

Poetry Series

Josette Lager
- poems -

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Josette Lager(10-31-49)

I'm from the Heartland
Breese Illinois, we lived
about three miles from
where William Holden and
his family lived this was
long before I was born He
was about my father's age
He was from O'fallon Illinois
He was a year old when the
family moved to Pasadena Ca.
Now about me, all my teahers
were Notre Dame nuns, so I got
a pretty good education. I have
two brothers and a sister My
parents met in France during
the occupation of WW2..

Sincerely,
Josette Lager

A Child's Dream

When I was a child
I thought as a child
but now I have set
aside these foolish
things.

When I was very young
my best friend was a
beautiful fluorescent
green praying mantis.

He was my beloved ballerina,
he always seemed to be dancing
with those long flowing legs in slow
would tilt his head ever
so gently and then take his final
bow the ballet is over for now.

We had a strange kind of
communication, but I think
we loved each other in our
gone now and I'm
still here and yes, I still miss
you my dear.

How much can one really say
about a bug except I wish I
could have given you a great
big hug..

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A Message From Sea Bisquit

From the very start I was
put together funny I looked
part quarter horse. My legs
were too short and my head
was too big but I did ok for
myself.

Its true what they said about
me, when you looked into the
faces of the men and women
of the depression era you saw
me, your perfect icon your
representative. I looked alot
like you and you looked alot
like me. Hey Yip, I love the
song you wrote, hey I'm runnin'
today make sure to bet a C note
brother can you spare a dime?

Now grant you I wasn't a hot shot
primadonna like War Admiral or
Ligaroti, oh go stuff yourself with
manicotti.

Old War Admiral that high priced
plug I could get his goat every time
and I do confess I did light up like
a christmas tree every time he
came sash shaying by, it was
the competition in me but I did
ok for myself.

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A Windmill Out Of Africa

My child walks ten miles a day,
to and from, just to drink putrid
water and eat a hand full of
crumbs.

As he drinks he begins
to sob it makes him so
sick he's living and dying
all at once.

Hey Jamaica mon'
this is Gumby mon'
give me a windmill
out of Africa give me
a wellspring of living
waters so my little boy
can live.

I seem to recall the artesian
waters of New Zealand and
how the windmill would deliver
the water clean and pure.

Give me no hydraulics
mon' our sun parched
land has been ravaged
me a windmill
out of Africa so my little boy
can live.

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Angel Of Mercy

Pure of heart, best describes
my friend Carol the kindest
person I know.

Carol is like a stream that
forever flows into the hearts,
and minds, and lives of others.

There's Moms, Dads, sisters,
brothers, and all others who
have been touched by her love
my friend Carol this gentle dove.

She visits the sick, the lonely,
the bereaved, she's like a wellspring
of living waters for those who don't
believe.

These are the things Our Lord
taught us to do in the guise of
an angel of mercy. Carol walks
the extra mile for me and you.
with a hug, a kiss, a smile, my
friend, the one with the heart
of a child.

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Dedication: From Howard To Clifford Odetts

Howard still sails the skies
first starting out as Mr. tool
and dye.

Now Howard's on the loose,
what didn' fly Howard, was
it the Hercules or was it the
spruce goose?

I'm in the hotel now
where you resided,
will I stay, I'm undecided.

Everything is crazy clean,
and just plain crazy. A
kleenix here, a bug there
a line drawn with chalk,
whats to talk about Howard
the eccentric Howard the hawk.

Enter, Howard the movie maker
Hollywood's earth shaker, poor
Jane was left out in the cold and
shelved for years, until she grew
old and dried up all her tears.

Yes canned for years
sitting on that shelf and
no ever heard her cry
for help.

Last but not least
the phoney will. I'll
drink to that Howard
lets have us some
swill, Dumas won't

get a dime end of.
story and end of my
rhyme.

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Even Spiders Live In Kings Palaces

I have a friend who
I fondly call Richard
the Lion Hearted we
met some years ago
when he started his
personal crusade for
the down trodden and
broken hearted.

