be far or ev'n a race  
But we'll have some fun my young rider and I  
Riding along under purple sky  
And when we get back and our trip is all over  
I'll just sit and wait for the next little rover  
By, Les Bennett --from South Portland, Maine

8/23/06

Dave Tanguay

## **Romeo and Juliet meets (poem)**

Twass in a restaurant they met,  
Romeo and Juliet  
He had no cash to pay the depth  
So Rome-owed, what Julie-ate

1013/06

Dave Tanguay

## **So far away (Poem)**

Strolling along - the city sidewalk,  
I feel at awe, with such a peaceful flow - of travel.  
Those I meet, will pause and smile,  
Then soothe my soul, with gentle talk.  
This fe'lin within, is so hard - to unravel,

Is this the land - where I was raised?  
What fills this day, with such enchantment?  
I feel as though - I should give praise.  
This fe'lin - has left me with an - air of bemusement.

Ev'n the young, - seem so at ease - in - their way.  
This must be the beginning, of a brand new era.  
From where, did all these answers arrive,  
Which set these souls at play?  
Tell me Lord! For I too, must be a -part of this - endeavor

YES! YES! Jailer, - I am awake!  
To toil again! - through another day.  
This aching - in my heart, is wrought! - for my soul's sake.  
PLEASE! - do not let me sleep tonight! -to dream, - once more, -  
Of this land, ..... So.....far..... away.

8/26/06

Dave Tanguay

## **Society's maladjusted (Quotation)**

"Those living eccentrically in a society which holds reality (as we know it) to be the only truth, are those distinguished with humane characteristics, for their eccentric lifestyle is a result of inhabiting a barbaric state."

7/9/06

Dave Tanguay

## Story Lady (poem)

This poem was written by a friend of mine who lost his eye-sight a few years ago. However he hasn't lost his vitality for life. He can see quite well from a hidden eye most of us sighted people have but never use.

~~~~~

There's a very special lady, a person that I know
Who tells a funny story wherever she may go
She speaks to you so softly with a smile upon her lips
As she relates to you a tale, not a word of it she skips
She speaks to you of ministers of maidens and of men
Who made a few mistakes with their words now and then
Her stories are told with wit and with such charm
You know as a listener they really mean no harm
'Tis a very special lady this person that I know
Who tells a funny story wherever she may go

By Les Bennett

9/07/06

Dave Tanguay

Stuff of success (poem)

This poem was written by a friend of mine who lost his eye-sight a few years ago. However he hasn't lost his vitality for life. He can see quite well from a hidden eye most of us sighted people have, but never use.

~~~~~  
As you move on and advance your career  
You'll no doubt forget many things you left here.  
To help you remember and never forget  
Here is a list of those most common  
Which I know you'll return to and remember often  
Computer codes hidden in dark obscure places  
Changing door codes that keep out strange faces  
Furloughs and shut downs and no more pay raises  
Old friends and bosses all trapped in their places  
With policies, programs, and rules so restrictive  
The only thing positive are client's creative  
Through sadness and sorrow you've weathered the storm  
With keen wit and humor you've kept trudging on  
But for good friends, music and the lack of TV  
You might not have made it this far don't you see  
So keep up the courage good humor and friends  
And success will come easy to you in the end

By Les Bennett

8/24/06

Dave Tanguay

## **Thank God! For the working man (poem)**

They say Paul Bunyan could really swing an axe.  
When those trees needed mov'in, he would make  
Them move.  
John Henry was another legend, who could lay down  
The tracts.  
Today - to list'en to that cold steel ring, - The young  
Would say he was really in the groove.

Muscle and blood, sweat and tears! Was the major  
Composition - of the men - who built this land.  
Our skyscrapers! - bricks, laid down-with such  
Perfection  
It took not a formal education - for labor always had -  
The upper hand.  
For these men with callused hands, were reflections of  
The Lord's love and affection.

The next time you walk down a city sidewalk. -  
Take time to see,  
A work of art - which did not require, - a college degree  
The working man - giv'en little recognition, and little reward.  
I only hope this poem, brings some historical accord.

We may not read about them in the headline news.  
For the big news to them, after a hard day's work, - is  
"Happy Hour" and consuming the booze.  
God bless! - And thank you! - For the working man

10/02/06

Dave Tanguay

## Thanksgiving: A Native American View

By Jacqueline Keeler

"I celebrate the holiday of Thanksgiving"

This may surprise those people who wonder what Native Americans think of this official U.S. celebration of the survival of early arrivals in a European invasion that culminated in the death of 10 to 30 million native people.

