Poetry Series

David Whalen

- 674 poems -

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David Whalen (5/18/38)

old, yet like gold, getting better with the years.
Grew up before teen years in Northside Cincinnati, Ohio
then teen years lived near loveland Ohio. from midlife til now, reside in Las Vegas Nevada.
Desperately want to move somewhere else! ! !

5 second Ode To Steve (My rubber chicken)

When I'm feelin' low
And my spirits are sickened

When my energy's sapped
And bad vibes have quickened

When I need a jump start
For happiness to kick in

I simply go to my happy place
With Steve, my rubber chicken

David Whalen

A blind eye

Lord knows why
we just can’t read

The handwriting emblazoned
on the wall

It says… “ So this is what
I don’t love you, feels like”

And… “time… makes fools
of us all.”

David Whalen

A blue Haiku (american haiku)

I’m down: <(here’s the news
Just cause I’m white… doesn’t mean
I can’t get the blues

David Whalen

A Chickensoup Kind of Day

It's hard to make up my mind
Seems it's always a decision
Of one or another kind

It's obviously icy out
It's clearly cold, and
Not only that…but I'm old

My skinny legs are covered
In goose-bumps
From the chill

And if the Ague
Doesn't get me
Then the vapours probably will

But if I have to
Make a decision
Well then…I surely will

Yesiree-bob,
I'm still a man of action
A man of decision still

My decision's been made
My plans have been laid
I'm still alive and in the loop

The die is cast
I know what I want at last
A hot steaming bowl of chicken soup! !

David Whalen

A Childish Bouquet

All that we had to give her
Was wildflowers…
My four little girls and I

They worked like lil' honeybees
With intense frowns on their faces
And determined look in their eyes

Violets and black-eyed Susans
Gathered in lil' grubby hands
‘neath bright summer sky

I had the girls present them
I thought it should be them…not me
I really don't know why

I'll not forget ever
The look of pure pleasure
That misted their mother's brown eyes

Nor the look of pure pleasure
That e'er I'll treasure
And That made me suppress a cry

I had never seen so delighted, my wife
Perhaps ne'er more so in my life
As by wildflowers picked…

By my four lil' girls and I

David Whalen

A Chilling Senyru

The sudden silence
Of a child can seem… chilling
As a sudden scream

David Whalen

A Christmas Eve Conversation

“Why can’t we go in daddy”
“Maybe another time sweetie”
“Dad, what happened to rags? ”
“He’s found a good home I think”
“Are we gonna have a Christmas tree daddy? ”
“Maybe next year if we’re lucky”
“Where’s mom daddy? ”
“That’s where we’re goin now sweetie”
“Is she waiting for us on the corner? ”
“Yeah, that’s kind of our home right now”
“Why can’t we stay here Dad? ”
“Other people live here now”
“Why? ”
“because it’s somebody else’s home now”
“but why daddy? ”
“Well, sweetie, things just happen”
“Why’d they happen to us? ”
“Don’t know why Sweetknees”
“Does it happen to everybody? ”
“Yeah, we’re not alone”
“Things will get better…won’t they dad? ”
You betcha’ kiddo, , , They always did before
“Now we gotta go help your mamma”…
“This isn’t our home anymore”
“Will you carry me dad? ”
“You bet! ”
“why does mom cry when she sees us comin‘? ”
“Cause she’s always happy to see us”
“Will she smile and laugh again, Dad? ”
“ She will…That’s why there’s tears in her eyes, hon’”
“Cause she’ll always have you and me”
“I’m glad Dad! ”
“Me too sweety! Gotta big smile ready for your mamma? ”
“Don’t be silly daddy, I always do! ”
“Daddy will we ever come back here again? ”
“Nope! Like I said before…
…its not our home anymore.”

David Whalen

A Dickensian Darkness

Light chased and scattered
In a mirror shattered…
Ink on a bleak blotter
An ebon Rorschach stain…
Dark chocolate color
Of old weathered copper
And shutters turned tight
'gainst the night and the rain…

Ghosts rising, shining
From black, mist dusted pavement
Muffled echoes murmur…
Cries, sadly seeking replies…
From those startled spectres
From shadows into life…
That in turn offer answers
In the darkest of lies

Soon the soft brush
Of lush branches
'gainst my windowpanes
Will become skeletal scratching
Demands…cold, dark and drear
and stained with strife
unrestrained

Could as well have been…
And very likely was, in truth
But an archaic dream
In the candlelit gloom
A Dickensian darkness
dank, dark and heartless
Such was, the velvet shroud
…It seemed…

David Whalen

A Father's Lament

I was never one for my kids to look up to
That's a stone cold fact that I'll always regret

I was never the best dad, for them to hold on to
I was there and I provided, I cared…and yet

I didn't give enough love, I wasn't tender enough
I was too much a disciplinarian, too quick to berate

I wanted to teach them to be righteous and tough
I realize my mistake, now that it's much… much too late

Too late to do the proper things…,
to say the words I wished I'd said

Too late to cherish them over, and above all other things
Too late to tuck them snugly in bed

To hold them tightly, to kiss them goodnight
Too late to see the happiness on their faces

Too late for me to set things right…
Too late to tie their tiny shoelaces

Too late to savor them clinging tightly to me
In fright at the monsters on 'Lost In Space'

Too late to wonder at their amazing resilience
As I looked down upon their angelic sleeping faces

They are blessed with selective memories that…
Remember only the good and not the bad

Thank God for the knowing that they remember me kindly
But no matter their memories…I'll always feel sad

For I look at old photos of them
And my old heart slowly breaks

At all the things I should have done back then
And of all my past mistakes

Now it's too late to tell them Of Fairies and moonbeams…
and sparkling stardust and of Angel wings

I was never one for my kids to look up to…
I can only grow old and… never forget

That I never did enough of these fatherly things
And I'll forever be one to look back and regret

David Whalen

A Few Easy Pieces

Piece of this
 piece of that

Peace and bliss,
Piece of crap

Peace of mind,
Piece of cake,

piece of work
Piece of steak,

Piece of eight
Piece of the action

Piece of the pie
Peace and satisfaction

Piece in the valley
Piece of glass

piece of my mind
Piece of a….

That’s quite enough now! ! !
Let’s quit this dance

Let’s stop while we’re ahead…
Let’s Give peace a chance

David Whalen

A few seconds to read

Heartbreak’s just another way of cryin’

Murder’s just another word for dyin’

Cheatin’s just another form of lyin’

And courage? ….just another way of tryin’

David Whalen

A few words on love

Love Is a word
That women prize
As a token

To men love’s a thing
Better shown…
Than spoken

To women,
 love in words
Is a passionate potion

While to men
Love in deeds…
Is the ultimate devotion

David Whalen

A Fine Red Mist (A Magical And Entertaining Thought)

Let’s make all future wars
A disappearing act…
with a brand new
entertaining twist…

Let’s let our fearless leaders, actually lead
serve some convoy duty and….“presto, chango! ”
“Bidda bing-bidda boom“…
Magically vanish …

…into a fine pink mist….

David Whalen

A freudian slip (who nose?)

I want to clear this matter up some way
And at the same time make my point

That love note I sent you the other day?
The one that got your nose all out of joint?

I think I simply typed too fast
And didn’t say what I meant to say

Not …“I like your huge, turnip nose”…
But “I like your cute turned up nose”

Was What I really meant to say

David Whalen

A Haunting Melody

It's not lyrics…but
whispers
That lie ‘neath the melody

Ghostly murmurs that
haunt
the refrain

Sursurrant sounds
That surge
And then melt

Whispers not heard but
more chillingly
…'Felt'…

As tingles and ripples
Of black fingernail
 Making

Minor chords that caress,
And then go
Raking….

Up spine and then
Spider
cross brain

A musical medly
Of whispers
And melody

Song fashioned by phantoms
From mist
 …Icicles and rain…

David Whalen

A Life Of Whimsy

Things of skill
Of trades well learned
Of fame and fortune
Duly earned

Acts of value
Civic duty
Charitable deeds
And feats of beauty

Things that worthy men
Aspire to
Things I'm sure they
Always will

Living lives
As I cannot do
Yet mayhaps my way
Is better still

For I've lived
A haphazard life
Of happenstance,
Foible and flimsy

And even better still
(and few can say)
I've lived a life
Of whimsy

…And I'm way OK with that! …

David Whalen

A Long Life Is… (Senryu)

What a long life is…
Lucky leaps o’er open graves
Near misses…close shaves

David Whalen

A manner of speaking

Hawaiians speak like
Soft rain falling…Asians talk
Like popcorn popping

- -

Germans sound angry.
French… like clearing their throat…Mutes
Say nothing of note!

David Whalen

A matter of perspective (senryu)

Think you're put upon?
The moon is but a servant…
In thrall to the sun!

David Whalen

A Moment Well Spent

Nature opens itself more
To people who look deeply
Than to those that bother
Only to just see

She's a showoff, a braggart, exhibitionist,
A Grande Dame, a diva …yet
Her Bette Midler/Madonna persona
Is revealed to only people like me

People who not only glance at…
But cup blossoms lovingly in hand
Inhaling her essence
Breathing deep, her perfume so grand

She'll gift you her favors
If in turn you give your attention
Allow you to savor the flavors
With out a hint of pretention

But most miss her beauty
And tis such a sad thing to me
That they fail to look closely
Bother only to see

So I say, bury your nose in a rose
Surrender yourself in it's scent
Take the time to look closely
Twill be a moment well spent

David Whalen

A Moribund Summer

A short walk with a long time friend
In the somber silence
Of a moribund Summer morn

Taking the sun in comfortable quiet
The quiet comfort of old friends,
Of a day new-born

Taking full measure
Of such common pleasure
So rarely used as to be barely worn

The larks and the trees
The freshening breeze
The rustle of stalks of corn

Brief respite from strife
Of oft-harried life
Free and about, Nature borne

A bit of banter and then
Needs come to an end (too soon)
A short walk with

…A long time friend…

David Whalen

A most taxing Haiku

Tax refund? Tax credit?
It’s all spent way, waaay before …
I EVEN GET IT! ! !

David Whalen

A Much Better Man

I am tall, handsome,
an outstanding lover
Athletic, slim,
a romance novel cover

I'm young, romantic
Humorous, fun, carefree
Admired, empowered
Wise, sage and debt-free

I'm charming,
wealthy
Disarming, and
Healthy… and

Then I wake up…and in reality! !

I'm balding, short
Ugly, forgetful,
Dense, toothless,
Fat and forgettable

I'm boring,
Hopeless,
Breathless,
Regrettable

I'm blinky and greasy
Stinky, and wheezy
And even I admit I'm
A bit of a creep

So my self-improvement scheme
Tis to nap a lot and dream
For I'm much the better man
…When I'm asleep…

David Whalen

A Neighborly Guy

Baptist churches and brotherhood
In a tired, aging town
A moribund neighborhood
Where faith and fraternity are found

Cleveland Ohio's a rust belt town
Ordinary citizens, still work out the days
Life comes and goes, has ups and has downs
But some neighbors are different in unusual ways

Take Anthony Sowell, a neighborly guy
A smile bright as the sunrise, none brighter or quicker
Liked to sit on his porch, by and by
Sippin' from a bottle of King Cobra Malt Liquor

Had a few girlfriends over, seemed a regular guy
Neighbors came over for barbecue at times
Always said "good mornin' and evening" and "hi'
Scrounged up ol' metal for nickels and dimes

Neighbors at times notice odd scents
Of dead things or spoiled meat
Seemed to be coming from beyond a fence
Of a sausage maker just down the street

But Anthony sowell, a neighborly guy
Had compliant companions who sat quietly inside
Four on the couch slowly rotting
and three on the floor where they died

A few in the hallway
several upstairs in the bed
One in the bathroom,
on his workbench, a severed head

Anthony Sowell, a neighborly guy
 was led in handcuffs through his front gate
Left his neighbors imaginations to fly
As to what was in that barbecue they ate

Anthony seemed such a neighborly guy
Some said they'd forever feel sickened
Some said they'd never eat barbecue again
Some said it tasted a little like chicken

David Whalen

A New Year, Another Chance

One more year to change…
One less year to do it in
Start now…don’t give in
One more chance
To do it in!

You can be better…
If you try
You can feel better
 That’s no lie

You can do better this year
Through thick and thin
Look up! Start now!
Don’t give in!

A new year…(you only get so many)
A new start… (only you can do it)
One more chance… (this time stick to it)
To do it in!

New year ‘s eve is near
Are you gonna stay the same
If so…shame, shame, shame! !

No war! No more fear!
You can do it! Let’s do it…
different this year! !

Stop smoking…lose weight
Be happy…Work out! …No drugs! …
Love yaw! ! lot’s of hugs

David Whalen

A Pen Gone Dry

Barren fields…empty places
Mind devoid of idea and rhyme
Sterile imagination…featureless faces
Webs in memories, frozen in time

Fingers flaccid, mind unwilling
Heavy lies this heart of mine
Creative forces not fulfilling
Empty flask of poetic wine

Dried up source of poetic spring
Used up store of poetic phrases
Emptied purse with untied string
Like worn out shoes and old frayed laces

Time away… might grow the field
Time away… might fill the empty places
 Perhaps time will let the emptiness yield
To imagination…and full featured faces

Now...inkwell empty
Tear in eye
Pristine paper
Pen... gone dry...

David Whalen

A Poem's Ne'er Finished

A Poem’s never finished
tis just entirely begun
If you’ve gone back and looked
To see just what it is that you’ve done

Ne’er a piece has been written
that couldn’t use a wee fix
A more profound phrase
To throw in the mix

Sometime it’s the inflection
Oft times it’s the prose
That could use some correction
A tiny tweak of it’s nose

Perchance an error, a bit of imperfect elocution
A slight awkward feel, now felt in the flow
Where before one saw only, eloquent execution
Needed changes, upon reflection, begin to show

Ne’er a piece is writ to perfection
When put the first time to submission
Tis only on rereading and a wee bit of reflection
That the betterments pop into one’s vision

Aye, it’s true, to like some, over the others
To think tis a fine job you’ve done
But let me suggest, my poetic sisters and brothers
That a poem’s ne’er finished…tis just entirely begun

David Whalen

A Quite Questionable haiku (american style)

In for a pound, in
For a penny…'fraid to ask?
You won’t get any! !

David Whalen

A singular person

I like to think that
I'm a singular person

Just not singular in any
Outstanding way

I like to think tho', that
There's something special

In the little things I do
And in a few of the things I say

I'm a man of few words
But a bearer of many emotions

I love wee little birds
And great briney oceans

Rustic ol' bridges
And ol' magic potions

Pump organs in ol
Churches…Sunday devotions

Yep…I like to think
That I'm a singular person

A peculiar man
In my own peculiar way

Not really outstanding
In my prosin' and versin'

A man of few words
And I'll keep it that way

David Whalen

A Spirited haiku

What then is spirit?
Well… if you truly don't know
Then you don't have it!

David Whalen

A very bad day

It’s been a bad day
So dark words I’ll write
Of ill omens, bad thoughts
And the absence of light

Of the beat of dark wings
Of things that aren’t right
And of things
That go bump in the night

Maybe tomorrow
I can carry the fire
Perhaps tomorrow will be
Just a bit more bright

What made this day so
One has no need to know
It’s been a bad day
So dark words I’ll write

David Whalen

A wealth of sources (inspiration is)

Inspiration…
Elusive creature…yet
Only when pursued
Too arduously

Everywhere…
Tis All about us
Within our grasp
Continuously

In faces
So familiar
In places
So mundane

Inspiration…is
Daily conversation
Exposition of emotions
Inspiration…both pleasure and pain

David Whalen

A wish...and a promise

Stay honest…stay true
And I'll always be there for you

Be loving…be kind
And I will… forever love you

Be there always…for all of my life
Be my partner…in hard times,

In happiness
And strife

I'll place no one before you…
And I'll be always… the one

…..there for you….

David Whalen

Acknowledge me

I want to tell my family
I want to tell those who are near
Please don’t look through me
Because…I’m still here

Acknowledge my being
Let me know I exist
Please hear my pleading
Let my presence persist

Tis as if I have no essence
Tis Your disengagement that I fear
Please see and feel my presence
I may be passed…but I’m still here

David Whalen

Advice Haikus (American style)

You never know when…
Your life will end, so live it
to the full my friend

Good advice…not just
Talk…do your heart a favour
Get out… take a walk

David Whalen

Against Which To Measure

One can’t know happiness
Unless one knows about sadness
One can’t know about pleasure
Without knowing of pain

You have to have something
Against which to measure
Like the dryness of dust measured
Against cool rivulets of rain

Without the presence of evil
Would we know what is good
To not know of cruelty
Would we know what we should

Knowing only of kindness
Of naught but good things
Enjoy bees sweet honey…
Yet not know of bee’s stings

Would you know what you had
Be it travails or treasure
No…not without experience …
Against which to measure

David Whalen

Age

Defeated men, seeking solace
Elbows posed on time polished bar
Staring numbly into empty glass
Eyes gazing dumbly, sadly, humbly
Reliving the unforgiving
Lost time…long past

David Whalen

All Dad's Fault!

Great grandchildren…
More that just a few
Grandchildren…
Got a lot of them too

Lot's of happy
Lot's of sad…
Lot's of goodness
And a bit of bad

A few deaths…
Lot's of life
Many fantasies
Just one wife

Many lives created
Most due to chance (or luck)
It all started on a warm summer evening
In the back of my dad's ol' pickup truck

The lightning bugs were glowin'
The hormones were flowin'
The attraction was growin'
And we were too young to be knowin'

Of the consequences of that summer night
And all the joy and heartbreak to be
Well…It was all my dad's fault…
This patchwork quilt of family

It all began
when I held out my hand
And he gave the pickup's
key to me

I think he knew all the while
What was goin' to be in store for me
Cause he had a bittersweet smile
As he handed me that key

David Whalen

All dogs go to heaven

When (and if) you approach
the gates to Heaven
Make sure your dog
is safely hidden
Because St Peter may just
turn you aside…
And instead, welcome
your dog within

David Whalen

All Hallow's Eve

All Hallow’s Eve

As he walked out the door he peered back inside
At his mother and father who gestured so feebly
Did he float down the steps, did he spookily glide
Did he feel Halloween’s deeds so deeply

Wipe the blood from his cape
Wipe the gore from his knife
Wipe the smile from their face
Wipe out the balance of each one’s life

Halloween eve a night to do evil deeds
Commit heinous acts for no one will know
For him to hide in shadows and weeds
To pounce on and slice them up so

To straggle behind and peer in bag of candy
Gives him opportunity to grab and to run
To carve lil’ goblins is just fine and dandy
Better for him a sharp knife than a gun

Mixing and mingling with ghostly immunity
Furtively fingering keen edge of the blade
Picking next victim with predatious impunity
Tonight a new legend will be bloodily made

David Whalen

All I do good Is Words

Out of work, Not much of a future
My life seems to be for the birds
Got no specials skills, life's in the sewer
The only thing I can do is "words"

It's what I do to try to feel complete
I belong to that useless fraternity of nerds
I have naught to offer but to sit in this seat
The only thing I can do is "words"

Too much time on my hands
Or even what's worse
twiddling' rubber bands
And makin' silly verse

My wife's on my case
To bring home the bacon
She's not real happy
with the money I'm not makin'

I'm unable to alliterate like I certainly should
I can't cut and I can't paste
I'm getting' so's I can backspace pretty good
Yet I'm feelin' like a total waste

Cause the only thing I do good is words

David Whalen

All In Your Mind

Happiness is a choice
It dwells within your mind
You only need to give it voice
It's not so hard to find

Sadness dwells there too
And tis a choice in kind
Whose dwelling choose you
To most often go to?

…After all…
It's all in your mind

David Whalen

All I've got

What's left for me? …books.
Thoughts, theories and a heart full
Of warm memories

David Whalen

All Living Things

The sea…a living sentient thing
As is the Earth…an organism alive

For who's to say that oceans don't think
And that planets don't strive to survive

That trees and leaves have no feelings
And rocks…no emotions

That waves could'na be the heartbeat and…
The pulse of vibrant oceans

That canyons be not wrinkles
That mountains are not just features

That constellations…and galaxies
Not simply grand cosmic creatures

That lakes are not eyes
Valleys not ears

Volcanoes not simply pimples
Nor the rain…Terra's tears

As atoms…to universes
Meteor storms…to hail

The only true difference is…
A slight matter… of scale

Only the out-sized ego of…
man can stubbornly deny

Only stifled imaginations
Sterile, dusty and dry

Only minds conditioned
to not even strive…fail

To acknowledge that all and everything
That exists…is in it's own way, alive

David Whalen

All our resolutions

My new years resolution
And this time
I’m gonna’ hold fast

Is to write no more haikus! ! !
(and like ALL our new years resolutions…
How long ya think this one’s gonna last?)

David Whalen

All our yesterdays

Dusty shelves within our minds
Dark labyrinth of passageways
Memories stored like aging wine
Where we keep… all our yesterdays

Moments… treasured, … forgotten pleasures
snugly tucked, in private places
Daydream fodder, and even odder
Private portfolio Of forgotten faces

Far off look…into empty spaces
Seeing sights of other days
Tasting memory's wine, of other places
Divinely, takes your breath away.

Shadow dancers on the wall
memory's vault in which they lay
Private…inviolate… memory hall
Where are kept… all our yesterdays

David Whalen

All that is born must die

No one and nothing, remains the same
Everyone has to learn to say goodbye
Every thing changes in fact and in name
All that is born must die

Look in your tattered albums,
look at the faces
They'll speak of volumes
Of lost times and places

Childhood is fleeting
Innocence must fly
Passage of time is deleting
All that is born must die

Accepting the changes
From comfortable places
To new feelings and ranges
To New lives and new faces

To learn to let go
To let hands slip from yours
To yield to life's flow
To walk through opened doors

Each day there's a parting
New peace and new strife
Life changing and starting
From the old, to new life

Each new day differs from the last
Every sunrise and sunset in the sky
Is different and has traveled into the past
Everyone has to learn to say goodbye…

And all that is born must die

David Whalen

Alone

Come out of the shadows
Where you wait patiently
Come take my hand
So I'll not be alone
Wrap your dark cloak
tight about me…
As if I were your own
Step out from the shadow
Please take me home

David Whalen

Always

Always be faithful,
always true, and good things will
Always come to you

David Whalen

Always A 'Hotty' To Me

You've always been
And always will be
The be-all and end-all
To me

The memories will linger
And grow more precious you see
So I'll hold them tightly. and clutch them
To me

The coy look in your eyes
When you said ' Should we? '
But sly words unspoken, said 'yes'
To me

We were young, now we're old
You'd think passion would grow cold
But you'll always be a 'hotty'
…To me…

David Whalen

always something to be thankful for

On this day of thanksgiving
When our future may seem murky.

We always have something to be thankful for.
Mine is that I'm not a turkey! !

David Whalen

Ambiguity and Cheshire cats

Black and white…wrong and right
Strangers in the night

Nothings black… To me anymore
Nor anything totally white

Things so simple… at one point in time
Seem now… not so clear at all to me

Ambiguity has stolen in…with the advance of years
taken black and white… and has set them free

The righteousness in this…
the certainty of that

That "carved in stone" attitude
Is now quite "old hat"

Now things are imbued with ambiguity
And I'm really quite all right with that

Once rigid and unforgiving
Now flexible and more giving

Life itself to me…
ambiguous in the living

Has now become…
Somehow become …

As Ambiguous as…
" The Cheshire cat"

David Whalen

American Prairie

10’ tall Big bluestem…
Once flourished there, now almost gone
Creamy yellow blossoms of Plains wild Indigo
White prairie Phlox and…
Bright yellow Prairie Ragwort
Tiny dark-blue Downy Gentian
Grasses fade from bluish purple
to copper-tan and wine-red.
Compass Plant leaves point only north and south
And it’s sap a natural chewing gum
Short grasses in the shadow…
of the Rocky Mountains
Tall wind shimmered grass
from Manitoba to Texas
Soil with the exotic name of Loess
Composed of glacial born rock dust
Leavened with wind borne debris.
Fields of ten foot tall Sun Flowers
Beauty and history… in land never tilled
Russets, …yellows… and purples
Dancing in the never-ceasing wind

David Whalen

An antique ornament

Reflections in an antique ornament
Of lights of green and reds
Of silver tinsel, candy canes
Distorted reflections of children’s heads

Reflections in a kitty cat’s eyes
Of red and green, and mischievous delight
In the feline notion of newfound highs
Of a tree he’ll scale tonight

Reflections of brightly wrapped presents
Piled atop folds of faux-snow cotton
Of pine needles shedding amber essence
Creating memories ne’er to be forgotten

Reflections of a time worn sofa
Reflections of a husband and wife
Reflecting on that antique ornament
And the antique ornament…reflecting life

David Whalen

An Autumn Dawn

Light congealing
Like ice upon water
Razor-honed edge
of dawn cleaving the dark

In hot pursuit
Of shadows fleeing
Dreams drift away…
Like a guttering spark

Liquid gold blades
of sabre-like rays
Cleaving and piercing
Heart of morning mist

Parting the glades
for a new-born day
Hapless…Nay, helpless!
Of night to resist

Dawn's dam of darkness
In truth sorely breached
Erodes into remnants as bones
Both white…and bleached

As through broken dike
Floods of light gouting...
Awash are farms, fields
And sheepfolds alike

Shredding the shrouds
Of nighttime's dark clouds
What is there of Dawn
…not to like? …

David Whalen

An Easy Haiku (To Write)

It’s easy to write
Poetry What’s not easy
Is to write it right

David Whalen

An Even Dozen (human needs)

I wondered what the basic needs
Of the average human could be
I know these don't apply to everyone
But they do apply to me

First on my list: would be nutrition,
the usual food and drink
Second would be: Rest, sleep and relaxation
Third would be the need …
For recognition I should think

Fourth would be… most certainly
The human need for touch
For without the laying on of hands
Life would lack so much

Fifth would be the need for place
A place to call one's own
A place within the human race
A place that one calls home

Sixth would be acceptance
Of one's place within the clan
And the mutual understanding
Of exactly where we stand

Seventh is the sense of need
To feel the need to belong
And to also feel that one is needed
And that the need is strong

Eighth on my list is comfort
Comfort within one's skin
Comfort in where one is in life
Comfort without and within

Ninth would be the need for pleasure
For the body and for the mind
Pleasure of the physical self
Pleasures of the human kind

Goals would be my tenth essential
An additional and necessary need
For a life without ambition Would …
be bland and empty indeed

Satisfaction is number eleven
For unrest on the soul is an onerous weight
While the feeling of satisfaction
Is a most humanly pleasant state

Last, but not least among all of the needs
Of the human animal I've listed above
is the combined total of all of those deeds
Last…is peace of mind…and love

David Whalen

An Inhuman Presence

(If Poe had one, he might have written thusly)

The rhythmic thump
‘gainst the floor

That resounds
Both day and night

That gentle rustle,
That familiar bustle

That accompanies me
Through deepest, darkest night

That calms my soul
And fills the hole

That void that
Would otherwise exist

Presence there That ne’er
E’er, ceases to persist

Whose touch I feel
And who so insists…

That I touch in turn
And caress in delight…

And whose tail thumps
Rhythmically, faithfully (and light)

And is the measured metronome
That calms hearth, heart and home

My canine friend, e’er true blue
Who helps me through

The deepest…darkest…dreary
night

David Whalen

An ode to snow (and a speck of dust)

Began it’s life a speck of dust
One of billions
Bourne upon the air

Transformed as all things must
Be… that blossom both…
Mundane and rare

A tiny mote imbued of moisture
absorbed within… and
Without a care

Tossed willy-niilly by caprice of wind
The mote of dust
Begins to dare

To attract electrons into it’s grasp
With static gasp
And electric glare

Then starts it’s dizzy descent
Joined by another
Commingling to form a pair

More moisture still… gathered as they went
Gaining weight and boon companions
In the gelid air

Now in numbers beyond count and scale
Strange, beautiful crystals form on speck of dust
Bourne upon the air

And softly falls like gentle comets would
In feathery flakes of cosmic dust
Like pious whispers of Lama’s prayer

A simple speck of dust
One would never think
could make

The incomprehensible
The unbelievably beautiful
Exquisitely unique

…Snowflake…

David Whalen

An Untimely Haiku

A strange thing is "TIME"
My friend…Has no beginning
…Nor a proper end…

David Whalen

And I will write

Is it loneliness…
Is it fear?

Is it of lost love
That you wish to hear?

Is it happiness?
Is it of light?

That makes you read…
Into the night

Please tell me…
For I have need

of your interest…
and insight.

Please tell me
For I want you

to want to read…
what I write

…And I will.

David Whalen

And Winter Comes Again

The spicy condimental smell
Of crushed Autumn leaves
Faint distant cries
As from damned souls
Whisper from the trees

Skeletal limbs…in gelid winds
Grasping desperately
For things they cannot see
And spirits unconsigned
To either heaven or hell
Roam earth eternally

The lead ochre gleam
Of frozen stream
Hard and spare as flint
Light crystal path
with winter’s gleam
Imbued with glacial glint

Winds with razored
edges keen
Shave shapeless drifts
To ghostly forms
Spare and mean

Gives souls pause
To shrink and shrivel
In fond membrance of summer
And then
Commence into acquiescence
to icy caresses
And surrenders to winter
again

David Whalen

Another New year, Another New Beginning?

Another new year!
Another new beginning?

Will we get this one right?
Will we have learned from the last one?
Will we treat our kids better?
Will they be healthier and better educated?
Will we be more prudent, save more money?
Will we even have a job?
Will we keep the one we have?
Are we gonna stop smoking?
Are we gonna start dieting?
Are we gonna start exercising?
Are we gonna stop watching so much TV?
Are we gonna walk more and stop so much driving?
Will we help someone who has less?
Will we be thankful for what we have?
Will we renounce war?
Will we live a little longer?
Will we want to?
Are we gonna venerate our elderly?
Are we gonna respect others?
Are we gonna forget about someone's color?
Are we gonna be friendly?
Will we give hugs whenever we can?
Will we read more?
Will we try to learn something new?
Will we vote this year?
Will we act as Christians even if we're not religious?
Will we try to buy American made products?

Are we and Will we
There's a lot more I'm sure you could add
Will you, or are you going to be doing any of these this year?
They're all desirable, most require little money or effort.
They're truly things that you can do…for you and for others.

Another new year!
Another new beginning?

David Whalen

Another Shade Of Reality

Hold tight the night
Embrace the dark

Lit only by Luna's
Lambent spark

Keep tight the lids
So not to see

A ray of light
Not meant to be

For in the dark
Dreams can be

Another shade of
Reality

And a world as bright
Without the light

Of velvet black
Dark things to see

Enjoy the world
Of ebon deep

Dreams of wonder
In your sleep

Push away the day
That world so bright

Embrace the dark
Hold tight the night

David Whalen

Another Summer

Silent as day
Quiet as the setting sun
Summer settles in

David Whalen

Answers

I need a bottle of answers
Or at least a flask

A richness of remedy
To finish a task

A surfeit of solution
An excess of replies

A ream of resolution
Answers to all the lies

Mayhaps a windfall of wisdom
Perhaps a deluge of devotion

Perchance a proof for my puzzle
Of my mysterious emotion

Pray tell… a bright light of knowledge
And in it’s knowing I can bask

I need a bottle of answers…
Or at least a flask.

David Whalen

Aphorisms: Men and women, Happiness and misery

Some Aphorisms

Happiness is good health and a bad memory unknown
If I dropped dead right now I'd be the happiest man alive Samuel Goldwyn
Ask yourself if you are happy and you will cease to be John Stuart Mill
Be happy, it's a way of being wise Odette

Anxiety is interest paid on trouble before it's due Dean Inge
Harmony seldom makes a headline unknown
Don't do whatever you like-like whatever you do unknown
Comedy is tragedy plus time Carol Burnett

When it rains look up rather than down
For without the rain there'd be no rainbow Jerry Chinn
Everything human is pathetic, the secret source
Of humor itself is not joy but sorrow unknown

I love my raggedy-ass ol' life
I never want to die Dennis Trudell
We'd all be sorry if
All our wishes were gratified Aesop

Give a man free hands
and you'll know where to find them Mae West
When a wife learns to understand a man
She usually stops listening to him unknown

All who would win joy, must share it
For happiness was born a twin Lord Byron
A Home is not a mere transient shelter
It's essence lives in the people within unknown

Be good and you'll be lonely Mark Twain
Don't scorn the man who's happy, he knows something you don't Paul Jones
Men don't need women, only parts of their anatomy unknown
Sex is what women have and what most men don't unknown

David Whalen

April...A Hopeless Romantic

Rain rings spreading wide
Like liquid blossoms opening
To the rise of April's tide

And if one listens closely
to her gentle wind
and harkens to her showers

One hears April stealing in
To waken
Nascent flowers

Always it begins, as just a gentle patter
A tender touch
to Mother Natures shoulder

As if to say, there's naught to matter
Winter's time is done
No more… will it grow colder

I'll slake the thirst
Of frosted earth says she
And rouse the sleeping seeds

And I'll pay no mind
To what the kind
And even grace the weeds

My dewy touch
My gentle morning mist
Will caress both fields and bowers

Imbued as such
With Springtime's kiss
And the romance of April Showers

David Whalen

Are We Better Now Than Then (stand naked in front of a full length mirror)

Better Now Than Then?
(stand naked in front of a full length mirror and try not to giggle or gag)

We were then:
Small wiry bipeds on dry plains of Serengeti
Stringy, tight muscles, strong hands, with long slender fingers
Low, beetled brow over dark eyes, seeing distant
Long pointed nails, ridged and discolored, tip slender delicate digits

We are now:
Tall upright bipeds, on dry, sere, parking lot at Walmart
Folds of flaccid fat, fallow, loose, hanging over belts
Squeaky-clean, sausage-like, weak, fat fingers
Skin stretched tight over pudgy, pillow-like hands

We were then:
Hardy travelers, to distant mist shrouded mountains
Feet naked, soles hardened, over plains of rock, sand and gravel
Long slender bows, slung over lean shoulders and arrows in hide pouches,
Obsidian knives, tucked in scant leather loincloths

We are now:
Overweight omnivores, driving air conditioned cars across heat-shimmered blacktop
Aching feet shod in spring-soled Nikes, Ipods and ear pods slung cross sallow chests
Cellphones esconced in synthetic leather, hung from belts, supporting extra large Dockers
Weak, myopic eyes, desperately scanning vast uncharted parking lot
In search of the always elusive parking space, nearer the doors

David Whalen

As We Age…

The feet shuffle a bit now
And the hands tremble relentlessly
But the mind is still sharp
Tho' wanders off on it's own
Now and then

Before returning quickly
To where it left off…
Glasses are thicker, as is the waist
And It seems one's throat
Always needs clearing

Thoughts still focus on the present
And on the future, while dwelling
Disproportionately
In memories and melancholy
And conscience and reflection
Become a cape ‘neath
Which to hide

David Whalen

Ask Your Dog 'What Time Is It'?

If you could ask a dog
“What time is it? ”…
You most likely
Would just hear a howl

A bark, a snuffle
A snort or a sniff
A whimper, a whine
Or a growl

But that’s not what I hear
And that’s not his reply
When I ask my dog
“What does the clock say? ”

I know by the look
That I see In his eye
That the answer is
“It’s time to play! ”

So if your dog could just talk
And If you just knew how…
 to listen …to him, His answer to you
would be “It’s time to play, Right now! ! ! ”

David Whalen

attitude and emotion

Tenderness is greater than courage
Empathy is more understanding than sympathy
Anger is more inward than outrage
Happiness is much more than sublimity

Night can be brighter than daytime
Light can be heavy as heavy can be
Reason is more sensible and rational than rhyme
Admiration is more admirable than envy

Pleasantness is more important than pleasure
Sadness is pervasive and felt through and through
Truth is more valuable than treasure
Plenty is not always just more than a few

Piety is more noble than proudness
Jealousy is more corrosive than acid
Silence can be noisier than loudness
Contentment is more than being placid

Insightfulness can be more than perception
Understanding is better than strength
Deceit is much more than deception
Breadth can be deeper than length

Knowledge is more valued than vanity
Admitting to error is to admit the light
Intuition cam be more sure than certainty
Day can be darker than night

Aloofness is something tis best to be above
Love is needed to more, than to some
touch is more basic than any thing else in love
Kindness is more important than wisdom

David Whalen

Autumn's Doldrums

All things were naught but quiet…
Quiet as a babies breath
Not a meandering breeze
Nor dragonfly sneeze
Could pierce the Autumn's depth

Seasons caught …
twixt heat and cold
Juxtaposed, in deep repose
Seeming not to make so bold…
To decide ‘tween life and death

All things in a state of stasis
A thoughtful pause… (As it were)
When things with wings
And scaly things
And even things with fur

Seem to sink
into deep contemplation
As if to ponder, their fate…
In dark contempt…Or admiration
It matters not…It's much too late

For Mother Nature…once rested
Will release the breeze to the waiting trees
Will bid Jack Frost hello…
Then clothe them flimsy
With an air of whimsy

In raiment of crystal snow…

David Whalen

Awe and Wonder

I like to look in awe and wonder
At the things rarely seen
up close… and ponder
At the curious ways
that folks like to gaze
At things so far away in the sky
And suffer the loss
at such sad cost
of all the many wonders
That lie just ‘neath
the eye

David Whalen

Awesome understanding of everything

There were times when I was a very young child, that a feeling…
A sense of well being would flood over me. When I felt completely
At ease with…and understood fully the great scheme of all things great
And small, without knowing exactly just what it was that I understood so
profoundly, nor why it made feel so good.

That was so long ago. But then inexplicably It happened again!
While sipping morning coffee and reading two versions of Jean Auel's
"The Mammoth Hunters" one in Spanish and the other in English, while
Taking my morning coffee at McDonalds in Walmart.

My weary ol' eyes drifted from my books upon which I had laid my glasses,
To rain clouds misting over the mountains that rim the Vegas valley. I rubbed
My eyes and then my brow…and that was when my childhood epiphanies returned.

Sitting with eyes closed, fingers wrapped round my foam coffee cup, That sense
Of wonder…of profound peace, serenity and complete understanding flooded over
me once more….And for a few precious seconds I knew all…and had the answer to
Everything!

That feeling of bliss and awesome wisdom was fleeting indeed, and reality returned
To the staccato chatter in Chinese, of someone speaking loudly (as almost all cell phone users are
given to do) accompanied by giggles from a gaggle of young Mexican girls a few
booths away.

My feeling of being one with the universe slipped back to whence it came. I replaced my
Glasses on my nose, sighed, with a monumental sense of loss, took a sip of my lukewarm
Coffee, focused on my books once again and regretfully returned to reality, while wondering
"is this some quirk, peculiar only to me?

If you've bothered to bear with me this far, and have ever experienced this, and/or can
relate to this phenomenon, then perhaps we share something special or…perhaps something
not so special at all.

David Whalen

Babies, Moms, Memories and Aromas

Babies, Moms, memories and Aromas

Young baby, helpless and wee
Head reposes on mom's shoulder
Nestled in soft arms comfortably
Smells the hair of the one who holds her

Mom's fresh shampoo scent, becomes imprinted deep
A comforting, soothing essence… in
The child's vast, and unfilled memory keep
Takes up permanent residence

Small, chubby fingers twirling ringlets of hair
While the singular scent of her mother…is
Being tucked away, with loving care
Memories and scents stacked atop one another

Sweet baby powder is the smell on the palm
Of the hand That gently pats the child's back
The odor re-enforcing a reassuring calm… and
Promptly being added to the child's memory sack

Mom's own smell, sweat mixed with soap, sweet and pungent
By the child is inhaled and sequestered forever within
Memory's medicine, to be used as an unguent
And in her memory, applied by her mother's hands once again

Baby oil and baby powder, a heady mixture...
An olfactory delight to store in a child's mind
Another memory to sequester and treasure
Mixed with mothers scent, unique and sublime

Many years in the future, this child now all grown
Will be reminded by scents of the present, and will measure
Her mom's sweet scent, mixed with her own
And locked in her mind's vault, to treasure….
Forever and ever

David Whalen

Bad Droopy Tats

Eagles now sag
Where once they
Proudly soared

Lions have now to whimper
Where once
they loudly roared

Cupids now look stupid
Where once they
 Looked so pleased

Once posed perkily
On perky butt
Now droop to wrinkled knees

Lightning bolts that inspired fear
Now look like moles
Or donkeys ears

And once lil' red hearts
Now appear like big ol' warts
On breasts, necks, and rears

 They made you happily sigh
When first applied
But that was before you knew

That the giddiness
Would turn into hideousness…
These are the sad sagging fates

Of aging tattoos

David Whalen

banjos, halos and clowns (haikus)

There’s two things I know
 That creates smiles and warm glows:
 Halos… and banjos! !

If poverty was
A river, then I would have
Drowned long ago

Had I known just how
life would go down… my choice would
Have been…“be a clown! ! ! ”

David Whalen

Beautiful phrases

Beautiful phrases

Emerald green, misty dells
Soft alabaster faces
Cold, briney ocean swells
Finely woven, antique laces

Sun-kissed cheeks
Rose petal lips
Long summer weeks
Braised roast beef tips

Cerulean skies
Elfin ears
Ebony eyes
Quicksilver tears

Raven haired lasses
Eagle-eyed lad
Fog shrouded passes
Wind moaning sad

Candle’s faint flicker
Pink tinged sky
Wild pony’s whicker
Soft, sibilant sigh

Trees tremulously swaying
Wind shivered reeds
Hair, silver graying
Man’s unfilled needs

These phrases have no scheme
And no reason that they should
Have only one redeeming theme
Be beautiful and…
Sound good.

David Whalen

Before The Buildings Fell

“Those are people”
Gasped the woman at my side
“No, surely not”
I confidently replied

“Look! Their arms and hands clawing”
Then I too saw them slowly falling
I was wrong and sadly
She was right

David Whalen

being Frank and Earnest

With women I always strive
To be frank or earnest

I always try
my absolute best

For as long as
I’m known as frank or Earnest

My real name’s
not gonna show up

In any paternity
Tests!

David Whalen

believe in magic

A good part of magic
Is in the believing
And the magic of believing
Is in itself quite magical as well

Believing there is no magic…
No wondrous illusion
Well, I believe, without any delusion
That that… would be tragic as hell

David Whalen

beyond belief

“You’ll never believe, what it is that I see”
Said the old man just before he died

He squeezed my hand tightly, as he whispered lightly
And he pulled me down to his side

“I wouldn’t have believed, ” he said with a sigh
As I put my ear close to his lips

His dim eyes brightened, as his hand slowly rose
he pointed into space with thin fingertips

“It’s not…not at all, what you’d think it to be, ”
He whispered, as his hand… slowly fell to the bed

“We were wrong, all of us wrong, It goes on you see! ”
Barely audible now, slowly lowered his head

I put my hand on his brow, my cheek against his… tenderly
I could sense the ebb of his final tide

“You’d never, …ever believe, what it is that I see, ”
His eyes closed…he smiled…then he died

David Whalen

Bit of monkey business

Winter …cold as sin
He’s made of brass, not tin….sooooo
Bring your monkey in! ! ! ! ! !

David Whalen

Bittersweet is age

In the end, we all die but once.
Most die but one time and one time alone.
But what tempers the sweetness of living long
Is the bitter sweetness
That the aged wearily carry to their grave.
The fact is, that the aged will have died
Many times over in their life
While the young and the innocent
…have to die only once…

David Whalen

Blessed sense of humour

Some say God is everything,
And everywhere,
and is the creator
Of us all
Some say he's the epitome
Of love, kindness and good
Some say she's the enforcer
Of universal law,

Some say he's simply misunderstood
As for myself…I don't know
If she really exists or if the Divinity
Is just a rumour
But I must insist
That if God indeed exists
She must possess…and be blessed, by
…A grand sense of humour…

David Whalen

Blink Of An Eye

Seems like this life
Is takin' forever…
Yet time passes by
In the blink of an eye

And before you turn round
Without e'en a sound
Life has…passed
…You by..

David Whalen

Blue

A three-way…threesome
two-way a twosome… call me
Handsome…(I’m lonesome!)

David Whalen

Bodacious

Oft-times our body
seems to be
Much stronger than
our minds and hearts

Not swayed so much by
emotion or intellect
But Moved instead
By bodacious body parts

David Whalen

Boredom

When I used to get bored
I would count my teeth

And I used to do that
without A lick of shame…

But now I do something far, far worse
Of which I'm truuuuly ashamed

For I've started giving….
Each tooth it's own name

David Whalen

Break of Dawn

Slats of sunshine…
laddered light

Beating back
the Stygian night

Fireflies clothed
in orbs of gold

Seek sleepy refuge,
from pre-dawn cold

While daybreak dithers…
Twixt dark and light

David Whalen

Breath Of Creation

Today, I breathed into the air,
two cups of moisture… as I do everyday
which was absorbed by the atmosphere
in some arcane, yet everyday way

To couple with clouds…the cold…
and a mote of dust…to take
The wondrous form of…
A crystalline snowflake

What in my most delirious dreams
Tis a heartwarming thought
To be a bit of the creation, of Nature’s schemes
My essence, and breath have wrought.

no one gives thought Of simple inhalations,
Of everyday breaths… ordinary inspirations
Yet in every exhalation… everyone takes
A part in the creation…of snowflakes

David Whalen

Breath Upon The Looking Glass

My breath expressed
Upon the looking glass
A living veil
Composed of gas

Eyes kept without
Breath held within
A visual shout
A ghastly grin

That fades away
As does the breath
As sure and certain
As life and death

The looking glass
Now free of mist
Lays bare my soul
And doing so insists

That I observe
The exposed nerve
That in said glass
Persists

I hastily breath anew
On said looking glass
To renew said veil
of living gas

Then Hie away
Before it fades
And draws me fast (and forever)
Into the looking glass

David Whalen

Bullet Below Her Breast (missed…udderly)

Sad, Saggy Saga

Ninety three year old lady,
sad and bereft
By her beloved husband's
untimely death

Decided to join him
and no longer be apart
Twould best be done
by a bullet to the heart

To her doctor posed the question,
"exactly where does my heart rest"
The doctor replied,
"just below your left breast"

Gunshot under her left breast
Failed to set her free
She was admitted to hospital
With gunshot wound to left knee

David Whalen

Bus Trip To No Particular Place Pt. I

Pt I

Decided to go nowhere, yet cover great distances
Take a long time in arriving, to no one particular place
Experience other people's ways of surviving
Experience their struggles, their unknowing grace

The bus trip started with no particular direction
It wasn't my point to go from point A to Point B
The point was to get a feel for the face and complexion
Of my fellow travelers… across this asphaltic sea

A buzz cut young man, across the aisle, smiled and told me his story
Fresh out of high school and headed for camp Lejuene
Soon to be a proud Marine and bask in the glory
Yet fearing that combat and death could come soon

He transferred to another bus with a wistful smile and a wave
One could sense the reluctance of his leaving this place
Would destiny give him a bright future… or a dark grave?
But I didn't begrudge him… his trip through this space

He was only the first person that I got to talk to and know
On my trip to nowhere…to no particular place
But my experience on this trip had barely begun to grow
 My next would be that old lady staring out the window…into space

David Whalen

busy day

Plans for Today

Listen to the doves cooing
Have coffee on the patio
Solve the Mideast crisis
Devise ingenious scheme to make millions
from working out of my home
Stare into the fridge a while
Take a nap
Solve the oil shortage
Come up with that clever comeback, that I couldn't
Come up with years ago
Study for world lit. exam
Take a nap
Try to remember what it was I forgot to do
Travel back in time a bit
Lament the fact that birds won't let you pet them
Wonder why people act the way they do
Figure out how the Egyptians built the pyramids
Figure out why
Think about doing some vigorous exercise
Take a nap
Do some serious scratchin' of a wide assortment of itches
Take a walk and think about jogging
Forget about jogging
Remember how to get back home
Take a nap
Rummage through the fridge
Eat a piece of cheese (after scraping off the blue and green mold)
Decide to vote for the independent candidate next election
Wonder where the heck the day went
Wonder why so many people are fat
Think about good food
Look in fridge again
Pet and praise the pup for poo-ing outside
Eat some sardines and crackers
Remember pleasant people, happy times and warm places
Annoy the parakeets by whistling back at them
Play some tennis (at least in my mind)
Nod off for a bit
Wonder why I have hundreds of channels… and nothing to watch
Escape reality in the comfort of a book
Make up lives for the people I watch at McDonalds and walmart
Push the future as far off into the future as I can
Spend some time feeling sorry for myself
Look in the fridge
Try to write something meaningful
Read it later… delet it
Write something trivial, post it…regret it
Look in the mirror and sigh
Go to bed and read for awhile
Then lie wide awake stare at the ceiling and worry

Make plans for tomorrow..
And sigh

David Whalen

butterflies are good (taste a little like chicken)

Butterflies are real good

I like God’s butterflies
I so really, truly do
Beautiful, iridescent wings
Of brilliant rainbow hue

Carmine reds, deep purples
And unbelievable blues
I feast my eyes upon
Their most incredible views

I feast not only my eyes
But also my belly too
For they taste absolutely scrumptious
In my salad and in my stew

David Whalen

Butterfly Kisses...

