

Poetry Series

John Dustman
- poems -

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John Dustman()

Dodge Podge

We don't think of the pavement
We seldom think of the street
Yet we do think of cherished stones
Some with colors all so neat

Our hearts each pounded joy
As one precious girl and boy
Bathed in heavenly sunshine
On a day none can destroy

Finding stones from somewhere far
Many red to fill our jar
Latched our minds in wonderment
We were crawling on a star!

Such a pure heavenly day
Given children while at play
Seldom happens in one's life
But for us it seemed OK

(Dumple ~ December,2005)

John Dustman

Full Circle

I'm taking a trip
It's to get a grip

On my life as a whole
And to get some control

By finding myself
While my heads on a shelf

Now should I come back
Like some kind of quack

Before I return
Have some concern

And keep me there!

(Dumple ~ December,2005)

John Dustman

Heart Doctor

I took my Mother to Dr. Shakoor
It was only yesterday
He had her pacemaker checked to be sure
Everything was working OK

The guy from Jude was the very same dude
Who put it in years before
The check went fine and he had to conclude
Great, just what it was made for!

The upper chamber needed the most help
Her pacemaker played the song
The lower chamber never seemed to yelp
And pulse amplitude was strong

We sat in one of doc's rooms for an hour
Mother wondered where he was
I said that there was no need to be sour
He'll show up he always does

Well the doctor showed and Mother just beamed
She was like a little girl
She so loved his eyes and it almost seemed
Like he was in the same whirl

With results in hand the doctor began
To give Mother peace of mind
By caressing her soul this kindly man
Rose higher than all mankind

(Dumple ~ December,2005)

John Dustman

Herman

My dad would call me Dimple
Which happened much more than once
In fact he called me many times
Nothing but a dunce

My mind soon became a Buddhist
Believing that everything I see
Is something here to guide me
Throughout all eternity

After leaving home at fifteen years
Then returning for short visits
We would talk the talk of everything
From planting things to rivets

I knew myself who knew me best
But whenever I was there
A feeling of unworthiness
Always lingered in the air

He was a man of kindness
To so many kinds of folks
In fact they relied on Herman
To change their wagon's spokes

Now I simple turn to Jesus
Where LOVE is found in spades
And really respect old Herman
And the decisions that he made

(Dimple ~ December,2005)

John Dustman

Last Lap

No matter how I'm sliced
I want to be with Christ
To walk that very path
While shedding all the wrath
To claim just what is mine
Preserved for me in brine
Anointed with sweet oil
Released from all the toil
Oh, won't it be just great
Prepaid by love not hate

Dumple ~ April,2006

John Dustman

Lazy Eye

My third eye's now a lazy eye
I can't see it when I sleep
Everything has gone awry
And I sense it way down deep

Then I wake up sleepy tired
Very often in distress
Wanting to be retired
Yet hankering for success

They say that time will heal all
That hope's soon to come my way
That Love is there when I fall
And all I must do is Pray

Lord give me your sweet ointment
On this lazy eye of mine
And kill that disappointment
All I need is one small sign

(Dumple ~ December,2005)

John Dustman

Marvin

And Marvin is there, boy is he there
A moose of a man grown tall
With a bucket of brains it explains
Why he's always on the ball

That aura of steel which makes us all feel
There must be something hidden
A wonderful truth which we might sleuth
Even though it's forbidden

Well of course we know that sure he can sew
It's what's in his mind we want
Something he knows but will not expose
He's always so nonchalant

Back to his knack of taking a whack
And everything turns out fine
With just debris he makes water skies
It's just magically sublime

The one carvin' out our dear Marvin
Made a very special mold
It's great to see in our family
And always nice to behold

(Dumple ~ December,2005)

John Dustman

Pamela

Now Pam's my first pick with that hair so thick
With a brain that always knows
That the things we share will always be there
In our heart just like a rose

With her thoughts so pure and so very mature
It's a wonder she is real
When she enters a room there's no more gloom
We forget about our meal

With her full large eyes it is no surprise
That she found the one she loves
And her children too are the blessed few
Must be help from up above

She treats me square and in private we share
Many thoughts about our life
It's all so real this closeness that I feel
While forgetting toil and strife

So God please bless Pam on her next exam
With your everlasting love
And let her know that she's star of our show
And she fits us like a glove

(Dumple ~ December,2005)

John Dustman

Phil

There are many men who walk this world
And many men who fly
But I want to tell of one of them
Who's really a nice guy

He is married to my sister you see
And this just must be told
He yard sails and what he gets near free
He holds onto like gold

A way with words he has a plenty
And friends around the globe
And when it comes to making money
His ear has quite a lobe

My sister holds him in great esteem
This leader of the house
She says he's old rocky road ice cream
But great to be his spouse

(Dumple ~ December,2005)

John Dustman

Putting Out Line With A Black Lab –

My Lucky is divine with scarcely a whine
We treasure the park where she may run and bark
Today we leave on a lark, it's nearly dark
Yet we have enough time to put out a line

While passing a gal near the little canal
I say, 'I just adore this White Labrador'
Oh, I wasn't a bore by that face she wore
She now was my pal in most any locale

Now sealing our bond as we passed near the pond
She said, 'Her color is new isn't it true'
I said as we flew, 'She is now Russian Blue'
We then passed just beyond where she could respond

Oh Lucky my girl, we've found another pearl...

(Dumple ~ January,2006)

John Dustman

Shelly

I have this friend named Shelly
She really knows how to smoke

Which makes her kind of smelly
And it makes me want to choke

No, she's not cheap and shoddy
As she tells me where to soak

She's still my very best buddy
And partner that's no joke

(Dumple ~ December,2005)

John Dustman

Starting Out

While wanting best things to portray
I chalk my cue but ruin the day

No, life's not just a pink bouquet
It's sometimes blue and sometimes gray

(Dumple ~ December,2005)

John Dustman

Staying Up Late

Tonight I sit here all alone
With the world at my fingertips

Being carried to parts unknown
Yes, there is numbing in my hips

Just one more hour I tell myself
Just a few more searches, that's all

I'll put my head back on the shelf
'Long as there's nothing to enthrall

Dumple ~ April, 2006

John Dustman

Tea Of Life

Sometimes while adding water to this cup of tea of life
We find we must refill the pot removing all the strife
Then while pulling off the lid of doubt it jams oh so tight
Life tells us we must push it back, aligning it just right

Why can't I maybe brew the stuff, forgetting 'bout the source
With automatic refills given by some other force
Must I toil and slave each day refilling this cup of tea
Yes my dear, I know it's true; it's that way for you and me

(Dumple ~ March,2006)

John Dustman

The Dance

Sometimes life is just a happening
For no particular reason it happens
We play the game and do everything
To share precious times with our close friends

Then it just happens
Just out of the blue
As seen through my lens
Bang, there was no clue

I just up and danced like I was new
If a scene was made I am sorry
But with every little step or two
It was like driving a Ferrari

It was just so fun
And it made my night
And I love you hun
You are dynamite

(Dumple ~ December,2005)

John Dustman

Witkowski

May 25,2015

Witkowski

Thank you James Witkowski,
Though we have never met,
You are my Honoree,
When you, your blood, did let.

Thank you for your service,
We honor you my friend,
And all those reservists,
You meet around the bend.

You are not forgotten,
And others may not know,
Though not made of cotton,
It flies for you my bro.

~dumple

John Dustman

Writing Japanese

My words come out in English
Like to harvest and to sow

They just seem to fall in place
And why I don't really know

But yet I keep on writing
As these words fall down below

Much like all those little balls
In the game called Pachinko

(Dumple ~ December,2005)

John Dustman