

Poetry Series

**David Whalen**  
**- poems -**

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# David Whalen()

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Grew up before teen years in Northside Cincinnati, Ohio  
then teen years lived near Loveland Ohio. From midlife til now, reside in Las Vegas Nevada.

Desperately want to move somewhere else! ! !

## 5 Second Ode To Steve (My Rubber Chicken)

When I'm feelin' low  
And my spirits are sickened

When my energy's sapped  
And bad vibes have quickened

When I need a jump start  
For happiness to kick in

I simply go to my happy place  
With Steve, my rubber chicken

David Whalen

# A Beastly Senryu

&lt;center&gt;

What does it mean when  
A man looks in a mirror...  
And a beast looks back

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# A Blind Eye

Lord knows why  
we just can't read

The handwriting emblazoned  
on the wall

It says... " So this is what  
I don't love you, feels like"

And... "time... makes fools  
of us all."

David Whalen

## A Blue Haiku (American Haiku)

I'm down: &lt;(here's the news  
Just cause I'm white... doesn't mean  
I can't get the blues

David Whalen

# A Brighter Day

&lt;center&gt;  
Mundane days that turn  
Much bolder...with your pretty  
Head `pon my shoulder  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# A Cautionary Tale

&lt;center&gt;

Give me a minute

Let me give it some thought

Don't wanna' jump into

Maybe something' I should not

Let me wrinkle my brow

Let me ponder a bit

Let me mull it over

Let me see if it fits

Let me scratch my head

Stare into space

Let me put all the pieces

Into their proper place

Don't want to be impulsive

Don't want to be rash

Don't want to seem timid

Yet don't want to be brash

Don't want to just jump in

I want to think this thing out

But first let me ask you... once again

Just what was it you wanted

...My opinion about...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# A Chickensoup Kind Of Day

It's hard to make up my mind  
Seems it's always a decision  
Of one or another kind

It's obviously icy out  
It's clearly cold, and  
Not only that...but I'm old

My skinny legs are covered  
In goose-bumps  
From the chill

And if the Ague  
Doesn't get me  
Then the vapours probably will

But if I have to  
Make a decision  
Well then...I surely will

Yesiree-bob,  
I'm still a man of action  
A man of decision still

My decision's been made  
My plans have been laid  
I'm still alive and in the loop

The die is cast  
I know what I want at last  
A hot steaming bowl of chicken soup! !

David Whalen

# A Childish Bouquet

&lt;center&gt;All that we had to give her  
Was wildflowers...  
My four little girls and I

They worked like lil' honeybees  
With intense frowns on their faces  
And determined look in their eyes

Violets and black-eyed Susans  
Gathered in lil' grubby hands  
'neath bright summer sky

I had the girls present them  
I thought it should be them...not me  
I really don't know why

I'll not forget ever  
The look of pure pleasure  
That misted their mother's brown eyes

Nor the look of pure pleasure  
That e'er I'll treasure  
And That made me suppress a cry

I had never seen so delighted, my wife  
Perhaps ne'er more so in my life  
As by wildflowers picked...

By my four lil' girls and I

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# A Chilling Senyru

&lt;center&gt;The sudden silence  
Of a child can seem... chilling  
As a sudden scream

David Whalen

# A Chorus Of Angels

Do I hear the sound of Angels?  
Feel the hand of Reaper Grim...  
Rest upon my shoulder

Does the sound of children laughing  
Still warm this heart?  
This weary heart that's growing older

Are the pins and needles in my joints  
My penance for...  
Walks I didn't take

Seems more and more a hard decision....  
Should I sleep on forever  
Or should I once more wake?

