

Poetry Series

Harry Bryant

- 79 poems -

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Harry Bryant (2/24/1932)

I am just a simple country man, that loves to write poems, for my own enjoyment and for others to enjoy as well, thank you for taking the time to read my biography, though it is short, my heart is large.

Harry Bryant

A Country Girl

She was a country girl, in her faded old blue jeans,
she was so full of life, and she was full of dreams,
she would dream about the future, and how her life would be,
yes she wanted children maybe two or three,
she dreamed who she would marry, might be Tommy Brown,
maybe it would be someone new, that just moved into town,
she knew she liked the simple life, like most country girls did,
and she would be so glad, when she wasn't such a kid,
she liked the sound of rain, when she was in the barn,
there was so many things to do, out there on the farm,
the smell of new mown hay, always thrilled her so,
but she knew this way of life, would sometime have to go,
the years passed so slowly, but somehow slipped away,
still she knew her dreams would all come true someday,
then one day it happened, she met a charming man,
she fell in love with him, it is when her life began,
for many months they dated, then he bought the ring,
when he placed it on her finger, her heart began to sing,
in June they were married, now she was his wife,
she had enough happiness to last her all her life,
the babies started coming and filling up their home,
with her husband and her children she would never be alone,
troubles they had some, but nothing very bad,
kids were always laughing, none were always sad,
the years passed by so quickly, the kids had all moved away,
they would come to visit, but she knew they wouldn't stay,
soon she started dreaming about her life again,
and she would dream about the days out there on the plain.

written by Harry Bryant
12/15/04 7: 00: 11 PM ©
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Harry Bryant

A Dead Man's Hand

James Butler Hickok is a very talented man,
and he makes his living anyway he can,
born in Illinois, in eighteen thirty one,
he had many titles, most earned with a gun,
he was a hearty drinker, a gambling man was he,
and a fierce gunfighter, as many men would see,
where he got the name WILD BILL, no one really knows,
but he is called that everywhere he goes,
he was a WAGON MASTER and a GUIDE along the trails,
he SCOUTED for the union army, till the rebels turned their tails,
he had his first fast draw gunfight in eighteen sixty five,
and he was mighty lucky, to come out of it alive,
then he turned to professional gambling,
for the living that he made,
gambling any place or time always on parade,
he was elected SHERIFF of Hayes City, Kansas in eighteen sixty eight,
and while he was sheriff, many men did meet their fate,
he toured with Buffalo Bill, in his wild west show,
he did that for a couple of years, until he had to go,
he went to Deadwood, in Dakota, where he met Calamity Jane,
and she fell in love with him, she made it very plain,
sitting in a poker game, in a poker hall,
someone snuck up behind him, a man named Jack McCall,
he pulled out a pistol and unleashed some lead,
Wild Bill, slumped in his chair from the gunshot to his head,
he was just forty five when he met his fate,
his hand fell on the table, it held aces and eights,
to be forever after, called 'A DEAD MAN'S HAND'
there is no doubt that Wild Bill, was full of grit and sand.

written by Harry Bryant
8/20/04 4: 30: 11 PM �
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Harry Bryant

A Love Song

I've written her lots of little love poems,
the things that I've wanted to say,
but this will be the granddaddy of all,
hope it ends up going my way,
she is the best gal that I've ever seen,
the one that I want in my arms,
and one day soon, to her I'll croon,
I'm here with all of my charms,
I'll hold her so tight with all of my might,
afraid that she'll run away,
oh I love her dear and I want her right here,
right here never to stray,
we'll sing our love song, our whole life long,
it makes us so happy and gay,
and outside our door will be cattle galore,
we'll be happy just making them pay,
each day we can ride o'er the land side by side,
we'll ride just looking for strays,
and when we come down we'll go into town,
a place we that couldnt stay,
we'll go thru life hand in hand, because we both understand,
there could be no other way.

written by Harry Bryant
10/16/2000 9: 51: 38 AM ©

Harry Bryant

A Nice Old Man

A nice old man once asked me,
what I was going to do,
was I going thru life alone,
or find a love so true? ,
I told this man, my story,
of how my life had gone,
how I have been so lonely
for so very long,
but that I 'd been searching
and I had finally found,
the one I wanted beside me
to keep me on the ground,
I told him all about you
about what you mean to me,
I told him that your love is true,
and will last for eternity,
this man had set me thinking
why was I holding back,
tears made my eyes start blinking,
cause my life had been so black,
then I turned to tell him
what I'd wanted to tell you for so long,
but there was no one there
the nice old man was gone,
I ask you now my darling
I ask on bended knee,
I ask you now my darling,
will you marry me? .

written by Harry Bryant
8/24/02 2: 46: 09 AM ©

Harry Bryant

A Year Ago Today

Once I had a sweetheart,
that I loved so much
I was thrilled to be with her
now I hunger for her touch,
she was going to see her mother,
she would soon be back again,
there will never be another,
she was more than just a friend,
as she got on the airplane
I was filled with dread,
an hour after takeoff
my sweetheart, she was dead,
terrorists took over the airplane
they did it with a smile,
but soon a bunch of heroes
came running down the aisle,
people started screaming
there was fighting all around,
the plane went into a nose dive
and crashed into the ground,
there were no survivors
all aboard were killed,
I hope they catch all terrorists
and their blood is spilled,
now my heart is lonely
at the close of each day,
I think about her only
and get on my knees and pray,
I pray to God in heaven,
I pray to God above,
to protect my sweetheart,
and to give her all his love,
my heart is oh so empty
since my sweetheart went away,
she got on that fatal flight,
just a year ago today.

written by Harry Bryant �
sept 11,2002
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written for all the ladies on those planes
they too deserve recognition. HFB

this poem is purely my imagination, based on known facts.
I didn't know anyone on those planes. Harry

Harry Bryant

Alcoholic

I wonder where you are today,
and just when you'll be home
in my mind the thoughts do play,
when I am left here all alone,

are you out there drinking,
while I sit here at home,
this alcoholic thinking,
will drive you from our home,

there was a time I didnt care,
cause I was drinking too,
I'd be home when I got there,
then I'd argue with you,

till one day you told me,
to leave the booze alone,
and if I didn't listen,
then you would soon be gone,

I really listened to you,
and all the words you said,
I'm very glad that we're not thru,
cause I would soon be dead,

are you out spending money,
that you shouldn't be,
you know I miss you honey,
when you're not here with me,

I think I hear you coming,
yes coming up the drive,
my heart just started humming,
cause you are home alive.

written by harry bryant on January 17, 2000 ©

Harry Bryant

Answer to a lonely cowboy

ANSWER TO LONELY COWBOY

Since I met You,
my lovely Betsy Lou
I'm no longer a lonely cowboy,
I no longer ride alone,
I'm no longer a wandering cowboy,
I have a love to call my own,
some one who cares about me,
some one who will be there,
some one to always hold me,
some one to say she cares,
some one to ease my sorrows,
some one to share my joy,
some one to share my tomorrows,
some one to tell me, I'm her, cowboy,
now my songs are happy,
my songs are no longer blue,
I may be a little sappy,
but I'm so in love with Betsy Lou,
so all you lonesome cowmen,
just find a cowgirl too,
your frown will change to a grin,
when she says, I love you.

written by Harry Bryant
4/23/03 1: 07: 54 AM 
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Harry Bryant

Bad Times, Then good Times

BAD TIMES, THEN GOOD TIMES

She lies in her bed, at night all alone,
wondering just when her man will be home,
will he be drinking, and smell of cheap wine,
will he be angry and beat her this time,
so many bruises she has had to hide,
so the children don't see them, she still has her pride,
then she wonders why does she stay,
why does it always, have to end up this way,
just where could she go, what could she do,
she has no money, and her things are so few,
there must be someone to help her,
that she don't know about,
or some organization that will help her out,
then she hears the car in the drive,
thank you lord, he is home alive,
but there came a knock on her door,
funny, he had never done that before,
so she put on her robe and answered the knock,
a voice from outside said he was a cop,
she opened the door and they asked to come in,
the look on their faces was cold and so grim,
they then told her the terrible news,
her man had been killed, while drinking his booze,
he lost control of his car on a hill,
it rolled over on him, and him it did kill,
three others in the car were hurt pretty bad,
they said they were so sorry, that he was a good lad,
but they didn't know him way deep inside,
nor how he would beat her until she cried,
the tears from her eyes ran down her face,
what would she do, to not bring disgrace,
she called her brother and asked what to do,
he said he would be there in an hour or two,
she made some coffee, cause she had to wait,
for her brother she hoped he wouldn't be late,
when he got there, the story she told,
how nasty he was since his love had grown cold,
the brother just hugged her, and held her so tight,
he knew what she had gone through early that night,
when the funeral was over, they packed up and left,
he couldn't leave her so alone and bereft,
now the years have passed on, and she is married again,
and this time she got a very good man,
he raises the children just like they were his own,
they are never hungry and have a good home,
when they call him daddy, it brings a smile on his face,
and no other man could take his place.

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10/7/04 2: 30: 58 AM ©

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Harry Bryant

Belle Starr

It was from Carthage, Missouri, Belle originally came,
Myra Belle Shirley, was her real name,
she was a descendant, of the Hatfields, the ones in the feud,
and a friend of Cole Younger, of the Younger brood,
it was in the war between the states, where she started to shine,
she was a lookout for the rebel army, and reported on time,
positions of the Union army, trying to bring them defeat,
but didn't help much, soon the rebels began to retreat,
while she was in college she met the Younger and James gangs,
while they were riding with Quantril on the Kansas range,
it was their influence that turned her to crime,
they would come visit and stay for some time,
away from the law, they had to hide,
they stayed for a while then they would ride,
she married James Reed, while the bandits were gone,
they were quite happy and it wasn't long,
till they had two children a girl and a boy,
the boy brought her grief and the girl brought her joy,
now James was a no good, he robbed and he killed,
till finally one day, his own blood got spilled,
Belle went to Dallas, and rambled around,
she would drink and gamble and fire her guns in the ground,
she met Sam Starr, they married and left Texas behind,
they went to Oklahoma, and a farm they did find,
Sam he tried to farm it, but didn't succeed,
so he turned to crime, just like James Reed,
they got arrested and went to the jail,
the hanging judge Parker set them no bail,
they were found guilty and each given a year,
in Detroit House of Correction, and shed not a tear,
after her release, she said to all that she saw,
I am a friend to any brave and gallant outlaw',
she liked tight fitting clothes, usually in Black,
on her way home she got shot in the back,
they knew not who shot her, for sure anyway,
no one was arrested, no one had to pay,
there is a marble stone that marks where she lays,
on it, a bell, her horse, a star and the following Epitaph,

'SHED NOT FOR HER A BITTER TEAR,
NOR GIVE THE HEART TO VAIN REGRET
TIS BUT THE CASKET THAT LIES HERE
THE GEM THAT FILLED IT SPARKLES YET'.

this is the story from beginning to end,
to all outlaw cowboys she was a friend,
none are buried around her, for she died alone,
for all of her sins, she had to atone.

