Poetry Series

Saint Eule

- 139 poems -

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Saint Eule (10/30/1955)

Born in a small coal town, served 8 years in the USCG. Attended various colleges and universities with degrees in electronics and computer technologies.Studied theology and is an ordained minister.My beliefs are not just from reading second hand but personal experience first hand.Spent years in the Pacific islands, one year on a deserted island in contemplation. Travelled many places worldwide. Married with 2 sons,2 grandsons. My oldest son has Downs syndrome. My youngest is a park ranger.Spend most spare time at the beach house, or camping in the mountains. Has a love for humanity, wildlife and especially birds.

A Diamond In The Ground

Digging deep to find the truth,
But nothing was returned.
Just a pile of dirt begotten,
Another turnip earned.

Digging deeper to find the truth,
But nothing was returned.
Just a lump of coal begotten,
Another hard lesson learned.

Digging deepest to find the truth,
Something lovely was found.
Within my soul begotten.
A Diamond in the ground.

Saint Eule

A Glacier Of Clear Thought

Looked into the alabaster clay,
found nothing of worth there today.

Looked into the field of corn,
found only lives wrecked and torn.

Looked into the darkest sea,
found creatures wandering aimlessly.

Looking into caves of Odin,
found ancient ruins to beholden.

Looked into the cracks of dawn,
found elves and giants had come and gone.

Looked into the jasmine eyes,
found only hearts that were full of lies.

Looked into the mucky mud,
found soldiers crawling in the blood.

Looked into the desert of despair,
found only snakes and lizards living there.

Looked into chamber of horror,
found ghosts and skeletons in graves afar.

To my surprise I closed my eyes,
In a peaceful dream I got.
When looking within the Northern lights,
A Glacier of clear thought.

Saint Eule

A Holy Man Steps

A holy man goes where he is needed;
not where he is greeted.
A holy man is a dwelling place;
of flesh and bone, not mortar and stone.
A holy man has no need for war;
inner peace is behind the door.
A holy man cares not what he is called;
He only cares that he is called.
A holy man knows of suffering and shame;
but never holds anyone to blame.
A holy man cares not what tomorrow brings;
he lives in the present with very few things.

A holy man never claims- he is a holy man.

Saint Eule

A Somber View of You

Looking at a life so full of unreleased talent.
Looking at all the promise held inside.
You were off to a good start and then gave up.
Was it a personal vendetta or of pride.

Makes no sense at all and there is nothing I can do.
It only makes me sad to have a somber view of you.

Not judging but only seeing all the dependencies within;
I remember your smile and happiness, recapture it again.
To lose a friend to drugs or alcohol is hard to go through;
Not giving up but want to get rid of this somber view of you.

Saint Eule

A Thousand Orchids

A billion stars;
A hundred trumpets playing in the park.
Fireflies dancing;
To an old blues song swaying in the dark.

Who has rhythm;
A drum roll takes over the session.
A night in the city.
The music smooth in concession.

New Orleans is hopping tonight,
Put on those light as a feather shoes.
The people are celebrating;
Baby- its not about you but the blues.

Colorful necklaces and bracelets bazaar;
Everyone is taking to the street in song even the kids.
Snapping their fingers to a bass guitar.
Mardi Gras swings and looks like a thousand Orchids.

Saint Eule

A Woman in Labor

A man in pain can be heard a mile away,
He seems to whine about the pain all day.

A woman in labor can be heard in heaven,
Her bundle of joy - a new blessing given.

I once prayed with a woman, mother of sixteen;
She could have not had any but gave each a chance.
She said in her last moments she had no regrets;
Of having each child born-their lives to sing or dance.

Her life full of poverty and looked down upon by all,
The true story of momma Jean- Yes, my mother-in-law.

My wife was raised by relatives - she was number ten;
Her pet name was Apples- a tiny beggar in the street.
She was was a favorite child of the fruit cart vendors;
At three she smiled - they would give her apples to eat.

She was delivered by the public servant Doctor Koop;
Who became a famous surgeon general during his life.
Little did he know that the little girl they once called Apples;
Would win me with her smile and some day be my wife.

We survived through the rough times and traveled many miles,
Thank you momma Jean for giving her a chance to live-
and to share her many smiles.

(In memory of momma Jean.)

Saint Eule

Ad Somniator

To the Procrastinator tomorrow has come.
To the Dreamer today is here.
To the Lord here I am.

Saint Eule

All the Placid Places

All the placid places of which we are fond,
From a beach house by the shore or Walden's pond.

From a mountain retreat or near a waterfall we find,
these placid places can even be found in our mind.

From the rockies of Canada to an Island beach;
All these placid places are still in reach.

When life gets chaotic with all the dreams we chase,
Take an occasional journey to visit a placid place.

Saint Eule

Angel and the bee

An angel is drawn to compassion, like a bee to a flower.
If you want to meet one, you must pray for an hour.

Pray for all nations, think of what is needed.
You can make a difference if God's voice is heeded.

If an angel comes to visit, and their language is foreign-
be not dismayed.
They are only here to gather-
all the thoughts that you prayed.

Like a bee gathers nectar from a beautifull flower.
they will return to our Father, with the tears that you shower.

Not one will be wasted, like a single dropp of rain.
It will help the flowers grow and help heal the pain.

We are here for each other, for the one across the sea.
If you want to meet an angel, remember the bee.

Saint Eule

Angelic Decryption

It was quick with mind splicing speed,
A message picked up, by meditation.
I realized it was not really a voice,
But an angelic data communication.

The compressed format was not known,
The decrypted message was mine alone.
A personal message of quantum thought,
Bit and pieces were all that I got.

Does God encrypt a secret message,
so other spirits cannot intercept.
Delivered by messenger angels,
Quite an interesting concept.

We humans encrypt messages during war,
Is there not a spiritual battle in our time.
Inter dimensional beings using semaphore,
Angelic decryption hidden in verse and rhyme.

A gigabit network run by an internet guru,
Is nothing compared to what an angel can do.

Saint Eule

Aparrently Not A Parent

Drifting away like wood in the ocean, smooth as glass;
Leaving behind responsibility no sensibility or any class.

Never returning those endless thoughts of you;
A child stays awake at night dreaming of things to share.
You hang out with your friends forgetting to come home;
Frankly - you had a child but never really had a care.

Whose your daddy the little girl is asked;
She looks toward the ground feeling a little cold.
She makes friends and see their fathers give a hug;
She walks the sidewalk alone no hand to hold.

The thoughts of her daddy, having a good time.
Dwindling as she grows to be an independent girl.
She becomes a fine women a career, a good friend.
She looks in the mirror, in the morning to place a curl.

She last saw him at three, she thought of the daddy question;
The mirror reflects her answer- apparently not a parent to me.

Saint Eule

Aryanacos Pod

What if our world would be consumed in forty days assumed,
Would we build a space pod to escape a planet to be doomed.
Then give no tickets to the deformed, the impotent, the gay.
Surprise this already happened in Zoroaster Ark of yesterday.

He claimed he heard a voice from from God to build an Aryan ark.
Only the Aryan could enter not the impotent, or a blemished mark.
The other version was of Noah seven healthy and two unclean,
How far have we come in our thinking a version not as mean.

Hitler often supported by the churches of men, not of God.
He surely would have been the architect of the Arynacos Pod.
Be carefull what you are supporting if your asked to join a carnal creed,
Only support Love, Hope and Forgiveness leading to Word, Thought and Deed.

Do not be deceived if someones says they are from God,
And they want you to help them build the Aryanacos Pod.

Saint Eule

Autumn with Grandpa

It was a cloudy day, my grandson pointed at the sky. He said ' the stars are still there you just cannot see them because of the clouds'.
I held his hand and said ' The stars are like the truth often we cannot see it because of the clouds'.
There is nothing more inspiring than a conversation between a grandfather and a grandson.

When you were born, I cried with joy.
My scrawny little boy.
When you took your first october fall.
I picked you up and brushed off a leaf from your forehead.
You did not cry, we picked up a maple seed and spun in the air instead.
Watching it twirl like a copter to the the ground, we danced around and around.
I held you to my chest and felt your laughter and soon the winter came after.
Many years have past and I still remember, October to December.
The leaves were changing and so were we, so have we.

Our little walks, our little talks will be with me forever.
Though spring and summer are finer weather.
I will always remember the Autumn-the colors, the fall,
and you most of all.
Love Grandpa.

Saint Eule

Battle Cry

Oxymoron of the tear,
Never cry in Battle fear.
Often crying when I pray,
or writing poems like today.

Emotions overtake my mind.
Human suffering is not kind.
Hungry children, angry men.
Toxic pollution is not our friend.

Birds falling from the sky,
Fish dying and who knows why.
The garbage goes and who knows where,
I think in the water and in the air.

Pray for the earth our mother dear,
Never cry in Battle fear.

Saint Eule

Calligraphy Of The Soul

A measure of sanity to put the square peg in the square hole,
or the unique stroke of a being the calligraphy of the soul.

So often we try to fit in, but how can we ever begin;
a soul has no form or carbon print.
The soul evolves through time each released to a
destiny sometimes chaste or eloquent.

A soul can be captured for a time like a butterfly in a net,
admired then released into its timeless travel.
A soul can be led astray like a tainted stroke a smudge
created by a moments hesitation to unravel.

Each character unique some with a blend of shadow
and light to form the person God wants us to be.
We resist wanting to hold the pen and make our own
impression and it is ok -all part of the art of calligraphy.

We practice holiness and obedience but each fine line
is subject to interpretation as it should be.
The ink gently dipped as to not obtain more than we can bear,
The symbolic expression of you and me.

Not by a round peg in a round hole, can you measure the soul.
the soul unaccountable for ink spilled, only for destiny fulfilled.
A soul has no boundaries or limits - a precious gift,
Not endless energy as science accords, but a poem written in eternal words.

Created in joy and in strife, the calligraphy of our souls written
forever in the book of life.

Saint Eule

Cape May

Take my hand, walk with me.
Listen to the wetlands and the sea.
A sandy cove full of wild life and flora.

A painted turtle does a flip to show his coat,
A pair of swans glide gracefully upon the moat.
The foliage is full of honeysuckles.

The lighthouse is nearby staring down upon our path.
A small rabbit makes a dash up ahead makes us laugh.
We head for the beach pick up shells along the way.

Just another day with my sweetheart, in Cape May.

Saint Eule

Captured In Time

Captured in an odyssey of time and space,
Cultivated in compassion.
In the endless sea, you found me.

Captured like a fish caught in a net,
Love surrounded me,
Lifted into the light, holding tight.

Captured by your beauty and touch,
Hope caressed my soul,
Pain did cease, in your arms find peace.

Captured in the dream,
Forgiving all humanity,
Delivered in freedom, I am yours forever.

Release me, into eternity.

Saint Eule

Cardinal pecking on the window

The birds are all looking for a little seed,
They only want a little food having no greed.

I once read God cares about the sparrows;
even takes care of all their needs.
How about my little friend the red cardinal,
pecking on my window starting to freeze.

He must have a need - hunger or warmth;
He must be desperate to wake a tired old man.
I must fill the feeders he reminds me again;
he is like a passing stranger maybe that is the plan.

