Poetry Series

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

- poems -

Publication Date:

September 2010

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON (January 10 1939)

Born in my grand mother's store in Ward, Colorado
where my father worked the coal mines.At the age
of six our family moved to Las Cruces, New Mexico.
He started his own blacksmith shop.
I joined the U.S.Navy in 1956 through 1959.
Served on to air craft carriers.
The USS ORISKANY CVA 34 and the USS HANCOCK CVA 19.
I bumbed around visiting different cities around
the United States.
I went back in the U.S.Navy.January 1965.I was sent to
Vietnam later that year.Serving 7 campaign's through
April 1970. During my time in Vietnam I was awarded
the medals, ribbons, citations, & commendations.
Bronze Star Medal.
Silver Star Medal.
Navy Good Conduct Medal 1 bronze star.
National Defense Medal 1 bronze star.
Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal.
Vietnam Campiagn Medal 1 silver star 2 bronze stars.
Navy Unit Commendation Ribbon with 1 bronze star.
Combat Action Ribbon.
Navy Battle 'E' Ribbon.
Expert Pistol & Rifle Ribbons
Cross of Gallantry Meritorious Unit Citation of
Vietnam with palm limb.
I went to college marjoring in Art
and Drafting. I became a Map Maker using the computer
I did this untill I Retired when I was 68.
I have been writing poetry for a number years plus
I am a Distinguished Member International Poets Socity

9 - 11 A PRAYER OF MOURNING

Almighty and Ever-Loving God, in You we place our trust and hope. Violence and cruelty can have no part with you. You guide everything with wisdom and love. Hear the prayers we offer for those who lost their lives in the attack on America.

May your love and the peace of our Lord Jesus Christ bless and console us and gently wipe the tears from our eyes and remove the fear from our hearts.

Look also with your favor on the families and friends who mourn the victims and comfort them in thier loss. Console them in the hope that all who trust in You will find peace and rest in Your Eternal Kingdom. Bless them with Your presence and surround us all with Your love.

Guide those in authority, O Lord. By the wisdom of our leaders and integrity of our citizens may harmony be restered and justice be served. Allow our leaders to strive in this time of despair for what is right and just.

Calm this terror that threatens us. Grant that peace, the fruit of justice and charity, may reign in America and thruoghout the world.

Amen

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

A BIRTHDAY POEM

Any birthday implies good times shared.
By the people who really cared,
All the tears and hardships they will endure.

Along the road of life, Just to give of self without
showing their troubles and strife.
To make a commitiment to keep on going,
No matter which way the wind is blowing.

Just to keep their love alive on matter what
every body seam's to say,
So remember you have only one birthday,
the are only the anniversary's of that day.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

A FAR JOURNEY

I met a man who journeyed far,
And he talked of the things he had done,
Of the places that he has been,
And how he had so much fun.

The buildings so tall, Oh the mighty walls,
The momuments to honor someone,
Such sights to see...
Such wonders under the sun!

But the things he remembered the most,
Are the people along the way,
The smiles, the warmth, the friendships,
To brighten your day.

Lands near and far, whose people are
So different in so many ways,
Than the life we have known,
And the ways we have all been raised...

Some tip there hats, some bowed their heads.
They all had thier own way to just say...
Hello my friend...
Sure hope you have a nice day.

Yes, the things he remembered the most
Are the people along the way.
The smiles, and thier friendships
That brighten your day.

And this man who journeyed far, he told me...
You know I have been all around,
I have found that my consists of...
The friends that I have found.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

A GUARDIAN ANGEL

Many people will in and out of your life,
but only true friends will leve footprints in your heart.

To handle yourself, use your head;
To handle others, use your heart.

Anger is only one letter short of danger.

If someone betrays you once, It's his fault;
If he betrays twice, It your fault.

Great minds discuss ideas;
Average minds discuss events;
Small minds discuss people.

God gives every bird It's food,
But He does not throw it into It's nest.