written by Harry Bryant
8/23/04 1: 41: 19 �

Harry Bryant

Billy The Kid

There once was a gun fighter, named Billy the kid,
he went down in history, for the bad things he did,
He killed in anger, he killed for fun,
he killed for nothing, he killed with his gun,
he was in Lincoln county in the range war,
he had some companions who really got sore,
I can see them now in my minds eye,
drinking and carousing and thinking their sly,
but one day it would all come to an end,
young Billy would be killed by one his friends,
there was a sherrif Pat Garret by name,
who took exceptions to Billy's bad game,
so he set out to find him, to bring him on in,
said he would get Billy, before Billy got him,
he found him one evening, drunk as could be,
took him to the jail house, before he could get free,
but the jailer got careless and Billy escapes,
to go on a killing rampage, with maybe some rapes,
Garrett he trailed him, and hunted him down,
finally found him, in a New Mexico town,
Billy was fast, lightning on the draw,
but Garrett was the fastest that young Bill ever saw,
Bill didn't feel the lead hit him, but looked up at the sun,
it was then he knew he was killed by a Garrett's gun,
down went young Bill prone the ground,
a crowd of on lookers gathered around,
some wanted to be sure that Billy, was really dead,
so he couldn't come back and fill them full of lead,
while Bill's life was ebbing and fading away,
Garrett knelt down beside him and started to pray,
Lord take this young cowboy into your grace,
he went through this life drifting, from place to place,
no one to love him, to call him their own,
now he is in your care, his sins to atone,
many men died by the shots from his gun,
now he lies there dead, and he is just twenty one,
how many he killed nobody knows,
but on his grave, somone planted a rose,
the rose it grew in to a beautiful vine,
but it never flowered in all of its time,
some say it was because of the ones that he slew,
some outlaws, some lawmen and a woman or two,
say a prayer for Garrett, as he lies in his grave,
praise his courage, for the lives that he saved,
by killing young Billy, that day on the range.

written by Harry Bryant
8/19/04 12: 04: 06 AM �
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Harry Bryant

Bonnie And Clyde

This is a poem about Bonnie and Clyde,
they had places to run too, but nowhere too hide,
both came from a poor and needy past,
the life that they chose, just couldn't last,
for a few short years they lived on that ride,
got caught in an ambush and both of them died,
this is how it all started, just how it began,
all of the details down to the last man,
Bonnie was married when she was sixteen,
to an immature man, she should never have seen,
just married a year when he landed behind bars,
Bonnie then worked in cafes, never going too far,
she loved to dress up, and it kept her broke
her passion for red dresses, became a family joke
then along came Clyde with his big dreams,
on the wrong side of the law, no more bacon and beans,
they formed up a gang, that killed, robbed and stole,
all over the southwest, and banks was their goal,
one night while parked, two cops stopped to give aid,
both of them were shot and died where they laid,
from that moment on they were on the run,
they lived and they died by the law of the gun,
Clyde stole autos, then changed the plate,
so the cops wouldn't find them until it was too late,
with their two thugs, Hamilton and Fultz, they went on a spree,
their robbing, killing and running, they done so with glee,
then one afternoon at a fair dance, they stopped for a rest,
a off duty cop spotted one of the thugs who thought it best,
to take off on a run, while Bonnie and Clyde drove away quick,
left their pal behind and thought they were slick,
then on May 23.1934, it all came to an end,
while caught in an ambush set up by a friend,
Clyde and Bonnie were both killed in the mess,
and pretty young Bonnie, was wearing a bright red dress.

written by Harry Bryant
10/14/04 11: 45: 30 AM ©
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Harry Bryant

Corner Of Love and Heartache

Here I am on the corner of love,
the corner of love and heartache,
which way will I turn, let's go see where love takes,
will love be a smooth, level road,
or will it bumpy and rough,
will I be toting a heavy load,
will I have love enough,
will I be going down the heartache lane,
wondering just where you are,
will my heart be full of pain,
or wishing on a star,
how I wonder which way to turn,
afraid to take a chance,
love is a fire that can give you a burn,
or it can be a ballroom dance,
love doesn't care if your rich or poor,
or healthy, wealthy and wise,
it will come to any one's door,
sometimes in disguise,
no matter where you find love,
heartache can be around the corner,
I would rather be in love,
and a heartache scorer,
do I turn left or do I turn right,
I know that I love you with all of my might,
is love a oneway street or does it go both ways,
let me be on the road to love, not on the lost highway,
heartache is a deadend street where people often stray,
I want to go down the road to love and I want to go today.

written by Harry Bryant
6/15/02 11: 25: 08 AM ©

Harry Bryant

Country Kids

COUNTRY KIDS

COUNTRY KIDS

Country boy and country girl were walking down the lane,
the day was drab and dreary, but there wasn't any rain,
said country boy to country girl, can I hold your hand? ,
country girl said to country boy, I think that would be just grand,
so hand in hand they walked along, singing a simple song,
as happy as they could be, doing nothing wrong,
along came old farmer Brown, with his mule team,
on his way to plow some ground, in his old blue jeans,
he asked if they were heading on their way too town,
they said no they were not, then smiled up at farmer Brown,
they just kept on walking, right on down the road,
with smiles on their faces, because they had no load,
their hearts were light and happy, their thoughts were so gay,
nothing could deter them, cause they were on their way,
they knew where they were headed, they knew where they were bound,
and their parent s also knew exactly where they could be found,
they were on their way to the old school house, that would soon be sold,
country boy and country girl were only 8 years old.

written by Harry Bryant
1/11/05 12: 49: 57 �
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By Habry

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Harry Bryant

Curly Bill Brocius

There was an outlaw from Texas, called Curly Bill,
he robbed and murdered, just for the thrill,
fast with a gun, fast on the draw,
was Curly Bill Brocius, a famous outlaw,
he joined up with the old Clanton gang,
if he was caught he surely would hang,
the Clanton's stole cattle, where ever they rode,
when a mule train traveling with a heavy load,
was ambushed by the Clantons, and nobody cried,
the mule skinnners bodies lay just where they died,
it was in Skeleton Canyon, where the ambush occurred,
on down to Tombstone, someone carried the word,
Wyatt Earp and a posse went hunting them down,
at Iron Springs, was where they were found,
according to ledgend, according to Earp,
when the fighting was over, Curly Bill, lay dead in the dirt,
there was no trial for Curly Bill,
gone was his life, along with his thrill,
for all of his bad deeds Curly Bill, finally did pay,
his final sentence, forever and a day.

written by Harry Bryant
8/25/04 11: 54: 59 AM �
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Harry Bryant

Devastation and Recuperation

DEVASTATION AND RECUPERATION

DEVASTATION AND RECUPERATION

I sat on my pony, just at sundown,
the scene that I saw, sure made me frown,
the clouds were just boiling, for the upcoming storm,
would be the worst disaster that ever was born,
then rain kept a falling ever so hard,
soon all was covered even the yard,
the creeks were all rising, flooding the plains,
it looked like nothing would stop the rains,
higher and higher the waters they rose,
nothing could stop it until it froze,
it rained for a week, then it rained for two,
everyone wondered when the rain would be through,
way up on the mountain, I looked down below,
trying to figure where all that water could go,
the buildings were gone that had once been a town,
what the water didn't get, the hard winds blew down,
then all of a sudden out peeked the sun,
and shut down the storm that had a long since begun,
still the waters kept rising, its own level to seek,
the floods stayed with us late into next week
slower than snails, the water receded,
some very hot weather was just what we needed,
the sun kept shining, there high in the sky,
drying the waters that kept flowing right by,
it took over a month for the flood to be through,
gone were the buildings, of the town that we knew,
no more stores, gas stations, restaurants or bars,
not a thing was left out there under the stars,
all that had lived here has long since been gone,
there is nothing left, no cattle, no coyotes, not even a fawn,
now back on that pony I am sitting once more,
when I saw them coming, new settlers by the score,
some would be tailors, store keepers and such,
they seemed to have things but not overly much,
new buildings sprang up, seemed right from the ground,
when they were done building, they had a new town,
it was like no flood had been there, in many years,
where once had been heartaches and eyes filled with tears,
I still go riding to my favorite spot,
to see what is there, not to see what is not.

written by Harry Bryant
1/6/05 10: 03: 12 AM �
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By Habry

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Harry Bryant

Did You Ever

Did you ever see a teardrop, rolling down a child's face,
did you ever see a fallen man, bow his head in disgrace,
did you ever see the sorrow, in a grieving mother's eyes
did you ever see the sadness there, a look she can't disguise,
did you hear the wisdom a wise old preacher gives,
when he tells this grieving mother, the body's gone, but the spirit lives,
and then you see her eyes light up, at what he just said,
she knows her baby's gone, but his spirit isn't dead,
I know this poem has detoured from its very start,
but those eyes, distracted me, and touched my very heart,
it made me think of my own mom, when my sister died,
though we all comforted her, she just cried and cried,
we knew that mom will miss her, and all of us will too,
but we also knew, there wasn't a thing, that we could really do,
we knew it was God's decision to take our sister home,
where she will live forever beside His golden throne.

Harry Bryant

Doc Holliday

John Henry Holliday was born in Georgia, in eighteen fifty one,
when he was nineteen he enrolled in dental school, it wasn't any fun,
he got his degree, and a practice he did start,
then he got tubercolsis and his practice fell apart,
he heard that the dry air in the west would buy him some time,
he went to Dallas Texas, but couldn't make a dime,
he started into gambling as a way of life,
it really didn't matter because he had no wife,
he was in a poker game, one dark and rainy night,
one of the players was losing bad, and he started into fight,
Doc he pulled a gun, and shot the fighter dead,
he placed 2 bullets side by side, right into his head,
the next man he killed was a soldier, stationed in a fort nearby,
Doc knew he was in trouble and he had to leave or die,
he headed into Apache country, for Denver he was bound,
he killed three more men along the way and left em on the ground,
he became Tom Mackey, no one knew him there,
he hoped he would get some help from that good old mountain air,
trouble it came calling, as trouble usually will,
a gambler called him a cheater, so the gambler he did kill,
he drifted into Wyoming, then down to New Mexico,
couldn't make much money, so to Texas he did go,
there he met the only woman, she was to be his mate,
she was a pretty woman, they called her 'big nose Kate',
the lived together for six months or so,
then Kate, she got edgy and said she had to go,
Doc got a job dealing cards in Shanssey's saloon,
it was there that he met Wyatt Earp, friends they were very soon,
Wyatt he was on the trail, of a killer cold and cruel,
so Doc went along with him, he was nobodys fool,
when they found the killer, there was a fight of course,
Wyatt went back to Dodge, with the killer across his horse,
Doc drifted all around, he missed his Big nosed Kate,
she was the only woman that could ever be his mate,
He finally went to Kansas, Dodge City was his aim,
he hoped to run into Wyatt and find a poker game,
Wyatt and his brothers had left about a month before,
on his way to Tombstone Arizona, he was there for sure,
So Doc went to find Him, his health was getting bad,
it was the driest air, that ever could be had,
when he got toTombstone, Wyatt and his brothers were already there,
and Doc was very welcome to pull up a chair,
now you know the story, yes you know the tale,
of that fatal gun fight at the OK corral,
finally Doc got so bad, he had to go to a sanitarium,
but he didn't go alone. Wyatt went right with him,
there Doc lay in his bed for fifty seven days,
then he finally atoned for his wicked ways.