Butterfly kisses
Are what I like
And I'd rather be
Kissin' butterflies I S'pose

But bumble bee kissin'
I d rather be missin'
‘specially on the end of
My big red nose

David Whalen

Candle In The Dark

‘Tis frail I am
And grown so thin
Tossed casually about now
By wisps of wind

Words now mock me
Phrases smirk and grin
But don’t count me out yet
I’m still hangin’ in

My light shines not brightly
But now seems to dim yet
In the dark I’ve still a spark
That glows deep within

David Whalen

Candle, pen, fools-cap and brandy

A candle… a pen
A glass of honeyed brandy
Close at hand

The taper…for which to see
The pen with which to write
And of the honeyed brandy?

Well that's just for me
To write through the nite, you see
And to make me feel just dandy

David Whalen

Caress

A caress can be the simple touch
 A friendly squeeze of one’s shoulder

Can also mean so very much
When caress becomes a bit bolder

A caress can be a gentle tug
On tresses spread cross shoulder

A warm reassurance that all is well
When all else seems to grow colder

A contact of comfort to a wee girl child
With love from the mum that holds her

 Just the simple touch
of a caring caress,

A squeeze of one’s hand
That Can strengthen the weak

Is what we want and need
No more, …no less

Just a touch on the brow…
A pat on the cheek

Just a kind, warm caress…
As we all grow older

David Whalen

Cars… Waiting in the sun(9/11/01)

Patiently waiting their owners,
the cars sit alone
Blue Mercedes, black ford,
red Dodge, grey Toyota

But for tonight these waiting cars,
will not be going home
No one gives it a thought,
nor cares an iota

Only two days later
does one give it a thought
That these cars waiting their owners,
and coated with dust

Would never be driven again
by their owners
Though waiting, patiently…
oblivious in trust

Waiting in bright sunlight,
where once there was shade
From the two majestic towers
that seemed to forever persist

Waiting in the lonely parking lot
for owners delayed
By the fact that their owners…
and the towers… no longer exist.

David Whalen

cat in the window, Pug on the rug

Lazy cat on the windowsill
Watching curiously
The people passing by

Lazy cat on the windowsill
Seems much more happy
Than you and I

Sleeping puppy lying in the sun
Feet in the air
not a care in the world

Sleeping and dreaming
Puppy’s only concern is:
‘How to catch that squirrel’

Lazy cat wondering
where the people
are hurrying to

Lil’ puppy
Content
With nothing to do

I’m pretty confident
That both the dumb cat and the dog
Are waaaay smarter….than me and you

David Whalen

Changes

I like to watch old people
And imagine how they were
In their youth

For what we see now
That they're old and bowed
Is not what they once were…in truth

That little ol' lady that seems a bit dotty
Was in fact in her youth…
Likely a bit of a hotty!

And that big ol' fat dude
Over there, overflowing his chair
Well I feel kinda sorry for him

There was a time way back
When he used to run track
And his nickname back then was "Slim"

And when I look in the mirror
What do I see… of the
Youth that I used to be

Well I see the same guy
With eyes full of twinkles
Same as I always see

I haven't changed a bit
I've still got "it"
Except "It" comes with a boat load
…of wrinkles…

David Whalen

Charity

There’s a beauteous moment of clarity…
When it happens

A flash of prismatic pleasure…
When it occurs

A not often enough moment of charity…
When it’s proffered

There’s a selfish gift of treasure…
When, anonymously given

And especially so, as one…
Comes to know

When the true gift of charity is…
A gift from you

David Whalen

Chasin' the wind

A promise is….

Something fated to be broken
A wave upon the shore

Silence broken by burst balloon
Reverie rent by rap upon the door

A promise …so very hard to keep
A pledge… so wafer thin

A promise is…a due. but unpaid debt
 While still kept…A yet uncommitted sin

And no matter how hard it tis to keep
 Resolve slips thru’ cracks e’er so thin

As well as you might try
To keep from breaking a promise (for most)

You might just as well be…
 chasing the wind

David Whalen

Childish Naivete Wondrous times

That golden time of glorious naivete
When the future and the past
simply don’t exist
A time that we think
will endure eternal
That now is forever
And will always persist

That magical time when…
We can be
the wind in the trees
Take close heed
of Spring blossoms and
Become birds…become bees

Keen senses fine tuned
In careful inspection
Of all things…
Great and small
Of scarce heard inflections

Of days unencumbered
With mundane worldly woes
But in their stead…
Dance in their head
Princes and Princesses
And Fairy tale foes

An age that goes by
In the blink of an eye
Yet remains firmly fixed
Forever in the memories
Of you and I

Let your children be children
Allow their spirits to swell
to roam free…unfurled
Let them dwell a long spell
In that wondrous, magical world
…Of childish naivete…

David Whalen

Christmas At The Pearly Gates

Three men die on Christmas day
And then arrive at the pearly gates
St Peter starts to turn them away
Since his records say they're reprobates

But since it was Christmas …well
He might let them in
If they had any symbol
of Christmas with them

The first had an ornament in his pocket
St Peter ushered him in
The second had pine needles on his shirt
St Peter bade him within

The third gentleman with a look of chagrin
Pulled out a pair of panties of green and red
"How do these represent Christmas? "
Astounded, St Peter said

"Well Pete, I know you are familiar
With beautiful, Christmas carols
And these skimpies might seem to you
Simply as risqué apparel."

"Well…These are Carol's, "
the man said with a grin
Saint Peter rolled his eyes…
And then let him in

David Whalen

Christmas day on Frisco bay

Fog gathers round,
without a sound
Forms auras about the streetlights

It's a dreary December day
Neath the bridge across the bay
The days begin to look… more like the nights

Foghorns moan their mournful brays
That drone across the wharves and quays
Echoes off of Alcatraz…soon fading out of sight

Ferries feel their fitful ways
Through miasmic, murky haze
 fade away in shadows grey…dark, dank and tight

The spires of the bridge soaring high
Seem like fairylands up in the sky
At rest atop the fog so light

Just another dreary, December day
On foggy San Francisco bay…but
To me a day that feels
…just right…

David Whalen

christmas not far from the Holy land

A fleeting mental picture
Conjured up in young lad’s head
Of shopping malls and Christmas trees
Of warm kitchen and warm bed

anticipation of a great Christmas eve
Of family gathered round the Christmas tree
These pleasant thoughts give reality leave
for a moment he’s home, and again carefree

Harsh reality returns, pushes memories away
helmet is pulled down tight on his head
Near and around him his compatriots lay
Some frightened, some trembling... some dead

Hands shaking, teeth clenched, eyes wet with tears
Blankly staring, without seeing... carnage abounds
Aging by the second, yet still young in years
Will be haunted forever, by War’s savage sounds

On a cold mountainside, somewhere in Afghanistan
Young men are killing and in turn being slain
On Christmas, and not too far from the holy land
One must wonder 'dear God, what do we gain? '

When our boys are back... or their bodies returned home
Afghanistan will return to a country of yore
And Christmas’s will never be the same Christmas's
That our young men knew once before

David Whalen

Colours

Colours are just colours
One might suppose
Rage is red…
But then again…
so is a rose

So colours are more
Than they seem, don't' you think
For boys it's usually blue
For little girls always pink

Yep, colours are colours
Perhaps that's all they should be
Just something to look at
Only something to see

But colours have emotion
At least they do to me
Perhaps I just don't see hues
In the same way
that you see

Because blue to me
Is more than just a hue
It's the sky, it's berries,
Oceans … and sadness too

Green is envy, grass and dinero
Purple is royalty, plums and passion
Yellow is cowardice, butter and tallow
Colours are … whatever you wish to fashion

Perhaps I see colours differently than you
Perhaps exactly the same way… I hope
But my advice to you, whatever you do
Is … don't get me started on taupe! !

David Whalen

Companionship

Companionship is keystone
To any relationship

Coming together
Cannot be staying apart

Companionship is aggregate
To cement the relationship

The absolute adhesive
To affix companionship to heart

David Whalen

Concentric

Pebble tossed into waters deep
Ripples awakened… from gentle sleep
Concentric rings of force in search
Of mossy banks ‘gainst which to lurch
And said stone sinks deep…deep
To mossy floor…watched by perch
…then seen no more…

Small rock I tossed, wraps silt around
Then snuggles deep into muddy ground
And sudden silence, not a peep!
It calmly falls into stony sleep
On mossy floor…in water deep
To visions of rapids and craggy shore
Watched by tadpoles
…then seen no more…

Pebble tossed into waters dank
By chance and fate, and cosmos swept
At random picked from rocky bank
Like life and Nature's mysteries kept
By chance and fate, by love and hate
We're children not of choice, but chance…
Given only a summary glance
Then seen no more
…no more…

David Whalen

Concerts of Madness

Night birds cries…cease suddenly
Sounds arise in drunken glee
The symphony starts, Fate's curtain parts
Neath time worn, old Oak tree

Rope bound… round his neck
A tear trails down his cheek
Moonlight thru' clotted clouds
Glows sallow, shallow and weak

Makeshift gallows
Rusted pickup truck bed
Oak tree…silently
Broods darkly o'er his head

Afar in the darkness
Sound of Gabriel's horn
In his ears, in an instant
In his heart…hope is born

Hands tied behind
Clasped tight…as in prayer
night birds cries…and Angels sighs
Afloat upon the sodden air

The engine's roar
Gout of blue smoke
Moment of tension
Sudden crack of a rope

Moment of blackness
Then warm golden light
A soul soars away
Into star drenched night

No remorse…not a tear
No guilt…no blame
The Oak tree…innocently
Shares not the blame

Impassive instruments all
In mad concert of man
Night birds and angry words
Composition played
…by God's own hand…

David Whalen

Consider This...(Every Ten Seconds Of Every Day!)

Like to have something
Different for dinner tonight?

Tired of plates
Full of the same old thing?

Tired of having that tight feeling
Of having eaten too much

Tired of letting
Your belt out a notch?

Not enough variety
In all the food you eat?

Overweight just a tad…?
Actually over 80% of us are

Do you frown when
You step on the scales?

Have you thrown something out
Of your cluttered fridge

More than once or twice a week?
I have!

Something that got
Pushed to the back

And then forgotten
(until it got mouldy and turned rotten)

Bought more
When you already had some?

If this describes you
Here's what you should do

Invite poverty over
For dinner tonight with you

Imagine a hungry child
Across your table, looking wide-eyed

At what sometimes
We consider tiresome or boring

And then consider this

Every ten seconds
Somewhere in the world

A child dies of hunger

EVERY…TEN…SECONDS! !

David Whalen

Corpus Delicti

More germs are transferred
While shaking hands
Than are transferred during
Heavy passionate kissing

So if you don't grab the hand
Of The next person you meet
And just kiss them instead,
just think of all the germs you'll be missing

On average, women say
seven thousand words every day
while two thousand words
most men utter

That could be because
Women rarely pause
While most men's minds
Are most oft in the gutter

The human eye blinks about
Twenty nine times a minute
That's if your talking to
Your everyday schnook

Women blink about Four times a minute
When reading their average book
A man's blinks can slow to one blink in ten minutes
While giving playboy a long leering look

There are approximately 550 hairs in one eyebrow
Humans lose 40-100 strands of hair each day
Men usually have full eyebrows and eyelashes
While their heads look like eggs in an unhairy way

The jawbone is the hardest bone in your body
 the tongue is the muscle that's the strongest
The average person spends 1/3 of their lifetime sleeping
And teenagers usually sleep the longest

A person in their lifetime will drink 16,000 gallons of water
While 10,000 gallons of saliva will go down
It only takes 17 muscles to make up a smile
While it takes 43 muscles to frown

In a lifetime the average person sheds 40 lbs of skin
100 mph plus is the speed of a sneeze
And your liver performs 500 functions within
Yet no one has yet timed the speed of a wheeze

The Human brain is composed of 75% liquid
The average man consumes 10 liters of alcohol a year

That’s why the average man is stupid and insipid
Because the other 25% is composed of beer

Humans share 98% of their DNA with monkeys
It takes chimps and us six months to grow nails
And if that comparison makes you feel kind’a funky
We also share 70% of our DNA with snails

The human brain uses 20% of the bodies energy
But is only 2% of the body’s weight
There’s a few more interesting parts of the human anatomy
But the facts about them are too titillating to relate

David Whalen

Could It Be

Could it be
That you still love me
And if so
What good to know?

So many years
Have passed my dear
Couldst the flame
Remain aglow?

Perhaps we all
Best let it rest
Leave it in the past
And not worry so

It’s water o’er the dam…
The candle extinguished…
The ship that sailed
So long ago

Yet if perchance we
Could have one last dance
Warm words whispered
Soft and low

We might find out
That without a doubt
After all these years
We still love each other
…so…

David Whalen

Couple Of Weeks

What makes a man weak
What makes a man strong
What makes him consider
The first or the latter
What he’s lost
what he’s won
If it all ever really mattered
There’s something about a biopsy
That can cause a man
to ponder
Over all the things he has
And what he’s done
And what’s over the horizon
Yonder

Waiting can do that
To a conflicted man, it’s truth
Makes him conjure up answers
To questions he seeks
Makes him know he’ll have answers
To at least some of the questions
Within a couple of weeks

David Whalen

Crimson to Black

If black could be crimson
Then this night surely could
A night fit for devils and demons
To work what they would

For blood indeed, does turn black
As naturally it should
And the dead speak to us e'er more softly
'Til …no more is understood

Voices to silence…
Friends turn their back
Chaos and violence…
Crimson to black

David Whalen

curiouser and curiouser still

Tremors and chills
On nape of neck
Hairs stand erect
When one’s primal instincts
Sense fear or danger

Why then, pray tell
The response
of similar sensations
When warm palpitations
Of pleasure appear

Strange…contradictory…
Responses…in the body human
Occur.. and encompass
in their most curious qualities…
Become e’en more
curiouser and curiouser

David Whalen

Currents, Emotions, Oceans and Tides

In torrents of emotions
Are humans destined
To dwell

Thoughts but mental motions
Given to rise, tide
and swell

Of momentary madness
To tidal pools
of peace

To soothing waves
Of goodness…
Emotions without cease

Envy, anger,
jealousy,
Wonder

Riptides rising…
Then pulling
Us under

Torrents of emotion
Are of what our thoughts
Consist

A flood of feelings
We cannot
Resist

E'en in our sleep
The current
seems

To seep into
Our deepest
Dreams

We're naught
But helpless flotsam
Tossed

Adrift upon
Emotions hapless
Sea

Unknowing slaves
To reason
Lost

At least
So it seems…
To me

David Whalen

dads, lads, and granddads

Lads, Dads, and Granddads Free verse

My grandson,
skipping along, an eight year young kid
Behind his Dad, his hero, his idol,
 his bright shining model
 Sees him tall, straight, tough and confident
Sees a McMuffin buyer, a baseball coach and a dad

 My grandson
  sees not…. a loser, a slacker
Mostly absentee father,
 lazy and irresponsible
 Two days a week of being a dad
Providing little or nothing to ex-wife or son

 My grandson,
I see in myself, skipping along
Following behind my dad
 Who is tall, straight and confident
Giving me comfort, making me feel strong

My Dad
 Taught me fishing and hunting
Not to lie, to attempt all manly things
 and try not to fail or fall
 he feared absolutely nothing and
could absolutely do it all

My Dad
 was brave and made me proud
I skipped along behind him as well,
My bright shining model
 Embarrassed by him? Never!
Proud of him always and ever

My Dad,
To others, a different man perhaps, than the man I knew.
 likely so….Yes, most probably so

My grandson
  in his memories I hope, forever sees
 his dad, not as he really was,
but In the same way that I see mine.
Perfect! ….Yes, most probably so.

David Whalen

Dancing To The Music Of Fireflies

Sound of gravel crunching
On a lonely country lane
Then parking neath an ol' Oak Tree

Radio softly playing
An ol' George Jones song
Of broken hearts and misery

The hypnotic rise,
before one's eyes
That only fireflies can bring

The swirling sigh
of hormone's tide
The intoxicating smell of spring

The night slips by
The moon hangs high
honey locust blossoms scent the air

My hands cradle your head
I bury my face
in the musky perfume of your hair

Your lips to mine
Our legs and arms entwined
Our bodies start to sway

And we slow dance…
To the music of fireflies
…Until the light of day…

David Whalen

Darkly...As Thru A Cat's Eyes

If you could see what it tis, that cats can see
It would amaze, perplex and astound you

For they can see, most easily
The sights and worlds that swirl around you

Seen by you as a half glimpsed shadow…
A furtive movement from the corner of one’s eye

Unseen by you, behind that sly shadow
Is where the other worlds lie

Cats legs will stiffen, hair stand on end
Wide eyes staring into dark, empty space

At seemingly nothing… but I tell you my friend
They see things and know of, a strange eerie place

The things that we sense, yet elude our meager vision
The things that rustle about and go bump in the night

This is simply the world that exists hard close to ours
Quite real to cats, and to us unseen, out of sight

The frightened manner in which cats react and stare
Could be good reason that we’re not allowed to be…

Endowed with their perception, of what it tis they’re aware
Of the worlds swirling about us…worlds, only cats can see

David Whalen

Darkness

The visage one sees
And wears forever
Changes appearance
In the absence of light

The person that one is,
 by day is never…
The person that one is…
by night

David Whalen

David O's thrifty shopping advice

Christmas shopping to me
is like a walk in the park
The method I use is
So easy and slick

But it is best done
late after dark
And requires no money
this simple trick

You simply go out
And do some window shopping
With a mask, a bag,
And a brick

David Whalen

Daylight savings time (an urban myth?)

Daylight savings time

Daylight savings time has been with us
For many and many years now

It’s time that someone has told us
About the where, the why and about the how

Where the heck do they put it?
Once they’ve saved all this light

And how in the heck do they move it about?
Do they move the light in the dark of the night?

Do they move it in light pickups?
Which would seem most apropos

Or does it require heavy trucks?
Because a lot of light is heavy, you spose’?

Where is this place where all this light is stored
There must be a place that one can find

But don’t try to find it, to you, this I implore
 if you do, wear good shades, so’s not to go blind

There’s something silly about this saving light
 Seems like a prank, someone would do as a lark

So could someone please enlighten me,
I feel totally left out in the dark

David Whalen

Dear One

Take note:
That none of my wants
Require currency grand

But in it's stead:
Only friendly words, kind gestures
And caring touch of hand

David Whalen

Decisions, Decisions (Senryu)

It’s not decisions
Made that make you…Tis the ones
Unmade that will break you

David Whalen

Deep Into The Dragon's Eyes

Look deep into the dragon's eyes
Fear not the sulphrous breath
Tis he who within… courage lies
Who needs have no fear of death

The essence of the dragon dwells
In things mundane and rare
 in raiment rich, and plain as well
Not seen...but always there

It's adversity, perversity in life
Most things we'd prefer not face
It's unpleasant, things, papery wings
Things of discomfort and ill grace

Tis best to face, the dreaded test
To beard the dragon where it lies
Defeat the beast, inside it's nest
Look deep into the dragon's eyes

David Whalen

Delightful (Senryu)

I don’t understand
The 'why' of life… but the 'way'
of it delights me

David Whalen

Depths...Abyss...A Wanton Kiss

Depths…
Abyss…
A wanton kiss

Feelings…
Lust…
Emotions thrust

Rising…
Dreaming…
Pounding… steaming

Open…
Appealing…
Senses reeling

Smell …
Touch…
Too much…far too much

Beginnings…
Ending…
Endorphins wending

Settling …
Resting…
Exhaustion...then nestling

Caressing…
Petting…
Poignant forgetting

Dreams…
Emotions…
Sensuous oceans

Depths…
Abyss…
Then languid kiss

A touch…
Then A sigh…
And A gracious goodbye

David Whalen

Desiring...Deserving

I desire fame and fortune
I deserve
somewhat less

I desire looks and wit
I deserve only
to look a mess

I desire gift of words
I do serve
Barely to utter

I desire verses of wisdom
I serve up
Words from the gutter

I desire fine jewelry!
I deserve golden bracelets
and rings?

No, alas, for desiring and deserving
Are quite
different things

David Whalen

Devils and Angels

The steel will of the Devil
With an Angels tender touch
These are qualities embued
in women and children
That confound we men
…So much…

David Whalen

Did I Do Something Write?

Have I, in recent days…
made you sad
Perhaps brought tears…
To your eyes

Have I rudely rent the fabric
of your heart
By reminding you of
Old loves and lies

Have I made you smile
With a memory tweak
To times long past
Yet dear

Have I made Your
skin crawl a bit
Shiver slightly
In unfounded fear

Have I made you wonder
Why things are… as they are
Have I made you ponder
If some things… really are

Have I made you snicker
Snort or chuckle
Caused you to dreamily smell
Long faded honeysuckle

Have I made you feel
That I've wasted your time
That you could have done Better
than to have read what I've written

Have I caused a big grin …With
some asinine rhyme…Made you remember
a certain letter From that special someone…
that you were smitten

Have I gotten Inside your head
To private places…
Thoughts known
to only you

Have I done these things?
If so… My heart sings
For these are things…
That only poets do

David Whalen

Did I Ever…

Did I ever take
your breath away?
Did I ever cause
Your heart to break?

Did I ever make
you want to stay?
When your heart knew
it to be a mistake?

Did I ever make
you stare into space?
Did I ever make
your tears flow free?

If I did…I'm so sorry
To have put you …in that place
But that's
what you did to me

David Whalen

Dieting

Sweet addictions
Twinkies and mints
Sweet affections
 Snickers and quince

Mainline injections
Demanding habits
Sweet confections
Chocolate rabbits

Mind all drugged
Cotton candy
Sweet, sweet opiate
Scattered brains

Saccharine high
Feelin’ dandy
Hallucinations
Of sugar trains

Hope, all gone
Life turned sour
Fallen prey
To predilection

Hollow…sunken eyes
Visage…wan and dour
Sugary shadows…
…Sweet addiction…

David Whalen

Difficult things

Tis as hard to hold
A fistful of sand as to
Find an honest man

David Whalen

Dinna' be tellin' me friends!

I'm goin' to tell this story to ye, if ye can keep it a hush
Since I canna' be telling' me friends
Twas the Saturday past, I drank a wee too much
Before me usual trek home thru' the glens

I was steppin' quite proudly, at least so I thought
Til I stumbled oe'r a root and fell flat on me face!
With my face to the airth, in this spot I'd been brought
A nap seemed quite timely, and in this very place!

To tuck my tam neath my head, to serve as me pillow
Struck me as such the smart thing to do
For to be takin' a wee nap on the airth neath a willow
Made a sod such as meself, feel mellow through and through

Seemed na more than a blink, of a bloodshot eye
sure and couldna been no more than a minute or two
Thru a dim sodden fog came a sound sweet and high
Like the taste of fine whiskey and cool highland dew

Yet when I awoke, the moon struck me square in the eye
Me head twas splittin and me ears they were ringin'
No doubt from the ale and the stout I'd tossed down
Caused me to hear such strange singin'

Now this tis the part where me story gets a bit dicey
For when I turned me leaden head toward where I heard the sound
Me eyes bugged owt, and me blood ran ow icey
For there upon a mushroom sat a leprechaun, fat and round

He had a long stemmed pipe, in his wee chubby hand
And his hat twas of thistle down, pointy end folded over
He wore stripey green socks, this most astounding little man
His shoes and tunic, appeared to me, cleverly embroidered with clover

Well, It goes without sayin' I couldna believe me own eyes
The little fellow stopped singin', and on his pipe took a puff
Then Said "and a good morning'to ye" in a voice clear as the sky
"I was thinking', I should look after ye, til ye looked well enuf'

"Well, tis recovered you seem… tho a bit messy and sickly
annow I'll be on me own merry way."
from the mushroom he jumped… down e'er so quickly
I raised e'er so slowly, and begged him to stay.

He said if he could, he most sartinly would
But he had leprechaun doors to unlock
Herds of butterflies to shepherd, as only he could
And rainbows with kettles of gold to stock.

He gave a giant of a shrug with his wee green shoulders
Said he was late for his morning tea with his good friend ol' mole

Picked up his kettle of gold and vanished tween moss covered boulders
Into a root sheltered, lichen lined, leprechaun sized hole.

As I struggled to me feet and squinted all aboat
At the breaking dawn, and the mist slowly raisin'
I was yet a bit shaky and me mind was still afloat
Of the early morn's, events so strange and amazing'

Wait! Don't be givin' me that "raised eyelid look! "
Tis the truth I be telling' ye, as true as the glens
And sure the truth I'll be swearin' on that black Holy book
If you'll in turn swear, ye' willna' be telling' me friends.

If me mates hear this accountin' I'll be embarrassed no end
"So Great smoking', Jaysus… dinna be telling' me friends"!

David Whalen

Dodged Another Bullet

A sound as of a baseball bat
striking a cardboard box

Then… sudden silence
Cold and dry

A white car receding into the distance
A numbness creeping into my leg and thigh

Flat on my back, akimbo in the median
Looking up, confused, at clouds and blue sky

Books that I carried just a moment ago
Now they're gone and I don't know why

Slow realization that I'd dodged
Yet…another bullet

As I raised on my elbows
With a grimace and a sigh

I looked down at my leg…
It was still there (and I smiled)

Though it was battered
and blackened…no lie

Death had missed me
by a matter of inches

Fate had decided
To give me a bye

My head lowered once again
And my eyes gazed at the heavens

And my lips
formed the question….Why?

Footnote: This poem is a true account of that happened to me on 5/12/12
I wrote a bit of this in my mind, as I lay stunned, in the median of a main street in Las Vegas after being hit while waiting on the median of a crosswalk by a hit and run driver on Mother`s day. I never saw it coming, just heard the bang and felt the blow. No one helped me except one black lady who stopped her car next to me and asked me if there was anything she could do. I told her "thanks, but no, I think I'm good" I think she called 911, since I heard sirens behind me as I limped several blocks to my home. I had black marks (Tread marks?) from my knee down to across my shoe. and blood ran down into my sock. I drove myself to the E.R at U.M.C Where I found out I had a broken leg and a flattened foot. (incidentally, in case you're wondering, before I left

the scene I found my books intact, scattered in the roadway) Thank goodness, they weren't hurt!

David Whalen

Dodging bullets, Readin' The Comics

Early this morning
I thought I might have seen
my last sunrise
Held my last great-grandkid
Smelled my last Rose

Might have tasted my last
Truly great home-made repast
Just might have parsed out
My last bit
Of prose

In the pre-dawn darkness
Felt the squeeze on my chest
And wandered idly
'would this night
Be my last? '

would this be my final test,
This balloon ‘neath my breast?
Would my future become
Only now,
My past?

I shrugged and thought
'whatever will be,
Will be
And from my bed
arose

The pressure in my chest
Would not be
Be put to rest
Might just as well
Die awake
I suppose

Two full strength aspirins
A hot cup of tea
And the pressure
Slowly evaporated
Away

And I realized, in chagrin
with a bittersweet grin
I'd live yet to read
The comics
Another day.

David Whalen

Does God Speak to Everyone?

No, my friends...
I'm afraid he doesn't
At least he never has
to me

When I needed him most
he was like a ghost
At least as far
that I could see

When my soul was aching
and my heart was breaking
And my daughter was slipping
Away from me

With my hand on her brow
I said, "Lord, the time is now"
To either keep her here…
Or set her free

The silence was deafening
In response to my plea
So, Blue eyes… I'm afraid he doesn't…
At least he didn't… speak to me

And since that fateful day
I guess that you could say
maybe God and I, we both agreed…
at least tacitly

That since he didn't speak then
and still does not speak to me today
That he'll only speak to everyone…
Everyone but me

David Whalen

Don't

Don’t let me know
When you’ve thought it over

Forget to tell me when
You’re ready to change back

Let it slip your mind
When you’re ready to surprise me

Because I don’t want to be Here…
 when you want to come back

David Whalen

Don't it feel good?

Don’t it feel good
When you rise in the morn
Sippin’ your cofffee
Feeling the sun on your face?

Hearin’ doves cooing,
sparrows twitterin’
Feelin’ kinda good
Bout the whole human race.

Don’t it feel good
When you give a smile to a stranger
And the smile is returned
With uninhibited grace?

Don’t it feel good
To compliment someone
With praise as priceless
As Chantilly lace?

Don’t it feel good
To watch the surprise
And the warm glow of pride
That comes over their face?

don’t it feel good
To love everybody…
The way that
Everyone should?

Live your life… the way
you know you should
And what’d I say?
Don’t it feel good… to feel good?

David Whalen

Don't you just hate it? (or is it just me?)

Don’t You Just Hate It? (or is it just me?

Having a doctor who looks eighteen years old
Not having two socks that match
Havin’ nausea and diarrhea, along with a cold
Usin’ public bathrooms with doors that don’t latch

Noticing no toilet paper, way after the fact
Toilet paper that tears vertically into confetti-like strips
While goin’ bouncy-bouncy, your dog noses in on the act
Movie stars silicon inflated, gross, fat, puffy lips

Teenagers inexplicable, selective deafness attacks
Unrecognizable substance, in your drained coffee cup
Havin’ a flat, late at night, and no spare and no jack
Noises your knees make, every time you stand up

Closed tellers and herds of bank employees doing zippo
Hot seats in the car and jumpin’ in wearin’ shorts
E Z open caps that really aren’t so
Multi-year, multi-million dollar contracts given freely in sports

The clicking sound from your starter when the battery’s stone dead
 ignition keys dangling, seen from outside your locked car
Stoppin’ every block by traffic lights perfectly timed to turn red
Mustard and ketchup that refuse to come out of the jar

Dropped things that disappear, to be seen ne’er more
Zippers that refuse to go up or go down
Dog barking nonstop, twenty four hours, in the backyard next door
Women with makeup that makes them look like a clown

People on cellphones who insist on talking too long and too loud
People who panhandle on the side of the street
People who reek in a strong, pungent cloud
 And have buffalo breath and aromatic feet

People who are flaky, people who are flabby
People who repeat over and over, “ya know what I’m sayin’? ”
People too busy to smile, people that are crabby
People who visit and way too long are stayin’

Or is it just me?

David Whalen

Dream of fog and mist (if you can)

If you can…
Dream of beaches

Dream of fog
that slides ashore

And If you can…
Learn what it teaches

Before the fog returns
To the sea once more

Dream of yardarms…
Of dripping rigging

Of treasure chests
Just ripe for digging

Dream of islands
With crystal sand

With coral reefs
And mountains grand

Dream of fog and mist
Mugs of rum…

Of frigate birds…
Of hawsers thrum

Of cool sea breezes
From exotic land

In sleep…dream deep…
Dream of beaches…

…If you can…

David Whalen

Dream Walking

When I can feel the texture
of the scent of roses…
Sense the velvet caress
Of the fog’s vaporous touch

Feel the sonorous
voice of Elvis
the velvet-like timbre
That I loved so much

When I can feel the warmth
From brown eyes that look into mine
And hear unspoken whispers…
And taste unsipped wine

When I can talk to the raven
And he… speak to me…
His words will be graven
In my heart… eternally

When I can hear the grass growing
When I can taste…fairy dust
And hear the hiss of rainbows
And know the sound of trust

If I can experience just one of these
And know also… all is not what it seems
I’ll also feel my heart’s voice singing
And know I’m walking in my dreams

David Whalen

Dreamland

Whispers of memories
Prismatic moments
Waving to no one
From a speeding train

Smiles ringed by haloes
Clouds shredded in torment
Standing nude and alone
Drenched in inky black rain

Flash of lightning
Crackle of thunder
Shards of crystal
Piercing my brain

Remnants dim, of recollection
Skittering off to hiding places
Leaving disjointed images…
Sparse, puzzling traces

Awakening! …Bewilderment!
Details scatter, to vanish
As water glides silkily
Down dream’s endless drain

Turn over, sweat drenched pillow
Make futile efforts to remember….and then
Sleep creeps anew from it’s cryptic keep
And It’s back to dreamland again

David Whalen

Dreams…Rivers Of The Night

Dreams are rivers of the night
A place in which the mind shakes free
The conscious bands that hold us tight
And sails us out into mystery

Maiden voyages into seas so deep
Vivid montages of experience strange
Not bound by banks within to keep
Nor limits set within to range

Suspension of reason, dwells in the night
Helplessly carried upon dreams cold river
Exposed to experience, never allowed in daylight
Strange deeds, strange thoughts, make us shiver

If Dreams are rivers of the night
Then what are days, just what might they be?
Which one is false…and which is right?
And in which one would you rather be?

For who can say beyond a doubt
Which is reality and which is not
Is awake really being up and about
Or is dreaming of being awake… our lot

If Dreams are rivers of the night
Then could days be dreams of another kind?
Could the rivers of the night be the true and the right
And days a nightmare to which we're blind

Dreams are rivers of the night
That's what most people would say
 Tell me I`m dreaming…show me the light
 It seems like a nightmare…show me the way

David Whalen

Driveways End

No matter that the mailman stops or not.
I still put on my heavy jacket,
Tug on my boots and woolen gloves.
Give an unspoken invitation
To my ol' shaggy shepherd,
Who arthritically arises, stretches, yawns
Pads to the door and patiently waits,
Tongue lolling.
It's a good long walk
From the porch to the mailbox.
I can see from here the flags not raised,
But it doesn't lower my hopes
Ol' dog plows through the snow
Snortin' and sneezin'
And peeing on anything vertical.
With a deep breath of crisp, frosty air
Cautiously taking one step at a time
Handrail held tight as a lover's arm
Both feet on the each step before
Trying the next.
Then the slow measured trek
To the end of the driveway.
A long moment of hesitation
With hand outstretched
Knowing full well the feeling
Of foolish anticipation.
A timid tug on the mailbox door
Then a tentative peek inside.
Tho' obviously empty, I look once again
And grope for an envelope
That I know is not there.
A deep sigh…from deep snow
And deeper disappointment.
I close the mailbox door
And pat the top gently,
As if forgiving it for being empty.
I always give feelings and emotions
To all things about me. Always have,
Always will.
Shrug off a chill. Hear the snow squeak
'Neath my boots.
Turn and start back to the house.
Ol' dog pulls his nose from a snowdrift,
Shakes off a snout full of powder,
Runs to me and nuzzles me back to the house.
Why is it that the return trip is always shorter
Than the trip to a place?
And before I know it, I'm back on the porch
Brushing snow off of ol' dog.
A long last look at the end of the driveway.
At the patient mailbox waiting for tomorrow

Then it’s back inside in the warmth once again.
Ol’ dog in his bed licking ice off his paws.
Me lookin’ out of the window, knowing full well
That we’ll do this again tomorrow
And that tomorrow the mailbox
Will be empty again and tomorrow
Will also be as lonely and empty
…again…
They say that hope springs eternal
and love never dies.
I look out at the mailbox
with a tear in my eye
They say that time heals everything.
I think they lie
(but I'll give the benefit of doubt)

David Whalen

Driving while intoxicated (by Fall)

Driving while intoxicated
Drunk with the smells and sights
Of yellow Oak trees and red maple leaves
And golden harvest moon nights

Weaving my way through mind boggling colors
Each turn full of new delights
The reds and the purples of the maple surples
Bring inebriatation to new heights

This excess of pastels seen through my windshield
Makes me feel high as a kite
And in my rear-view mirror, more colors revealed
the frigging fall's flashin'… of red and blue light

Scrawlin' my name on a pink ticket pad
Crawlin' into the backseat of a black and white
Busted from being intossicatated
And drivin'Under the infuluence… of Fall's delight

David Whalen

Dusk

Clouds gathered in the southwest
Hastening the early darkness
Given to this early time of the year
A few flitting silhouettes
Of birds flashing by..
Nest-bound...
Book placed gently
Atop end table
Reading glasses placed
Gently atop book
Lights left unlit…
Gaze fixed out the window
Blanket of night’s darkness
Tucked tight under chin

David Whalen

ears

No person is worth your tears
No one should make you sigh

The one who is truly… worth your tears
Would never make you cry

David Whalen

Easter Sunday (and not a word from McD's)

Today I solemnly resolve to say nothing
Not to observe nor write a single line
I won't even mention the man dressed like a cowboy
Nor that voluptuous chick lookin' fine

I'll not fixate on the fat,
nor lay praise on the lean
Not one single comment
Be it kindly or mean

The tall skinny lady sitting opposite me
With the red fright-wig hair
Well today I shan't make mention
That she's even there

For this Easter Sunday
I shall refrain from writing
Of people no matter be they
Strange and funky

Not even whether
that lady Is cradling
Her baby…or is that
A Rhesus monkey?

Today being Easter Sunday,
I'll not comment, I'll give it a rest,
Keep my chin on my chest
just keep my eyes on my book

But daaamn! Does that fat lady
With the monkey-like kid
Really have hair on her breast! ! ?
Guess it won't hurt to take a second look

(Sorry!) Well I hope my readers (reader?)
Will enjoy my missing Sunday spiel
My weekly dose of geezer-prose
My remarks on schmoes and schlemiels

This week I'll write not, a single jot
Nor a passing shot will I take
I shall keep my pen in my pocket
as if it were locked, and then…

Give you all a well earned "David O" break

David Whalen

Emmaline Conner room 101(contest winner writing.com)

Lids slowly closing, aged eyes rimmed with red
Blue veined hands clutching sheets to her chin
Fond memories, old boyfriends, gaily dance in her head
A Time traveler, scanning archives, sequestered within

My knock brings her back to this time, here and now
With a start she awakens, closes softly memory's door
With a smile I approach, place a hand on her brow
Gently bringing her back to the present once more

Tucking a bib beneath her chin like an infant
 Huge Breakfast tray pulled close to her breast
Eyes mockingly wide in jesting amazement
Solemnly promises to give it her best

I sit by her side, uncapping and helping
With the soft pureed breakfast I provided
A few birdlike bites, her resolve quickly melting
She's really quite full now, she's decided

Chiding her gently to eat some more food
 she jokingly tells me she's watching her weight
And with age earned authority it's to be understood
At a fat eighty pounds, it's already too late

I remove the tray, knowing when I'm beaten
By a wisp of a woman who grows more wispy each day
Each day of each week less food is eaten
Not much more time in this bed will she stay

diaper changing endured with lady-like grace
bed bath accepted with placid aplomb
Grey hair brushed back and tied with white lace
Wizened face a portrait of complacent calm

 Dear friend, earnest student, strong right hand for her mother
 Many persons this fine lady has played
 Big sister for small brother, to strong passionate lover
Roles without end and with deep love portrayed

As I place the call button close to her hands
She dreamily places withered hands over mine
Be sure to come back here for lunch, she demands
And this time be sure to bring wine

Eyes slowly closing, drifting off into slumber
I gently pull sheets to her chin
Once more a time traveler, to memories without number
She travels back to the past once again

At another door I knock softly so not to alarm

Another time traveler, body here, mind away
A grandfatherly figure with tubes in his arm
Nurses whisper to me that he’s not long to stay

I wipe food from the corners of his mouth as I feed him
While thinking how much these people endure
Admiring them all as their sight starts to dim
Time travelers, in their memories all safe and secure

Silence suddenly broken, by speakers in halls
Attention, Code 99, Room 101!
My spoon stops… suspended… my heart seems to pause
Time traveler, sweet traveler, where have you gone?

At lunch time I knock softly, sadly open the door
  Empty bed, newly made, makes my eyes sting with tears
   Emmaline Connor, Time traveler, sleeps here no more
     Is once more a young lady…
        traveling back through the years

David Whalen

Empty Old Houses

Empty Old Houses

Empty old houses can talk…
But one must know how to listen…
to hear them

Empty old houses have stories…
But one must be eager to listen…
to hear them

Empty old houses can suffer..
But one must have empathy …
To feel it

Empty old houses can feel pain
But one must be able to bear it …
To feel it

Empty old houses have memories
But one must believe … that they have…
To share them

Empty old houses contain people’s lives
But one must believe…that they do…
To share them

Empty old houses can seem dead and deserted
But one must know that they’re not..
To know them

Empty old houses can teem with life’s pleasures
But one must walk through
to sense the aura of life

Empty old houses abound in life’s treasures
But one cannot help but…
To admire them

David Whalen

Enjoy The Scent of Roses

I’m but a man of meager means
A man of simple pleasures
Tho’ deep endowed with eager dreams
I enjoy life’s simple treasures

My days I know are numbered
And so are minutely measured
So that I might remain
A man it seems (and bourne by dreams)

A man of meager means
And simple pleasures

David Whalen

Enjoy Them

Dream the dreams
Of a child’s imagination

Plumb the depths
Of nascent fascination

Join with them…
share their years

But… be prepared my friend…
There will be tears…

David Whalen

Essence (American haiku)

The only thing we
Can be… in the blue nowhere…
Is our poetry

David Whalen

Evening conversations...Small town U.S.A.

Barbershops, beauty shops, front porches, fireplaces and bars

Like ol' men and women
Jabbering away
Arguing like ol' friends do
Tryin' to absorb other's happiness
Tryin' to give away
A little of their sadness too…

Remnants of the glow
Of summer sunburns
Meet winter's white
on wrinkled necks
Some enjoying the Fall flush
Of immaterial nature
Others await the arrival
Of social security checks

Some live close to joy
Others… so far away
Some still believing in foolish miracles..
Others having cast hope away

Some enjoying
the company of others
Others savor the flavor
of being alone…
It's come the sad, withered end
Of a cool, cloudy day
Like melancholy goodbyes
Whispered into a cold plastic phone

Conversations clot and congeal
In the roseate pink
And fiery farewell
Of the dusk

And then murmur away
In a heady mixture…
Of good natured goodnights
Seasoned with flowery musk

Chairs scrape the floors
Pushed back for the night
Latches click crisply
on doors shutting tight

Voices distant, as if muffled in cotton
Sleep shrouded mumbles of goodnight
Travails and triumphs of today forgotten
Conversation ceases…as does the light

David Whalen

Ever have one of 'those' days

Did you ever have one of “those” days
A day at least twenty seven hours long

A day in which nothing much went right
Yet also, a day when… nothing went wrong

One of those days that does absolutely nothing’
One of those days that could have phoned itself in

One of those days you could’ve fit so much stuff in
But you didn’t…and ain’t that a sin.

A day… that had it gone any slower,
Would have started goin’ in reverse

until’ it turned into yesterday and..
What could possibly be worse?

Tomorrow would become today then
Well that’s what could go wrong!

And I’d have another one of “those” days
A day at least thirty hours long

David Whalen

Every Time

Every time

I hear the wind…
Whisper
through the trees
I hear you
whisper
To me

Every time

I watch the sun set…
Slowly
Into the sea
I watch your
Eyes
Look up at me

And every time

I take a breath…
Breathe
The scent of you
I take within me
Breathlessly
All that I can do

And every time

I remember you…
Relive
Times… of lace and Lavender
Lay in your arms
Indulge your charms
Be one you …and September…

David Whalen

everybody's a critic

Oh, to pontificate
on parakeets and poetry
Of birds and words
Of posting and tweets

Of prose and bird beaks
Desk chairs and perches
Of cuttlebone and corn pone
Comments and peeps

Perusal of newspapers
In search of inspiration
 Silly words, unruly rythme
seeds plucked from my lips

replacing newspaper
in bottom of cages
Little swings, tiny bells
Head bobs and nips

Beady little bird eyes
Watch, shine and glitter
My green and blue critics
My inspiration wreckers

Reading what I write…
They give in to titter
My boon companions
With little pointy peckers

David Whalen

Evil Eye

<center
Eye of emerald green
From which silvered tear flows
Flooding down
O’er icy frown
Longside of aquiline nose

Brow… sooty black
Perched above
Emerald eye unclosed
A nesting place
and alcove of…
A murder of coal black
crows

David Whalen

Except for Haikus (American style)

I always try…hard
as can be… to never write
Twice…similarly

David Whalen

Explains The Twinkle In His Eye

Santa’s lookin for
 hookers…flyin’ all over
yellin’ “Ho Ho Ho”

David Whalen

Exposing yourself

Poetry is honesty
Clad in thin disguise
Undressing and exposing
Our mind's to stranger's eyes

Wanton, open,
uninhibited expressions
Unknowing and unwitting
Opinions and confessions

The baring of one's inner self
Absent the admittance of knowing
Displaying, laying out upon the shelf
As if for public showing

Revealing yourself For what you are
Or for the way you think the world to be
Spreading yourself both near and far
For all the world to touch and see

By choice of word, By sly inflection
By point of view, by use of gender
By being shy, by introspection
By writing harshly or of prose so tender

You describe yourself Without the knowing
You can expose yourself with childish glee
You cast yourself to the winds ablowing
You strip yourself for all to see

From your writings you tell us
Secret Things you'd not say out loud
Private things, about your timid psyche
Of which your poetry is brazenly proud

Your poetry exposes yourself
And establishes your dominions
You expose yourself and that 's the how, of you
we readers form our opinions

David Whalen

Eyes of the Earth

Clouded ponds…
Emerald lakes…

Lens to enlarge
To magnify

To look far without
From deep within

Eyes of the earth
To study the sky

David Whalen

Faint Of Heart

I wish you could have read
The Letters that I didn’t write

Would’ve liked for you to have heard
Words I didn’t say

I wish you could have felt the touch
Of hands that didn’t reach out at night

Would’ve liked to know
What you didn’t feel…

When you didn’t hear the words…
Words I didn’t say…words I couldn’t write

David Whalen

Fairy Lanterns of Summer

From deep within…
The Heart of summer,
Fairy lanterns from…
within and over

From thickets dark
Where wee creatures slumber
To ramparts of scent…from
great fields of clover

Fireflies flashing…Messages cryptic
Winking, blinking, oer field and fen
There... but for a moment…magic!
For just a moment…Then gone again

David Whalen

Faith, Reason, and Memory

Where faith serves
as faithful guide
And truth becomes
the path to ride

Reason, the compass
To give direction
The mind a map
To which we must subscribe

Memory, apportioned
To mere reflection
Conscience a cape
Neath which to hide

Faith will guide…
truth will be the way
Reason will the direction lay
Memory will give mind, today

And mirror's light
Remind us bright
The path on which
To stay

David Whalen

Fall...(in the raw)

a voyeur of Fall
I must confess… I so enjoy
Watching trees undress

David Whalen

Falliteration... Autumnal Pause

An instance in introspection…
A pause in the passing of the seasons
As if Nature rested and reflected on it’s feckless design
Resigned, supine, upon it’s random reasons

Time to let free the lifeless leaves
From the tired, tremulous… and timeless trees
To allow the meadows to quiescently crisp’en
Let Nature’s labors, lessen… and then cease

To quiet busy buzz of beleaguered bees
let them listen instead… in well earned ease
Autumn…that pregnant period of pause needed…
and embraced unabashedly by all things… great and small

Richly earned respite,
from the timeless trek of the seasons,
Shyly… and slyly seized… by first freeze
of Nature …in the fallow freshness of Fall…

Sap dropping….then stopping
Then…nothing at all

David Whalen

Famous In My Own Mind

In my poetic life
I've gained a measure
of celebrity

People who read me
Know me instantly…
As "that eccentric ol' S.O.B."

But that's o.k., I've got no pride
It's actually been a rather
pleasant ride

And at this point, you see
It's just fine with me
To be

In self ordained celebrity…
"That grizzled, grumpy, (and crochety)
Eccentric ol' S.O.B."

David Whalen

Famous Last Words

Famous Last Words

It ain’t loaded…don’t worry!
Trains just look like they’re goin’ real fast

Is cottage cheese supposed to be furry?
I ain’t gonna wait til all these trucks get past

If you Just touch your finger to it,
The most you’ll feel is a tingle

Well dear, since we’re being honest here
Hell yes…I’d rather be single

Just give him the finger
That ain’t a real gun

No…no…my good lady!
Aint no way that’s my son!