He who loses money, loses much;
He who loses a friend, loses more;
He who loses faith, loses all.

Beautiful yong people are the acts of nature,
But beautiful old people are the works of art.

Learn from the mistakes of others.
You can't live long enough to make them all yourself.

The tongue weighs practically nothing,
But so few people can hold it.

Friends, you and me....
you brought another friend....
and there were 3....
we started our group....
Our circle of friends....
and like that circle....
there is no begining or end.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

A JOURNEY

A journey to god is a journey within the self.
Not because we think, we are god's,
But because there we find his mercury,
His love and his humor.

Yes humor that he would a group like us,
Not just that he would make a group like us.
But he would find favor and purpose in all,
The never-ending pilgrimage,
Into the mind and soul of self.

To find the wonders he has done,
That is our journey,
To the greator, to the one.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

A NEW FRIEND

I promised to write you
some verse,

And finding the right words
was never a curse,

For you are my special new
friend you see,

Dancing, talking for hours and
your always full of glee,

Never say never, or never
say die,

Ask me and I'll tell you why,

For If you accept me as a
friend to you,

Through out your life
I'll always be true.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

A VIETNAM VETERAN WITH P. T. S. D.

I am a Vietnam Veteran with P. T. S. D.
Who has survived a bloody war 37 years ago,
And now with help I am being able to share
Of what I have learned and saw.

Felling the pain to be alone,
A If no has ever really cared.
When the nightmares begin,
No secrets only anger and fear.

The sweat soaking my pillow every night,
The sights and sounds, come alive.
The smell of gunpower, B-40 rocket's,
Recalling the raining thunder and fire.

I fell soon my enemy will no longer be within.
I am grateful for this opportunity to be a member
Of some of the strongest and bravest men,
In My Group of Vietnam Veterans with P. T. S. D.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

ASK THE CHILDREN

We complain about poltued air, Rivers and seas...
But children nowadays babysat by TV screens,
And we expect their lives to be somehow clean.
We then we let them wander around, In packs like dogs,
To prowl the night streets, In their mental fogs,
Untill they end up deep in their sorrows and sobs.
Many people complain about the children nowadays...
'Spoiled Little Brats', I've heard some say,
Out of the hood like a pack of strays.
Well when the hell did we take the time,
To listen to the questions of their youthful minds,
And to understand their search for a life?
Is It too much that we meditate,
On where we're headed, Before It's to late?
Let's help our children learn to participate!
For as a world family, We all bear the chore,
Of teaching our young to be so much more,
Than ' Just a Home-Boy ' Whom we'll soon deplore.
A youthful mind must be nourished well,
Guided and strengthened to withstand all hell,
And most of all loved, And cared for well.
So what's my part, And what's your part too,
Come on people let's see what we can do,
To heal the hurt that affecta me and you.
This gangsta thing has gone way too far,
They now shoot at each other from the inside their car.
Then another child dies, And breaks someone's heart.
Maybe It's the children we shoud ask,
' What can we do to take on the task...'?
To make your world a safe place at last.
No matter how, Let's ask these questions,
Let's find a way to work toward the solutions,
That would involve us all in the resolutions.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

CAUTION

My life revolves around your sight,
In my dreams I hold you tight.
I'm in ecstasy when the night is right,
So why am I cautious?

I feel an emptiness when your not around,
Like an echo waiting for a sound,
You tugged at my heart,
Now I never want to be apart,
So why am I cautious?

I know this day I could let myself go,
And love you like heaven can know,
If you are willing to let it be so,
Tell me and away all caution will go.

March 10th 1982

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

DRAGONS, DEMONS, & YOU

It seems there are some little
Dragons and Demons,

That have haunted your and
mind all these seasons,

Comeing from deep within
your mind

Every so often they even so kind,
For God has created them and the rest,

That is to give your heart and a test,
And being not afraid, You since just
what is true,

For after creating the Dragons and Deamos,
He also created you.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

DRINKING BLUES

I got the drinking blues,
Feel like I been used,
Your on a great high
Crash Landing....