Even though the seed is a little food we share.
We may be entertaining a little angel unaware.

I put on my boots and went out to the tree;
filled up the feeder and heard a small peep.
looked out the window smiling at the red cardinal;
He seemed to say thank you, as I went back to sleep.

Saint Eule

Celestial Opus

Musical compositions written in the sky,
One such constellation is the one we call Libra.
Are stars just musical notes written for the wise,
Or are we just a peeping Tom admiring sweet Godiva.

The wise read the stars as maps to holy places,
Hidden portals and the manger of baby Jesus.
Romantics adore their light in admiration,
Sharing with their lovers astral presentation.

Celestial art far beyond our comprehension,
How great thou art! To create such a view.
A gift to billions of people on earth and afar,
Celestial Opus, Father-the great conductor you.

Saint Eule

Collecting your Thoughts

Collecting your thoughts when one bereaves,
Is often like raking up all the leaves.

All the colorful past memories put into a pile,
Some bring a little sadness, some a little smile.

Collecting your thoughts when you fall in love;
Is like chasing butterflies.
They seem to elude you until you catch one;
What a wonderful surprise.

When you catch it be gentle do not break the wings,
Love is so precious easily broken like tender things.
Never hold tightly or possess it the wings may fray.
Be prepared to release love or it may just fly away.

Collecting your thoughts in a marriage it seems;
Is like collecting shells on the beach.
The ocean waves the sand getting in your toes;
Capturing all the dreams within reach.

Collecting your thought just before you pass,
Is like entering a new world on the other side of the glass.

All the thoughts you collected but were willing to let go,
All of your loved ones will be waiting with faces aglow.

Saint Eule

Dancing sun Raging moon

One day we wandered into the kwoon,
I was dancing sun, she was raging moon.
My wife and I were students of kung fu,
The white dragon way was the thing to do.

We learned the leopard and the tiger fist.
We learned the blocks and ways to resist.
After our hands were conditioned to defeat.
We learned to make weapons out of our feet.

We did this together till age took our breath.
Thanks for Daniel Kane Pai teacher till death.
We were the dancing sun and the raging moon.
We had a lot of respect and love for the kwoon.

Saint Eule

Dandelion Dogma

The variations in all the worldly doctrine.
Makes a persons head spin, want to take pill.
To a young person it might be quite confusing,
Jesus said, I have no Doctrine but my Fathers will.

So where did all these rules as dandelions had grown,
Weeds not from the seeds of faith the Lord had sown.
Adding to the dogma, letting it take root.
One of you hath eaten from the forbidden fruit.

Families divided also, another Berlin wall.
A simple misunderstanding or discovered flaw.
The crescent of the white or crescent of the red.
The way an item is worn about a persons head.

Never take a vow to serve another master.
Think will it lead to peace and or to disaster.
My prayer would be to keep a family together as one.
Not the dandelion dogma, but my Fathers will be done.

Saint Eule

Daystar

Light in the darkness is easy to see,
But light in the daytime is heavenly.
Like the Star of Bethleham she let her light shine,
Even though the angels would greet the love of thine.

I believe you will conquer the day and the night,
Because you are the Daystar- Gods shining light.
Its been a pleasure to know you and I am a fan.
You have taught us great courage, my sister Diane.

Saint Eule

Diamond in the Rough

Refracting multi faceted,
Opulent rays of light.
Found beneath the earth,
In the mud one bright.

Shiny diamond in the rough,
For what purpose, did it surface.

At first a feeling of joy,
Then a sense of possession.
Perhaps love is an obsession.

Was the opulence real,
Or just a cruel bluff,
The diamond in the rough.

(In Malay)

Pembiasan multi faceted,
Mewah sinar cahaya.
Ditemukan di bawah bumi,
Dalam satu lumpur terang.

Shiny berlian kasar,
Untuk tujuan apa, melakukannya permukaan.

Pada awalnya perasaan sukacita,
Kemudian rasa pemilikan.
Mungkin cinta adalah obsesi.

Apakah kemewahan yang nyata,
Atau hanya penipuan kejam,
Berlian di kasar.

Saint Eule

Divine Madness

A questionable response to the question,
A prompted reaction to the power of suggestion.

Socrates states he knows
he knows nothing.
He postulates his wisdom
in humble going.

In the academia he finds
gladness.
In the mystical forum he
pleads divine madness.

Can good condemn or evil tempt
the man who is unassociated.
Committed to all knowledge yet
holding to no beliefs vacated.

Keeping the mystery aloft and
the hunger alive in poetry and math.
Perhaps he knew the secret
of life in walking the middle path.

Saint Eule

Donate your organs

I just wanted to renew my driver license,
When the question was solemnly asked to me.
Would you like to donate your organs?
If they can be reused a parting gift to be.

When my son was blind an eye was supplied,
By another little boy that had sadly died.
Now he can see but I never got to thank the lad,
They respected the privacy of the mom and dad.

If by fate you also loved to draw and color,
Hope you enjoyed your life while here on earth,
When I look in my sons eyes seeing a gift,
A gift of sight that is priceless beyond worth.

Got my license stamped with donor gladly as I smiled,
I would give them now in hoping to help another child.
If we are of any value as we depart from this here place,
Please, Donate your organs put a smile on someones face.

Saint Eule

Drums of the Sioux

The sacred Sioux drum resounds with voices in percussion,
The making of the drum has recently entered in discussion.
I wanted such a drum to think of my indian family nation,
Ordered off the internet to experience the drum sensation.

It was beautifully packaged and came with a story,
My heart did not respond as I patted on the skin.
The voice of the drum, the sacred dreams of glory,
Turning the drum over a label made in Taiwan within.

Making drums are sacred often blessed with prayer,
It broke my heart to see the made in Taiwan there.

Saint Eule

Englands Sword

England says read and discern on thine own,
Rome says I am the authority that is on the throne.

Iron cast into the fire beaten to remove the black crust from my soul;
Twelve times beaten and refined.
Forged into a metal each time hardened, each time pardoned not
by a pontiff or a priest so inclined.

Pardoned by my saviour, the sword we have become as one,
Endurance, thy word is the light onto my path.
England holds a righteous shield never to yield,
a redeemed soul humbled in the anvil of thy wrath.

The authority on earth says give me alms to show thy worth.
Read not for I will decide, what will happen to your hide.
Rome holds its supremacy - you will become as beggars all,
an original thought condoned, only by my decree abide.

England plummets the sword into the earth, living waters spring forth.
Rome raises the mitre and declares heresy, the church decides destiny.
England raises the sword to sky in praise, the clouds open revealing grace.
Rome lowers her hand kiss my ring, and I will relieve you of your suffering.

What is piety but a makeshift shroud of blindness, or give charity an act of undeserved kindness.
What is a clone like a plebe wanting forgiveness for continual acts of sin.
Become a stone and take no pleasure in evil but overcome the nature within.

Who tarries in the crowded streets to kiss the ring.
Or who prays for freedom that the truth shall bring.
Looking for sacred relic bones.
Or becoming like living stones.

England opens the seal, the holy scriptures to reveal.
Rome closes the book, only her chosen may look.
The Sword shall forever be, the Light to the path of eternity.

Saint Eule

Eternal gift a Greeting card

Merry Christmass lest I forget,
or forgotten children to regret.

We decorate our homes,
Atop the tree we place a dove.
We gather in hymns,
and sing of his wondrous Love.

Hail in the new born king,
in triumph voices sing.
His Son already came and went;
Yet, we celebrate Hope in advent.

May we pray for peace,
peace for those without, inner peace within.
We ask for your blessing,
Thank you for Forgiveness new lives begin.

A time of joy and giving,
no child without, or hungry please.
For the kingdom of heaven,
was prepared for such as these.

As I look at the beauty of winter
and the birds singing in the yard.
I think of your eternal gift of Love,
Hope and Forgiveness a greeting card.

Saint Eule

Everlasting Arms

Everlasting arms come in a different style.
One from God eternal, another from a mothers smile.
I have such a mother, a mentor and a friend.
IF I could choose from heaven, I would pick her again.

My life was full of wandering, adventure and its true,
It always was a pleasure to come home to you.
Her everlasting arms and the kindness in her voice,
Will always be remembered, my mother you know as Joyce.

Saint Eule

Faceless Hunger

When all desires are overcome,
Its hunger that will beat the final drum.
When survival equals zero sum of the whole,
It's hunger that will take life as the toll.

Plenty of food grown for a premium price,
If it's not met they will burn all the rice.
Plenty of wheat a golden crop is abundantly found.
The rich not satisfied it's plowed back in the ground.

The food has become a commodity just like oil,
The hungry shall starve, the food it will spoil.
The rich want a fee for the food farm workers grew.
The earths bounty is controlled by just a greedy few.

The market is no longer a friendly place in the square,
The traders computers have no hearts for people there.
The face of the hungry replaced by a computer screen,
The leaders controlled by the filthy rich and the mean.

The world market has taken on a new faceless form.
People are absentia, the traders are the new worm.
We bailed out the market, but not the one with a face.
The leaders left us the debt, they brought us disgrace.

We have the audacity to preach to other nations,
While we have our own people living on rations.

Saint Eule

Fiend and Friend

Fiend and Friend both end with end,
What is reliable in constitution be.
If you are not a friend to yourself,
How can you become a friend to me.

Saint Eule

Fifty Years Ago Today

Fifty years ago today;
We sold our children's future away.
We were told the economy was sour;
We need to go back to the days of Eisenhower.

Yes - someone spent trillions on war;
Meals on wheels or child care no more.
Forget that check from social security;
You will be working till your ninety three.

Serving happy meals to the new generation;
Spending 50 bucks for meds due to inflation.
Our friends in Washington had no choice today.
Either lift the debt ceiling or lose our triple A.

Saint Eule

Filio Unitas Pace

The feather passes between us,
The flight of equality.
My contemplative re-union,
Of the earths serenity.

The pestilence of folly,
The coffers of the mass.
Who stained our friendship,
For all the time that passed.

Treatise my heart beckons,
For peace among the bison races.
Let the lost be a summon,
Bring quiet into sacred places.

Saint Eule

For Thee

I would go to end of the world, for thee
Would give my last farthing, for thee
Go through time and see it unfold, for thee
To place my honor and passion aside, for thee
End my life and put away my pride, for thee
Of all I am to a great debt owed, for thee
The love shared and bestowed, for thee
World of marriage do again my wife.
For thee.

Saint Eule

Free Will

Men cut their hair-
Men cut their hair to show hate and depair, a skinhead as clear as the as a swastika there.
Men cut their hair to show Budha is there, a monk enlightened wanting to share.
Men cut their hair just to feel the night air on hot summer day it is better to wear.
These are the reasons men cut their hair.

Men grow hair long-
Men grow hair long when they are feeling a song, they find peace in their heart with the hair they won't part.
Men grow hair long to braid with a feather, to bond with an eagle a tribe is forever.
Men grow hair long too busy in life, till they are reminded to cut it by a bothersome wife.
These are the reasons men grow their hair long.