Let’ get under this tree
Til’ this lightning storms gone

It always cracks like that
It ain’t gonna break!

You know that ring that I gave you? ..
Well It’s a fake

Let’s hold up a gun store, waddya think?
Hell it won’t bite you…long as you don’t blink!

It won’t attack, if you just toss it a bone
Just play dead…It’ll leave you alone

I hear Russian Roulette is really fun
These tracks are a good place to take a nap

Why yes, you do look fat in those pants, hon
I ain’t never again gonna eat this crap!

And lastly the classic three

Go on…Go on …I dare you!

You don’t have the guts!

Is that little thing supposed to scare me?

David Whalen

Fate, Kismet, and Karma

There is no accidental meeting…
Between kindred souls

For your fate is made, as surely is time fleeting
And no more stranger than quasars and black holes

It's all preordained in some grand cosmic way
Beyond mortal bounds or human control

The people you meet, what you do or say
Is not managed by you…e'en in part or in whole

Though you might think differently in the course of the day
That you're making the rules…writing your own roles

The Gods laugh their asses off and to each other say:
"What impudence: to think that they set their own goals! "

For it's Fate, Kismet, and Karma, that in the end sets the way
For those "accidental meetings, between kindred souls"

David Whalen

Father's day... Their way

Father’s day.
I like this day.
This is a day
When my kids
remember me
In their own
individual way…
Kindly..probably…
Much more likely…
Than Truthfully…

David Whalen

Fingers Of Fall

Brittle as litter
Of long dead trees…Fall’s fingers
Linger…where they please

David Whalen

First leaf of Fall to fall

Yea, I shall be the first
Yet legions will follow
In my wake

I take the first step that
untold billions of my followers
Will also take

I am the first
Of an almighty
Vanguard

I shall lead them as one
Back to whence they rose from
To the loam of their reward

My followers will do
Exactly as I shall do
No question as to their fate

Their doom and mine
Tis written on the wind and
While I forge first the rest will wait

I'm not divine yet I've been chosen
Not truly a leader,
No not at all

I'm only the very (and it's really quite scarey!)
The very first leaf That falls in
The fall

David Whalen

Fog Walking

Fog so thick that one could almost…
Part it with one's finger

Enter into where dwell ghosts
And mayhaps worse might linger

Just a few paces and familiar things
Cease to exist

So few traces that memory brings
Penetrates the mist

Bearings lost, in droplets tossed
Rain that ne'er touches the ground

But floats about, like frosted floss
And about me doth surround

Hands before me groping reaching
Sound smothered in gray cotton

Colours fade like dye leaching
From clothes old and rotten

My mind had visions
Of a pleasant walk in the fog

Not frightful frissons
As bristled hair on a dog

Before me…Now!
Looming…rearing! !

Dark shape…The prow
Of a great ship appearing!

My heart was paralyzed
My mind thrown for a loop!

Til I took reckon and realized
'Twas my own house and back stoop

Seemed a jolly good idea, brash and fine
A jaunty walk-about all fine and dandy

But I think a better idea (next time)
Is to look at the fog from out the window

Recline in my chair…and sip brandy

David Whalen

Fog, Yet Another Point Of View

Fog, Yet Another Point Of View

Near Fisherman's Wharf, quite late at night
Tendrils of music and mist mix together
Slim young ladies and slender young men
Street musicians, with grand aspirations
Dressed a bit tattered, on lonely street corners
Used as impromptu stages
While fingers of fog probe…searching tentatively…
Testing and tasting

Self-written songs ghost into the night
Tremulous voices, hopefully singing
Few people stop, even less truly listen
Some dropping change in foam cups at their sides
All the while fog sniffs like dogs, at ankles and feet
Touching, licking, testing and tasting

Too young to truly know of their songs deep emotions
Thinking they've suffered already most sorrows
More mist now…then music, swirling together
Grey miasma pulling shroud over sound and
The fog slowly thickens,
like pudding congealing
Rising up, bubbling
groping and grasping. Testing and tasting

Some on their corners, in the fog, stay too long
Feral fog surrounds them and bodies dissolve
Then slowly resolve, as if undecided
whether to stay or become haze
Fog softens their sad songs, seems to pull them away
Absorbing them in it's tentacles
Sucking and pulling, testing and tasting

Grey billows pull capes to their eyes and slink back unwillingly
To the bay as the sun slowly rises
Slowly, so slowly, as if draggiing resistant, reluctant, victims
Wrapped within it's folds and furls
While appearing still to be
Groping and fondling, testing and tasting

The fogs final retreat, the last vestiges dissipating
Revealing hand-written, hopeful, scattered, sheet music
Strewn on a few empty corners
A few melancholy musicians less tonight
No one will miss them
The fog has found them to it's liking
 has tested and tasted…and taken

David Whalen

Fog... and tighty whiteys

earth wears tighty whites

Fog’s earth's underwear… made from

clouds afraid of heights

David Whalen

fog...like love...

Hopefully, soon I'll be
Wrapped… enshrouded
In the smoke of the sea

For tomorrow on the road I'll be
Driving somewhat recklessly
In my haste… to see the sea

I want to feel the fog…
Caress the mist
Wrap damp blanket about me

Submerge myself, on a seaside shelf
And feel the grey fog…
Surround me

Close my eyes, tilt back my head
Let droplets form
Upon my brow

Erase from my mind
All trace of mankind
Immerse my self… in the now

And try to persuade
No not persuade!
But insist! !

That the Gods allow me
To become one
with the mist

Tonight I know, the fog will be
My friend, my solace
My sorrow

But alas, fog, like love…won't stay
It will steal away
and be gone… come the morrow

David Whalen

For Just An Instant

Could we go back….for just an instant
How would we choose just where to go
So many places…so insistent
How would we ever know

Where to start, we'd likely muse
Just where that instant
Should be used
And how that it should end

Too many instances
So many mistakes (in my case)
Cringes and winces
o'er so many heartbreaks

Could I go back…
E'en just for an instant
I'd fill that instant
With love and care

Though there's "Oh so many…
Far, far, too many! "
Instances…
For me to share

If I could go back…
make different choices
Listen more closely
To different voices

Perhaps I would not
Want to go back
Perhaps what I did
Was the best I could do

But had I the choice to go back
and I could…e'en just for an instant,
In a heartbeat, I would!
But pray tell would you?

David Whalen

For Mom

Old sepia photos…
Tear on cheek
Catch in my breast
Chin in my hand
Winsome smile on my lips
Eyes closed in retrospect
Warm glow arising
Sadness, gladness
Happiness, madness
Chaos and caring
Teaching and sharing
Bad times, good times
Warm breast, soft lap
Strong hands and wrinkles
Loving eyes, weary sighs
Giving…always giving
Graying hair
Being there
Warm hand on my brow

Old sepia photos…
Of her and dad
Newly married
Both just kids themselves
Hard to imagine them
The times and changes
The selflessly given support
The daily sacrifice
Tear on my cheek
Catch in my breast
Eyes tightly closed in retrospect…
And respect….

For mom

David Whalen

Forget Me... Forget Me Not

Will you miss me
When I'm gone? …
I really rather
Doubt it.

Will you miss
What used to be
Once you've gone
 A while without me?

Will you miss my words
My painful prose
My labored rhymes
I tried to pose?

Or will you even
Know I've gone
And if so, will you
Even care?

Will you miss
The laughs, the virtual hugs…
the words and phrases
That we used to share

The kind comments full..
Of lavish praises
For poems cast out
In the blue nowhere
I really rather doubt it!

David Whalen

Four Main Types of Writers (personal opinion)

The Lonely Writer

Some writings tell me
This person is lonely
And is reaching out
For the touch of a friendly comment
These writers are sad, solitary,
Isolated, but good persons
And quite often very good writers

The needy juvenile writer

Some writings contain words
Or language meant to shock
And to offend.
These writers are lonely also
But in a different way.
These writers are simply saying
Like a little child
"hey! I exist! Someone better
Acknowledge me! "
These writers can often write well
But usually don't, can't, or choose not to

The Spite Writer

This writer can be of either gender
But seems to be in a female majority
They've been spurned or rejected
Two-timed or lied to.
And they are going to vent their ire
In the most public way they can.
These writers can also be very good writers
But too often let their anger get in the way.

The Religious Writer

These writers show people passionate
And zealously devoted to singing the praises
Of the Lord and goodness and charity.
They're probably austere, honest people
Who almost always write very well.
For the most part these writers seem
To want to spread the word and
At the same time tend to be rather singular
In the subject matter of their writings,
Rarely attempting other genres.

David Whalen

From A Distance

From a distance
On a hillside in Kentucky
From a distance
I heard "The Old Rugged Cross"
Sung hauntingly
And somewhat off-key
Amongst tilted headstones
Bleached, and shrouded in moss
The two young girls
No more than ten or eleven
Had no idea who it was
they were singing to Heaven
The summer breeze
Blew some of the words away…
From a distance
Their sweet voices
Would swell, and then die
There was the smell of clover
Distant cawing of crows
And above circling effortlessly
A curious vulture
There were happy lil' kids
And sad ol' folk there
My grandmother
Would have approved
If she could have seen
Her own funeral
I like to think that she did

David Whalen

From Dad

Some day I'll slip away
But give it not a thought
You've given me sweet memories
In all the things you've wrought

Yes, some day I'll slip away
Shed not a tear, my sweet
You'll always be so dear to me
Perhaps once more we'll meet

David Whalen

Furries of Flushes (Non-traditional haiku)

Summer has folded
Fall tried to bluff with a pair
Winter snowed them both

David Whalen

Gallery

Blur of pastels,
on coarse burlap canvas
Manic pastiche
Of daubed circles and lines
It’s what I see
When I look all about me
At the crowds all around me…
Portraits displayed of all kinds

A gallery of faces
Some bearing the traces
Of joys and sorrows…
Of hopeful todays
And dreaded tomorrows

Some with fixed stare
Gaze into the air…
No more than portraits
In museums of dreams
Some have at least
The look of ‘Matisse”

But more with the look
Of Edvard Munches
…The Scream”…

David Whalen

Genteel Madness

Devolved into a genteel kind of madness
And no longer beloved today
Morphed more…into a still stranger likeness
Removed of reality in every way

Scant recognizable
In the mirror of my mind
As well reflection
In rain silvered window

This genteel kind of madness
Be it yours? …tis it mine?
And if tis truly madness
How would one truly know?

David Whalen

Getting to Know You

Poetry pretty much mirrors
Different stages and places
In one's life

It's given away… in what you say
In your sense
of peace or strife

Your words describe you…
They strip from your soul
The shrouds and lay bare…

Your true thoughts, your ambitions
Your insights, your inhibitions
You perhaps unknowingly share

It's a venting perhaps…
A release from the restraints…
Of cold hard reality

In some it's of hope
In others of complaints
And in others still…of finality

In others it's a cry for validation
A way of saying "I'm me…
I'm still here! "

In others It's a cry of repudiation
Saying "listen to me now,
But don't come near! "

When I read a poem
I see the person
Behind the prose

And that I see…
this person properly
Is something I can only suppose

You're not writing a poem or a rhyme
You're openly inviting me into your mind
And just why? …only God knows

One develops opinions about you
And biases, both good and bad
Based on what you've unknowingly said

In your writings, choice of subject
Turn of phrase, become suspect
And lets one get into your head

Perhaps I should not…perhaps it’s not right
But I know you a bit better
each poem that you write

David Whalen

Gifts and Needs

Don’t give me gifts
For I have no need

Give me, in their stead

Warm hugs…your love
your trust…And Godspeed…

David Whalen

Give Of Life

Go outside today
Take a deep breath
Of fresh Winter air
Listen to the season’s sound
Feel the breeze
Whisper thru’ your hair
Look all about you
Take careful notice
If you dare

Take a stroll
And use your legs
Enjoy the day so fair
Live the life that
you’ve been blessed with
Give in turn, so others share
For others cannot hear
others cannot walk
Some can only stare

So live the day
In every way
Show them that you care
Seize the day
Give of life
So that others share
Touch a hand
Help your fellow man
Show them that someone

…cares…

David Whalen

God is what and whoever you want her to be

American Haikus (non-traditional)

Heaven's everywhere
You can see…God's whoever
You wish her to be

One good thing about
Living alone…wherever you're
At…you're at home

Hold a butterfly
think on this: you have nature
in your hand…and bliss

David Whalen

God's Lil' Snowflakes

God’s lil’ Snowflake

Snowflakes are denizens
Of cold winter sky
Drawn from grey clouds
To icy drifts, where they lie

They blanket bare limbs
Of cold shivering trees
Through which they swim
Like swarms of crystalline bees

Individually formed,
no two are alike…and which with,
Mother Nature, the artist
Paints her canvas of white

Each snowflake is a delight
The best of which is among
The delight in a child’s eyes
When snowflake lights on the tongue

David Whalen

Good 'ol summer days (god, I love 'em)

Good ‘Ol Summer Days

Fireworks, hot dogs, hide and seek in the dark
Slope shouldered willow tree, by the lake in the park

Lightning bugs rising, living sparks in the skies
Prisms of light, reflected in toddler’s amazed eyes

Sausage and burgers, hickory smoke and barbecue smells
Ripe barnyard odors, sounds of far-off church bells

Redolent richness of honey locust, saturates summer air
Summery scents, like bramble burrs, seemingly glued in ‘lil girls hair

Short lives of dainty mayflies, mating dance o’er slow muddy rivers
Skinny dips, swimming holes, warm winds, goose- bumpy shivers

Coppertone lotion, peeling nose, wraparound sunglasses
Hangin out at the library, summer-school catch-up classes

Clatter of sticks on white picket fences, Playin cards chatter on bicycle spokes
‘lil boys making noise, wooden swords, and vicious dragon slayin strokes

Iron tastin water from galvanized dippers
Haircuts on back porches, dad’s ‘ol hand snippers

Tick adorned hound dog, asleep in the shade
Lightning and thunder, kids and cats, all afraid

Carnivals, ferris wheels, tilt a whirls, cotton candy
Sweet applesauce, tart apple cider, piquant peach brandy

Meanderin, mossy, frog filled lil creeks, one lane, rust brushed bridges
Water snakes, tadpoles and crawdads, a million pesky midges

Wasps, paper nests, tucked up tight under eaves
Shorts, no socks, workmen sweatin, rolled up sleeves

Daylight stayin out late, morning light comin real early
Dogs wriggling on backs, not chasin nothing, just actin squirrelly

Stomp the ground, listen close, hear earthworms hiss into holes
Pillowly soft grass, raised ridges, tunnels excavated by moles

Frisky dogs catchin Frisbees, aluminum baseball bats a’clinkin
Warm cow manure smell, road kill possum and skunk a’stinkin

Cane pole, fishin hole, homemade cork bobber
Neighbor’s Saint Bernard, droopy jaws drippin slobber

Well tended gardens, watermelon wine
The scaling of trellis by morning glory vine

Chigger bites itchin from blackberry pickin
Kids clownish red mouths from popsicle lickin

Mud puddles, barefeet, squishy mud between toes
Bumblebees, moon glow and perfect rainbows

Sleepy dogs, cryin kids, fields of blue and white clover
Strange ‘lil spiders on silken threads flyin over

Soul caressing, sultry, and soft summer nights
Poison ivy, sun burn blisters and itchy skeeter bites

Tranquil murmurs of turtle doves, piercing calls of brassy blue jay
Hangin ricks of golden tobacco, smell of new mown timothy hay

Do you miss, as much as I do… those good ‘ol summer days?

David Whalen

Good times, bad times & my cactus Christmas tree

My first Christmas tree, thirty years ago
Upon my arrival in Las Vegas
Shall always be remembered so,
As one of my greatest

My pickup truck was my home
My refuge and my castle
I was totally, absolutely alone…
But… it wasn't such a hassle

I drove into the desert one day
To see what I could see
And lo and behold beside the road
Found my perfect Christmas tree

It was a three inch tall cactus
All attitude, prickly and brash
And I proudly installed it
Upon my ol' trucks dash

I used cigarette cellophane
As tinsel you see
Stuck tight to the spines
Of my lil' Christmas tree

Many times it fell off
My prickly lil' friend
When I would start off too fast
Or career round a bend

Though small, and deceptive
It was easy to find you see
Usually stuck quite painfully
Upon my bony right knee

It was all I had that christmas
And I was lonely you see
Just me and my ol' pickup truck
And my cactus Christmas tree

Childhood memories are nice…
But the one I'll most remember will be
The one in which, all there was in my world
Was just me…my ol' pickup

And my cactus Christmas tree

David Whalen

Googling

You can Google yourself
All day and all night

You can Google yourself
And no one will mind

You can Google your brains out
That too is all right…

But if you Google tooo much…
You just might go blind

David Whalen

Grain of Sand

Inconsequential grain of sand
No less a star upon the strand
Than nebulas,
in the Heavens grand

Tossed about by waves and tides
No different than a comets ride
Small in scale, yet traveled well
Smoothed and formed on every side

By Heavens hand and Neptune's whim
And doomed to salty universe to swim
Polished bright as nova's light
This grain of sand…once dim

Tiny grains of polished sand
Jupiter worlds of size so grand
Both afloat in worlds remote
Both formed by cosmic hand

Alien worlds, stardust keeps
Briny climes, darkest deeps
Both the same…just different names
Of stone that neither dreams nor sleeps

But roam about their different worlds
Bejeweled with stars and milky pearls
One in skies and Heavens grand
The other in tidal pools and swirls

But each of import, no more or less
Grander Than… an inconsequential
…Grain of sand…

David Whalen

Grampa Was Strange (but I loved him)

When I was a lad
My grandpa always had
An adage for each and every situation

He'd rub his face,
Sagely gaze into space
As if in deep, focused concentration

Then he'd turn to me
And say "Well, Son you see
It's a bit of a complication"

It didn't seem to give him pause
About What my problem really was
His answer was the same without deviation

His answer to me
Always just confused me, you see
Yet could not have been proffered any kinder

His answer was always kinda funky
He'd say "never ask the monkey…
Son…Always ask the Organ grinder"

To this very day
I can honestly say
I don't know what he meant
…But I loved him

David Whalen

Grampa? A tribute to fathers (especially the 'ol fts)**

Grampa?

It’s a question usually posed with an inquisitive frown
On an angelic face with large, limpid eyes
And whatever I’m doing, I stop and put down
Peer sagely over bifocals and look grandfatherly wise

“Can you fix this grampa, ” shy tentative pleas
Red plastic toy held out in soft delicate fingers
Tear tracks on pink cheeks, scraped, dirt darkened knees
Touches deep to my heart, on child’s face my gaze lingers

Sad, liquid eyes under brows scrunched and worried
Timid, flowerlike smile slowly blossoms on small face
My broken toy examination, slow and unhurried
Parts and pieces put back together with exaggerated grace

Rose bud lower lip, bitten by tiny white teeth
With young brow furrowed with intense concentration
A wondrous thing, this childhood belief
Mouth morphs to O shape in amazed celebration

Grampa’s done it again, that ingenious ‘ol geezer
By fixing the toy has come through in the clutch
I’m arthritic, and smell funny and I’m a puffer and a wheezer
A pushover when she whispers, “gramps I love you so much”

A huge happy hug and a loud sloppy kiss
On grey bearded, prickly cheek
These things I’ll treasure and will too soon miss
When no longer ‘ol grampa they seek

David Whalen

Grownup's toys

Words are my toys
I have no others

Words are my playmates
My sisters and brothers

Rhyme is my milieu
I must capture and tame

Prose is my playpen
And poetry is my game

David Whalen

growth and trees

Growth

Trees are conceived just as humans are
 from seeds the striplings rise
Yet rooted to one place
   They grow
No choice where their future lies

Subject to nature's way's and whim's
bearing the brunt of chance
   No option, no choice
    No vote, no voice
 they perform in the wind, their arboreal dance
    And they grow

Like young children they blossom with grace and wonder
With litheness, with vibrance
   Innocence thereunder
   filled with awe and wonder
      They grow, oh how they grow!

Tall and stronger, each day brings them closer
  To the sky and the clouds
  To the smell of ambrosia
    like their wee kinfolk, in fields of timothy and clover

Children and trees know nothing of guile
  Lies, treachery, deceit
  The common, the elite
And yet all the while
   They grow

With the approach of Fall winds, the trees sway and quiver
Immodestly dropping more leaves with each shiver and
a blanket of yellow, a patchwork of gold
 Shielding the earth from winter's coming cold
Settles silently,
Yet relentlessly
Shyly, yet bold

Through the winds of winter
Through the ice and the snow
  They exist, they persist
  They resist, they insist
That they grow
    They grow

They awaken like children to springs fresh breath
Limbs green, supple and new
Buds swelling, birds dwelling, life is refreshed
Mother natures, spring time brew
Invigorating
Intoxicating and
Exhilarating too

Children and trees rush toward summer with glee and
Are dressed in new raiment to suit
The trees clad in green, the child's green knees
New seeds in the ground taking root
Squirrels scratch the bark
The sparrow, the lark
They grow

The young, in nests, creation reborn
New life, new presence on earth
From womb, from eggs, new life is formed
The world as always gives birth
As it was
As it is
As it always will be
They will never cease
To grow.

David Whalen

Haiku Of Truth (American style)

In ugliest Truth
Resides… more beauty than the
prettiest of lies

David Whalen

Haikus Out The Wazoo

Writing etched in sand
Hieroglyphs sketched by hand …by
Nature… and by man

Raucous sound of birds…
no worse… the catastrophe… of
poorly chosen words

so easy now…To
learn… what seemed so hard to learn
Long ago…somehow

Nothing makes one yearn
Like Winter…for the warm glow
Of summer sunburn

Confucius say "too
Many haiku…in one day
Makee man cuckoo"

! ! ! Warning! ! ! These next two haikus while written with the most purest of intentions could possibly be misconstrued by readers of… shall we say "a depraved and lascivious nature." Hopefully these will be interpreted in the correct, respectful and poetic manner in which you know I have intended them to be!
Redneck Confucius
say " most blondes fakee…gottee
Dark hair by crackee"

Life has a way of
Shrinking a man…What's odder?
So does cold water! !

I hope my haikus
Don't offend you…I was bored…
Nothing else to do! !

David Whalen

Haikutherapy (non-traditional/Americanized style)

Do we create dreams…
Or is our waking state the
Truth that it seems?

Do you live your days
To suit yourself, …or to suit
Another one’s ways?

Gazing into space…
Your body’s here, but your mind’s
 In another place

Haikus aren’t to me..
Either prose or poetry!
They’re games…don’t you see?

David Whalen

Hands And Fingers

Palms of hands
Tips of fingers
Takers and givers
Touchers and squeezers

Beckoners…pointers
Caressers and holders
Massagers…anointers
Pleasurers and pleasers

Punchers and pokers
Wavers And patters
Signers of letters
Scriveners of prose

Holders…lifters
Sea-side sand sifters
Flails…cradles
Scratchers of nose

Bowls and ladles
Shovels and buckets
Our Hands and fingers…
Are all of those

Withered…chubby
Always within reach
Long, short or grubby
And we have not one, but two

Miraculous, duplicitous
Grasping…solicitous
Sensuous tools
Dangerous weapons too

Players of instrument …Writers of tune….
and lets not forget…
they help keep our arms…
From ending too soon

David Whalen

Hangin' together

At times I look down At my raggedy-ass lil mutt
Lickin’ himself, passin’ gas
thinking’ about, only God knows what

Then he looks back up at me
And I can surely see
By that quizzical look in his eye

That he’s wonderin’ just what
That raggedly ol’ man Could be thinking’ about
Then he lays his head back down with a sigh

Then I reach down,
give his head a pat
And we take comfort, both he and I

We have this special understanding
About bacon
And about nappin’

And just hangin’ together…he and I

David Whalen

Happy Fourth of July America!

Wanna' know how many lil' kids
Go to bed hungry in the U.SA
Each night?

If I said "over a million"
Would you sleep any
less sound tonight?

And how many of you
Would agree with me
That being a kid can be rough?

Well…over six million American kids
Get either very little food…each day
Or simply not enough.

Feelin' uncomfortable yet? I hope so! ! !
Think about it, when you're chowin' down
This bountiful 4th of July

Foreign aid paid in one year to 150 countries
Including some enemies, is 58 billion, more or less
All paid by you and I

Our roads and bridges need 2.2 trillion dollars
To be repaired and fixed
And brought up to a safe state

And all the while America crumbles
We've spent more than a trillion (not including Libya)
If futile wars in Afghanistan and Iraq… to date

And one other lil' statistic That I carped about before
on the 4th of July a couple years ago
In a little noticed, seemingly inconsequential poem

Has grown to 6440 American boys killed in action
I hate this statistic! ! It's cruel and sadistic! !
And By God… they should have been kept home! ! !

These are numbers and statistics
Too great for comprehension… by
Ordinary people like you and I

But I hope there's someone out there
That I've made a little bit more aware
And… to my complacent, naïve fellow Americans

A bountiful, happy Fourth of July

(To our leaders)

David Whalen

Happy Senryu

You can’t buy happy!
But you can buy cookies. To
me, that’s the same thing

David Whalen

Hard Hearted November

A cold grey mist…
Tiptoes aimlessly about
It's only companions
A few scudding clouds

That mill thru the sky
And wander without
And cast shadows
Upon farm fields and wilds

Tis the hard heart of November
A month as indecisive as mist
A month so incisive….bestowed
with the caprice of a witch

Which has by mistake
Or perhaps by misgiving
Allowed to endow us
The day of Thanksgiving

And once realized
That a mistake has been made
Takes a cold vow
That this won't be forgiven

So it beckons to December
In a voice chill and shrill
And bades it remember
And sure December will…

Give ear to November's
Entreaty so bold…
That December not delay
To bring on the cold

Then reclines November
In supine repose
Gives carte blanche to Jack Frost
To nip anyone's nose

Pulls up blanket of mist
Lies down her head
Then cooly welcomes December
…Into her bed…

David Whalen

Have You the Will

Have you the will…
To do nothing?
Have you the courage
To let Nature take it’s course?

Have you the freedom
Of just letting things happen
Of giving free rein
To fickle fate’s force?

That oftimes, the act
Of doing nothing…
Is the quintessential essence
Of what one should do?

And is the essential art in
The knowing when to do nothing
Can only be parsed out
By you?

To stand back
To not meddle
to not enter in
nor try to enforce

Sometimes situations requires…
The will to do nothing…and
The wisdom and courage
to let nature take it’s course

It always seems easier
To aid and abet
Than to stand back
And do nothing…and yet

Let them stand tall
Permit them to founder and fall
For Sometimes doing nothing
Is something…you’ll ne’er regret

David Whalen

Heart and Soul

Poets are…
lyricists
For which the music…
Is not yet written

Words that wait
Uncertain fate
For songsmith's
To be smitten

Poets write
The very heart
Songsmiths write
The soul

It takes the two
To both imbue
And make two parts
…a whole..

David Whalen

Heartfelt Prose

One of the prime requisites
In the writing
of heartfelt prose

Is the sharp pain
of experience
Of loss…and of woes

You have to bleed…
To have been wounded…
To suffer so sadly

To have won love
Then lost it…
Regretted it madly

To have suffered the slings
Of outrageous fate
To have been treated e’er so coldly

To have tasted the bile
Of unbridled hate
And of love proferred so boldly

To have felt the passion
Of someone you loved
had them push away.. Or pull you up close

These are some of the seeds
That take root in the needs
In the writer of…heartfelt prose

David Whalen

Hellos and goodbyes

Ne'er feel need to say hello
Nor ne'er need bid to one goodbye
In it's stead, show love
And touch the shoulder of…
Greet and leave them
With a smile in one's eye
Greet them…as had ne'er parted
Only for a moment but had stepped away
Take one's leave
As in arrival
With friendly face
And heart on sleeve
Hellos and byes be simple lies
When one's heart ne'er in truth …
Arrives or parts
One can ne'er stray
Too far away
from those who dwell
within thoughts and hearts
Are they not in one's mind wrought
Full and warm in mind's misty eyes
So to me, you see, it's
Happenstance of hypocrisy
These rituals that be given life
Happy greetings, sad leavings
Cheerios, toodleoos,
God be with you's,
Fond adieus
…Hellos and goodbyes…

David Whalen

Here's the plan

I have made a life plan
Just as everyone should

I plan to live forever
So far, so good! !

David Whalen

Holey

Poetry, to me
Mends the hole, that time has worn
Deep within my soul

David Whalen

Homeless

Peace on earth, mercy
Mild… give… to help feed, a
Homeless, hungry child

Snow so soft, winter’s
Just great! Unless one’s home is…
In a cardboard crate

Christmas…a place in
The heart…where many poor souls
Live too far apart

No coats…gloves or heat
No bed…Not enough to eat.
That’s Life on the street

Offer a hand up
To one who’s down, help to
Fill an empty cup

Tomorrow get up
and about… and help someone
Who is down and out

David Whalen

Hon, There's A Big Ol' Moon Out Tonight!

I know you said
I can't go bowling
And you'd rather I didn't
Go out and have
A drink or two…
You want me to wash
And dry the dishes
Cause you've got
Something else you'd rather do
Well dear, I really respect
Your opinion… and love
The many things
You give me to do
I even love
the apron you gave me
And you look waaaay better
Wearing pants
Than I do
So dear, I really respect
Your wisdom and
I've got a question
Or two
Have you noticed
The clothes line missing
Lately?
And the concrete blocks
Missing from the front porch too?
Howsabout we go for
A boat ride tonight… and Hon?
Does this rag smell
like chloroform to you?

David Whalen

Honkers and smiles

Big honkers look great
But more beautiful still… is
A big honkin’ smile!

David Whalen

Hope And Wishes...Candles Afloat

Candles affixed to small blocks of oak
Set afloat from streams rocky shore
Into the night, those small feeble lights
Drift away to be seen…no more

Upon those craft ride dreams and wishes
Hopes and ambitions… woes and emotions
Inscribed on parchment in uncertain script
Noble thoughts, prayers… and grand notions

Dreams set adrift on water deep and dark
Wishes washed away to windy far off bay
Hopes and aspirations, pleas and supplications
For end to hunger…and the start of better days

Long do they stand, on the rocky strand
In family groups, dressed all in tatters
Watching their dreams, carried off on the stream
As if that fading glow was all that mattered

Horsebread, light ale, goats milk and pottage
Coarse cloth, reed sandals, homes of daub and wattle
Twelve hour days in fields, then labor on master's cottage
Warmed only by fires of dung, of sheep and of cattle

Festival days in monastic keep
Bodies kept warm in fleece of sheep
Wishes and wants on water take wing
For on the morrow, (in sorrow) tribute's to be paid…
To the charitable church and the kindly king

David Whalen

How Curious Is Nature

How curious the occasion
Of the funeral procession
Of a young and innocent being

The ceasing of song,
and the darkness of death, The sunlight
thought no more to be seen

How curious that Nature
All around this sad event allows the sun
to yet shine and the birds to still sing

Perhaps Nature knows more than
One would suppose, and that death is
No more than a soul taking wing

Aye, how curious
Tis death
And the nature of things

David Whalen

How Heavy Is Hair?

I Lost fifteen pounds
Over this past year…
but my pot gut and love handles
are still “hangin’ in there”

The only notable change
 Is that my bald spot got bigger
And it’s really not strange
that my hair got thinner

 So, it leaves me in
a state of confusion
And there’s clearly, only one
Question and obvious conclusion

The conclusion tis:
When in the mirror I stare…
 that the big question is
… just how heavy is hair? …

David Whalen

How the Light's let In (An imperfect poem)

Everything lacks perfection
In the smallest particle there’s a flaw
Imperfection is our protection
Imperfection’s an immutable law

There’s a tiny crack in everything
But tis how the light’s let in

There exists no perfect circle
An impossibility, a linear line
Nor persists a faultless square
Nor a truly enlightened mind

Yet.. There’s a tiny crack in everything
And tis how the light’s let in

There’s no such thing as perfection
There’s no such condition as ‘just right’
No such thing as exact recollection
No such thing as ‘perfect sight’

there’s a tiny crack in everything
No matter how wide or thin
It’s the flaw that keeps the dark without
And tis how the light’s let in

David Whalen

How to breathe diamonds

A breath of diamonds

First take a small diamond
Then proceed to heat it until
It becomes extremely hot

Then carefully pour a bit of
Liquid oxygen within
A liquid oxygen proof pot

Then stir rather brisk, with
A long handled whisk… as a burn
With Lox you would not want to risk

Stir the diamond within
Watch as it dances
and revolves

Til' the precious Ingredient
begins to soften…to melt
then dissolve

Into aromatic vapors
of carbon dioxide
So white and so pure

Then… inhale the finished dish
As deeply as you wish
And "viola! "

You inhale diamonds
That are diamonds…
No more

David Whalen

How Will It End?

How will it end?
With the smell of brimstone?

Will it end in great gatherings,
Or in defiant dignity, aloof and alone?

Will it all end with a display of defiance,
Or Will it all end with a cringe and a simper?

The brave might defy…The weak meekly cry
But the world will die…with a bang and a whimper

David Whalen

Hug Your Children Tight Tonight

Hug your children
Tight tonight
Let them know you care
For could be come
A day too soon
When they no longer
Might be there
They can slip away
In the blink of an eye
Like smoke into the air
I speak as one who often cries
At night for one not there
So hug your children
Tight tonight
Caress their face and hair
Don't lose yours…
As I did mine

…Let them know you care…

David Whalen

Hugs

A hug
E’en if given
Only in jest

Tis still yet
a hug
No more no less

While Intended
Perhaps only
To be received in jest

I shall instead
Choose to Treat it
As a sweet caress

For no matter
How tis intended
The hug to be

How tis comprehended
Is totally
Up to me

David Whalen

I just don't know

Oft times it seems to me, a maze
A puzzle of a life deploying
I’m not yet lost in life’s hindering haze
I just don’t know where I’m going

Chimeric choices, perplexing places
Devisive devices, puzzlingly annoying
I’m not yet lost in life’s repetitive races
I just don’t know yet, where I’m going

Seems an arcane game, with no obvious answer
checkmate and stalemate keeps hope from bouying
I’m not lost in life’s ballroom, I’m simply a dancer
And I just don’t know yet…where I’m going

If you've figured it out
you could save me much toiling
I'm not really lost, yet could you just give me a shout
and tell me where it is that I'm going

I'm not truly lost
I just lack the knowing
where ere I've tossed
nor where it tis that I'm going

David Whalen

I just don't know why

9/22/10 Nine years of war…for what?

Twelve hundred seventy seven
young American boys
Have gone to Afghanistan….
To die

The Afghans don’t want us
And They don’t need us…
They certainly don’t like us…yet we’re there….
And I just don’t understand why! ! ! !

David Whalen

I listen to the silence

I Listen To The Silence

Darkness about me
In the somnolent silence
The silence has substance
As thick as can be

silence about me
as loud as a scream
In a nightmarish dream
It can terrify me

Silence has a feel
Of darkness in velvet cloaked
As a desperate cry being choked
Phantasmic, yet real

As Quiet surrounds me
The silence has substance
The absence of presence
 is deafening to me

Sounds whispery as paper
Things scurry about me
Sounds, soft, sad and scaly
Like venom and vapour

Silence is sound incomplete
Silence whirs, silence hums
Silence throbs, silence thrums
Silence has it’s own heartbeat

Quiet has movement,
Tho’ever so slow
Quiet has substance
and how do I know?

I listen to the silence...
as you do also

David Whalen

I Miss Ol' What's Her Name

I miss her complainin’
Makes me cry in my beer
I’m so miserable without her
It’s as if she’s still here

My pickup and coon dog
Give me a lil’ cheer
And my ma getting’ out of prison
And me drinkin’ more beer

Catchin’ some ol’ catfish
Makes me wish she were near
To clean em’ and cook em’
And bring me more beer

I miss her cute lil’ ol’ mustache
That hides the wart on her chin
I miss her high piercing voice
Tho It gets under my skin

Miss the smell of her foot fungus powder
Miss havin’ her bring me more beer
I’m so miserable without her
It’s as if she were still here

My dirty shorts and socks can just lay there
But dang! I hate getting’ my own beer
And I’m so dang miserable without her
It’s as if she were still here

So there’s one more thing to me
That’s become crystal clear
And it’s that I’ve got to teach
Ol’ Blue to fetch my beer

And there’s one more thing
That’d make me miss her less so
That’d would be to teach ol’ Blue
To play the 5 string banjo

I miss her so badly
She fills my thoughts so
Whoa! I just heard a squirrel!
Gotta git my gun (and another beer)
Gotta go!

David Whalen

I Miss You

I miss you…
but not the you
that you are now

I miss the you that I used to know
Not the you that’s
Changed somehow

I miss the one,
with the smile
bright as the sun

I miss the you
that could make me feel
As if I were the only one

I miss your leg tight against mine
in the front seat
of my ol' Chevy

I miss the you that I could take to
lonely country roads
down by the levee

The one that I couldn’t
Get out of my car, tho’ I didn’t
Really try too hard anyhow

I miss you…really, really
Miss you…just not the you
That you are now

David Whalen

I Pod Therapy (thank God for my I Pod)

I Pod Therapy (thank God for my I Pod)

Sweaty pillow, overfull bladder
Three A.M., wide awake,
what's the matter?

Get up, stumble there, Fumble back to bed
Concerns climb right in with me.
Worries fill my head.

Sleep has stolen away and left a deafening stillness
An insidious, common, debilitating
yet non-existent illness.

In the past I suffered, tossed and turned.
Suffered supremely, that is,
Until I learned

Now I languidly listen, as fine literature to me is read
And Morpheus slowly slips in beside me
In my now Quiescent bed

Cool jazz softly soothes me, back to the land of nod
Worries and loneliness dissolve so easily
By the medicinal quality of my I Pod

If you suffer as did I, and sleeplessness lurks
Give I Pod therapy a try and
You'll find it truly works

David Whalen

I seem to remember...I don't really care

I seem to remember
eyes of brown…
But then again
I'm not really sure

I'm only around
Every now and then
I don't look into them
Much anymore

I seem to remember
Soft touch neath my fingers
Cool Walks in September
Vague memories linger

You're still very near
Yet you've gone so far away
I seem to remember…
but just what…I can't say

There's a wall grown between us
Built with lies and mistrust
Bonds once strong and steadfast
Have crumbled to dust

I seem to remember…
Was it something to share?
Well…the magic's long gone now
And I no longer care

David Whalen

I sho hates the Devil (but God, you gots ta shape up too

I know the devil's the bad dude, and you're sposed to be good and all that
But big guy, let me tell you, I jes don't think you know where it's at
A lotta things they need affixing and that's a pure and simple fact
Howsa about getting your holy arse a stirrin and perform some miraculous act

Big guy, they's a lotta problems and they's more seems to be growin each day
So why aintcha out there affixing 'em, in this big guy, miraculous way
Why, hells bells, you made the earth and I'm a guessing likely the cosmos too
So why do ya let public restrooms, smell like some 'ol gol-danged zoo

Big guy you a real puzzle. I'ma thinking you just might could be lazy
Lettin women get raped and kids starve sure seems crazy
Seems like you alookin tother way, seems like you surely do
Yeah, I hates the devil, but God you gotta shape up too

And hows about foot fungus, arthritis and my achin back
Big guy, sho nuff, atimes I'ma thinking you just don know jack
 messy 'ol airplane crashes, way big 'ol floods an such
Hell, I'd point that religious finger and stop 'em with that righteous touch

I know you run this big 'ol kingdom, up in that big 'ol sky
So howsa about a big 'ol miracle for that little 'ol kid starving in Mombai
Don wanna sound disrespectful lord, hopin you knowin that's true
Sho nuff I hates the Devil, but God you really, really, gotta shape up too

And don you be layin no plagues on me now. I'm jus tryin to getcha offa your duff
Big guy, you sho done lotsa miracles,
but right now you jes ain doin enuf

David Whalen

I Think That...(thoughts on words and promises)

Words… are so easy to say
Promises, ne’er so hard to keep

Words… easily written
Promises, not to be shallow or deep

Words…so effortlessly uttered
Promises, should never be broken

Words…so unthinkingly muttered
Promises, not given only in token

Words…so empty… so easy to say
Promises… never just idle notions

Words should be true in every way…and
Promises be pledges of devotions

David Whalen

I Watched

Pediatric E.R, R.I.P 11/5/09 (Volunteer work can be tough)

I watched…
A heartbreaking scene today
But I couldn't take
my eyes away

I watched …
I feel shamed to say
I watched
a little girl die today

I watched …
an anguished EMT cry
I watched nurses drawn faces
I watched a little girl die

I watched …
Just outside the doors
The Frantic CPR applied
With frantic, futile force

I watched
Her mother fearfully enter the room
To be seated by her side
To share in her impending doom

I watched
A strange, unsettling scene
Upturned faces as if in prayer
hopefully watch the vitals screen

I watched
A life dissipate and fade
On a bed
That I had newly made

I watched…
At least a half hour they tried
With wondrous machines, marvelous medicines
Yet still, this little girl died

I watched…
Then I heard a small whimpering cry!
But It was only the mother
As she saw her child die

I watched…
Her arms outspread, her mom at her side
Young staring eyes so angelicly appealing
I watched, sadly watched….then I also cried.

David Whalen

I Will Be Free

I don’t belong here
It just doesn’t feel right
Seems like I’m out of place
Lost wanderer, alone in the night

Most people have a place.
I’ve never felt that way.
Seems like I just can’t face
Hopelessness, depression, dismay.

Loneliness. No one. Life gone terribly wrong
No brightness, constant darkness reigns.
Weakness, bleakness, days and nights too long.
A need to shed this existence’s chains

This light of mine feels need to extinguish.
Having never shone all that brightly.
Better snuffed out than allowed to languish
To sputter and glow so slightly

To go, my fate, is destinies test
Which I see as one of a possible three
One is the worst, and one is the best
And third is nothingness…setting me free

David Whalen

I Wonder

Why do ol’ windmills make me sad
Why do so many people wear sanctimonious faces
Why do lovers lie so bad
And whatever became of shoelaces

Why do so many people, regret
Instead of rejoice
Freely share their sadness…and yet
Hardly give happiness a voice

Why is it so easy to know now
What seemed so hard to learn then
Why so little value given
To the company of an ol’ friend

Why people rush to hear the news
Yet fail to listen to the wind
And also fail to notice in their lives
A mind-numbing sameness within

Why does life have a way
Of shrinking a man
And why do mistakes
Make life worth living

Do any of these questions
occur to you…and if any of them do
Perhaps you might have some answers to
These questions that I’m giving

David Whalen

I'd like to be an Orthodox Jew

I think I'd like to be an orthodox Jew
At least for a little while

Wear a black suit, and a big black hat,
For a while not be a Gentile

Try a different religion,
eat foods that sound weird

Have a big honkin' nose
and a big, long black beard

Eat matzo stead'a pizza
And I already like marble rye

Have a real cool name like Shecky…
Or maybe even Mordicai

Have a really good feel for money
Stead of spending' like a drunken sailor

I might just make a good Rabbi
Or maybe even a good tailor

Don't get me wrong,
 I'm not makin' fun

Of big noses, on people
Cause I've also got one

I just think I'd like
to try the Jewish style

Try to have a little chutzpah in my life…
At least for a little while

David Whalen

Ideas

Before our very eyes…

Like helium balloons
Things imbued with gas rise

Like lead balloons
Bad ideas sink like a rock

Like Burst balloons
Can fall From the skies

Like trial balloons
Ideas float and undock...

before our very eyes…

David Whalen

If I Could But Roll Back Tyme

If I could but somehow…
Roll back time
Could I once again
Feel your warm breath gently brush my ear

If I could but hold you once more
And feel you were mine
Feel the beat of your heart
In holding you near

Feel my lips once more…
Brush against thine
Could we once again whisper
Words we wanted to hear

Wouldst that again
I could call you mine
Would that I were able
To kiss away your sweet tear

If I could inhale your scent
Like a fine vintage wine
And expressed
my love without fear

I'd ne'er release you
Til' the end of time
If once…just once again, I could look into
Your eyes so sublime

My eyes fill now with tears
Why was I then… so blind
If I only could but somehow…
right now…somehow…go back in time…

David Whalen

If I Had My Druthers (U.S.Haiku)

I'd rather eat a
Chicken's nest…than eat one more
Skinless chicken breast

David Whalen

If Only For a Little Longer

Your children only hold your hand
For a little while
Before they push you away

But there’ll come a day
When they’ll likely say
“Hold my hand, don’t go away”

Hold my hand a little longer
“Please stay! ”
“please stay! ”

…”Please stay”…

David Whalen

If you can see it... be it

See the lines on time worn faces
Be the veins in Autumn's leaves

See the crowd…be the spaces
See the clover…be the bees

See the shore… misty places
Be the sand, cleansed by the seas

Tell us of the intrinsic traces
While we listen at your knees

See the world…give us a look
Through your eyes…be a book

David Whalen

If you really wish to know the poets

If you wish
to understand poets
If you wish
to know what’s in their minds

Then you must read
their poetry
But you must also read
between the lines

For The most revealing lines
a poet writes about himself
Are the ones…
not written upon the wall

Unwritten yes…but hints abound in…
 can be found in
Choice of subject…And choice of title
About the poet…tells us all

David Whalen

If you want to make God laugh

Plan out your future
Put your ducks in a row
Put your life to a schedule
And reap what you sow

Put things in motion
That'll guide you through life
All the checks and balances
To belay stress and strife

You can lay out your life
Do all that you can
But if you really want to make God laugh….
…….have a plan…..

David Whalen

'If'...read it...live it!

If you have doubt
Of where you're going
If you have little pride
In what you've done

If you have not the faith
That once defined you
If you've lost the way
From whence you've come

Then read the poem "If"
By Rudyard Kipling and…
Come from the darkness
Back into the sun

David Whalen

I'll be damned! ! (haiku)

God will soon return
I hear that he’s really ticked
I’ll be damned! ! !

David Whalen

I'll miss the rain.

Of all the things
That my senses have given me
Of all the sensations I've had
Be they pleasure or pain

Of all those experiences
The most missed will be
The soft patter of raindrops
Upon my windowpane

The eccentric rings
Raindrops make on the river
The concentric tapping on
Tin roofs above

Are only a few of the things
That rain can deliver
And are only few of the things
About rain that I love

Of all the things in the world
To feel, have, or to see
The thing I'll suffer most
In the world will be the pain

The pain of never being
able to hear It… or be in It
Above all things, I'll miss the rain…
Especially…the rain

David Whalen

I'll Stay…

<Center>I’ll stay for as long
as you’ll have me
At least as long
as you have need

Until the time comes
that you no longer need me
And bid me farewell
And Godspeed

E’en when I’ve gone
I’ll still be close by
In the flowers, in the wind…
In the Autumn leaves.

So if you should ever
Have need of me…Again
Open your window
And let in the breeze

David Whalen

I'm not fat

People kid me a bit
About my waist

They ask me where
I picked up that spare tire

I think what they say
Is in really poor taste

And it hurts my feelings
And raises my ire

So I’m going to start
To stop…being so huffy

Start telling them I’m not fat
…I’m just fluffy

David Whalen

I'm Not Like You

The path I've taken
The one I've trod
Is a path forsaken
By a vengeful God

The path I've chosen
Is drear and lonesome
Trees lean close in
Damp lies the sod

I've naught of humanity
I lack the needs
The cold, the callousness
That humanity breeds

I walk alone, my path unknown
To a Fate both feared and odd
But it's a path I've chosen
A path I've trod

My own way forsaken
…by an unforgiving God…

David Whalen

I'm turn' blue...Haiku

Don’t like the winter
And never will like the cold
Turnin’ blue…too old!

David Whalen

I'm Usually Happy…Tonight Not So Much

Not the man I used
to be…No more trust…
or faith
Rests inside of me

A bitter man
I've come to be
Devoid of faith
or charity

An empty vessel
A hollow shell…
poisonous as
A tainted well

A blank canvas
A sterile page
A muted man
of monstrous rage

I hate the world
That tacky stage
I hate the words
upon this page

I hate ugly words
Like snot and cooty
I guess you could say
That I'm kinda moody

No I'm not the man
I used to be
But it could be worse…
You could be me!