Thanksgiving to me has never been about Pilgrims. When I was six, my mother, a woman of the Dineh nation, told my sister and me not to sing 'Land of the Pilgrim's pride' in 'America the Beautiful.' Our people, she said, had been here much longer and taken much better care of the land. We were to sing 'Land of the Indian's pride' instead.

I was proud to sing the new lyrics in school, but I sang softly. It was enough for me to know the difference. At six, I felt I had learned something very important. As a child of a Native American family, you are part of a very select group of survivors, and I learned that my family possessed some 'inside' knowledge of what really happened when those poor, tired masses came to our homes.

When the Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock, they were poor and hungry - half of them died within a few months from disease and hunger. When Squanto, a Wampanoag man, found them, they were in a pitiful state. He spoke English, having traveled to Europe, and took pity on them. Their English crops had failed. The native people fed them through the winter and taught them how to grow their food.

These were not merely 'friendly Indians.' They had already experienced European slave traders raiding their villages for a hundred years or so, and they were wary - but it was their way to give freely to those who had nothing. Among many of our peoples, showing that you can give without holding back is the way to earn respect. Among the Dakota, my father's people, they say, when asked to give, 'Are we not Dakota and alive?' It was believed that by giving there would be enough for all - the exact opposite of the system we live in now, which is based on selling, not giving.

To the Pilgrims, and most English and European peoples, the Wampanoags were heathens, and of the Devil. They saw Squanto not as an equal but as an instrument of their God to help his chosen people, themselves. Since that initial sharing, Native American food has spread around the world. Nearly 70 percent of all crops grown today were originally cultivated by Native American peoples. I sometimes wonder what they ate in Europe before they met us. Spaghetti without tomatoes? Meat and potatoes without potatoes? And at the 'first Thanksgiving', the Wampanoags provided most of the food - and signed a treaty granting Pilgrims the right to the land at Plymouth, the real reason for the first Thanksgiving.

What did the Europeans give in return? Within 20 years, European disease and treachery had decimated the Wampanoags. Most diseases then came from animals that Europeans had domesticated. Cowpox from cows led to smallpox, one of the great killers of our people, spread through gifts of blankets used by infected Europeans. Some estimate that diseases accounted for a death toll reaching 90 percent in some Native American communities. By 1623, Mather the elder, a Pilgrim leader, was giving thanks to his God for destroying the heathen savages to make way 'for a better

growth, ' meaning his people.

In stories told by the Dakota people, an evil person always keeps his or her heart in a secret place separate from the body. The hero must find that secret place and destroy the heart in order to stop the evil.

I see, in the 'First Thanksgiving' story, a hidden Pilgrim heart. The story of that heart is the real tale than needs to be told. What did it hold? Bigotry, hatred, greed, self-righteousness? We have seen the evil that it caused in the 350 years since. Genocide, environmental devastation, poverty, world wars, racism.

Where is the hero who will destroy that heart of evil? I believe it must be each of us. Indeed, when I give thanks this Thursday and I cook my native food, I will be thinking of this hidden heart and how my ancestors survived the evil, it caused. Because if we can survive, with our ability to share and to give intact, then the evil and the good will that met that Thanksgiving Day in the land of the Wampanoag will have come full circle. And the healing can begin.

Jacqueline Keeler, a member of the Dineh Nation and the Yankton Dakota Sioux works with the American Indian Child Resource Center in Oakland, California. Her work has appeared in Winds of Change, an American Indian journal.

11/11/06

Dave Tanguay

## **The completion at last (poem)**

We were once only the embryo, implanted by faith  
Cultivated from ideas, some old - and some new

Nourished with a desire - to seek our fate  
Beginning to flourish - from dreams, left - from the cool  
Morning dew-

If we survive the drought in the summer, of prejudice and hate,  
Where lack of love - threatens to cut us down, like an unwanted  
Weed

Providing winter's cold heart, - doesn't uproot us in war, only-  
To fill - it's own selfish plate.  
Then perhaps- the following season, will bring us the promise  
We so desperately need

For spring may bring us warm hearts, to expose our unstable  
Petals, to a whole new light,  
With April's tears of remorse, for discrimination, and ignorance,  
Which, created such gloom

Replenished with hope - we continue to grow, there's no stopping  
Us now, for now, - it's all done right.  
From here it unfolds, - the completion at last, for all of God's care,  
Will soon be in full bloom

8/31/06

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Dave Tanguay

## **The good and the bad (poem)**

The good and the bad we view on TV  
We all live here together, in the land of the free

Hollywood decides who is good - and who is bad  
The viewers all cheer on the good guys this is  
What is so sad.