Men are born with little hair at all, to cut it
or grow it, that is our call.

Saint Eule

George

Remember George at Valley Forge.
This was not just a fable.
A week before Christmass no meat
for the table.

One fourth the army had died from starvation
A great sacrifice to birth a nation.
In all his armys agony and despair.
They drew their strength from the leader they had there.

He was taller than most and stood out among the ranks,
The father of our country, whom today I will give thanks.
Instead of giving up and letting their hearts roam.
He crossed the Delaware river, and chased the enemy home.

Here we welcome all people, the tired and the poor.
But it took a lot of sacrifice a revolutionary war.
When we sit down at Christmass dinner and on the feast we gorge.
Remember our troops, our freedom and George at Valley Forge.

Saint Eule

Gideons gate

Who has opened Gideons gate,
A timeless portal does await.
The key was a message sayeth,
A passage blocked by unholy wraith.

We who crossed the jagged pass,
Know the portal will not last.
Deliver the message given thee,
An altar call will set them free.

A holy man can open the gate,
Only a shepherd can change their fate.
With the staff plow down the wraith,
Deliver the souls with conquering faith.

Blame will fall upon all the nations,
For all the suffering and the rations.
Many homeless and jobless brings to mind.
A measure of judgement upon all mankind.

The third seal opens in our time, take heed.
The rider with scales comes upon a black steed.
Nations will go bankrupt, many shall not eat,
Unbearable prices for oil, wine or wheat.

When the portal opens to Gideons gate,
Be the good shepherd do not hesitate.
Pray for the saints, pray for lost.
Give the alter call, whatever the cost.

Saint Eule

Gleaning the Garbage

In times past the poor gleaned the fields;
finding a few leftovers of what nature yields.
Before they were plowed under and the food laid to waste;
The less fortunate were given a chance of the veggies to taste.

My how far we have gone in societies eyes;
A family poking in the trash for a few stale fries.
A slice of the pizza that was kindly left behind;
Whew! What a delight dear, a gourmets find.

Gleaning the garbage is this the new plan?
Another family diving into a big green can.

Little Joey just got a new pair of shoes;
Thank God! they threw away the size twos.
Little Mary got some sandals, Oh glory be;
Thank God! they threw away some size three.

Sometime we would pick coal that fell from the truck;
Them bumpy old roads would bring us some luck.
Collect the soda bottles for a nickel reward;
To buy a candy bar or a red licorice cord.

The times were tough and the streets were mean;
But we never jumped into the garbage to glean.
Pitiful or resourceful depends on your point of view;
I guess for survival we would glean garbage too.

Saint Eule

God is eternal

God is eternal
yesterday, today and tomorrow.

Don't dwell in the past, or drown in your sorrow.there is always today,
God will be there tomorrow.

Some study ancient scripture and live in a cave, but forget their neighbor would appreciate a wave.

Some are quick to anger, in the present they live.Forgetting the future
to the children we must give.

Before you hit a child or drown in your sorrow.
Remember God is eternal.
yesterday, today and tomorrow.

Saint Eule

God makes Stones

A man made brick does not make a church,
If that's where your looking continue the search.

When you get tired of looking and feeling all alone,
Your brick will crumble and you will become a stone.

God makes stones and never makes bricks,
He lives within us not under a roof made of sticks.

I like the cathedrals some beautifully made,
But after awhile all the stain glass will fade.

A brick serves its purpose but we are not clones,
Remember you are special, God makes stones.

Saint Eule

Grandma Anna

I remember Grandma Anna,
she lived beside the Susquehanna.
Her long coal black hair would touch the ground.

Her quiet smile and small frame,
She had an indian maiden name.

She would go once a week to the farmers market and loved
it there.
Often buy a pair of socks for her grand children to wear.

I remember the old piano, some of the keys were broken.
she talked with her smile barely words were spoken.
Her tiny strong hand would walk me around the farm,
I never felt so safe from harm.

One day the farm was sold and all the furniture was
gone, even the old piana.
We looked for her and in the chicken coop was living
my Grandma Anna.

The bankers were greedy and tricked her in old age.
I never saw my father in such a rage.
He found the man and got back her money.
She later bought a mansion, that was kind of funny.

In the great big house in the city she lived alone.
She hung up traffic signs everywhere even an orange cone.

The long black hair was put up in bun.
Around the old mansion she would run.
Singing hymns and drinking tea.
Still those socks were sent to me.

Now she is long gone her smile, long coal black locks.
I still think of her in winter while putting on my socks.

Saint Eule

Grandma Rose

I remember Grandma Rose,
With her bobby pins and
Late night horror shows.

Her sweet smile and disposition,
She always made sure we had nutrition.
Cakes and tea or apple pie for me.

I went off to the war,
She kissed my cheek.
To see her no more.

The years had passed, the war came to an end.
I returned to her front porch in need of mend.
She was long gone from this world.

Even though I would never see her again.
On the old front porch lay a bobby pin.
I know she had prayed for my safe care.

I picked it up knowing it came from her hair.
It was all she had left me, that old bobby pin.
I put it in my pocket, till we meet again.

You were thoughtfull and had a kind face,
But I know one curl is out of place.
Till we meet again, Grandma Rose.

Saint Eule

Gravity and The Grave

Isaac Newton captive in observation and mystery;
Saw an apple fall and now the rest is history.
Gravity pulling us downward toward the earth;
We leap upward but return to the place of birth.

Religion surrounds the grave like a moat a castle great;
But who will cross the bridge and open Gideon's gate.
The monk, the priest, the tame or the wild;
Or will it be the one with the heart of a child.

Vindictive, pompous, judging children of deceit;
Will fall in moat head first, then their sooty feet.
Swimming in endless circles trying to escape;
Sinking into the mud of thoughtless retreat.

A virtual enigma of passive illusion;
Taunted by the games of confusion.

While the children cross over the bridge;
In simple innocence wasting not the time.
The gate is open and the palace they created;
Not by hands or mortar but poetry and rhyme.

Saint Eule

Haiku - shadow compliment

What is the motive,
A plot or applause sent.
shadow compliment.

Saint Eule

Holy Water for sale

I respect the beliefs of others and try to inspire,
buying holy water would never be my desire.
The living water is best and you will never thirst,
If to make a choice, choose the living water first.

For many seem to squander their money on such things,
Water blessed is not the same as what living water brings.
If you want to fight off evil - just have faith when you pray,
The living water will flow within- peace will come your way.

Saint Eule

In Decent Exposure

The gentleman laid down his coat to cover the moat,
so the fair lady would not get any part of her feet wet.

He was a polite and proper young man,
He would open a door with a eager hand.

Unnoticed by the crude crowd of today,
He was a decent sort of soul of yesterday.

An example of courtesy and care,
One you just do not find anywhere.

Where did he learn to be such a man,
One with similar kindness I suppose.
Set an example for your sons dear fathers,
and decency and honor to them expose.

Like father, Like son.

Saint Eule

In The Parlor Was A Lamp

In the parlor was a lamp where my Gram would read,
It had been made from the broken glass of a church.
She sat by her quiet place and would read a book,
It was a unique lamp with a chain to pull for light
and a base made of birch.

She often sat alone with a smile upon her face,
The lamp would disperse the colors upon the wall.
It was years that went by and she had passed away,
When I pulled the chain the light never lit at all.

I replaced the bulb and pulled the chain once more.
Checked it was plugged in and to no avail,
quietly closed the door.

One night -peeking in the parlor and the wall was full of color,
The light shown brightly and no one pulled the chain.
It was about the time that my Gram would start to read,
Had she made a visit to enjoy her quiet place again?

Saint Eule

Inner peace is all that matters

A seed of faith brings peace within;
A peace that passes all understanding.
Allow the seed to grow and bloom;
To overcome trials that are demanding.

You can have my earthly treasures;
take whatever you please.
I will not part with the seed of faith;
That gives me inner peace.

I think of the buddha as he meditates beside the tree;
I think of the Lakota indian whose has the Great Mystery.
I think of the hindu holy man who find his peace within;
I think of all the saints who have become my brethren.

I think of how the muslim answers his daily call to prayer;
I think of all the seeds of faith that are planted everywhere.

To create a better human, is part of the divine plan;
Why do we think we are better than our fellow man.
Why do we judge each other through a cloudy glass;
inner peace is all that matters when this life has pass.

Saint Eule

Insect wisdom

Can you collect nectar and share it
with your neighbors.
I must conclude the bee has a passion
of love for their labors.

Can you take directions and build
an awesome castle.
The ant can build one with his team work
with no hassle.

Can you start out with nothing in your closet,
leave the house like your dressed for a ball.
A butterfly can start out looking like a worm,
leave the cocoon dressed in gown colors and all.

Can you make a leap of faith conquer fear to thee,
It only takes the effort of a tiny little flea.

Saint Eule

Kinder Garden

Tomatoes, cucumbers, carrots and snow peas.
Let us start Kinder Garden learning abc's.

Be kinder to your sister,
Be kinder to your brother.
Be kinder to your father,
Be kinder to your mother.

Why hold back affection,
a simple compliment made.
Can make the world much better,
Perhaps make it to first grade.

For little Nicolas my grandson.
Grow my little one and have fun.
Love pappy.

Saint Eule

Let me die in Autumn

When I die let it be in Autumn,
let them sweep the leaves from that chosen spot.
The spruce will still be green in glory,
The maple will shower me with colors on the lot.

The crows will shout in the nearby field,
The amber grasses will lay a carpet of gold.
Let the Psalms be read and a poem,
Let the poem be a Kilmer favorite story told.

If the clouds are passing over head,
They may be just a vapor carriage that awaits.
The Autumn has a magical power,
As to change the nature of living things fates.

For the color, for the cool breeze,
Let me die in the Autumn- please.

Saint Eule

Michelle

Whose smile can light up a room,
and adversity consume.
Whose curly locks at birth crest upon her shoulders,
and has a prayer of faith to move mighty boulders.

Whose love can melt any heart and settle any fear,
planting seeds of joy throughout the year.
Whose eyes can see the goodness in everyone,
and who ears can discern the wisdom of the Son.

She was a tomboy and unnoticed in her youth,
Always climbing trees dirty jeans were the proof.
Now she is a woman a mother and a wife.
Her beauty inner and outer noticed in this life.

I could go on forever of her virtues proudly tell.
but anyone who knows her, are thankfull for Michelle.

My little sister and girl.
Love Earl.

Saint Eule

Modus Operandi

Respect others quiet and beliefs in this life,
Will save you from major turmoil and strife.
Walk in way of the Saints, the Magi and wise,
Control is the creature, the Modus Operandi.

Do not be swayed by what other's think,
A gang is just a chain, you will be a link.
Do not put yourself in a position to report,
To another human who will use you for sport.

What separates the animal from you and I,
Is escape from the creature, -Modus Operandi.

Saint Eule

Montreal is romantic

Bonjour, bon appetit
Little shops along the narrow street.

Water walkway pet in hand,
Chinatown in a french speaking land.

Lovers meet in a sidewalk cafe,
Notre Dame takes your breath away.

Oui - take a moment back in time,
When love rebounded and the bells did chime.