David Whalen

Imperfection

There’s something to be said
for imperfection

Something to be praised
in things cracked and crazed

For there’s something unsettled
That makes me feel nettled

And something in perfection
That leaves me dismayed

Give me a nick
on the lip of my cup

Give me bird poo
on my car

Give me a rip,
a tear or a stain

I’m perfectly happy
With imperfection so far

David Whalen

Improvisurrealism

Dawn's light…bone white
a sky seeming void
of all color
Breath fogging into the air
Wasted bodies and tormented faces
Ice blue eyes
And sharp glacial glare
Highlights in shadow
Bright as cold chrome
Faces round and cratered
Like the moon
Skies skewered
By skeins of blackbirds
Crazed cry… in the dark…
Of a loon
Walls discolored
By exhalations and memories
Memories thought to be
Safely hidden behind
Rheumy, tinted eyes
Souls seared black …about the edges
Weightless and ghostly
Adorned with garlands
Of the prettiest of lies
Without whisper of sound
Fans slowly strobing
In the whine of vain effort
Push humidity around
In the gloom
Foghorns moaning
Like lost souls of the sea…
Drowned, damned and doomed!
Whose only want
Is everything…
And things that
Cannot be

David Whalen

In An Old Diary

Faded pink petals
tween old yellowed pages
In a time worn ol’ diary
Filled with eras and ages

Leaves, red and golden
Pressed between old yellowed pages
Of old diaries beholden
to lives unfolded stages

Still linger on pages
Faint aromas and memories
Of phases and stages
All now, long lost histories

Tarnished brass clasps
Still holds e’er so tight
As did young hands once grasp
To their breast in the night

Fervent feelings writ in faded black ink
Young hopeful yearnings from the past
Love and longing, an enduring link
Diaries, as do lives, grow old e’er so fast

on withered old hands one laid on the other
Lines of blue veins trace out as a map
In repose on a tattered old cover
Of an old diary, in an old lady’s lap

David Whalen

In Praise Of the Lowly Marigold

Let us speak today
Of Marigolds
Those many petaled
Precious metal hued
Little circles, of many folds

Oft o'ershadowed
By the towering Roses
In their overbearing
And imposing …Nay!
"Imperial" poses!

Marigolds…oft measured
By the meter of Inchworms
Are found to measure up
To somewhat more crinkly standards
Tho' have all the appeal (and appearance)
Of a new-born Shar Pei Pup

Their fragrance:
unlike that of Roses
Is a scent that requires
The most sensitive and
Discerning of noses

They're shy, familial
They gather in groups
Are often found huddling (and cuddling)
Beside stairways
And stoops

So today, if you will
Place a few
on your windowsill
And the pleasures
You'll reap
will be without measure

They will love to sit high
And for once tower o'er
And peer down at the Roses
To whom they once
Were much lower

Those crinkled and crumpled
Creatures, of silken crepe
Unable to tower,
to climb
Or to drape…

So I shall laud long
In voice loud

Proud and bold (and not lightly)
Today I shall praise highly
…The lowly Marigold…

David Whalen

In Transport Of Prayers

Subtle hint of Sunrise
Night beginning to bleed

Dawn yet not but a rumor
Which beckons us to heed

To light, still unborn
Safe silvered in layers

Bidding night farewell and Godspeed
In transport of our prayers

David Whalen

In Winter... I Think Of Summer

In Winter

I think of summer…
Of feverish glow
Of summer sunburn…
Of sunshine seined
Through disordered trees…
Of summer sun
The color of
Undercooked egg yolks
cool and warm
Both at once…
Of growing tree roots
Gently tilting sidewalks
And warm raindrops forming
Crystal necklaces
On the nape of the wind…
Of haloes round the moon
And rain rings on the river…
Silvered, tranquil surface, dimpled
By frogs, fry, and turtles…
Moss…
dark as old meringue
Draped close up
To cat tails…in their turn
Bearing the bright blossoms
Of red-winged blackbirds…
The rich melange
of manure and clover,
Faery rings of toadstools
Of butterflies and bumblebees…
The feel of air as thick
As a wool blanket, rasping
Upon one’s skin…
Roseate warm sunrises
Seasoned with the pepper
Of starlings…
Of lightning veined thunderclouds
And lingering images, blood red
Fading to black… strobing
Through closed eyelids…
Of hair shimmering
With unholy highlights
In the high heat
Of the summer sun…
In winter I think
At times…of Spring
And at times of Fall…
In summer
I think of winter slumber
…yet in winter…
I think of summer…

most of all

David Whalen

inevitable...undeniable

Some where in our fortieth to fiftieth year
Comes a sea-change
of attitudes and emotions

Of perceptions, of conceptions
Of beliefs …
and devotions

It’s a very individual thing
While common
to us all

As if a new chapter’s opened
in our life
Now holds us in thrall

A very different take on life
A very different View indeed
Quite different shade and tone

And if it hasn’t touched and changed you yet
Rest assured
It soon will make itself known

David Whalen

Ins And Outs

Into…

Depthless grief,
boundless wonder

Ways our world
 is torn asunder

Empty hearts
Lack of feeling

Ways our world
Is In need of healing

Out of…

Open minds,
closed to sorrow

Ways our world
 greets tomorrow

Out of Endless hope
Out of Keen anticipation

Into Ways our world
Can have salvation

David Whalen

Inseparable (Shadow)

Where on earth
Will my shadow go
When on this earth
My time ceases to be?

Will it have
no place to go,
No other choice
but faithfully follow me?

Is there a place
Where shadows go
To spend
In eternity?

Or will my shadow
 Shine finally,
And happily jump
In the box with me?

I truly hope
it comes along with me
When from this realm
I'm dispatched

 It's never left my side, you see
 I'm not sure it can live alone
I feel it's become a part of me
A part which I've become quite attached

So follow close behind…
close tight the lid my dark companion!
We've so many things yet to see…
Stardust, infinity, magic and mystery
My friend, my shadow…and me

David Whalen

Intuitive vs cognitive thinking

A bat and a ball cost a dollar ten
The bat cost one dollar more than the ball.
Pray tell, how much does the ball cost?
How quickly the answer seems to fall!

If, like most, you said ten cents
You're lazy and prone not to think (as am I)
For the correct answer, be not
ten cents my friend (no lie!)
For you I most certainly would not jive

If you think, more than a few blinks
You'll see your answer stinks
For the cost of the ball is not ten cents at all
But at the cost of some thinking…
Is five!

David Whalen

Invisible Children

Invisible Children

Their mothers can see them, but to us they're invisible
These fate-cursed little creatures with long lashed, limpid eyes
In the poor part of town where hunger is permissible
Empty cupboards are opened with sad, hopeless sighs

Yes, we glimpse them occasionally, when famine strikes other nations
We see them on TV, broadcast from strange sounding lands
Hunger's a democratic denizen, sparing no child it's sensations
And welcomes our own crying children into it's cold callous hands

Submission into malnutrition is the chronic condition
These hidden, unseen children must confront every day
Sentenced by hunger to a living perdition
On their mom's leaden heart, these cruel conditions heavily weigh

While most of us worry about our kids overeating
About high fructose content, roughage and such
These kids, with ribs like infantile armatures, arms outstretched and pleading
remain unseen, out of sight, and unknown to our touch

Behind paint peeling doors, stoically enduring the horror of hunger
Cloaked in invisibility by the fickle fate of being poor
Conditions which no innocent, wide-eyed waif should live under
Scant noticed innocents, yet they're out there for sure.

David Whalen

Irony in two verses

My momma was a good person
But could also be a dumb ol’ witch

She never saw the irony in…
 callin’ me a “son of a @^&$#”

David Whalen

It Is Your Mind

Whatcha' gonna' do
When your mind
Takes you
To places… that you
Don't want
To go?

After all, it is your mind
You should rule it!
 Wouldn't you think that was so?
What do you do when you look
at your partner, and instead
See a stranger in bed with you?

And why does your mind
Seem to always find
A reason to make you feel blue?
What do you do
When you see your house,
yet your mind no longer… sees a home?

What do you do
When in a room full of people
Your mind reminds you… you're all alone?
What do you do
When your mind makes you
Read aloud… words which once, you were smitten

You put your hands oe'r your ears
To shut out the fears… and the tears
from the words that your mind's just written

David Whalen

It Wouldn't Be Called Research

If we knew what we're doing it wouldn't be called research….Albert Einstein
I never know what I'm doing…David O Whalen

And since that's true, …
than by extension
I can safely assume,
without pretension

That most of our great
scientific finds
Were made by people
without truly scientific minds

By people who truly didn't know
Just exactly what they were doing
Until sometimes just finding
The answer upon the shelf

Well…All of my life I've been told
That I've never known what I was doing
So now I can feel and be so bold
As to feel much better… about myself

David Whalen

It's A Circus Out There!

Love My new lil’ Fiat,
When I park, crowds gather about
I’d be so much more proud
If they didn’t yell so loud
“Hey mister,
When are the clowns
Gonna’ climb out! ”

David Whalen

It's About Time

Time Is….

Ethereal and immaterial,
as a wisp of vapour
Untenable, impalpable,
as thoughts in the mind

Indescribable, invisible,
yet worth more than treasure
Ne'er carried with one,
yet ne'er truly left behind

Oft times borrowed to live on
Oft times spent in haste
Oft times forgotten or foregone
Oft times given to waste

Time can be given as a loan to a friend
Can be borrowed just as well
Time Can be given and time can be taken
And Time can be Heaven or Hell

Time moves so slowly
When we're in a state of anticipation
Yet moves far too fast
When we're enjoying exhilaration

Time can be measured quite exactly,
As a second, a minute, or a day
Even though exactly, what it truly is,
no one exactly, can truly say

While it can't be seen, described, or held in your hand
There's one thing we do know for sure
When you use up your share and it starts running out
That's the time we'll always want more

Time touches us all with it's almighty hand
And it's effects, are so impossible to resist
 So strange to be so immaterial, and yet so very grand
Time absolutely, and most truly…simply does not exist!

David Whalen

It's good to be a weasel

Proud eagles fly high
Oe’r land and sea
Upon majestic, wide wings tipped
with finger-like pinions

Soaring Condors…Geese…no luckier
creatures seem to be
Yet it’s weasels that ne’er get sucked
into jet engines

David Whalen

It's nice to be concise

I think it’s nice
To be concise
In everything you write

To be slightly terse
With all your verse
Is usually to write right

One should take their time
When composing rhyme
And try to keep it light

Maintain their meter
Try to make it neater
And never ever lose sight

Try not to doze
Whilst deep in prose
don’t write too late at night

Try not to swell your sonnet
Nor Try to dwell upon it
Because it could end up quite a fright

You don’t want to try to
End up with a haiku
Lord knows that wouldn’t be right…but

I just think it’s nice
To be concise…
In everything you write

David Whalen

It's Not So Much

It’s
Not so much… “what” you feel
But the “way” that you feel it
Not so much “what” you say
But the manner in which you reveal it

Not so much “how” you loved
More so… how “deep” your affection
Not so much your memories…
More so the richness in your fond reflection

Not so much how long in years you live
But how full your life was… or is to be
It’s not so much in the “what”
But in the “how”… that you can see…

It’s that when I look out the window
Into the inky dark of night
that I can see far beyond the shadows
And the black velvet that blinds your sight

It’s the width….the depth…the height…the breadth
Of life that only age can make one better see
Tis therein that lies the difference… my friend
It’s the difference between thee and me

David Whalen

It's only two a day

If you could stop two young boys
From dying today
Would you?

If you could share the fear
that they do feel today
Would you?

If you could bring
Them home today
Would you?

If you could take
Their place today
Would you?

If you want…you can make
A difference today…

But Will you?

David Whalen

It's Spring!

A million kisses
To the Moon
A thousand toasts
Of Summer wine
A hundred hugs
To May and June
And as many pats
(as you’ll allow me)
Upon your fine behind

David Whalen

It's the nights

It's the nights…
It's the nights
that are the loneliest

The days grow shorter
The nights grow longer
And Morpheus morphs into a tempest

In the dismal dark, I grow cold
The old feel
of comfort, lost

I've naively let
Life slip away
And at such a terrible cost

I used to be somebody…
A person
In my own right

Now I've become nobody,
Alone…especially in the
Dark of night

I've lost all the things
That I once loved
All things I thought were right

Now in my mind…at night…alone
I cannot find
A place to put my mind at rest

Tis the nights…I dread
In my lonely bed…Tis the nights
That are the loneliest

David Whalen

Joy Of Spring

A Spring morning
A warm Breeze
doves cooing softly
Pollen dusted trees

A few brave violets
A red streaked dawn
A very early robin
Earthworms in the lawn

Spring peeper frogs
Smell of dogwood blossoms
Nature’s petroglyphs in muddy bogs
Footprints left by possums

Easter eggs and bonnets
Chocolate rabbits, Missing ears
Jelly beans and sonnets
Spilled easter baskets, children’s tears

Parades,
leafy bowers
Lemonades
Spring showers

Spring mornings
Warm breezes
Deep breaths
Allergic sneezes

Smell of Fresh blossoms
Sound of birds as they sing
Joy of life.. joy of being…
…Joy of Spring

David Whalen

Just a few of the things…

Just a few of the things… I miss most of all

Roman candles
Juicyfruit gum from mom’s purse
Cordite smell of a 12 gauge
First ride in a convertible
Hayrides in the Fall
Skippin’ rocks on still water
Leaves burnin’ in street gutters
The smell of freshly baked bread
New clothes from Sears and Roebucks
Seein’ Checker cabs
Beer barrels being rolled into bar’s basements
Sparks from Trolley bus wires
Ohio river ferryboats
Visitin’ relatives deep in Kentucky
Them sayin’ “come back y’all”
John Deeres chugging in the distance
Foggy morning’s
Runnin’ trotlines on the Lickin’ river
Ol’ black cars with luggage racks on back
My dad’s exhaled smoke (from unfiltered Camels)
Lionel trains
Playin’ king-of-the- hill
Lickin’ cream off milk lids
Tadpoles
Watchin’ lightning
Friendly hugs
Lightbugs in bottles
Trust in people
Baseball games on big Emerson radios
Unlocked doors…open windows
Piano scales being played in the distance
Summer nights… and sparklers
Matinees and popcorn
White castles and Cincinnati chili
Goetta
The Island Queen steamboat and it’s calliope
Coney Island and Lesourdsville
My ol’ library
Eating “Blind Robins” in neighborhood bars
The smell of Neatsfoot oil
Old neighborhood delicatessens
Inclines
Warm cashews
Stealin’ watermelons
Puttin’ pins in doorbells
Soapin’ windows
Thinking’ I looked good
Girls that thought I did
Not knowin’ what my mom and dad did know
And of things I miss most of all……..

Innocence in all things great and small

David Whalen

Just a tad snookered?

I Mighta Been a tad snookered

I remember you dimly
Through the fog of Jack Daniels
 have vague memories of whipped cream
And naked cocker spaniels

I gave you my number
But didn’t get yours
Jack Daniels just makes me dumber
But it does open up my pores

We met at “Ozzie’s Big House of Burlap”
Our meeting I think, was brief
If you can, please call me asap
Cause I surely am in need of my teeth

This might sound kinda stupid
And you just might could be right
But I think I left my dentures
In your Silverado last night

David Whalen

Just A Touch

Just a touch…nothing more
When your fingers
Brushed against mine

Or was it mine…that touched yours
And did it linger
For a bit of time

Whoever…whatever…it opened the door
That touch of fingers
That touched my mind

And our fate was sealed
Kismet was set
In that fateful bit of time

To me a caress…no more or less
That at that time
Seemed so sublime

Just a touch…that now I miss so much
When your fingers
Brushed against mine

David Whalen

Just another day in paradise

More On Angels

ever thought of Angels
as everyday people?
Waking up, getting up,
going off to labor

Having to sleep on their bellies,
so's not to crinkle their feathers
Walking out the door
Saying "morning" to their neighbor

Halos on… a bit askew
Robes… perhaps just a tad soiled
Nectar skipped this morning cause..
It was out of date and spoiled

Morning hair an ungodly mess
Forgot to shave last night
But what the hell, the boss wears a beard
A little five o clock shadow should be alright

Another day…another shekel
Making miracles, making nice
Holy moley, and God almighty
Just another day in Paradise

David Whalen

Just Desserts

No more summer’s warmth
Change in Nature’s menu…Frost
Is dessert Du Jour

David Whalen

Just for today

For today..
Chase the shadows
away

For today…
Brush away
All the sorrow

For today…
Let your mind
Be at play

For today…
Forget there’s
A tomorrow.

David Whalen

Just Kiddin' (blame Henny Youngman)

A lovely young lady
was pounding and cursing
at my hotel room door
 The other night

The noise was alarming
And quite disarming
So I gave up
and turned on the light

She continued to wail
Continued to shout
no sleep was to be had
this night, no doubt

So I decided to aid
This ungrateful young maid
I finally got up…
And let the young lady…out

David Whalen

Just Makes Sense

Get married real late in the morning
That way when things start going astray

There’ll be no real cause for mourning
Since you’ll not have wasted a whole day

David Whalen

Kaleidoscope

Let your life be seen,
To be endowed with trust

Look hard at your life
Peer deeply into one’s self

For tis’ only a kaleidoscope
filled with stardust

Viewed by God …
When he wants to amuse himself

David Whalen

Keep The Faith

Hard not to hope
For things that seem
can never be

To realize what is only lies
Quite apart from
what is true

For tis only in the hoping
That hopes can
Be set free

To hope with all your heart…
To seek… and with hopeful
Eyes to see

To realize… hope never dies
Perhaps… is what
one must do

Keep the faith…be not surprised
At What hope has
in store for you

David Whalen

Kids are forever

You’re never quite free
From your kids..no, no! !

No… you’re never quite free
From your kids

They could be doing
Quite fine

Or even doing
Hard time

there's no way you can be
as eventually you'll see

That you’re never quite free
From your kids! !

David Whalen

Knickers In A Twist

Death’s no more than endless sleep
No need for knickers in a twist
No need pray to God
Your soul to redeem
For life nor death may not exist
,,, It could all be but a dream…

David Whalen

Lady April

This day…awoke April
In a terrible mood
If months had bad hair days
Then this one certainly could

This day dawned early
With cold and grouchy demeanor
Obviously having awakened
On the wrong side of her bed

With un-April like winds
That sliced like a knife
And had all the bad manners
Of moody March instead

I like to ascribe to the months
Their own personalities and ways
From the surreal colors of September
To the mild, merry manners of May

But I also respect, and know when to stay
Inside, cozy, warm
and totally out of her way
When lady April is having a bad ‘air day'

I know that the morrow will likely dawn warm and showery
She'll dawn with a yawn and ne'er admit
That she's e'en the slightest bit sorry
April's snits, as you know, ne'er last very long

She beckons us out to warm breezes
To tease us, (and a few sneezes maybe)
And just like the lady she is, and pleases to be
Will never admit she was wrong

David Whalen

Last sounds I hope to hear

Distant call of blue-jays
Deep rumble of a Harley Twin
Children's laughter
Bagpipes skirling, "Amazing Grace"
Crackle of summer lightning
Popcorn popping
Someone calling my name
A Dobro and a blues harmonica
Whistle of a steam locomotive
Whip-poor-wills
A calliope
The chuckle of a brook
The quiet of a happy house
Applause
Thank you
Looks really good, doesn't he"
"Guess we'll never find the money"
Bees buzzing, making honey

The very last thing
That I'd really like to hear….is
"I love you"… I always loved you",
softly whispered in my ear

David Whalen

Late Spring...Early Summer

Lightning bug Haiku…

Lightning bugs gold glow
Shine from jelly jars reflect
Eyes wide in wonder

……..

Cicada Haiku…

Red eyed creatures rise
Shed their earthly shell…cry out
To Heaven and Hell

David Whalen

Leaf Shadows Dancing

<Center>
Leaf shadows
Manically dancing
Mincing moonlight
Into myriad motes…
Montages of mystery
Upon which
Reality floats..

Leaf shadows dancing
Withdrawing…
Advancing…
Rivulets retreating
Neath prows
Of night's boats

Swiftly sketched…
Then erased
By leaves and limbs
Leaving no trace…
The artistic trees
One would suppose
Have only need
Of light and shadows

Palette imbued only
With black and white…
Colors of lonely
Hints of light
Leaf shadows capering,
care freely, capriciously

Drawn upon canvas
…Of moonlit night…

David Whalen

Let Us Speak Of Light And Colors

Let us speak of light and colors
Of ephemeral hues and strident tones
Of luminescence that commands
One's eyes to observe it

Of cobalt blues that morph into ashen grey
That in turn then steals away
Into black…
Soft and sensual as velvet

David Whalen

Let's Just Suppose

Let’s just suppose
That over four thousand young men
Got jobs and got married
Became normal Americans and then

Let’s just suppose
These same young men of our new generation
Stayed home and avoided
Nightmares and mutilation

Let’s just suppose
Over four thousand lives were sadly expended
In a hostile land, so far away
In a war built on lies, and is yet open-ended

Let’s just suppose
That many untold billions in funds
Had over four thousand of those young men
Building our country, in lieu of bearing guns

Let’s just suppose
That instead, billions were spent on education
On infrastructure, medical research and homeland defense
Lives better spent, to build a better, stronger nation

Let’s just suppose
That the mad minds in our administration
Had Instead, kept those heroic young boys
safe at home, while still defending our nation

Let’s just wonder
 amidst all the war-wager’s noise
Was this one man…Saddam Housein
Worth more than four thousand of our young boys?

Let’s just suppose
This madness we could suspend
All stand together and say “enough is enough.”
We’re not the world’s policemen
This madness must end!

Let’s just propose….
To bring our young men
Back home.

David Whalen

Letters I Didn't Write

I wish you could have read…
The Letters
that I failed to write

I wish you could have felt the touch…
Of hands that failed to
reach out at night

Would've liked for you
to have heard…
Words I couldn't say

Would've liked to have felt
The emotions missed…
When I failed to ask you to stay

What you didn't feel…
When you didn't hear …
The words I didn't say

I wish you could have
At least…Felt the love
That you didn't feel that day

I wish you could've known …
The feelings
that I didn't show

The words I couldn't bring to light
And tell you
Long ago

I wish somehow,
you could know now
Of things you knew not then

Of words I didn't say or write
Of touch, or love
Of things... that might have been

David Whalen

lies about tall guys

Just seems like it’s that way to me

Taller guys seem to get executive jobs
Shorter guys work mostly as clerks
Taller guys never seem to be slobs
Shorter guys always seem to be jerks

Taller guys seem to get all of the action
Shorter guys seem to be quite invisible
Taller guys always seem to deserve satisfaction
Shorter guys are lonely and miserable

Just seems like it’s that way to me

Taller guys just seem born to play sports
Shorter guys kinda seem to like tennis
Taller guys certainly look better in shorts
Shorter guys look like Dennis the Menace

Taller guys are usually at the top of their class
Shorter guys seem to fail quite a lot
Taller guys always seem to kick ass
Shorter guys want to, but simply cannot

sure seems like it’s that way to me

Taller guys get better grades and such
Shorter guys seem to barely scrape by
Taller guys seem to do better, pretty much
Shorter guys always wonder why

Taller guys seem to have eyes like a hawk
Shorter guys seem to wear glasses a lot
Taller guys cover more ground when they walk
Shorter guys, to keep up, have to trot

Sure seems like it’s that way to me

Taller guys and their friends look like N.B.A players
Shorter guys look more like cheerleaders
Taller guys seem to look like dragon slayers
Shorter guys look a lot more like bleeders

Taller guys seem to have more gear to protect
Shorter guys wear more protective gear

Taller guys, more confidence seem to project
Shorter guys have less confidence, more fear

Really seems like it’s that way to me

Taller guys appeal to the female gender
Shorter guys always seem to choke
Taller guys carry a lot more legal tender
Shorter guys always seem to be broke

Taller guys seem to drive high dollar cars
Shorter guys drive toyotas
Taller guys seem to reach for the stars
Shorter guys reach for diet sodas

Taller guys are obnoxious, let’s neuter them all
Shorter guys are great people, always a delight
Taller guys are an abomination against mother nature’s law
If you think I’m a short guy….well, you’re right!

Really seems like the way it should be

David Whalen

Life is....

Tis a curious amalgam
Of facts and fiction
Of which scientist or alchemists
Would be hard to devise

But I think that even cats and dogs
Have long known with conviction
That nothing is truly important
In the course of our lives

They love life and live life
In peace, with tails curled
Wisely living life as tenants
…In a tenuous world…

David Whalen

Life Of Unpaid Debts

I feel as one…now
With the grass and trees
Part and parcel
Of capricious breeze
Feel the need to fall
Upon my knees
And beg…"let me linger
A little longer please"

I feel a certain sadness
Perhaps more sure
A certain madness
In my humble
And bumbling
Clumsy. Stumbling
Pleas

I feel somehow
More related
(tho' perhaps
A bit belated)
To Mother Nature…
With her wind-song
In the trees

I feel the weight
Of long due freight
The debt of a lifetime
Of unpaid fees…
Words left unspoken
Hearts perhaps broken
So now I make my plea

Upon my knee
In all humility
And beg good Naturedly…
"If you should be so good
If you only would….
let me linger…
A little longer
Please"

David Whalen

Life...And Stardust

Like all travel,
passage through life
is only a voyage
to somewhere else
And unlike stardust
This passage will end
But the voyage of life…
like stardust itself
Lasts forever and ever
…after and ever after

David Whalen

like helium balloons

Before our very eyes…

Like helium balloons
 Ideas imbued with passion rise

Like lead balloons
Bad ideas sink like a rock

Like Burst balloons
That fragment before one’s eyes

Like trial balloons
Ideas conceived, then undock

And float away
Like lover’s sighs…

Like helium balloons
before our very eyes…

David Whalen

Like a Kitten Left By The Road

Each time I first post
a newly written poem
I feel deep regret
that I've done it in haste
As if I've dropped off
An unwanted kitten
On a lonely country road
To fend for it's self
Through a strange alien world

I've never truly dropped off a kitten
But if I ever did, I'm sure
After sixty seconds I'd be
Turning around and driving like an idiot
With a tear on my cheek, yelling
" I'm comin' to get you lil' kitty. I'm so sorry! "

Well, that's the way I am with my poems
Thirty seconds after I post them
I feel so sorry for them
Somewhere out there in hyperspace
All alone…so pitiful
Even the one's that
I don't like much myself!
Maybe all the other poems
Welcome it to the web
I sure hope so!

I really do worry about the little guys
One minute nestled in my warm little brain
And the next kicked out in the cold

Well Hell! Godspeed little poems and odes
And like God, I'm goin' to look in you
From time to time
to make sure you're doing OK
And If you're not, then I'll delet you
And bring you back home

Am I the only whackjob that feels this way?
Nah! I don't think so.

David Whalen

Like a seed

It’s impossible to force
A good piece of writing
It can only come from inspiration
It should flow from the mind
To the fingers and then
Through the keyboard
To the screen

A good piece of writing
Will come of it’s own volition
Without urging, yet with compulsion.
A certain musical phrase you’ve read
A lyrical play of words
That sticks in your mind
Can be the impetus for the lifting
Of the flood gates of inspiration

And once opened, has a compulsive
Addiction, that can be indulged freely
And yet will not be denied
Write down every sentence
or fragment thereof, any phrase
That catches your fancy
and feels good on the tongue

A good piece of writing
Has a sensual quality
That one can almost taste
As it’s written, and can be shared
Wantonly with readers
who choose to indulge

A good piece of writing
is a seed that is planted
In one’s mind, and from which
The words effortlessly grow
It can never be forced
or be pushed to the fore
It will grow from that seed
And will blossom before your eyes

It can grow freely, unfettered
From the most minute idea
But good writing, like a seed
Can never be forced to grow

David Whalen

Like A Whisper

I'll kiss your lips
I'll touch your hair…
When you're sleeping

And you'll not even know I'm there

I'll whisper gently
Into your ear…
"I love you"

And you'll not even know I was there

I'll feel your warm breath
I'll breath it in…and hope
that in turn you'll feel mine

And you'll not know I'm always there

I'll be by your side
Til the ebb
of life's tide

And you'll not even know
…I was there…

David Whalen

like slinkies

Some people are a lot like slinkies
Not good for much, always puttin’ on airs
But you just can’t keep from smiling’
When you see one tumble down the stairs

David Whalen

Lil' Boys, Tiny Birds and BB Guns

One little wide-eyed boy
One tiny bright-eyed bird
One new little “Red Ryder” bb gun
One tearful choked-back word

The word was “noooo! ! ”
 Both a plea and refusal in one
A heart-rending realization of
A deed that could not be undone

“Sorry! I’m so, so, sorry! ”
Sobbed the sad little boy
As he watched once-bright eyes
Slowly glazing

Tiny head slowly drooping
 Now dull eyes sightlessly gazing
But the die alas
Was coldly cast

Twas the first time in life
the boy had to bury something
But It would’na
be the last

Time passes
people change
Inexorably, we pass
from stage to stage

And little boys
with little toys
Begin to grow up (sadly)
and come of age

David Whalen

Living In The Past

Isn’t it strange
That everything looks
exactly the same…

Yet It all changes
In the instant
You perceive it

That you are looking
Into the past of all
That you see

And that it’s quite
Impossible to see
What really is…

And only possible
To see what was…
In the blink of time before…

Impossible for humans
To see the difference
But the difference is there for sure

Does it matter? Not a whit!
It’s just an interesting fact
That what we think we see

And everything and everyone
that we see … has changed…
and no longer exists

Exactly as they were…
and that every second
Of every day

We exist… only in the past
And our reality
No longer exists at all

So what we see
Is only memory
Are we time travelers after all?

David Whalen

Logic vs Intuition

Premise:
All roses are flowers
Some flowers fade quickly
Some have stems smooth
Some have stems prickly

Conclusion: valid or not? (True of false)
Therefore: some roses fade quickly.

Don’t be too smug
Don’t answer to slickly
The conclusion like most
Can be answered too quickly

The correct logical conclusion
To most people is lost
For the answer in (intuitive confusion)
Is inherently and most logically… false

David Whalen

London Fog

The spectral exhalations
Of both horses and coachmen
writhing like wraiths wrap’t round
faint lights on the street

Hard leather soles
Of young ladies slippers
Tap out sharp cadences
With their hurrying feet

Fog from the Thames
Slides easily in
And shrouds the streets
In a greasy skim

A young lady of the night
Who would better have stayed in
 Stares vacantly at nothing in sight
Her throat slit ear to ear
…in a ghastly grin…

Cold cruel eyes,
a scalpel sharp dirk
Another foggy night
Another nasty bit of work

Bits and pieces taken
Token body parts
Livers, breasts. and no less
...Still beating hearts! ...

Caped figure,
tolling bells
Sounding out
Death knells

Jack the Ripper lurking
In shadowed dim-lit door
Stay home tonight…
stay out of sight

Else become part
Of London’s lore

David Whalen

Lonely grey lady at McDonalds

Lonely Grey Lady At McDonalds

She has hunched over shoulders, looks under the weather
Grey streaked and unbrushed hair
Wears old worn out shoes and threadbare sweater
Seems lonely and lost, filled with despair

Lips move without sound, hands gesture at no one,
No one's close by, no one's around
Lonely old lady, so restless and winsome
Sadness and sorrow seems to surround

Sitting for hours, alone, sipping one coffee
Watching other customers come and go
Peering into other's lives, staring intently
As if she could know them by watching them so

Two tables over, another lady is watching
The old lady talking to no one, and then,
Rises and walks to her side, smiling and nodding
Gives to her, her own sandwich and then pats her hand

Grey lady accepts it without saying a word
Nods slightly to acknowledge the kindness
Seems nervous and skittish, eyes like a wild bird
Stares into space, gaze distant and mindless

Aura of emptiness abounds within and around her
As she painfully rises and prepares to depart
Her invisible companions, talk and surround her
As she shuffles away, her life in her cart

Grey lady leaves me with a sense of wonder
That some people, so lonely, suffer so much
It seems indifferent fate, shreds some lives asunder
While blessing others with caring families warm touch

Most people live, complacent and uncaring
Of the family and friends that surround them
While many grey ladies exist, gesturing and staring
Sentenced for life in their own private sanctum

David Whalen

Look Deeply into A Woman's Eyes

Your Eyes

Mirrors of the soul
Reflections of the mind
Green flecked pits of aquamarine
Oval shaped and Olivine

Your Eyes are…

Plumbers of my very soul
Searchers of my mind
Orbs that flash both hot and cold
Dark chalices of wine

Your Eyes have always been….

Deep pools of liquid grace
Quicksilver vases of tears
The crowning beauty of your face
Enduring through the years

Your Eyes Will Always and ever be….

The reflection of your soul
Vision of your essence
The window to your heart of gold
The acme of Quintessense

Tis' Impossible to visualize
Impossible to truly realize
Yet, Very possible to be hypnotized by…
The depth of a woman's eyes

David Whalen

Loss of Face

I’m an easy touch
It’s commonly said

Especially by my once
Good friend ‘Mike’

Whom I loaned ten thousand dollars
For extensive plastic surgery and now…

I can’t find him to repay me cause
I don’t know what 'Mikey looks like

David Whalen

Lost in translation

At My favorite Chinese restaurant
The other day, I somehow got to thinking
about ethnicity

I wondered if there were Chinese Jews
So I asked my waiter
Explicitly:

“Do you have Chinese Jews? ”
I innocently asked
my Chinese waiter

“I don’t think so, I really don’t know,
But I’ll ask the manager and
Let you know later”

He returned in a while
And said with a smile
“no…No have Chinese Jews.”

I couldn’t believe it: a bazzillion people
No “Morrys“…“No Sheckys? ”
What astounding news! !

I queried him again
“could you check
Once more my friend? ”

He denied and replied,
“I regret to admit ItAnd don’t want
To offend

But what you ask for
Has us completely
Confused”

“So sorry to say… that for today
We have only: Grape..Orange…Tomato
and Prune Jews.”

David Whalen

Lots Of 'O's In A Lovely Language

Te amo
I love you

Te quiero
I want you

Te necesito
I need you

Yo te perdio a un otro
I lost you to another

Dios por que lo occurio
Why did it happen

Por si acaso estaba solamente un sueno
Perhaps It was only a dream

David Whalen

Love At First Sight

I was taken in an instant
With an overwhelming feeling
With a sense of awe
So real, so raw
It left my mind a-reeling

The beauty was astounding
It stole my breath away
It set my heart a-pounding
Tho' in a very,
very good way

I never thought that I could be
The victim of Cupid's arrow
That I could be caught
In the grip of love as does…
The hawk seize the sparrow

I was swept completely
off my feet
helpless In every way
It was done e'er so neatly
That I'm truly chagrined to say

Yes I'm an ol' man now
And I thought myself
To be stuck in my "ol' man ways"
But I must admit
I'm kinda liken' it
…Cause….

I fell in love with 'today'
…today…

David Whalen

Love Can Mean Leaving

Have the courage to leave
when the situation demands it
 takes strength to leave
And courage to stand it
Though… everybody leaves
sooner or later… one way or the other…
It can sometimes require love to achieve…

Find that someone
who loves you
enough to leave you…forever…
and you will Have found the one
to whom you should never
give reason to
pursue that sad endeavor

 Bliss is to hear the words
"I'll leave you never"
And people oft times stay
Far Too long… in times of bad weather
But sadly…Relationships simply aren't
…always forever, and only, the only way

David Whalen

Love Is A Mystery to me

Love can be a cruel, demanding master
While at the same time be a delicious delight
Can shatter one's heart as if twas fragile alabaster
evoke sensuous pleasure or vicious bite

A thing you can't see, or in your hand hold
Can make your heart race, or come to a stop
A forceful phantasm, which one can't control
Can make spirits soar, can cause tears to drop

Can make you say things, you should not say out loud
Can make you say things, to whom you should not
Can embarrass you deeply, or make you feel proud
Unleash your emotions, or tie your heart in a knot

Love has the power to make you do things
Nonsensical, idiotic or brash
Love has the power to give one's heart wings
Or to plunge into despair with a crash

All suffer from it, everyone is susceptible
No one's above it, love's impossible to deny
At some given time, everyone is vulnerable
The only release from love is to die

Love's an emotion without any boundary
Love is a force with which to be reckoned
From the love for one's country
To the love for one's children…

Love is a mystery to me.

David Whalen

Love of moonlight

Moonlight soft as down filled pillows
Cool as spring water washing over my face

filtered through the nets of weeping willows
Scattered beams… through prisms of lace

Rays of radiance, round ruffs and edges
Of clouds that scurry, to keep apace

Puddles of buttermilk, on ground and hedges
Moonlight phantasms of lunar grace

moon glow… with halo, aura of gold
Light worshipped by werewolves and covens of witches

Both bane and blessing…in lore of old
Light that has no need of man or of switches

Light that can be reaped from fall’s harvest moon
Light to be enjoyed by moonstruck lover

Light that has music, like a happy… or blue tune
Moon light is unique…quite unlike any other

Moonlight’s a mystery, yet I love it so
Moonlight has the power to charm and delight

while some people scoff, at moon’s golden glow
Others… like me, are swept up at it’s sight

David Whalen

Love Yourself…I Do!

I love myself…in and of this very moment

I will be what I can be
In and of this very moment

For this very moment
Is all that truly exists

Yesterday… no more than a memory
An fading echo in the mist

Tomorrow…only an expectation
Of what our mind thinks is to yet to be

Tomorrow…a figment of our imagination
That we may never come to see

The choice is mine
To be mellow…to have bliss

I'll not belittle myself
Nor hold myself remiss

Today I'll see and recognize
Only things worthy and good

For in this moment, I realize
Of what not to value…and of what I should

Today…yes this very moment
I'll like me…and I'll persist

For this very precious moment…right now
Is all that truly…exists

Love yourself…forgive yourself
live in and of… this very moment

David Whalen

Lovely Illusions

Confidence, …‘shrinks’ tell us
is only an illusion
Reflecting only, the facts and feeling
At, and of, a particular time

Sounds a lot like the illusion of love, to me
Akin to the mental images
we conjure up in our minds,
and ascribe to a state so sublime

Whether tis fact or illusion,
I shall avoid the confusion
By having complete confidence
and seeking seclusion

In my lovely, misty world,
so unreal yet appealing
My sphere of fictitious fact and feeling
Of beguiling illusion and rhyme

David Whalen

Luck Of The Irish

Calloused hands
On plowshare grips
Chapped and cracked
Tight drawn lips

Frowning brows
atop pale blue eyes
Scan grazing cows
And cobalt skies

Bowed of spine
From hard work bent
Plows the line
His life nye spent

Oxen be his driving force
The loam his very vale
His view not the best of course
Of oxen arse and tail

He’s mine own great grandpaw
Farmer man and proudly so
Poor and Irish, says it all
Passed e’er so long ago

Never knew that Irishman
Twas long before my time
But he had the brass to board a boat,
To a strange and foreign clime

A lucky man
So I came to be
in a wondrous land
With a wondrous family

A lucky man am I indeed
To begotten by such a man of brass
To have been blessed
And much impressed

By that man of the sod
…And by his Irish lass…

David Whalen

Mad Hatter…Limp watches

Lost dreams, sad songs and pain
There’s always payback
And it’s usually not pretty

One person hears
a dissonant chord
another hears a melodic ditty

It’s about trust…
And total devotion
Of cold water’s metallic taste

Utterly futility…the rushing about
The more you chase time
The more time you waste

Killing time
Until time
Kills you

You’re lost or merely mislaid
With nothing left
To hold onto

Make the wind stop blowing
Enough is not too much, my sweet
You’ll always have my word

I yearn to fly
To clouds that cry
To fly away… like a bird

David Whalen

Madness

Lonely in a crowd of people
Feeling crowded among just a few

Looking down from atop a steeple
High above the motley crew

Complications… simplified
Simplifications… amplified

Confusion reigns… I fear I've lost it
Though God know..., I really tried

David Whalen

Makes Me Want To Cry

Just a few facts
that should make you want to cry…
Four thousand per cent markup
On each bottle of water you buy

Four per cent of all U.S. energy is consumed
In the making of plastic
So I'm guessin' that our average person
Doesn't think the energy crises is drastic

Doesn't even matter
what you're putting in it
One hundred forty four thousand
plastic bags are used every minute

At least four billion bottles
purchased in 2010
An amount that's quite
Impossible to truly comprehend

Twelve per cent of all plastic
Is turned into solid trash
Which we then convert into big smelly piles
And then try to find a place to stash

And speaking of taste there's
one thing that you oughta'
Know about your spring
and mountain pure bottled water

And that's one not so surprising fact
That most of your prized mountain,
and your precious spring water
Comes into your bottles from an ordinary tap

At least four hundred million barrels of oil
Used to make plastic bottles and bags in 2010
Look at the bright side, at least we've made a lot of Arabs happy…
In Saudi Arabia, Libya, and Iran!

So maybe it's the shape or maybe the cachet
That works it's insidious seduction… (but stop and think!)
A hundred watt bulb can burn eleven hours
On the energy wasted on just one bottle's production

Eighty percent of marine garbage is plastic
Two hundred species at risk from plastic waste
But what's a few species? Let's not be drastic!
We certainly wouldn't want to act in haste.

Three hundred thousand pounds per square kilometer
Floating in the Pacific alone

So we oughta’ start thinking about using the Atlantic
When we start thinking of tossing our old cell phone

So when you buy your next bottled water
There’s one thought I’d like to plant under your nose
It takes only a few seconds to make one plastic bottle
But takes four hundred fifty…years to decompose

David Whalen

makes one wonder

Christ died, and then came
Back you see…so Jesus was
Really a zombie?

David Whalen

Man of Mist

A worldly man must first insist
That things of beauty still exist

That poetry must… in this world
Have yet the passion to persist

By the force of pen in hands of men
By resolve does worldly man resist

The fate of many others in
The surrender to desist

Stand ramrod straight in parsing prose
In search of rhyme… to ne’er twist

Be a man of words, be one that knows
to not become… a man of mist

David Whalen

Many Wondrous Things

Like a mist above a verdant pasture
 bitter cold fog oer' cold northern sea

Like mayflies dancing above a placid Kentucky river
 a lake conjoined to the ocean, the ambivalent Zuider Zee

Like moss afloat upon farm ponds
 Tall pines over cold mountain stream

Like phantasmic, Yellowstone apparitions
Appearing and disappearing in volcanic steam

These are only a few of many wondrous things
Of a most spiritual, amazing, mystical kind

You can't hold in your hand or put in the bank
But can only sequester away in your mind

David Whalen

March...A Springtime Tease

Just a touch of Springtime
Only a spritzle or a pat

That's all of Spring
That March will bring

You can bet your butt
On that!

April will be more fruitful
With showers, flowers and such

But March is just a springtime tease
Promising way too much

March is like a Model T
As a month it should be retired

It's only got enough Spring, you see
To make your butt feel tired.

David Whalen

March…Twas good I got to know you

Goodbye my old friend…
Seems I hardly
got to know you

You breezed in, and then
Took your ease again
Twas ever so hard to ignore you

I enjoyed your company
You're a welcome friend
And a capricious character too

You're a breath of fresh air
A tad crude, yet debonair
With always an air of change about you

At times you display a demeanor so gay,
and At times your demeanor
is much meaner

You have a penchant for white
When you first come to light
Yet your raiment later leans to the greener

You're the friend that reminds me
To pause and take stock
That all things change for the better

And that when you depart
You take a bit of my heart
And leave me the wiser (and wetter!)

With a bit of good luck,
I'll perchance see you again
Next year when you breeze in anew

But should I not be here
When you breeze in next year
…March…

Aye, twas good… I got to know you

David Whalen

Marriage... fixed in time

With gathering wonder
I take within my eye
an ocean of diamonds
And rainbows that hold up the sky

Cliffs that stand sentinel
With feet in the sand
Time-wizened boundary
Between sea and the land

Mist is the icing
Frosting the wake
Of waves shattering the glassy
Silence as they break

Fog rides the tide in
With buttery grace
Then steals out again
To it’s hiding place

Give to the shore and the sea
Praise and genuflection
For the ability to eternally be
Wed… in geologic perfection

David Whalen

Master Of Your Own Domain?

It's out of your hands
Beyond your control
No matter your demands
No matter your goal

The alarm commands
When you arise
The clock demands
When to open or close your eyes

Your appetite determines
What and when you partake
Your thirst decides
Of what and when to slake

Your education, not you,
Determines the course you take
And an indifferent boss
Decides how much you make

The car you drive
Is not chosen by your labors
But by the herd instinct
To keep up with your neighbors

Even one's appearance
Is not totally within one's means
Since even your visage is controlled
By crazy combinations of genes

So call it Kismet, call it Karma,
name it Fate if you so deign.
You'll not… were never…
nor ever, will truly reign

(think "George Costanza")
As master of your own domain

David Whalen

Mayflies and one nighters

Mayflies in
the cool Spring night
Rise from rivers to catch the light

On wings diaphanous,
slim and slight
Dance in moonlight, cool and bright

By the millions…no, billions!
In the skies above
Orgies of rampant mating run rife

For they must, with speed…
With their love do the deed
For they only enjoy one night of life

so it helps to be..both fast and plucky
for they only have...
one night to get lucky

David Whalen

Me… Eccentricity… and Poetry

A pair of newly purchased, round lens glasses
That now perch steadfast and proud
upon my brow

Endow me the rather amusing mien…
of a startled, outraged and somewhat
surprised barn owl

A matted mane of shaggy grey hair
And a tiny flagrant bald spot
Poised defiantly there

Demanded that my eccentric appearance
Should be given
an upward rachet

So to be more in keeping
With Burns, Bierce and
"Bob Cratchett"

For it's a rigid requirement
For old poets
To seem

Like a character,
stepped out of…
"A mid-summers night dream"

So I look in my mirror
Perch my round lenses
To the tip of my nose

Peer solemnly down that
Aquiline feature… and strive to
Strike… a perfect poetic pose

I'm perfectly eccentric now! ! What with my shaggy mane…
my round lensed glasses, my bushy eyebrows…
And my baggy clothes.

And now, being perfectly equipped, I must buckle down…
with an extremely proper, literary, dusty frown
And write some very eccentric prose

David Whalen

Melancholia By the Sea

Far below,
on misted beach
My ears perceive
The seabirds screech

They hear the rush Of rising tide
Sense the fleeting feel
Of licentious beach
To which both strand…And sea abide

I hear (and observe)
Without reserve
This elemental
Communion

Which beckons forth
My melancholy side
That yearns
To be in union

With rocks and sea
That will always be
An integral and important
Part of me

The seamounts bedecked
With seaweed so rife
Strands strewn thick with vestiges
Of both death… and of life

It arouses in me
Such melancholy
As to steal away
My very breath

Why this attraction
Which the sea
Works upon me and
Feels so akin to death

Yet it beckons to me
And I'm oh, so powerless you see
To resist this pull
The sea works upon me

And compulsively calls me
Back to Monterey Bay
and arouses anew,
my melancholy
…By the sea…

David Whalen

Men don't care

Men see…when they look in the mirror
Grey hair, wrinkly face
replete with wisdom
So mature…so sage

Women see…when looking in the mirror
A pretty face
But with an ego that
Slowly diminishes with age

Women see…when they look in the mirror
Rearranging…
looks a-changing
Time wooshing past

Men see…when they look in the mirror
That same goofy face looking back from the glass
Doesn’t land a blow on a cast iron ego, because
Men just don’t give… a rat’s ass

David Whalen

Mind Over Matter

The eye sees
What the mind
 Perceives as so

The truth is belied
By what the mind
Seems to know

The falsehood encouraged
By what appearance
Deems to show

While all the while
the truth is hidden….by
What the mind thinks is…so

David Whalen

mindless murmur of a babbling brook

The mindless murmur of a babbling brook
Is the telling of it's story
A story that has no beginning
And flows on without end

It dances…It sparkles
All the while telling it's tale
E'en when there's no one to listen
Not family…nor friend

Dabbling and babbling in sprinkles and splashes
Chortling away in mad mischievous delight
Then off to the sea it disdainfully dashes
Spreading rumors and humors into day and night

It gathers in pools, settles in sinks
Yet meanders off distractedly, to left and right
It swells fat and sassy, then as capriciously shrinks
Tinkling musically away into darkness and light

It's said "there's method in madness"
The brook knows not…of either one
Not method…not madness…nor glee or sadness
Only capricious, communion with moon and sun

Does the constant, mindless babble
Of it's unceasing, senseless rant
Give substance to…that it is able
To form cogent thought…or that it can't?