He fed the hungry
and broken in spirit
those with addictions,
and other afflictions,
those who live in darkness
in need of benediction.

Broken bones can be repaired
he replies, but a heart is so
fragile and no one really cares
when someone dies inside.

Fear comes with the night
for the children of the night
and I must keep a vigil keep
them in my sight.

When the thief comes
a knockin' There'll be a
Holy War and a unholy
fight.

Suddenly he laughs throws
his head back and roars,
there's a twinkel in those
Irish eyes and yet he seldom
speaks of his swedish side.

Hush he whispers there's
something a scratchin' at
me door for let the tale be
told when the tommy knockers
of old come a knockin' I'll be ready
for em' with a nice surprise meet my
my friend Walther and I'll see you in
the by and by and when this life is
over I'll fly away old glory I'll fly away.

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Is That All There Is Peggy Lee?

Bullet proof and ten feet tall,
they think they are at the very
leas, this goliath this hydra,
this very ugly beast.

Is that all there is Peggy Lee?
We were freedom fighters we
fought the good fight like a
friend who sticketh closer
than a brother the mother of
invention and intervention and
we shall surrender never.

Now we have a new kind of beast
and I the raven shall give the quote
to you goodbye to the blonde beast
of WW2.

The new disguise is wrapped up in
black garb wielding a bloody sword
they dance all together in one accord.

They resemble the black magicians
I've seen on the telly illusionists by
name and murder for hire is their
game.

Is that all there is Peggy Lee?
Is that all there is my friend?
than lets keep dancing.

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Jehovah Jirah

God bless our house
God bless our home
and if we roam too far
and stray please remind
us always to pray.

God bless our dreams,
especially at night, and
I get some doozies, I 'm
fine one minute and then,
there stands Cardinal
Woolsey firing away with
an oozy.

My spelling's not too hot
but that fiery finger comin'
my way sure is, the accuser
of the brethren steps forth
and replies, now do you
recall the time you didn't
make that last line rhyme?

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Joshua

I was there in the midst
of the battle the midst
of the storm in all of its
fury I kept you from harm.

Through the eons of time
I hid you in the shadow
of my wings in my secret
place my pavillion.

If it wasn't a soldier it
was a helpless child
a forgotten senior an
abused wife a homeless
person crying in the night
and all dressed up and
no where to go.

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Las Vegas Food For Less

Gimmie three plums in a row,
and three banana splits, but
don't tell Dee Dee She'll have
herself a fit.

Gimmee' them apples and
oranges too watch me gobble
them up two by two's here's my
my last green back my last buck
and here's a kiss for you lady luck.

Here I stand defeated feeling somewhat
cheated there's a big hole in my pocket,
now I must go and pawn my favorite locket.

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London Bridge Is Falling Down

London bridge is falling down,
falling down, and Bruce Willis
is no where to be found, and
my heart goes out to those
who died underground.

The seven hundred injured,
left with shattered emotions
and to those who died in a
fast moving hi tech locomotion.

I'd like to talk to the conductor
but he doesn't exist not in Los
Angeles blame it
on the I.R.A. or how about Islam
those mad dogs that hate us so,
its all about the oil don't cha know!

I'll be damned if I let them steal my
my joy away from me the miserable
wretches and reprobates. I'm german
half anyway and we crouts can whip
their butts any day of the
but not least bring it on.

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Mamie's Vinyard

In the late afternoon on
a beautifull autumn day,
the old maple tree is shedding
her glory, summer left too soon,
I can still recall how hot it was
way back in June.

The beauty that lies before me
is a striking array of color, lemon
yellow, russet and gold and deep
maroon, and my beloved Mamie
was growing old and died too soon
died too soon.

I remember the purple grape wine
that came from her little vinyard in
town and the strolling pathway that
led to tender young vines and plump
juicy grapes then taken to the cellar
and washed, crushed, and put into
large stone crockery jars to ferment.
Final step seal with paraphin.