written by Harry Bryant
8/21/04 2: 36: 27 AM �
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Harry Bryant

Everytime

EVERYTIME

EVERYTIME

Everytime I think of you, my heart skips a beat,
my temperature rises, I'm burning up with heat,
everytime I see your face, my heart is all aglow,
I'm telling you that I love you, don't cha know,
so when you see me coming, you better run and hide,
if you don't my honey, I'll be there at your side,
there I'll stay forever, forever and a day,
we'll live our lives together, oh so happy and so gay,
when I hear you breathing, lying next to me,
I'll know that I am lucky, as lucky as I can be,
with your arms around me, my heart could explode,
I'm as happy as I can be, not carrying any load,
with our lips pressed together as tight as they will go,
if they could stay forever, it would thrill me so.
so now you know just how I feel, each time I think of you,
won't you tell me baby, you feel the same way too.

written by Harry Bryant
2/27/04 2: 55: 11 PM �

By Habry

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Harry Bryant

Feeling Special

After our dinner, one bright summer night,
we went riding, out in the moonlight,
down through the canyon to, the valley below,
the stars were twinkling, I want you to know
it was so peaceful, not a cloud in the sky,
we were so happy and we knew why,
cause a baby was coming, the result of our love,
a love predestined, from god up above,
the love in your eyes was sparkling so bright,
I was excited from the news, you told me tonight,
to father our child was like heaven to me,
those words made me, so happy you see,
with a child on the way, and my ring on your hand,
I felt like yelling, I felt so grand,
but instead we went riding out in the moonlight,
how happy we were on that wonderful night,
the time passed so slowly, it went crawling by,
but it didn't dim the look in your eye,
sometimes you would laugh, sometimes you would cry,
then your tummy started growing and I understood why,
a womans emotions change often when she,
is expecting a young one in her family,
a baby to nurture, to keep safe through the years,
will change her from laughing and bring her some tears,
they are not tears of sadness but of impending joy,
when she will deliver a girl or a boy,
there is a million things we must do,
big ones for me, but small ones for you,
time is now flying the big day arrives,
I hear you moaning, then I hear your sighs,
the doctor gets here, and chases me out,
at last I hear the baby and I give a shout,
you look so beautiful with our girl in your arms,
the love in your eyes enhances your charms,
my thoughts then wander back to that night,
when we went riding out in the moonlight,
those words you told me, made me feel grand,
and I still remember how I felt like a special man,
to have won your love was so special to me,
and I will love you through eternity.

written by Harry Bryant
3/16/02 2: 36: 52 PM ©

Harry Bryant

For You Mother

FOR YOU MOTHER

Here is a little poem,
to a mother sweet and mine,
I hope when this poem reaches you,
that you are feeling fine,
I know you're in the old southwest,
Arizona to be exact,
in sunshine and warm air, although,
it is not always so, this I know is fact,
I know you're always a lady.
as sweet as you can be,
and mother I'm so happy,
that you belong to me,
of all my friends and relatives,
neighbors and all the rest,
it is my own sweet mother,
that I love the best,
when are you coming,
to visit for a while,
when at last I see you,
then I can really smile,
I know you like to travel,
our wild west all o'er,
I hope that soon you'll travel,
straight to my front door,
I love to see the sparkle,
in your brown and loving eyes,
in your heart I know,
is a love that never dies,
I hope you come a calling,
and set my heart aglow,
I really want to see you,
because I miss you so.

by Harry Bryant

written for my mother
10/3/1967©
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Harry Bryant

God Made You For Me

God made the moon, then he made the sun,
he made the heavens and earth, then thought he was done,
but he got lonesome, so he made a new plan,
he drew out an image, then created man,
he made Adam and thought he was through,
but then old Adam, he got lonesome too,
so God took a rib and from it made Eve,
that is the story and it I believe,
the years passed on by, and God's family grew,
when I got here, he said he made me for you,
I was so lonely, here all alone,
that I talked to the father and asked him if I could come home,
he told me to wait for a while don't you see,
then he went back to work and made you for me,
I waited forever but now I can see,
you're worth waiting for, god made you for me,
you are so perfect in every way,
your by my side forever to stay,
each night as I talk to the father above,
I give him my thanks, for making you for me love,
as we take our journey, through life, you and me,
I am so happy God made you for me.

written by Harry Bryant
6/13/02 5: 01: 07 PM?
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Harry Bryant

Haying Time

HAYING TIME

She works in the hayfield all the day long,
raking and baling and singing her song,
her cattle need feed on a cold winter day,
that is why she works so hard, just making hay,
she makes some square bales, some she makes round,
still she keeps on singing her workaday song,
when summer is over and haying is done,
they will have a party, and celebrate some,
the hay is all stacked, in the loft in the barn,
to feed the livestock out there on the farm,
when the ground is all white, with new fallen snow,
she will spread out the hay to the cattle below,
soft lowing sounds from the cattle are sent,
her time in the fields, was time very well spent,
the cattle are comfy and very well fed,
she finishes her chores, then off to bed.

written by Harry Bryant
7/20/04 0: 06: 58 �
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Harry Bryant

He Walked Into Tomorrow

HE WALKED INTO TOMORROW

He walked into tomorrow, and he went alone,
he walked into tomorrow, the place of the great unknown,
did he walk with Jesus, did Jesus take his hand,
who was it that came to lead him, into the promised land,
was it the great savior that we read so much about,
did the gates to heaven open, or did they shut him out,
who was there to meet him, to lighten up his way,
was it an angel with a halo, with a heart so light and gay,
one with the golden harp, with those melodious strings,
did it set his feet to tapping, like it did when he sings,
or did he walk into the darkness, of the place we know as hell,
I couldn't tell by looking, at his empty shell,
but I listened to the preacher, to the words he so wisely said,
that his spirit might have left him, but he really wasn't dead,
I knew him when he was a child, I knew him as a man,
I knew him, about as well as anybody can
I thought about his tomorrow, that would never be,
and I realized the sorrow, that was left for you and me,
I thought about his lifetime as I shed my tears,
and I knew I would remember him, for all my remaining years.

written by Harry Bryant
11/27/2010
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Harry Bryant

Hills and Dales hospital Staff

Hills and Dales Hospital Staff

I went to the hospital, all sick and hurting,
I needed some help, that was for certain,
I opened the door, and fell into a chair,
the nurse said hey 'fall over here',
so I stumbled on over to where she sat,
she took one look and said whats up with that,
I tried to tell her my tale of woe,
just then my neice she walked in the door,
she gave them my particulars, while they treated me,
with great respect, I felt hopefully,
they took temps and pressures and all of the stuff,
they made sure, I was running no bluff,
but still all the while, I was treated so kind,
they are that kind of people, I was too find,
they took me up the stairs to my very own room,
tucked me into bed, before I started too swoon,
they poked and they jabbed and oh how they prodded,
but somehow still my head often nodded,
wasn't long before they brought me some food,
it brightened my spirits and lightened my mood,
all through the long night they checked on me often,
then I knew this old heart was starting to soften,
for the ladies of mercy showed that they cared,
with all the tender mercies they willingly shared,
if ever again, I am starting to fail, the hospital I choose,
will be Hills and Dales.

written by Harry Bryant
for the staff at Hills and Dales hospital
Cass City, Michigan
2-20-2008

Harry Bryant

I Looked Everywhere

I looked up in heaven, I looked down below, yes I looked everywhere,
I looked up at the moon, I looked at the stars, but I couldn't see you nowhere,
I looked in the east, I looked in the west, I looked in the north and the south,
I looked in the oceans, I looked o'er the plains, then I looked in the river mouth,
I soared like an eagle to look from above, just trying to find you my love,
I climbed up the mountain, yes I swam the sea, hoping, praying that you would find me,
I looked in the deserts so hot and so dry, I walked over prairies, till I thought I would die,
I talked to the winds that blow across the land, they told me I'd find you somewhere,
so I talked to the clouds that cover the skies, but they, just didn't care,
I went to the forests and I went to the woods, there I spotted your sign,
there was a blue rope, just hanging there, it told me that you were mine,
so I started to sing a very sad song, the words I hoped you would hear,
the sounds carried to you on the wings of love and soon you were right there,
you came running right to my arms and there I held you so tight,
I heard sounds of guitars strumming, and the moon rose so early that night,
the birds were a singing a song we all know, the song that captures a heart,
they sing of a love so grand and so right, one that never will part,
then all around us, happiness showed, in the faces of all that were there,
they knew I had found you and you had found me, that they really did care,
so tell me my darling, tell me my dear, tell me the words, that I need to hear,
tell me you love me and will always be mine and say that you'll always be near.

written by Harry Bryant
1/19/02 6: 33: 02 PM ©
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Harry Bryant

I Need You

I NEED YOU

I NEED YOU

I need your loving arms around me,
I need your hands in mine,
I need your love to surround me,
I need your heart tangled up with mine,
I need to hear your laughter as you express your glee,
I need you by my side, won't you walk along with me,
I need to know the passion, that lays deep within your eyes,
I need to hear your breathing and your gentle sighs,
I need you in my dreams, whether day or night,
I need your love to guide me, to be my guiding light,
I need to feel you beside me, every single night,
I need to feel the comfort, I have when I'm with you,
I need to have your love, I know that love is true,
I need you when I awake, I need you when I retire,
I need you here with me, you set my soul on fire,
I need to know you hear me, when to your heart I plead,
I need your love entirely, that is what I need.

written by Harry Bryant
1/12/05 01: 51: 33 AM �
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By Habry

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Harry Bryant

If I Couldn't Dream

If I couldn't dream of the way it would be,
if I couldn't dream of you being with me,
it would be a world without any life,
if I couldn't dream of you, being my wife,
how could I hold you, tight in my arms,
how could I give in, to all of your charms,
if I couldn't dream of you every night,
if I couldn't dream, when your out of my sight,
how would I feel, what would I do,
if all of my dreams, were not of you,
if I couldn't dream, of you my sweet love,
if I couldn't dream, there would be no heaven above,
you're in my thoughts all of the time,
I dream of the day that you say you are mine,
so if I couldn't dream, this love would be lost,
if I couldn't dream, imagine the cost,
to a heart and a mind that lives only for you,
I dream of a love that is real and so true,
when I am dreaming all is serene,
just like your love, you know what I mean,
a love that is tender, yet so fierce and strong,
a love that I surrender to you all along,
if I couldn't dream, my life would be bleak,
in my dreams your love is all that I seek,
if I couldn't dream, yet for a while,
I would still picture your beautiful smile,
life would be ugly, life would be mean,
it would be unimportant, if I couldn't dream.