Could it be that it's saying, in a moss moistened drawl
In watery discourse, all the while liquid and lazy
"Tis not this brook that is mindless at all
Tis Humanity that's truly crazy! ! "

David Whalen

missing

Missing…

A hug
A kiss:
Two things
That I miss

A wink
A smile
A gentle touch
Once in a while

A little innocence
A little lust
A little caring
A little trust

Understanding…
Pat on the shoulder
Good memories
As I grow older

More love
More kissing
More happiness
Less missing

David Whalen

Mom

Grey hair…
Red wrinkled cheeks

Warm smile, always ready
Oer the years, days and weeks

Time worn fingers
Thin gold band… so old

That’s my mom… made with hugs
Wrapped round a heart of gold

David Whalen

Momma said

“Women should rule the world”
At least according to my mother

She said if women ruled the world
There’d be no war…

Just nations
not talkin’ to each other

David Whalen

Moms (Forever's Not Enough)

We don't (or didn't) get to have them
Long enough

We don't (or didn't)
Appreciate them enough

We don't (or didn't) listen
We think we've heard enough

We think we don't need them
We didn't need them enough

We think we'll never miss them
We'll miss them more than enough

We're only given one apiece
That should be enough

We don't tell them we love them
(at least not often enough)

We'll remember them forever
…And that still won't be enough…

David Whalen

Monterey Bay

A faint tintinnabulation
of a small boat’s bell
Moored within Monterey bay

Sparse, spectral glow from bare bulbs
On gently swaying masts
Grow brighter with the dimming light of day

Darkness and fog, partners of night
On feet of black velvet
Steal up to the quay

Then the quiescence…the palpable darkness…
And salt sodden silence
Take reign over Monterey Bay

David Whalen

Months of Change

March and April play
Chameleon games…always
Change…yet stay the same

David Whalen

Moonglow and Memories

I’m afraid I’m losing them
Things that slip
through fingers and mind

It slides from my grasp
Tho I squeeze til I gasp
I cannot contain Luna’s shine

Like the moon that I cup
In my hands
In the night

Like memories
That I just can’t quite
Remember just right

I’m afraid that I’m losing them
Both moon glow and memories
Tho’ I do try so hard

to clutch them so tight

David Whalen

Moonlit Night of Madness

‘Neath open wide, star filled sky
Inhibitions cast aside
Old foes and worldly woes
Shed along with stifling clothes

It seems the Moon
Is part to blame
Giving bloom
To lack of shame

Coldly, boldly, warming
Blushing skin
Unleashing… lost,
From deep within

Could Pan himself have seen
That wanton scene
He would have leered
To behold In delight

Conformity, nicety
Primness and propriety
Cast aside
so carelessly that night

Pride tossed aside
Soul offered up to the sky
Mad dance
beneath the moon

Not to question why
My soul should fly
Nor why this night
Must end so soon

Summer madness?
Mind’s rebellion?
Sudden change
From mild to hellion?

Harming no one
In the process
In my abandon
To that night’s madness

Methinks perhaps most people
Should unleash
Their wilder Spirits
(for one night at least!)

Bare their all
Before leering moon

For doth not life
But end too soon?

And it is not
Of life …
to ask
A lot

For just that night
…of madness? …

David Whalen

More American style haius

I home schooled myself
Those were the good ol’days…I gave
Myself straight A’s!

One of God’s lovely
Things…lil’ mossy lakes dimpled
With smiles of rain rings

Don’t let sorrows thrive
The past won’t die as long as
You keep it alive

David Whalen

More Bittersweet still...

A Marine kneeling in front of a boy
A seven year old boy with hands extended
barely containing his sorrow
Presenting him with a folded flag
With quivering chin, fighting back tears
In acknowledgement that his dad
…Has no tomorrow…

David Whalen

More Lovely phrases winter 09

Silvery angels,
Clear cold crystal creeks
Fresh Christmas trees
Frost reddened cheeks

Plump pillows of snow
Pine boughs in repose
Crystalline snowflakes
Cold lunar moon glows

Tangles of tinsel
Rainbows of lights
Presents beribboned
Kaleidoscope sights

Sprinkles of stardust
Icy white, moon beams
Crisp crackle of winter
Happy Christmas eve dreams

More random phrases
This time tis of cold and ice
With no plan and no pattern
To you I pray they sound nice

I'd like to say to ye, before I go
A very merry Christmas and
a happy new year to ye all
From a humble poet….
David O

David Whalen

More on tattoos (pun intended)

Moron tattoos and the financial benefits thereof

One should get one's kids tattooed
When they're very young and slim
I know that declaration, on the face of it
might seem kind'a funny

But as those kids grow up
into much fatter skins
So grow the tattoos without cessation
And I might say, without being "punny"

That, without the slightest exertion
Nor any further financial dispensation
one ends up getting much, much,
Muuuuch more for one's money

David Whalen

Most boring man in the world

I'm always where… I'm sposed to be
Always doin' what I'm sposed to be doin'

Never lookin' where… I shouldn't be lookin
Nor talking trash or rumor strewin'

No telling' lies, except for the lil' white ones
Pretty much walkin' the proverbial straight line

Gave up smoking', don't do much drinkin'
Maybe a beer a week, occasional glass of wine

I take a nightly shower even if I don't really need one
Never kick my dog, and only rarely kick the cat

Never badmouth the people around me
Though they're getting' godawful fat

I'm eating right, watchin' my weight
Working out at the Y, constantly weighin' myself

I'm always on time, hardly ever late
Reading' box labels, then puttin' them back on the shelf

Suckin' in my gut and standing up straight
Brushin' my teeth… poppin' wintergreen mints

I'm always on time, never arrive late
My breath is so nice it makes the bank teller wince

I have most of the virtues of a fairly good man
My hair is lustrous, silver grey, slightly curled

I have all of those attributes, yet even I understand
I'm also the most boring… man in the world

David Whalen

Most Memorable Valentine

I would see the old lady in the halls where I did volunteer work.
About eighty plus years old, with the bent over shuffle of the very old or very feeble.Pushing her walker laboriously, yet with determination as she went to her appointments.

I stopped often to talk to her, usually in the cafeteria where she had her favorite spot.

During one of these chats she excitedly told me the doctor had told her that very day that her cancer had seemingly gone away. felt good for her, and had a warm feeling the rest of that day.
I didn't see her for quite some time and began to think she might have died, so I was relieved on Valentines day to see her slumped down dozing in her customary seat in the cafeteria, her walker folded
Beside her.

I didn't bother to chat her up since she looked so peaceful, eyes half closed, head on her breast.I sat down in a booth just across a divider between us. No more than three feet separated us from
each other as I worked my crossword puzzle and had breakfast.

My attention was taken by the voice of a bus girl replying to the old lady, who asked again if she could get her another coffee and a cinnamon donut. The bus girl said 'of course, but it would be a
few moments before she could get it.' After a moment, I got up and approached the bus girl and told her 'never mind, that
I would take care of the ladies coffee and donut.'

I bought and paid for it and then tapped the old girl on the shoulder. She recognized me as the man who chatted with her occasionally and gave me a tired, friendly smile. I told her that today was Valentines day and I didn't have a Valentine to call my own, and that It would please me so much If she would be my Valentine and gave her the coffee and donut. 'just for today, okay? '

At first she looked taken aback, and then smiled broadly and said 'of course, of course my dear! '
I put my hand on her blue veined, withered hand, and gave it a gentle squeeze. She put her other hand over mine and gave the squeeze right back. As I took leave I said 'don't forget…today you're my Valentine' and she smiled, winked, and said 'and you'll be mine.'

For a short while, after I went on with my day, I replayed our exchange over in my mind, thinking what a fine, gallant man am I, doing such a generous gesture for an old lady. Then I realized that she had done much more for me than I had done for her.

She had made me feel good about myself at that moment, but the memory of her smile and wink, would make me feel warm and fuzzy for the rest of my life.

She will always be my favorite…most memorable Valentine of my life.

David Whalen

Most sought After…Least received

Soft arms wrap around you
In friendly warm embrace

Gesture without words
A smile upon one’s face

No charge…no love lost…
No obligation, no reservation

Freely given, no fee or cost
Warm reception, no hesitation

Not asked for… yet freely given
Rush of sensation, so warm, so snug

The most sought after thing…(for me)
is a warm friendly hug

David Whalen

Mother Nature Can Be Fickle

Winter’s cold is Mother Nature’s way
Of saying, lie with me now, lay your head on my breast
It’s snow, a blanket under which to lay
Neath a crystal cover, enjoying winter's cold caress

Frost rimed windows … Mother Nature’s art
Icy abstractions painted with frosty finesse
Crystalline concoctions that form only a part
Of Mother Natures wonderful winter largesse

Ice coated limbs of slope shouldered trees
droop drowsily down as if fallen asleep
Unable to sway in winter’s frigid breeze
Appear as white mounds, when the snow drifts deep

The stillness one hears on cold winter nights
Broken by the sudden crack of ice laden boughs
The ethereal essence of undulating northern lights
 Headlights in the sky for Nature’s snowplows

All is withdrawn, in awe of Nature’s might
Willingly waiting, deep neath frozen ground
Safely sequestered, from winter’s cruel bite
In warm tunnels and burrows, til spring comes around

Mother Nature invites winter into her domain
Cohabits with coldness, wantonly sleeps with Jack frost
Yet finds cold winter quickly falls to disdain
Invites in the spring…and tells winter to get lost

Mother Nature is fickle…and also the boss!

David Whalen

My Christmas

Decorations are up
 Tinsel’s on the tree

All the women out shopping
All busy as can be

Kids happily snooping
“Where can the presents be? ”

Are there others out there (I hope not)
Who can’t feel the glee?

Or Is the season of Christmas
Lonely only to me?

David Whalen

My favorite Halloween word

I have just one word
This Halloween for you…and
That word must be….BOOO! ! !

David Whalen

My One Small Delight

Why do I feel
that it must be just right
This poem that I struggle
with this very night

Why do I even feel this
 compulsive urge To write
And why does my skill
Feel ever so slight

Why am I compelled
To try to get it just right
With A lyrical bent,
and a satirical bite

Damned if I know
I cannot see the light
But one thing I know is…
It’s my one small delight

David Whalen

My view of fog

People often view fog in one way only
I personally don't see it that way, and...
the feeling it conjures is more than just lonely
It's totally different...
as night is to day

It depends on your age and your state of mind
to be able to see fog in a different light
To see it one way only is to be partially blind
and most peoples vision is locked in...
too tight

Fog, coldly defined, is water suspended in air
And while defined so, gives no true definition, and yet
we know fog can defy easy description and,
can tiptoe soft as a kitten....or slither snake-like
from it's lair

To a child, fog's a soft, hidey-place plaything,
droplets of laughter, giggling out of the mist
hiding in nothing, giving seek a new twist..and
letting young imaginations
take wing

To young boys, almost men, fog's a tool to test mettle
in a graveyard, on a dare, all alone
fog and fear become one, and coldly come to settle
chilling young challengers
deep to the bone

To men at sea, fog's a curse and a bane
breaking out of the gloom, looms a tall prow
fog's become predator, a creature profane
bearing down on small boats
like a plow

To young lovers, a warm blanket, a caressing embrace
Soft arms of mist
massage and insist...that
limbs, fog, and lips
interlace

To city dwellers, who walk the streets late at night
Fog is a stalker
pursuing the walker
Waiting to pounce..when no one's
in sight

Ask any ten people, 'what's the odor of fog? ' And...
you'll get different replies, from ten different guys,
from brisk, briny sea smell, to smell of wet dog,
to perfume worn by Neptune, essence of clouds

and blue skies

I think that fog is something and nought.
A wraith of perception
suffused with deception
as easily at home.. in fact
or in thought

I hope in my musings, I've touched you with something
made you nod and agree
made you see things like me and...
if not, like the fog, well then...
It''s both something and nothing
and whatever you feel it to be

David Whalen

My Way Is Better!

I prefer the way
That I'm living…To me every
Day… is Thanksgiving

David Whalen

My Wife, My Treasure

My wife, my treasure
My enduring font of pleasure

Has many virtues that I admire
Many facets of which I'll never tire

But the attribute which I hold most dear
Is how she grows more attractive after every beer

David Whalen

Name of the game...life.. destiny...fate

Big ol’ houses…
lil’ studio apartments
Limousines
Little bitty Kia cars

Haute cuisine
Beans and weenies
Back porch people
Movie stars

Caviar
Microwave popcorn
Same pleasures,
Different name

From Cars to culture…
food or fame
From samovars…or mason jars
...The coffee’s still the same...

David Whalen

Nature, Trust, beauty and Affection

Give me Nature, my dog,
My parrokeets…
For company as I grow older
And more feeble

For I find their company
much more pleasant to keep
Far more preferable than
The company of people

David Whalen

Nature's daily floorshows

The sun cracks at dawn and shines
Clouds thunder, rumble and cry
The wind wails, whispers, and sighs
And Rainbows hold up the sky

Mother Nature’s daily floorshows
ignored as most people walk by
Admittance is free, look up and see
The spectacular show in the sky

Most people don’t
Some people won’t
But if a show’s free
…It’s for me…

David Whalen

Nature's Nostrums

Sometimes when I'm so down
That there is no up
Like when you wake in the middle
Of the night…and all you can think of
Are things that you don't want to think of.
When you wonder why words like
Warm, fuzzy, and nice seem lost
In the depths of your mind.
What I do when this happens
(as it seems to do more often of late) Is…
I think of Marigolds and Petunias,
Hollyhocks and violets. Warm cozy places,
Porch swings and kitty cats
Barns, hugs, puppies and cinnamon
Bubbling brooks, rusty bridges
Wind riffled bluegrass atop
Kentucky ridges.
Dragonflies. Honeybees, misty mornings.
And spider webs draped in dew.
I wrap myself in these warm fuzzy things
And go back to sleep
…On gossamer wings…

David Whalen

Need Indeed

As weak as she is…
She needs you

Entwine your arms about her
As she does unto you

As weak as she is
And as strong as you are

Whether you're together
Or separated so far…

…you need her too…

For as weak as she is
And as strong as you are

You're naught but a weakling
…without her…

It's a symbiotic relationship:
The weak and the strong

And for as weak as she is
She can be, oh so strong

Ones hand upon the others
Clasped tightly all life long

As weak as she is
She needs you

And as strong as you are
…you need her too…

David Whalen

ne'er to pause

I think I must keep on writing
For if I should stop
I may never
Start again

If I should stop
There’d come that awful
Awkward pause
That we all fall victim to…
Now and then

When The dice are tossed
And the thread is lost
And the losing number
Comes up again

I think it best, I must keep on writing
To gamble on rambling
without a rest….for if then
Should I stop…nor e’en to pause
I may ne’er start
To write again

David Whalen

Never Grow Up (senryu)

<Center>
Don’t ever grow up
‘Cause I’ve been told, when you grow
Up…You grow old!

David Whalen

Never Look Back

Only the now is reality…

And the past has ceased to be

The now is where we're at you see

So let's enjoy it…you and me

Life's too short

and is at best a test…

Of our mettle can't you see

So lets kick the ass of time gone past

Let's enjoy the rest…you and me

David Whalen

Never Too Old

You’re never too old to pop plastic bubbles
Never too old to have a twinkle in your eye
Never too old to stir up some trouble
Never too old til the day that you die

You’re never to old to sneak a few cookies
Never too old to give someone the ‘eye’
Never too old to like ‘Star Wars and Wookies’
Never too old til the day that you die

You’re never too old to enjoy a good dirty joke
Never too old to still wish you could fly
Never too old to think you could croak
Never too old til the day that you die

You’re never too old to splash thru a puddle
Never too old to watch a fire truck scream by
Never to old for tag football and to huddle
Never too old til the day that you die

You’re never too old to get a bean stuck in your nose
Never too old to like a big slice of pizza pie
Never too old to toss away your support hose
Never too old til the day that you die

You’re never to old to be young at heart
And if you ever let that thought enter your head
 if you ever start thinking that way you ol’ f*#t
You’re not young at heart…you’re just dead

In another poem I said “sing a little song,
And “Do a little dance, ” was another part.
To “Spritch a little seltzer down your pants” is never wrong
You’re never too old to be young at heart

David Whalen

Never...Ever be

If you've lost a child
You've lost a part of your heart

And you'll never, ever
Be quite the same again

You will be forever searching
Each and every young face

For the rest of your life…
And perhaps even still longer then

You'll still have the same name
Perhaps Live in the same place

you'll never stop hoping
To somehow again see her face

But there's one sad fact
On which you can depend

And that's, that you'll never…ever
Be quite the same person again

David Whalen

New diet

I tried a new diet
nothing but coconuts and bananas
But I soon found
it wasn’t for me

I didn’t lose
a single pound
But Damn! ! Could I ever…
Climb a tree! ! !

David Whalen

New phase of my life

A reality work in progress…..

The first feeling of mortality
A numbed realization
An ever so slight feeling
Deep within my breast

That over months
Has been ever so slowly Growing…
my mind’s usual calm
Falling prey to unrest

David Whalen

Nice to be needed

It’s a requirement of life
That one must be needed

To be of use… or to be misused
Or at the least to be heeded

To serve some purpose
To fill some need

It’s the reason for our being
It’s a basic part of our creed

We must participate in life
We must contribute and strive

For if we’re not needed
Then Why should we survive?

Give of yourself,
be worthy of measure

That some worthy cause
Will provide all with pleasure

Obligate yourself to …
the welfare of others

Treat everyone
As sisters and brothers

Your life will become
As a garden well seeded

With the essence of life…
 the beauty of being needed

David Whalen

No Comment

Oil on troubled water
Grease on squeaky wheel

Quiet as a mouse am I
Not saying what I feel

To sit not…
Across a table

To tell you not…
What I'm able

Best to keep
It to myself

Store truth away
Upon the shelf

Oil on troubled water
Quiet as a mouse am I

Keepin' me thoughts to meself
With a knowin' wink o' me eye

David Whalen

NO MORE HAIKUS! ! ....(until next year)

Last year says goodbye
A brand new one waltzes in
Makes one wonder…why? ?
.....
Last year fades away
Always wonder where it goes…
Who cares anyway? ?
.....
Can’t wait for next year
Gonna be so much more bright!
I Can’t be wrong…Right? ?
.....

David Whalen

no respect

I really don’t get no respect
I really almost never do
Just read a little bit further
And you’ll see how much that’s true

My shrink told me I was crazy as a drunken pigeon
So I righteously told him I wanted a second opinion
“O.K.” said he… quite candidly
“You’re not only crazy…You’re butt ugly too! ”

David Whalen

Nomadic Summer

Deep down within the doldrums
Of the blistering Summer
Withering sere…as if
Hades were near

Shimmers of heat…
Spectres of Nature
Sucking out life
And tasting the tear

Of mirages that dance
Causing reality to quiver as if
By a stone tossed into mercury
of the Devil’s own river

In a defiant display
And fierce show of spite
The Summer folds it’s tent
And prepares to take flight

To other places
In search of new faces
Far away from sharp teeth
…Of Winter’s cruel bite…

David Whalen

Nor even sages (American haiku)

Matters of Heaven
and heart...not even wise men
can tell them apart

David Whalen

Not If, But When

Not If, But When?

Dim sunrise on a gray, smoky city
Cars line the roads, slowly rusting
Winds blowing ash, harsh and gritty
Acidic smog gives an evil dusting

Tires melted to pavement, rubber pools of blackness
Window Glass sagging from kiln-like heat
All move no more due to nuclear madness
In gutters, white bones scoured by gray caustic sleet

Destinations and drivers no longer exist
no organic life forms survive
Only wind blown gray ash and solitude persist
Where aspirations and ambitions did thrive

Empty buildings pleading for workers to toil
Winds moaning through windowless walls
Papers bubbling about in a bleak breezy boil
Family photos dance gaily in deserted dark halls

City streets decorated with bizarre ornamentation
Shards of glass strewn about by explosive power
Like diamonds on black tar, the macabre decoration
Grows more ashen and gray by the hour

Faces on billboards cancerously peeling
While timelessly smiling and hawking their wares
Wood rotting, braces failing, perilously reeling
signs malignantly moulting, shedding their cares

Suitcases scattered, open, pillaged and torn
Contents long ago blown away
Like the doomed souls that carried them, sad and forlorn
In and on melted pavement they lay

Wires draped from poles like funereal bunting
No current, no messages to bear
Gray spider-like webs, the strands seem to be hunting
For purpose, for signals… not there

Playgrounds deserted, charred swing seats awry
Slides rusting, tilting, small bones lay exposed
No squeals, no laughter, no kids running by
Monkey bars droop sadly, morose in repose

Religion, politics, gone to obsolescence
Purple vestments faded to brown
poisonous gas, ungodly essence
Church steeples toppled, bells sunk in the ground

Burned black, stunted trunks, a few withered branches
Like a forest of dark hooded monks at prayer
Natures been violated yet no one blanches
There’s simply…no one……there

David Whalen

Not What I Used To Be

All am I now
Is poetry

The man I used to be
Is now… no longer me

Not sure if I'm a captive
Nor sure if I've been set free

Nor do I quite see…
How it's now come to be

But all I am now…
And all I'll ever be

Is poetry

David Whalen

Not What You're Thinking

Hot and sweaty
Moist and sticky
Can feel so sweet
Can smell so icky

Can make you feel good
All warm and fuzzy
Break out in a sweat
Feel wilted and scuzzy

Sheets get all soggy
Clothes fly off in abandon
Relief must be had….
One must take a hand in….

Oh… wait just a moment!
Wow! What a bummer!
Don’t know what you’re thinking
But I’m writing about Summer! !

David Whalen

Notepad By My Bed

I keep a notepad
On the nightstand by my bed
To jot down thoughts
that late at night, fill my head

Thoughts that glide
into my brain
That if not captured quick
Slip away… down drowsy drain

A pad replete
With words and phrases
Caught before
I start to snore

Oft' make no sense
When viewed in daylight
As they so clearly
Did the night before

Still, as a writer should write
A little each day
E'en those words
That trip so lightly by night

And that is why, I suppose
Until the day I die
I'll keep a notepad
In which I'll write

On the nightstand
…By my bed…
Close upon
The reading light

David Whalen

Ode To Autumn (I'm in awe of Fall)

Ode to Autumn

Pumpkins on porches, cut cruelly into ferocious faces
Wisps of white smoke melting into cold clear skies
Hands held out as if praying, to crackling fireplaces
Odors of allspice waft from plump pumpkin pies

Cold swirling winds, skirling leaves in the lane
While a few golden stalwarts, in tall trees still remain
Clinging and quivering, making restless, rattling sound
As if In anxious anticipation of graceful descent to the ground

As Haunting apparitions, appear the skeletal trees
To spook little kids into feigned, fun-filled fright
With witchy appearance, bare limbs wave in the breeze
Scarecrows wave back with ghoulish delight

Autumn leaves burning, create aromatic auras so sweet
Crisp air numbs kid’s noses, toes and their feet
Once strutting Tom Turkey now reclines in the oven
Exuding the aroma that everyone’s lovin’

Autumn’s a time of renewal
Preparing for change and transition
Mother nature shedding summer green
and doffing brown tradition

Summer, winter and spring are beautiful seasons
And in them I find much of delight
But Autumn’s the season that I’ve come to love
Because everything about it …
is just right

David Whalen

Ode to Bouncer (is this your dog too?)

Ode To Bouncer

Playful and stinky
First come to mind
With faithful and honest
Not too far behind

These things are what make him our dog

large brown eyes
Big Black wet nose
On my pillow he lies
In canine repose

He’s poopy and snoopy
With an aura of funky
Ears sad and droopy
Face like a monkey

These things are what make him our dog

Cat hater, butt sniffer
A foot warmer at night
Crotch prodder, leg lifter
He’s been known to bite

In case of a prowler
No Protector of mine
Cowers in the shower
Growls turn to a whine

These things are what make him our dog

He’s drippy and leaky
And way too trusting
Loves toys that are squeaky
Eats food that’s disgusting

Licks me awake
Eyes happily bugging
His neck I could break
Instead I just hug him

These things are what make him our dog

He falls in the pool
Sleeps upside down
Not looking too cool
With jowls in a frown

An aversion to grooming
Addicted to grime
Sees a bath looming
As a capital crime

These things are what makes him our dog

Gnaws on our shoes
Leaves presents of scat
And then when accused
Blames it all on the cat

With small kids he’s ok
round their food can’t be trusted
Cookie crumbs in his beard
Hangs head low, knows he’s busted

These things are what makes him our dog

Sits up on his heinie
 at his supper table station
Looks piteous and tiny
 Beggar waiting for donation

Licking his privates, languid and lazy
Out of my chair I must shove him
My family and I all must be crazy
So why in the hell do we love him?

These things are what makes him our dog

David Whalen

Ode to breakfast

Breakfast is special to me
It’s a meal supremely suited to my solitary reflection
that has a more special, culinary cachet
Than are given more familial repasts
partaken throughout the day

A certain translucency of one’s self
That only transpires in early morning time
Requiring only the key of good strong coffee
To chase off sleep and unlock the keep… of sunshine

It’s a time when one’s mind
Has the real world forsaken
In lieu of a slew of great food
Like soft eggs, warm toast…and bacon

The newly risen sun
A new day born again
A time when inspiration… unannounced,
Drops in, now and then

Just an old man… in old shabby jammies
Feelin’ the warmth of the sun, so sublime
Sittin’ out on the porch steps, sippin’ morning coffee
Hummin’ tuneless songs..to the birds… in the sunshine

David Whalen

Ode to Geraniums

<Center>Geraniums,
with deep purple eyes
Scan avidly
the Springtime skies
As if despite
their diminutive size
That they could
from Mother Nature prize
…Eternal Springs and endless lives…

David Whalen

Ode to Romantic Norse Language

The Romantic Norse Language

When my Norse sweetheart
Gazes into my eyes
Utters sweet Viking phrases
With soft sibilant sighs

As when she murmurs
“Swen, you’re my
only strukanoodlefleerten
Ah, such endearing phrases
Make my spirits rise

Milky complexion
and silken blonde hair
Occasion many admirers
To stop and stare

Melting my heart With a purr like a cat
Says sweetly, “Swen,
 do these lederhosen
Make my kanordeyshtuckens look fat? ”

Of all languages that exist
One has to love the Nordic beauty
As in this final phrase of farewell
 May your marterpfleeger be verschtookinooty

David Whalen

Ode to Scraggleneck

Soda straw neck completely naked… Not a hint of feathers…
A few on her wings showing signs of better days
But still a perky attitude, among her young healthy brothers
She was kinda regal, in scraggly kinda ways

She had to hunker down a little further
than her young companions
To launch her skinny body into the air,
as if, like me, she felt a bit of the rheumatism
In the bird legs that I think we both shared

Had a certain panache in her syncopated strut
Guess she didn't even know that she was really old
She earned my admiration, even with that silly syncopation
…She still carried herself with a dignified air so bold…

a certain proud aplomb (if a pidgeon can possess demeanor)
I kinda' related to her and formed an unconscious bond.
Always looking for her amongst all the jostling others.
And feelin' deep anxiety… whenever she was gone

Her landings weren't quite the feats of grace of the others
But she retained her composure when she stumbled, all the same
It was several years back since she first showed up with her brothers
That plucky lil' pidgy sure was game

She first caught my eye with that scraggly neck and peckish attitude.
there was something in her stately manner
 that captivated me more every day.
She slowly became an integral part of my daily life
Oft, when I was weak and feelin' bleak
 'ol' Scraggleneck' would show me the way

There must have been a tacit agreement between her and my lazy-ass cat
Cause he never seemed to want to eat her, even when he could
He just watched, with a baleful look …seemed content with that.
She dropped in each day in her clumsy sort of way
And gobbled up her share of my lazy-ass cat's food

'Ol' Scraggleneck' has shown me
In her dogged, determined way
It's not how you'll spend eternity
…But how you live each day…

David Whalen

Ode To September

September…

More an emotion
Than a month
In many ways

More than the sum
Of it’s crisp
And bracing days

More so a taste
Of days of wine
And fading roses

More than just the smell
of leaves and smoke
 in our noses

More than the changing
Of the guard
Of the seasons

More than the shrinking
Of the freshening days
And e’en less of the reasons

More fond do I grow
As the years come and go…
The Septembers I have left? (Who knows)

More should I taste
And the less
Should I waste

Of the fine
Piquant tang
And remember

Devotion, emotion
September is an ocean
That I feel each gust and tremor

And when Winter is nigh
Comes a tear to my eye
And I sadly bid sweet September

…Goodbye…

David Whalen

Ode To Spring

Spring…you tug upon my heartstrings
You're akin to that last piece of cake
The last sip of that delicious drink…
That goodnite touch
From lips you love so much
That gives one pause to think

That all these things
That make life good
Are renewed from things that died
That unfurl anew, lacy wings
And challenge
Spring skies untried

These ol' eyes have seen
Many Springs…
But never have become jaded
Through good times and of lean…
Spring's have been a vision bright
And faithfuly unfaded.

Age has bedimmed so many things
Stolen away so many pleasures
That to see Spring arise
With these rheumy eyes
Is something still
That I treasure

So Spring, tug away…
Pluck these ol' strings
Of my heart
Let me die
And be renewed
And of you
Become a part

I intend to enjoy
Every minute with you
In full knowledge
this might be my last
And let you know
And to thank you so
for all the Springtimes (with you)
…That Have passed…

David Whalen

Ode to the color blue

There’s ever so much more to blue
Than just a color
It’s as much an emotion
As it is a hue

Blue is the tender soul
Of sky, flower and ocean
And the blessing and bane
Of me and you

Dye of desperation
Paint of despair
Wistful wash of wisdom
And the pale shade of prayer

A name for a pet
A descriptor of sea
Four letter word…Tho’
The best one that could be

It is substance, it has meaning
Is nothing, yet so many things…
All the while, tis just a color
 Only a color, ...yet a color with wings

David Whalen

Ode to The Scent Of Cinnamon

The heady scent of cinnamon
Upon the opening of the door
The tugging out of memories
From the mind's musty store

The warm, soft smell of pie crust
Upon the opening of the oven
The revisiting of the memories
The huggin' and the lovin'

The aromatic aura of apples
Baked with a crispy honeyed glaze
The remembering of the memories
Kitchen memories, happy days

The Smell of hot peach cobbler,
The tantalizing odor of allspice
The callin' back of the memories
Kitchen memories, warm and nice

Red and white checkered aprons,
Flour dappled, love lined faces
The tearful tug of way old memories
Memorable kitchens, happy places

The heady scent of cinnamon
Upon the opening of the door
 Is one of the bestest of my memories
And likely will be… forever more

Ahhh…The heady scent of cinnamon!

David Whalen

Ode to the worthy, earthy and free versey

Of what would Spring be
Of what pleasures to see
Were it not for the words
Of a poetic potpourri

A bouquet composed Of fresh
and e'er changing compositions
Of prose composed of flesh,
The heart, and earthy renditions

It's the blossoms of Raskin
Whom to me is a rose
In the pleasure in the reading
As is the scent to the nose

It's the petals Of JewelPhoenix
Which she scatters about
Wonders of her writing
Would be hard to be without

It's Iroconnell, s earthy scent
Of musk and of nectar
That's prosed forth and then spent
To delight those around her

Spring brings also weeds
Like myself and many others
Like thorny Raggindragon, Daddyotom
And many other of my brothers

But today this poem of Spring
Is given to poetesses
Who escape from the trite,
Mundane everyday excesses

Deign to be different
Who, like seedy, Mother Nature
Cast their blossoming thoughts
 To the winds of poetic nomenclature

We all write poetry and
By and large we all do it well
But just a few…a favored few
Can gift us the taste, the feel, and the smell

Of not just free verse, nor even of rhyme
Nor so flowery, or convoluted, as often are mine
Just Simple, pure… unadorned…
sweet, honest and sublime

And always poetic, as is Mother Nature
(at least most of the time!)

David Whalen

Ode to Winter

Crisp…Crisp the night!
'Pon cheeks as white as snow
Crazy quilt of rimed patterns
Limned upon the window

Soft…soft the lacy flakes!
Each one unique and new
Blanket o'er land and lakes
Winter's take on dew

Games…games of Fox and Hound!
Pristine drifts of frosting
Turned into frigid battlegrounds with
Brief truces for time defrosting

Steam…cottony steam!
Wool mittens too near the flame
Cold stiff fingers, white as cream
Toes frozen from the game

Quiet…Winter quiet! (shhhh)
Sounds muffled by the fluff
Of snow so deep not e'en a peep
Can struggle up through the stuff

Smoke…writhing smoke!
Reaching for the sky
Chimneys breathing, tendrils weaving
Rising with a sigh

Winter…cold, cold hard winter!
Makes Summer wishes come to light
Til icicles fall, shatter and splinter
…Tis crisp…crisp the night! ! ! …

David Whalen

Of Color Red

Of all the hues on Nature's palette
Tis the only one,
that at the same inspires,
Both passion and dread

Tis the singular color
that conspires in such fine fashion,
to aptly ascribe to both
the living and the dead

Tis a schizophrenic tint
of unpredictable nature
With both love and hate
described as such

And coined in no common nomenclature
As the outstanding adjective
for cold cruelty,
or torrid touch

It's the ruby refraction
that demands the sight
That commands it's attention
And keeps to it tight

It's the flush rendered bold
When our anger is taken
It's the blush from the cold
To our cheeks when awakened

It's auburn shimmer
of sun highlighted hair
It's the tawny tone
Of rich Tennessee soil

It's the happy stripes
On Christmas candy canes
It's the velvet glow
From lamps of oil

The feverish fire Of summer sunburn
Scarlet rouge on lover's cheek
Rash of rage, so soon to learn from
Petty pouts and puckish pique

It's the red in the eyes of the raven of Poe's
The rising whirl on the barber's sign
The color of children's cold fingers and toes
The omen of danger, of Nature's design

It's the sun when it rises
The sky which it floods

The sun when it sets
And dies bathed in blood

It's a red dress remembered
Rose pressed betwixt pages
It's crimson rings on blackbird wings
And saffron robes on the ages

David Whalen

Of Cookies... and smiling

It’s not the way that
the cookie crumbles that matters….
Nor more important is where
the cookie crumbs scatters

It’s inevitable that
the cookie will shatter
It’s an immutable fact
So what does it matter?

No…Its not the way that
Your cookie crumbles that matters
And only a little more so
Of where the cookie crumbs scatter

What’s most important about cookies…
A fact that is so simple and sublime
Is that the people who get their cookies……often
Seem to Go about smiling… most of the time

David Whalen

Of little kids....(haikus)

Small kids…girls and boys
Should not have to live in worlds
Without joy or toys

Kids…lads and misses
Thrive best when freely given
Praise… hugs… and kisses

Of all Gifts given
None can compare to giving…
A child your ear

Wrinkled brow…large tears
Simple words, “What’s wrong my dear? ”
Makes them disappear

David Whalen

Of Smiles (and Dour Faces)

Lips pressed tight as layers of rock
Chin thrust forth like scarp of stone
Visage closed tight…as a lock
Semblance shone as of a crone

Face so spare of love and care
Gives show to heart, cold draped with snow
And from so compressed lips…never slips
A more kind word than "No! "

This will ne'er be, the way for me
For I cannot but to smile
I possess a simple mind that deigns to find
Good humour all the while

If one should find the time opportune to smile
Don't hesitate to take it
For If one goes round…dressed in a frown
One might just as well…go round naked!

David Whalen

Of Things Missed

So many, the people
With clear cold command
Of the language
And fully utilized by them
in daily discourse

And yet know little, or not…
Of the texture and design
In the weave of the words, and
Know or suffer not
A whit or hint of remorse

Of the richness of
The pleasures inherent
Tho' obviously to most,
not apparent
In the daily, depths
Of Deep discourse

The wealth of treasure
In daily words
By most is simply, sadly, missed
Yet in the majority not e'en noticed
For most…ignorance is bliss

David Whalen

Of Winter and Women (and power)

Snowflakes soft as silken down
Deftly light on lashes long
And hair of chestnut brown…
Standing so close,
breath mingling with mine
My senses bewitched
In her presence…like wine…
Snowflakes thru naked limbs
Nimbly wend their way
And makes my mind swim
On this cold Winter day…
Fur collar turned up
To frame lovely face
Have I ne'er taken notice
Of such enchanting grace

Are women aware
Of the power that they bear
Of the awesome weapons
Hid 'neath brow and soft hair…
Of amazing ability
(tho' with tender tranquility)
That can muddle the mind
With a doe-like steady stare…
I find myself speechless
In their presence at times
When they but place their hand
Blithely…to rest upon mine

I'm chagrined to admit
That my eyes cannot quit
My gaze away from her face
Her power enfolds me in awe
Her smile holds me in thrall
Framed by fur and by
…snow fashioned lace…

David Whalen

Oft saw my dad cry (to dad)

A father's love
Can never match
A mother's…
At least in
Children's eyes…

A father's love
Cannot be shown
As easily
As in
a mother's sighs

A father's love
Is of labor dear
More distant so by nature
than… in tender
nurture lies

A father's love
Is of hidden tears
And rarely
Shown raw
emotions

Held within
A rough façade
Of gentle heart…
Of kind and
Cloistered emotions

Fathers withhold
Within themselves
Caring feelings (and memories)
Of small smiles
And big wide eyes

Fathers hold back
Tears inside while…
drying other's eyes
Yet fathers weep Inside,
so deep…most children
Know not why

And more than once
I caught a peek of tears
In my dad's eyes
And on his cheek
Fathers are …
of stern stuff made
Yet fathers
…Often cry…

David Whalen

Oft Times Tis Better

Sometimes tis better
to not know the answers
Better to not know
what’s on the other side of the fence

Oft times tis better
To live in the not knowing
To allow one’s imagination
To indulge in suspense

Sometimes it’s better
The fact of not knowing
To let others enlighten us
Of the truth, not pretense

Sometimes tis better
To be dumb and be blind
To not see or to hear
What might torment one’ sense

Sometimes tis better
And oft times less bitter
Since oft times not knowing
tis one’s only defense

Sometimes tis better
To dwell in the darkness
To be a bit unenlightened of…
What’s on the other side of the fence

David Whalen

Ol' fools and dreamcatchers

Still just an ol’ jerk
Puttin’ faith in dream catchers
Knowin’ they don’t work

Nights…awake I lay
Trying to remember dreams…
Dreams that stole away

Gonna be more smart!
That dream catcher’s Gonna be
Returned to Walmart! !

David Whalen

Ol' gents on a bench(in the park after dark)

Ol’ gents on a bench (in the dark in the park)

Two grizzled ol’ gents
On a bench in the park
Talking sagely of baseball
In the late evening dark

“ya think there’s baseball in heaven? ”
Mused Shecky to Levi
Levi furrowed his brow deeply
As he sighed soft reply

With an old man’s wet wheeze
He sonorously said
 tis fairly certain we’ll know
Shortly after we’re dead

Let’s make a deal, they solemnly proposed
Whoever goes first will return to reveal
If there’s bleachers to seat and hot dogs to eat
And heavenly bases to steal.

As fate would have it, Shecky passed on that very night
And the next night Levi on their bench sadly sat alone
When out of the night, giving Levi such a fright
Levi heard Shecky’s ghostly voice intone

“Levi, oh Levi! I have good news and bad
Levi, there’s baseball in heaven” Shecky said with delight
And the bad news my ol’ friend I hate to relate
is…you’re the starting pitcher tomorrow night.

David Whalen

Older Than dirt, Dumb As A Rock

Older than dirt
Dumb as a rock

That’s what I’ve been called
And it comes as no shock

Cause I have gotten older
And I have gotten dumber

And I possibly could have seen
My very last summer

But I don’t regret getting’ dumber
And I know getting’ older is tough

What I do regret tho’…
is not getting’ enough

David Whalen

On a mountaintop

Rivulet of red
Cold hard stone

Sharp smell of cordite
Glint of moon on bone

Eerie quiet
Uncaring sky

Unseeing eyes pleading
Not knowing why

Unmailed letter
Unneeded pen

Words from memory
Read over and over again

Shadow shrinking from daylight
 Warm rays flood the ground

Birds sing sweetly… indifferently…
No one hears their sound

David Whalen

On Happiness And Bacon

There's no real 'way' to
Happiness…Happiness is a
A way in itself

There's only three things
Of import in the morning
Sleep, sex and…' BACON! ! '

David Whalen

On Living Life

It’s not near enough
To have lived in full…
the length of one’s life

No… tis not nearly enough
The measure of length only…
Pray tell…

For length is far too narrow
A measure
of one’s life

The true measure is to have lived
The full width
As well

David Whalen

On Observing Beauty (Americanized Haikus)

You can’t stop me from
Partaking of… your beauty…
Only with my eyes

Your luscious lips…your
Limpid eyes…only inspire
Me to wistful sighs

You’ll never know the
Power you wield…and chances
Are… you never will

Fleeting is beauty…
Lasts not long before tis gone…
A cutie no more

Allow a warm smile
To display upon your face…
Show your innate grace

Beauty comes also
With age…no hint of guile…it
Comes wrapped in your smile

Pleasant smiles echo
From another…to be then
cast away again

David Whalen

One Word That Best Defines Life

"Life" is a word not easily defined

It can be described in so many ways

Can be described as easy, just as well as a grind

Described as a whole, or a phase

Describing the word "life" is almost an impossibility

At least that's the way that I feel

But if I had to choose the word…. I best thought it to be

The best descriptive word for "life" is "surreal"

David Whalen

online anonymity

The anonymity of Online poetry…
Is a blessing in disguise

No one knows the size of our nose
Or the color of our eyes

Whether we're easy going…
Laid back types…or stuffy

Whether we're a little overweight
Or better said, "a little fluffy"

We can write and post, cry and whine
Be meek or boast, be dull or shine

Let our artistic side show
Of which few acquaintances know

Thanks to the online anonymity …
you can expose yourself shamelessly

…In your poetry Online…

David Whalen

optimism

You may not seem
To be a hunter
But like most people…
(including me)
You’ll spend a good part
Of your life chasing rainbows
In blissfull ignorance of what
…cannot be…

David Whalen

Or Is It Just Me?

The peal of a bell
Has a different peal
When heard in the crisp air
Of a sunny Winter morn.
Whether it be the carrilon
Of St Josephs Cathedral
In Northside Cincinnati (my boyhood home)
To the singular bell of Capistrano
Where the Swallows no longer dwell…
From the smallest of chimes
Adorning the traces of sleighs
To the greatest of gongs
Or the tinkle of kitty cats collars…
The sound of a bell (even in a cemetery)
by some sort of strange alchemy
does indeed become changed…
More clarion, more crystalline
More heartfelt, more lovely indeed
When heard in the crisp air
Of a cold Winter morn

David Whalen

Other one's words

We all go to sleep
With someone’s words
In our minds

Words of kindness
Words of anger
Words of every kind

They carry us off to sleep
And perhaps temper
And shape our dreams

Words said in caring
The most soothing
it seems

In anger or sadness
In calm and in madness
Words in our minds, we’ll find

As we drift off to sleep
Be it fretful or deep…and
Our mind slowly lowers it’s blinds

We all go to sleep… be it shallow or deep
Hearing some other one’s…
Words in our minds

David Whalen

Our Amazing Dept.of Motor Vehicles

An arcane fact in the paper this day
About our DMV and it’s mysterious way

Seems for whatever you want there’s a questionnaire
And driver's license form requires color of hair

And not among the allowed choices is my brown-turning grey
Yet…(wait for it) …(wait for it)
Purple is absolutely allowable today

Thinking back o’er the past pulls my face to a frown
Purple hair, (at least in my experience) was…
(wait for it) …(wait..for…it)
Only worn by a clown!

David Whalen

Passage

It was crystal clear
At first

Then developed a haze
With the passage of time

Things remembered … clearly before
Now recalled quite differently

Time itself changing
Tilting forward…leaning back

Smokey film draped
Upon time silvered webs

Time weathered memories
…Slowly fading…

David Whalen

Patience Is

Patience is…

What the predator employs
In waiting for its prey

And also what the pious employs
When waiting for what they pray

It’s a tool that cannot be held in hand
But is used by most every day

It’s one of the most useful things of Man
And can be used in so many ways

It cannot be stored, not kept, nor lent
Held in check, nor given away

It must be learned and is dearly earned
Exercised daily, one must say

It’s a blessing, a skill, a virtue too
It’s rewarding, but takes a bit of skill

And if you don’t have it, don’t sweat it
Just have patience, and soon you will

David Whalen

Pay Attention! Part 2 (listen with your eyes)

Pay Attention Part 2 (listen with your eyes)

Pay attention!
Truly watch the one you're with and you'll see what most miss
Let them do the speaking, and watch closely while listening
Don't think what your reply shall be, as most people are want to do
nor interrupt or comment while they speak.
Instead, listen superficially and observe hypercritically.

As much of communication involves facial contortions
and body gyrations, as does the actual uttering of words and sound
Follow the subject matter with sufficient attention, enough
To satisfy your speakers desire to speak, then endeavour to
Observe the amazing physicality involved
In this most multi-faceted, supremely descriptive,
intricate act of tacit communication

Watch, and hear with your eyes!
Observe the unceasing gymnastics of your speaker's dancing eyebrows
Note the many times that only one brow arches high
When expressing derision, disdain, or contempt
Note the 'window-shade-flying-up' effect
When your speaker expresses surprised amazement
As much optically, as orally, in their discourse

Listen to their expressions!
Watch the subtle interplay of eyelids as they slowly lower
To narrow the openings, so as to express deep suspicions
Or intense examination in their subject, and more yet,
To flutter like bird's wings, in excited exasperation

Listen lightly and observe heavily!
Tis almost a sure occasion that in your daily discourses
You but allow to pass unnoticed this rich melange of mute communication
This most primal means of information transport
That is passed in passed in utter silence
Yet loudly, says so much

Please pay attention!
Or you will surely, unknowingly miss
Much of this very outspoken, richly textured
Delightfully expressed communication, audible, not to one's ear
But only through one's eyes, and then only to those privileged few
Who know to see, when one speaks

If my overblown orations and ruminations arouse a bit of interest, please let me know
and I'll continue
With a Part III

David Whalen

Perhaps I Can Change

Have I overly rhapsodized lately
On Mother Nature's displays?
I've become rather forgetful
With the passing of so many days

Have I bored you lately
With labored, descriptive words
Droned on incessantly
of iridescent hummingbirds?

Of Spring fields of sunflowers
Of the morn's nascent glow
Of the dragonfly's rustle
Of the stream's tinkling flow?

I do ramble on too much
But I love description so
So perhaps I'll not describe so much
Tho' tis the only way I know

So you'll hear much less of stardust…
Less of butterflies and angel wings
Of icy glaze…of snowy crust
Or the way the Zephyr sings

At least I'll try, to keep it dry
If I fail… I'll try again
Though God knows…descriptive prose
Has always been my friend

Perhaps I'll also try to address
Another problem of mine
And that's my annoying addiction
To my profuse, use of rhyme

There's another frequent fault I foolishly fall for
That's the equivalent of mental masturbation
And that's my inappropriate, incomprehensible,
Overly insane….unabashed, use of alliteration

David Whalen

Perhaps later (haiku)

There’s a time for
All things…love… beauty and rhyme
This is not that time

David Whalen

Perhaps tomorrow

No inspiration
Comes to me tonight

Perhaps it never will…
To my great sorrow

one creative bolt…and
I could set the world right

Well…if maybe not tonight…
 then perhaps tomorrow

David Whalen

Piece of cake (Oooo, that sounds good!)

My diet's not working
It's easy to see
And my waist isn't
Getting any smaller

So in a splash of perspiration
I'm overwhelmed with inspiration
Instead of losing weight
I'll just grow taller!