Onward christian soldiers marching
off to war and I see laundry from afar
there's clean white sheets drying on
the line but hurry before it rains get it
in on time, don't forget the old manual
lawn mower we wouldn't want it getting
rusty.

There goes my dog Kim joyfully
racing around the yard in a big
circle and me clapping my hands
and cheering her on. Its four o'clock,
and dinner isn't called dinner its
called early supper but before we
eat its tradition for that crabby old
biddy great aunt Leona to go outside

clap her hands and chase all the blackbirds
out of the maple tree once thats done were
home free.

I'm in the celler again helping grandma
Mamie shovel coal into the old furnace
there stands the old maytag washer got
my finger caught in it once would have
lost it if it wasn't for grandma.

A tornado is on the way so don't board
up the window completely leave a good
size crack and watch your head and
watch your all is said and
done nothing is what it seems for what
is life but a dream so have yourself a
piece of purple grape pie and some
real whip cream.

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My Gorilla Didn'T Sign.

God chooses the foolish
things of life to confound
the wise. I speak of my
snowflake, a lovely lovely,
albino beast but poachers
had their own ideas on how
to cook their new found feast.

Eventually greed settled
in their minds, and you
received a reprieve, at
just the right time.

So here you are now
in the Barcelona zoo,
a sight for all to see,
with eyes as blue as
the bonnie blue skies
and the raging seas

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My Lap Top Babies

My darling son and Dee Dee
I'm making a pac with you,
where ever in the world you
may be, Bangkok, Srilanka
or Nepal we are still familia
after all.

Send a email a day as you
soar through misty clouds,
and inbetween naps snoring
out loud, and I'll do the same.

I love you honey and Dee Dee,
so inbetween naps and inbetween
flights send a email whether it be
day or night and I'll do the same.

Love,
mama

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My Prince Is Gone

As long as I can remember
we had Italian popes, the
papal states the medici,
the Holy See and the great
white hope.

Our pope was Polish imagine
that, he wanted us to be a part
of it all, this great communicator,
and through kindness diplomacy
and love he eventually won our trust.

Eastern block countries a hard nut
to crack over this your white grave,
mother is not coming back.

I remember his eyes I loved the
way they looked the expressions
that danced across his face a kind
of moodiness sort of like like Brando.

How can we go back now to the
way we were, we fell in love with
him we got use to him we don't
want to replace him, our Polish
pope our prince.

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New York's Finest

Hey Kojak your so cool,
the Sinatra hat I love it,
and the snappy style of
dress nothing's too good
for New York's finest, New
York's best.

Seen any wise guys out in
the mean streets? give em'
a lolly pop give em' a treat
and then kick em' off your
beat.

You know you'd look really
good in a pair of wing tip
shoes and a hound's tooth
jacket or maybe brooks
brothers if thats your racket.

You got the kind of face any
mother could appreciate, and
another thing you liked hotel
living the service and all and
the wakeup calls so do I.

You got robbed so many times
its hard to keep track and I'm
sorry that you died and I wish
I had you in peace
dear friend for we shall see
each other again.

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Rock A Bye Baby

Loch Ness that leviathon
that playeth in the deep all
night long as we dream as
we sleep Its time to celebrate
its time for jubilee, baby's on
the way.

Pink or blue that is the question
for the baby of the hour shall we
call her Jennifer, or Rob Roy its
a boy!

The nursery 's packed with lots
of goodies, lots of toys, good luck
and good wishes, and lots of candy
baby kisses but for you mom and
pop champayne days and caviar
nights.

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T Cat's Blog To A Dying Veteran

Dear T cat your the cat's meow
chow, chow, must not
give up.

I raise my glass and tea cup to you.
I promise not to be sad, not to be
blue, for its hard not to be afraid
Fight like crazy and don't give up
All of heaven is watching and
love surrounds you.