I think my chorus of Angels is real  
Though their song is heard  
By me alone

And children's laughter still warms  
This old cold heart...after all  
Tis not made of stone

After all my years  
I still believe in Angels...children...  
Laughter and pain...somehow

One thing that I've come to know  
For sure...tis that  
The hills are steeper now

124 words

&lt;/center)



# A Christmas Eve Conversation

"Why can't we go in daddy"  
"Maybe another time sweetie"  
"Dad, what happened to rags? "  
"He's found a good home I think"  
"Are we gonna have a Christmas tree daddy? "  
"Maybe next year if we're lucky"  
"Where's mom daddy? "  
"That's where we're goin now sweetie"  
"Is she waiting for us on the corner? "  
"Yeah, that's kind of our home right now"  
"Why can't we stay here Dad? "  
"Other people live here now"  
"Why? "  
"because it's somebody else's home now"  
"but why daddy? "  
"Well, sweetie, things just happen"  
"Why'd they happen to us? "  
"Don't know why Sweetknees"  
"Does it happen to everybody? "  
"Yeah, we're not alone"  
"Things will get better...won't they dad? "  
You betcha' kiddo, , , They always did before  
"Now we gotta go help your mamma"...  
"This isn't our home anymore"  
"Will you carry me dad? "  
"You bet! "  
"why does mom cry when she sees us comin'? "  
"Cause she's always happy to see us"  
"Will she smile and laugh again, Dad? "  
" She will...That's why there's tears in her eyes, hon"  
"Cause she'll always have you and me"  
"I'm glad Dad! "  
"Me too sweetie! Gotta big smile ready for your mamma? "  
"Don't be silly daddy, I always do! "  
"Daddy will we ever come back here again? "  
"Nope! Like I said before...  
...its not our home anymore."



# A Coming Out Senryu

A racing snail got  
Rid of his shell...didn't help...  
He still felt sluggish!  
C/center&gt;

David Whalen



# A Curious Senyu

&lt;center&gt;

Curiosity

Is: The urge to explore where

Perhaps we should not

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# A Day Dark And Drear

Dark thoughts lurk  
In dim recesses of my mind  
Waiting patiently  
For my guard to drop  
And give them access  
To emotions...The color of cold,  
Grey concrete and the feel  
Of stainless steel.

All is dark and drear

Seems as if even the breeze  
Has ominous intent  
Poking and prying as if  
Searching for entrance  
To whisper into my mind  
Poisoned prose cloaked in  
Prim, innocent clothes.  
Yes...Today...will be...most certainly

...A day most dark and drear...

David Whalen

# A Day To Be Silly

&lt;center&gt;

What I Need

Someone who listens...  
someone who's interesting  
to listen to

Someone who takes an interest  
Someone who shares  
That interest with you

Someone who shares...  
Someone who cares  
to wear clean underwear too! `

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# A Dickensian Darkness

&lt;center&gt;

Light chased and scattered  
In a mirror shattered...  
Ink on a bleak blotter  
An ebon Rorschach stain...  
Dark chocolate color  
Of old weathered copper  
And shutters turned tight  
'gainst the night and the rain...

Ghosts rising, shining  
From black, mist dusted pavement  
Muffled echoes murmur...  
Cries, sadly seeking replies...  
From those startled spectres  
From shadows into life...  
That in turn offer answers  
In the darkest of lies

Soon the soft brush  
Of lush branches  
'gainst my windowpanes  
Will become skeletal scratching  
Demands...cold, dark and drear  
and stained with strife  
unrestrained

Could as well have been...  
And very likely was, in truth  
But an archaic dream  
In the candlelit gloom  
A Dickensian darkness  
dank, dark and heartless  
Such was, the velvet shroud  
...It seemed...

&lt;/center&gt;



# A Different Kind Of Book

&lt;center&gt;

Whiskey nose, baggy eyes  
Furrowed brow and ruddy cheeks  
Wistful look on wasted face  
Oh, the many years this face bespeaks

Lines laid down by life's stern pen  
A story writ by time and then:  
Revised and rewritten o'er and o'er again  
'Pon living parchment of brow and cheeks

A living tome of life and time  
From mother's milk to summer's wine  
In living lines...Aye, a book  
...is this face of mine...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# A Dippy Senryu

center>

Mix Guacamole  
And Swiss cheese and...you end up  
With "HOLEYMOLEY"!  
/center

David Whalen

# A Dirty Senryu

It's OK at the  
End of a fine, warm Spring day  
To smell like fresh dirt

David Whalen



# A Father's Lament

I was never one for my kids to look up to  
That's a stone cold fact that I'll always regret

I was never the best dad, for them to hold on to  
I was there and I provided, I cared...and yet

I didn't give enough love, I wasn't tender enough  
I was too much a disciplinarian, too quick to berate