The good guys defend the corrupt-and evil empire  
We see them all; as heroes caught in the cross fire

The bad guys are paid to look like psychological  
Blunders  
Have you noticed the way these cops, come on as  
Super wonders

Not only on screen, but in real life as well  
For they live to lock up - all the misfits into a cell.

They say it's their job, to serve the community.  
What they see in America, is the land of opportunity.

They protect the rich slobs, who spit on the working  
Class  
For they would rather kiss ass, than to work like a  
Jackass

To fight for your country, - is not to side with the  
Politicians  
But, to rebel against the system - which created  
Such conditions

So many brave men have died - with their names  
Being slandered  
For they would not conform - to this so called - life  
Standard

For, the Lord takes no sides, with him the so-called  
Bad guys are well understood  
Those who side with the system - are truly - the real  
Hoods.

9/28/06

Dave Tanguay

## **The lady and the tramp (a tribute)**

She has been the source of enlightenment for the entire world here in New York Harbor since 1886. A courageous lady standing tall with an outstretched arm extended to the heavens. A strong grip of her right hand clinching firmly to the torch of liberty, and holding it high.

She has also been an inspiration to all who have had a dream to fulfill. A welcomed reminder of her significance to veterans returning from war, a tower of light guiding the poor, the tired, from all over the world yearning to breathe free, and a beacon of hope for lost souls in the world leading them to a port of discovery.

Not so, far from where she stands, is another symbol of unity. The structural home of the United Nations, we may call her a lady as well. A compassionate lady welcoming and receiving unto herself, those who represent and address their homeland. Opening her doors to leaders of all nations throughout the world. Uniting them to speak in one voice, the voice of humanity, a language understood by all peoples of the world. The heart, of all human beings, translating the universal language of love, when spoken, openly, honestly, and freely.

9/02/06

Dave Tanguay

## **The story of love (poem)**

How much can be accomplished with a politicians grin  
They promise to end the wars that they began

We Americans listen, - and take it all in.  
To busy with - trying to survive, to give a damn

We believe what they tell us, for we have no choice  
Because we love America, in her we rejoice

Our Constitution, - we truly - hold dear to our heart  
From our founding fathers persistence, we inherited  
This work of art

Although we are misguided by those in command  
We know they are all part, - of God's master plan

So we carry on day-by-day, work and struggle, to make ends meet.  
When we are called to serve, - we are standing tall, - among the elite

And so it goes, "you've got to take a little", - "give a little, "-  
"And always have - the blues a little."  
"That's the story of, "- "that's the glory of love"

(The last stanza taken from an old Dean Martin song  
Titled "the story of love")

10/02/06

Dave Tanguay

## **The way we were (poem)**

The honesty we had as children, - in the process of growing  
We spoke from our heart, all of our feelings - we were  
Showing

Speaking the truth - right or wrong - we told it like it was  
For we knew how to behave, - no reason, - just because

Love came natural; we did not need learn it in school  
We knew right from wrong, for living with love - required  
No rules

What came natural was real, what we dreamed and imagined -  
We were taught our world was a fantasy, - and our dreams we  
Must abandon

As children, we see all people as our neighbors and friends  
We are taught to beware, and are told - who we may,  
And may not, - befriend

Reality as we know it, - is an accepted - and conclusive  
Fact of life  
To conform we are told, "We must! " - To a species living  
With such horrific strife

We can never grow out - of our need for love.  
For to love and be loved, is what living - consist of

The distant dream we adults are all - in search for  
Is the way of life we once had as children, - and have since  
Been trying to restore

9/17/06

Dave Tanguay

## **The wonderful world of t.v. commercials**

Ah - yes! What would we do without television commercials?

They tell young girls what shampoo to use for shiny, smooth, and silky hair. (How could they find a boy without it?)

To be sure, she doesn't fart in public; the governor's wife relies on the miracle pill called beano. (Can you imagine the votes it would cost her husband, if she should ever cut one lose at a dinner engangment?)

Yes and to the middle-aged men, whose wives are to fat, and ugly, for them generate an arousal. There's always viagra, to help to get it up, (this saves money ordinarily spent on good looking prostitutes)

. And if you suffer from aches and pains, be sure to stock up on plenty of advil. (They claim it's all you need, to carry on your life with ease.)

Of course, don't forget the crest strips, (for how could you live without that bright and gleaming smile.)

If you suffer from constipation, (phillips milk of magnesia will get the shit out, without those annoying cramps.)

I could go on all day about the many wonders out there. However it may lead the sane to symptoms of psychotic depression, (but don't worry, there's a plug for that as well.