Drinking Blues

Just to drink one more drink,
So you can get another high,
To fall down, depressed,
Feeling scraped across the floor....

Seem you can't get enough,
These chains have really gotten tough,
So please help me God of Love
To find a purpose for my soul....

Help me give up this drinking,
From sinking deeper in this hole,
You know that Lady called Booze,

Drinking Blues.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

FIX AND A PRAYER

I cross myself, n' pass the church,
Then I'm off to buy a fix.
I ask my god to protect me first,
Then I'm off to buy a fix.

I ask that someday I might fine,
A reason just to live,
Some special kind of peace of mind,
N' a special love to give.

I'm stuck, I can't change, they say,
I gotta have a fix,
' La chive' All the people say,
' You'll never, ever kick.'

But still I pray 'forgive me god ',
N' still go buy a fix.
Then sit around, scratch n' nod,
Now I don't feel sick'

Hours pass....there ain't no pain,
Cause I just a fix.
Then gettin straight, n' hurtin again,
N' lookin ' for a fix.

God help me off this merry-go-round,
Chained to this 'horse' I sit.
N' break the spell that keeps me down,
N' teach me how to live and love a bit.

March 10th 1970

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is a centain type of love that never fades,
It lasts forever and ever, and forever It shall be.
Friends are trustworthy, depeddable and always be their for you.
While a friendship is something special,
Friendship longs for love, companionship, and honesty.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

FROM THE BOSS

I am God. Today I will be handling all of your problems.
Please remember that I do not need your help.
If life happens to deliver a situation to you that you
cannot handle, do not attemp to resolve it.
Kindly put in the SFGTD (something for God to do) box.
It will be addressed in My time, not yours. Once the matter
is placed into the box, do not hold on to it.
If you find your self stuck in traffic, don't despair.
There are people in this world for whom driving
is a unheard of privilage.
Should you have a bad day at work, Think of the man
who has been out of work for years.
Should you despair over a relationship gone bad, think of
person who has never known what it's like to love and
be loved in return,
Should you grieve the passing of another lonely weekend,
Think of the woman in dire straits, working twelve hours a day,
seven days a week just to feed her children.
Should your car break down, leaving you miles from assistance,
Think of the paraplegic who would love to take a walk.
Should you notice a new gray hair in the mirror,
Think of a cancer patient in chemo wish she hair to examine.
Should you find yourself at a loss and pondreing what life
is all about, asking what is my purpose? Be thankful.
There are those who did'nt live enough to get the opportunity.
Should you find yourself the victim of others bitterness,
ignorance, smallness or insecurities;
Remember, things could be worse. You could be them! ! ! !

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

High In The Sky

Where does heaven and earth meet?
Is it a place in our world...
Like a address on a city street?

I think i found it, a place deep inside...
In the chambers of our thoughts and,
All those feelings that we try to hide.

Can it be that common resting place...
Where all will be judged Evil or Kind?

That place where trust and doubt converse...
Looking each other in the eye...
Just to see who is Best or Worst.

For all will be foretold at last...
Because that is the beholders task.
The beginning of Now and the end of Then..
Intertwining all that is.

Weather to live again? despite the pain it brings..
Or go to the light and find some relief...
From this world of troubles and grief.

So where does heaven and earth meet?
In the deepest part of our souls..
Only he knows for sure, The one on High,
Where heaven and earth meet somewhere High in the Sky.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

I HAVE BEEN TO THE LIGHT

I have been to the light and It was
the Brightest of Bright,

Along the way I saw a lot my friends
and some kin.

Be not afraid for I keep away the bad
thoughts and sin. Then 'The one on High' said

Go back and share the words that I've given you
To write when the time will be right.

