

## Poetry Series

# David S Harkins

- poems -

**Publication Date:**

January 2006

**Publisher:**

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by David S Harkins on [www.poemhunter.com](http://www.poemhunter.com). For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

## **David S Harkins (In The Fifties!)**

I call myself 'TheStoryTeller' and I love to write and tell little sketches and vignettes about life in the fifties and beyond. I have attempted to write a few poems and I would hope that some of you would read them and comment.

I write about what I remember and what I know and what is dear to me. I now am living On the Edge at The Edge at 42nd Street.

Since I was born in the fifties, I am in my fifties and I do believe this gives me a perspective that most others do not have. What do you think?

Works:

As of yet I am an unpublished author when it goes to books. My Dana Grace BraveHeart - Lady Knight short story was published in the Florida Health Partners Newsletter of winter 2003. It can be seen in either pdf or html by calling up 'david s harkins' on google or yahoo search.

On October 31,2005 I was elected Vice Chair of NAMI FL Consumer Council. I am very excited about this and look forward to serving in this capacity. Also over the Thanksgiving day weekend, I was privileged to be the Story Telling Santa Claus at the Holiday Fest at Historic Algiers Point in New Orleans, LA. This was a benefit to reopen their community library the Hubbel Library after the devastation of Katriana. I wrote my story Katrina, the Kitty that Could on Thanksgiving Day and it can be seen at BanyonPublishing.com

I am preparing to publish a children's picture book entitled 'The Adventures of Davey the River Pirate' this year (2006) . I may self publish so if you are interested in getting a copy one way or the other please write or email me or call me. My email address is dsh\_dba\_thestoryteller@yahoo.com and my address is 4200 E Fletcher Ave., Tampa, FL 33613; my phone number is 813.978.9636. Hope to hear from you soon.

Have a great day!

dsh

## Boy You're Going To Carry That Weight

'Dana Grace, is that you? ' I asked, as the phone stopped ringing.  
'Yes, Dad, it's me, who'd you think it would be? '  
'Oh, ok, I see, You're as manic as me.'  
'Yes, Dad, I'm higher than a kite,

Mom's with Conrad again,  
And she's spending the night.  
And I'm just alright.'  
'Are you safe my teeny-one?  
Where are YOU staying tonight? '

'I'm at 'Nelle's but she's working this night;  
And I am bored out of sight.'  
'Thanks for calling, but Dadeo, I must go,  
You see, Lindsey's mom just pulled up,  
I'm going to go with them to Wall-Mart right now,  
And shop and shop and shop and how.'

'I'll try to call you later this very eve,  
But If I don't, don't think I am trying to deceive,  
I'm only busy running around all through the night,  
And singing and playing to keep from getting uptight.'

'I'll see you soon, when you come up,  
I know you're coming as soon as you can,  
So, it's bye for now, my Father, dear,  
You can hear the horn blowing in your ear.'

'She's such a wonderful daughter, my Dana dear,  
I remember the days I held her near;  
Not so long ago when she was a tween,  
But now that she is a full-blown teen,  
I guess, she's 'too busy' to talk to her 'Daddy Dear.'

And so I'll go on my webtv,  
Maybe I'll browse on SingleMe? '  
Or write some poems to my dear friend;  
Who isn't sure she wants to be,  
Nor whether I'll ever get on with my life and mend?

The End

Poema de Vida

A GrandepequenoDavid Poem

'TheStoryTeller'

Written Sunday 7/11/2004 by David S. Harkins  
All Rights Reserved

David S Harkins

## Dad

Dad

By: David S. Harkins

Dad, I'll always remember the times you went to the half-pint games,  
And how you cheered me on, and on, and on;  
So much pride we both imbued, as I crashed into bodies to maim;  
After all these years I can hardly believe that you are gone.

The times we ate the wonderful dinners that you cooked,  
The burned hot dogs in the oven always looked overcooked!  
The time you let Al and I drive the Corvair to the church in Ft. Myers,  
Even though it was leaking oil, quarts per hours.