5/30/06

Dave Tanguay

## **Two types of positive thinking (quotation)**

“There are two types of positive thinking, ”

The first type is:

“When activities are carried out through impulses from the mind, originating from the heart” (e.g. I’ll do the best I can)

The second type is:

“When activities are carried out through impulses from the mind, originating from the mind” (e.g. I’m going to win!)

(The later being the work of the devil)

7/9/06

Dave Tanguay

## **Valentine Ridge (A story)**

I arrived in Vietnam in December of 1967, in time to replace troops going home for the Christmas holidays. Shortly after arriving in country, I was assigned to my outfit. Kilo co.3/9 (3rd.bn.9th. Marine regiment)

At first, our co. operated from a base called "The rock pile". We went out on patrols, and helicopters would drop us off on different locations, all over northern South Vietnam, by the D.M.Z. (demilitarized zone) however, my first firefight, (the first time making contact with the enemy) occurred on Valentine's Day.

On Valentines Day of '68, we were out on patrol, when unexpectedly all hell broke lose. Separated from my mortar outfit as I was coming down from a hill, a fellow marine had taken the position I had been in. I saw him get hit by shrapnel, then he fell on his face, I thought at that moment he was dead.

In the Marine Corps you never leave a man behind, I began to go down the hill, until a few more marines, came my way. We all went to the aid of this wounded marine. They put him on my back, and we proceeded to find our way out of the bush.

We called the ridge Valentine ridge, from that day on. Many good men died on Valentine ridge. I believe all branches of the military have had similar moments in their tour of duty, whether in peace, or war. To be united and working together for a common cause. This is where the word "united "in America, brings out its true meaning.

Therefore, if Valentines Day is a day for remembrance of a loved one, then I believe the Marine Corps motto " SEMPER FIDELIS" meaning always faithful, I can relate to this particular day. When our co. engaged in battle suffered many casualties. Those who lost their lives on this day paid the ultimate price for what we Americans hold so dear to us. Reserved In the hearts of their families, friends, and history itself, are the precious memories they left behind, which keep them alive in infinity

9/19/06

Dave Tanguay

## **War + Lives add Love = Freedom (poem)**

Remembered

A nation born from war, for the "purpose" of establishing freedom  
A nation divided in war, in an "attempt" to fulfill the goal of freedom

A nation engaged in world wars, in the task of "preserving" freedom  
A nation policing the world, in the "pursuit" of freedom

So many young lives have been lost, for the "cause" of freedom  
Let us remember those who paid the "ultimate price, " for freedom

And dear God, please tell us! - "What! " - is freedom?

We need not war

We need not war, to show us how freedom is made  
What we need is love to show us how freedom is played.  
For freedom is not - but to "do as we please"  
But rather, to "please others, " because of what we achieve.

No such thing!

There is no such passion as hate, - only - a mental state  
Of ignorance  
For what we fail to understand, from our source of knowledge  
We choose the accepted norm of utter indifference  
Therefore, our feelings of love, we profoundly fear to acknowledge

"Freedom" is to serve

"To serve requires love; only with love, do we obtain freedom"

8/24/06

Dave Tanguay

## **What happened America? (A tribute and dishonor)**

AMERICA! "What happened?" "Are you the same America, I grew up loving and caring for?" "Are you the same America, where all my childhood heroes were born and raised?"

"YOUR FLAG I stood at attention and saluted, as she sent cold chills down my back, knowing she stood for all the brave men and women who died, defending the land, she represented.

THE MEN, like Davy Crockett who inspired me at the age of 12, with his motto "When you know your right, go ahead". A man raised in a log cabin, who split rails, educated himself, and became one of your greatest leaders, by fulfilling the very principles in which you were conceived, and dedicated to, by freeing his fellow man.

MEN AND WOMEN, who became legends, through their unselfish dreams, to make a better world. Who truly believed God shed his grace on thee, and lived, worked, and died, believing in you.

ARTISTS have tried to capture a glimpse of what resembles the thoughts of your citizens. "What do you look like America?"

ARE YOU THAT LADY in New York harbor extending her right arm to the heavens, with a strong grip of your hand around the torch of liberty?"

A LADY standing tall, symbolizing hope, calling on the poor and tired, from all over the world, yearning to breath free. Promising a new beginning in life,

THESE ARTIST poets and historians, have left their mark in your day. Today could an artist capture that tear that must be flowing from your eye?

YES AMERICA There are still some of us who understand, the world does not see the real you. The world laid their judgment, on your present day representatives.

OUR CURRENT leaders, who took up the reins to lead, to lead without the qualifications, of representation, men and women, who have the gull to say they represent, good, honest, hard working Americans, not seen by the world.