For your new life has just begun this very night.
I have been to the light the one that is the,
'Brightest Of Bright'

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

IF I KNEW

If I knew it would the last time
 that I'd see you fall asleep,
I would tuck you in more tightly
 and pray the Lord, your soul to keep.

If I knew it would be the last time
 that I see you walk out the door,
I would give you a hug and kiss
 and call you back for one more.

If I knew it would be the last time
I'd hear your voice lifted up in praise,
I would tape viedo tape each action and word,
 so I could play them back day after day.

For surely thier's always tomorrow
 to make up for the oversight,
And we always get a second chance
 to make everything right.

Threr will always be another day
 to say our ' I Love you's',
And certainly there's another a chance
 to say our ' Anything I can do's? '

But just in case I might be wrong,
 and today is all I get,
I'd like say how I love you and
 hope we never forget

Tomorrow is not promised to anyone
 young or old alike,
And this may be the last chance you get
 to hold your loved one's tight.

So if your waiting for tomorrow,
 why not do it today?
For if tomorrow never comes,
 you'll always regret the day.

That you didn't take that extra time
 for a smile, a hug, or a kiss,
And you were too busy to grant someone,
 what turned out to be their last wish.

So hold your loved ones close today
 and whisper in their ear,
That you loved them very much and
 you'll always hold them dear.

Take the time to say ' I'm sorry, ' '' Please forgive me, '
 ' Thank you, ' or '' It's oaky'. And if tomorrow never comes,

you'll have no regrets about today.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

I'II JUST WING IT

If I just wing It and some mistakes,
Please forgive me and I'll do all it takes.

For when I awake and know that you still with me,
My heart skips a few beats and I thank god for thee.

So as we together travel this path hand in mitt,
Wiht your love and grace, Then I will just wing It

November 10th 1983

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

IN SEARCH OF? ?

Sitting at a side walk cafe
Drinking expresso...Lost in my thoughts of
Visceral churning...Anticepation on rise
While figthing wiht Yea and Nay.

My thoughts began to rise,
Then the expresso would kick in and
the planes would fly over head
Sounding like Sonic Booms in my head,

The impulses piercing my mental screen
out of a clouded sky,
Oh! ! the thought to run from it all.
As the planes continued their fly by's,

Yet...Some where out of my clouds...
Comformting the formation of thought,
That's been by fuled by a high octain
impulse of caffeine
Flies a lone vessel on the waves of ideas.

' The Treacherous Thought To Face Up...'

To strafe this formation of impulse,
With round after round of my own thuth,
Scattering this winged formation was,
The Thundering Boom, the Realization,

The rude awakening of me at War,
Within myself engaged in a ' Dog - Fight '
Across the skies of my mind.
' IN SEARCH OF? ? ? '

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

It Was Best

I know it was best for you and me,
I know that measured my love and you set me free.

For we still have our great illusion yet,
Unsolied, unspoiled without any vain regret.

I won't denie that it make sad,
To know I've missed and what I might have had.

It's a clean sweet memory I'v set apart,
For I'll always be faithful in my heart.

January 18th 1979

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

KING & QUEEN

There was a princces who fell
in love with a pauper

This pauper was a man of need,

He swooned the princess to his
but not with greed,

Thruogh out time they were to wed,

For this princess and pauper are now
A King & Queen instead,

May every breath they share,

To become as one that shows
they care,

They share a love so deep and pure,

They have become as one this
is for sure,

They are now King & Queen
letting the world to know and be seen.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

LIFE' S GRIEF

Frustration... Oh Frustation... why teh hell me?
Defeat and Frustation landing heavy on me,
I'st a weighty load, I'm needing some relief.

Plans fallen through... Purpose all done...
What's going down, Where's the hell the sun?
The light and happiness, where's It all gone?

I'ts in these day's, These dreary day's... time Illfated,
Nights of emptiness... Where all seems unrealted
Day's of stealy points... Day's I've really hated.