David Whalen

Pleasant Times & Memories

It’s nice to remember the good times
But better to savor them when they’re real

It’s pleasant to dwell in nostalgia
But it’s far better to dwell on today and feel

The fuzzy, warm feel of a good experience
Is never instantly given the credit it’s due

It’s nice to remember the good times
But cherish them well…as they happen to you

David Whalen

Please Pay Attention Pt 1

Pay Attention Part One

Your eyelids begin to flutter, shy morning light yearns to peek in
Savor that fleeting moment between worlds
Mind, not in the dream world, nor totally awake
Savor that pleasantly confused state of mind
Of household sounds distantly intruding
Sift languidly through tattered remains of diaphanous dreams
Extend and enjoy this common to us all morning experience
That the majority of us completely ignore

Really pay attention

To your soul-mate, still asleep across the bed
Hair tousled o'er face and pillow
Look closely at that sleeping face and see the lines and wrinkles
That you, the kids, and daily life have imprinted on that brow
Don't see her as you do every day. Look very closely
See her not, as you know her, but as a stranger would
See her as a unique individual, not with the sort of faceless familiarity
That we so blithely impart to those close to us
Really look, and you'll see a new, different, unique person
Than you saw yesterday

Really, truly, pay attention

Take the time. Really, truly take the time
To savor, dissect and enjoy all the seemingly, yet not,
Mundane, things in your life
Don't rush about unseeing, unfeeling, oblivious
To each everyday experience
There's a vast different world that surrounds us. A parallel universe of sorts
Which most of us don't have time or patience to see
Or maybe choose not to see

Please pay attention

I'm going to try to open your eyes more
To unseen, everyday experiences and abilities
That perhaps you have lost, ignored
Or never learned to exercise to start with

If you read this and are interested in further exploration of what we don't see and experience on a daily basis, please let me know and I'll do a "Pay attention" part two

David Whalen

Poetry Via Alzheimer's

“There’s a kind of music
that lives there”
A little old lady with
Alzheimer’s would declare

When asked if she liked
the ocean and the beach
She appeared not to hear,
Nor even to understand speech

Then her eyes brightened
Her lips parted with a wistful smile
Her memory had returned to enlighten
If only for a little while

As this woman fondly remembered..
I could only in amazement stare
She said, ”Oh my yes! ..And There’s a kind
of Music that lives there”

Just a little old lady with Alzheimer’s
But what a most wondrous and beautiful phrase!
I could not have been stated it more poetically
Had I tried til’ the end of my days

David Whalen

Poetry…McDonalds…and me

A goodly part
Of my poetic production
Is conceived over coffee
At my local McDonalds

So if you think some are good…
Then those are mine…
And the one’s that are stinko….
Well… those are Ronald’s

David Whalen

Poets...Magicians

Our souls are touched
 Emotions teased
 Heartstrings plucked
Tensions eased

Tableaus described
Amazing vistas seen
To me, is what poetry
Is meant to mean

Through mastery of words
Through sly use of wit
We're whooshed expertly away
From the chairs where we sit

By poets…by poetry…
From dark depths of the brain
We're magically transported
By poetic legerdemain

David Whalen

Poets...storytellers

Poets…storytellers
Of love…life
Keypads and notepads
Happy kids…cranky wife

Poems of Lil' kids and katydids
Drunken ol' fools
With Pencil stubs, scrap paper
Used envelopes for tools

Stories of hot blood…cold ambition
Neon lights…Crystal chandeliers
lucky stars And honky tonk bars
old times… new times.. Bad and good years

Of The most beautiful girls In the world…crying…
Fireflies glow… nights in June
Emotions ablaze…heavy sighing
Silver spoons…golden moon

Picking fights with thunderstorms…
Fighting through wordsmith's strife
Poet's above all… must be storytellers
Spinmeisters of love and life

David Whalen

Poignant Portrait

Startled…I pulled up short
Taken aback by melancholy eyes
The visage in the portrait tore
My sight in deep surprise

A wistful smile purveyed in lambent oil
A silent plea her image comprised
"Please remain, a meager moment's toil
Allow me your attentions…let us both surmise"

I…in momentary transfixion held
By mysterious confliction of canvas and eye
The "fixed in forever" person within
That but for a moment had come alive

The magic moment slowly ceased to persist
Our gaze slowly broken
As fades the fog, …the morning mist
We communed, tho' had ne'er spoken

Her request, unspoken, writ upon my back
As I moved to the portrait next
In quiescent plea, pled "remain with me"
I yet perceive her tacit text

David Whalen

Point Of View

There is no right
There is no wrong
Tis all but a matter
Of point of view

No heavenly might
Nor demon strong
Whatever you'd rather
Believe…is truth to you

A lie to one is
Truth to another
What's seen, is what
One wants to view

For a razor edged line
Exists between love and hate
A paper thin partition between
Cold black, and cobalt blue

What's right, what's fair
What's here, what's there
What's love, what's lust
What's treachery, what's trust

What it tis in finality, that
Shapes for you reality
And is what makes
all things true to you

Sadly tis…

Not crimes of passion (or treason)
Nor kind acts of compassion (or reason)
But simply put and sadly true
It's one's own point of view

David Whalen

Portraits

Portrait limned in words and phrases
Wrap't round naked lips, pressed tight
As layers of rock
Chin thrust fourth like a scarp of stone
Visage closed tight
As an old rusted lock

Face so spare, of love and care
Gives show to heart cold…
And draped in snow
And from tight, compressed lips
Ne'er let slip
No more kind word then "no"

This will never be
the way for me…
For I cannot but to smile
I have a simple mind
That instead deigns to find
Good humor all the while

David Whalen

Possessions

With age… I’ve come to
See…the only thing, truly
Of my own…is me

David Whalen

praise the Lord (and lil' mangie)

Praise the Lord!

I’ve got a lil' dog with a bad case of mange
And here’s where my story starts getting strange

Had the ‘lil mangy dude out for a walk
When two Hispanic women started to gawk

They gave ‘lil mangy dude a long onceover
Saw in his mottled hide the face of Jehovah

Declared ‘lil mangy dude a sign from the lord
While ‘lil mangy and I thought they were out of their gourd

They followed me home and set up a shrine
Pretty soon the faithful started formin’ a line

I was set to go out and start kickin’ some ass
Until I noticed the money lying in the grass

Lil’ mangy and I weren’t gonna let this get by us
Suddenly seized by the spirit, we became real pious

Lil’ mangy and I feel exceptional zeal
While fervently praying…
His mange doesn’t heal

David Whalen

Precious Wonder

Lonely country road
Complete soft
Silky silence

Broken only, by
Soft wistful whispers
Of downy, lace-like snow

Moon hazed over
nebulous clouds
Frosty glaze of icing spread

From horizon to infinity

Silence deafening
In it’s crystal stillness
Deep breaths of frigid freshness

Strive to savor

It’s precious essence
For this wonder tis what
Is precious now

Old poet’s random musings

Of precious wonders
Oft unnoticed
Oft passed by

Precious wonders
Cast asunder
Oft overlooked by hurried eye

Soft whisper of snow
Soft aura of moonglow
Precious wonders passed over

By you and I

David Whalen

Presences

Of shapes and shadows
Glimpsed in darkness
Of someone…something
Near upon you…in the night

Someone or something
In shadowed companionship
Someone unseen
But whose presence feels right

An eerie presence
Yet soothing essence
Someone…or something
Just beyond one’s sight

It’s seems as a dream
Yet is there when awake
And flows round like a stream
It’s there…no mistake

It’s not my shadow
Nothing so mundane
Follows me not
Yet seems there all the same

Perhaps I’m an old fool
Mayhaps I’m just not right
But I sense them about me
Though day and though night

David Whalen

Pretend

<Center>
Pretend…Just for me
Just for tonight
That my Kia is a corvette
and all things are right
That I'm six foot two
That my hair is still there
And dark and wavy too

Pretend that I don't talk
All hillbilly funny
Pretend that I've got
A boatload of money
Pretend that I look
Like Steve McQueen
That I still look as if
I were seventeen

That's really not so much
That I'm asking of you
Just a little pretense
Is all you have to do

Pretend that you love me
Pretend that you'll be true
Because I don't have to pretend
…when it comes to you…

David Whalen

Puzzling

Calendar with days marked off…
Final day checked…
in blood-red ink marker mean
Then… no more marks…of any sort
The calendar antiseptically… cryptically clean…
Time seemingly now, no longer of import
What was coming, so anticipated…(Or dreaded) …
That the days after… the anointed day

Seemed of no consequence imbedded
Calendar yellowed and tattered
As if time no longer existed…
To a person… like you or me
And to whom days… no longer mattered
Then…Now…and for eternity

David Whalen

Qualities of light

A certain gauzy luminosity
In the dawn of a summer day

The diffuse, dispersive quality
As morning breaks… across the bay

That almost palpable morning spark
In a young girl’s liquid eyes

Dawn’s nascent glow… ‘neath night’s dark
Of star and moonlit skies

Golden haloes drape oe’r mountaintops
Beams peeking shyly through the valleys

Columns of crystal, piercing thunderclouds
Chasing darkness… down empty alleys

Filtering through filigree lace of old lady’s windows
Spotlighting dust motes dancing in air

Mirrored in tresses of maidens and widows
Reflected in highlights of grey and blonde hair

laths of lights, rise lazily toward the beams
Through cracks and splits of sun bleached wood

Old barns and sunbeams not always what they seem
Early light, … prismatic rainbow… oft misunderstood

Display the might of new sunny day
Then blazing bright…away with the night!

So much more… then one can say…
of…The many, curious qualities of light

David Whalen

Question Me Now, My Children

Question Me Now, My children

Ask questions of me, my children
For time has a way…
Of slipping through fingers
Like reapers through hay

Your heritage is a treasure
That one day you'll have need
Questions in need of answers
And no answers to heed

Was your great grandfather
A brown-eyed lad
Was your great grandmother
Perhaps a little bit mad

Ask about your ancestry
So interesting and rich
Was great aunt Sarah just an ol' maid…
Or was she really a witch

How did they live the course of their day
And how the difference from yours
You live in a city, in a modern way
Perhaps they lived in the moors

How did your father meet your mother
What was their courtship like
And did grandmaw, elope with grandpaw
Did cousin Jenny marry up with uncle Mike

Did great-great grandmaw come from Ireland
Was her name "Whalen" changed from "Whelan"
By careless and lazy immigration officials
At a bustling and confusing, Ellis Island

Did these people bite their fingernails
Have a wart on their nose
Have children die prematurely
Enjoy happiness, suffer woe

Question me now, my children
For I get older, soon will come my time to go
And 'twill be too late and 'sadly twill be your fate
Of your rich heritage to ne'er know

Ask questions of me, my children
Before time takes me to task
Else when and what you wish to know
There will no one to ask

David Whalen

Quick Essay On Neutrino Particles

Factual Thesis:

Created by nuclear reactions
from inside the sun
Six thousand billion… neutrino particles
Penetrate your body
every second…of every day

Opinion;

Well…the very thought of atomic particles
Zinging through anything… much less my testicles
is a bit Discomforting
In almost every possible way

Summation:

This might sound low-brow
Or as the Jewish say…"kitschy"
But six thousand billion atomic particles…
Can make a guy… feel really itchy

They're painless and harmless
But I just don't like the way
They just Whizz, Right through my skinny body…
Every second…of every day

David Whalen

Quick Little Kiss

It was just a gentle kiss
Then it grew a little stronger

Only meant to be a quick little kiss
But it turned out to last much longer

Only supposed to last
a moment…(or two)

And I never thought (no never!)
That I'd want you to…

Kiss me like that
…forever…

David Whalen

Quiet Focus Of The Mind

The Quiet focus of the mind
Is From whence imaginations rise

Imagination of starlit creation
Stimulation to open up one’s eyes

The quiet focus of the mind
To garner truth, cast out the lies

If Intimidation begets frustration
Then Frustration leads to what’s and why’s

Well… the quiet focus of the mind
Will turn what’s and why’s to quiet sighs

Plain and simple contemplation
Levels out, life’s lows and highs

And the quiet focus of the mind
Will lift the spirit to the skies

David Whalen

Quirks and eccentricities

Quirks and eccentricities (I'll show you mine if you show me yours)

I have my favorite fork and spoon
Also gotta drink from my favorite glass
Never fasten top button or tuck shirt in
Guess that shows a definite lack of class

Never fold pages in books to mark places
Only one food item on plate at a time
Buy shoes that fasten with Velcro, never laces
And when thinking, try to make my thoughts ryhme

Arrange used creamers with lids in flower petal form
Always sit in a booth, never at a table
Read funnies first, in the paper, in the morn
Sniff every flower, whenever I'm able

When out for a walk,
I never step on a crack
I always pick up pennies for luck,
heads up is good, tails put them back

I never have blankets tucked in on my bed
Acknowledge everyone with a smile and a greetin'
Can't pass my dog without patting his head
I talk to pigeons, which makes people think I'm a cretin

Pennies have to go in my left rear pocket
Silver has to go in the right front
I walk whenever possible (it's healthy, don't knock it)
Mustard only on hot dogs, cause that's what I want

I must count every swallow of liquid I drink
I see long lost loved ones faces in crowds and buses passing by
I bite my lower lip whenever I think
Do all three letter words first in crosswords (at least I try)

Except for roaches, I never kill a bug
Tho' I think I could be a mean kung fu fighter
Always seem to yearn for a big friendly ol' hug
Have delusions of becoming a meaningful writer

I shave my face in exact same sequence each night
I expect loyalty and truth from people around me
In my quirks and eccentricities, I truly delight
And in some of mine, yourself you might see

David Whalen

Random Encounters

Random encounters…
Chance meetings
Life changers
Unexpected greetings

Interrupters of life
Uncaring guests
Random encounters
At their very best

Devices of change
Creators of strife
Random encounters are…
The spice of life

David Whalen

Random haikus

Not choosing at all
while still a choice…is just not
The very best one

I feel no shame from
Whence I came but do feel fear
Of where I'm going

Tilt back your head and
Raise your face…close your eyes…feel
The grace… of warm skies

Each man lives two lives
One is dreams, one is real and
both he still survives

David Whalen

Random opinions and ruminations

I believe that…

Parents greatly overestimate their importance.
Things ripple
Lovers lie… (a lot!)
When a man philosophizes a lot, he's covering something up
Life has a way of shrinking a man
Everyone has regrets
Hormones make us all do stupid things
If you've not screwed up…you haven't lived
We all have scars, torments and ghosts
Smiles beget haloes and beget smiles in return
Some people smile like a frightened lemur
Old men and women bicker… happily (usually)
The greatest wealth lives in happy memories
Sadness can be freely given…while
Happiness must be earned
Every person pays for sex in the end
One can savor the flavor of being alone
The ugliest truth be better than the prettiest of lies
Years need be not friend or enemy
Not all winds are fresh…
Nor all sea breezes briny
Some people's beauty takes one's breath away…
And others are uglier than a monkey's heinie
These are enough for now
It's time to take a nap!

David Whalen

Random rhyme (killing time)

showers give birth to rainbows
Ripples radiate from streams
Dells lie down with meadows
And nightfall gives leave to dreams

Frost is water, etched in rime
Oceans are spawners of tides
Crystal is ice, frozen in time
Headstones guardians at gravesides

Clouds are the genesis of showers
Cuffs are the endings of sleeves
Days are collections of hours
Garlands are sisters to sheaves

Mists are liquefied dreams
Willow is nature with head bowed
Dusk is the midwife of moonbeams
Fog is the offspring of cloud

Nightfall is the ending of sunlight
Hugs give rise to unending pleasure
Blackness comes before white
Rainbows locate leprechaun’s treasure

Magic is fairy dust blown o’er the dells
Dawn is a newly born day
Stardust, enchantment, scattered by elves
And Dreams are the mind at play

David Whalen

Readers Are Judge And Jury

Some poems
like people, plans and knives

Just don’t cut it
And live abbreviated lives

For you readers are the jury
To judge what should live and compete

No matter what the poet thinks
If the hits show that the poem stinks

Then the writer should, without a blink
Accept your verdict, As do I…

And hit delete

David Whalen

Recession

No more calluses on my hands
No more aching back

No more punchin’ in and out
No more keeping’ track

No more places I have to be
No more rear ends to kiss

No more feelin’ necessary
No more work to miss

No more wishin’ I could be fishin’
No more doin’ what I don’t want to do

No more slavin’
No more savin’

No more shavin’…at least
No more than I want to

No more keeping’ up with the Joneses
No more going down with the ship

No more botherin’ to zip up my zipper
No more really givin a s#*t

No more takin’ one for the gipper
No more takin’ one for the team

No more tryin’ to be way more hipper
No more tryin’…

to live the dream

David Whalen

Recipe For Scotch Whiskey

Start with cold, fringed beaches,
Laced with Smoke and fog.
In a cauldron.
Add Cliffs and caverns
With just a dash
of Monuments of mystery.
Blend in the breath
Of Ancient peat bog.
Add then a dollop
 Of flavor of brine,
To Malt barley
And yeast,
blessed by a priest.
Finally meld in together
In a vast vessel of copper,
The Smell of salt air and tears
Bottle in layers of old Celtic prayers.
Then sit back and wait
For a number of years

David Whalen

Regret

Regret is yet, the
Leaden part…that heavy weighs
On the weary heart

David Whalen

Relics Now

Gentle poems
Simple rhymes

Relics now
Of bygone times

Gentle words
Simple phrases

Of temperate times…
Pleasant places

Whispered phrases
Words I like

Soft sighed goodbyes
Like crystals in the night

Out of date
Behind the times

My gentle poems
My simple rhymes

Relics now...
Of simpler times

David Whalen

Remember Me (Like This)

Remember me (like this) …

A smile that made your heart
Feel lighter
A word that made your
Day brighter
An embrace you only wanted
To be tighter
Please remember me…
Like this

Forget the frowns
Forget the pouts
Forget the downs
The angry bouts
Forget the times
I wasn't there
Forgive me for that
Frigid stare and…

Remember me like this…

A hug whenever you
Needed one
A back rub…
late at night
A place to go to
When you felt so low
A touch that felt
So right

Remember me…

The provider for the family
Companion always there
Old friend and confidant
Cuddly Teddy bear
Gentle soul with good intentions
A moral man who could not lie
Humble man with no pretensions
A man you can't forget, even if you try

A stubborn man…I'll give you this
A simple man…tho' a bit remiss
A man always ready
with a tender kiss
So when, (and if…) you reminisce

Please remember me
…Like this…

David Whalen

Rest In Peace My Sweet

Passed away this day 11/16/2012
A bright light in our lives
That was always so giving
Could not have been sweeter
Nor softer in manner.
To fade into history
Will e'er be a mystery
Seems the sweetest are chosen
O'er all of the rest
And whose absence will be felt
For e'er so long…
We'll all miss their presence
Farewell my beloved
…Twinkie and ding dong…

(at least they went together)

David Whalen

Return to Stardust

Should I die today
T'would be no more
Than a return to stardust
A trip through the cosmos
Once more…
A recycling if you will.
As matter and energy
Never truly die nor end
But simply change…
That gives me a certain
Feeling of anticipation
And comfort…and peace
I guess that's my form of religion.
So I will worship at the altar
Of anticipation…
Take succor in the cosmic scheme
So should I die today…
No matter…
For I need some
…Time away…

David Whalen

Revelations

Every poem tells a story…
To the reader
And of the poet
It’s revelatory,
this little story…
Yet both reader and poet
Seldom know it!

David Whalen

Root Beer Float Afternoon

It was one of those
kind of afternoons
When ball games were heard
From open windows

And houses had porches
And porches had swings
Where voices murmured softly
Into velvet humidity

It was the most precious of things
In the most treasured of times
It was a root beer float…
Kind of afternoon

David Whalen

Ruby's Eyes

Enough to make
The heart to quake…
The smile on Ruby’s lips

Enough to cause
The pulse to pause…
The curve of Ruby’s hips

Enough to light
The darkest sky
The sound of Ruby’s sighs…

Enough as such
The feel and touch
The heat of hands and thighs

Enough…and yet
The most stunning sunset
Canna’ match the light

Not the brightest moon
Nor the brightest star
Nor the warmth of a night in June

Are not the equal of
But only a sequel to

…The light in Ruby’s eyes…

David Whalen

Ruminations Over Morning Coffee

The ones we truly loved are never truly gone…
Until they're fully forgotten.
They existed in in our corporeal world of
Substance then: in our world of physicality
And also of mortality.
But now perhaps they've simply taken up
Residence in a very real, yet very different world:
The world of memories.

The ones I loved are still close by me. Only now
They dwell within my mind. No less alive
Then they were before and perhaps
Even more so now.

To me at least, they've only traded
One plane of existence for another
One in which they're always happy,
And forever young (if you wish them to be)
And are seen, felt, loved and live
in my memory.

So, the way I figure it is:
They're just as alive in my memory
As they were before in life
And they won't take leave
Until I can leave with them.
Perhaps to take residence
In another's fond memories

And if and when, we're finally forgotten
Then, and only then, do we truly take leave
…and begone…

David Whalen

Rx for Domestic Tranquility (A senryu)

If you want a true
Marriage sublime… do what I
Did…marry a mime! !

David Whalen

Sadness

Vague and spectral
 as a dimming taper

Limned in darkness
Like a departing hearse

Into ash
Like burning paper

Life lived in
Dim shadow of verse

David Whalen

Same Old Kool-Aid

Same old clothes, different style
Same old hair with a different do
Same but different all the while
Same old substance, through and through

In one day… out the other
Out with the old, in with the new
Don’t like one, but love another
Same old church, different pew

Same old horse race, different pony
Same old rat race, different day
Lots of company, still so lonely
Lots to talk about, nothing new to say
Same old love, different person
Same old feelings, to taste and savor
Good at some things, others worse in
Same old kool-aid, different flavor

David Whalen

Sans Inspiration

Tonight I'm inspired
By my lack of inspiration

I'm inspired to write
And defy this Mental constipation

Tonight I'll write…
Simply out of spite

entirely, and completely
Without inspiration

David Whalen

Savor The Day (once in a while)

The ability to be,
Rather than to achieve
Is one of the hardest things
For man to conceive

Live for today
Dwell not on coming sorrow
Savor the day (is what I say)
Forget about tomorrow

David Whalen

Say what?

An ol’ buddy proudly showed me
his new hearing aid

And advised me to invest in
some of the company’s stock

Interested, I asked
“what kind is it? ”

He replied
“it’s almost eight o’clock! ”

David Whalen

School's Out (goodby old friends)

Goodbye Socrates
So long Pericles

Ta-ta Sappho
Ciao Apollo

And you too Plato
Hate to see you go

Sayonara Sophocles
(and god knows those boney knees)

Adios Aristotle
Try to stay off the bottle

Quetzacoatl you knew how to par-tay
One sacrifice every 15 mins.24 hours a day

Farewell Pharaoh
Back in time you go

Bye-bye Homer, really good Odyssey
Cortez, you were as cruel as you could be

All of you… back into the books
Don’t be giving me those dirty looks

We had our time together
And now I’d really rather

Spend awhile, in the here and now
And write some poetry (if I can remember how)

David Whalen

Seasons

As is the fate of flower petals
All things must wither away
…In the Fall…

Sad it tis, that love's made of mist
Ne'er meant to stay
and tis love…
I'll miss most of all

David Whalen

see and feel the wonder

Leave me in the cool tall grass
With my back against a tree

Tilt my head back a bit
Put soft brush beneath my knee

Put my hands atop one another
For I have the need, you see

To see and feel the wonder
To repose beneath the tree

So journey on…Don’t look back
Think no more of me

Just leave me in the cool tall grass
With my back against a tree

David Whalen

Seemed an eternity

The minute of failure

The little boy's body stiffened, then relaxed. Stiffened then relaxed. Eyes wide open, staring fixedly, and unseeing at the ceiling.

The young doctor grimaced with the effort, pumping intensely with his hands as if trying to pump water from a deep and long dry well. His hands moved in cadence with the old "Bee Gee's song Stayin Alive" playing unconsciously in his mind.

The E.T.s that had originally answered the call to the lad's home with the always dreaded "possible drowning victim" still sounding in their ears, stood uneasily in the doorway watching the frenetic activity.
Their usual M.O. was to end their vigilance when they had delivered the patient to the Pediatric E.R., and return to their truck to await the always: soon to come "next emergency."

This time they couldn't pull themselves away with the usual detachment that was expected of them. It shouldn't have been that way, but when the victim (unfairly or not) of whatever the trauma 'du jour' was, was just a kid, they seemed to feel a guilt or responsibility that wasn't truly theirs.

They had given the first 'breaths of life' to the bluish lips at the family's swimming pool. Had done the first compressions to the unrising chest, and now seemed vested somehow in the boy's welfare. They couldn't leave. They felt obligated to stay. As if just by their presence, somehow the lad would be helped. Failure was something they didn't accept very easily in their profession.

The doctor nodded to the R.N. assisting him and then stepped back rubbing his tingling, aching hands and arms While the R.N. seamlessly picked up the Bee Gee beat, brow furrowed in concentration.

The video screen above the bed showing the boy's vitals blinked with red and green lights. The screen would show green, (which was good) for a few moments… but then would return to the dreaded red. Hopes rising and falling with each change in color.

With the red screen returning more often, and more often, and the green less and less so, faces turned more grim. Eyes started averting others, as if there were a mutually shared shame that was spreading contagiously among the caregivers and the spectators. The mother sat stoically, staring almost without blinking, straight ahead at her son.

It was as if the grim reaper stood back hidden in the shadows, patiently awaiting the inevitable moment of concession of human effort and futility.

It seemed an eternity, yet was only a moment when the doctor stepped back a final time and held a hand up, to tacitly tell the R.N. "no more" and the machine made a steady sad sound and shined a steady red light that while only a light, seemed to have a sound unto itself.

The mother seemed to fold into herself, shoulders heaving in silent, convulsive sobbing.

All unnecessary personnel seemed to suddenly find tasks to do, and other places where they should be. Silently, all tried to return to that comfortable state of life that seemed to have suddenly evaporated, but by sheer force of will could be reconstituted into normality… however long that might take.

The minute of failure had arrived… and passed. The mother moaned softly as a sheet was pulled over the face of the lad. The young boy and the grim reaper walked into the shadows, hand in hand.

David Whalen

Sensual

Fingertips
That brush my lips
That graze across
My closed eyelids

And tingle-dance
down my spine
In tactile touch
So damned divine

Fingertips
That brush my lips
Caress also
My mind

Like feathers touch
Breath held…too much!
So fiercely soft…like fingertips
dipped gently in white wine

David Whalen

Sexy Smile (American Haiku)

A mind at ease puts
A smile on ones face, but sex
Can do it better

David Whalen

Shade

In the woods…
The shade
comes to listen

In the shade…
Veined leaves
and silver firs glisten

In the veins…
There courses
voices of the trees

In the trees…
The shade listens
then grieves

The shade comes…
The shade listens…
Then leaves…

David Whalen

Shadows and Shamrocks

Hills dappled
with shadows
And Shamrocks

Vales riffled
With wildflowers
And thistles

Ancient stone structures
Bedecked in bleached
Lichens

'Neath Falcons
shrill trill… and shepherd's
Tin whistles

Rainbows that end
Beyond distant
Glens

And Leprechauns
Stand guard O'er
kettles of gold

Unlike mere mortal men
Their lives
Never end

And ne'er die…
Or are espied…
Nor grow old

The cool Ocean mists
O'er the Loch
Rise and twist

O'er the shadows of
The Shamrocks
Wildflowers and thistles

That will persist and resist
Long after man ceases
...to exist...

David Whalen

Sharp Pain of Sorrow

So many things
in this life to feel sorry for
Almost too many
for me to keep track

'Sorry I was so long
in returning your knife dear,
It Took quite a while
to get it out of my back'.

David Whalen

She Doesn't live here anymore

Icy fingers on every heart
Chill breezes through the willows

Lips clench tight when we're apart
Satin sheets neath silken pillows

Empty hearts, open doors
Shadow dancers upon the walls

She doesn't live here anymore
Sigh of breezes, through empty halls

Tattered papers, tarnished rings
Bittersweet memories, troubled mind

Discarded emotions, long lost things
Too many whiskies, sweet cherry wine

Time without reasons
Today into tomorrow

Years without seasons
I'm a man of constant sorrow

David Whalen

Short And Cynical

You’ll always be short of something
You’ll always be needin’ this or that

You’ll always be yearnin’ for what you’re not earning
To be somewhere else, and not where you’re at

You’ll always have need of something
So Let’s have a thankful round of “Amens”

Because You’ll never have need of enemies
As long as you’ve got relatives and friends

David Whalen

Short Prayer

May we all be blessed
With these three things

Peace, love
And Angel wings

David Whalen

Should I, or Should I not? (That's The Question)

Curious mixture
of satin and steel
A mysterious melange
of Mylar and lace

A baffling brew
Of real and unreal
That is the mystery
I see in your face

Satin and steel
Real and unreal
Known and unknown
Is what I do…and don't feel

When you hold me…
In your arms of ice
Peer deep into cold…
Porcelain eyes

Perchance to choose
Your childish charms
Give myself up to lose
My senses in your arms

You're Winter, Summer
Dark place…open space
That is the mystery that
…I see in your face…

One moment frigid cold
The next with passion hot
So should I …
or should I not?

David Whalen

Sidewalk Cracks and Mother's Backs

Though I’m now quite old myself
And mom’s only
a warm memory

I still avoid stepping on cracks
I suspect there yet remains...
A little boy inside of me

Same thing…tho’ an America style haiku
Still can’t step on cracks…
In me… still a boy… can’t be
Breaking mother’s back

David Whalen

Signs Of Fall

The first lonely leaf to fall
The breezy rattle of cornstalks

The fresh smell of baled hay
The turkeys prescient gobble

Dawn breaking later
Sun setting sooner

Ads for kid’s school clothes
Temperature no longer rising

Wooly worms forecasting our winter
Monarchs wisely migrating to Mexico

Blackberries ripe
Walnuts falling

Squirrels busily storing
Sunflowers sadly drooping

Changes on the horizon
Fall is coming

The best season of all!
(and pre-season football)

David Whalen

Signs of the Times

Signs of the times in the good ‘ol USA

G.E and G.M downgraded to letters of the alphabet
People living out of their Hummers
U.S. economy outpaced by Tibet
Bank officers indicted in growing numbers

Drive-by shootings reduced to dissing and shouting
Between glassless windows of derelict cars up on blocks
McDonald’s dollar menu becomes haute cuisine
Waste paper refers to your savings and stocks

Insufficient funds refers to your bank’s money
Treasury Dept. seized by Asian lenders for late debt payments
Swimming pools used to grow real tasty algae
Grandkids moving in with mom and dad, who’ve moved in with their own parents

Having a job and feeling guilty about it
Not having a job and feeling useless and disrespected
Applying for jobs and feeling hopeless throughout it
Collecting unemployment and feeling guilty to collect it

Madonna and Cher buy wrinkle cream in econo-size at Costco
Organized crime lays off most of police department
Illegal immigrants caught sneaking back into Mexico
I really must go now. I have a welfare appointment.

Yeah, people cry’in and moan’in
Think’in the countrys fallin apart
But things aren’t so bad, hell I’ve got me a job
Say’in “Good morning, how y’all do’in and welcome to Walmart.”

David Whalen

Simple Pleasure

This morning I had eggs
Sunny side up
Cooked in the grease
Of sage pork sausage

Seasoned generously with
Louisiana hot sauce
and freshly ground
Tellaberry pepper

I ate until
I could barely stand
And if I should chance…
To die this day

I won't care…
I'll die a happy man

David Whalen

Simple Senryus

No matter how dark
The darkness…there's always a
Sparkle of brightness

Let not life depress…
what the hell! … One might as well
enjoy the madness

David Whalen

singer of blues…writer of prose

A good poet can be likened
to an old blues singer
You've got to have experienced life
in all it's rainbow variations

You've got to have the scars
From life's long, hard winter
You've got to show the lines…
The creases and striations

Songs torn from life
With gut-wrenching intensity
Words expressed on small black keyboard
Marine band harmonica expressing emotions

A plaintive E-chord…long ebony fingers
Sorrow…sadness…smallness…immensity
Memories addressed, then electronically stored
While back porch steps record…only evanescent devotions

Singer of blues…purveyor of prose
Both rent ragged, both experience-rich
Both life -haggard, …with hopes and woes
Blues singer, prose writer…same niche

David Whalen

Six Locks

Six locks on my door!
Why not just two or three?
You really wanna know?
I'll tell you so!
why that works so darn well for me

I put six locks
all in a row on my door
But I only lock
every other one, you see

Because while a burglar thinks
he's pickin all six
He's really
always lockin three

David Whalen

Sleeping Beauty

Tangled locks of auburn hair
Tresses strewn o’er satin pillow

Silken sheets cool to the skin
Under limbs… lithe as the willow

Languid eyes neath limpid lashes
Tightly closed in dreamy slumber

Lips as soft as feathery ashes
Eyes as brown as earthen umber

Yet as I watch her… the truth is revealing
This woman beside me…this woman I keep

She’s ever so much… more appealing
When she’s ever so much more… deeply asleep

David Whalen

Sleeping together

Sleeping together, yet being alone

This soliloquy has nothing to do with sex

It’s more ramblings, about cuddling, and just lying unconscious

And about intimacy, about sharing morning breath.

It’s about spooning, hugging, sharing the covers

And most of us have these nighttime pleasures to own

While many others, and I’m sure there are many

Are sleeping together, yet being alone.

Sleeping together is a thing based in the primeval

In the litter, in the nest, in the pack

The piling upon, over and under and among

One’s brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers

All sleeping together, never alone or lonely.

At any time 'lonely' can start and grow like a cancer

So nestle up, cling tightly, so you’ll never be

Sleeping together, yet being alone

David Whalen

Slice of Swiss...Glass of Amber

A goodly piece of Swiss
And a Michelob
in hand

And you'll find smiling
in satisfaction, a happy
And contented man

I'm describing myself perhaps…
In righteous religion, taking
The Very devout and pious stand

That a goodly slice of Swiss
And a cold Michelob Amber is…
A large part of God's grand …

and mysterious plan

David Whalen

Small Town U.S.A

Pizza parlors,
muffler shops
7 Elevens
and I-hops

Boarded windows,
shuttered stores
Cracked windows,
unlocked doors

Dry cleaners,
Laundromats
Empty motels
Vacant flats

One street towns
No traffic lights
No city sounds
Few family fights

Friendly dogs
Friendlier people
Highest thing
Grey slate steeple

Houses with porches
rustic family farm
Weather vanes on roofs
Old American charm

Grain silos
Rusty water tower
Windmills
Water power

Sincere supplication
Sunday school prayer
Organ music, seeping out
Rising into clover scented air

Small town America
 Barns and bales of hay
 People still say "Good Morning"…in
…Small town U.S.A…

David Whalen

Smile Power

A smile can be loose
A smile can be tight lipped

It can be acidic
Or be in honey dripped

A smile can be heart rending
If tendered in sad farewell

And also be heart mending
Quite curative as well

A smile when one is needed
Can be the lift one needs in life

Can be so slight as to go unheeded
Can be the salve to soothe one's strife

A smile given in greeting
Can melt the iciest kind of soul

Given broadly or in fleeting
Given partially or in whole

A smile can be easy to conjure
Can be false in all it's construction

Inappropriately timed can injure
And can cause much grief and destruction

It takes twice the amount of muscles
For the face to form a frown

Yet only half as many muscles
To turn that frown upside down

It's not given the respect, that it's due
It's not always used in the best way

yet is also the best expression one can use
To make the best impression…throughout each day

One final thought
before this piece is past…is

That people who are too tight with a smile
Are usually drear and tight-assed!

David Whalen

Smitten in Starlight

Brightly lit by starlight streaming,
Through chestnut tresses, flowing, gleaming
Smiles wrought forth
from stranger’s faces beaming
Beaming out into the night

Smiles of wonder, from near and yonder
Teased from faces once tense and tight
Ope’ now wide and In awe ponder
Ponder the beauty bestowed…
Bestowed by her wondrous sight

Features carved as from precious Jade
Sensuous symmetry lightly laid
By artisan’s hand so light…
Profile proud, yet shyly shown
To be merely made of skin and bone
Ah…this creature whom I’m with tonight!

Does it show in my face aglow
The rush of delight. The pride?
My strutting stride, with her by my side
As we stroll out
and into the night.

Arm in arm, hand in glove
Awash in starlight and love
Am I smitten? Have I been bitten,
By a love bug
This very night?

David Whalen

So…Bored! ! ! (and uninspired)

The answer’s not in
Jesus… nor is it in booze
The answer‘s in….You

I was good today
Tomorrow I’ll be better
After that…Can’t say

There is just so
Much that we know… that we don’t
know how much we know

Haikus…like salads
Only grace is…Filling a
Poet’s empty spaces

David Whalen

So…How went Your Wednesday?

So how was your Wednesday 10/13/10?
Did you get out of bed safely
Drink your coffee
and then

Read the paper, look at want ads
Feel sorry for yourself
Maybe want to go back
to bed again

bills piling up In a heap upon the table
Wondering which
to pay today
Or if you'll even be able

Well…believe it or not
Your life's pretty damn good
There's five young soldiers
Who'd trade places if they could

Let me introduce them:
Ray…Justin…Phil…Joe…and Vic

All Killed in action in %#$@*&ghanistan Wednesday 10/13/10

Marine Lance Cpl. Raymond L. A. Johnston 22 yrs young Midland Ga.
Cpl. Justin J. Cain 19 yrs young Manitowoc Wis.
Lance Cpl. Phillip Vinnedge 19 yrs young Saint Charles Mo.
Lance Cpl. Joseph E Rodewald 21 yrs young Albany Ore.
Pfc. Victor A. Dew 20 yrs young Granite Bay Calif.

I think their day was far worse than yours
For Wednesday was their day to die
And I wish that someone could give me
One good reason…For What…and why? ? ?

David Whalen

Sobering Reflections

'Look at those two
sad drunks ol' buddy'
One of these days,
that's what we could be'

My good ol' buddy snorted stout out his nose
Said 'That's the mirror behind the bar
That you're seein' you silly poof!
You're lookin' at you and me! '

David Whalen

Social people...morning coffee

Six A. M...morning cuppa coffee
Same old people…same old place

Morning s greeting's, sleepily carefree
Tossed at one another, with careless grace

Rattle of morning paper… new day.. same old news
Coffeehouse camaraderie, over steaming cups of 'Joe'

Nice place to chase away the blues…..with
Fraternal feelings from people we barely know

Just a social group…of morning people
Treating one another with social grace

Jobless…but not hopeless
Same old people…same old place

David Whalen

Soft Murmuring Sound

Soft murmuring sound

A soft murmuring sound,
From a deep hidden place
Perpetual pulsing
Never stopping to rest

Never given to pause
Oft-time given to race
This most sensual organ
Enclosed in sanguine breast

Tis truth, it can shatter
Yet remain tearfully intact
 burst with pride and affection
And in anger react

Able to flutter
Able to ache
Able to pine
Able to break

no sensory cells
Has this wondrous thing in our chest
Yet this soft murmur of sound
Gives us soul…and we’re blessed

David Whalen

Song Of Winter

Bare branches clicking together
Winter snapping it’s fingers
To a song composed by Nature
Sung by winds garbed in
White robes of snow

Choral composition
Season of transition
Music swirls all about us
Yet…given not
To Man to know

A song unheard…
Except by Angels
To mere mortals
E’er unknown
Of Winter days that
in most marvelous ways
Make one want to
…write a poem…

David Whalen

Spare A Moment

Have you looked up
At the sky today
Cast more than a glance
At the heavens perchance
Or gone about your usual way

Have you raised your face
To the Sun’s warming grace
Have you given
The morning’s dew it’s due
Have you hearkened to the sound
Of birdsong all around
Paid heed
To the Mourning Dove’s coo

When was the last time
You saw the Big Dipper
Seriously watched the Sun
Set and rise
Observed motes of dust…
A long time ago I trust
Since you truly used
And amused your eyes

I f you’ve not done (decently)
At least just one (recently)
Of these simple, Human pleasures
Then you’re only persisting
In the act of existing
And missing out, on Life’s treasures

Shed the bonds of daily duty
Partake a bit of Nature’s beauty
Spare just a moment or two let’s say…
Look at the flower, feel the cosmic power
When you look into
…the sky today…

David Whalen

Speaking of shopping

Speaking of shopping…

My wife is the best
shopper in town

At shopping
there’s no woman greater

She’ll buy anything marked…
up or down

Just last week
she bought an escalator

David Whalen

Spirit

I'm the presence you sense
when there's no one around
I'm the whisper you hear,
when there is no sound

I'm the place where things go
When dropped on the floor
I'm the secret repository
Of things to be seen ne'er more

I'm the unexplained chill
That one feels late at night
I'm that unremembered dream
That awakes you in fright

I'm that sense of forbidding
That primitive feel
When the hair on your neck
Stands up cold as steel

I'm that aura around you
That mist felt, but ne'er seen
That brings to your skin
A cold clammy sheen

I'm that shadow you see
From the corner of your eyes
The faint voice that you hear
Or do they both whisper lies?

I'm perhaps antimatter
From another dimension
Conjoined to your presence
In a Quantum suspension

I'm the one in the mirror
That stands just behind
I'm the one that cohabits
The deeps of your mind

I'm a free spirit, I belong
to no one and no place
I'm one with all people,
I'm time…I am space...

And you are...all mine

David Whalen

Spooky kids...Familiar faces

I see ghosts…
Ghosts in my grand
And grandkid's eyes

I see traces
of my mother and father's faces
In their tears when they cry

There's a ghost
Of Grandmaw's humour
That peeks out when they smile

There's a spooky look
Of Grandpaw's wrinkled face
That pops out once in a while

There's that open grin
That cute cleft chin
That all their uncles had

There's that impish look
My brother took when he knew
He was being bad

There's a haunting hint
A familiar glint in those young eyes
Of faces that I can see

And the scariest part
That breaks my heart
Is that sometimes… they look like me

David Whalen

Spring is...

Pastel blue eggs in robin’s nest
Spring breeze blows softly from the west

Kneading ripples on languid lake
Teasing rain for greening fields to slake

Pregnant buds on Dogwood trees
Future forage for yet unborn bees

More days of warmth, less days of cold
More fields of green, less fields of gold

Frogs emerge from hibernation
Black eyes gaping wide in fascination

At dragonflies with iridescent wings
At fiery colours, incandescent things

Tadpoles, crawdads, Mayflies, midges
Spider eggs, baby bats, neath rusty rural bridges

Stunningly silent explosion of beauty,
Blossoms and fragrances, intoxicatingly fruity

Such an extraordinary, yet ordinary thing
Uncommonly common… season of Spring

David Whalen

Spring Soliloquy to Allergy

Powdered gold of pollen
Hanging lazily in the sun

Shaken loose from pungent blossoms
Gilding silken webs…newly spun

 Tis the fairy dust
Of the newborn season

And the most likely reason
For all my sneezing’

…Spring…

David Whalen

Spring...

I know that springtime
Is out there. The smell of snow
melt is in the air

David Whalen

Springtime and Old Irishmen

As an Irishman,
tis my prerogative
To be an authority on all things
Great and small

As an "old" Irishman
it's my fate
Of late (and as always)
To simply know it all

As an old Irishman of visage worn
Of craggy face, rheumy blue eyes
With clothing crudely rent and worn
Prone to ale, stout and whisky sighs

As an old wise, wizened Irishman
Who loves the winter as a wondrous thing
But as sure it is, I'm an old Irishman
I treasure most…the Irish Spring

As a wise, wizened, oft inebriated Irishman
Given well to know that one's only given so many things
I relish the pleasure of the Springs I have left
Until this old wrinkled Irishman takes wing

As when this old Irishman
leaves the moor and the glen
There's but a few things I'll rue
To not see nor to hear once again

ne'er again see na' more The hind end of Winters…
ne'er hear "Danny boy" pluck again at me heartstrings…
And Na' more to smell the cold Irish sea
Nor know the fresh faces of fine Irish Springs

David Whalen

Springtime Breeze

An errant breeze
Carried the sweet scent
Of Honey locust blossoms

My attention caught
I raised my head
To inhale deeply

And I thought
“how many people
Walk in beauty? ”

And never even
Raise their head
To seize

The Spring…
 the blossoms…
The scent,

Of honey locusts blossoms
Carried on
An errant Springtime breeze

David Whalen

Springy Phrases

What is this sound
So sharp and so clear
That tickles and titillates
Against my ear

What tis it that causes
My spirits to sing
What could it be
This most miraculous thing

What is that makes me
feel so alive again
After an infernal winter
That seemed without end

After the ice and the freezing
And the frost bitten fingers
What is that crisp new sound
That echoes and lingers

What could it be
That makes me feel so full of hope
What could it be that
Makes me feel and act like a dope

What is this gentle sound
That Fractures fearsome, frozen rivers
this soft sibilant sound
That gives surcease to my shivers

What is that sound that
makes me feel like I'm ten again
I think that I know now…
It's an old, long lost friend

What is this wondrous noise
and clamorous din
That makes my heart take wing

It could only be
what we've wanted, you see
The noisy thing that is breaking ….is Spring!

David Whalen

Squirt a Little Seltzer

When life gets too serious
When the fun seems to have flown
When mystery's no longer mysterious
When the daily grind has ground to the bone

Just….
Sing a little song
Dance a little dance
Squirt a little seltzer
Down your pants

And if there's no light
At the end of the tunnel
If you feel squeezed e'er so tight
As if poured through the end of a funnel

Just…
Stick a big red ball on the end of your nose
Paint a big red smile to the tip of your eye
Stand on one foot and strike a ridiculous pose
Plop your face smack into a big ol' cream pie

When life makes you just want to lie in bed
When makin' a livin' seems impossibly tough
When feelin' kinda green about bein' in the red
You've got to do as I do and say "enough is enough"

And just…
Sing a little song
Do a little dance
Spritch a little seltzer
Down your pants

David Whalen

Started Out With Nothin'

You lose a little bit of something’
Somewhere along the way

Perhaps a little more, than just a little bit,
Mayhaps someone would say

A lot indeed, but did you truly need
The most of what you lost?

And did you truly want, what you finally got
And just what was the cost?

Be careful what you wish for…
So the saying goes

You might get it, and regret it
And end up paying through the nose

I yearned for a lot and that’s just what I got
And being flush, just left me flat

Now I yearn for nothing
And feel quite content because….

I started out with nothing ….
And I still got most of that!

David Whalen

Strangers Once Again

Shy glances from o’er ones shoulder
Longer looks that become bolder
Grade school crushes, Painful blushes
Turn to longing… as one grows older

Strangers still (but not for long) …

Hanging out on mid-summer night
A game of tag, A touch so slight
A mad dash away, but not too fast
Mutual wishes… for the night to last

Total strangers? (Not anymore!)

Late Moonlit night,
Bedecked in magic mist
shared pilfered cigarette
First shared stolen kiss

Strangers no more (But not quite lovers yet)

Drive-in movies, cuddlin’? Yup!
Watchin’ each other, not the screen
Makin’ moves, feelin’ grown up
Only get one time to be a teen

Strange to be apart (bereft when we are)

Quick drive out of state
Taking vows before a justice of the peace
Quick decision, (cause she’s late)
Doin’ the right thing. That’s what they think at least

Strange to be an adult. (much less a parent to be)

Entry level job, minimum wage
Diapers and tantrums, daydreams and debt
Ofttimes seem not to be on the same page
Still feelin’ the glow…and yet

Strange to be middle-aged

Kids are of an age
Where their constant condition
Seems to be only of rage
In their time of transition

Stranger still (the going downhill)

Kids gone now

Ardour slowing
Seems somehow
Less affection showing

Strange changes (in trust and in faith)

Going separate ways
More often it seems
No longer sharing
Similar dreams

Stranger still, that coldness creeps in

That the love and the trust…
wither slowly away
Weather into dust as gently
As night… turns into day

Stranger by far

From strangers to lovers
Is the life circle we close
From lovers ‘neath covers
to “what God only knows? ”

Strange indeed!

Is the course of one’s life
The path on which we wend
The curious way that husband and wife
Change and become

strangers again...

David Whalen

Stream Of Consciousness

Stream of consciousness

Thoughts that come at random
With no foresight and no plan
My fingers type at their own volition
With no structured idea at hand

I live in an environment of inquietude
In an ambiance of unease and perhaps fear
There's a weight upon my forehead
A sense of loss of things I hold dear

Today's a day much like any other
I read, I eat, yet feel so incomplete,
 and blandly smiling at me in calm so replete
On my desk, photos of sisters and brother

Just to sit and compose idle randomness
At my desk, takes my mind away for a bit
Yet at the back of my mind sits emptyness
 And knowing I cannot escape from it

This bit of inane exposition
Is from my fingers and not of my mind
I try to stop all conscious thought
And let my fingers write blind

My busy fingers put a name
To unconscious sentiments so sad
 Stream of consciousness
says more of the same…and that..
I'm slowly going mad

David Whalen

Stroke of Lightning

In Truth…

I leaned much more on you
Than ever you did on me
The stronger of the sexes is
By far the weaker emotionally

As in the forest the mighty Oak
That seemingly shelters the smaller trees
Must suffer the mortal lightning stroke
That brings it to it's knees

So do I now…like the mighty Oak
Lean much more on you… than ever you on me?
And was I ever, truly the stronger…
Or twas that I only seemed to be?

