Poetry Series

Derrick Fernie

- 15 poems -

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Happy Birthday Momma Dear

I caused many a tear to the eyes of one so dear,
But you were very sincere momma dear
From my first step you made it "abundantly clear"
That no matter what you would always be near.

I write this for all those forgotten birthdays,
Momma dear, even though you're no longer here,
I still feel your hand guiding me without fear.
May 5th will always be a month and day, I hold dear,

Because that's when you were born momma dear,
Through all the skinned knee's crying and squabbles,
Your patience never repaid not with diamonds or baubles.
When I think of you there's a tear in my eye momma dear.

Derrick Fernie

Injured worker's poem

From dawn, to dusk we work for wages.
This has been the lot of the working class for ages.
When injured we now suffer further outrages.
The employer's private insurance company destroys our lives in stages.

First they deny and we ask why.
We appeal and this does not fly.
As we wail and cry we ask why does this not apply?
Politicians agree it's not right with a sigh.

Fix it they laugh, they won't even try.
Marriages break and widows cry.
And fatherless children ask mommy why?
The cupboards bare rent is due dear lord what will we do.

The insurance will pay no way, the employer's WCB.
They claim is heaven sent in their accounts there's no dent.
We will let the public pay their pockets are deep they lament.
This agreement cannot be broken it was an act of parliament.

Canada's Constitution they claim protects all.
But it's under the Compensation Act injured workers fall.
No longer needed they will recall the 1910 report.
Was not for workers protection the government dropped the ball.

Derrick Fernie

MISERY

As I walk through life oh sweet misery you are like a wife.
When the sun starts to shine your lips caress mine.
And when the skies are blue you remain true.
Sweet misery you leave me a clue.
That with me and my life you are not through.

Struggle and strain your attention I wish would wane.
Not to complain I have to write just the same.
My vary soul that your attention will claim.
Your wrath I would dearly love to tame.

You have sapped my strength to my shame.
Strong man once now not nearly the same.
Where there was a bright strong flame.
Now shuffling looking for someone to blame

The welcoming rain washes away the pain.
Ill health and age add their burden let me tell you plain.
To the young and vigorous let me explain.
To all that will listen, love with all your heart
Or sweet misery will rule you from the start.

Derrick Fernie

Requiem for the poet

A poet's heart is full of words and rhyme.
Like a lover's heart, it will ache and pine.
It yearns and burns though, worth the endless time.
Love lost nor fulfilled, like barren fields never tilled-
His heart will never mend ‘till its "beating stilled."

His deepest, darkest feelings, simply grist for the mill
As of love squandered, as he drank the swill,
There was no happiness; it was a bitter pill.
His hands and knee, bent upon the window sill.
In time regaining senses - strength waning, feeling quite ill.

From his well of sorrow, he must draw thought.
Quest to end pain, he writes on paper bought.
As he writes, its peace, that he has sought,
Till in death's cold, dark clutches, he is caught.

Derrick Fernie

The Breakfast club At The YMCA

The clanging of plates of steel,
Never lose their ringing appeal.
As the warriors with zeal,
Build muscles lifting the steel.
Heavier the lift better they feel

The feeling is almost surreal,
Is the appeal lifting steel.
Camaraderie with a dash Testosterone,
Joking and laughing never alone

YMCA makes one feel at home
Our weight lifting skills we hone
Your muscles ache to the bone
Takes a membership so pick up the phone

Derrick Fernie

The Cold Dark Streets

Not enough to eat, nowhere safe to sleep.
They silently walk the cold, dark, lonely streets.
Scared and alone, no where to call home, few friends to meet,
There's little kinship, this life is no treat.

This path contains mental illness- to millionaires, it's seldom told.
I will try, if I may be so bold- it's not for the scared, sick, young or old.
Did they dream that their life, like this, would end in the bitter cold?
They remember the good times and jobs that they could not hold.

Rejection and ridicule more to fear than the cold, driving rain.
They wonder why their lives are filled with madness and pain.
No one would listen, why would they complain?
This story must be told- let me make it plain!

In your warm beds, safe from the bitter cold, think of others.
Because these poor souls are your sisters and brothers,
Kindness and understanding, it's no bother.
Remember this fate could befall your father brother or mother.

Derrick Fernie

The curse of heartless beauty

If I may be so bold, legends of your beauty have been told
Your hair like flaxen gold can neither be bought or sold
My bleeding heart ripped and torn by a love turned cold
You laughed at the story's often they told

Spurned and heart broken they cursed your fate
Once the feeling of love now turned to hate
Beauty and golden hair fade with the years upon your plate
Old age and feelings of regret much too late

Neither love nor comfort in your old age
Loneliness and heartbreak fill you with rage
It's sad to say that a lesson is taught by a wise old sage
Kindness and true love will be written on life's page

Derrick Fernie

The Old Army Blanket

Coarse and ruff quite often thread bare
The soldier did not seem to care
Let the enemy try to take if he dare;
Coarse and ruff quite often thread bare

Driving rain or snow wearing his blanket
Coarse and ruff quite often thread bare.
Being a soldier he could expect no better fare,
Coarse and ruff, quite often thread bare

His fight done, read over with a prayer
Wrapped in the old grey Army blanket
Coarse and ruff quite often thread bare.
He did his duty few could compare,
Coarse and ruff, quite often thread bare

Derrick Fernie

The old cowboy

Ragged and well worn his denim jacket torn,
He could have been Methuselah's boy, first born
 Face the colour of the sunset; lines deep.
Fading light awaiting the coming night collar up,
His gun grey eyes glinting in the light.

Not fearing the night or up coming fight
Knowing full well, this is his last night
The old cow hand was a handsome sight,
 He'd be riding with the lord by light.

They found him in dawn's early light,
Hunched in the saddle reins clutched tight.
The old cowboy ragged and worn he,
was buried by the next early morn.

Derrick Fernie

THE QUEST FOR KNOWLEDGE

It slowly crept out; there was no room for doubt.
There was the specter of knowledge - lurking about.
They complained, as they' began their next learning bout,
If you do not learn in this world, you will not have any clout.

The teacher' tried to explain this, was part of the game.
For the youngsters this process was just too tame.
Practice they said' it's just not the same,
The teacher' tried to teach, it was his claim to fame

In life the hardest lessons are seldom taught,
Without knowledge little is bought.
So with this knowledge it must be sought,
Life without hardships will never be fraught!

Derrick Fernie

The Stone Garden

The stone garden where stones sprout on manicured lawns,
Help is no longer required; we have broken the earthly bonds
Eternity waits beyond its gates, its inhabitants no longer pawns
Endless sleep cannot be withdrawn till eternity dawns

Needless fences surround the stone garden, where no flowers sprout
Deny us not we once held life without doubt.
Irregardless of choice sleeping throughout
Sitting and weeping we can no longer hear though we hold you dear

Nearly all is quite clear with no tears throughout the stone garden
Here lays the past your future in the stone garden where no flowers grow

Derrick Fernie

There Was A Young Lad

There was an Irish lad by the name Johnny O'Hara.
For no one, did Johnny give a care, but for mother O'Hara.
Johnny liked to whistle, as he walked as he has no fare.
The young girls liked to run their fingers through his flaming red hair.

While next to Johnny, the girls thought, there's none to compare. When Johnny walked by all the ladies would stop and stare.
And for their sweet Johnny they were quite willing to lay their souls bare for the lad from 'County Clare.'

As Johnny O'Hara walked the street without a care. He was passed by Katie O'Rourke from the County of Cork, Who dared Mr. O'Hara to stare if he dared. Fine red headed lass, who would take no sass, from Johnny O'Hara. Now there's no bounce to Johnny's step or whistle to his walk. Because Katie O'Rourke broke the heart of Johnny O'Hara.

Derrick Fernie

Tracks In The Snow

Like tracks in the snow our actions follow
Throughout our life, no matter where we go.
No matter which direction the wind may blow,
Tracks are always there imprinted in the snow.

Never covered; the pain of sins long past,
Mistakes in life follow like tracks in snow.
Looking behind the tracks winding too and fro,
Losing the light; in the gently falling snow.

Derrick Fernie

What man has perfected

War! He's done an incredible job.
Animosity! Felt in a heart beat,
Killing! With little or no regret,
Enemy! People, who are a different,

Upheaval! the results of war and animosity,
Paranoia! created the enemy and killing.

What man wishes to perfect

Wonder! of the universe and creation,
Atonement! for the crimes above,
Kindness! With decency to all mankind,
Eternity! What he faces

Utopia what he could have?
Perfection if he makes the right choice,

If he'd just wake up

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who is this creature fussing over me?

I awoke screaming I was no longer safely floating,
The life line has been cut hunger and confusion.
Now occupy my thoughts, perhaps this is an illusion;
Who are they? Why must I suffer this intrusion?

They are looking down at me: what's that expression?
It looks like they have been expecting someone special;
  How dare they? Why must I suffer this transgression?
  What have I done to warrant such awful Aggression?

But wait there's that look in the creature's eye's;
They seem to look concerned over my squalling cries.
What's this? She is holding me to her breast;
 I begin nursing I listen to her contented sighs.

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