This is when I seek you most, Dear god above...
Restore the youthful life in me, Oh lord of love,
Help me reach to you, Touch me gently like a dove.

Help me understand your purpose in life's grief,
To look to you when troubled, Then fine relief.
To make good somehow, What has been delt
Me this life called grief.

June 24th 1971

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

Little Shadows

Shadows....
A semblance of what we think we are
Changing from moment to moment,
Depending on the direction one walks
in their day.

Preceptions....
A semblance of what we think we are.
Also changing, growing, shringking,
Depending on the direection one walk
in their day.

Like one's little shadow....
Self percetion might depend on ones
' juxta-position',
Some times tall, overextending past reality....
Ohter times....just barely under foot...
Trampled.

Depending on the direction one walks
in thier day

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

MY FEELING'S

The predictably - unforseen moment of truth
of the newly - experienced naivete....
Where in the complex - simplicity of emotion
Burst gently into the consciousness.

The extensively - brief moment of eternity,
is equal to eternity of a moment...
Of endlessly - limited forever, surrounded
by quatifiably - limited never....

Active - motionless, catapulting in every
direction, thehered to deepest roots
These are my feeling...
Acknowleged in deafening - silence
and whispering roars

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

MY LINE DANCE

When I am on the line
and I let everyone see,

I too am dancing, For
this really me,

Now and then the band
plays a certain song,

And the rhythm get's to me,
I know It will won't be long,

If no one will ask me to dance
or I just don't the chance,

Then I'll get up by self and do
My Line Dance.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

MY PRAYER

I tossed a prayer out into the breeze
There it caught by the rustling of leaves
Then it continued on, To and Fro
And Here and There.

But most rejected the prayer or did not care
Some merely glanced, then turned away.
On and on the breeze would not stay,
Untill it finds a willing ear recive the prayer,

Then I spied a stranger who seem to be at pray
For he had wondred from far- far away
With he's head bowed in shame from grief and shame
I could see he was crying as if in pain.

Then my prayer reached out and touched his heart
Then he recived It's message of hope and cheer
He aroze and quickly, He improved fully, not in part
Turned again, back home away from his shame and sin

Now my prayer lives in the of every one who recives it's
Message of hope and cheer,
For it travels on and on and on

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

OK! ! !

Don't worry, be not afraid
for what ever they say
for what ever they do
In my heart and mind It's
what is said but that you are true.

Come night or day, In summer
and fall, winter and spring the
truth will be true and bring
the feeling of trust is the only way.

When we are alone as one, and
our souls touched, I felt complety
a whole man, And now we are as one
The lonely nights are about to end

For if it were for the comming of
the morrow
When I don't see her in my heart
I feel the sorrow

I know the day will come not to
distance away
That we will be as one the way
it was ment to be OK! ! !

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

ONE DAY

As I meandered thrugh the alleys of
my mind one day,

I was lost in the words that I wanted to say....

I prayed that someone would help me
out of mental fog. and guide me in what to say.

From the getto deep in my mind,
Some where inside a lonely corner, I would find
the courage to start writing.

As I meandered in the alley of my mind one day

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

ONE LAST QUESTION? ?

I went to the party, And I remembered what you said
You told me not to drink, So I drank soda instead
I really felt proud inside, The way you said I would
I didn't drink and drive, Although the others said I should

I know I did the right thing, As I knew you are always right
Now the party is ending, As everyone is driving out of sight
As got into my car, I knew I'd get home alright
I started to drive away, But as I pulled out into the road

The other car didn't see me and hit like a load
As I lay on pavement, I heard the policeman said
That the other guy is drunk, I'm the one will pay
I'm lying here dying, I wish youd get here soon

How could happen to me, My life just like a balloon
There is blood all around me, and most of It's mine
I heard the medic say, I'll die in a short time
I just wanted to tell you, I swear I didn't drink

It was the other guy, He was the one who didn't think
He was probably at the same party as I
The only differance is, he drank and I will die
Why do people drink? It can ruin your whole life

