

Poetry Series

**T. Michael Farrell**  
**- poems -**

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**T. Michael Farrell(April 7,1952)**

## 20 Minutes With Maddie And Mandy

Laughter is the best medicine, or so they say  
Well let me tell you what happened to me the other day  
Confined in my own car with Maddie and Mandy  
Exchanging jokes, the telling of which is always handy  
20 minutes of laughter, it was such a delight  
Ending too soon, Going separate ways, into the night  
Lets do this again, the chance, let's not skip  
And more than 20 minutes, perhaps a long road trip

T. Michael Farrell

# Accident

To all my friends on Facebook  
And all those who are not  
I want to bring you up to date  
On a little problem that I've got  
Most of you know the last few years  
Have been something of a struggle  
Freak accidents and injuries  
but I've been able to overcome, stay out of trouble  
But now I find I'm challenged again,  
like a king who is in check,  
For back in February I slipped and fell,  
Resulting in a broken neck  
I currently live in a prison,  
Known by a couple of names,  
Cervical halo or halo brace  
They are both the same  
Like a prison this brace has bars,  
as well as locks and restraints so dull,  
But the worst part of this halo are the four bolts,  
That are screwed into my skull  
I have a cellmate in this prison,  
he only goes by one name,  
He's with me 24/7,  
And he is called PAIN  
He affects the way I walk, talk, eat, and sleep,  
And now this unwelcome companion,  
Is changing the way I think  
Dark thoughts intrude,  
especially at night,  
About bad things in the future,  
Resulting from this current fight  
But at least I recognize,  
the changes in me,  
and for now I'm still successful but weary,  
of keeping the old optimistic Terry  
A lot of you keep wanting to help,  
By visiting and I really appreciate the thought,  
but for now I ask you to hold off please,  
For that time when PAIN can be forgot

But you can help,  
by saying a prayer, for my speedy recovery,  
and also to me a great deal it would mean,  
if you'd say a prayer or two for Jean  
Now I end this Facebook post,  
and no pictures of me will I show,  
Don't be disturbed by my crude poetry,  
I've extended my apology,  
to Edgar Allan Poe.

T. Michael Farrell

# Being There

You've always been there for me  
With your sparkling eyes of blue  
But now thanks to our connection  
I sense something is troubling you  
I don't want to pry, or privacy invade  
But confide in me, your trust will not be betrayed  
Just know that I'm always there for you  
And as I've said many times over the years  
I'll do anything, anything for you  
Anything at all, except play the fool

T. Michael Farrell

# Best Friends

It is truly a gift from God  
When a man and woman  
Realize the other  
Is their best friend  
Its a relationship so special  
The devil will work overtime  
Trying to make the friendship end

T. Michael Farrell

# Cane

One day you'll get a friend request  
&quot;How do you know me&quot; you ask  
&quot;I've seen you at the park&quot; he replies  
&quot;But how do you know my name&quot; you ask again,  
&quot;I got it from a man walking a brown and white dog, walking stiffly with a  
cane&quot;  
He then added &quot;He gave an odd response when asked if he knew  
you&quot;  
&quot;Used to I did&quot; said the man with the cane  
Disappearing in the misty rain

T. Michael Farrell

# Coming Home Again

Coming Home Again

Approaching The End Of Another Long Absence  
Away From Home, Spouse, Pet And Life  
I'm Determined To Recover, To Walk Again  
And Enjoy Our Marriage, As Husband And Wife

We've Been Robbed, Cheated And Swindled  
Going On For 17 Years Now,  
Of Normal, Happy Times Together  
The Absence Of Which Makes Me Scowl

You've Done A Great Job  
A Caregiver You've Become  
But It's A Role For You I Hate To See  
And Me As A Patient, I Don't Want To Be

So Here's My Pledge, To You I Make  
I'll Rehab Often And Hard, And Will Also Include  
Keeping My Darkcloud Thoughts At Bay  
All For You, Dearest Jean, For I Love You

T. Michael Farrell

# Drama Queen (Sung To The Song Dancing Queen By Abba)

you can cry, you can spy, Break into the house of a friend  
see that Nazi, He needs a mommy, being the drama queen

any night when he's alone  
stalking her, where'd she go  
so he keeps driving by, perfecting his spy  
trying hard not to cry  
he thinks he such a cool guy  
Night is young again another drive-by  
he's so insecure because he's been hurt by girls  
he's in the mood for drama  
because he needs a mama

he is the drama queen, needs empathy, close to 70  
drama queen, fears rejection, worried about erection oh yeh  
you can spy, you can cry, read your girlfriends private mail  
see that nut, he has a big butt being the drama queen

you look like Homer, most girls are turned off  
your feelings are hurting cause your wives are gone  
jealous of Anne's friends, no she can only have you  
you're in the mood for more drama  
cause your just a boy needing a mama

you are the drama queen, needs empathy, close to 70  
Drama queen, fears rejection, worried about erection oh yeh  
You can cry, you can spy, snooping where you don't belong  
see that coward, his ego bothered, digging the drama queen