written by Harry Bryant
5/1/02 2: 41: 53 AM ©

Harry Bryant

I'm a lonely cowboy part one

A LONELY COWBOY, PART ONE

I'm a lonely cowboy, riding all alone,
I'm a lonely cowboy, no love to call my own,
I ride the lonely canyons and the mountains all day long,
looking for the cattle, and singing my lonely song,
no matter where I wander, no matter where I roam,
no matter where I'm riding, I still have no home,
no one to care about me, no one to hold my hand,
I'm just a lonely cowboy, I'm just a lonely man,
I talk to my only companion, I tell him how I feel,
that I want a sweetheart, I want a love thats real,
then he lets out a nicker to say he understands,
that I'm a lonely cowboy, I'm a lonely man,
it's the kind of life I'm living, the kind of life I've had,
it's why the songs I'm singing always seem so sad,
one day she will find me, the one I'm looking for,
then my life of sadness will finally all be o'er.
someone to share the sorrow, someone to share the joy,
someone to fill the emptiness, in this lonely cowboy,
I rode up in Montana, down in Texas too,
I'm going to keep on drifting, till I find a love thats true,
I rode in Colorado, and in Kansas just as well,
I rode in Nebraska my life a lonely hell,
I rode in Arizona and in New Mexico,
then in Oklahoma till I finally had to go
I rode in Wyoming, I rode in old Utah,
I rode in Missouri, now I'll go to Arkansas,
maybe I'll find her in the mountains
or in the high plains,
the woman that I've been needing, to take away my pain,
there will be no other, in this heart of mine,
I know I'll love her only, until the end of time.

written by Harry Bryant
4/16/03 7: 30: 53 AM �
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Harry Bryant

I'm a lonely cowboy part two

A LONELY COWBOY PART TWO

I'm a lonely cowboy riding all alone.
riding o'er the country, no one to call my own,
I just left Missouri and went down to Arkansas,
looking for my true love, someone I never saw,
I don't know where I'll find her, or maybe she'll find me,
if we ever get together, it will end my misery,
I've seen a lot of women, in my travels all around,
but I haven't seen the one that will make my world go round,
she don't have to be good looking, for beauty lies within,
to me she'll be the fairest woman, there has ever been,
I just want her to love me, the same as I'll love her,
I've had all the loneliness my heart can endure,
then one bright and sunny weekend, they had a rodeo,
I got out my sunday best, determined that I'd go,
I thought I'd do some ropin, on a calf tonight,
and maybe make some money, if things all went just right,
after the first go round, I was up amongst the best,
just one more calf to rope, the same as all the rest,
the cowboys took their turns, their times were mighty fine,
the cowboy right before me, had the fastest time,
he had a seven flat, then I did a six point nine,
it seemed to be an omen into the luck of mine,
I took my first money, and headed into town,
I went into a tavern just to wet my whistle down,
they had a band there playing, some pretty lively songs,
it set my toes to tapping, I began to sing along,
then up walked a pretty maiden, she asked me if I'd dance,
she was just being friendly not looking for romance,
my knees began to shaking, my voice began to break,
my heart started in to racing and my love it came awake,
we started out two steppin, soon we waltzed across the floor,
I knew I'd met the woman, that I'd been searching for,
our talk it came so easy, and our laughter too,
it was then I told her, 'I've been looking, all my life for you',
her eyes were shining brightly, her smile was dazzling white,
we both knew we were bitten, by the lovebug at first sight,
my lonliness was over, my sadness it was too,
I owe all my happiness, to my lady Betsy Lou.

written by Harry Bryant
4/17/03 2: 13: 49 AM
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Harry Bryant

John Wesley Hardin

John Wesley Hardin was born in Texas, in eighteen fifty three,
he grew up as mean as any man can be,
when a luckless cowboy was snoring in his bed,
John Wesley took his pistol and shot him in the head,
he was but fifteen, when he shot his first man,
then he killed four soldiers who chased him as he ran,
he rode the Chisolm Trail in eighteen seventy one,
on which he killed seven more, killed them with his gun,
he killed three more when he got to Abilene,
the bloodiest shootout, that ever could be seen,
back down In Texas, he seemed to settle down,
he married and had three children, all that can be found,
he soon went on killing spree, and killed four more men,
they chased him down and caught him once again
they tossed him in a jail cell, but he had another plan,
he escaped from the calaboose, and took out on the lam,
he killed a Deputy Sheriff, in the town of Comanche,
fleeing to Pensacola, Florida with his family,
sentenced to twenty five years in prison, for the killing the Deputy,
he studied law while in prison, soon again he would be free,
he somehow got a pardon in eighteen ninety four,
he passed the Texas bar exam, they hoped to kill no more,
he sweet talked a married client, till her husband got wise,
John Wesley hired some lawmen, to shoot him right between the eyes,
one of the crooked lawmen hired, to fill him full of lead,
was John Selman, but he shot John Wesley Hardin instead,
it was eighteen ninety five, when John was put on the shelf,
hired some one to kill another, but he got killed himself.

written by Harry Bryant
8/25/04 04: 30: 08 AM �
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Harry Bryant

Keeping Love Alive

KEEPING LOVE ALIVE

Love is a feeling that you cannot hide,
yet it is buried way deep inside,
it really shows just how you feel,
when both of you know the feeling is real,
when it is consuming all of your time,
it keeps your interest as well as mine,
because I have this feeling only for you,
I want you to feel the same way for me too,
a love not returned is worthless you see,
so don't let it happen to you or to me,

I once knew a couple that let their love die,
when I first met them their love was so high,
but, the years passed along and their love grew cold,
the fires not rekindled, the ashes so old,
both are alone now, to go through their life,
once was a husband and once was a wife,
the kids have all gone now and out on their own,
this once happy couple are now all alone,

so don't let this happen to you or to me,
I want you with me for eternity,
without you I'm nothing, with you I'm real,
I tell you these words so you know how I feel,
keep those fires burning down deep inside,
the way that they did when you were my bride,
I will keep loving you till the day that I die,
You'll never wonder or have to cry,
you'll know you are loved and loved oh so true,
cause all of my life I'll love only you.

written by Harry bryant
1/17/2001 ©
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Harry Bryant

Letter To A Soldier

Letter To A Soldier

A soldier got a letter, from the one he loved the most,
he looked at her new picture and he began to boast,
about his lovely wife and their kids back home,
which made all his buddies, think about their own,
when he was all alone, with her letter in his hand,
he thought about the love they had, and began to understand,
the reasons he had for fighting, and the sacrifices he had to make,
so the freedom of his family, no one could ever take,
he kissed the letter as though it was his wife,
it would have to do him, through all his pain and strife,
he kept the letter with him, right next to his heart,
as if it would protect him, during the battles he knew would start,
though many men were wounded, and some of them had died,
he kept the letter with him, it gave him strength inside,
the letter told him, all he had to know,
that his family missed him, and they loved him so,
so all you married ladies, with a husband in Iraq,
send him a little something everyday, until he finally does come back,
tell him about the children and the little things they do,
tell him how much you love him, you know he misses you,
soon this war will be over, and the killing all will end,
there will be a smile upon your face, when you welcome home,
YOUR BEST FRIEND.

written by Harry Bryant
28 August 2008 ©
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Harry Bryant

Looking

LOOKING

I used to drive from town to town,
no special place, I could be found,
I had no one to call my own,
and I had no place that I called home,
always looking for that special girl,
one that would make my heart spin and whirl,
from county to county, from state to state,
never could I find that one special mate,
it seemed to me, as I searched around,
that for me love would never be found,
through the years I made my way,
but love for me just wouldn't stay,
still I look for that special one,
I guess I'll look till this life is done,
then one day came a knock on my door,
there stood a girl, I had met before,
on her face was a certain grin,
so I stepped aside and invited her in,
we talked for hours, just her and me,
slowly in my heart, I felt a certain glee,
suddenly she changed before my very eyes,
she stood up and began to rise,
she beckoned me to rise up with her
in my mind thoughts began to stir,
she was leading me to a place of love,
into a mansion way high above,
before an altar, my sins to atone,
then I heard a voice say, welcome home,
I looked around and no one was there,
but I could feel the warmth, move in the air,
as I stood there in solemn awe,
let me explain just what I saw,
first I saw a vision, floating above,
then a voice said to me, still you look for love,
you had it all around you, you had it all along,
you saw it in a maidens smile, or in the words of her song,
you saw it many times, while you were running wild,
you saw it on a mothers face, as she tended her child,
you saw it often as you roamed around the land,
but you never stopped long enough, for it to grab your hand,
so I sent an angel, to bring you to me,
so you could stop looking, and set your soul free,
now I give you wings, and send you back below,
to find a special person that only you will know,
though it may take forever, forever and a day,
your heart will have no burden, it will be light and gay,
when you find this special person, that you are to bring to me,
it is then and only then, your spirit will be free.

written by Harry Bryant
12/14/2010
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Harry Bryant

Love and Honor

LOVE AND HONOR

One night I went calling on my very special friend,
I told her that I would love her, until the very end,
that I would be honest in all I said and done,
that I wanted her to be my one and my only one,
she came into my arms, and hugged me oh so tight,
she made me the happiest man that I could be that night,
then we started courting, the way that lovers should,
I spent all my time with her, all that I could,
I would hug her and kiss her, then hold her in my arms,
then I would go home at night and dream about her charms,
the charms she had were many, the ones I had were few,
but how I love that gal, if she only knew,
that my love for her is honest, my love for her is pure,
my love is for her only, of that she can be sure,
when we are together I am happy as I can be,
when we are apart it seems like an eternity,
one day we will be together, until the end of time,
when that special day arrives, I am going to make her mine.

written by Harry Bryant
01/10/05 11: 10: 52 PM ©
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Harry Bryant

Love Comes, Sometimes Love Goes

She was troubled, she was blue,
cause her heart was broke into,
waiting for the day to end,
she keeps looking for her friend,
that day she remembers well,
it turned her life to a living hell,
and she would change it if she could,
but she knows he's gone for good,
with a lost look in her eyes,
she just hangs her head and cries,
if she could bring back the past,
and the love that didn't last,
if she could make things right again,
but in her heart she knows,
love comes and sometimes love goes,
just like sunshine and the rain,
there will come a day, not very far away,
that love will bloom and finally stay,
into her life will walk a man,
that will make her love again,
then the dark clouds up above,
will be gone with this new love,
I want you to know, that I love you so,
that happiness is all I want for you,
please don't run for cover,
cause I want you for my lover,
it comes straight from my heart,
please let a new love start
darlin put your hand in mine,
and live in pure sunshine,
no troubles anymore,
will come knockin at your door,
when you give your heart to me.

written by Harry Bryant
December 18,2001,1: 45: 40 AM �

Harry Bryant

Making Love

I lie beside you, with you in my arms,
as you snuggle up to me, I can feel all your charms,
both of us thinking of the love, we have to give,
made for each other, so our love can live,
the full moon shining way up on high,
the stars shining brightly in the night sky,
your face in the moonlight, sets my heart aglow,
I feel the love in our bodies so swiftly flow,
from your heart to mine, and my heart to yours,
I could lie here beside you for hours and hours,
closer we cuddle, holding each other tight,
just being with you seems so terribly right,
your body trembles as our passions rise,
hugging and kissing, with those blissful sighs,
with your leg raised up, over my hip,
I pull you closer and into you slip,
the feeling is magic, it feels so divine,
to know your passion is equal to mine,
hearts beating wildly, we thrust and we moan,
I'm way deep inside you and hard as a bone,
with our passions soaring, I stop for a while,
you know what I'm doing, I can tell by your smile,
after a hug, a cuddle and a passionate kiss,
we continue on our journey to that magical bliss,
up towards the heavens we soar once again,
pumping and thrusting all the way in,
you moaning and whispering, that you're almost there,
still, we continue our thrusting, without any care,
your legs wrapped around me, squeezing me tight,
I keep on thrusting with all of my might,
soon our passions have risen up to their peak,
and we're in the rapture that we always seek,
with our passions sated, we both just relax,
holding each other, so we don't collapse,
I lovingly gaze at your sweet face,
then I wrap my arms around you for a sweet embrace,
with smiles on our lips we both close our eyes,
and slowly we both drift off to our paradise.