I'm feeling sharp pains now, Pains like sharp knife
The other guy that hit me is walking around
And I don't think it's fair
I'm lying here dying and all he can do is to stare

Tell my Brouther not to worry, Tell Daddy to be brave
And when I go to heaven, Put 'Daddy's Little Girl 'on my grave
Someone should have told him not to drink and drive
If only they had told him, I would still be alive

My breath is getting shorter, And I know the end is near
Please don't cry for me,
For when I need you.You were always there
I have one last question? Before I say good by.
I didn't drink and drive. So why am I the to die?

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

QUESTIONS

I have some questions don't yoe see,
And these are some that has been bothering me,
Do we find for ' P.T.S. D.' by flying all the way up their?
Or do we only find the cure through prayer?

Is he listening from his throne on high?
Trying to guide us to the reason why.
Do we have to pray on bent knees?
Just to show a sing of humility.

I don't think there's a correct time or place to pray,
Just as long as It's sincere in ever way.
So let's all pray together to find the P.T.S.D. cure! ! !
These are some of questions that bothered me for sure.

Sidney W. Johnston

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

REACH FOR A STAR

Don't be afraid of you are,
Shoot for the moon, Reach for a star!
If your afraid of who you are,
You'll get nowhere, at leased not far.

Don't be afraid to talk aloud:
Stand tall and stand up proud!
Let no one tell you what to do,
For you are someone...You are You!

Don't be afraid of what is said:
Stand tall, stand proud...Hold up your head!
Don't let people get you down,
Don't trade your smile for a frown!

Just listen to the words I say,
And things will start to go your way,
So don't be afraid of who you are....
'Shoot for the moon, reach for a star! '

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

SILENT DREAMS

I met a traveller a teacher he said....
Raised by a carpenter in place called Galilee
He told his lessons were all about life
About freedom from the endless troubles and strife.

That living in this world he surley present a way
to teach us to 'Love' was his mager intent.
Hope for all the oppressed people of this earth...
With out pre-judgeing them on their place of birth.

This preacher with compassion deep in his eyes
Peared into my soul, right past all my disguses.
Seaming to understand the fear behind each mask,
This teacher sure had all right question's to ask.

With time....and hope...I too could learn to cope.
What triggered deep inside me, starting that very day
Were reasons to live again, the reason to love again
and to hope.

Day by day almost step by step or so it seems.
Relief has been mine, from my world
of silent dreams

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

SING A SONG

If you think you have troubles and woe's,
Check with the man upstairs and he give you a show.

Count your blessing's one at a time,
Making life's mountains a little easier to climb.

So say a little prayer and by yourself do all you can,
Leave the rest to God to work his wondrous plan.

His plan always works, right or wrong,
So try to feel better an sing a song

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

SOME OF MY THOUGHTS TO LIVE BY

1. If I love you because you love me, that is merly a trade,
like a thing bought in matket, It is not love, To be in love in
not ask any thing in return,
Not even to feel that you are giving something.
And throuh such love then you can feel
freedom to express your true emotions.

2. If you could strip desire of pain, of suffering, struggles,
of all the anxieties, and fears that go with it, So that only
the pleasure remained, Would you then want to be
free from desire.

3. If you can look into the mirror of of a realationships
exactly as you into a ordinary mirror, then their is
no end to self knowledge.

4. A great paradox of life that is the act of praying, is an
admission that we are separate and apart from God.
while are at the same time wishing our selves to be
One with God

5. Time is not a reality, only ' Now' exist. The Past is
over and does not exist.The Future has not happened
yet as it does not exist. only 'Now' is.

6. Only by what looks like deniel, when we doubt and
questions, do we recive the answers, Often we must
lose faith in order to find true faith.

7. You have to look closely if you want fine
your own empathy.

8. Freedom if it to be a true freedom. Must come from
the source that is within each individual.

9. When man stop fearing the rest of the Family of
mankind? He will stop feeling the emotion called Hate,
and be able to love everone.