David Whalen

Stupidity... Ripple... and Me

My fellow Americans...

If I read any more
About us going to war
In some god forsaken nation

Where they want us to leave
Even before we arrive
I'll say this without hesitation

Let's fix America first
Put our money to work
Let's let America be our prime vocation

And if I read any more
About us startin' another war
I know what I'm gonna do without a doubt

I think I'll slip a nipple
On a bottle of Ripple
And drink my friggin' brains out

David Whalen

Suggestive Haikus

Write often…post less
when post, you do… make sure to…
Only post your best

(and then hit delete…
I repeat… “hit delete”… get
Rid Of all the rest) ! ! !

David Whalen

Sunset

Wan shades
of carmine and carnelian
Dying in a sunset’s
languid demise
The flame of pink,
the smoke of lavender
Grudgingly giving rise…to
Final feeble glowing light
of velvety purple
Then to Ebon soot of night

David Whalen

Surf Eternal

An endless parade
Foam tipped waves
rocks battered endlessly
Rank seaweed…
dank caves

Once majestic
trees of seaweed
Now become horizontal
Lines drawn in the sand

Tern tracks imprinted
as hieroglyphs
Upon pristine
Sand Papyrus

Plovers chase the sea away
Turn and stand about
The sea returns…
To chase the terns
Who in turn…
Chase the sea back out

David Whalen

Surreality

Empty space, time and dimensions
A place Where clocks have no value
and time no meaning
A place in the mind
with no geographical measures and bonds
The province of fools
and those seeking redemption
Too much explanation,
too much rationalization,
And the world of empty ambition
from which there's no rest
A place of chaos, confusion and panic
In the roseate brilliance from fiery forges
Or dim lit sky… bisected by silhouettes of birds
Where the pull of a thread
Unravels the sweater
And chains chatter coldly
Upon hollow flagpole
Where sands are etched in hieroglyphs
By footprints and talons
And smiles are as brittle as broom straws.
Wherein your pulse is akin
To the sound of a kettledrum
A drear place where sharks circle
With cold patient eyes
And the music is the creaking
Of weather bleached windmills
Tilted in terminal space
Of shadows pooled in dark, dank places
And lights, like both blades of razors, and
Glows of candles in graveyards at night
Slick pools of greasy mirages,
Places of light smudged with fog
Empty spaces….Endless time
Infinite dimensions…
…of time and spaces…

David Whalen

Sweet Addiction

Tulips…Eurasian herbs
With deep shaped cup
Close kin of Lilies
From which hummingbirds sup

Begonias…. tropical herb,
showy flowers, waxy leaves…
Besieged by legions
of honeybees

Roses…often climbing shrubs…
Fragrant blossoms filling noses
Divided leaves, prickly stems
Varietal colored, bed of roses

Lavender…Mediterranean mint
Pale purple colour
Heady perfume, to scent
Bed linen and cover

Flowers, blossoms
Predilections
Scent and sight…
Sweet addictions

Dizzying choices,
A lie down in repose
The best place to compose in…
Is no bed of roses

David Whalen

Sweet Lucy

I can hear those bedsprings a'squeakin'
From halfway down the block
And how come it gets so quiet, lil' mama,
When my key rattles in the lock

"You say you ain't misbehaving" sweet Lucie
But that ain't the answer I want
Who's that going out the back door lil' mama
Whenever I come in the front?

How come your hair's so pretty
How come you got gloss on your lips
How come's your eyes are all mascarey
Why's there sweaty fingerprints on your hips?

I beginning to suspect you might be cheatin'
Imma beginning' to have my doubt
Imma beginning' to wonder who's comin' in Sweet mamma
The minute I'm goin' out

I know this ol' dog shouldn't be out wagging his tail
Getting' drunk til' three in the A.M
But when I come home and you ain't alone
All I wanta say is DAYUM!

Woman why can't you understand
That you all on this earth to please us
Don't wanna cause a ruckus or have to raise my hand
Imma religious man, "Sweet Jesus"

Sweet Lucie, I know Imma a little man
And sometimes I'm not so hot
But what's just a little bit to you, lil' Mama
To another could be a whole lot

So let's both of us stop misbehaving' Lil' Mama
Maybe that's what we both of us want
So there won't be anybody sneakin' out the back door
Whenever I'm comin' in the front!

David Whalen

Sweet Temptation

Curly fringes
of yellow Roses
Nestled deep in Garden’s clutch
Tug insistent upon bumblebee noses
Teasing them in with temptress touch

Covert trade…
Golden pollen for golden nectar
In transaction to them known not as such
With siren song and no hint of hector
A touch of sweetness…but not too much

David Whalen

Take a word and wrap a poem around it

Take a word and…
Wrap a poem around it

Take a precious phrase
And weave it within

Take profound prose
And allow it to abound in it

Take pride in what you've written
And what you've written…Will be read
again and again

What better legacy could one leave
Than words that last forever

Just Take a word
and wrap a poem around
And you'll be forgotten….
never

David Whalen

Take Me

Take me…
Take me away.

Into your world
By the words that you say

Sweep me up
In your imaginations

Allow me to see
Your poetic fabrications

You know you want it…
You wantonly wish that I may

heed you…read you
And go all the way

Into private rooms
Deep within your mind

Places proffered shamelessly
To all manner, ilk and kind

You allow access to readers…
Be they all total strangers

Ever Shielded from contact…
From intimate dangers

Don’t deny you take pleasure..
From the comments you get

Don’t forgo the treasure
Of the kind words…and yet

You’re leading me into
The keeps of your mind

Guiding me knowingly
As one would the blind

So Take me and teach me
I’ve no more to say…except

Write beautifully, poetically
Let your words lead me astray

I’m open to anything
Take me away

David Whalen

Taste of honey

A heavenly hint
And scent…
Of blue and white clover

Mixed within the morning dew
Wrapped within
and over

With just a tweak…
Not strong nor meek
Of musky Morning Glorys

Threaded though…
with morning dew
A tasty tale of stories.

Lilies lend a heavy hand
With just…
a nose of roses

buried deep…fuzzy faces
In flowers sweet private places
Strike most ridiculous poses

That buzzy bees…
with powdered knees
tiny creatures though they be

Can take dust of pollen
From fragrant flowers
And do such amazing alchemy

Heavy wine, of bush and vine
Perfect mix…
not thick… nor runny

Beautiful blend
of sultry summer nights
And days… cloudy… and sunny

Natures nostrum…God’s delight
It seems at times…
almost funny

To brew liquid gold in waxy vats
So that young and old
Can savor… sweet taste of honey

David Whalen

Teardrops And Raindrops

It’s so hard
To tell
Raindrops from teardrops

When you’re cryin’ in the rain

Do you wipe away
A raindrop
That’s fallen from the sky

When you’re cryin’ in the rain

Or do you wipe away
A tear
Fallen… from your eye

It’s not only by
 The seasoning
of saline alone

When you’re cryin’ in the rain

It’s not only by
The reasoning
That each one of us has known

That you know it’s not
The issue
From the sky

And you know
It’s from both
Your heart, and from your eye

For when you’re
Truly cryin’
in the rain

You’ll taste the tears
And feel like dying
From the pain

It’s so hard…so, so hard
To tell
The raindrops from teardrops

When you’re alone…
Alone cryin’…
…Alone cryin’ in the rain…

David Whalen

Teardrops and valentines

I awoke last night
In broken heart city
I had a dream last night
But didn’t dream it was true

Cause it just wasn’t right
And it sure wasn’t pretty
I dreamt the door opened
And a shadow went through

There was a note on my pillow
 Beneath a single red rose
And somehow I knew then
That it was the shadow of you

You left a truck-load of hurt
Parkin’ on my heart…
You took my valentine day
And you tore it all apart

So it wasn’t just a dream
It was the real thing this time
And all I have left now, is a rose and a note
And a tear-stained, …farewell valentine

David Whalen

Tears That Fall Like Rain

Tears of joy and happiness
Trace cross one's cheek
When love fills one's heart

But the other kind
Can sting and blind
When love breaks it apart

The other kind
is kin to naught
but sorrow and of pain

Gives only rise
to red-rimmed eyes
And tears that fall like rain

David Whalen

Tell Me If You Know

I am as transient as,
And no more enduring…
Than the life and times
of the smallest insect
I am as gentle
as the feathered kiss
Of a capricious butterfly
…So what am I? …

As only shadows
are want to know
I come and go…
With easy ebb
and fluid flow
As hard to contain
As a handful of quicksilver
I slip through fingers
like moon’s mercury glow
So just what am I
…Do you know? …

David Whalen

Temporality

Man might as well write on water
As engrave on stone
For his words…
in the grand, universal scheme of things
last no longer than does the
…flesh and bone…

David Whalen

Tender Mercies, Gentle Touch

Little kids, needles, scary places
Doctors, nurses, with smiling faces
Strange bed, strange sound
Spooky environs all around

Pokes and prods, pink flowered gown
Tender mercies, gentle touch
Thank goodness mom is stickin' round
Else this scary place would be waaay too much!

Toy placed in tiny hand
Gatorade given to drink
Young minds come to understand
This is not so bad! (ya' think?)

Soon the aches and nose so stuffy
Give way to the nurses loving care
Eyes once teary, red and puffy
Sparkle anew and shine so fair

They leave with smiles on timid faces
All better now! No longer sick!
Soothed by nurses caring graces
That helped make the time pass so quick

R, N.'s and Docs: such busy people!
Yet they take the time and give so much
And the most precious gift from these busy people?
Open hearts, acts of caring kindness
…Tender mercies, Gentle touch…

Dedicated to all caregivers
But especially the great people at
Pediatrics E.R. U.M.C Las Vegas Nevada

By David Whalen

David Whalen

Terminal Loneliness

One of the loneliest feelings
in this world

And one that’s always sure
To defeat you

Is to walk off of an airplane…
Late at night

And there’s no one…
There to greet you

David Whalen

That elusive perfect poem

Some day I'll write one…
That won't garner great numbers
Yet will linger in hearts…and
Rest sweetly on one's lips

A poem that readers
will want to come back to
A poem that readers will savor
Tasting, …In long, sensuous sips

A poem that warms one's cockles
Makes one lean back and smile
Makes one glad to have read it
To enjoy my writing…for a while

Maybe place it in their favorites
Hopefully, at least… keep in their hearts
Repeat to themselves favorite phrases
All my descriptive and alliterative parts

Better to have written
Just that one special poem
That could arouse great emotion
Than to write many… that arouse it in none

I have not yet accomplished it
And by me, this feat may ne'er be done
The perfect poem yet eludes me…
Yet I hope… some day I'll write one

David Whalen

That's Life

One thing about life
That will never change is that
Life will always change

David Whalen

The Age of Fall

A time when things material
begin to have little… or no
Import at all

A time closely akin to Nature’s transformation
From verdant summer green
To roseate and redolent Fall

A season in life…
as much a reason in Nature
When retrospection and reappraisal…

like falling leaves…
settle softly…subtly
On each one and all

A season when sentiments
of sincerity, and satisfaction
Reign supreme

As inevitably as soft blankets of leaves
And inexorable incursions
Of fall’s ice upon streams

A time of looking back o’er shoulder
No concern to what
Lies ahead

A time of taking stock of how life…like leaves
Has fallen about you and humbled
Your weary head

A time of peace…in both meadows and mind
Of qualities shared equally…
By both in kind

Ageing and Fall…times of hesitation
To look back upon…wistfully..
Your Summers and Spring

Of blossoming trees…and of fond memories
That only Ageing…
And fall can bring

David Whalen

The American Dream

Things I'd like to see

A congressman with cojones
A president with pride
A government less regulated
And no agendas to hide

American children having enough to eat
Less homeless families living on the street
Senators and congressmen taking the places
In war of all of our young boys of all races

Jobs that pay a little less in some cases
So those same jobs aren't exported to other places
Tighter borders, to keep out the ones
who only enter this country to bear daughters and sons

C, E, O's that refuse that huge bonus
And take huge pay cuts instead
Oil rigs drilling to remove the onus
Of the Arabian axes that hang over our head

Young Americans in college, instead of in khaki
Politicians who care instead of acting wacky
Our troops being put only on an American shore
To die wantonly, wastefully, nevermore

How to see these thing?

Bring our boys home. NOW!
Keep them home. FOREVER!
Keep our jobs home. NOW!
Keep U.S dollars home. FOREVER!
No more foreign aid. EVER!
Legal immigration only. RIGHT NOW!
Let all countries pursue their own fate. HOWEVER!
Elect only politicians who put America first. FOREVER!
Build and maintain an invincible military. ON THIS CONTINENT ONLY!
Never again enter an unwinnable war. DON'T EVEN ENDEAVOR!
Put our education system and children first. PLEASE ENDEAVOR!
Never let a millionaire or national company pay less taxes than your average citizen. NEVER!

Will we see these reasonable, righteous things in our lifetimes?

Nope! …No way in hell! …Never, never ever!

David Whalen

The bear truth, bees, toilet water and batteries

People think I'm simple
Could be, but I don't care

I'm gonna keep right on thinking that…
bi-polar Means a gay polar bear

And what's this with B batteries?
I always thought they wuss..

The thing that keeps them bees up in the air
And makes that cute lil' buzz

David Whalen

The Blue Nowhere

Afloat and adrift
In the “blue nowhere”
Amongst nebulous nothingness
Yet anxious to share

To dwell in anonymity
Yet not in close proximity
Giving unusual free rein
To things usually unshared

Words put in prose
sent into the blue
In poems that are proposed
To be read by you

Anonymity is blindness
Nonconformity a kindness
So we cast our emotions
On ethereal oceans

Set afloat and adrift
In the “blue nowhere'

David Whalen

The coldest of the cold?

A greedy person’s Cold ambition
Or could it be Cold windy nights
The pureness of Cold clear water
Or the alien aspect of Cold neon lights

The careless Cold shoulder
The unfeeling Cold heart
The curse of Cold nature
Cold hands held apart

Could it be Cold feet
Could it be cold fears
Could it be cold weather
Or icy cold ears

Even above cold blood…
Even above… being apart
My choice of all, above, Would be
the unfeeling…of a cold, cold heart

David Whalen

The 'David O' Investment Plan (for newlyweds)

Valuable financial lesson

Some young folks immersed in newly wedded bliss
Sometimes lack long-term financial sense
And if I didn't give advice, I'd be sadly remiss
So this sage pearl of wisdom, I hereby dispense

Part One:
Put a large piggybank at the side of your bed
And each time you complete a bit of consummation
Be sure to dropp a quarter into the pig's head
Before dropping into the sleep of carnal relaxation

Do this bit of bouncy, with avid eager delight
For five or ten years, as young folks happily do
But just don't forget, at each and every night
To put a quarter in the piggybank too.

Part Two
After five or ten years take a quarter out
Each and every time you do the mattress mambo
And soon you'll discover what I'm talking about
It's not just a bunch of mumbo-jumbo

It's my investment plan I proudly call "Piggy and nooky"
And it works both for husband and wife
It works so darn well that it's almost spooky…and
I guarantee you'll have cash for the rest of your life

David Whalen

The Decline Of Man (And The Rise Of Women)

Throughout the ages until the recent day
Strength and size ruled the world
But those times have long passed away

The days when women truly needed men
Were all the norm back then
Now gone Ne'er to be back again

Machines that farm and till our land
Can make our goods much faster than
The hand of any common working man

It's the age of women (perhaps long overdue)
It's machines and technology and many
Men have no clue

So now it's become a world of finesse
Where strength and size
Could matter less

There's a sea-change come upon the land
Where there's no need
For strong back or hand

That women are as able and probably more so
To push the buttons program the computers
That make our modern world go

For every two men who have a degree
The number of women that do
Add up to three

For every four men who are the boss
There's now five women in charge
"What'cha think of that "hoss? "

Women now, in many cases, raise our kids alone
And these erstwhile, dependent ladies (now quite independent)
Are oft' the only parent in the home

So the times they are a'changin' guys
And personally, I think it's quite a feat
That women are becoming the strong and wise
And we're becoming obsolete!

David Whalen

The Face Of God

Sometimes when I see
The smile of a child
Or perceive the look of love
In a loved one’s eyes

Or when I look o’er
Fields and forests wild
And watch mist
Take form and rise

When I see the sea
Observe the eternal tide
Or watch the seabirds
Silent glide

When I have cold water
And food to partake
Warm bed-partner
By my side

When I see the sun
Give birth to dawn
The moon give light
To the night

See silent lightning
Storms afar
I imagine Angels
Taking flight

Though I’m far
From a religious man
Oft-times these events
Strike me as rather odd

It’s as if I sense
A soothing hand
As if I’ve truly touched
…The face of God…

David Whalen

The glow in the fog and mist

The spectral glow of a bobbing lantern
As if tossed upon a stormy sea

Appearing..then fading anon, absorbed
In foggy essence, to fade again so feebly

Once more, ere sinking in finality
Into the quicksand of mist

Mere glow of candle, so dear to see
Seen now…then not, …with capricious twist

The spectral light, drifts through the night
As a ghost through fog and mist

Through ribs of rain, the tremulous light
Chills the brain, befogs the sight

Dimly lit, by lanterns in the mist
Dark clouds upon the soul this night

Fog is the dark abode of lost souls
Who wander without rest with lantern high

The mist, the breath, of hollow death
The fog, the food, on which to persist

Tis best my friend, not to be, nor ne'r to see….
The glow in the fog and mist

David Whalen

The Good Lord Is Irish

Twas in a wee little kirk
Nestled deep in the heather
Where leprechauns lurk
mid fog and brash weather

Where wee Father Flanagan stood
Attired in black coat and white collar
Aponderin' evil and good
E' twas Five foot two and na' taller

Aponderin' the warld'
and to how it might end
And how things might unfarl
When tis gone round the bend

"Oh dear Lard, how twillit be when we go?
Twill all be gone, or will yet some linger? "
To which the Lard replied in voice soft and low
"suure and I'll show ye my son, just pull my finger.

David Whalen

The Gravity of Blood

The gravity of blood
Holds tight the satellites
Of family and
The ties that bind

Free will… be an illusion
An orbit of confusion
For the gravity of blood
Tis not random… nor tis blind

In the end we're naught but copies
Cast afar in the familial flood
Rejoined anon by the cosmic eddies
And the gravity of blood

David Whalen

The Heavy Weight of Addiction

What is that voice
That I hear calling to me

What is that sound
That echoes in my ear

What is that refrain
That lures and taunts me

That siren like sound
That dwells in my ear

What is that attraction
That I constantly feel

That has no real substance
Yet seems so solidly real

What is that emptiness
That seems deep inside me

What is this weight
that bears down on my hips

What is that dire voice
That beckons to me

That causes this quiver
of my drooling lips

What causes this dark need
 Is become plain to see

Methinks the answer
lurks in my cabinet

That has my mind
in it’s ravenous grips

Methinks it’s the unopened
bag of kettle fried…

Hawaiian style
garlic and onion chips

David Whalen

The Long Way Home

Tiny squeaks from the snow
As if I'd stepped
upon a mouse

The temperature hovers at zero
A walk sounded nice…
Before I left the house

I gave it thought
For about a moment
Trying to decide…yes or no

But a long look
out the window
made me bundle up and go

The bare limbs and sere winds
Beckoned me deep
into the woods

While the piquant prickle
Of pins and needles
Bade me snugly pull up my hood

I thought only to take
A short brisk
Moonlight walkabout

But the blue of the moon
Highlighting crystals of snow
Gave me pause as to why I was out

I embraced the cold, kissed the wind,
Held the moon… and felt the snow
As my own

I inhaled deeply of the winter
Looked back at my warm abode
And decided instead…to take

…the long way home…

David Whalen

The Man At The Bar

The Man At The Bar

I saunter toward the bar of my neighborhood tavern
For my weekly libation and some solitude in reading.
Tinseled ads dangle down like stalagtites in dim cavern
In this dark refuge, where world's woes, no one's heeding

At the bar sit's a man alone, o'er long necked bottle, working-mans hands hover
Eyes unfocused, staring unseeingly, deep into space
While I, a book in one hand and cash for my pint in the other
Wait for my drink, when I sense his sad gaze drift round to my face

The palpable pull of his gaze makes me turn, nod politely and say "hi"
And his eyes slowly shift down to the book in my clasp
"Sir, " said he, "might I have a peek at your book? " A reticent request, soft as a sigh
"of course, " said I, and placed my dog-eared edition in his work-calloused grasp

A quick, cursory page riffling, then a wry wrinkled look
The tattered book proffered back to me with a sad sibilant sigh
"Ya know, " he said to me "I can't read a damn word in that book? "
Embarrassment, mixed with defiance, in his averted, anguished eye

Squaring his shoulders as if shaking off a great leaden burden
Turned once more to me, and continued his confessional tale
My ale, slow arriving gave me time to pay full attention
And his long moored frustrations, once untied took full sail

"Dropped out of school quite young, "he said
 "a waste of his time, " he thought then
"Had he the wisdom then, that now had home in his head
He would have better used, the book and the pen"

Peeling the label from the brown bottle in his clutch
While staring at the now, but more likely looking back at his past
Said he could read "Walmart, " "stop" and "yield" and the such
But the people around him, always found him out at last

Said he always got by doing menial jobs and hard labor
Raised a fine family by the sweat of his brow
But the one thing he lacked, and never would savor
Was to read to his kids, and in turn teach them how

The barmaid approached, my popcorn and ale on a tray
I paid my tab and placed my hand on his shoulder
I briefly told him of the many reading programs available today
And not let the desire to read, simply grow older

As I, with contented sigh, settled into my secluded, corner booth
Ready and eager to forage anew, through fictions and dominions
I glanced up before reading, and felt the pangs of a sad, somber truth
That my new friend had many hidden, and unknown companions

The plight of this man, and the too many just like him
Evoke pity and admiration, both in their turn
How sad to be locked in a non-reading prison
Oh what one can miss, when one fails to learn

David Whalen

The Midas Touch

I thought that I'd like
Having the "Midas Touch'

But in truth there's
nothing tougher

For everything
I touch, you see

Turns into a
#$*@#^ muffler

David Whalen

The most boring poem in the world

Do you put your cart before the horse
Do you cast pearls before swine
Do you let things run their course
Are you just in the nick of time

Is it out of the frying pan
Or over the rainbow
Is it water under the dam
Is it what you say or what you know

Are you Under the weather
Or are you up and away
Is it age before beauty
Is it time to make hay

Put your nose to the grindstone
Are your Boots on the ground
If your foots in your mouth
Where's your tongue to be found

Got your back to the wall
Got your Tit in a wringer
Are you Over the hill
Are you still a humdinger

Is it Much ado about nothing
Are you over the hump
On pins and needles
Or down in the dump

Are you over the moon,
Or Up the creek
Down the tubes
Or clumsy as a geek

Are you down on your luck
Or are you up and away
Are you Through and through
Or king for a day

Out of luck
Are you under the gun
Into the fire
Or are you under the sun

At this point I've got to tell you my friend
You really must be dumb as a clam
If you read this to the very end
You're even more boring than I am

David Whalen

The next to last pew

An old man was at church last Sunday
He sat in the next to last pew
I slid into the seat right next to him
And gave a him a friendly "hi-dee-do"

He gave me a nod with his time worn brow
Then swiveled his head all around
While his gaze sized up the parishioners
His ears seemed to soak up their sound

His sad gaze seemed to pick out each person
One by one, as he seemed to stare into their soul
To some he nodded, in an approving way
While to others his look was ice cold

I asked if he was a member of this church
I said I wasn't familiar with him, was he new?
He smiled a soft smile and shook his head no
Said "I'm here most of the time…
 here in this next to last pew"

I said "what do you think of our little church"
He rubbed his hands through his hair of silver grey
Looked deep in my eyes and gave a soft, sad sigh
And said "you may not like what I have to say"

He said " Son, I can see into the soul of these people
And to you, what I say is on the level"
That Most are fools in the eyes of the Lord
The rest are pawns in the hands of the devil

I looked all around at my fellow church-goers
Of whom he spoke, I knew of more than a few
And when I turned back to allow "that could be so"
I was all alone in the next to last pew!

David Whalen

The Oldest Love Poem In The World (4000 years old)

Written from a priestess to a king…4000 yrs ago

Bridegroom…dear to my heart
Goodly is your beauty
And honeysweet

You have captivated me
Let me stand trembling
before you

And I would be taken
To your bedchamber

Bridegroom…
You have taken
Your pleasure of me

Tell my mother…
She will give you
Delicasies

And my father
Will give you
gifts

Written over 4000 years ago-authoress unknown
From an ancient Sumerian Tablet unearthed in Nippur Iraq
Edited just slightly by David O
Could this first published poetess even have conceived
That her intimate poem would be read all over the world?
This is not plagiarism! (at least not strictly so)
I just wanted the oldest poet In the world to get her overdue credit
And also to see how this lady's poetry is received today.
Let me know if you agree with me that…
This lady knew how to write, especially given that poetry and writing itself were both in their infancy

David Whalen

The poetess, the moon…and the woods Pt1

A tear traced a path on her cheek in the moonlight
As her lips brushed the brow of her sleeping child

She stood still for a moment, with eyes closed tightly
Corners of lips pulled up… in a winsome smile

Strode heavily to the open window
 stared out into the woods, soft lit by the moon

Then with a sigh pulled down the window
And quietly tiptoed out of the room

Glanced in at her husband, long asleep in their bed
And in her mind gave him a kiss on the top of his head

Then sat at her desk and finished her poem
Sat back and reviewed it… one last time

It was about her life… and about her home
And about the glow of the woods in the moonshine

She nodded her head… as if in agreement
With the words that she had carefully, composed

Her finger touched "enter" with determined intent
Then her whole body slumped in repose

From the corners of her eyes, she saw the moon rise
Oe'r the woods from out of her window

A teardropp fell softly to her desk as she stood
And walked through the door for the very last time

She looked up at the moon and then strode into the woods
She had posted her last poem…her very last rhyme

David Whalen

The Poetess…the oak…the descent Pt 3

Deeper…darker,
the pull ever stronger
Girdling her arms…
tendrils of mist,

Toward a huge, hulking Oak,
seen dimly afar
Tugging her toward it,
unseen hands on her wrist

It stood alone in a clearing,
lit by gibbous moon
Long wide gash in it's flank,
from long ago lightning

The poet could feel coldness,
and knew all too soon
That what was to come,
would become much more frightening

The far distant cry
of her name in the night
Was riven to pieces
and blown away in the breeze

Her heart hammered hopelessly,
face frozen in fright
As our young lady poet, …
Entered… "the land neath the trees"

David Whalen

The Poetess…the woods…the mist Pt 2

The poet looked all about her,
in the moon glow so dim
Felt a slight tug…
as something pulled her… further within

First, , , hesitant steps…
with a look oe’r her shoulder
Back at the house
with it’s lights slowly dimming

The tenous pull
on her hands growing bolder
Her eyes torn away,
in tears… deeply brimming

Sepulchral black limbs
Spider close overhead
Vision shimmers and swims
In fear… and in dread

Is this poetic justice?
And if so…for what deed?
Was she being taken in malice
The pull Quickened…paying no heed!

faint, distant voices, calling her name
Made her try to stop…made her resist
But the unseen fantasm, tugged all the same
And pulled the Poet, yet deeper into the mist

David Whalen

The problem's in the knowin'

I just might have a big problem
in doin' what's exactly right
Even tho' I pretty much try
with all of my doggone might

Seem's as if It's in the knowin'
That I lack some social graces
And my embarrassment keeps ashowin' up
Like spinach stuck in your braces

Hell, I'm not a bad guy
I won't tell you that you're fat
That you're so far over the hill
That you'll never make it back

I might slip up
and tell a friend
Then he might tell
someone too
Then sure enough …
some of your bimbo friends
would repeat what I said about you

So I'mma thinking' that…
Doin' what's right's
 not the problem
The problem is knowin'
what's right to do

David Whalen

The Reaper Grim

<center<Twas only a blink
And nothing more
The thing I saw
At my front door

Twas more I think
Something dark as ink
That made the sound
At my front door

Peered through the slit
Of parted shade
Saw none of it
So then I made

To rattle loose
Both chain and lock
And peep through
Doorjamb crack

Saw naught upon
In the deep dark yawn
Yet still I cringed
Away and back

For I heard the toll
Of churchyard bells
I smelled the fetid
Smell of hell

The shuffling steps
Upon the stoop
A ragged breathing… then silence!
…nothing more.

Then my heart took wing
When that spectral thing
Oozed through my
Oaken door

And in that blink
Stole my soul…I think
Just that…
and nothing more

David Whalen

The truest test

The rest and the best
Of life yet lies before you
So many things to see
So many things to do

So many things to savor
To eyes open wide in wonder
Strange textures and new flavors
Old habits cast asunder

Age is of no matter
Be the spirit strong and true
For the very best, the truest test
Of life… yet lies before you

David Whalen

Their World, Not Ours

Their World, Not Ours (free verse)

Watching the doves and chickadees
From my patio,
 looking into another wild world
Wishing them to alight,
Like my parakeets, on my finger
Bringing back a precious memory
From my youth…

Out of the shade of the dense forest
And into a glade of soft grass
An unexpected dale of tranquility
Sun shining warmly through natures skylight
Into their world,
    not ours

My gun at rest on my shoulder
 eyes gazing in wonder
At this shallow valley, a sunlit Eden
within an Eden, with paw worn trails
To den entrances,
leading to their homes

My hunting partner follows and halts
staring with wide eyes at the beauty
At the sanctity of it all
 Rests his gun on shoulder as did I
And we see rays of sunlight piercing
As if through windows of a sylvan cathedral

Small saplings around glades edge
With small, white bones, adorning their branches
Placed by Vixens acting as exterior decorators
Exercising feral Feng Shui
Soft grass flattened in places
As if plush carpets for their kits to lie on

We walk to the center and gaze in wonder
Guns shouldered and forgotten
Slowly turn in religious rotation
No words are spoken
This is their world
    not ours

We are in someone else’s home
feeling strangely guilty, yet glad
That such a place as this exists, and
exists as if man
did not exist at all

Feeling as if anointed or blessed
 We smile at one another
 and we turn, as one,
again, without a word spoken
 We nod to each other and leave

Leaving nothing disturbed in that place
while taking away only stolen memories
To savor later on
Pleasurable contraband? Yes and no.

A gift from them
For leaving them alone,
 in fond remembrance,
In their world,
    not ours

David Whalen

There better be pizza

When I go that kingdom, high in the sky
When I shed life's coils, when I lay down to die

When my breath finally leaves me, with a last soft sigh
I'll go to my reward…and an eternity of hot Pizza pie

I pray that there's gonna be cheese filled crust
And piles of Pepperoni's a definite must

I wanna see oceans of melted Mozarella
An' don't be getting' stingy with the olives 'Big Fella'

Lots of angelic onions, bits of heavenly ham
Could even contain slices of spiritual spam

Some divine diced tomatoes, some holy Swiss cheese
I've been real religious Lord, and I'm beggin' you please

I better see hot cheese abubblin'
I implore you o' Lord to provide that rapturous smell

Buuuut…There had better be pizza in heaven
Or I'm gonna be raisin' some hell

David Whalen

Things Lost On Gossamer Wings

A small taste Of your lips
To remember
A small taste
So you would not forget

Remember me always
And ever
Remember me
And never regret

Remember the fleeting
Time that we had
Time that flew by
On gossamer wings

Memories so golden
So sweet and so sad
Of what time has stolen
Lost things…Lost things

David Whalen

Things New and Strange

All things, new and strange
To them must seem…I wonder…
What do babies dream?

David Whalen

Things that get better with age

There are not too many things
In this world
one can count on

To get better with age
As the clock
ticks sublime

But, for me, there are three
That I always
can count on

One is friendship,
another is a lady
who loves you and…

The Bee Gees,
who just get better
...with time...

David Whalen

Think First...

You can’t un-break a heart
Nor un-tell a lie

You can’t redo what’s been undone
No matter how you try

You can’t regain a trust
You can’t remake a friend

You can’t readjust reality
Nor start all over again

You can’t undissappoint
Nor can you uncare…tho

You could give righteous a shot
And see how you fare…

Because you can’t just un-forget
Nor can you be un-rotten

But you can go utterly, unforgiven…
And very easily forgotten!

David Whalen

This Is Just Stupid!

Whenever I feel sober
And Try to write
something serious

 Comments on my work
range from
‘stupid ‘to ‘silly’

So I’m gonna try
to write Somethin’
‘stupid and silly’

And perhaps the comments
Will say “Whoooa, dude
That’s way deep and mysterious! ”

David Whalen

Three essential things (American haiku)

Life…I could not stand
Without paper…a pen and…
A book in my hand

David Whalen

Three winter blues haikus

When will Winter leave?
Frost and ice, …no longer nice!
When will Spring return? ? ?

Why am we so glad
To see that first snow… and so
Glad to see it go?

Winter turns to Spring
Leaves returning to bud…and
Snow turning to mud

David Whalen

Through Infant's Eyes

Sights seen through infant’s eyes
Every sight a new surprise
Eyes gaping wide, eyebrows rise
Mouth an ‘O’…Surprise! Surprise!

Each day filled with new delights
Both small and large in size
All days new from dawn to night
With sights seen new
Through infant’s eyes

Motes of dust…
Be they Angel’s wings?
All things wondrous!
Wondrous things!
Sights seen
…through Infant’s eyes…

David Whalen

Through Walmart's Doors

A gaze within
A look without

At a blur of a throng
That moves about

Old… young
Fat… thin

Rushing home
Then back again

Eager faces,
 Ready checks

Fingers tight on
Back of children’s necks

Tugging at carts
Stuck tightly together

All dressed… all wrong
No matter the weather

Chinese products
Bought chop-chop quick

Out of date products
That makes them sick

A blur of humanity
An unending shout

River of people…
That flows in and out

In and out, …out and in
A blur…a river…a streak

Twenty four hours… each and every day
Seven days a week

David Whalen

Time is fleeting

Although my dearest beloveds
Have carried with them
A goodly portion
of my love and affections
My heart is not yet entirely
Locked within their coffins
And has still, (tho' direly diminished)
The enduring capacity to love…
And perhaps to be loved yet.
Tho' the key is now corroded
From abuse and misuse
And best be caressed
With a velvet glove
The locked keep
Tho' sequestered deep
Has space yet, for emotion
But can be unlocked only…
By love
My heart stays gamely beating
And my mind knows
Time is fleeting
And that the lock and key…
The very heart and mind
Of me
Will soon take flight
On the wings
of a snow white dove
And then I'll have
not to heed…
no longer will I need
Emotions such as love

David Whalen

To be a cloud

Bright and windy
Shape shifting
Patterns changing
Like flour sifting

Stormy and mild….upon
stage of open skies
Constant costume changes,
before one’s wondering eyes

Appearing…then disappearing
Houdini of the air
Here in one moment
And in the next…simply not there

Sun hider
Moon rider
Sky glider
Gentle…wild

Lightning tosser
Rain maker
High…low
Dramatic…mild

Blustery…billowy
Poofy…pillowy
Every day’s a good day
…to be a cloud...

David Whalen

To Be Blind…Yet Dream

To be blind
And yet to dream…
At first glance a contradiction
It would seem to be

A wondrous relief
From unending dark…
At least to the sighted
It would seem to be

But alas…the blind
Dream only of darkness
And know not of light
It would seem to be

Their dreams consist
Of sounds and sensations
Feelings, emotions,
Yet completely light-free

The dreams of the blind
Unlike yours and mind
Are without colour, or depth
Without height or breadth

Yet they dream
…Beautiful dreams…
Of imagined flowers,
of Fairyland towers

Of the scent and the feel
Of the wind and the rain
Of the hot feel of lust…
And the cool onset of dusk

Yet they do indeed dream
And are happy it seems
In an imaginative land
…Of blind dreams…

{footnote}
People who are blind from birth usually dream in the sense of this poem, while people who
Suffer blindness early in life dream as we do (colours and all) , but the faces, places and things in
Their dreams are forever fixed in time. Things never change and faces never age, so their loved ones
Stay young forever! (unfortunately, so do their not-so-loved ones)

David Whalen

To Chat with a Raven

Wind whispers through fingers
of ebony black pinions
Head cocked to watch me
as he drifts past my eyes

Apprising and appraising
My place in his dominion
Head cocked to watch me
As he effortlessly flies

To a graceful landing
Atop a lodge-pole pine
Then the head cocked again
Ebon eyes locked on mine

As if posing the question
Without uttering a word
What is your place here
In my world? …asked the bird

The question was stated
As a guttural squawk
Yet understood quite plainly
If one can parse Raven talk

On my precarious perch
On my pre-Cambrian ledge
I pondered the question
As I looked down at the sedge

Five hundred feet down the bottom lies
Perhaps a bit more… or less
I peered into the raven's obsidian eyes
And replied "not really sure, I confess"

Did I come here to leap
Did I come here to die
I was rather hoping
You could tell me why

He croaked, with a fluffing of feathers
"To leap, to die? no, not a reason so craven
The reason my son, and a very good one
Was your need to chat up a raven

David Whalen

Today I'll Look for Beauty

This Sunday morning
from my usual booth at McD's
I thought to look for something new
For which my eyes to please

I decided this day to look for beauty
In actions, form and graces
And as I gazed, I was amazed
At what I perceived in those faces

The little dark eyed Mexican girls
Of an age no more than three
With umber eyes and ebony curls
Stared wide-eyed back at me

I smiled at such a charming sight
They smiled right back at me
Their mother turned, in a bit of a fright
To see what their children could see

Then her quizzical look lost it's tension
At seeing naught but an old smiling man
The little girls, sharing nothing of mom's apprehension
Happily wiggled hello with all the fingers on both hands

In sharp contrast, at a small table, all alone
Sat a thin regal old lady (probably my age, truth be known)
She possessed that quality of being hewn from stone
That hieroglyphic quality of ancient queens on their throne

A thin nose, somewhat hooked with age
Flinty eyes, of a much faded blue
A woman who could have commanded a stage
T'was it not for a family and too much to do

But even given, the wrinkles and lines
That starburst out from her mouth and her eyes
Methinks they speak of beauty (tho crinkly in kind)
And make her e'en more pretty (at least to ol' guys)

What a contrast in beauty, before me today
The loveliness of the aged, so obvious to see
And the beauty of the children that will graciously change
Into the beauty of women of a certain age

My butt's getting tired, coffee's all drunk
Enough with my thinking, I must be up and without
Perhaps by this noon I'll be drunk as a skunk
And then I'll have something else to go on about

David Whalen

Today I'm Gonna Be...

Today….

I’m not gonna think
any negative thoughts

I’m not gonna get
Down in the dumps

I’m not gonna be
 the least bit sad

I’m not gonna just sit back
And take my lumps

I’m gonna see
the bright side of everything

I’m gonna smile
at everyone I meet

I’m gonna listen close
And hear the birds sing

I’m gonna smell the roses
I’m gonna feel my heartbeat

Today I’m just gonna be my own man
Today I got nothing’ to lose

Today I wantta be…Today I’m gonna be!
Just what I darned well choose!

And I’m gonna be happy!

David Whalen

tomorrow will be a good day to die

Buckskin brown eyes stare deep into the fire
Leathery brown faces turn up toward the sky
Sinewy brown muscles tensed up like wire
Tomorrow will be a good day to die

Shell necklace enclosed in long brown fingers
Aquiline nose streaked with red ocher dye
On his brave brown brothers, his gaze achingly lingers
Tomorrow will be a good day to die

Crackling mesquite, sparks rush into the night
Great horned Owl glides over, wind thru wings giving sigh
Wizened warriors look up, brown eyes reflecting firelight
Tomorrow will be a good day to die

Piebald and pinto ponies, ripping sparse desert fare
For pitiful provenance from land so desolate and dry
Long manes brushed by gentle strokes of sage scented air
Tomorrow will be a good day to die

moon light on barrels of heavy, Henry rifles
Pried from stiffened, cold fingers of the whites where they lie
Shiny forty caliber cartridges, and from bloody pockets, bloody bibles
Tomorrow will be a good day to die

Rattlesnake rattle in hand of shriveled old Shaman
Deep, aged Brows wrinkled as if in quest of the why
Old wise man, in curling smoke, sees omens uncommon
Tomorrow will be a good day to die

Ashes to embers, fire sleeps, as do warriors slumber
Sentries seen in silhouette, hear the killdeer’s predawn cry
Warriors rise, apply bold battle stripes of umber
Tomorrow will be a good day to die

Solemn homage to the sun god, the wind and the earth
Monotone prayer with bows held up on high
War pony mounted, adorned with feathery girth
Today…yes today…….
Is a good day to die

David Whalen

Too Cold To Snow!

Trees sugarcoated
In snow all around
In air so cold
And desert dry…
That snow is become
only crystals on high
That ne’er touch
Nor kiss the ground

David Whalen

too young and innocent

It’s been 12 days now
since the fourth of July

And ninety four more boys
Have had to die

Is it just me?
I can’t understand

Exactly Why in the hell…
We’re in Afghanistan

Our boys are young
And patriotic

More than willing
To fight and die

Far too young
And fatally naïve

And far too innocent
To question…Why?

David Whalen

Totally Random Phrases (that sound kinda naughty but aren't)

An ocean of devotion,
A tizzy of dizzy
A potion of lotion
In a sea of ecstasy

A Chasm of orgasm
A surfeit of stimulation
A quiver of shivers
An ovation of titillation

A night of delight
A clutch of a touch
A wonderful sight
A touch too much

A piece of striptease
An asp full of hiss
A squeeze of knees
An abyss of bliss,

A feeling of reeling
A measure of treasure
A pealing of feeling
A treasure of pleasure

A collection of affection
A crest of a breast
A perfection of direction
A quest of the best

a rain of pain
A ringlet of regrets
A refrain in the brain
A collage of coquettes

A bind in the mind
A clasp of a grasp
A slip of a lip
A growl of a gasp

A pleasing of teasing
An illusion of alarm
A cart load of heart
 A strong arm of charm

David Whalen

Touch

Touch

To a loved family member…
a caress, a touch
A loving hand on ones knees
Can convey e’er so much
Just a soft gentle squeeze

To a child….
A finger’s soft glide
Down child’s turned up nose
Can start the slow slide
Into dreamland repose

To a friend…
Friendly pat on the shoulder
Gentle nudge in the side
Head lain on one’s shoulder
Floods one’s heart like the tide

To a real close friend…
Tips brushing closed eyelids
Arms tightly clasping
Rough sheets on one’s back
Fast breath slightly gasping

To a really, really close friend……
Fingers entwined,
palms ardently pressed
Palms kneading one’s back
Lips brushing soft breasts

To close..
Every being needs
The sensation of touch
And a surfeit of hugs
Could ne’er be too much

David Whalen

Touchy Subject

If you want to have
pleasant discussions
Talk of friends, or nature…
or fishin’

If you want possible
Repercussions
Talk of God
Or about religion

Neither one’s more
or less important
Than the
Other (to me)

Neither one has
More special
Purpose to
Serve (or to be)

But talkin’ of friends…
Or nature…Or fishin’
Is waaaay less likely
To touch on a nerve

David Whalen

Tracks, Trails, Lines and pages

Tracks in forests… of woodland creatures
Trails of shooting stars in summer skies
Tracks of rockets o’er bloody battlefields
Traces of wrinkles round wizened eyes

Lines of wisdom on wrinkled faces
Lines of ants upon the floor
Lines of prose on parchment pages
Lines of carts inside the stores

Pages of life, inside old diarys
Pages dog-eared to mark the places
Pages filled with tales sad and fiery
Pages filled with empty spaces

David Whalen

Trade Ya! ! (a haiku for a hug)

Feel snug as a bug?
And feel most righteously smug? ? ?
…Easy! … Share a hug! ! !

David Whalen

Trail Of Wonder

Leave trails of wonder
Cause ripples in time and space
And become stardust

David Whalen

trolls, moonbeams, leprechauns and stardust

A world of caves, caverns, thickets and ledges
A place of bracken, heather, thistles and sedges

Of Spider webs, mosses, mushrooms and hedges
Green grassy dells, craggy hills of raggedy edges

Environments of enchantment, worlds of auld lore
Mysterious encampments of wee people of yore

Broad iron hinges on wee ancient oak doors
Behind which lie treasures on cool earthen floors

Oak roots brace ceilings, which green lichen adorns
Crude clever furniture, fashioned from shells of acorns

Curly toed slippers, forest green pointy caps
Thistle down mattress, bunk bed for long naps

Gossamer wings of wand wielding fairies
Flitting about o’er fields of silverberries

Leaving scintillating trails of sparkling, luminary
Like tiny comets tails, so temporary

Trolls under bridges, mean tempered and grumpy
Grey unkempt hair, clothes soiled and frumpy

Short and squat, a bit ugly and dumpy
Big crooked noses and skin mottled and bumpy

Worlds of mysterious wonder of which man knows little
Beings and places neath and above the earths crust

Haunting sounds o’er glen from a wee golden fiddle
Trolls… moonbeams… leprechauns and stardust

David Whalen

True, But Little Known Facts

True, but little known facts

Our eyes are always the same size from birth
But our nose and our ears ne'er stop growing
Some facts to know, have very great worth
And others are not worth knowing

"The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog"
is another one you might not know yet
This saying might leave you a bit agog
Since it uses every letter of the alphabet

Babies are born without kneecaps
They go through a most curious stage
Where those patellas don't start to show up
Until the child reaches 2 to 6 years of age

If you're an average American
Who endures Americas traffic-caused strife
The time that's spent waiting at red lights
Is six months out of your life

If the population of China walked by you in single file
The line would never end because of the rate of birth
Yet some in that line would have to dally a while
To make all that giving birth to have worth

Great authors have quirks of little known publicity
Great authors keep us laughing and weeping
Charles Dickens had such an eccentricity
Charles always faced to the north while sleeping

Ancient Egyptians usually died by the age of thirty
And it wasn't from booze or careless sex
They fashioned bed pillows of stone from the quarry
And shortened their lives by placing them under their necks

A curious fact from the world of flying
Airlines saved thousands by going cheapass
Took one olive out, and I swear I'm not lying
From each salad served in first class

David Whalen

Truth

What is truth?
Is it what's wrong
And what's right?
As clearly defined
As dark is from light?
Nay! Tis but one's opinions
One's heartfelt, sincere belief
That to one brings happiness,
While to another
Brings but grief.
Evil to one
Is goodness to another
The difference is in
The mind of the beholder
Truth is a lie…
As seen by my eye
That's the truth
(tho' I truly could be mistaken)
I believe as I grow older.
What's right? What's wrong?
What's bad? What's good?
What's weak? What's strong?
I'd tell you if I could.
Truth is no more than mist
And lies no more than sighs
Both fall prey to turns and twists
Borne on whispers and cries
But in truth and forsooth,
I'd be lying If I said that I knew.
For whatever one believes
(to that person)
…Is the truth…

David Whalen

Tryin' not to think of you (with all my might)

Tryin' not to think of you
Tryin' not to …
with all my might

But it's not workin' no matter what I do
Tryin' not to give into…
thinking' of you tonight

Tryin' hard to not remember when…
Think I've done it!
…but then…

I'm thinking' about you
Nothing but you…
All over again

How can you be
Such a constant
In my life

Why are you important to me
Why do you cause me
Such sadness and strife

Why can't I leave
Things in the past
Sleep deeply thru' the night

Cause I'm tryin' not to think of you
Cryin' not to think of you
…with all my might…

David Whalen

Turned-up nose

I want to clear this matter up some way
And at the same time make my point

That love note I sent you the other day?
The one that got your nose all out of joint?

I think I simply typed too fast
And didn’t say what I meant to say

Not …“I like your huge, turnip nose”…
But “I like your cute turned up nose”

Was What I really meant to say

David Whalen

two lines of wisdom

Two short lines of wisdom
Just two short lines of advice:

You don’t need a parachute to skydive
 But you do need a parachute to skydive twice

David Whalen

Ugly!