Why Dad you spent so much time at dorm room C,  
Which actually was your office as only could be done at FC.  
If you could see me now, living at Fontana, On the Edge,  
You would recognize that I at least followed in that stead.

How many years has it been since renal carcinoma took you away,  
From Rose and me and Al that way,  
I know we all miss you dearly,  
But Dad I know that I miss you the most, very clearly.

You made it big in your last few years,  
Bursar and Assistant to the Director of Properties and Industries at FC,  
You never held me in your lap like Uncle Paul when I skinned my knees,  
But Dad you always were quick to admonish me to do the right thing and not shed a tear.

Many, many years you've been dead,  
And I must admit for some of those years I was in the dread,  
Of succumbing to that vile illness that took you away,  
Never more with me and Al and Rose to play and stay.

Now it's time for me to get on with my life,  
Mi hijos are growing up just like awakening from sleeping over night.  
I know you would have been proud of them as I am,  
You would do anything in the world to just be by them.

The next time I am in Orlando, fair,  
I'll visit your grave, which isn't really a grave, but I will stare,  
And remember the good times that we had on the special times of the year,  
Like Christmas and Easter, Halloween and New Years.

I know you are in heaven fair,  
Up beyond the bright azure blue fare,  
Some day if I am given my reward up there,  
I'll join you in that fair land of never where.

The End

A BigBigDavid Poem

"TheStoryTeller"

dsh

David S Harkins

## **Daniel, My Son**

Daniel, My Son,

By: David S. Harkins d.b.a. 'TheStoryTeller'

Daniel, my son, you are younger than me,  
But we both know that you are more mature than I'll ever be,  
You were PFC Daniel Harkins, first gunnery man,  
In your platoon at Ft. Sill in Oklahoma land,  
While you were in AIT to defend our fair land.

You are nineteen and grown up a lot,  
Why when I was your age I was roofing and burger flipping and doing  
what not.  
Now you are working with Identity Group at the shop,  
Soon to be learning the trade and profession of typesetter to make you  
hop.

You are married now and Danielle your lovely wife,  
My daughter-in-law is a mighty fine person who gives you no strife.  
You play video games and skateboard still,  
But working and writing web pages for Dad is going to give you the best  
thrill.

You're much father along than I'll probably ever be,  
You BEDO while I try to DOBE and Gary knows that I love you SOBE.  
I wish you would let the Lord rule in your life again,  
I know you saw some hypocrisy and mayhem,  
But oh my son, the Lord takes care of His own,  
So get right with Him and bow before His throne.

I'm amazed at your grasp of life,  
And I know you want no strife,  
However, you do need to tone down your temper towards especially me,  
Or else they will be calling you, your sister and me, the Bipolar  
Three.

Live long and prosper and be ready at the judgement day,  
Keep unto the one that the Lord so kindly gave unto you,  
Bend down on your knees from time to time and pray,  
And thank the Lord that Rooster crowed when you made hay.

Oh son, do not despise me when I ask for assistance,  
Just know that I will always come at you with persistence.  
Remember the days of your youth when you were twelve,  
How we communicated with the webtv and into life we started to delve.

Make most of your still youthful life,  
And watch out for your sister, mother and wife.  
Life is fleeting from day to day,  
No one knows how the morrow will play,

So buy up the time and get in school,

And work your butt off and just be Kewl.  
For tomorrow may never come and even if it does,  
Today is really the only time on this earth we have to get things done.

Love,  
dad

The End

A BigBigDavid Poem

'TheStoryTeller'

All Rights Reserved by The Best Long Distance Dad in the World.

dsh#2

David S Harkins

## **Each Day I'll BE**

Each Day I'll Be

By David S. Harkins

Each Day I'll BE, a good, good man,  
By helping others across the land,  
I'll BE on top of things for God,  
And live the good life that others have trod.