10. Having a sense of hurmor is considered a
pime viture. For man that is no accident

11. I have lived long enough ot look carefully the second
time into things that I am certain of the first time.

12 The dead take to the grave, clutched in their hands,
only what have given away.

13. Pay attention to your enemies, for they are the first
to discover your mistakes.

14. We do not remember days we only remember moments.

15. We are all mortal untill the first kiss and second class of wine.

16. A lie has speed. But the truth has endurance.

17. It's not the mountains we conquer, But ourselves.

18. It's no one's business how someone keeps house,
Only what kind of neighbor they are in case of a emergency.

19. When we are the powerless to express our feelings
that is when them the most.

20. Try to like others for who they are, not what they want
you to think you are.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Close your eyes...and go back...way back...
Before the Internet or the Mac.

Before semi automatics and crack.
Before chronic pain, and Being in to It,

Before SEGA or Super Nintendo.
Way back...Way back...I'm talking' bout,

Hide and go seek at dusk.
Just sittin' on the porch. eating Hot bread and butter,

Playing Red light Green, Hopscotch, Jacks, and Kickball.
Making a Dagwood, Trading lunch tickets.

A Penny candy in a paper bag, Chocclate milk, Butterscotch,
Sun flower seeds, Holu Hoops, and Dodge ball.

Running through the rain, The smell of spring flowers, Climbing trees,
Sittin on a curb, jumpin down steps, Running till your out a breath.

I ain't finished yet...

When most mom's were home when the kids got there,
When your kid would go to the store, when a hug was a huge bonus
and didn't need to be paid.

Remember S & H Green stamps, When laundry detergent,
Had free glasses, or towels in the box.

When being sent to principal's office was nothing compared
to the fate he awaited at home.
When they threatened to send him back a grade and did.

When it was a great privilege to be taken out to dinner
in a nice restaurant with your Parents.
And not being afraid of what the other kid's might say.

Basically, we were in fear our lives but it wasn't because of,
Shootings...Drugs, Gangs, 'etc'.
But the disapproval of our Parents.

Sleep time now, Yes I remember.... The Good Old Days

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

THE MASTERS HAND

'Twas battered and scared, and the auctioneer
Though it scarcely worth his while
To waste much time on the old violin,
But held it wiht a smile:

'What I am biddin, good folks, ' he cried
'Who'll start the biddin for me? '' A dollar, a dollar';
Then 'two' ' only two? Two dollars, and who'll make it three?
Three once; three dollars, twice; Going for three__'But no.

From the room, far back, a grey-haired man Came foward
and picked up the bow; Then wiping the dust from the old violin,
And tightening the loose strings,
He played a melody pure and sweet as a caroling angel sings,

The music ceaced, ant the auctioneer, With a voice that was quite low,
Said; ' What am I bid for this bid for this old violin? '
He held it up with the bow, 'A thousand dollars, Who'll make it?
Two thousand! And who'll make it three?
Three thousand, once, three thousand, twice, And going, adn gone.'

The people cheered, but some of them cried,
'The people asked we do not quite understand
What changed it's worth, '
Swift came the reply: 'The touch of a master's hand'.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

THE PARADOX

The cold hard reality....
Occures in the heat of the truth,
As when fall turns to winter....
There is fine wine on same
shelf with vinegar...
There is a quintessence hidden
behind the gall.
The Paradox....
That life wouldn't be life with out it so...

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

THE SAD BUFFOON

The sadness of a sad buffoon,
hidden behind a smile.
The lonliness of a king, surrounded
by high style.
The treachery of security held in
a sovereign vile,

That white powdered courage these
chemicals beguile,
Children of all ages, Play Russian Roulette,
Dancing with devils....In a continuous Pirouette.