Harry Bryant

Mother

MOTHER

MOTHER

She sits at the table, her cup by her hand,
this wonderful lady, I think is so grand,
her laughter is catching, her face one big grin,
don't knock on her door, you just walk right on in,
friends she has many, enemies none,
she cuts into her bread as soon as it's done,
with sweet cream butter, that she has home made,
all of her baking she has on parade,
there on the stove is a pot boiling away,
filled up with veggies, just picked today,
you never know hunger when your in her house,
everyone is well fed, even the old mouse,
she hasn't the heart to set up a snare,
says that her food is for all to share,
when I am older and my hair is grey,
I want to be like her, in that wonderful way,
her hair was once golden, her eyes a bright blue,
yes she is growing old, but her heart is still true,
sometimes she remembers, sometimes she forgets,
when we go to visit, what a table she sets,
usually chicken, with stuffing and dumplings too,
we all eat our fill, and when everyone's through,
out comes the pie with home made ice cream,
that dessert is everyone's dream,
but there will come a day when her time is done,
she will be missed by everyone,
the memories we share of her will always be near,
and of her we will talk as if she was right here,
we will hear her laughter, and think of the love in her eyes,
that she will be here amongst us, is no surprise,
but for now she is with us for the rest of her days,
when she goes to bed, she kneels down and prays,
MOTHER, I wanted to tell you, while you are still here,
what a wonderful lady, you are my DEAR.

written by Harry Bryant
May 23,2002 11: 32pm �
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By Habry

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Harry Bryant

Mountain Laurel

She is like mountain laurel, a breath of fresh air,
a bird on the wing, or a flower so rare,
like the dew on the grass, at mornings first light,
aurora borealis on a early fall night,
like a dolphin, on a calm summer sea,
the eighth wonder of the world
is what she is too me,
her natural beauty, thrills this loving man,
and I want her with me all that I can,
she is a whipoorwill calling, in evening time,
like a star falling, in the moonshine,
she is the sunshine on the new fallen snow,
she is a natural beauty, because I say so.

written by Harry Bryant
9/8/02 9: 14: 10 PM ©

Harry Bryant

Mountain Romance

MOUNTAIN ROMANCE

MOUNTAIN ROMANCE

She stands there on their mountain, with dew drops in her hair,
thinking about her man, hoping he would soon be there,
then she sees him coming far across the glen,
with a perky smile she wonders where he has been,
soon he is beside her, a smile upon his face,
he knows that deep in his heart, he is standing in his place,
he has brought a flower one that is very rare,
he reaches up and entwines it, with the dew drops in her hair,
her heart is racing wildly, and time is standing still,
she wonders if he will kiss her, and hopes that he will,
he takes her in his arms and holds her oh so tight,
she has no other thought than this feels so right,
with their lips together, the passion in their eyes,
they both know they are on a trip, right up to paradise,
the sun shines so brightly, the birds they sing along,
with the thoughts they are thinking, they hear their favorite song,
the music is their heart strings, playing for them alone,
they slowly walk up trail, to their mountain home,
they know the time has come, for them to do their dance,
so they listen to the music of their sweet romance,
holding each other tightly they waltz across the floor,
still hearing their own sweet music, their passion starts too soar,
many hours later with their passion gone,
they lie beside each other and still they hear their song,
with smiles on their faces, and a lightness in their heart,
they remember all their embraces, knowing they will never part.

written by Harry Bryant
11/1/04 1: 32: 24 AM �
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Harry Bryant

Music Of My Heart

MUSIC OF MY HEART

When we are together, there is music in my heart,
but there is only silence, whenever we're apart,
I would rather hear the music playing soft and low,
than hearing only silence everywhere I go,
keep the music playing, keep the sunshine in my life,
so I can dance forever with you as my wife,
there are times when music, is a gentle soft refrain,
just like an angry sky that brings a softly falling rain,
you fill my expectations, you fill all my needs,
my love for you keeps growing, just like sprouting seeds,
when I gaze upon your beauty, a drum beats in my heart,
then I hear the violins, softly playing their sweet part,
soon there is an opera, playing so devine,
all because of my love for you, oh sweet love of mine,
so walk up to my jukebox and put some money in,
you will hear the music, when my heart starts to spin,
it will play a love song, written about a love so true,
it will play forever, and it plays only for you.

written by Harry Bryant
10/29/2002 10: 23: 33?
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Harry Bryant

My Drug Of Choice

MY DRUG OF CHOICE

MY DRUG OF CHOICE

You say good morning with a lilt in your voice,
darling, your love is my drug of choice,
when ever I see you, I get very high,
my drug of choice, no money can buy,
you're not habit forming, but my way of life,
no one could beat you as my loving wife,
my mind gets so fuzzy, and I really can't think,
not from smoking a joint and not from a drink,
just from the look in your loving eyes,
your wonderful smile, is the very best prize,
your exotic beauty is natural and true,
there is no added enhancements, it's all purely you,
I need no precriptions to make me feel good,
just one look at you, makes me feel like I should,
I don't need a needle piercing my skin,
my drug of choice is always within,
there is never hangovers or any bad trips,
I get my high from kissing your lips,
with my arms around you, I'm on cloud nine,
just holding your hand makes me feel fine,
your love and mine really do mix,
giving you love is my daily fix,
so tell me good morning with the lilt in your voice,
and always remember you're my drug of choice.

written by Harry Bryant
10/13/03 2: 18: 52 PM �

By Habry

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Harry Bryant

My Heart Strings

She plays my heart strings like a flat top guitar,
and I love that woman, where ever we are,
she has my mind as well as my heart,
I think about her, when we are apart,
I think of the kindness to others she gives,
I think of the memories, we often relive,
I think of the times both good and bad,
some were so happy, some were so sad,
put them all in a lifetime, a lifetime so long,
they would make a great poem, or a great song,
the music she created, from the strings of my heart,
gave us our future, it gave us our start,
it made me feel humble, yet made me feel proud,
I want to praise her for singing out loud,
so the world can hear and under stand,
that she is my woman, that I am her man.

Harry Bryant

My Minds Eye

I carried a picture of her in my mind,
knowing one day, her I would find,
the years sped along, how they did fly,
as I searched for the woman, in my minds eye,
she was a perfect picture, not too fat or too thin,
she's always smiling, on her face is a grin,
just what she is thinking, you can't really tell,
but the wheels are turning like a bat out of hell,
she is a hard worker, resilient and strong,
to me she is perfect, she can never do wrong,
she is not only pretty, but she is so smart,
when I first met her, she grabbed onto my heart
she has a compassion that money can't buy,
she is so perfect in my minds eye,
I finally found her, and I knew what to do,
so I wrote this poem, for my TERRIE SUE.

Harry Bryant

My Other Half

You know that you are my other half,
please don't start crying, please don't you laugh,
I sit here shaking like a new born calf,
just knowing that you are my other half,
you are the part that is honest and good,
the concience that makes me act like I should,
without you I would be much less than I am,
you make me feel like a powerful man,
without you, my life would not mean a thing,
now I look forward to what each day will bring,
someday when the sky is sunny and bright,
you'll understand just how I feel tonight,
sometimes I am happy, sometimes I am blue,
sometimes I am lonely, but I 'm always true,
my love is yours only, the way it must be,
without you my darling there is not any me,
when we are together, there is a smile on my face,
I'll only bring you honor, never disgrace,
my love is given to you with full measure,
I give it to you, you are my treasure,
when you are discouraged, and you're feeling blue,
tell me my darling and I'll be there with you,
just like new hay must have it's own chaff,
remember my love, you're my other half,
with us together, life will be good,
let's put our halves together, I know that we should,
when years have gone by, we'll look back and then,
wish we had our lives, to live all over again,
we found out that two halves, make a whole,
it made us complete and gave us our soul.

Harry Bryant

My Rainbow Baby

MY RAINBOW BABY

MY RAINBOW BABY

I will know when you forgive, it will be plain to see,
it will show in your smile and the way you talk to me,
baby please don't be so hard, you know you are the one,
that you are are my moon and stars and my shining sun,
yes, you are my rainbow after a pouring rain,
the kind that goes from ground to ground, when the sun comes out again,
and when I catch that rainbow, to keep, to have, to hold,
I know that I will find you there, you are my pot of gold,
so baby take away those dark clouds, that float across your mind,
and think about the sunshine, that we both are sure to find.,
when your sun comes out again, and drives those clouds away,
I promise you forevermore, to give you sunshine everyday,
when the rain clouds come again, just to give the ground a drink,
there wont be any pain, we'll be happy, don't you think,
so look outside your window, and tell me what you see,
is it a bright rainbow? , there for both you and me?

written by Harry Bryant
10/14/2000 2: 37: 52 PM �
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Harry Bryant

My Special Someone

When I first met you it was plain to see,
that you were someone special to me,
your smile was so nice and wide,
it told me you were trusting, way down deep inside,
when I touched your hand, and kissed you on the cheek,
my heart was madly racing, my knees were kind of weak,
I knew you were the one, I was searching for,
that my hunt was over and I would look no more,
I felt like a teenage kid, my heart was all aglow,
if nothing else I did, I had to let you know,
men all grouped around you, trying to win your hand,
I had to come up with something, I had to have a plan,
my mind began to thinking, just what could I do,
to put these other men aside, and to get next too you,
finally I hit upon it, how to put them on the shelf,
the only way to do it was just to be myself,
so I walked right up to you and asked you for a dance,
when I saw the relief on your face, I was glad I took the chance,
you came into my arms and filled me full of glee,
just to think I held you, so very close to me,
the music was like magic as we danced away,
I knew when I held you, that you were there to stay,
you are still my special someone, how you fill my life,
I thank the lord above, for making you my wife.

writter by Harry Bryant
1/16/05 4: 46: 12 AM ©
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Harry Bryant

My Thoughtful Angel

I was lying in my darkened room,
feeling bad and full of gloom,
thinking about my broken heart,
when you said we had to part,
OH HOW IT HURTS TO BE LONELY,
I was dwelling on my misery
when it suddenly came over me,
a broken heart can feel so bad,
but you cannot lose what you never had,
AND I KNEW IT WAS MEANT FOR YOU ONLY,
right then I began to see the light,
and soon everything would be all right,
that for me to live, love had to die,
for me to laugh, I had to cry,
THEN SUDDENLY MY SENSES WERE REELING,
an angel stood beside my bed,
she reached out a hand and touched my head,
she rubbed my brow, and touched my heart,
she said the lord knew we must part,
HOW DID SHE KNOW WHAT I WAS FEELING,
that I was going to take my life,
with a gun or a rope or a real sharp knife,
with my drunken mind, that was what I had been thinking,
now I had to live, I had to love, and I had to stop drinking,
WITH A PEACEFUL HEART AND A CAREFREE MIND,
I can go on with this kind of life im living,
and instead of always taking, I started into giving,
now I can sing and I can shout,
for I know what love is all about,
THANKS TO AN ANGEL, THOUGHTFUL, SWEET AND KIND.