Smiles that met by chance,
Montreal is pure romance.

Saint Eule

My Favorite Book

Translated from Hebrew to Greek,
Every jot and tittle to seek.
Translated from Greek to Latin,
on print like silky satin.
Translated from Latin to the preferred,
many versions of the word.

Trans, translation.

Written text in careful hands,
but not what God demands.

The living word is the person to be,
may be the only book someone will see.

Scripture is important
inspiration from above.
Yet - Transformation is the key,
an example of Gods love.

Trans, transformation.

Not written by an apostle, prophet or guru,
My favorite book is you.

Saint Eule

Nigeria

Oh nation! Nigeria, So rich and wondrous in Gods love,
May peace shine upon Nigeria plenty as the stars above.
Oh nation! Nigeria, the door to Africa blessed nation,
Let her enemies be embarrassed to tread on Gods creation.

The nation of democracy whose deep talking drums of liberty calls,
From the Lagos beaches whispering palms and her wondrous waterfalls.
The rivers, lakes and mountains nowhere else on earth can compare.
Wilderness and Savannah, Variety of birds and flowers fill the air.

Oh nation! Nigeria, with one voice in harmony delighted,
We stand by the blossoming of our land with God united.

Saint Eule

No Comment

How many times do you wish you left no comment;
Keeping your thoughts to your self.
How many times do wish you had just spoken;
Sharing a thought would be wealth.

Holding onto a thought, is sometimes hard to do;
A compliment, an opinion or a critique.
Though not always wisely chosen;
I consider each comment to be unique.

Whether or not beneficial, a left comment becomes official.
From a point of self or opinion, leaving a comment is OK.
Why let the sun rise or the moon fade away into shadows,
Its just a human invention all of this FB fingering of today.

Saint Eule

Ode to Mahalia

Lest I forget to thank you, in soulfull satisfaction.
Your voice is a such a blessing, my dear Mahalia Jackson.
You always sang with deep conviction till the very end.
You expressed the greatest truth, Jesus was our friend.

What a friend we have in Jesus, is my favorite song.
The gospel singers hall of fame, you certainly belong.
We will surely miss you, it only seems like yesterday.
When I heard you sing that song, a tear was shed today.

Thank you Mahalia!

Saint Eule

Oh House! So Empty

Oh House! So empty.
My love was wasted.
Oh House! So empty.
No joy was tasted.

Oh House! So empty.
No children within.
Oh House! So empty.
No God just sin.

Saint Eule

Oh, William sails

Oh William, Oh William how though vessell be,
Gale force winds shred thy sails morbid sea.
Return galant voyager to the harbour rest.
Put down the anchor next to the gully nest.

The angels are sewing new sails as we speak,
A carpenter makes a mast of the finest teak.
Oh William, Oh william no words can ever say,
Let thy vessell rest and then sail again I pray.

No one has the answers to the mysteries of the sea,
The wind sometimes will take us where we do not want to be.
Oh William, Oh William the tides sometimes hold us back,
Your sail will soon be ready keep the keel on the track.

Time you spent together on the voyage of this life,
Will always be remembered all the joys and the strife.
Oh William, Oh William another voyage till thy eternal rest,
When your ready to pull up anchor, know you did your very best.

When I drove on down the highway and was thinking
of you today,
All I could see was a ship needing sails and angels
sewing away.

Saint Eule

Pain of Reality and Fear of Unknown

Pain comes and goes from our head to our toes;
Fear it stays and lingers - chews on our fingers.

Pain in body, pain in soul, pain in mind;
The poison dart that penetrates the shell.
Fear is not there - yet something we find;
Deceptive little imps from the pits of hell.

Pain of labor, or pain from a wound;
Pain from emotion or relationship ruined.
Fear of a crowd or of being alone;
Fear of fact, or fear of the unknown.

Let not your hearts be troubled;
Nor let it be afraid.
In my house are many mansions;
The price it was paid.

Whatever you do never let fear grow, take a moment to pray;
Take the rod or take the staff - and send the imp on his way.

Saint Eule

pants cant dance

Fearless youth, gang on the hoof.
No father for the son, generation on the run.

War in the street, cop on the beat.
Rats on the walk, new kind of talk.

Variation in dress, pants cant dance.
Life is a mess, I must confess.

Nerves that can kill, dropp another pill.
They gave em a gun, like Icarus heading for the sun.

Soon going to fall into the sea, but thats just me.
Gonna be in jail, where did I fail?

Did my father fail me, no place to be.
Nothing but time to pee, in a place you dont wanna be.

Trippin on a high, if you think your havin fun.
Icarus got close to the sun, now he is done.

Gang war, world war- seven times seven.
Get a real father, our Father who art in heaven.

Spendin every minute - praying for a cell, that you aint in it.
Keep your cool, stay in school.

Dont fall for that plan, be your own man.
Want a kid already, are you ready?

Start it over again, why do you bother.
Bring another you in the world without a father.

Family takes a plan, say no to the gun.
Some day you will be the father that hugs his son.

But lets end it, close this place, this damn jail.
These guards will go home, and I will write another tale.

Want another chance, look in the mirror- those pants cant dance.

Saint Eule

Pawns of Refuge

Pawns of refuge, rooks lay in wait - the game was played, who took the bait. Our true beginnings lost in the sand, ebony or ivory a promise in hand? Does it really matter the color of skin or the heart of the man that is planted within.

Saint Eule

Pebbles

Pebbles in your shoe,
Take them off.
Barefoot on the sand,
Feels so soft.

Glare in the window,
open it up.
Feel the cool breeze,
Lungs fill them up.

Too much on my mind,
let it all go.
Now I feel relaxed,
Let the energy flow.

Friends never visit,
give them a call.
They seem real excited,
To meet for coffee at the mall.

Little things in life,
Can sometimes play their tricks.
But If put into perspective,
Can be easy to fix.

Saint Eule

Pennsylvania

Glittering ice upon the branches,
Dripping on the ancient soil.
What used to be a great forest.
Full of giant ferns turned to oil.

Dragon flies wings four feet long.
We find the mysteries in the peat.
The Pennsylvania I love and live.
Of the garden of eden beneath our feet.

What a place this once was and still here.
Wondrous caverns, wild life, lakes and deer.
Sometime when you wish, you were somewhere else alas.
I have been a world traveler, save your time and your gas.

Before you spend a lot of money on a trip far away.
There no place like Pennsylvania, perhaps you should stay.

Saint Eule

Pepper in My Soup

The hobo sat by train yard awaiting his ride;
Leaving the town of forgotten dreams.
His luck had ran out and it was time to move on;
The job situation is not what it seems.

His children were left in the church;
His wife was long dead.
He thought that a kindly stranger;
Would at least kept them fed.

He had a few beans heated in water to fix;
He played an old harmonica on a stoop.
The hobo made due with scraps of mulligan mix;
Lord if I only had some pepper in my soup.

With thoughts of my children in a safe place,
Can a little hot pepper the taste just to chase.

I left the train yard to just knock on a door,
to beg for some pepper and nothing more.

When a widow answered her husband killed in battle;
She welcomed me inside and we shared some tea.
We talked of our troubles of times we went through;
As we parted she gave a shaker of pepper for me.

As I thanked her and headed out for the track,
I saw tears in her eyes whilst looking back.

The train whistle was blowing but I could not go,
My life started with pepper and my new wife Flo.

Saint Eule

Peripeteia

Embrace the efficacy of fortunes lost.
The cerebral hemorrage of what it cost.

In an effort to be a finger of the euro phallus many.
The tiny nation of minds is left without even a penny.

The finger feels the pain first.
It dangles wanting in dire thirst.

The citosis of economic ruin,
Unregulated spending of foreign coins.
The theories of your fathers,
rest on shelves but not in your loins.

A lesson learned what fish to be.
A small fish in a pond or one in the sea.

A tragedy of sorts the fix is temporary,
In dormant lies the beast losing some inertia.
A shadow child of Aristotle and Xenocles,
the unheeded warning, the victim of peripeteia.

The only cure for a little fish that wanders
into the sea.
Is the ancient practice of economic forgiveness
the act of jubilee.

Saint Eule

Place Is For The Birds

This place is for the birds,
I am sure many have heard these words.
If you were a bird where would you be,
In field of corn or a nest in a tree.

In the winter you could head south,
never get cold a sweet berry in the mouth.
In the summer you could return again,
to your summer home in Maine under an eave-
safe from the rain.

Swim on a lake if your a goose,
or make a home on a mountaintop if you choose.
Maybe some day I will fly away,
A place for the birds is not too bad- I say.

Saint Eule

Prayer Warrior

He was a foot soldier, a spotter for the tank.
A road side bomb went unnoticed by the flank.
He never hesitated to put his rifle to the test.
His legs were soon gone even though he did his best.

Some say he had fallen but actually he had risen.
He would not let the wheel chair become a warriors prison.
As he was once a soldier ready with the gun,
He now wielded a sword of prayer for everyone.

He prayed for the wounded, the galant and the brave.
He prayed for the children of the nation he did save.
He had become the man God wanted him to be.
A mighty Prayer Warrior that was his victory.

He had lost his legs, his faith did not faint.
He had not fallen, but he had risen to a saint.
When his deeds are counted and this life is oer.
He will be remembered as the mighty Prayer Warrior.

Saint Eule

Quiescent Oblation

The man took a vow of silence;
a personal step towards salvation.
Was it for himself or others;
to isolate oneself in quiescent oblation.

It was a peaceful journey with little worry,
No traffic jams, no one being in a hurry.

Time to pray and enjoy the roses,
no one looking down their noses.

Brother smiles a lot but never speaks,
He reads all day and knowledge seeks.

He says his daily prayers and works in the field,
He brings in a harvest but only natures yield.

Hopefully he will share what his journey doth find,
Not keeping them solely within his own keen mind.

Unspoken words can bring one peaceful elation,
share a verse brother in your quiescent oblation.

Saint Eule

Rare Friend

I will be your rare friend;
Spend many hours meditating on your success.
I will be your rare friend;
Be there for you when you are not at your best.
I will be your rare friend;
One who will take you home when your legs tire.
I will be your rare friend;
And will be beside you when go through the fire.
I will be your rare friend;
When others abandon you and laugh at you.
I will be your rare friend;
Not caring the color of your skin or what you do.
I will be your rare friend;

I will be your rare friend because its true, I am you.

Saint Eule

Remember the goose

I awoke to the bird calling outside my window,
A new day has begun, my mind is hungover with thoughts of yesterday.
A wild goose is heard in the distance.
The bird seems to be calling for his nestlings, probably long
dispersed in the forest.
The goose seems to be have purpose, his trumpet is sure, he knows
others will join the journey to a more lavishing sunrise.

If only I was as sure as the goose, free to sail the sky with
a natural compass.To go north or south as the need arise.

My mortal mind has recently learned of a friend who has passed.
A tear rolls down my cheek, soon it will reach my lips.
I will taste his memory consigned to a single tear.
Fortunately, he left words behind written by his finger tips.

He was a poet -I suddenly remembered a favorite poem alas.
I no longer wanted to cry, but a grin turned to a smile.
Dead poets never die, they either punish or grace us for awhile.
With words that sail through time, following their compass.