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The Day New Orleans Died

First Key Largo now
Katrina and I'm knee
deep in dark muddy
waters in my mind I
see happier times,
even the slimey old
hanging spanish
moss comforts me
now

I seem to recall an old
southern song that goes
something like this before
satan stole my joy stole
my bliss.

Summertime and the livin's
is easy fish are a jumpin'
and the cotten is high your
daddy's rich and your mama's
oh so good lookin' so hush
pretty baby don't cha cry-.

One of these mornin's yer'
gonna rise up singin' yer'
gonna spread your wings
and take to the sky but till'
that mornin' there ain't
nothin' gonna harm you.
so hush pretty baby don't
cha' cry-.

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The Forum

Hi I'm from Butcher Hollar
and I get a little hot under
the collar, I'm a honky tonk
angel and proud of it.

I'll make the best darn fried
chicken you ever ate I
guarantee you'll even eat
the plate. I use crisco oil
and a batter I'm wild and
free and I like to chatter,
my guest tonight, is my
friend the mad hatter.

I'm crazy like a fox, and I can
outbox any kangaroo, and kick
better and harder than you do.

I can run like the wind and sing
like a angel, and if I ever fall flat
on my face may God give me
the grace to get up again.

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The Grim Reaper

Charlie's time is running out
he's locked up in the pound,
his owner, no where to be found.

I hate that place it smells of death,
please give Charlie a home before
he takes his last breath.

I cried one day as I walked down
dog death row, so right then and
there I made myself a vow to never
enter death's gate I left
my sickel at the reaper's door,
please help Charlie before he is
no more.

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The Last Whisper

Charles Foster Kane
Citizen Kane, what a
pain you were what a
pain you were and yet
you had a greatness
about you that no one
could deny.

Memories of childhood
were elusive with no
exclusives in sight so
you transferred all your
love to paper and decided
to write, write, write.

How can one miss what
one never had but it didn't
turn out all that bad did it?

You owned all those fancy
rags to brag about and not
one of them was a dud so
how ya' like them apples
rose bud?

So I'll visit you now and then
and throw some petals upon
your grave I'll sing amazing
grace how sweet the sound
and here you are now in this
place in the ground.

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The Sky Is Falling

Dearest mother and daddy,
by the Mark Twain, by the
Mark Twain, Hally's comet
is comin' down Hally's comet
is comin' down.

The days of the great flood
the muck the mire the mud
Mississippi mud.

Mother and daddy, your gonna'
need a river boat to get to town,
just to get around. Hannibal Mo.
got hit really hard, oh sweet Jesus,
Lord Lord.

The day nature fought back,
I wish Orsen Welles were
alive today he could tell
the tale better to the tee to
the letter.

Martians would probably be
easier to deal with, than a
ravaged toxic planet spewing
out all its rage and polution
there is no solution we destroyed
the earth long ago all we have left
now is an angry foe.

Its time to pay the piper we can
nolonger shut the mouth of this
seething venomous viper.

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Untitled

Vanity vanity for all
is vanity and no new
thing under the sun.

Judy Judy Judy
Cary Grant never
said that but if he
did it was in referance
to Mrs. Pohl the grand
lady.

Her spun gold locks
a energetic spirit
forever young regal
and bold she'll never
grow old.

She was old when she
was young and now young
when she's mature.I would
venture to say she's had
alot to endure.

Only light has shone
through her soul over
the years the good the
bad the laughter the tears
God bless Mrs. Pohl
your such a dear.

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Were You Out There?

Via Dela Rosa
the pathway that
led to the outskirts
of the city to a place
of cruelty with no compassion
no pity the place of the Skull
Golgotha just outside of the
city.

An ancient place with
a ancient
incinerator had been
burning that day and
a foul stench rose up
and hung in the air
like a vice as Roman
soldiers parted his
vestures with the roll
of the dice.

Yes a foul stench rose
up and hung in the air
like death it probaly
smelled much like Satan's
presence and Satan's breath.

Yes! I know a place just
outside of the city a place
of no compassion no pity.

Tell me something were
you out there the day they
crucified my Lord?

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