Harry Bryant

One Morning

ONE MORNING

ONE MORNING

One morning I met her, and zap I was blind.
went into her vineyard, and drank from the fruit of her vine,
the wine that she gave me, was as rich as could be,
filled me with her nectar, so sweet don't you see,
we went down a road, not traveled before,
but we will travel again, because we want more,
the dark clouds high in the sky up above,
all disappeared, from the time of our love,
frowns that had been there so long before,
all turned to smiles, now there is no lock on her door,
trusting and open, is the only way,
for two people in love, to get along everyday,
a little touch here and a smile over there,
a small embrace as you pass my chair,
now the moon is shining with its bright light,
so we go for a walk on that special night,
hip too hip, and hand in hand,
we walk across the moonlit land,
down by the river, we sit for a while,
it was there that I first kissed her in style,
her eyes were closed, she smiled with glee,
she smiled with her heart as plain as can be,
the night birds were calling, the owls gave a screech,
and I was falling for my sweet alberta peach,
the sun was just rising when I took her home,
I hated to leave her, and go on alone,
but I had something that had to be done,
to find a preacher, to make the two of us one,
now we are together for a lifetime you see,
because of the nectar that peach gave to me.

written by Harry Bryant
12/30/04 7: 59: 02 PM �
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Harry Bryant

Our Soldiers

Our soldiers are dying, their survivors are crying,
crying for lives that were lost,
they sit and they wonder, while the battles thunder,
is it all worth the cost? ,
so far from their home, they are not all alone,
for the prayers of our nation's with them,
as we pray for our fighting women and men,
we all pray to our god, no matter, his name,
and they all seem to end just the same,
'keep our troops safe, and the innocent too,
our savior we're depending on you',
we thought that we had em,
now they want to replace Saddam,
so his evil can live don't you see,
they all want his power, and hour by hour,
the killing seems endless too me,
with guys like Al-Sadr,
that are way down on the ladder,
they raise their weapons up over head,
they just keep inciting, but don't share the fighting,
afraid they might end up wounded or dead,
while, President Bush is waving and grinning,
as he travels all over the map,
the right wingers, all talking and spinning,
to make sure he don't get a bad rap,
and as I watch the news from the embedded crews,
not any spin do I hear,
like you and me, they say what they see,
they do it without show of fear.

written by Harry Bryant
4/7/04 1: 03: 07 PM �
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Harry Bryant

Perfect Love

PERFECT LOVE

PERFECT LOVE

Yes we have a perfect love,
a love to last us for all time,
and I thank the lord above,
for making her all mine,
as we walk hand in hand,
we will walk throughout this land,
I always want her by my side,
though we roam both far and wide,
she is the only one for me,
that I love her you can see,
yes we make a perfect pair,
all the joys in life we share,
her every want, I try to give,
forever, with her I want to live,
this perfect love for me is true,
the perfect love for me is you.

written by Harry Bryant
07/7/02 9: 29 PM?
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Harry Bryant

Pitching Woo

Once I had a sweetheart,
I took her for a ride,
I was so very proud,
to have her by my side,
we drove around the city,
for an hour or two,
then we went to lovers lane,
just to pitch some woo,
we sat there a kissing,
our woo was going strong,
she started in to hissing,
cause a copper came along,
he took one look at us,
and he got so mad,
my sweetie was a squirming,
cause the copper was her dad,
he gave me just five minutes,
to turn my car around,
he fell in behind me,
and followed us to town,
I started in to thinking,
for my very life,
now you know the story,
of how I got my wife.

Harry Bryant

Pretty Girl

PRETTY GIRL

I'm looking for a pretty girl.
to steal my heart someday,
one that gives my heart a whirl,
makes me want to say,
lady you came into my heart,
and here you will always stay,

when you come in, I'll lock the door,
and throw away the key,
making sure you always stay right here with me,
of course if you want out, all you do is ask,
I'll go and find the key, though it may be quite a task,

I don't want someone who walks behind,
or leads me down the road,
I want someone to walk beside me, sharing every load,
someone to pick me up, when I am feeling blue,
someone with a heart, that I know will be true,

true beauty, comes from deep inside,
it is something you cannot hide,
true beauty shines ever brightly,
not just shining daily, not shining just nightly,
true beauty is within the smile,
you have on your face,
the way you walk, the way you talk, you are full of grace,

not many girls can fill the shoes, of the one I Have in mind,
for she must be, of the softer, gentler kind,
but there is one, this I know is true,
the pretty girl I have in mind,
is no one else but you.

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2/24/05 11: 53: 05 AM �
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Harry Bryant

R and R

R AND R

She said she needed some R and R,
so I sent my love with her, along in her car,
just so she wasn't without it, at anytime,
and to let her know, I wanted her love for mine,
so where ever she goes, in this world of ours,
she won't be alone for hours and hours,
my thoughts will be with her, as she drives along,
like my heart sings with her, when she sings a song,
like we work together, while working the farm,
even when she gets dirty she still has her charm,
she can handle a hay bale as good as a man,
and she can bring in a heiffer, just like a vet can,
she saddles the horses, then rides the range,
rounding up cattle, I don't find that strange,
so when she needs, some time of her own,
I send my love with her, so she won't be alone.

written by Harry Bryant
10/9/04 3: 56: 29 PM ©
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Harry Bryant

Read With Your Heart

My heart is beating with a love, so strong and so true,
my heart is beating with a love just for you,
my heart is singing a song you don't seem to hear,
yes my heart is crying out to you dear,
my heart is waiting here all alone,
it almost finds you, then poof you are gone,
my heart will keep looking all day and all night,
hoping one day it will find you, when things are just right,
don't read poems with your mind, but read with your heart,
there is a message hidden in each little part,
yes there is a message in each little poem,
keep reading them honey, till you are my own.

Harry Bryant

Riding And Roping

RIDING AND ROPING

Riding and roping, dreaming and hoping,
hoping your heart will be mine,
I ride in the canyons, the valleys and glens,
dreaming about you and where you have been,
some day I might find you, while your looking too,
then I can tell you, my heart is so true,
the cattle are lowing, like they understand,
that I am searching for you, cause I want your hand,
the branding is over, the fires cool down,
only, the cold ashes, will ever be found,
the mavericks are matched with their mothers again,
to roam in the pastures, till round up begins,
while I keep on riding all summer long,
working the cattle and singing my song,
about the lady, that I'm searching for,
the one that I'll love, the one I'll adore.
roundup has started, and I'm still alone,
still looking for the one I want for my own,
the brood cows are bunched and penned to the side,
while we sort the rest, by the brands on their hide,
some are the neighbors, some are late born,
they'll be on the trail, by early morn,
the trail drive is short, just too the next town,
that is where the rail head is sure to be found,
the dust will be choking, and in our eyes,
cowhands all riding, they want no surprise,
we drove them all day and into the night,
so they would bed down, not thinking of flight,
then by the fire we have our grub,
our coffee is gone and smokes down to a nub,
then into our blankets for a few hours sleep,
the first rays of daylight, into the darkness do creep,
the cookie calls out, 'come get it',
coffee's like iodine and breakfast is grits,
just at daybreak we hit the trail,
cattle are tired and slow as a snail,
slowly the town appears, about 5 miles away,
we'll probably get there, sometime today,
the buyers come out to look at the herd,
the money they offer is mighty absurd,
we get them to bidding right there on the hoof,
soon the prices are right through the roof,
the sale is made, out there on the grass,
I thought this season would never pass,
back to the ranch and then into town,
people are gathered from miles around,
I keep my eyes open, looking for you,
looking for my lady, who will always be true,
then I spy you, there, standing alone,
the look in your eye is the same as my own,

I walked up to you, and smiled as I said,
'my angel appears, Hope I'm not dead',
the smile on your lips tells me what I want to know,
side by side through life, we will go.

written by Harry Bryant
7/6/04 1: 43: 04 AM �
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Harry Bryant

Seeds Of Love

Out in the vastness of the great unknown,
sent on a mission to find, you alone
are the seeds of love, that I've sown,
along on the winds of love, they are blown,
and as they drift, to find you my love,
they are guided to you by our GOD up above,
just when they will find you, only he knows,
they'll keep on drifting as the wind blows,
they might drift over China, or maybe Japan,
over Hawaii, or maybe Siam,
where ever they drift is all right with me,
as long as they find you, in my lifetime you see,
they will be put in your heart, to germinate,
I hope they will find you before it's too late,
I pray they will find you while I'm still alive,
and still young enough for them to survive,
so when you feel love starting, way deep inside,
and it gives you a rapture, you don't want to hide,
along on the winds of love, they were blown,
are the seed of love, that I've sown
sent on a mission to find, you alone,
from out in the vastness of the great unknown.

written by Harry Bryant
10/27/03 6: 57: 34 PM?
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Harry Bryant

September 11,2001

On the morning of the eleventh, there was breaking news,
we could hear the sirens of the firefighting crews,
the north tower was burning with both smoke and flame,
just a few minutes later, there came another plane,
it crashed into the south tower it too burst into fire,
this wasn't breaking news no more, it was on every wire,
then we found out the pentagon was hit too,
and in Pennsylvania, a plane came from the blue
it crashed into a field just outside of town,
we knew what caused the first three,
but knew not why the fourth went down,
panic filled the buildings, as people tried to get out,
there was dead and dying, the injured lay all about,
people they were running, trying to get away,
how many million people will not forget this day,
even our nations Capitol had to evacuate,
all most of us could do, was to just sit and wait,
in just a little while a tower crumbled to the ground,
about twenty minutes later, the other came crashing down,
how many people were still inside, was yet to be found out,
it would be in the thousands, of that there would be no doubt,
people sat and wondered, how anyone could be so bad,
to cause the worst disaster, our nation ever had,
though we are discouraged, our resolve will never fail,
and when we finally find them, no one will go their bail,
almost a year has passed, and we have not forgot,
we still seek bin Laden, for him we've made it hot,
we will keep on looking, till he is on his knees,
then like a lamb to slaughter, with vengeance if you please,
there is no easy answers, for those left behind,
there are lots of troubles of each and every kind,
what do we teach our children, about these evil men,
do we preach forgiveness and turn our cheeks again,
or do we show our strength and get them in their home,
where their own children can watch, while we break every bone,
we can talk about the wickedness, that to us has been done,
and make sure that we prevail, to catch them everyone.

written by Harry Bryant
9/2/02 11: 07: 24 PM �
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Harry Bryant

She Is One Hell Of A Woman

She is one hell of a woman, this gal of mine,
she is one hell of a woman, I've loved her for a very long time,
she caught my eye when I met her, early in the fall,
we started running together, and we really had a ball,
we would go dancing nightly, dancing the night away,
I took her home about sunrise, nearly every day,
then something happened, just what it was I don't know,
but she called me early one morning, said that she had to go,
she moved out of the city, went to a state far away,
she called to tell me she got there, just where she didn't say,
not a word ever trickled to me, about why she had gone,
I worried and wondered forever, wanting her to come home,
the years passed on by and still I don't know why she had to go,
no I never married another, because I still love her so,
then one night as I sat at home, I heard the ring of my phone,
I picked up my receiver, and heard a voice from the past,
my knees started to tremble, my heart started racing so fast,
I heard the voice of my true love, saying at last she was home,
she asked if I would come meet her, at a place we went long ago,
my heart just wanted to greet her, because it still loved her so,
I went to the place she had mentioned, a place so easily found
my heart skipped a beat when I saw her, I could not utter a sound,
then I walked up and held her just as I had in the past,
she put her arms around me, and said I'm home at last,
I never asked why she had left me, for me to be here alone,
I thought heaven just blessed me, and brought my woman back home,
now we have been married a long time, but it is a short time to me.

written by Harry Bryant
7/25/02 9: 23: 49 PM �
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Harry Bryant

Tangled Mind

With a tangled mind, I think of you,
wondering just why, my dreams don't come true,
is it because I try too hard, to give my love away,
or is it that love for me, was never meant to stay,
my tangled mind can't comprehend, why love for me goes wrong,
now I can see, why country music, has so many sad, sad songs,
they sing about their broken hearts and dreams that might have been,
but, deep inside they know that soon, they will love again,
while my tangled mind keeps churning, inside my aching head,
and tells me that without your love, I might as well be dead,
I don't need the booze, and neon lights, to ease my tangled mind,
I just need the love I lost, and the one I left behind,
there may come a day, when love for me, I'll find,
with skies of blue and a love that's true,
then, I will lose my tangled mind.

Harry Bryant

The Barrel Racer

We have our quarrels, we have our fights,
when you race the barrels, you're a darn pretty sight,
your horse is a running right out of the chute,
dressed for rodeo, you're so friggin cute,
around all the barrels your pony does run,
people are cheering, and having some fun,
the wind in your eyes you're as blind as a bat,
dressed for rodeo, right down to your hat,
when your back in the gate, the stopwatch does click,
your horse shakes her head and gives it a flick,
the rest of the riders, try to beat your time,
but you're still leading and looking so fine,
the rodeos over, it was so much fun,
results all are tallied and they show you have won.

written by Harry Bryant
nov 23 2001 1: 17: 06 ©

Harry Bryant

The Best Of The Best

THE BEST OF THE BEST

You're the best of the best, above all the rest,
the girl of my dreams, it is you,
the best of the best and so full of zest,
my darling how I love you,
with your love of life, and your life of love,
you make all my dreams come true,
whether down here on earth or in heaven above,
I know, I will always love you,
the way that you look, the way that you are,
makes my heart so light and so gay,
the way that you move, the way that you smile,
I will cherish you more every day,
you're the best of the best, above all the rest,
Darling, what more can I say.

written by Harry Bryant
3/18/2009 10:14 PM
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Harry Bryant

The Fateful Ride

THE FATEFUL RIDE

THE FATEFUL RIDE

She sits on her pony, her eyes open wide,
she knows that she's going to go for a ride,
a ride down the canyons of this heart of mine,
to find her a love that will last for all time,
she starts in the sunshine, the morning is warm,
the best day she's had, since she was born,
her heart beats so quickly, just why she's not sure,
she has a feeling she's not had before,
she starts off at a canter, then goes to a lope,
this feeling inside her, is eternal hope,
still she doesn't know it but her future is there,
she'll meet a cowboy with shining black hair,
he'll set her heart to booming, with her love that's inside,
she starts in to blushing, her thrill she can't hide,
she rides for an hour, and gets to the gate,
it's there on his horse that she meets her fate,
he tips his hat and gives her a smile,
she sits there astounded, and looks for a while,
she feels the current, from his eyes to hers,
it draws her to him, her passion it stirs,
all that she sees is a big handsome brute,
he smiles again and thinks she's friggincute,
she met her match, in this handsome man,
she'll stay by his side as long as she can,
through the mountains and valleys, of life they will ride,
always together, they'll be side by side.

written by Harry Bryant �
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Harry Bryant

The Female Soldier

She said she was ready to give her all,
to die for her country so she answered the call,
she had her basic, then went to a school,
then off she did go to the motor pool,
there she trained more, to be the best she could be,
then they shipped her, far across the sea,
she never thought about not coming back,
until she landed in Baghdad, Iraq,
even then she was not afraid,
she did her job, and then she prayed,
not for herself, but for her friends,
and for her country to soon make amends,
to this small country, they did invade,
just to put G.W. Bush there on parade,
the coalition he was supposed to make,
said he could do it alone, for his own sake,
so now she is there giving her all,
she still isn't sorry she answered the call,
though many tell her she should go home,
she knows that there, she is not all alone,
there is the peace still to be won,
she wonders how the job will be done,
with the bad guys, keeping the fighting alive,
sometimes she prays that she will survive,
then one day while out on patrol,
a bomb went off, sent her jeep out of control,
she felt the shrapnel go deep in her side,
she knew she was wounded, but she never cried,
she saw her friends all on the ground,
some of their parts were never found,
they were all gone, she was the last one alive,
help better hurry for her to survive,
then from out of nowhere a medic was there,
patching her wounds and giving her care,
many weeks later on a medical leave,
they had given her the best care, that she could receive,
still not a bad word she never said,
she was alive, her friends were all dead,
she went back home, while her wounds healed,
people asked questions, but her lips were sealed,
she is a soldier right to the end,
she will still answer the call, for all of her friends.

written by Harry Bryant
10/5/04 3: 37: 40 PM ©
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Harry Bryant

The Rose

A rose is a flower so hardy, yet sweet,
with it, no other flower dares to compete,
with a wonderful aroma, to delight any nose,
what a wonderful flower, this ruby red rose,
it grows on a bush with many pickers,
if you're not careful you will feel it's sharp stickers,
it comes in all colors, it comes in all hues,
it makes you feel special, it chases the blues,
it is good for occasions, both happy and sad,
it brings joy to a heart and makes it feel glad,
to make someone's, happiness billow,
just place a perfect red rose upon her pillow,
you know she will raise it up to her nose,
to breathe the aroma from that wonderful rose,
I have seen many roses, red, yellow and pink,
all of them beautiful, or so I think,
there is one color that I have never seen,
that is a rose in kelly green.
so I send this rose especially to you,
breathe it's aroma, enjoy it's red hue,
now I have come to the end of my poem,
I hope this red rose brightens your home.

written by Harry Bryant
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Harry Bryant

The Sign On The Door

THANK YOU FOR NOT SMOKING said the sign on the door,
the words that followed, I'll remember forever more,
'I was a smoker, just puffing away,
I swore I'd keep puffing, till my dying day,
I had heard about cancer, emphysema and such,
but, I wasn't worried and didn't care very much,
then I started to cough, just a little at first,
soon I was having that big coughing burst,
I'd spit up those clunkers, so black and so grey,
but I'd keep on puffing, till my dying day,
I went to the doctor to get some relief,
he said 'stop smoking, nicotine is a thief,
it steals your breath from you, a little each day,
keep on smoking, you surely will pay',
I had to stop smoking cause I'd lose my breath,
but I kept on smoking, even though it meant death,
first came the inhaler to get me some air,
I found out first hand, nicotine doesn't care,
just who it robs of the air that we breathe,
it will soon get you, this I really believe,
next came the oxygen tank, to be carried around,
still I'd keep on puffing, till I'm in the ground,
then one night while dreaming, of how it used to be,
when I was much younger and nicotine free,
I could run and play without losing my breath,
I just had to stop smoking to keep away death',
I decided to quit, just to see if I could,
it was a hard thing to do, but I'm doing quite good,
now I am smoke free, and don't cough anymore,
I thank you, my sister, for that sign on your door,
it started thoughts spinning around in my head,
if I didn't quit soon, I would quickly be dead,
so read these words over, then read them again,
and know in your heart, they come from a friend,
us used to be smokers, can be such a boor,
but, THANK YOU FOR NOT SMOKING, is the sign on MY door

Harry Bryant

The Working Man

THE WORKING MAN

The best part of any man is the woman by his side,
the woman who helps him along the way,
she is the one, in whom he does confide,
she is the one who helps him make it through the day,
she will bear his children, a little girl and boy,
she will keep his home so neat, it is his pride and joy,
the years go by so slowly, his fortunes grow and grow,
he comes home from work at night, his family he doesn't know,
he doesn't have the time, to spend with them you see,
he is always working to be as rich as he can be,
his family feels so lonely, and that is a sin,
if only he would take some time, just to spend with them,
now he has retired, his children grown and gone,
the woman has her meetings, and he is all alone,
he is always asking her to spend some time with him,
but she is far too busy, and is gone with all her friends,
he looks back upon his life and remembers when,
they would ask for some time, to be spent with them,
now he stays at home alone, getting old and gray,
he often wonders why he worked every single day.

written by Harry Bryant
09/10/2000 ©

Harry Bryant

They Wait

THEY WAIT

THEY WAIT

He waits there in heaven, lonely and blue,
he waits for his princess, that he loves so true,
he dreams of the day that she will get there,
and stay forever, in that heavenly air,
she is just waiting for that special day,
when she will meet her lover, who is so far away,
she knows that he waits so patiently,
she don't know his waiting, will be over so suddenly,
they wait for each other, till they can be one,
and their time for each other will very soon come,
on her way to work, there was a deadly crash,
she couldn't survive that terrible smash,
the day that she died, seemed to be their lot,
exactly one year before, he died in that very same spot.

written by Harry Bryant
11/28/04 10: 54: 09 PM �
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By Habry

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Harry Bryant

Things Yet To Be

THINGS YET TO BE

As she sits there dreaming, of things yet to be,
I'm hoping and scheming, one of those things is me,
she dreams of the future, and thinks about the past,
her today is my tomorrow and it surely won't last,
she dreams about the way, things ought to go,
she keeps on dreaming, but she really doesn't know,
she hopes that her world is cheery and bright,
just the way her life is going for her tonight,
it's so peaceful, no fighting, no pain,
she wonders if there will be another, just like it again,
or will there be trouble, danger and strife,
lord she's had enough of that, to last her all her life,
if she can keep on dreaming, all through the night,
maybe her tomorrow will be snowy and white,
she keeps dreaming, she's in her reverie,
tomorrow her world could be peaceful and free,
maybe I should write her, or send a telegram,
to let her know I love her, and I am her man.
you see I had to leave her, I had to go away,
I had to do my duty for the good old USA,
I went with my unit to a country called Iraq,
nobody knew for sure, when we would be coming back,
we have to get a dictator, named Saddam Hussein,
we kicked his butt once, now have it to do all again,
this time might not be so easy, as it was the time before,
he has some different weapons, to even up the score,
will he use that nerve gas, he used on the kurds,
will he use germ warfare, that nasty dirty bird,
I put nothing past him, nothing he won't use,
he would stand beside a bomb, then would lite the fuse,
he is in no hurry, he is in no rush,
he will take his time with this younger Bush,
but the thing he is forgetting, this I know is true,
we don't fight for Bush, but for the RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

written by Harry Bryant
1/7/03 22: 45: 27 ©

Harry Bryant

Time Thoughts

T'was early in the morn, night was nearly done,
the day was being born, with the brand new sun,
nature would soon be awake, from its nighttime sleep,
the first sound she would make, I heard a robin weep,
summer is all over, autumn has begun,
there is no more clover, soon winter makes it's run,
when nights are long and days are cold,
winds will sing their mournful song and we'll be brave and bold,
the snow will fall around us, oh so white and deep,
we know all below it, is frozen fast asleep,
then one day we feel it, the first springtime thaw,
flowers soon will open, the prettiest we ever saw,
now I end this little poem, of the year ahead,
the sun has set in the west, it is natures time for bed.