Leave your nest say goodbye to yesterday.
Be at rest try to hear beyond the bird, I pray.
If you are a poet, waste not the hour, write what you choose,
My sister, my brother whatever you do - remember the goose.

Saint Eule

Resolve for New year

The moon was once unreachable,
The blind were once unteachable.
Then rockets reaching space invented,
Then paper became raised and indented.

If there is a will -there is a way,
If there is need -it will have its day.
Human resolve is beyond perception,
of a current mindset in reflection.

One mans suffering and another royaled,
One childs hungry and another spoiled.
War over whose God is more real,
or wanting drugs forced to steal.

Homes lost in a jobless crisis,
Mindless games played on devices.
Life becomes a game of endurance,
Till greed won, we all had insurance.

When we can all learn to live without fear,
Peace will come, then it will be a Happy New Year!

Saint Eule

Retired holy man

We can retire from employment
if we find financial success.
But ever heard of retirement
from a life of spiritual bliss.

It seems today to be the popular
thing to do.
No more re-incarnations or
miracles for you.

Do not be waking me on Sunday
or asking to pray for your troubles.
I will be walking in the garden
or in the back yard blowing bubbles.

Tired of all your misery
and whining all day long.
The sages are retiring
no more banging on the gong.

Get your life together
make due with what you got.
The holy man
is retiring- this is not an evil plot.

No more sacred oblations
No more absolution off the shelve.
If you want forgiveness you
will have to forgive yourself.

Please blow out the
candles and make a donation if you can.
I will be fishing in the ocean
your friend and guru, retired holy man.

Saint Eule

Rose Petals

There is no glory in War,
Say goodbye to this wretch, to this whore.
Stolen love from a son or a daughter,
Needless suffering and aimless slaughter.

Peace, a marriage for the bride and the groom,
Brings wonderfull flowers to blossom and bloom.
But some soldiers or sailors will never be wed.
The stranger, the grave hath claimed them instead.

Some like to wear war pins in their hats,
and join clubs to have their war chats.
But I took all my ribbons and medals,
and buried them neath the rose petals.

In the spring when the roses come callen,
I remember the warriors! the lovers! the petals!
that hath fallen.
To this wretch, this whore.
There is no glory in war.

Saint Eule

Seclusion of the mind

We sometimes need a rest
from the demands of our daily grind.
Solace and tranquility are
found in the seclusion of the mind.

Without external forces in
the quietness we have mend.
The silent of the moment is
the message we must send.

The selah, the unplayed note
is the music of the heart.
The quiescent state of
listening is heavens ala carte.

Turn off all the devices
of electrical noise and let them cease.
Close the door to outer chaos
and open your mind to inner peace.

Dwell on the good things
and more will come your way.
Take time for contemplation
and just listen when you pray.

Saint Eule

Sediment Soldier

In the sediment of war like swamp mud stirring my blood,
it flows through my veins.
In the sediment of war infused by orders giving up my
independents to unseen pains.

In the sediment of war settled but easily stirred up
thoughts of confusion.
In the sediment of war sitting alone in the hallway
waiting for transfusion.

Easily shaken the sediment rises, my blood mixed with those fallen.
Trying to let the sediment rest, doing my best to fulfill my calling.
Family seem like strangers, the years were like decades.
My scars invisible to the naked eye, the question often why?

For honor, for glory, for capitalism - returning home to the tenement.
I forgot why -often cry, there is no glory in war - only the sediment.

Will the years free me from the unknown soldier, the untold story.
The friend who shared a ditch, will I ever see again.
Will my limbs ever return? tell me ……. Did we win?

Whatever happens - I must remain sane.
I need a transfusion this sediment must never reach my brain.
A transfusion of hope.

Saint Eule

See Ya!

Some loved ones come and go,
Like the freshly fallen snow.
Then they melt away into tears.

Some loved ones stay awhile,
Bless us with their smile.
Give us warmth in their golden years.

Tiger lilies, fresh corn by the roadside.
All remind me of home away.
The mountain air - the wild deer grazing,
The cool creek on a hot day.

The humming birds seem to like to
visit in the spring.
The ferns and the mountain laurel
add a touch of bling.

An occasional turkey or pheasant
scamper across the road.
The Amish call us english but we
are from the coal region abode.

This whole family picnic adventure is a wanna be a,
till we meet again my friend- is always just a See ya!

Saint Eule

Seeking Answers

Like a game of hide and seek,
Answers are the prize go peek.
The wisdom is there for you and me.
It tis often hidden behind a tree.

We find a lead a noise a view,
The Answer we may have already knew.
Some will elude with disrespect,
These are the ones we wont accept.

Some are well hidden with great care,
The Answer my friend was always there.

Saint Eule

Shackled in Modemity

Here I lay naked in my humanity,
My words reveal me a believer.
They stare upon me as if insane,
The popular opinion mass deceiver.

The herd runs over me like a stampede,
They will not let me rest in the place.
The place that is holy to take refuge,
Demanding I refute the law of grace.

With their might they beat upon me,
I feel the humility but will not refrain.
My Hope is with a little seed of faith,
They tear upon my wounds and drain.

The tormentors shackle me to the mill,
Forcing me to grind the grain of wheat.
Circling timber upon the stone crushing,
The millet to bread i will not get to eat.

My cell impounds me in the darkness,
Only a few more hours till a new day.
A bowl mush supplemented by insects.
Then beaten and shackled to grind away.

May the terminal explode it drains my wits,
On the keyboard I type yet to run the mill.
Programming the computer the bytes and bits.
Time is money shackled and impounded still.

A slave to the company, no time to pray.
Only a few more hours to begin a new day.

Saint Eule

Silouette

Silouette in the puddle,
First hard to see,
Then reality took hold,
The Silouette was me.

A shadowy figure,
Of a tired old man.
A ripple in the water,
Was this in the plan.

Responsibility to others,
and none to myself.
My life is written,
A book on the shelve.

Places not travelled,
People not met.
I am the owner,
of the Silouette.

Saint Eule

Snow Globes on Mars

Will they have oceans and trees or highways
with cars?
Will they have imagination and dreams or
snow globes on Mars?

If we spend billions to get there to
find craters and dust.
Why not just feed hungry children and
give them toys if we must.

Why do intelligent people waste years
looking for life far away.
When they could help millions right here
on our earth today.

Wasted science and billions on the planets
we explore.
When there is so much to discover right here
at our door.

Earth has not yet released all her mysteries
and cure.
The oceans could help put an end to hunger
for sure.

Mars has nothing for our children to eat or
diseases to mend.
Let us make the best of our resources and
the coin that we spend.

Greatest minds will convince us to follow
the stars.
But there is nothing there for the hungry
and no Snow Globes on Mars.

Saint Eule

Snowy Autumn

Thought I would rake the leaves today,
but instead went outside to play.

Snow came down blanketed the leaves;
laying them all to rest for now.
Surprising all the children in the area;
lots of rosy faces with ice on brow.

The sleds are ready on the hilltop to ride,
They will soon enjoy the fun snowy slide.

I had planned to work today,
Nature always has her way.

But I will not be sad or glum.
Just enjoy the snowy autumn.

Saint Eule

Stealing Thunder

I once heard of a peculiar blunder;
It was said, someone had stolen some thunder.
What makes us really humble and beholden,
Is when we realize silence not thunder is golden.

So if you are here to steal some thunder -that's odd.
When we know there is only one God.
This may seem hard to explain,
Stealing thunder is just being vain.

There is no excuse, don't be like Zeus.
Silently wait; on the Lord who is great.

Saint Eule

Taste of understanding

So as we ate the forbidden fruit,
The fall of man became the root.
but hope not lost for we learn to taste,
the understanding of his amazing grace.

Shallow are the claims of united nations,
Principality and powers ruined relations.
My understanding is certainly clear,
All that is important, is God is near.

Shall a tribe or nation impose their will,
They are not chosen, just a placebo pill.
The real one that heals us is personal inside.
Taste of understanding not personal pride.

Pride of knowledge is lack of taste,
Lack of understanding is just a waste.
We talk of peace, and speak of love.
But our only hope comes from above.

What makes you special is not your race,
But the taste of understanding amazing grace.

Saint Eule

The Casper man

Who is master of the treasure,
One of three to revelation.
Magi of the shepherds hoard,
Guardian of the hidden nation.

Was Casper just a friendly ghost,
or a keeper of the communion host.
Three wise man set out to find the Son,
What drove them there Oh, holy One.

A great mystery in the prophetic sense,
The magi treasure myrrh and frankincense.
A great devotion to a babe in a manger,
Three kings bow to a child is stranger.

They followed the star by day and night,
What they found was the eternal light.
The gifts they laid upon the child herald,
Were the treasures of the hidden world.

The magi are guardians of the holy fount,
Always three assigned that is the count.
Three wise man to guard our destiny,
No one knows who these wise man be.

Casper was master of the treasure,
A watchman for the angelic nation.
A magi chosen to deliver decrypted messages,
Angelic guidance for each sapien generation.

When the time comes to seek the other two,
The Lord will come again this poem be true.
The Great mystery will be revealed to man,
The holy fount will pour out from the sand.

Saint Eule

The Lost Poem Forever Alone

How did it happen, where did it roam,
Where has it wandered, the lost poem.
The stanzas were written in the pages of my mind,
but never transcribed in places for others to find.

I tried to recapture the verses but they had left,
why did I not guard the memory or was it a theft.
The world often distracts us and steals what is sown,
Now the poem lost forever will spend eternity alone.

Saint Eule

The 8o Year Old Paper Boy

If it were only a story but sad it is true,
Of a miserly man of whom I once knew.
His name was Francie in a big house on a hill he did live,
He sold papers on the street corner for the nickels we'd give.

Now he never bathed cause that would cost money,
His bed was shredded news paper not very funny.

Once a couple kids watched him dig a whole in the yard,
He buried something there and they waited till night;
They thought it was gold or something of great value,
They jumped over the fence and it was to their fright.

They dug with their hands in a hurry for treasure to scoop,
But all they had found in the mound was a large pile of poop.

Now I do not want to seem gritty or gross,
But I think the boys got a deserved dose.
To try and steal a treasure from an old man,
but instead they got what they did not plan.

Well Francie actually sat on the board of the bank,
His money was good enough however he stank.
But it did not matter to him all of the millions he would hoard,
He sat on the corner each morning selling the printed word.

He used to come into the garage where I worked to just talk,
He never paid for coffee instead would just sweep the walk.

He used to go to the church a godly old man,
but he stunk so bad no one would shook his hand.
He had his own pew which they gave him all to himself,
I think they would have kicked him out except for his wealth.

He never held back when it came to the Lord,
He gave a lot more than the rest could afford.
One day they found him frozen on the corner how sad,
all of his money left to the church made the town glad.

I sure hope Saint Peter let the paper boy in,
For he never spent a nickel on tobacco or gin.

Saint Eule

The Acorns Kippah

The acorn was given a kippah to wear;
It made him different amongst the seed of the tree.
His kippah was brown, the finest in town.
What a blessing an acorn to be.