I'll shine my light across the town,  
And BE good all around,  
I'll Be the one you wanted me to BE,  
My dear Father come unto me.

And so for God, I'll take my stand,  
I'll BE the man with God at hand,  
I'll BE in the morning and I'll BE at night,  
I'll carry on His work and not get uptight.

To BE or not to BE they say is the question of life,  
May I BE the one that causes no strife,  
As I am BEing and traveling through this life,  
Oh Lord, give unto me a wonderful wife.

But if I must BE alone in that respect for the rest of my life,  
May I BE the one to cut like a knife,  
Cut through the lies and the deceit,  
And Lord help me your enemies to defeat.

The End

A BigBigDavid Poem

'TheStoryTeller'

dsh

David S Harkins

## **Hombre Di Arana o Irene"**

As Spiderman says in Spiderman dos,  
'What you want most in life, you can't have, '  
So, vivo a mi hijos, seems to be but my loss,  
And from this day forward I will seek my Lord,  
All the rest of the days I am given,  
Until I meet The Holy One in Heaven.

If Irene' I seek in this world only,  
Of all men I will be most lonely,  
So as I bound onto the mark,  
I'll sing His praise until in an ark,  
He carries me to The New World,  
Where there is no i pino for the 'lost.'

As my life swiftly passes by,  
May I see them again, I to eye,  
And may my special friend, Irene,  
Understand why;  
And be a true friend to me, so I can laugh and not cry.

El Conclusion

David S Harkins

## **John Elder, MY Younger Friend**

John Elder, My Younger Friend

By David S. Harkins d.b.a. 'TheStoryTeller'

John Elder you are my favorite younger friend,  
Why we met on that Southwest flight that was nearly our end,  
You are a man of action and conscience and love,  
I know you were sent to me from above.

You listened so intently to my story,  
You didn't even act like it was borey.  
You started the walks and talks,  
And made me feel like I was a hawk.

Now you are married in Orlando town,  
And you still email me and do not frown,  
I must admit I leaned on you heavy,  
For money and such a few times too many.

John, I wish you God's Speed in this world below,  
And I hope you will always want to know,  
What TheBipolarOne and 'TheStoryTeller' has to show,  
And always help me to BE all the person I can BE don't you know.

The End

A BigLittleDavid Poem

'TheStoryTeller'

dsh

David S Harkins

## **Mother**

Mother

By David S. Harkins d.b.a. "TheStoryTeller"

She was everything to me,  
Grace Evelyn Myers Harkins,  
The gem of the universe can't you see,  
But she paid the dear price for her sins.

You see, my dad wasn't good enough for her in the end,  
And she cleaved unto other men,  
One a wretched piece of work known as Eugene Durden,  
A more dastardly person no one could comprehend,

He was a meat cutter by trade,  
And she met him at the VFW where she went to play,  
But he murdered her one evil day,  
And put me into a tirade.

Yes tragedy befell me that day,  
And all who my mother's life had touched in a good way,  
And now all there is of her,  
Are my fond memories of her in my younger day.

How when I got into jams,  
She rescued me and thwarted the plans,  
Of my enemies and adversaries,  
And even intervened when Dad was mad at me.

Now she I hope is above the bright blue,  
In heaven fair and not in sheol bleak and bare,  
How I long for the day when we will be reunited,  
And I will be with Mom and not remain contrited.

The End

A BigBig David Poem

"TheStoryTeller"

Written 12/7/2005 all rights reserved

dsh

David S Harkins

## **My Brother, Al**

My Brother, Al

By: David S. Harkins d.b.a. "TheStoryTeller"

Al, you are older than me,  
But I am afraid I am getting wiser than thee,  
I know you hurt as much as he,  
At the loss of our dear mother, she.

You won the John Phillip Susa Prize,  
In high school long, long ago,  
But on to FSU you went with jaded eyes,  
And beer drinking and pool shooting your major would go.

