

Poetry Series

robert allen kelleher
- poems -

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robert allen kelleher(April 1950)

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Change

I remember how we promised to scatter each others ashes on our favorite hill.
That my love, was a long time ago. Yet I remember it still.

One can't do as they please anymore. So much changed over the years.
But not my tears.

When God carried you home,
on that bitter wintry night in the warmth of his arms
I haven't been the same, I'm still lost and alone.

Up on our hill, where we use to go
all those years ago,

a spring wind, blew
the ashes of you

into my beard and hair.
I still could hear
you say:
"Should have waited, as I asked you to.
That's okay.
I still love you."

Yes, I should have waited, a bit more
than a spring thaw.

I learned death and burials are a way of life. There's no escaping the bridges of
tragedy and reality.

I remember as a child, church bells sound their solemn notes:
tolling twenty-five, before going silent.
Mommas heart, gave out as she was hanging the wash.

So many people came to say goodbye
Not one did not cry.

Poppa, never smiled again.
His sun, never shone. He lost his best friend.

Poppa and I are a lot alike, in so many ways.

It's been said, change is progress. In some ways they're right
Other ways I disagree.

I miss the small towns that use to be.

I miss walking gravel roads with a lantern, visiting neighbors and they with me.
More than neighbors, we were family.

I miss the simple things in life.
I miss the way your eyes would light.

I miss your beaming smile
The way you made everything, worthwhile.

Thank you for making my world a better place
The memories of you, not even time could erase.

I'm tired of missing you all these years.
Drained from the lonely tears.

Change is progress, this time it is
Ready to come home to my Mrs.

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Dearest Daughter

When your mother told me we were having a child,
I didn't know what to expect.
I was ecstatic and fervent all in the same breath.

For you see
I was a new father to be.

When your mother gave birth
to God's most precious angel on earth,

I couldn't believe my eyes
Tears of joy, were on the rise.

All of God's grace,
in one precious face.

We were holding our baby girl, for the first time.
Though I already had been holding you, in my mind.

We couldn't wait to bring you home.
I couldn't wait for all the pictures of you to be shown.

I remember the three of us hand in hand
meeting your first grade teacher Mrs. Mann.

As you waved us good-bye,
your mother said to me: don't you start to cry.

She'll be okay
on her first day.

Remember when you brought home a baby sparrow?
You tried nursing its broken wing. Even then you were hallow.

When the bird died
you sure cried.

Birds, you said are angels with wings
Yes, they are blessings.

I remember rushing you to emergency
as you played catch the bee.

When your mother asked you, dear
how did you ever get a bee stuck all the way in your ear?

I guess the bee
was faster than me,

You quickly replied.
As they got it out, you never cried.

Sometimes I see you and your mother in the kitchen
There was always something you both were fixing.

As you've grown through the years
with all your bumps, scrapes and tears,

You sure have grown into a beautiful young lady I'm proud of.
I know your mother is guiding and watching from above.

You know, there isn't a day goes by
remember tears I don't cry.

I miss her in every way
I shall till my passing day.

Well, here you are ready to walk down the aisle
As I wish you both lifetimes of smiles,

I offer this fatherly advise for what it's worth,
Show your love for each other every day God has you on earth

It is He who brought you together
Always be faithful, honest, and true. Make time for each other, your love be
forever

When you do hold a miracle of your own
It's a feeling like none other known.

You remind me of your mother in every way

I'm proud to say.

You both will have lives of your own
All I ask, is don't forget your old dad now and then via the phone.

I love you so much.
Keep in touch.

This paralysis is eating me away
Cuts deeper to the core more every day.

What hurts the most, is not physically being with you
There's nothing I could do.

When you both exchange your sacred vows
Your mother and I, will be there somehow.

Though miles apart
Ever we are in mind and heart.

Love always, your Dad.

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Grandpa

Grandpa said it would never be easy.
I must always be

prepared for what lays ahead on the road of life.
He was right.

I'm thankful for his wisdom, guidance and most of all
his love.

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I'M Not

Do not judge me.
Do not form an opinion on what you see.

I'm not who or what you think I'd be.
Different minds see differently

Do not speak before opening your minds
When you do, then speak to me.

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Lynda

Darling the sound of your first hello, was music to my ears.
The sunshine of you and your smile beams eternal beyond our years.

Now you're here at last.
Glad you're not a dream, too many come to pass.

When I whisper your name dear
Lynda honey, I shed a joy tear.

Within my heart and mind
you've been since the beginning of time.

Life only begun
when we met hon.

Take my life, my heart, my hand beyond all tomorrows.
We'll ride life's love rainbows.

Though rain may fall
Together we'll get through it all.

We have each other and I have the sun..
You hon.

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Morning Frost

The morning frost speaks of what I wish not to hear.
Step out from the warmth that embraced your soul
through the night.

Cast yourself out from the shadows and into the days sun.
Hide not from the truth.

Consume that hot cup of tea, freeing your shivers.
Move on with the tasks need be done.

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Our Love

As deep as the rivers flow
As vast as the heavens, I know

Our love, will grow.

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So Rare

When that special someone, comes into your life
shaded memories of loneliness come to pass.

Gone are the tears,
grey skies and fears
of being all alone.
Love and sunshine are here at last.

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Sorry

He was sorry for the way he treated me. Never meant for me to cry.
Sorry for not being there, the way he should.

For the tears and pain that couldn't be erased.
He was sorry he failed seeing the treasure God gifted him years ago.

He asked me to show him the way back into my heart.
To trust once again a fool who lost his way.

I told him, I don't know. I need time.

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There Was A Time

There was a time I had no one. No one of my own.
Sadness was all I'd known.

There was a time, tears found the depth of my soul.
I refused to let it gain control.

A time I came to forget,
when you came into my life.
The time we met.

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