Digging the drama queen

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# Go Away

Been so long since we got along  
We both need a breather  
We're not at each other's throat's  
But we're not in each others arms either  
We both remember the same seminal events  
But opinions on fault are poles apart  
And the only thing agreed on  
There are two broken hearts  
Loving each other used to be so easy  
Like a well rehearsed part in a play  
Tearing each other down was easier still  
And now I just need to go away  
Away from all the strife  
Heading toward a new life  
I won't look back as I drive down the hill  
But forget you, no, I never will

T. Michael Farrell

# In The Pocket

I can't get the car FOB as we leave the range  
won't come out of my pocket, ever so strange  
&quot;Let me try&quot; and with that you have a go  
Sliding your hand down my pocket ever so slow  
We've never stood this close before  
Body heat, smell of hair I can't ignore  
But Oh my, your breast keeps rubbing against my arm  
While deep in my pocket are your hand and forearm  
You rummage around trying to make a selection  
All the while, giving me an enormous erection  
Finally you think you have it, but I have to sob  
&quot;Uhh Jill, that's not my FOB! &quot;

T. Michael Farrell

# Insomnia

What could've been, what might've been

Look at things another way, give it another spin

What ought to have been, what should have been

Things today might not be so grim

If only I'd done something else

Would all these questions be dispelled?

I chose a path, but fate had a say

And so I'm in a different time and place today

T. Michael Farrell

# Maddie's Birthday

Roses will bloom a couple of times a year  
And tulips do the same, or so they say  
But if they ever name a flower after my friend Maddie O'Neal  
It's because that flower blooms every day

T. Michael Farrell

# Mothers Day

On this day I have to Observe,  
What a fine woman our Kelly has become  
And a lot of the credit you deserve,  
For you're a great Mom I can safely say,  
And even though she's half a world away,  
You should be very proud,  
so have a happy Mother's Day!

T. Michael Farrell

# Moving On

Used to, we built bridges between us

Established a high level of trust

But then came boundaries, which felt like walls

Interaction between us completely stalled

Our actions used to speak louder than words

But now the deafening silence only confirms

We'll never see or speak to each other again

Like it I won't, accept it I will, I'll move on and just say amen.

T. Michael Farrell

# Ode To Pillow Park

I'm a simple man, Not complicated at all  
I don't need exotic vacations  
Or go to stadiums in the fall  
I don't need to see the latest movies  
Nor do I care what's on TV  
No, what make me happy Is a little patch of green

It's Just at the end of our block  
It's a park named after Dr. David Pillow  
a fine man Who made a difference for others

Oh, to walk the pillow again  
Without chair crutches or cane  
That's why I'm going through hard physical therapy  
For my goal, my dream to attain

Oh, to walk the pillow again,  
With a friendly dog at my side,  
The two of us will go to the pavilion  
And together go down the slide

Oh, to walk the pillow again,  
And to see old friends so fine  
Like Julie, Rigby and Karma  
All of us having a good time

Oh, to walk the Pillow Again  
You won't hear me complain or squawk  
Because dear Bailey is still alive there  
Walking with me in my mind  
While her spirit soars above in a red tail hawk

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# Pain

I've endured so much this year  
I've fought, I've battled,  
I've shed many a tear  
But for every move forward  
Fate pushes me back two  
Several times I have stepped up to the edge  
Thankfully I always step back  
Just when I think it can't get any worse, it does  
Just when I think it has gone away, It returns  
And just when I think people support, they disappoint.  
And that is the worst pain of all

T. Michael Farrell

# Rockbottom

Get comfortable my friend  
Find yourself a place to sit  
You worked hard to get here  
Never mind that you don't realize it  
Have a Shot, smoke `em if you got `em  
You may have arrived at RockBottom

You're losing your life with whom you've sparred  
Oh, Rockbottom is really hard

What took years to build, to nurture, to trust  
you destroyed it in mere minutes  
made it go bust  
Bad was your vision, your glasses, maybe you fogged `em  
Well look around, you're now at RockBottom

You're losing your life with whom you've sparred  
Oh, Rockbottom is really hard

How do you know if you're really there?  
Look around if you dare  
When you find no help with pills, weed or booze  
And you discover you have nothing left to lose

You're losing your life with whom you've sparred  
Oh, Rockbottom is really hard

There are a couple of things you can do  
To get your life moving out of idle  
Take the 1st of 12 steps  
And dont forget to read your bible  
And when your tired of living a life so rotten  
Congratulations, you're starting to climb out of RockBottom

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# Rust

every relationship you've ever had  
Ended up turning bad  
Everyone, all of them, broke your heart  
good ones or bad ones, you just can't tell them apart  
right now your heart is covered in rust  
so when a good one comes around you refuse to trust  
and that is the saddest part of all  
because quit you they will and once again you'll bawl  
but you won't realize how good he was, his motives you had to mistrust  
and now there's another layer on your heart, another layer of rust

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# Tammie

I have a friend named Tammie who takes care of me while I'm ill She's very good at her job and the best part is She doesn't give me a bill

She's funny, energetic just as pretty as can be, And She has a deep Texas accent, Why she likes to shop at the dolltree

She is so good at her job She ought to be showing nurses, PT's and OT's How to do their jobs better The job of taking care of me

But what I like best about Tammie Is that she's a poet and doesn't know it, Cause when she pushes me through a door she emits this line of prose, &quot;Watch your elbows, toes, and nose! &quot;

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