On to Florida College where you excelled,  
Perfect pitch in chorus and your bit part in the play,  
And the coveted Greek award you did take away,  
Only to go back to beer drinking and pool shooting the Pizza Hut way.

Through the years you sired two sons,  
I know you love them and their offspring as one,  
It is my hope that you will see more and more of those ones,  
And play with your granddaughters and grandsons.

And now you called me and we are reunited,  
I am living On the Edge at the Edge quite decided,  
And you are in the Country of the Town,  
I hope that you will wise up and stop being a clown.

What lays ahead no one knows,  
But I hope that we can stay in touch,  
And share some special times together,  
And stick it out through the bad weather.

Now you are an accountant like our Dad,  
Please don't ever be a cad,  
Always strive to do your honest best,  
And leave it up to the Lord for the rest.

The End

A BigLittle David Poem

"TheStoryTeller"

dsh

David S Harkins

## Ode De Angela - The Best D. O. I Know

I really don't know much about Angie's past,  
She told me one day while she was treating me,  
That she was from West Virginey,  
And that she went to Marshall University,

Angie is not a bit skinny or shy you see,  
Matter of fact she is quite pretty to me.  
But more than that she is the best D.O. in the world,  
For she really cares for her patients,  
And treats them like real people and not like Createans.

Angie, is very knowledgable of the Art of Doctoring,  
And she always takes pains to check her palm computer,  
To make sure that the drugs she prescribes,  
Do not have an adverse interaction like pewter.

Angie, has great bedside manner,  
She jokes with her patients when appropriate,  
Why she even told me after I said my ankle was dirty,  
Don't worry, David, I stick this finger up butt-holes all day long,  
And it doesn't even make me cherty.

Angie, you have renewed my faith in medicine again,  
And healed me of many of my maladies,  
I will miss you as I travel onto my next 'Plateau, '  
The Woman who reminds one of Patch Adams.  
Who could be her sweet beau.

And so as I part company with thee,  
I bid you adieu and God Speed.  
May you live long and prosper in this world,  
And save many struggling travelers with their medical load.

'And some day yonder,  
When we cease to ponder,  
What this life has brought to view, '  
May you treat and be with me in heaven fair,  
Beyond the bright azure blue.

The End

Poema Por Angela

LaPoemaDeDavieGrande

'TheStoryTeller'

David S. Harkins Created 7/25/2004

dsh

David S Harkins

## **The Storms**

The Winds and Rain and Waves are Hurting Us Still,  
Please Jesus, Peace Be Still

By: David S. Harkins d.b.a. 'TheStoryTeller'

First it was Charlie's turn to blow and pelt and make the oceans swell,  
And then dear bitter Frances tore through our land,  
Driving us farther to the Hadean Realm.  
And my aunt and cousin who live in the house,  
At 105 Frances Drive in Altamonte Springs,  
Ironically I know not of.  
Nor how they weathered these things.

And now Ivan the Terrible looms over the horizon,  
Threatening our dear land and maybe the Floridians again.  
As it has pummeled the islands of the Caribbean,  
And now takes aim on that enigma isle of Cuba,  
Where my bueno amiga, Gladys fled the storm of Fidel,  
So many years ago,  
And now maybe God shall allow satan to use this storm,  
To bring down upon Fidel, the wrath of HELL.

Who knows where this Ivan may still plunder,  
And destroy and lash and rent asunder?  
Who in its path lies to be laid low?  
And who will be swept out to sea by it's under toe?

Charlie, Frances and now Ivan near,  
One of our famous Presidents said,  
(To paraphrase a bit) All we have to fear is 'itself the fear, '  
But those of you who have experienced the wrath of the previous storms,  
Know that Ivan may shatter all norms.

So be wise and safe and flee if you can,  
And if you must stay prepare the best you know how,  
For I am afraid this storm will top the previous,  
And even be quite a bit devious.

The End

May God bless all who have and are yet to suffer loss of life, property and priceless memories from these storms?

A BigBigDavidPoem

'TheStoryTeller'

dsh

David S Harkins