Harry Bryant

Trees And Seasons

I look out my window and stare at the trees,
with the wind blowing, and shaking the leaves,
when fall gets here with it diminishing light,
soon there will be frost most every night,
it is then I watch the leaves as their colors change,
from green to yellow, orange, then red is their range,
but when they turn brown and are ready to fall,
I find the trees, the least interesting of all,
the trees with no make up are ugly and plain,
with their limbs groaning they must be in pain,
all through the winter they just stand there and shake,
makes me wonder how much cold they can take,
but soon spring comes and the sap starts to seep,
the trees wake up from their long winter sleep,
then come the buds, that will soon sprout,
won't be very long till the leaves will come out,
giving the tree its beauty, for all to see,
and making some shade for you and for me,
the birds all come back from their trip to the south,
making their nests, with the stuff in their mouth,
wont be long till I hear the cheep,
of little birds in their nests not asleep,
all through the summer the tree is the place,
where birds and squirrels, prolong their race,
then all too quickly summer has past,
and again I will wonder how long, that old tree will last.

Harry Bryant

What Color Is Jealousy

What color is jealousy, if you know, please tell me,
so I can throw that color away you see,
is it black? I really doubt it,
black's the color of death and the unknown,
if it is red, tell me about it,
red is the color of blood and anger, when it's shown,
is it green? most would deny it,
green is envy, avarice and greed, please don't try it,
is it pink? no it isn't, I don't think,
Pink is the color of a blush, and a baby girl,
is it blue? ask me why,
it's the color of a boy and a cloudless sky,
is it white? that's the color of purity,
is it brown? , no that's a frown,
is it orange, is it yellow,
is it purple, that's not mellow,
it has me confounded so,
if you think that you know,
then share your thoughts with me,
just don't share your jealousy,
I think I have finally found,
it's a bit of every color around,
take some purple, add some orange, take some brown
take a bit of black, add some red, add some blue,
add some green, add some pink, then add some yellow too,
it would be a glob of sludge,
like jealousy is a great big grudge
I didn't add the white, I hope that's all right,
though this poem doesn't rhyme,
poems don't always, all the time.

written by Harry Bryant
7/20/02 1: 43: 28 �
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Harry Bryant

What Is Love

WHAT IS LOVE

Love is a feeling so honest and true,
love is the feeling that I have for you,
love is giving your heart away,
without reservations, without any pay,
love is the warmth that lives deep within,
love is the sunshine, when you walk in,
love is the feeling, that you give to me,
love is a wonder, it's the world to me,
love makes the best in us, come shining through,
love is the feeling that I have for you,
love is protection from sorrow and pain,
love is the sunshine, love is the rain,
love is the desert, the mountain, the sea,
love is the blue sky over you, over me,
love is visions that we have in store,
love is our partners forever more,
love is the feeling there will be no defeat,
your love is the feeling that makes me complete.

written by Harry Bryant
12/11/02 3: 44: 18 PM ©

Harry Bryant

When I Closed My Eyes

WHEN I CLOSED MY EYES

When I closed my eyes, for the final time,
I was heading for a place, that is so devine,
yes, I was traveling, this time all alone,
because the heavenly father has called from his mighty throne,
and as I traveled, my heart rejoices and sings,
soon I will be guided by a pair of angel wings,
soaring up to heaven, to where our father lives,
I can see the angels doing, the little chores he gives,
the mighty door swings open, till it's open wide,
then I feel a gentle nudging for me to go inside,
I hear a kind of swishing sound, coming from his throne,
then I hear his gentle voice, as he says, welcome home,
your trials are all over, your work on earth is through,
come into my mansion, I have some chores for you
you lived as a sinner, so you must atone,
I'll make you a winner and bring you into my home,
no, you were not perfect in your life below,
so grab some angel wings and on your way you'll go,
from somewhere close behind me, I heard a frightened scream,
I opened up my eyes again, it was all a dream.

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3/26/08 6: 29 AM ©
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Harry Bryant

Winter Is Coming

When leaves are falling, and grass has turned brown,
it won't be long till the snow is coming down,
with the ground all white as pure as can be,
it is a pleasurable sight to those that can ski,
I look out the window at the new falling snow,
my mind harkens back, to a long time ago
I dig out the skis, skates and the sled,
grab the coat, mittens and hat for my head,
away to the slopes for a full day of fun,
I hope that I make it down that ski run,
the first time is shaky, the second is fine,
thought I had forgotten, but I remembered in time,
just how to turn on those long pointy slabs,
until I learned, my life was up for grabs,
do the snow plow to slow yourself down,
just follow the trails, like a road map to town,
the season progresses and so does my nerve,
heading downhill with a slip, slide and swerve,
down at the bottom, I head for the lodge,
but stop at the club house, it is just a dodge,
drink some hot chocolate, then shoot the breeze,
just standing around to relax my knees,
scoping the crowd for some sexy young girls,
with pretty blue eyes, and long golden haired curls,
the evenings for dancing and the wiener roasts too,
just being together, just me and you,
that is where I met you, oh wife of mine,
our life has been fruitful, delightful, devine,
we brought up our children to skate and to ski,
to enjoy the winter, just like you and like me,
but now my mind takes on a terrible doubt,
if it keeps snowing, I must shovel it out.

Harry Bryant

Wonder Of Love

WONDER OF LOVE

Yes it is a wonder, that in the course of time,
that I should find a love like yours, a love so devine,
a love that is so absolute, given only once,
given for a lifetime, not for a few short months,
a love that is to die for, to honor and defend,
a love to walk along with me until the very end,
a love that is beyond, anything on earth,
a love that is full of joy, happiness and mirth,
now can I tell you what your love, really means to me,
it means that it was sent by God, for eternity,
it is an inspiration for me to be the best I can,
to be a deep loving, caring and gentle man,
it means that I have no fear of being all alone,
your thoughts are always with me, no matter where we roam,
it means that no other could ever sway my heart,
no matter where I am, with you or apart,
it means that I am yours, forever and a day,
it means that I am yours in ever single way.

written by Harry Bryant
4/24/04 6: 39: 34 PM ©

Harry Bryant

Wyatt Earp

Wyatt Earp was a lawman, Dodge City was his town,
the drovers came a calling and laid their money down,
whiskey they kept drinking, and telling their tall tales,
sometimes they got tossed into the can, and had to pay their bails,
the cribs, were visited nightly, by the cowboys one and all,
the ladies loved it when the cowboys came to call,
Wyatt he got greedy, town fathers began to frown,
they held a special meeting and ran him out of town,
Wyatt went to Tombstone, in Arizona state,
there he met the Clanton's, who he soon would hate,
Ike Clanton, the Lowreys and Johnny Ringo too,
soon Doc Holliday came to town,
Wyatt told him I have a place for you,
it wasn't long before, things came to a head
Ike told Wyatt to ease up or he would soon be dead,
now Wyatt had some brothers, who backed him to the hilt,
it was at the OK corral, that many men were kilt,
the Clantons sent him a message, at the corral they would wait,
it was the right time to finish up this hate,
the Earps and Holliday went walking, going down the street,
looking for the Clantons, they were going to meet,
when they saw each other, the guns began to blast,
they shot with such fury, the fight just couldn't last,
when the fight was over, men lay dead upon the ground,
it wasn't very long until the news was all over town,
Wyatt and his brothers, decided they would go,
back out to California, for a year or so,
when they got to California, they changed their killing ways,
they lived there in peace, for the rest of their days,
Wyatt lived to be an old old man, until his final time,
he died in California, in nineteen twenty nine.

written by Harry Bryant
8/19/04 1: 34: 56 PM �
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Harry Bryant

Your Nectar

I need your sweetness,
I need your caring,
I need your nectar of love,

bees buzzing around you
all through the day,
I need your nectar of love,

you are the queen bee,
you stay in the hive,
I need your nectar of love,

I need your sweetness,
I need your nectar,
I need your nectar of love,

there can be no other,
no other queen,
that has the nectar I need,

so invite me, my queen,
to come into your hive
to live on your nectar of love,

you make the nectar,
I'll make the comb,
to hold your nectar of love,

when summer is over,
and flowers have gone,
we will both live on your nectar of love.

Harry Bryant

Your Picture

I want a picture of your pretty self,
I want your picture to put on my shelf,
so I can see you daily, even though we're apart,
just looking at your picture will do things to my heart,
like make it start beating out love songs for you,
the kind that lets you know that I love you too,
take it to the mail box, send it first class,
then when it arrives, I'll put it under glass,
I'll go buy a frame just to put you in,
I'll buy you the finest frame, there ever has been,
so hurry, won't you hurry and send your picture to me,
so I can feast on your lovely face, I'm as hungry for you, as I can be,
won't you feed the hunger that I have for you,
nothing can put asunder, the love I have is true,
one day I won't need a picture, to gaze on your face,
you'll be standing right beside me, in your usual place,
when the world is calm again, and tyranny is gone,
when kids can sleep at night, then I will come home,
never more to leave you, with an empty heart,
I know it isn't easy when we are apart.

Harry Bryant

You're That Special

There is no other way,
for me to say,
how much I love you,
than to be honest and true,
so here I am,
all over again,
standing with my heart in my hand,
if I offer it to you,
what will you do,
will you accept it or toss it away? ,
now I need to say,
will you take it and share yours with me? ,
that is my dream,
I always mean,
to keep you forever, you see,
I don't know what to do,
when I'm not with you,
because you're that special to me.

Harry Bryant