Even though some would joke;
He soon became a mighty oak.
Well known in tree society.

Saint Eule

The Alien Worm

The Goldfish coughed up a cricket,
The Cricket coughed up a worm.
The Worm stood on the edge of the glass aquarium,
It was very long and stood straight up in vertical form.

I got out a magnifying glass to examine the creature,
It was not something from this earth it had a evil face.
The face had mean eyes and very sharp pointy teeth,
It stared at me trying to communicate an alien race.

Perhaps it was overwhelmed by the insects,
The earths tiny defenders may have seemed liked giants.
The tiny titans that could lift ten times their weight,
The insects native to the earth studied by our science.

The Cricket knights, the Grasshopper guardians, the Ant soldier.
All protecting the us from the alien attack and the viral assault.
We are not even aware of the alien worms mission or purpose,
The insects with ancient armor protect us despite all our fault.

Every living creature has a purpose for whatever its worth,
To grope quietly under the sea or protect the planet earth.

Saint Eule

The Apple and the Pear

The Apple was always the favorite child,
Even in the beginning Eve took a bite.
Ben Franklin said it could even keep away
the doctor if you had a daily diet.

Later a multi billion dollar corporation
was named after the Apple.
It was a favorite ingredient in a fancy
drink called snapple.

What about his cousin we call the pear,
He was an odd looking fellow.
He did not come in red but seemed
to favor green and yellow.

Well it was never his destiny to be
famous like his kin.
But the Pear had a partridge who
was a friend through thick or thin.

It is nice to be famous, and rich
beyond compare.
But I would rather have a good
friend just like the Pear.

Saint Eule

The Black Snakes Nest

Where does the black snake rest?
In shady cover reveals her nest.
Near the freshly planted field,
Where mice a meal can yield.

Slithering through stalks of corn,
Swallowing whole tiny creatures born.
Then returning to her place of rest,
Hiding there until a morsel to digest.

Her skin to shed in new apparel,
When a brood of white eggs appear.
She squints her eyes in satisfaction,
A fox about could cause her to fear.

The little ones would soon hatch,
They eat their way out of the shell.
The ones left the fox did not snatch.
The first sense is revealed of smell.

They look for their first meal,
Tiny vibrations they can feel.
At first eating a small grub neath the weed,
Eventually a small mouse its taught to feed.

A new cycle begins natures test,
The blake snake find a shady nest.

Saint Eule

The Blade of Grass

Not much to bestow,
Not a rose just a simple blade of grass.
When over grown,
Ready to mow, its time has come alas.

The grasshoppers run in fear,
The birds wait for their prey by the hour.
No longer hidden by her skirts,
The dandelions not a welcome flower.

The endless cycle of growing.
The earth, the rain provide its need.
Constantly maintain the green texture.
Often complimenting it with new seed.

The politics of nations are just like a lawn.
The dictators like weeds will all soon be gone.
The common man shall rise poverty will pass,
Their liberty will grow like the blade of grass.

Saint Eule

The Branch Grows

How the branch grows,
Tiny buds like tiny toes.
Grandchildren laughing and crying,
New life to replenish the dying.

A new leaf appears,
A tiny one to my sons wife.
The birds sing and the crickets fiddle,
They celebrate around the tree of life.

Family soon to meet,
Along the lake of memories past.
Little booties on their feet,
A re-union of all the camps at last.

All the years gone by the elder knows,
Time goes quickly as the branch grows.

Saint Eule

The Catcher

He could have been a pitcher, if only he would ask.
But he played the catcher, the pads and ugly mask.
All the wild pitches that were thrown his way.
The bruises, busted knees on a hot summers day.

He was quite a batter and usually got on base.
His legs sore from all the balls that he would chase.
I felt a little guilty for making him put on the mit.
Anyone other little league player would had surely quit.

When you became a man, what made it worth it all.
You always helped a friend and catch them when they fall.
Now I probably never told you how much you meant to me.
You could have been the pitcher, but God's catcher you would be.

Thank you, my son.

Saint Eule

The Chronos of the Soul

A Moment can seem like an eternity;
In suffering or in lament.

An Lifetime can seem like a vapor;
In idleness or days spent.

What trick has time played on me;
A memory lost when I am 93.

All the joy we spent together;
Times we spent on the beach.

My mind can no longer remember;
My children, my life out of reach.

Oh! Chronos of my soul help my memories to find,
Is it possible to put this journey into rewind.

This disease of the mind that makes us forget,
Steals my dignity, my identity in the end yet.

If I cannot remember you my love when we depart,
remember me- that I still hold you in my heart.

Saint Eule

The Dictators Are Falling

Sometimes oppression can become appalling
and In 2011 at last all the dictators are falling

The people had enough, times are getting tough
Liberation voices calling, the dictators are falling

Saint Eule

The Dream Catchers Net

In Indian belief, a dream catcher can bring relief.

It makes a pretty ornament a willow hoop with feathers;
It makes a motion like a dancing spirit in the wind.
If the dream catchers purpose is peaceful memories;
I want ones of a forest that had many trees again.

Before the machines came and tore up all the land,
Before modern convenience made the tribe disband.
Before depending on the government became a way of life,
Before the remote control replaced our useful hunting knife.

For a hunter will take only what he has a need,
A gatherer takes what he can and is full of greed.
It is not too late to change and whatever you do,
Give these forest dreams to all my children too.

Saint Eule

The Face we Share

A man once said, smile though your heart is breaking.
He sang it in tenor, yes- he was the great Nat King Cole.
If your always down, and wear a frown -your face will pay a toll.

Through all your trials, keep your smiles;
Life may not be full of bliss.
Whatever comes your way my friend remember this.

The face we share, is the one we wear.

Saint Eule

The Garlic cure

In answer to our healthcare,
The Garlic cure was mentioned,
It magical powers amaze us,
Simply an ounce of prevention.

But keep it a secret from the FDA,
or they will make it a prescription.
and through the nose we will pay.

The ordinary cure is often labeled a myth,
It makes no cents, no hefty profits to make with.

They tried to make vitamins illegal in the USA,
It is my body, my choice, I say screw the FDA.

One of the greatest tragedy is health control gone wild.
The cure is kept a secret till the lawyers patents all are filed.

Until a system of health care becomes more fair and pure,
I will put my faith in nature, and God bless the Garlic cure.

Saint Eule

The Human Body Revealed

The physician studied anatomy,
A flesh and bone model of clay.
She got her degree in the art of healing,
In a pathological sort of way.

She was not just there for money,
She was there to cure the blindnes.
She was committed to be a healer,
A blend of human kindness.

A doctor sees the pattern,
Of a life lived in abuse.
They percieve the weakness,
Of an unnatural drug use.

A prescription often rendered,
by a physician in a form of pill.
Can one prescribe a vacation,
To a body over worked at a mill.

Can a doctor treat the disease,
and not just the symptoms later.
The preventive cure is better,
Which healer is the greater.

The human body is not a lump of clay,
It is a temple by flesh and bone concealed.
When we treat the disease not the symptom.
Teach the wisdom, the human body revealed.

Saint Eule

The Kindling Fire

Ageless adversity pondering wealth,
Is one so taken, by ones ownself.
Given a token to pass through time.
A chance to live in verse and rhyme.

I will share in your sorrow and grief,
Only for a moment is my belief.
For life is short a kindling fire.
To live it more fully is my desire.

To read each poem and gain understanding,
of others thoughts can be demanding.
I do enjoy the life between the lines.
Of all the poets as the sun shines.

I think of each of them as kin,
All their smoke will ride the wind.
They are brave they made a choice.
To write in words their own voice.

Today is my birthday but it will pass.
Another year older, hope my poems will last.
If they dissapear in the kindling fire.
May the smoke reach heaven is my desire.

Saint Eule

The Man beside the Well

Why give an audience to evil, it is only the emptiness of a cup.
If the cup is filled with the wine of goodness, to the tup.
The two cannot co-exist and the continuum of knowlege we will feast.
Search in these words I tell you and the return will be lasting peace.

There is bottle for the bondsmen and a glass for the enslaved.
If you want to fill the glass, your pardon must be waved.
First unlock your mind for your heart will hold the key.
A life with all its wisdom for all eternity.

Do not sit there so dumb founded by what I am about to tell.
Your only just an illusion of a man beside the well.
That would seem highly unlikely as I can feel the pain.
You surely must be joking to be speaking so insane?

A mystery is revealing itself to you today.
When you can unveil the vision of the man when you pray.
Speak to him softly ask him for some drink.
He will draw from the well and you will clearly think.

For the well is full of the knowledge of the divine.
Before you start to drink the water, it will turn to wine.
What say you this, what nonsense do you speak.
Do you take me for a fool, do you think that I am weak?

I only tell you sister or brother as a seeker,
A child can see the man but your chances might be bleaker.
Try to unlock your mind, I said your heart had the key.
The man besides the well holds the gift of eternity.

He may have sent you a messenger a being of shining light.
Your eyes could not behold him, your shame withheld your sight.
A river of flowing water you felt from deep within.
Your free from all your worry and the glass is full again.

Now the being of light will point you to the man beside the well.
If you are truly thirsty he will fill your cup foretell.
A bliss will then come over you and he will be your friend.
You can always return to the well again and again.

Your path will seldom wander with such a friend as this.
For the one by the well, is the the son of His.
Your heart will fill with passion and you will clearly see.
You will no longer be an illusion but transcend into reality.

Saint Eule

The Mid Life Crisis

There is a big crisis in the world today;
It is called mid life when your over fifty.
You pull a muscle trying to look young;
all the designer sportswear sure are nifty.

Maybe I will buy a boat or a sportier car;
Do you think people will know how old you really are.
My wife is confused with all these exercise devices;
Do you think she will figure out I am going through a crisis.

I just got a new bike going to peddle round the world;
Just got a new pair of sneakers for a marathon to run.
Just need to fight off this feeling of getting a little old;
also need a lot of medication to relax from all the fun.

Got to give up all my unhealthy vices, Lord help me through the mid life crisis.

Saint Eule

The Mighty Popeyes

We played upon the sand lot,
Among the broken glass.
We never got to Williamsport,
But our pitcher sure was fast.

We did not have a parent to patronize the team.
We were the mighty Popeyes, no money for ice cream.
Our uniforms were teashirts and we often showed up late.
We walked for miles to play you, leave your glove upon the plate.

For we only had a catchers mit, and two well beaten bats.
We didn't have a cheering section, or even any hats.
The Popeyes were just there to play the game, to win.
The game of baseball was our passion but we were poor as sin.

Johny hit a single and Timmy got him home with a shout.
Our lanky freckled pitcher struck the last player out.
The other teams would shake our hands and they all knew our name.
We were the mighty Popeyes, we came to play the game.

We returned to our old coal shacks after walking a few miles.
We bonded in the victory our faces were full of smiles.
Our parents worked the filthy mines and very few had cars.
When they finished pickin coal they headed for the bars.

All we had was each other, and sometimes that was enough.
For God he was our sponsor, and the Popeyes sure were tough.
But we were also humble and just loved to play the game.
We ate a lot of spinach, that is how we got our name.