Using that powdered enigma...downward
deeper in debt,
Don't be decieved by her pristine white attire.
her crystalline sparkling, which disguises her mire,

What started to be a game she will create
a endless desire.
Chasing her love. But only hell fire.
But It's very important to 'Note'
Not that some of her victims will sink wiht her boat.

A plea to one who is a sad buffoon,
If cocaine is your lover she'll destroy you soon
Uncouple your self from her. and get back in tune
So get togehter from whever you have been strewn

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

TO SNUGGLE

When I gaze into your beautiful eyes,
Then and only then do I realize,
That you are my soul mate,
And It's time you let time do It's fate.

When we kissed and you held me tight,
I knew then that everthing was alright,
So when I recall our date just past.
And you thought I was having inner struggels,

My only thought was to take you home
and just snuggle.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

TOGETHERNESS

You will feel no rain

For each will shelter the other

You will feel no cold

For each warms the other

There will be no lonliness

For you are two persons
with one life before you

Go now to your dwelling place

Begin the days of your togetherness

And may your days be good and long
upon Mother Earth

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

TWIST OF FATE

The the preacher's kid is all wasted no dope
The phychologist's girl say's she can't cope
The mechanic's son's car just barley runs
That how this world is just as sure as I'm alive

The shoemaker's kid has holes in shoe's
The phychiatrist's wife is at home with the blue's
This old world has such a strange twist of fate
While there's every reason to love,
We still find reason's to hate

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

WALK BESIDE ME

My path is rough but I know there will
be no stumbling, If you walk beside me,
When temptations beckon from afar,
No light to giude me, not even a star.

Then my path looms bright and -
I plainly see.
All my way when you walk beside me.

Yes walk beside me my love I pray,
Always walk beside me night and day,
Walk beside me through pain and sorrow.
I pray you will always be there today and tomorrow.

Yes I pray that you will walk beside me.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

Wellcome Home Soldier

We buried another veteran to day,
He went ti his god, from us, he went away,
He was yuong, in the prime of his life,
He left three children and a gourageous wife.

He was killed in action, in vietnam war,
He fougth the enemy with out shame.
He wore his uniform with honor and pride,
For his country, with out blame.

But he now come to surrender, to his earthly pain.
He knew that he would be in the presence of his lord.
But what about his children, and the wife he adored?
Please god, let them always remember him.

We buried a follow veteran to day.
He will now be with all fallen veteran brothers.
Well Come Home Soldier.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

WHAT I HEAR 'THEY SAY'

I took a critical left turn somewhere down the road of life,
It must have been a left,
Because 'They Said' that just not right
Your not supposed to go that way....
So don't argue, and don't fight.
Just do as your told, Thats what 'They'll Say'
Then you will see the light.

Who are ' They'? ? I dared to ask,
By whose laws do ' They' decree?
What shall I think....or do....or say....
What type of man should be?

That jury of 'They' was empaneled.
Some time way back in history,
And shared their judements often,
Looking down on all they see.

Wasn't it 'They' who made that decision
To nail 'Christ' to the cross?
Only a week before that fateful hour
'They' would pray to him,
And call him boss! ! !

Then 'They' jailed and killed the people,
Who fowllowed him at all cost.
But in time, many changed affiliation
Seeking the one they crossed.

If you disagreed with them too boldly,
You'd surely be put to shame.
'They' could jail you....or even kill you,
During the inquistion of Spain.

Killing millions of 'Jews? '
And burning a cross on some 'Black's' home
Also killing them if 'They' choose,
But on Sunday morning 'They 'sure were filling
up their church pews.

Who are 'They'? I dare to ask! !
By who's laws do 'They' decree?
As I looked among the crouds of them
Suprise... 'There's You and Me'.

Lest I continue on with 'They'
Placing judgements on the rest of them,
As a way for me to make myself okay.

My life is the only one I can change! ! !
For all the rest will face their day.
For mankind shall be judged equally, Thats is what I hear 'They Say'

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON