

Poetry Series

Edward Iacona

- poems -

Publication Date:

April 2010

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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A Change Of Strife

She said that she'd 'changed'
On a journey for her gnosis.
Was this a real spiritual walk?
Or form of psychoneurosis?

She was gentle and kind,
A true modern Isis.
Then she screwed up our world,
Could it be, MID-LIFE CRISIS?

As many get older
Some folks will insist,
That there's more to their life,
There's something they missed.

For time slipped away
And they now must resist,
Simply put, they are frightened
Or just mentally pissed.

I know well the feeling,
So I can't disagree,
There are dreams, there are goals
And there's no guarantee.

Time knows not persistence
Nor hears silent plea.
I know that is true 'cause,
It has happened to me.

Did this happen to her
As she rounded the bend?
With no more time to lose
She went off the deep end.

Frustration and depression
Really gives one the blues.
I wish she'd be happy with
A car, clothes or shoes.

The Tarot and Biorhythms
Entered her New Age view,
Plus numerology, crystals
And some Astrology too.

Auras and energy circles
Charge this magical epigram
Add the teachings of the Kabbalah
(Not the toy from 'Trans O Gram')

Then there were angels,

That was harmless enough,
What followed them was
More metaphysical stuff.

She focused on Reiki
And healing holistic,
Absorbing herself in
Modalities mystic.

Did she know that her journey
Also came with a danger?
To her family that loved her (more than she knew)
She become nearly a stranger.

All the self help books she read
Could not, possibly mention,
Her family's heartbreak and pain.
The truth of her cosmic 'intention'.

Motivational books can come
With a very high price,
That one pays for reading
Someone else's advice.

They claim what one can find
But give reader's no clues.
That from taking such advice,
Just what else they can lose.

No matter the path,
Or what one is akin to,
The problem with change,
Is what one can turn in to.

Our marriage was born in the deepest of love,
Of two facing the world hand in hand.
Now her family still wonders what part of, 'I do',
That she just didn't quite understand.

Like all, she desired a stress free existence,
Free from rough patches and nary a thicket.
But, reality reigns and there are unfortunate events
Unlike those penned by one Lemony Snicket.

It's great to have hobbies,
Interests and such,
Make them part of your life
But never a crutch.

Growth can be part
Of a marital life,
Not resulting in loss of

A soul mate and wife.

If a marriage becomes ill
Then both are responsible.
True LOVE means everything still
And 'Sick' does not mean terminal.

Gone off to follow her vision,
Something should remind her.
That the old saying has wisdom
To not burn bridges behind her.

The grass on the opposite side as it's seen,
Looks much greener and most beneficial.
Until she finds out, after vaulting the fence,
Time will tell her it's all artificial.

Edward Iacona

A SIGN OF MY TIMES

A SIGN OF MY TIMES
Edward Iacona

While walking through the shopping mall
Just because I was bored.
I looked at all the things on sale,
That I could not afford.

There were signs upon some items,
On sale that enticed to buy.
Showing both the price that 'WAS' and now 'IS'
That caught my thoughtful eye.

Those signs show one the savings
But to my saddened point of view,
Within the depths of my real life,
The opposite is also true.

There was a marriage, home and family,
With ups and downs galore.
A union of love and soul mates
But what 'WAS'....'IS' no more.

Edward Iacona

Asunder

As I walk the dog each night, I stare into the sky.
The stars alone bear mute witness to my daily weary sigh
I still ask the heavens of what went wrong to love that went awry.
And I think of the things we could have done but she would not even try.

Writing rhymes about our problems is a great temptation.
No matter our marital pitfalls there was a promise of dedication.
Heartbreak and richer lawyers are the only education
True soul mates who have broken bonds are a sad aberration.

Love and trust can be repaired, make it your marriage vocation.
Marriage and family live in love and should not seek cessation.
So, these words from I who may face life in relative isolation
'Never make a permanent fix to a temporary situation.'

02/05/09

Edward Iacona

At My Tech and Call

AT MY TECH AND CALL
Ed Iacona

Modern technology's a wonder
Just amazing this I know
If I get lost there's my GPS
That will tell me where to go.

If I am bored at home alone
And want to have some fun,
I can play against Nintendo Wii
Although I have never won.

For my mathematical prowess
I realize there's no flattery.
But, thanks to my calculator
I'm as good as a fresh battery

My cherished old film camera
Is no longer photographically hip.
Instead it is all about pixels
Stored on a memory chip.

No need to know 'bout shutter speeds
And 'F' stops as in back in the day.
No need to know my elbow
From my ASA

I wonder what auld Scottish
Poet Robert Burns would say
Were he around to take a look
At this our modern day?

O wad some power
The giftie will sink us.
To own devices that
Can out think us.

Edward Iacona

EMOTIONAL HOLIDAY

NOTE: Sometimes one just needs a 'me' day escape the daily stress. Here is a little poem just waiting for the right greeting card....

EMOTIONAL HOLIDAY
Edward Iacona

On this Emotional Holiday
It is time to take a rest
From all the pressure that is life
That just might get you stressed.

Never mind the constant running
From pillar and to post.
Time to stop the pedaling
And just lean back and coast.

There are forces out there
That can turn your spirit to toast
So, sip some wine and smile,
For those that love you most.

Edward Iacona

EVERYTHING HAPPENS FOR A REASON

EVERYTHING HAPPENS FOR A REASON
Edward Iacona

Everything happens for a reason. Nothing happens by chance or by means of luck. Illness, love, lost moments of true greatness and sheer stupidity all occur to test limits of your soul.

Without these small tests, life would be like a smoothly paved, straight, flat road to nowhere; safe and comfortable but dull and utterly pointless.

Sometimes a person will come into your life and you know right away that he or she were meant to be there...to serve some sort of purpose, teach you a lesson or help figure out who you are or who you want to become. You never know who that person may be but once you lock eyes, you know at that very moment that they will affect your life in some profound way.

And, If that someone loves you, love them back unconditionally. Not only because that person loves you, but also because they are teaching you to love and open your heart and eyes to little things. Make every day count. Appreciate everything with that person that you possibly can, for you may never experience it again.

Talk together as you have never talked before, and actually listen. Let yourself fall in love, break free and set your sights high. Hold your head up and smile because you have every right.

Edward Iacona

FOR FREEDOM... GONE FISHIN'

For the intangible concept of Freedom
There has been many a loss of life.
In the name of her script for Freedom,
I was forced to lose my wife.

T'was her sad solution
For her personal evolution
Freedom was her revolution
From loving marital institution.

In conflicts concerning Freedom
This struggle really vexes
For I have been re-called to join
The Battle of The Sexes.

Within this forced fed Freedom
There's an aspect that I hate,
Having in common with my children
Of finding someone to date.

There's many an online dating site
Floating upon the shining Cyber-sea...
With many a lovely lady whose
Bait is waiting just for me.

I sniff and write to ladies lines...
Feeling I'd be quite their catch
Only to find in sad despair that
They think we're no match.

Swimming and searching for the line,
To be hooked and then give my all.
But, as I keep getting thrown back,
I think maybe I am just too small.

In the matter of physical chemistry
I shrug saying, 'what the heck'...
Most gals don't look like enchanted Fiona
And, I don't think that I look like Shrek.

But, when her lure dances by my way
To her invite I shall not refuse it.
Just because I have my Freedom
I am more than willing to lose it.

Edward Iacona

GARDEN PARTY!

Garden Party
Edward Iacona

I know that names of products
May often be ostentatious
But I never thought that packs of seeds
Could also be so salacious.

Varieties mentioned here are real
And this is what I think...
Many gardeners and farmers
Must enjoy an earthy wink....

To make my point I'll put these names
In quotes or maybe in italic.
And lay aside the obvious view that
some veggies look quite phallic.

There is no doubt that corn
Is known to be singularly nutritious
But what can one say about a corn
that is named 'Bi-Licious'.

A common trait I'd I think I'd share
From Puberty to my coffin
Is a link to a certain corn
called 'Early and Often'.

No homophobia amongst the stalks
Or none that I have seen
When one on considers there are types
Called 'Ruby' and 'Silver Queen'.

There is an egotistical cucumber
Whose statistics really rate...
I shall envy it's bragging rights
To being a 'Straight Eight'

Virile thoughts of cucumbers
May easily coincide.
When human males at morning
May deal with some 'Early Pride'

There is a carrot called 'Big Top'
But there's a cliché I must repeat...
That size is not a factor so
There's another called 'Short and Sweet'

Male prowess claims that men
Should try to please and perhaps outlast her.
So their cucumber of choice should be
The one that's called 'Bushmaster'.

When Popeye eats his spinach his
Rescues of Olive Oyl are less demanding'
But, if he really wants to impress her
There is a type called 'Long Standing'

Ah! the popular pumpkin
Famed for Halloween and pie
But the name 'Jack O' Lantern'
May be more than meets the eye.

The apostrophe after the O
Stands for 'of' I know that's true
But considering the names I've seen
Do they mean one 'f' or two?

Edward Iacona

OY! ME FAITHFUL

OY! YE FAITHFUL

Edward Iacona

The tree is down, the decorations stored
And a new year has come at last.
The celebrations are all over,
It's officially, Christmas past.

A gift one desires is always great
But in taking some poetic license,
What I wish for most of all
Would be her Christmas presence

She left us for her new age dreams
While we get along to the best of our ability.
Will she ever realize the harm she's done?
Well, there is always the possibility.

Someday she might just see the light,
And want to return as wife and mom.
And that to me will surely be
The best Christmas yet to come.

Edward Iacona

PONDERING PIRATES

PONDERING PIRATES

Edward Iacona

There has remained a fascination
That has lasted through the years,
Of pirates, ships and the treasures
Of those adventurous buccaneers.

It is very obvious in these times
That pirates are still quite popular
In films and books and games and such
But not the real ones in Somalia.

We also pay them homage
With 'Talk Like a Pirate Day'
So salt yer speech me hearties
And add 'Arrgh' to what you say.

There are pirate costumes for Halloween
Some will buy them and some will make them.
But a real pirate would not ask for treats
He'd just threaten you and take them.

There are the Pittsburgh Pirates
And to further what my case is.
What could those pirates possibly steal
Except for a couple of bases.

There are Neuveau Pirates of today
That have no need to prowl the seas.
They can be found in the local laundromat
Selling inexpensive DVD's

Still some laud the life of pirates,
They will act so and admire it
What always puzzles me is that,
Why do they desire it?

Back in the day a real pirate
Had not much which to aspire;
Rare promotions, no paid benefits
And no security on which to retire.

For all the riches that they stole
Which was a considerable pile
What good did it really do them?
I don't think it changed their life style.

Yet thoughts of pirates still surround us
Be they fiction, real or on a line of scrimmage.
But, no matter how one thinks of them,

It took Disney to change their image.

Edward Iacona

PUTTING A THOUGHT OUT THERE

PUTTING A THOUGHT OUT THERE

By - Ed Iacona

Putting pen to paper makes
Inner voices very clear.
Of a desire no longer a secret
For the cosmos (plus one) to hear.

Positive thoughts are focused,
Projected strong and true.
Encouraged within my spirit,
By the joy of knowing YOU.

Some logic here for you to see,
Although there doesn't need to be.
Even Mr. Spock would likely agree
That YOU and I are synergy.

There's nothing for you to fear, my dear
Nor anything that will smother.
Just smile and breathe new essence here,
We've just begun to love one another.

A hand to hold while traveling
This confusing mortal abyss.
It all distills to two souls as one
And it all comes down to this...

True intention ignites the ether,
Twixt rhymes both common and clever.
I will be the ONE you kiss,
For now... For later... Forever.

Edward Iacona

REAL LIFE LESSON

REAL LIFE LESSON -
Edward Iacona

To be a student in your class
was certainly considered a coup
All the kids sure wanted you
and maybe a few mommies too.

Beyond the Three R's you traveled,
your lessons laced with mirth.
You taught of wolves and wildlife
and conservation of the Earth

Your teaching rings with wisdom
of heroes and brotherhood
Of standing up for justice
as future adults they should

Your classroom philosophy
was easy to explain.
An ongoing lesson that
your students should retain

That in living a good life
one should never abstain
from always striving for kindness
and for always being humane.

When dark times came to your life
We listened to all your lows
We took you in like family
We comforted your woes.

Then dark times came to our life
faced with separation and divorce
I called to you my 'brother'
My thinking was, of course.

I asked that you would mediate
a union that should not be dissolved
Your answer to my tearful plea;
'Sorry, can't get involved.'

One thinks of all the hearts and minds
That you touch and reach
Maybe you should learn from yourself
and practice what you teach.

Edward Iacona

Sorry!

The phrase 'I'm Sorry' you may agree
Has turned into a social amenity
We say 'I'm Sorry' more than Brenda Lee
Which was a hit song for her back in 1960.

You may not want to acknowledge the damage you've done
The pain that you've brought to spouse, daughter or son.
But if you've done wrong you must see the light
To take a pro-active step to returning things right

There will remain feelings that you can't erase
Lost time and memories that you can't replace
Because of your actions now nothings the same
Take a look in your mirror and know that there's blame.

Maybe those words are one's you won't do.
They may not exist in your new age point of view.
Or, don't want to hear the anger, it might make you blue
It's easier to leave your loved ones hurt and askew.

Just saying I'm sorry is not all it takes
No magical words to make gone the mistakes
Begin the road back with those words from your heart
They do not mark the end but maybe a start.

Your family's your bond like no other glue.
A great family we had, can we renew?
Deep in your heart you know what to do.
If I can say 'I'm sorry' then I think you can too.

(May 13 - 2008)

Edward Iacona

Staying Power

STAYING POWER

Ed Iacona

When the going gets tough, the tough get going
that's a proverb we've heard before
That doesn't mean for your marriage
you should be quick to use the door.

You made a lifelong commitment
and life isn't always sweet.
Marriage is not like computer spam
you just can't click on DELETE.

You needed change? A different world?
A metaphysical point of view?
Best reassess your self help books dear,
because real life is not all about YOU.

Edward Iacona

THANKSMISGIVINGS

THANKSMISGIVINGS

Edward Iacona

There's a little tradition on Thanksgiving
In which the family and each guest
Takes a turn before the dinner
To tell how their lives are blessed.

Each person speaks of gratitude
Within their minds reflection
As she listens and waits what does she think
In her personal introspection.

Does she give thought to her family
Once united, happy and strong.
Or a single thought to her husband
And how she did them wrong.

Details here are unimportant,
As our hurt remains inside.
Does she have any accountability
To consider how she lied.

If there's a mental inquisition
If recent past comes to her minds door...
My question ends with a preposition
What could she be thankful for?

Edward Iacona

THE HIGH COST OF LOVING

THE HIGH COST OF LOVING

Edward Iacona

A divorce is what she wanted, not I.
Her freedom, a new life and new route.
Our loving marriage cost little to enter,
But so much more to try and get out.

Never mind the cost of tears and trauma
Caused by her misbegotten mystical journey
Yet another bitter pill to swallow is
Dealing with a marital attorney.

Their ads give hope and understanding
Pledging to defend rights without a doubt.
Until one meets for a consult to find
That is not what it's all about.

We speak about my problems
As they assess every asset,
Their interest seems to center
On what they think they can get.

The talk of my sad situation
And a strategy quickly fade
To their more important agenda of,
How much and how they're paid.

Shakespeare penned a lethal thought
For those hired to defend their employers.
'The first thing that we do, ' is said
'Let's kill all the lawyers! '

That is a line from Richard The Sixth,
And while such mayhem should restrict us.
After giving it some careful thought, I ask,
What jury would want to convict us?

Edward Iacona

WHEN YOU WISH....

When You Wish....
Ed Iacona

When the love of my life left us
And wrote us out of her script
She left her family sad and hurting
And me emotionally ripped.

I spent the days in contemplation
Sifting through the all years
Until comes night with lack of light
When shadows can hide the tears.

To find a little glimmer
Of reconcilable hope
I consulted first the guidance
Of my daily horoscope.

I asked a toy 'Magic Eight Ball'
And turned it over for it's say
The answer in the window showed
'It's Certain', 'Unclear' or 'No Way! '

I tried to use a Ouija board
To get an answer true.
Problem with my using one
To use it, it takes two.

I have a best friend, a physic
An expert with decks of Tarot
Will there be a return of my beloved?
But her cards could not show.

There's a website that grants real wishes,
And to me that sounded great!
To make them come true one must
Comply with the magic power of '8'.

Write an '8' upon a card and
Then show it to the moon.
Recite your wish specifically
And It will come true soon.

I drew an '8' most carefully
And to this I shall attest
After showing it to the moon
The moon was not impressed.

I guess there is no real 'Secret'
For it is my found contention
For no matter how hard I tried
There is no 'Power of Intention'

All I wanted was a solution and
For this I was willing to do my part
But no matter what I tried I found
That only God can change ones heart.

Edward Iacona

Where O Where?

WHERE O WHERE? - Ed Iacona

On a hot and steamy summer night,
While eating Italian lemon Ices,
I thought again of the dismal plight
Caused by her Mid-Life Crises.

Say what you will to defend your 'change'
Deep inside you know what's true.
Our lives you hurt and made re-arrange
Yet my prayers ask, Where are YOU?

You said you aren't living your life
For your children and me too.
You sought escape as mom and wife
Still I question, Where are YOU?

In nature all birds leave the nest
But before they take to the blue
Two parents teach them to be their best
I'm here. Where are YOU?

So, Maysie, am I your Horton?
I'm still caring after you flew.
Trying to balance on a branch
And wondering, Where are YOU?

You left your family to seek your 'light'.
That is what you said was true.
Yet, one wonders how you sleep at night
We're here, Where are YOU?

Our daughter is in all honors,
Taking college level Spanish too...
Yo tengo un pregunta grande,
¿Adonde estabas tu?

All the shades of their growing up,
No matter what we go through,
Should be part of our family's loving cup
But sadly, Where are YOU?

Edward Iacona