THE WORLD is only aware of the men and women who put themselves in the same category, of the greatness that made you America.

HOW THE LEADERS in today's America, bought their way into power. Who never did an honest day's work in their lives, imposters who were educated on the history of the lives, of the true descendents of your land.

(THE GREAT men and women, who shed their blood, sweat and tears, to consecrate your land.)

THEY WANT the recognition, and glory, without the ordeal or sacrifice, made by the true patriots, who knew the freedom you symbolize, is not "FREE" On the contrary "EARNED" through generations, of toil and sacrifice.

"TYRANTS" with a lust for power, manipulated the dream of your true believers. "The men and women, who laid down the foundation of freedom, for all of mankind."

WHERE is that America? And WHERE are these Americans? We may capture a glimpse of some of her true descendants occasionally. However, they are becoming scarce.

2/24/06

Dave Tanguay

## **What is an American? (A tribute)**

An American is a bitter Indian warrior, the true native of the land.

He is a daring revolutionist, fighting for the declaration of Independence.

He is a rugged pioneer, blazing a trail, through the wilderness.

He is a black slave, working in the cotton fields.

He is a bold politician freeing his fellow man.

He is a brave lawman, taming the Wild West.

He is a cunning outlaw, following his call.

He is a stubborn inventor, doing what people tell him is Impossible.

He is a hard worker, converting crude nature, into practical Material.

He is a proud father feeding his children, during the depression.

He is a tough marine, giving his life at Iojima.

He is an ambitious capitalist, building a financial empire.

He is a devoted preacher, dispersing God's word through the Land.

He is a noble doctor, performing a miracle on his patient.

He is a brilliant scientist, splitting the atom.

He is a master musician, expressing what he feels, in musical notes.

He is a lost alcoholic, trying to find himself.

He is a carefree hobo, enjoying his freedom.

He is a strapping athlete, winning a gold medal at the Olympic Games.

He is a warm-hearted comedian, bringing laughter to a troubled Soul.

He is a curious astronaut, singing on the moon.

She is a courageous wife and mother, standing by her husband And children, during hard times.

We are white, black, and red, yellow, brown.

We are Catholic, Protestant, Baptist, Jewish, etc.

We are French, English, German, Italian, etc.

We are a people, of all nations of the world, united by a universal Law of freedom.

2/18/06

Dave Tanguay

## **What mystery attracts me to you America? (poem)**

You bring about the best in of all of us  
In your word, we have come to trust.

The good and the evil you emancipate,  
So long as we obey your laws, we are free to  
Contemplate.

We may prey on the weak, as sly as a snake,  
For your laws allow us to manipulate.

We can subsist, - to find, and live with happiness,  
For we tend to shun away - from a great deal of the sadness

In all the chaos, - I have found peace of mind,  
For no other land - will lay it on the line,

The good, along with the bad, may keep us divided  
But in times of trouble, we find ourselves united

To conform to reality, we may be a part.  
However, reality - did not compose my heart.

I will neither judge, nor complain,  
For, I know - no one can be held at blame.

The reason I may express what I feel,  
Is reason enough, why America has such appeal.

She has taken the blows from friend and from foe,  
I will continue to defend her, WHY? - I do not know.

The Lord works in mysterious ways,  
Perhaps he knows the reason - for why I behave.

From the heat in the south, to the cold in Nome,  
Nowhere else on earth, would I want to call my home.

9/07/06

Dave Tanguay

## **What's Up Doc? (POEM)**

Schizophrenia, psychosis, manic behavior, of all sorts  
Bipolar disorders, topped off with a great deal of depression  
Not to mention neurosis, mind boggling illness, - which truly distorts  
Keeps all these doctors of psychology, affluent, - in their professions

8/34/06

Dave Tanguay

## **Where do we go from here? (poem)**

Where do we go from here?  
Why are we told we must persevere?

We do not learn from our past mistakes!  
Is living for survival - what it truly takes?

To live for today, and the hell with tomorrow  
We live for ourselves, believing life is only borrowed

Yet we want to be part of society's madness  
Even if it means living our lives - with such sadness

We convict criminals for crimes, they have committed  
Yet dropping bombs on women and children - is legally permitted

Take those bums out of Washington, who brain wash us all  
Lock them all up in a cell, see how long - before they bawl

Give them all - a one-way ticket to hell,  
And provide them all, with a happy farewell

Let us live our lives with love and dignity  
Something not learned by politicians - in our universities

5/20/06

Dave Tanguay

## **Winter's chill (Haiku)**

Winter is quite cold  
Bundle up or you will freeze  
Cold weather at last

11/16/06

Dave Tanguay