We sometimes get together and meet as a team again.
We all became successfull, because we came to win.

Saint Eule

The OAG

Captured in thousands of virtual worlds all humanity in a daze;
While millions are gathered in tents escaping the sun.
A soldier pushes a button like it was another virtual video game;
Only when the missile strikes a village is gone.

When all is over and counted, when the smoke clears,
Who will bury the children and wipe their mothers tears.

The deepest threat to our country is not the man wearing sandal,
Its the greedy war vendors entrusted with our supplies to handle.

The general we need today to keep us free;
Is the Auditor General from the OAG.

Saint Eule

The Palm Reader

The palm reader said,

Who could cheat us of our first born glory,
It was only the beginning of the story.
His hands were different, the lines were parallel.
If you read his palm, his path would be a living hell.

Some would make gestures other would give us frowns.
Instead of a prince, God gave us a child with Downs.
After we got over the self pity and denial.
We held him in our arms and cuddled him awhile.

He crawled when he was two, and walked when he was seven.
He was blind at ten and was deaf at eleven.
After several trips to doctors, they fixed all that part.
It was about that time, they had to fix his heart.

We had our good times too, and he gave us much joy.
Between the tears we shared, he was still our little boy.
He never asked for anything or held back a hug.
He always said, Thank You, and never hurt a bug.

Our other child normal, had moved away.
But our special child, would always stay.
He gave us purpose, as we grew older.
And there were times, we leaned on his shoulder.

He surely was not perfect,
only Gods son was said to be.
He surely was not a prince.
But he was special to me.

Every child has a purpose.
whether their hand lines be parallel,
or to be lifted on cross,
and be driven with a nail.

If one lesson in life,
I surely learned this.
Never deny your son,
Never deny His.

so said, the palm reader.

Saint Eule

The Picnic Table

Left in the elements through the winter,
Often unremembered but for a splinter.

Yet in the summer the family will have a need,
For their sandwiches and pies on me to feed.
Next to nature beneath the trees,
Amidst the pest, the flies, the bees.

Laughter and song a family affair,
The sun shine and the cool fresh air.
The coleslaw and soda splash on me.
What a time for a picnic table to be.

Winter comes again her snow white covering,
My memories of laughter till the new spring.

Saint Eule

The point of a compass

I really did not know the prophet Moses,
but would like to have met him.
I really did not know the prophet Jethro,
but would like to have met him.

There is one person I really do know,
That is of the present not the past.
I know myself not a great prophet,
but as in the point of a compass.

I live in the present not in the past,
To shape our future, we must be well rounded.
Using the point of the compass first,
Peace within is what the stylus hath founded.

We hear of revelations of things to come.
These are well beyond my circle my friend.
Accept Gods love and do not be so glum,
Live for today not the past or the end.

Saint Eule

THE PORCUPINE

What creature have I become to follow your will,
Waddling through the forest looking for soft wood.
Beast threatening to eat my innocence repelled by quill,
Searching through the forest for words that should.

Be written often by the beast bitten,

Finding grubs along the way,
A lonely creature of the night.
Protected by the coat I pray,
Your will be done not my might.

The beast always on my tail,
I live another day for you Lord, divine.
The price too great to fail,
Waddling through the forest, the porcupine.

Saint Eule

The Shark smells blood

In constant graceful mako motion,
The shark has rule in the ocean.
His teeth of many rows razor sharp be,
His senses finer than any in the sea.

He sits beneath a cave to rest,
Squinting eyes but never closed,
When a faint smell of blood come his way,
His nostrils go aflame his tail explodes.

He takes to sea like a deadly torpedo,
His attraction to blood is al magneto.
Finding a fish suffering along the coral,
He was wounded tasting the ocean floral.

He thrashes at the large fishes side,
Taking his meal with furious pride.
Vivaciously he crushes through the fins,
Making him useless the shark always wins.

In a conference of political leaders,
They decide to give the rich an open check.
They say its for the best, a democratic solution.
On the backs of the commoner what the heck.

The poor cry out no food or jobs,
Wall street holds and the rich are content.
The poor are scraping along the bottom,
They have no money left to pay the rent.

The price of gas, clothing and more,
Are too unbearable for the trodden poor.
The rich sail upon their yachts,
Drinking cocktails and wanting even more.

The waves of freedom brings about revolt,
It gives the yachts of the rich a mighty jolt.
Many of them fall into the rolling sea,
The shark smells blood a meal for me.

The shark makes haste arriving with zeal,
Crushing bones of deceit for a salty meal.

Saint Eule

The silver haired surfer

Jagged rocks beneath me,
The tide draws me near the bottom of the sea.
My last thoughts were of you,
My arms and legs tired dwindling of energy.

Closer toward the jagged rocks I plunge,
Wait! The mystery revealed not rocks but sponge.
The softness of the sponge plumed across my chest,
Alas I did my very best climbing toward the crest.

My surf board only twenty feet away,
Survived to see the foamy tops curling,
Swam over to my board and their I lay,
Then seeing another wave body hurling.

Faster, one knee then another there,
Standing upright balancing hips in motion.
Feeling the breeze riding without a care,
The silver haired surfer fondling the ocean.

Saint Eule

The Songbird and the Cricket

Hearing the songbirds sweet song,
Hails in the morning.
Another day on earth, I prolong,
Bring in the light sojourning.

At night I rest as the cricket plays his fiddle,
He feels safe from the bird, natures riddle.

Each their symphonic melody wanes in best,
A joyful day begins, or a peaceful night of rest.

Saint Eule

The Sparrow in the Palm

When on a walk amongst the maple wood,
held out my hand a tiny sparrow did rest.
In my palm not knowing if he had fallen
form a nearby tree or mistook me for a nest.

It stayed there so calm and unafraid, yet if
I had closed my fist it could die.
It would not leave until sending it on its
way with a slight push and a sigh.

Then the sparrow returned to the tree,
with ease he flew.
What made the tiny creature trust me
and bid me ado.

Then a story came to my mind about His
eye is on the sparrow tis how it went.
Was it to remind me of my own fragile condition
to be crushed or spared he was sent.

He has us in the palm of his hand
was it a lesson on mercy that peaceful day,
Or just to remind me that He was
watching over the sparrow from far away.

Saint Eule

The teapot is calling

With a whistle and a shout,
The teapot is calling.
Put your anxieties at rest,
Pour natures gift from the spout.

Relax and share with a friend,
The teapot is calling.
Life can wait its beckoning,
Thirsty for the steamy blend.

Life can be so appalling,
Selah- the teapot is calling.

Saint Eule

The Tern and The Eagle.

Hundreds of terns scattered along the path,
Frolicking like the women in the market.
Picking through the earths meal make me laugh,
To seize a bargain in the in the aftermath.

I think women like to shop more than anything.
More than garden, more than sing.
They are like the tern sailing from shop to shop.
You heard it said, they will go till they drop.

Men are quite opposite like the eagle they seek.
A rabbit in a field or mouse in their beak.
The hardware store to replenish some screws or some nails.
To rebuild the roof or the mower before it fails.

Perfumes and soap, linens and apparel- what a laurel.
They dance in aisles, like there is no tomorrow.
As we lose our patience, narrow understanding.
This ritual of shopping to a man is so demanding.

Thank God for the women, says the keeper of the shop.
If it were not for the girls, our economy would go plop.
I surely count my blessings at the end of the weeks.
But we are two different birds, with two different beaks.

Saint Eule

The Tiger Smells Blood

Silently resting neath a tree,
Pawing at the straw of grass.
Eyes piercing the horizon,
Searching all senses alas.

Resting on the cool mud,
Then the Tiger smells blood.

The Tigers nostrils become filled,
Running toward the freshly killed.

The Tiger stalks through the meadow,
Sun to back, ready to attack.

A pack of dogs surround the meat,
He leaps into the pack ready to eat.

The pack filled with fear,
Stare at the mighty beast.
Would they stand fast,
Or become a part of the feast.

The Tiger snarls shoulders hunch,
Who would stand before his lunch.

The dogs bark and run away,
They would not eat their prey.

The Tiger eats the carcass crushing bones,
He then returns to lay beneath the tree.
His meal digested and stomach moans,
He licks his paws, then smiles with glee.

An old man robbed by ruthless hood,
Like a pack of dogs they draw blood.
They leave him laying in their city pride,
In the jungle, the beast will eat their hide.

Saint Eule

The Timbrel music

Dancing in the Spirit
to the sound of the timbrel beat.
Shake the tiny cymbals,
Palm the drum in rhythm sweet.

The Ark surrounded
by angels making a circle in jamboree.
The king of Israel
praises of joy, tapping a song of victory.

Covenant of peace
I hear the Spirit, the tingling.
Within the timbrel
My soul rejoices in singing.

Songs of adoration
in omniscient waves of praise.
The music goes on
In celebration of amazing grace.

Thousands of years later
as I lay at night resting peacefully in my bed.
I still hear the timbrels
the joyful music of tiny cymbals in my head.

Saint Eule

The Toads Revenge

The spider ate the fly,
captured in a web of uncertainty.

The toad ate the spider,
captured in the swamp of reality.

The snake ate the toad,
captured in the grasses of fantasy.

The hawk ate the snake,
captured in the shade of unrest.

The man ate the golden hawk,
captured in the sky of extinction.

The man died with a broken arrow.
The toad had poison within the marrow.

Saint Eule

The Underground Prophet

He was not well received when the field was plowed,
But when giving a prophecy drew quite a crowd.
Hidden from site during most of the year,
The underground prophet would soon appear.

His face was quite shaggy and eyes sensitive to light,
The underground prophet was almost always right.
He was not very religious and mostly in the fog,
The underground prophet-was a little groundhog.

Saint Eule

The unholy Salesman

What undue gratitude has the salesman,
Flaunting his polite comments like the helmsman of a great vessel.
While all the time he is checking my pockets.

The orchestrated speech to collect my earnings,
Like the perditious noise of Goddards rockets.

Like missles they fire from his unholy lips.
Trying to loosen my purse strings from my hips.

Shall we deflect them and slam the door in his face,
Hang up the phone to put him in his place.

All this is vain because we sit by hour,
In front of the TV set where we pay for the power.

Saint Eule

The Union was busted

Tired to the bone,
The face in the family photo.
Looks like a weary stranger.
and not my own.

Bargaining a wage,
Is no longer a rule of thumb.
We labor more than ever,
No time for rest, are we dumb?

The global climate change not weather,
rather in jobs for the local.
Going to unregulated countries abroad,
Liberties vision out of focal.

Politicians more corrupt than ever,
Making concessions overseas.
War is becoming a big business,
Where are the jobs, the peace?

The inflated prices eat away our savings,
When we are old the monies will be gone.
Our children cannot afford an education,
But we educate the foreigner as a pawn.

Fight for america while the rich enjoy the sun,
Their children safe in college having fun.
Our children ducking bullets a chance to return,
To a land with no health care or pension earn.

The Union was busted,
The american dream inflated doldrums of hypocrisy feed.
The Union was busted.
Divided, conquered and paralyzed by Wall streets greed.