I hate to talk
about ugly kin
But I had the butt-ugliest
lil'sister
We had to tie a pork chop
round her neck
Before my daddy
would even kiss her

Not only was my sister ugly
Even more so was my baby brother
When he was born, the doctor slapped his butt
Then turned around
And slapped my mother

David Whalen

Unanswered Prayers

The greatest gift
Can sometimes be…
Unanswered prayers

Life composed…
Then unexpectedly exposed
as a labyrinth of layers

For what you pray today…
could be The opposite of…
your prayers upon the morrow

And the granted prayer
Now wished undone, becomes…
A source of new found sorrow

Take care in prayer
Intone it wisely…
waste it not, I pray of you

Take care in what you pray for
For your prayer…
just might come true

David Whalen

Understanding women

You can’t
And you won’t
So don’t even try

You’ll never understand them
Not til the day
That you die

It’s a pointless endeavour
Useless to try to comprehend
You’ll understand them never

So don’t even try!

David Whalen

unsolicited advice

Problem dark? …Blessing
Brighter? …oft-times written words
Outlive the writer!

Tis good to have the
Skills for life, but far better
Still…possess the zest

David Whalen

Unspoken Goodbyes

<Center>The ones you love
Can make you laugh
The ones you love
Can make you cry

The ones you love
Can steal away
Ere you have the chance
To say goodbye

Rue not the missed chance
To have bid them farewell
To have given to them your love
Will have served
…Just as well…

David Whalen

untitled abstract painting of Custer's Last Stand

Untitled abstract painting of Custer’s last stand

an abstract painting of custer’s last stand
Hangs in the Montana Museum of Modern Art
A fish with a halo and many Indians mating
And no name tag makes this painting, stand apart

Montanans know the title of this portrait
Although no name tag is shown
Yet, as the gaze falls upon it
the title is intuitively known,

the last words that were spoken
from this famous man’s mouth
As the battle of the Big horn
Began to go south

Oddly enough, as in the painting
his last words were not prayer
Though the words; “copulation and Indians, “
“Fish And Holy, “ were there.

The title of the painting and Custer’s last words
Weren’t from Romans or Corinthians.
They were simply “Holy Mackerel
Look at all the F#@*in’ Indians

David Whalen

Unused, but perfectly good words

Lonely words, in need of some usage
Perfectly good, yet almost unknown
Let's take a quick look in my dictionary book
Let's not leave these words all alone

For example, under A: The word "Abscission"

It's quite usual to say "leaves fall from the trees"
But we could also say, with utmost precision
We could use a word that we very rarely see
When we say "leaves fall from trees in abscission"

That's probably the first time… in quite a long time
That word, that means "the natural parting of a leaf from a tree"
That that word, has now… seen the light of day
 could become quite common, if used by you and me

I can just hear people exclaiming, as they peer up above
As the fall's colors fill their vision
"We're amazed, we're agog, we're simply in love
At the trees…in the Fall… in abscission"

We can do it, you and I, we can set this word free
But in our mission, must not show indecision! ! !
 We must casually let it drop, in daily conservation, you and me
And this Fall will become filled with "abscission"

David Whalen

Upon You

Try to see,
what others see
When their vision happens
Upon you

Try to conceive
Of what they perceive
When perchance they cast a glance
…upon you

Try to be
What you wish them to see
When their eyes alight
upon you

For you can become
The focus of someone
Whose eyes you wish to fall
…upon you

David Whalen

Valentine day...no longer sweet

No longer am I…
Someone’s valentine

And no longer…
Is there… one of mine

No longer do
My emotions pine

And wither upon
Capricious Cupid’s vine

And sadly…with all this
I no longer miss

Yes…with all of this
I’m fine and dandy

But what I truly miss
Of valentine bliss

Is that now…no longer
Do I get any candy

David Whalen

Valentine No More

Now to smell
the flowers
Alone

By myself…
the sunsets
To see

No more to share
summer scented
Air

No more
us... or
we

Like tape on broken window
Scars on broken
heart

No more to be… together
you see…Forever to be
Apart

No more you and I…
No longer are you
Mine

No more to be… for eternity
each other's
valentine

David Whalen

vampires (they drive me batty!)

Vampires, Vampires, Vampires

Put vampires in your writing
These days it's all the rage
Little pointy fangs and biting
And sucking's all the rage

It's only fictional wordplay
Or so most people think
But it's much, much more, I say
And I say that without a blink

Vampirism does exist, it's true
But without it's traditional cape
And is still terrifying, through and through
In it's new and haunting shape

Take our state and federal government
With their dark and sinister way
And how they sink their teeth into,
our very hard earned pay

Most of your beloved electronic collection
From your Ipod to your TVs
Each night gives evil genuflection
Bleeding electricity, while on it's knees

And then there's the most insidious
Kind of Vampires that exist
And of which we are most oblivious
And are powerless to resist

Of them all, they're the most horrendous
And oft times we're too blind to see
That these bloodsucking, parasitic creatures
Are usually friends and family

David Whalen

Velvet and Lace (and little pink thong)

Startin’ to like velvet and lace
Startin’ to check out
broadway shows

Startin ` to use tutti fruiti body wash
Getting’ a lil giddy
pickin’ out new clothes

Getting a closet full of shoes
Losin’ weight
and dressin’ natty

Usin’ words like gorgeous n’ super
Walkin’ mincey
Talkin’ catty

But just because I’m
Startin’ to like Velvet and lace
is no reason to say

That wearin’ frilly pants
And a little makeup on my face
Means I might be turnin’ a lil’ bit gay

I’m still a manly, good ol’ boy
So Don’t be getting’
me wrong

But I just can’t help lookin
In the mirror
When I’m wearing my lil pink thong

David Whalen

Vermillion Stone

The sinuousness of sand dunes
Wind abraded stone
The sun pinwheels
Cross the sky
One feels so all alone

Pictographs on canyon walls
Pottery shards and bone
Distant dancing dust devils
Muted howls and muttered moans

Ancient beds of dry lakes deep
Vermillion cliffs, wind hone
Canyon keeps, spirits sleep
In beds of petrified stone

Time locked tight in grains of sand
In manic tint and tone
Hourglass sifting centuries, and
Mesas flat, wind mown

One feels time locked
In vermillion rock
One feels the ageless sky
The stars, the wind
Without, within

Alone…as you and I

David Whalen

Veteran's day lament!

1376... sounds like some historical date
Required to be memorized in high school history class

Well it’s not. it’s a much, much more important number
And we cannot let it pass.

It’s the number of our young boys in Afghanistan
Who have died all alone

It’s the number of young boys
Who will never come home

They died for a people who will never care
They died hoping to accomplish something

We should have kept them home I know
For their gallant deaths will accomplish nothing

1376….sounds like some random numbers and
To our leaders I suppose they are

To me it’s young lives, gone forever
In a stupid and senseless war.

Speak up! ! ! Bring them home, Keep them home
This madness has gone too far! !

David Whalen

View From The Window

Checkerboard floors
Wood and brass
Tall muntined windows
Rippled, hand blown glass

View through which looms
A day dark as doom
With fog, rain and lives
…drifting past…

David Whalen

Violets...Dandelions and Drought

My Front Yard…in Las Vegas Nevada

A hostile environment
A parched arid place
A Mars-like landscape
A few hardy weeds embrace

Dandelions struggle
For meager existence
Gripping dry, parched earth
With desperate persistence

 undauntedly turning
Golden faces to the sun
Asking no quarter…
And Nature gives none

Almost unnoticed
In the early Spring breeze
Small timid blue blossoms
Barely rise to dandelions knees

This is my front yard
In a Drought stricken place
Where a few gilded dandelions
Maintain tenuous grace

As if standing sentinel
Over tiny violets of blue
Shepherds over sheep
Of cobalt hue

Lenticular clouds
devoid of rain
Rolling out of the red mountains
Tumbling o’er the plains

Days will grow longer
Nights will wane
The sun will grow stronger
And swallow the rain

And still the weary dandelions
Will stand strong and true
In unspoken communion
With tiny Violets of blue

Indian spirits, Dust devils
Botanic bravada
in my front yard…
In Las Vegas…Nevada

David Whalen

Voice Mail From Mom

Voice Mail From Mom

Buzzing sound awakes me
I pull covers up over my head
Chiming ring irritates me
I burrow deeper in my bed

Voice mails chime finally placates me
Sleep returns in it's stead
Alarm clock's buzzing awakes me
To a day of despair that I dread

This day when my mom would be buried
To hear from, to see never more
Loneliness and regret overtake me
As I numbly start out of the door

The feel of the phone on my hip makes me recall
And remember the call from last night
When I look at the screen my jaw starts to fall
At the caller's name that's displayed in plain sight

"Mom" is blackly displayed on florescent background
Surely this mail can't be true!
My finger hits "one" after frenzied fumbling around
A cruel practical joke or mistake has ensued

Yet, that sweet, familiar voice, makes my heart swell
As mom reassures me in a voice so sublime
"Son, I'm content and pain-free, and young again as well
So goodbye son, be happy, everything will be fine

I press seven and wonder, did this really occur?
This call from somewhere beyond
I know for sure that I'll tell no one
And that today not my mom, but empty shell we'll inter

David Whalen

Voices From the Sky 9/11/01

So sad
So very, very sad
Those voices from the sky

So little time
So much to say, In those
Moments before they die

So few
So very, very few
The words that said goodbye

So far away
So very, very far away…
Yet heard…every whisper…every sigh

So many…
I love you's so many stifled cries
So many pauses…so many tear-filled eyes

So lovely
So very, very lovely
Those precious words from on high

So silent
So very, profoundly silent
After that last goodbye

Those last 'I love you's,
Tell the kids I love them too
We'll meet again… me and you'

Phones gently
So, so gently
Laid down and moved aside

So hard
So very, very hard to leave
Those voices from the sky

David Whalen

Voices Of The Wind

Wind chimes and tree leaves
Voices of the wind

Bulrushes, birdwings
Rattling roofs of tin

Howling zephyrs, soughing breezes
Atlantic gales, explosive sneezes…

All voices of the wind….

Rattle of windows, Bang of shutters,
Whisper of curtains, puff of summer gusts

Snapping of canvas from towering mastheads
Squeal of windmills as they adjust

Whispered messages from pinions of birds
Flapping of laundered linens

Soft velvety sighs of lover’s words
All voices in languages… of the winds

Childs’ anticipation, breath held deep within
Each inhalation, every exhalation….

Are all voices of the wind

David Whalen

Waking

Somber dreams, pierced
by morning light
Dawn's tight woven tapestry
Unfurled upon the night

Countenances now so cheerful
Not nearly now so fearful
As last they were when wrap't in fur
Those faces of the night

The gladsome glow,
so warm to know
Giving chase to gloom
throughout the land

Birds, beasts, snakes
mice and men alike
Shaken rudely awake
By sol's harsh hand

Allowed no more
In tranquil sleep to lay
Summoned forth
To face new day

E'en thru keyholes
and cracks so tiny…
Seeps suns persistent
Probing touch

Telling us tacitly…
Yet pray tell
with great tenacity
Arise! Arise! Open wide your eyes!

You've slept friend, quite enough!

David Whalen

Want to touch you

I only want to reach out
and touch you…
But not upon obvious
private parts
The places where I wish
to touch you… (softly)
Are places in the mind…
and in your hearts

David Whalen

Warm day in Wintertime

I hear the raucous chatter
Of Mockingbirds
The buzz of bees
And Blue Jays…
The breeze soughing
Through the trees
I feel the sun caress my skin
And sense the coming
…Of better days…

David Whalen

Watching Strangers, Watching Me

Wondering what people think of me
Pondering what goes through their minds
When they turn and look at me
Their expressions of all ilk and kinds

Most likely the same as I wonder of them
Do they care if they're way too fat
Are they proud that they're appealingly slim
Or do they even wonder about that

Do they wonder if I'm out of work
If I'm just barely managing to eke by
Do they wonder if… as they oft do themselves
If kind words and deeds, brings a tear to my eye

Do they wonder why I always carry a book
Do they ever wonder what I write in my pad
Are they perhaps comparing the way that I look
Are they wondering about the life I've had

Do they wonder why I'm always alone
Do they ponder the lines about my eyes
If I've earned each line… trying to atone
For misguided love…or mayhaps too many lies

Do they fabricate, for fun, as I oft do of them
histories of stranger's lifes and times
Rich… exotic… bland…erotic
Stories of strangers, conjured in their minds

I wonder what people think of me
I wonder about that an awful lot
But do they actually think about me
I think most probably…not!

David Whalen

We all lie…all day long

"Good morning! ! "
(But it's not,
It's cold and windy)

"How ya doin'? "
(as if I could really give
a rat's rear end)

"Oh I'm doin' just great and you? "
(Please, puleeze,
don't tell me!)

Have a seat, I'll buy you a coffee!
(he always sits… and
I always buy)

Wanna read part of my paper?
(No! No! Don't take the crossword…
…He does)

"How's my health? Couldn't feel better! "
(There's not a part of my body
That doesn't hurt like hell!)

"How about that Ben Laden? " he asks
(he's dead, I'm glad, and
I'm tired of hearing his name)

"Gotta busy day ahead of you? " he asks
(yeah right! Outta work, outta cash, outta sight,
outta mind! And runnin' outta patience)

"Yeah, I always stay busy"
(and this is likely to be
The busiest part of my day!)

"Ya think we're gonna whip those Taliban? "
"Yep" I reply. (after another trillion dollars
And a few thousand more young boys die!)

"Well I'm afraid I messed up your crossword" he says
"No problem ol' buddy" I say
(you ornery ol' bastard, bumbling, sumbitch!)

"Hey ya reckon we're gonna whip those Taliban? "
"Yep" I reply (while thinking
if he asks that one more time, he's gonna die)

"Well gotta be goin. See ya tomorrow ol buddy, take care! " says he
and you know…when I sit down in this booth tomorrow
I'll really miss him… if that pain in the ass is not there…

(And Ya know? That’s no lie!)

David Whalen

wee folk (read only if you believe)

Wee People

Tis a pity and a shame, that no one knows me name
Tis a fact that I'm a hard to know little fellow
In the glens and the highlands, people know me fame
And the fact I carry gold that glitters yellow

Tis a fact that rainbows touch the sod…and
Where they touch, there be treasure
And that silken thread from thistle pod
Ties rainbows ends to heather

Me self and me kinfolk, nimble and quick
Know exactly where the rainbows end
And no mortal yet has managed to trick
A wee person into telling the where or the when

Mortals no longer believe in wee people and such
Tis a pity the magic they've lost
One should feel wonder and mystical touch
And cling tightly to magic at all cost

One hears haunting airs from plaintive pipes
In the mist that drifts down from the highlands
Wee peoples homes pierce though mountains mist
Float about like enchanted emerald islands

Leave some good Irish whiskey in a shallow silver dish
Suuure… for some crumpets and some scones we'd be beholden
And if it's happy it would make you, as you leave, make a wish
But you must believe, to perceive of things magic, ancient and golden

O'er foggy loch and deep in misty glen
In the highlands and in the dell
Whether you believe in us or not, my friend
Wee folk and our treasure still dwell

David Whalen

We're Only Human!

Have you ever
wished …someone
dead?

Is there in truth, one
among us Who
hasn't?

Is there one among us
Who's ne'er bitten
Their tongue

And wished someone
who is…simply
wasn't?

Have you ever
Squished someone
Mentally?

In your mind reduced
Them to a gelatinous
Mass?

Have you ever recoiled
From ugly images in your
Mind?

Sure you have! !
Each… and every one of us
Has! !

Deny it? …
don't even
Try!

Buried deep within
The back of your
Brain

Lurks the primal beast
That we were once… and still
Are

But the beast ne'er comes out…
At least… rarely comes
Out

Until someone…
Pushes us... too
far

David Whalen

We're Predators and Prey

Are we truly so distant from our primitive past
Are we no longer the hunter or considered fair prey
Were the truth put before you, you'd be most aghast
There are predators among us and they hunt us each day

We're not truly different from the ones at herds rear
Which the predator watches with hard hungry eye
The prey starts and senses, that death is quite near
On the lonely herds edges, the weak always die

Our modern world is a jungle, and human beasts are a fact
Camouflaged with normalcy, clothed in disarming disguise
Preying on the young and the weakest with terrifying tact
Before melting in to community, they disappear to our eyes

The gazelle in the herd is as the child on the walk
Safety in numbers causes inborn defenses to relax
A lion creeping closer is as a van stopping to stalk
And they'll both culminate in deadly attacks

No.. we're not so far distant from our primitive past
Yes.. we're the hunter and also too, are considered fair prey
don't allow yourself or your children to lag or be last
Yes… there are predators among us and they hunt us each day

David Whalen

West By Northwest USA

They wear suede coats
Of stained leather, torn and worn
Drive battered ol’ pickups
Ride horses in the morn’

They play cowpie bingo
And the winds always blow
Descendants keep a’comin’
The ol’ ones die and go

The plains in their stead
Remain impervious to change
As it was…as it’s always been
…and will e’er be so…

David Whalen

What About You

What you're missing is
usually right before your eyes

What you're wanting most is
what you likely need least

What you're saying is not
what you wish to say

What you're hearing
is not always what's spoken

What you're thinking is not
what you want others to know

What you know of yourself
Is never truly known to others

What memory reminds you is
What you would have done differently

What you have learned is
That you have much more to learn

What you have earned is
Far less than you've given

What you did then is
What made you, what you are now

What you are now is
What you never thought you'd be

David Whalen

What Catches The Eye (a poem-like essay)

What first catches my eye
Is a word…or a phrase
That exerts a pull realized
Upon entering a maze
An air of adventure
That's what it's about
Where will this word lead you
Where will it come out?
The word is but a poem's foundation
It's only the start
The essential beginning
Yet only a part
As in a colorful flower
The single essence (the aforementioned word)
That as nectar is added
Draws into it's presence
Fill out and embellish
The complement of bees (lil' pollen thieves)
the blooming poem flower
As leaves do the trees
Until the word has taken
A life of it's own
Become more than a word
And much more like a poem
It's taken a little imagination,
It's taken a little effort (and maybe an hour)
To turn a little word into a thing of fascination
This poem I've created? I think I shall call it
…"Flower"

David Whalen

What Do You See?

When I look in the mirror
I see mostly memories
I see people and things
That have long ceased to be

When I look in the mirror
I see standing behind me
Ol' friends and ol' loves
And lives not meant to be

I see opportunities missed
Other lives, that passed me by
Other lips I could have kissed
And I have yet to wonder why

I see the hand of fate
Lifting from my shoulder
My volition's weight
As I grow older

When I look into the mirror
And see what could have been
I see that, which might have been dearer
 Yet twill ne'er be proferred again

Don't look deeply into your mirror
 As I do, at paths not taken
Don't look at things not meant to be
Nor see the things forsaken

David Whalen

What I Once Was…

The genie is out of the bottle
Has stolen out into the night

Pandora's box is become unlocked
Things will ne'er again seem right

It came about, with no hue or shout
No alarum of fear or fright

Life took a twist, one could not resist
Rationality gave in without a fight

Succumbed to pleasure, in new-found treasure
Of her eyes, her sighs…sweet delight

Soft feel still lingers, to touch of my fingers
Press of her body to mine…e'er so slight

My being, my world, tumbled and twirled
My heart…my very soul, imbued with her light

The genie is free, Pandora can flee
What I was once…now no longer
...can I be...

David Whalen

What If

What if sunshine
Perchance, made a sound…
What kind of sound
Wouldst one think It to be?

Would it shriek e'er so loudly…
And pummel the ground…
Or settle like snowflakes
Drifting down… tranquilly

Pray tell, what sound…
Would clouds and haze make
Would they screech and grind
Mayhaps rasp and scrape?

What if…fog made a thoughtful thrum
And mist an insistent hiss…
And rainbows the sound of a blowing nose
What, the sound… of scent of rose… consist?

What if… a look of awe… made noise
And an angry stare could thunder?
What would be the sound of toys
And what the sound of plunder?

What if…one could hear a moonbeam
Or perceive the sound of a shooting star
And what if only fools and idiots could hear them
Would they know how lucky (or cursed) They are?

What if… only a select favored few
Could opt to hear
this other-worldly hymn
And the choice was offered up to you

What if…the sounds ne'er heard
Could be sounds rung loud and true
Ne'er heard in fact or word…except
By fools and idiots…and you!

David Whalen

What If You Could? (would you?)

Could you undo what has been done
What would the world be like tomorrow?

Could you simply lose what's been so hard won
Would there be more happiness, or more sorrow?

Had you chose a path, that you chose to shun
Would your world be the least bit brighter?

Had you lingered in shadow, or basked in the sun
Would the load that you now carry be lighter?

Were you offered the chance to go back in time
Would you refuse, vacillate, or be eager?

And if you eagerly opted for that second chance
Would the returns be rich or be meager?

Would you trade your same old tomorrow for a brand new today,
If you knew not what the new day would bring

What if the new day today was much like the same old tomorrow?
Would the new day's delight, in sorrow take wing?

If you could tear out the pages of the diary of your life
And new pages, beg, steal or borrow

If you could undo what already tis done
What would your world be like tomorrow?

David Whalen

What looks in (windows and rain)

Rain upon windows…
Dark bedroom walls

Shimmering pastel mists
down shadowed halls

Windows of ebon black…
and cold Crystal light

Transparently solid through
Both dark and night

Seemingly liquid… in rivulets
Of slithers of rains

Silver sheet of mercury
Over fevered panes

Half seen reflections
enshroud the palpable dark

And imagined…(or real) things
Seem to quiver, dance and spark

Leaves strike... then flee
Tossed by cold fingers of wind

Tree branches rap upon the glass
as if wanting to come in

Pull covers o’er your head
Scrinch closed your eyes e’er so tight

Tis only windows they are…
So no real reason for fright

But… for what looks back in…
Through your windows tonight

David Whalen

What Say The Winds

What do they say…?

The whispers in the trees
The muted sighs,
the muffled cries
Soft chatter of the leaves

Do they chat…?
of this and that
The way old men
(and women too?)
Are want to do?

Or is their meaning lost
On breezes tossed
In tongues not meant
For mere mortals
Like me and you?

Perhaps the wind's
Words are but emotions…
Feelings that in
and of themselves
Are best reflected in…
The oceans.

Oceans tossed about
By Zephyr's gentle feelings…
Wave-tops torn
to salty shreds
By typhoons raging reelings

Winds that whisper
Gales that moan…
Meanings understood
By the Gods alone
And yet…

Their words surround
The very Earth
And have witnessed
And whispered
About it's untimely birth

A moving blanket
O'er us each and every day
The wind…the breezes
Does what it pleases
Still I wonder…
What does it say?

David Whalen

What tis it about Angels?

They usually are barefoot
That they never wear shoes
They seem to like flip flops or sandals
as the footwear they choose

That they almost always wear white
Never chartreuse or puce
And their garb's never tailored
It's always flowing and loose

Is it strange that there's
no female Angels in the bible
Is there a gender bias
For which that Holy book's liable

And isn't it odd
That Those beautiful wings
Must surely prevent them
From leaning back against things

Do Angels wear underwear
If they do I wonder what
Good Lord, not thongs or speedos
To cover an angelic butt

Do they ever have bad hair days
Do they ever feel depressed or let down
Do they ever smile or laugh out loud
Have you ever seen one grimace or frown

Did they have to practice or audition
to sing in that heavenly choir
That celebrated Jesus birthday
Upon his birth in that manger bower

Can one reach out and touch an Angel
They're always reaching out with ethereal grace
I like to think you can touch an Angel
As long as you don't touch it in an inappropriate place

Are they splendid illusions
Or specifically and truly tendered players
I believe that they're not simplistic illusions
But are rendered true by faith and prayers

They exist in a world as of leprechauns and elves
And require a leap of faith to become real
But they are quite real, we can assure ourselves
If we believe in them, with true religious zeal

David Whalen

What to look for in a mate

What to look for in a mate

Look for someone who makes you feel appreciated
Search for someone who you appreciate too
Find that someone who you feel has been fated
To share life and fortune, be faithful and true

Discover someone who, when you talk, listens
Seek out someone who shows faith and kindness
Pursue that someone whose soul seems to glisten
Who, to selfishness and prejudice shows only blindness

Look for someone, who first looks out for others
Someone who feels on your level, not above
Embrace the one who will hug, yet not smother
Let not appearance guide your search for your love

Firstly look for someone who makes you feel appreciated
Someone who you know will never wander or lie
And….If they fit all the above, and are good lookin to boot
Snatch them up, treat em’ good, til the day that you die

David Whalen

What word comes to mind?

A gentle word on the summer wind
Subtle sigh in forlorn surrender

Uttered softly, in voice so thin
Be gentle…be kind…remember

David Whalen

What's This About?

Can you hear it?
You can if you listen
Can you see it?
Only if you open your eyes

Can you feel it?
You can if you reach out and touch
Can you trust it?
Only if you tell no lies

Can you smell it?
You can with inhalation of breath
Can you love it?
Only without reservation

Can you release it?
Only with unfettered freedom
Can you save it?
Only with sincere salvation

Can you do it?
Only with unselfish effort
Can you love it?
Only by giving your heart

Can you describe it?
 not in words, only images in your mind
Can you explain it?
Only by setting emotions apart

Can you decipher this poem?
You can…to your liking or leanings
Can it be, that all who read me
Will ascribe to it… different meanings?

David Whalen

When

When?

When did the snowfall
Lose it’s magic?
When did the night sky
Commence to look small?

It was when I grew up…

When did the past
Become so tragic
When did the shadows
Start to fall

It was when I grew older…

When did the sunset
Lose it’s wonder
When did the sunrise
Lose it’s ability to awe

It was when I grew old and jaded…

When did people’s names
Become so hard to remember
When did I lose
The love of September

I think… I think it was when I got older still….

When did I start crying
At the smallest sad thing
When did my memory
Begin to take wing

I think it was….I’m almost sure it was…
But I can’t exactly….remember just
when

David Whalen

When Angels Cry

The wind…
That through
Barren limbs sighs
Soulful sound
That seeps round
Loose windowpanes
And sides

The silent sound
From anguished eye
The heart
That cries out “why! ”
Tis the soul-torn
Sound of tears
We hear…
Sound made
…when Angels cry…

Dedicated to John and Ron Whalen and Ken Richmond
Gone but ne'er forgotten

David Whalen

When all the world is right

That perfect moment.
Quintessential moment in time
Vibes in exquisite harmony
The planets all aligned

Eyes that glow
Senses heightened
Feelings flow
Mind enlightened

So rarely felt …so sorely missed
So primal and so potent
Evanescent as morning mist
…elusive perfect moment…

David Whalen

When All Things Fade To Black

Always with me
Never strays
But better seen
On bright sunny days

Always underfoot
But never in my way
And even when I step on it
It has nothing bad to say

Always used to run from it
But it was far to fast for that
Always seemed to know where I was going
Always knew where I was at

Always been a part of me
A part of me since day one
And likes to stride ahead of me
When I'm backlit by the sun

Always know the day is coming
When all things fade to black
That day…finally, it'll walk away from me
And never even look back

David Whalen

When God sneezes (haiku

Had a thought today! !
When God sneezes… how does one
know what to say?

David Whalen

When more is less

Could be better to write more
And perhaps to post less?
And after writing more, be sure
To only post one’s best?

Could it be
That the quality
Might improve
by leaps and bounds

Or would it be,
that quantity
Is more important
Than the sounds?

At any rate
It’s ne’er too late
To reread what it tis
That one’s written

Aye, ere one posts in haste…
Give to us the fine taste
Of only the best…
That you’ve written

David Whalen

When plants die

A recent poem by Chumfo asked
“Where do plants go when they die?

I’m not sure what to answer
But this is my reply:

Plants go where old dogs go
Where fields of greenery lie

Plants wake up in enchanted mist
that’s where they go when they die

Where there’s ol dogs and children
And lot’s of fertilizer… to boot

fresh spring rains…Deep dark loam
And potting soil to take root

Where there’s no Jolly Green Giant
No blight and no aphids too

Just the sun… the rain…the bird’s refrain
And a lot of good cow poo

David Whalen

When sleep won't come

Trepidation, perspiration
Preoccupation on one’s brow

Replace it with hope and anticipation
With keen elation… replace it now

Anxious moments, sweaty palm
Sleepless nights, heart beat hurried

Replace it with, the peaceful calm
of a mindset… cool…unworried

Don’t seek the sleep
When sleep won’t come

Just change the channels
Within your mind

Seek the thoughts
you want to keep

The peace you want
Is the peace you’ll find

Fixate upon one pleasant thought
Concentrate with all your might

And all the worries, and fears you fought
Will skulk away into the night

Fixate upon what you love
To all else become blind

Don’t seek sleep
When sleep won’t come

Just change the channel
Within your mind

David Whalen

When the music stops

When the music stops, the dance is done
So listen and dance with all your heart and mind
Always dance as if… t'would be your last one
Live life to the fullest, let the dance and the music unwind

When the magic is gone, it's gone forever
So leave room for mystery, in your life every day
Leave a bit of the unknown, in your every endeavour
For when the magic is gone, it's gone to stay

For when the music stops
And when the magic is gone
You can smile and look back
At a life that's well done

For when the music once stops
You dance again never
And when the magic is gone
Sure…Tis gone forever

David Whalen

Where Blackness Is Reality

There are creatures of the underworld
That dwell in caves and dark dominion

Where blackness is reality
With light a total fiction

In human souls, in dark despair
Through open door of muddled mind

These creatures leave their loathsome lair
And slither hauntingly into humankind

Rot and revulsion in minds of evil men
Grow roots and plan to stay

Find fertile ground to nest and then….
Blossom evilly in loathsome ways

The helpless, the unwary souls
The innocent, the weak

Evil creatures from black, mind’s holes
Hungrily ooze out and seek

From time eternal, to time yet unfurled
This evil has been part of man’s condition

They’ll e’er be creatures of the underworld
That will dwell in man’s mind and dark dominion

David Whalen

Where the water meets the sky

There’s a point in the distance
Where one focuses one’s eye
When trying to parse out
The where and the why

Of jealousy and betrayal
And how To see though
the fog of confusion
And the damage they do

There’s a place where the heart becomes leaden
There’s a point where love starts to die
If one allows the spirit to grow deadened
Then hope and love will take fly

There’s a point at where one must start caring
Where one fixes one’s vision on high
Don a mantle of vision and daring
Tis where the water meets the sky

The joining of the heavens and ocean
The merging of elements on high
The intersection of mind and emotion
Sure…and tis where the water meets the sky

David Whalen

Whispers of trees

Trees whisper of the coming winter
Leaves mutter among themselves

Seasons silently steal upon us…
As Falling streams from rocky shelves

Soft sibilant sighs, indistinct…incoherent
Nature’s voices, spoken through the dells

It’s the trees whisper… of the coming winter
The voices of Trolls, faeries and elves

Branches freeing…captive leaves fleeing
Limbs bleakly waving…in poignant farewell

Listen closely! …to the trees soft whisper
Of places of mystery…where legends dwell

Trees whisper the coming winter
Voices elusive…secretive as well

Hear the murmur of the wooded heart…
muted tumble of an acorn shell

Trees whisper…coming winter…
Tales that only trees can tell

David Whalen

White Rose

Lonely white rose…
Untended meadows

Deserted garden
Sigh in the wind

Quiet of surrender
Leavened with sorrow

Bees and pollen
Dance together again

Lonely white rose…
Petals pristine

Blooming so proudly
Unseen …yet serene

David Whalen

Who Am I Now

Who in the heck am I now?

I used to know
Not so long ago
But who the heck
am I now?

The days have changed me
Rearranged me
I barely know
myself now

I still look the same (mostly)
But I'm not… (except in name)
I know I've changed
(but how?)

I now own a complete
Absence of artifice
A sense of humility
Now resides in it's place

I'm not the least bit dismayed
By my lines and wrinkles displayed
Proudly I wear them
On this world weary face

I know that no longer
Am I the man I once was
I know it
yet don't know just how

The changes seem glacial
Not confined to things facial
So just who the heck
Am I now?

Oftimes this ol' world
Can both amaze and amuse me
Delight and affright
Dumbfound and confuse me

The young man I once was
Long ago ceased to be
So who and what am I now

A man is like the seasons
e'er changing…
Is the reason
Of course that's only how
I view the way of things

But we only see the changing skin
And not the change that resides within
The mind that morphs
And then takes wing…

It all has naught to do
With good or bad
Of right or wrong
Or sad or glad

The mystery lies
More in the how and why
That I've become the man
I am now…

I've no way of knowin'
The where and the why
Nor any idea of the how…
I just know that tomorrow
Be it a day of delight or sorrow
I'll not be the man
…That I am now…

David Whalen

Who knows

It was just one kiss
Just a soulful look
Just one close embrace
That’s all It took

Just one touch
Of fingertips…
Upon palm of hands
Then yielding lips

Just one faint whisper
 In early dawn
A silhouette…
And then she’d gone

Destiny said “twas not to be”
Our paths never again crossed
We only found… just that one kiss
Who knows… just what we lost

David Whalen

Why dreams?

Why dreams? …
Why not
soft surcease instead?

Why disturbing dreams?
Why not
Nocturnal bliss instead?

Why such puzzling dreams
That wakes one then
Disappears from one's head?

Why scary dreams? …
That causes one's head
To toss on one's bed?

Why not dream
Of flying…soaring…
 In stead of being led

Why not dream
Of what you would want…
Dream dreams to call yours alone

You dream what you dream
To me… so it seems
 Because your brain has a mind of it's own

David Whalen

Why Not? (wear jammies all day)

Something about things
Small and furry

Something about things
Gentle in kind

Something about time
In which not to hurry

Things not to allow
To prey on one's mind

Why not be carefree
Laid back and gay (gay?)

Why not wear our
Jammies all day?

David Whalen

Why Poets?

When a poem is read
A reader's home is entered
Where dwells a kindred spirit

You laugh…you cry
You groan and you sigh
You feel and taste and hear it

We bring tears to eyes
Smiles to lips…
Memories to mind

We make you think
With pen and ink
And open minds once blind

That music is a source of joy
Of that, of course there is
No doubt

But words and phrases
Ink on pages, of that
We'd ne'er do without

It's a gift given to very few
In truth, this game
of words and phrases

Of measurable worth?
Of real value none?
Of real time and of real places?

So why the need for you and me?
What place have we…Poets,
In grand schemes, of things and matters?

…It's because….

We give wings to words
That soar like birds
And oftimes leave your heart

…in tatters…

David Whalen

Why the F*#k didn't we think of that?

Why Didn’t we Think Of That!

Guess I got to admit it, I’m past my prime
Not nearly as quick-witted as I used to be
Appears to be a monumental waste of my time
Just tryin’ to write some decent poetry

Maybe I’m overthinking’ the point of rhyme
Maybe I’m trustin’ too much to luck
Hell I’m gonna forget about prose so fine
And start artlessly usin’ that magic word f&%k

The effort involved in finding that perfect phrase
Laboriously working to find that rhyme that feels pat
Hell I could have been usin’ that magic word all these days
So, tell me fellow poets…why didn’t we all think of that?

David Whalen

Will there be another

Will this be
The last Spring
I see?

Or will I enjoy
 a few Springs
More?

Enjoy the last March thaw
The first robin's
 Call?

Or will I arrive in Hell…
Or at heaven's
Door?

I'll find out soon
Sure…There's no doubt
Of that

And if for me
Another Spring
Is to be

I will treasure it
With relish and
Then …again wonder

What's to come after Spring?
Will there be
any thing?

Will I be allowed
Another…
Summer?

David Whalen

wings of silk

In a flight of silken silence
Wings of velvet stroke
Pinions soft as melted butter
With touch as light as smoke

Huge bright eyes of earthen brown
Ne'er ceasing to peer around
To perceive the vole's
most minute sound

Then… as if a ghostly
Downy dart
Wings of silk
Spread wide apart

A muted squeak
Stop'd short in surprise
And from the snow
Doth feathered phantom rise

Then talons spread
Returns to lurch
Onto it's branch
Upon which to perch

And ‘neath the branch
Said vole will soon to fall
Snug again…wrap't tight within
It's very own fur-ball

David Whalen

Winter Haiku

Winter: … a mixed bag!
Ugly disposition… yet
A lovely vision

David Whalen

Winter Night's Moon Glow

Would you like to go with me?
Perhaps better not… to go!
I go into the woods at night you see
Neath Winter night's Moon glow

I listen for the night bird's cries
And when I hear them I know
That I'm close to where I want to be
Neath Winter night's Moon glow

For March is when Winter starts to die
It's life force ebbs and slows
The night birds cry, the cold winds sigh
Neath Winter night's Moon glow

Would you like to take that walk with me
A stroll serene and slow?
Perhaps we'll be, in luck and see
Things that we shouldn't see… or know

I'll only ask you one more time (or three)
You alone must decide to stay or go
Winter's demise waits not, for you or me
The night birds say it's so

You'll not soon forget what you're soon to see
Again! …perhaps best you not go!
the night bird cry, high in the skeletal tree
Neath Winter night's Moon glow

When Winter dies, and Jack Frost flees
And barren limbs sway to and fro
It's only fools like you and me
That dare bear witness to tortured throes

…Neath Winter night's Moon glow…

David Whalen

Witchy Woman

Lost in the bayou!
It was funny at first
To an adventure lovin' youngen
This wouldn't be the worst

Just a night in the swamp
In a little flat-bottomed boat
Enough water for one night
a piece of jerky in a paper poke

Awakenin' from a sleep
He hadn't known he'd even fallen into
 the full moonglow diffused softly
By the Spanish moss that it shone through

Waterbugs skitterin', gators aglidin'
Cajun fiddle playin' some where out in the night
Katydids singin', water moccasins slidin'
In the distance, through the swamp mist,
shone a faint ghostly light

Pushin' one oar, agin' the marshy bottom
Slowly nearing' the song and the light
Cautiously polin' through dark cypress knees
Both cattails and neck hair, erect and upright

Ahead on a hummock
High on poles stood a shack
With a old rotting dock In front
and only misty swamp in the back

By a bonfire in front
Stood a fiery eyed young lady/beauty/woman
Tall, slim, with wild eyes flashin'
Tattered dress torn in provocative places
 Enticing the lad in, in uninhibited fashion

The boat seemed to glide toward her of It's own volition
While the lad stood, oar in hand, as if in a trance
The fiddle music wailed, loud as perdition
And witchy woman started a slow writhing dance
 Beckoning and undulating without inhibition

The owl in the cypress
Craned it's head from side to side
Solemnly Observing the lad all the while
The fiddle music soared to a devilish high
Witchy woman took his hand with a smile

The owl shied away and flew off with a whisper
A raven took flight with a start
The chorus of bullfrogs suddenly came to a halt

The thick silence broken by wild cackling laughter
Witchy woman had taken
another young man’s heart
A little flat bottomed boat found high on a bank
Amid wild orchids and bedecked with Spanish moss
Wasn’t found until many months later
Within it was a poke of jerky and a bottle of water.
Said the sheriff to the family with a great sense of loss
“pears your boy got eat up by a gator

One can hear faint cajun fiddle music
On full moonlit nights
O’er the black waters of the misty bayou
And if you listen through the mist and with all of your might
you just might hear a seductive voice
calling to you

David Whalen

Without expression

Wouldn’t it be curious
If no one had facial expressions?

If we were all individuals
Yet looked exactly the same

Same width, same height,
Same exact complexions

Would some still be failures
While others find fame?

So much is dependent
On the way that we appear

What if that were taken
Out of the equation?

Would the people that we hold
So close and so dear

Seem to suddenly appear
Of a different persuasion?

When I look all about
At our shakers and movers

It’s obviously not their looks
that Makes them stand apart

It’s what they have inside them
Where we all look exactly alike

Perhaps a more understanding soul,
And a more demanding heart?

David Whalen

Women and holidays (men, football and beer)

Could you just imagine
the lack of imagination
If men had to buy presents
And pretty them up with decorations

What would it be like
For men to bake the cookies
Or to buy and send cards
To all the friends and families

To think of men buying the food
absolutely boggles the mind
Men in aprons, you gotta' be kiddin dude
Much less doing the cooking grind

Impossible to describe men helping
on the holidays, In any way except lame
Seeming to contribute in the best way by…
Stayin out of women's way…watchin the game

Sittin' on their butts and soakin' up beer
Are men's natural inclinations and ways
And it's readily apparent and abundantly clear…
That it's women that give meaning to the holidays!

David Whalen

Women like to slow dance

Women like to slow dance
Men like to boogie fast…

Women lprefer to prettily prance
And make the dance last and last

Men like to stand against the wall
And act like they're bored as hell

While they actually are wishing that…
 they could dance half as well….

As…The guys that can slow dance
 And Seem to Have it best of all

They have the delight of dipping the pretties
Rather than not dancing at all

Women… like… to slow dance! ! !
A concept most men just can't grasp

So while their ladies are getting dipped
They stand around waiting to dance fast

Guys! ! ! … it's not rocket science
So wake up out of your trance

While you might like to boogie on down…
Women like to slow dance

David Whalen

Wonder

I wonder do you think of me
I wonder… as I wonder
About the past

I wonder why, between you and I
That that first kiss…
Had to be our last

David Whalen

Wonder of weird things

I wonder about weird things…
My mind flits and fidgets
I wonder about genuises…
Pickles and idiots

I ponder of things
Like God, heaven, and widgets…
And do Crowded elevators
smell different to midgets?

David Whalen

words about birds

Tis the sight and the sound
of birds that enthralls me
They give my mind sustenance
And substance to see

Tis the peep and the patter
The quarrelsome chatter
And the fact that not a whit …
Do they care about me

As far as they're concerned
if I don't move, then I don't exist
Kinda like my home situation
Only with a bird like twist

They are the essence of acquiesence
To the whims of Mother Nature
And to the oft, ugly whims
Of Human nomenclature

Prey to most creatures
that exist for predation
Dancing gingerly on razor's edge
between surfeit and starvation

Simply a nuisance to them
Or a morsel to eat, so nice
Delightful morsels to me also
But only for my eyes

If you think that I'm crazy
And could natter on for hours
Then whatever you do…
Don't get me started on flowers

David Whalen

Words With the Big Guy(or girl?)

I tell them I'm fine.
I know that's what they want to hear…
I don't want to say
"I want God to pick another name.

Dear God…I want to stop holding my breath

I tell them what
they want to hear…
I don't want to tell them
that I'm so ashamed

Please god…Don't pick my name from the hat

I tell them the usual
social niceties…
 For I know that they don't…
Want to hear bad news and blame

Please God…just toss me a bone

I tell them I'm fine
Never felt so good…
Never had need
of fortune or fame

So God…please

Don't pick my name…
from the hat
Good Lord…
Please…Just leave me alone!

David Whalen

Worst haiku ever written (U.S.style)

Meat, YEA! ! … Carbs be bad! !
workout make me hungy…Me
like sweets! ! ! Me soooo sad!

David Whalen

Wrinkles (haiku)

Wrinkles are face’s way
 Of telling everyone… that
“you did good…Well done! ! !

David Whalen

Writer's block

Have you ever felt
the need to write
Tho’ your fingers are leaden
And your brain won’t go

Have you ever concentrated
with all your might
When your mind feels deadened
And your creativity won’t flow

Have you ever felt
You’ve got no more to say
No more ideas
Buried deep in your mind

Well that’s the way I feel
And I know it’s not right
But I just can’t think of a single thing
….To write about tonight

David Whalen

Ya gotta know when to run

Ya Gotta know when to run

When a redneck says… “watch this”
Ya just gotta get out of his truck
 “Watch this, ” means he thinks it can fly
Or he thinks it can float like a duck

“there ain’t no monster under your bed”
That’s what your mama solemnly states
Run outta the room son, before it’s too late
Cause the monster’s gonna eatcha! You ‘re gonna be dead!

Ya gotta learn when to hold em’
Ya gotta learn when you’re done
Gotta learn when to fold em’
Son, you gotta learn when to run

When your good ol’ buddy boozily states
“don’t worry none, it ain’t loaded! ol‘ son”
Unless you’re dyin’ to stroll thru those pearly gates
You really gotta know when to pick em’ up and run

When bubba states “Shoot! It’s only 220 volts”
And standin in water ain’t gonna hurt us none
The feelin’s akin to getting run over by the Baltimore Colts
And it helps a whole lot…to know when to cut and run

David Whalen

Yet We Love Them

Not all women be sweet
Nor be all women Tiny…
Some seem to me,
To be fresh and beautiful
as the sea…
And others…E'en a tiny bit briny.

Some speak smugly
Others speak whiny
While some be as Ugly…
as a monkey's heinie
So, why do we love them?
…Beats the heck out of me! ! …

David Whalen

You Are Nature

There are traces of the sun
In your smile
Sparkle of the stars
In your eyes

Intriguing hint
Of foxy guile
That makes me pause
And realize

That your tears are like
Springtime rain
Walnut brown eyes wide
As Montana skies

Your breath the zephyr
Of the mountain pass
Breast a nest for hummingbirds
And cold Heart rimmed with ice

Attitude both bad and good
As changeable as the weather
Hale and hard as hickory wood
And hardy as the heather

If all the heavens beauty could be
Conjoined in one solid mass
Twould be as hard as flint could be
Yet both soft as meadow grass

…You are Nature…

David Whalen

You Change...So Do Places

You change…so do places
You get older…as places do too
You look about for familiar faces
But only memory's ghost looks back at you

You see the places…places in the heart
You hear long gone voices from the past
You still seem.. and yearn to be a part
Of memories that seem… to fade so fast

Fleeting touch…soft brush of lips
Memories of young love, breath held in wonder
Soft gentle touch of tender finger tips
Young hearts aflame, emotions torn asunder

That old red wagon, that very first snow
The big hill where we coasted, now seems so small
 the old homestead stood here…where did it go?
It's been replaced with a cold, soulless mall

Yes, you change…and yes, so do places
You yearn to recapture those memories of the past
To find bits and pieces…shards and traces
Memories…young love…not meant to last

You can imagine that old white home
from way back then…
Hear familiar voices …
echo in the wind, my friend

Yes…It Seems as if it was just yesterday
But you know… that it was way back then
And down deep you know…there just ain't no way
You can really ever… go back home again

David Whalen

you might think

You might think you look the same …
But you don’t

You might think you will …
But you won’t

You might think you don’t lie…
 No, not you

You don’t think you betray…
But you do

You might try to change …
But you can’t

You might think you shall…
But you shan’t

You might think you could care…
 but care not a lot

You might think that you’re fair …
But you’re not

You might think you do …
 But more likely never

You might think you’ve changed…
But you won’t, ever

You might think I still care…
But care has long flown

You might think you’re aware…
But you’re simply alone

David Whalen

You Will Endure Love (like it or not)

Love can be found…
one can lose it too
You can choose your love…
yet love might not choose you

You can be in love…
You can be love-struck
Love can be like the touch of velvet…
Or be like getting hit by a truck

Love can be fleeting…
Love can last a lifetime
Love can be most painful…
Or be softly sublime

Love can be capricious
And be most mysterious
Taste so delicious
A sensation so delirious

Love can vanish…
in a heartbeat
Love can perish…slowly
Or linger sweet

One thing is sure…It will Change…
like the weather
And like the weather
Will blow cold and hot

Be it unbearably heavy
Or light as a feather
You will… endure love…
Like it or not! !

David Whalen

your brain will rot

Write a poem every day
don’t let anything get in your way

No inspiration? So what the hey?
Just sit down and write a poem every day

Write about nothing
if that’s all you’ve got

Keep your mind active
If you don’t it’ll rot

They don’t have to be good
They can even be lame

But keep up the writing
Keep your hand in the game

Listen to what I have to say
Write something…anything my dears

Each and every day
in any way and without fears

for if you don't, your brain will rot
and leak out through your ears

David Whalen

Your eyes (American haiku)

</>Watch the full moon rise
Reflecting lunar gold… in
Mirrors of your eyes

David Whalen

Zippo, bupkus, and nil

If you wish it to be
It might possibly come true

If you pray for it …well
That could help too

But if you want it to be
Really.. really want it to be…

Then do something
To make it come true

You can wish
You can pray

You can want it
And still…

Unless you do something….
More than wish, or want…today

The chances of your prayers
Ever Being answered…

Is "forget about it"…"Zippo"
"bupkus" and nil

David Whalen