Saint Eule

The Wedding Embrace

She was just a lass of three,
When daddy passed away.
She had a faint memory,
One that came to her today.

The man she loved soon to wed,
A veil, a gown, a beautiful bride.
She stood at the altar staring ahead,
Her smiling groom at her side.

It was her special day,
She caught a glimpse, a shadow of a man.
An apparition that faded away.

She felt a warm breeze caress her shoulders and face,
Was it a kiss from beyond - a father's embrace.

Saint Eule

The Widows Broom

In a dusty room,
Once a lover nest,
Sat an old broom,
In a corner would rest.

Sweeping away tears,
Of the widows of war.
The lovers embrace,
Replaced by the whore.

The painful memory,
Of a groom that never returned.
In the stone is written,
Answers yet to be learned.

True love will never cease,
The nest, will only rest in peace.

Saint Eule

The Wind blows Softly

The wind blows softly between the reeds,
moving them in dance along;
The wind blows softly between the chimes;
playing them in merry song.

The breath of God brings peace to the saints;
to dance so divinely like the reed.
The breath of God brings peace to the world;
if only the hungry chime can feed.

The wind chime is a child that hungers to sing,
Only there is no food to eat just painful suffering.

Act now, reeds bow.

Send the wind.

Saint Eule

The Winter mouse

The field grass was frozen,
too cold to put you toes in.

The white blanket covering the remainder of the harvest husk,
The mouse was a survivor he would be in my house by dusk.

Pitter patter through the night, looking for a crumb to bite.
In the ceiling and down the hall, he scampers freely tail and all.
little footprints on the snow, lead to a tunnel made below.

I placed a cracker where the trail did end.
a tiny morsel for my little friend.
Pitter patter of little feet, searching for some more to eat.

He checks out the family photos oer the mantel place,
He weaves in and out looking for a hiding place.
Then he decide to hide in a stocking with glitter,
He falls asleep the tired little critter.

The children excited christmas is here,
They head for the stockings for holiday cheer.
Suzy gets a candy cane and a pin for her blouse,
Tyler got a hot wheel car and a winter mouse.

The mouse ran and the children leaped with joy,
They thought he was just a wind up toy.
They chased him all over the place,
with rosey smiles upon their face.

Then the mouse went running for the door,
and he was trapped between the bottom and floor.
I snatch him up by his little tail,
and took him to his winter trail.

Released him in the morning sun.
He had enough of all the fun.
Quickly disappearing beneath the snow,
He made it home to his tunnel below.

It was a week later on New Years Eve,
When what did my ears perceive.
Pitter patter he let himself in, Winter mouse here we go again.

Saint Eule

The wish of the little Blue Spruce

All the other trees had shed their leaves
and already quietly gone to bed.
Except a little blue spruce still waiting
for the snow to fall upon its head.

The little spruce tree stayed to hear the kids laughter
and see them open all the gifts after.
Always invited inside to take part in the holiday fun;
the little blue spruce with its blue coat on.

The decorations place around and under its arms,
sometime it will tickle with all the lights and charms.
Its circled about with garland making it want to dance,
Oh glory! look at all the presents underneath its pants.

The little blue spruce made a wish upon the star on its head again,
wishing the holiday of peace and joy would never come to an end.

Saint Eule

The Wolf and the happy meal

In the Northwest woods clawing the snow,
The Timber wolf finds a left behind pamper.
Humans must have been here you know,
A nearby happy meal toy left by a camper.

The Timber wolf covers his nose in disgust,
He howls complaining to the moon above.
Angry at the trail left behind beer cans rust,
The moon stares back and sends her love.

The forest is being invaded time to move on,
To higher ground this place lost its appeal.
Climbing the mountain he sees a stray fawn,
He tackles his prey and gets the fresh meal.

The meat will last him a few days or more,
He licks his paws thinking of the lost pack.
Separated by gun fire a week or so before,
Lone wolf foraging but can never go back.

Mans pollution encroaches upon the land,
Maybe the pack will meet up in the spring.
Until then the wind will be his best friend,
Assuring him of favor a fresh scent to bring.

He dreams of the pack playing a game of tag,
Until a wakening nightmare big M on the bag.

Saint Eule

The Yellow Sweater

Once I had a dream riding on the Fred Rogers train.
Rolling through the village in the pouring rain.
He was standing there at the station in a yellow sweater.
Then out came the sun, he always dressed for the weather.

A friend to the children, in heaven would reside.
He just sent me a dream, to have another ride.
Thank you Fred!

Saint Eule

Those Red Letter Words

The candlelight draws a shadow oer the pages;
Night is coming oer the fijords.
The glistening stars shine from my window;
As I read and reflect on those red letter words.

My nets were all tangled the boat drew no fish,
as I rest in my cot by oil lamp make one wish.

To find another within all these shanty hoards,
A friend to share in them red letter words.

To dream of a live untangled from worry,
Of a mansion waiting for us in glory.

For now I sit by the candle amongst these fijords,
The shadows are sharing the red letter words.

Saint Eule

Threads of Horace

Sewn into the mortal soul,
were threads of Horace words.

Identity of romance and
chivalry of armor and swords.

When the battle was won
nothing was left to fight for but ones soul.

Expressing disdain for the
past trying to repress the ancient ghoul.

Patterns of fatigue within
dueling with the enemy the wraith of greed.

In the end victorious
in the final battle riding on the chestnut steed.

Threads of Horace in
the returning warrior finding no glory.

Fighting for his justice
with unreasonable doubt the soldiers story.

Saint Eule

Tinsel Tears

If you were just a tin man,
Like the one in the land of OZ.
No heart to shed a tear with,
A rusty disposition want of cause.

Waiting for a hundred years,
for just a dropp of oil.
Waiting to shed tinsel tears,
A solitary strand of foil.

A kind word can be magical,
Can often free the rust.
Why not try it on a stranger,
Kindness is like angel dust.

A smile and a compliment,
makes a heart become anew.
To bring joy to the tin man,
takes just a kind word from you.

Saint Eule

Tornado test

If you want to find out who your frends are,
Natures lessons are the best.
Once I had a blessing,
It was the Tornado test.

The wind came like a train in fury,
It demolished my home and roof.
When the storm was over,
I had learned the real truth.

Only two friends came with hammer,
The rest just came to frown and look.
The Tornado was a real slammer,
Two smiling friends hands I shook.

We had just become homeless our things detroyed by rain.
The Tornado test was ruthless but two friend shared in the pain.
I thought others would be there to help me build, not just look.
But it took a neighbor and a black man to get me off the hook.

When I hear a person of hatred use a racial slur or name,
I remember the Tornado test, the ones who cared really came.
My life is changed forever thanks to the Tornado test.
Nature teaches us a lesson, God takes care of the rest.

Saint Eule

Upolu Point

We landed in the small plane, along side the sugar cane.
Who gets off here in this desolate place?
Me said I, with a grin upon my face.

The little shack serving the terminal could of came down
if just a little wind had blown.
I climbed out of the plane my sea bag on my shoulder
no one in site just an old phone.

Before I got chance to make the call an old jeep
turned up the runway stirring up the dirt,
There were my rowdy ship mates heading toward
the terminal not one had on a shirt.

They bid me to climb aboard and they stepped
heavy on the gas.
We drove the cane roads onward my journey
here at last.

The next year would be a wondrous one
the Kona coffee and Parker ranch no tale,
Waimea cowboys and the during the mating
season we got to row alongside a whale.

I took care of the lighthouses shining glass
and got to surf the beaches during breaks would go;
It was an Island paradise at night I would
climb to the rocky knoll and play a tune on my banjo.

We went out in the large canoes outriggers they were called
back then,
We raced along the coastline like a young and mighty men.

Once I went to Hilo and stayed in a nice hotel,
Walked along a japanese made bridge threw a penny in the well.

We saw a volcano erupt once and it was quite a site,
We went to the top of Mauna Kea its top all snowy white.
We scuba dived in the darkness and saw another world beneath the sea,
We climbed the along the mountain paths stayed in a camp for geology.

The rats were soon upon us, in the candlelight looked like giants
presented on the tent.
We laughed throughout the darkness and fired shots at the shadows
a hundred casings spent.

Once I took a bike ride for over 50 miles checking out the beaches were fine,
I fell asleep till daylight on the beach they call sixty nine.
There was quite a surprise when I awoke.
The beach was just full of naked folk.

Gently gathered my belongings trying to hold back another grin,

They seemed to be quite un disturbed or had a care within.

A year had passed by many days looking over the dirt road of Hawi,
I lived amongst the natives they were quite amused by me.
I met an old artist who sold me some painting sketched in charcoal,
He needed some money to pay his rent.
I bought a few and mailed them home the topless hula girls
in charcoal were what I sent.

My parents when they got the art wondered what was this boy up to,
If they could only imagine paradise, no other place on earth would do.

I soon left the island the plane came to pick me up at the old shack,
The passengers were curious I just left it as it was, my sea bag on my back.

Years later in society as the rat race in the city goes quickly by,
I remember the Upolu Point adventure with a tear dropp in my eye.

Saint Eule

Urbs or Burbs

What attracts some to the urban life;
Walk to a library, or shopping with the wife.
Bakeries and smells, peddlers on the way;
or have a glass of wine at a sidewalk cafe.

Signs of perfumed women on a bulletin board;
Banks of commerce and fast food to feed the hoard.
Fast walkers, old men feeding pigeons by the park;
Movie theaters, bars, news stands all leave a mark.

Fashion in heels and shiny wheels-sushi.

What attracts some to the suburban life;
Barbecues, soccer or gardening with the wife.
Smells of honeysuckles or roses fill the air;
A glass of beer on the porch a romantic affair.

Trees and green lawns which need to be mowed;
Fruits, vegetables and ice cream stands along the road.
Slow walkers, hummingbird feeders and yard sales;
Small grocery and hardware stores mark the trails.

Fashion in old blue jeans, jeeps and muddy trucks -baked beans.

Saint Eule

When the last wave meets the sand

When the earth stands still
Serenity and quiet is throughout the land.
The red moon is in the sky
When the last wave meets the sand.

That is the moment in time
When we will fully understand.
our world will end another begin
When the last wave meets the sand.

-selah

Saint Eule

Where the goblins roam

Where do the goblins roam?
Anywhere they can find a home.

While on a journey in the spiritual abyss,
I came across one such as this.

An ancient being on a leisurely stroll,
Why did our paths cross in the heavenly knoll?

The ancient one shrieked in a dialect unknown,
Surprise in the voice was revealed in the tone.

Then realizing how scared it must be,
I was the intruder the goblin was me.

Reality to you may be a dream to
another.
Be quiet when you roam and stay
undercover.

Saint Eule

Wiggly Giggly

The children from the union came after.
The excitement and all of the laughter.
Their wiggly giggly, and childish ways.
Every achievement they do shower with praise.

Some may lavish in their quiet solitude.
They may have more worldy things we conclude.
But they are the ones missing out these days,
on those wiggly giggly childish ways.

There is a family with children playing fiddles,
They enter contests to beat all the riddles.
A challenge is a treat, a trick is not scary.
To the children of David and Mary.

Saint Eule