I wanted to teach them to be righteous and tough  
I realize my mistake, now that it's much... much too late

Too late to do the proper things...,  
to say the words I wished I'd said

Too late to cherish them over, and above all other things  
Too late to tuck them snugly in bed

To hold them tightly, to kiss them goodnight  
Too late to see the happiness on their faces

Too late for me to set things right...  
Too late to tie their tiny shoelaces

Too late to savor them clinging tightly to me  
In fright at the monsters on 'Lost In Space'

Too late to wonder at their amazing resilience  
As I looked down upon their angelic sleeping faces

They are blessed with selective memories that...  
Remember only the good and not the bad

Thank God for the knowing that they remember me kindly  
But no matter their memories...I'll always feel sad

For I look at old photos of them  
And my old heart slowly breaks

At all the things I should have done back then  
And of all my past mistakes

Now it's too late to tell them Of Fairies and moonbeams...  
and sparkling stardust and of Angel wings

I was never one for my kids to look up to...  
I can only grow old and... never forget

That I never did enough of these fatherly things  
And I'll forever be one to look back and regret

David Whalen

# A Few Easy Pieces

Piece of this  
piece of that

Peace and bliss,  
Piece of crap

Peace of mind,  
Piece of cake,

piece of work  
Piece of steak,

Piece of eight  
Piece of the action

Piece of the pie  
Peace and satisfaction

Piece in the valley  
Piece of glass

piece of my mind  
Piece of a....

That's quite enough now! ! !  
Let's quit this dance

Let's stop while we're ahead...  
Let's Give peace a chance

David Whalen

## A Few Seconds To Read

Heartbreak's just another way of cryin'

Murder's just another word for dyin'

Cheatin's just another form of lyin'

And courage? ....just another way of tryin'

David Whalen

# A Few Words On Love

Love Is a word  
That women prize  
As a token

To men love's a thing  
Better shown...  
Than spoken

To women,  
love in words  
Is a passionate potion

While to men  
Love in deeds...  
Is the ultimate devotion

David Whalen

# A Fine Red Mist (A Magical And Entertaining Thought)

Let's make all future wars  
A disappearing act...  
with a brand new  
entertaining twist...

Let's let our fearless leaders, actually lead  
serve some convoy duty and...."presto, chango! "  
"Bidda bing-bidda boom"...  
Magically vanish ...

...into a fine pink mist....

David Whalen

## A Freudian Slip (Who Nose?)

I want to clear this matter up some way  
And at the same time make my point

That love note I sent you the other day?  
The one that got your nose all out of joint?

I think I simply typed too fast  
And didn't say what I meant to say

Not ..."I like your huge, turnip nose"..  
But "I like your cute turned up nose"

Was What I really meant to say

David Whalen

# A Harbour Senryu

&lt;center&gt;  
A Harbor Senryu

Blue eyes, linen dresses  
Red wine in amber glasses  
Sun tasting the ` sea  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# A Haunting Melody

It's not lyrics...but  
whispers  
That lie `neath the melody

Ghostly murmurs that  
haunt  
the refrain

Sursurrant sounds  
That surge  
And then melt

Whispers not heard but  
more chillingly  
...'Felt'...

As tingles and ripples  
Of black fingernail  
Making

Minor chords that caress,  
And then go  
Raking....

Up spine and then  
Spider  
cross brain

A musical medly  
Of whispers  
And melody

Song fashioned by phantoms  
From mist  
...Icicles and rain...

David Whalen

# A Knightly Senryu

&lt;center&gt;

I'm so fat...that were

I a Knight, my title would

Be &quot;Sir Cumference&quot;

David Whalen

# A Life Of Whimsy

&lt;center&gt;

Things of skill  
Of trades well learned  
Of fame and fortune  
Duly earned

Acts of value  
Civic duty  
Charitable deeds  
And feats of beauty

Things that worthy men  
Aspire to  
Things I'm sure they  
Always will

Living lives  
As I cannot do  
Yet mayhaps my way  
Is better still

For I've lived  
A haphazard life  
Of happenstance,  
Foible and flimsy

And even better still  
(and few can say)  
I've lived a life  
Of whimsy

...And I'm way OK with that! ...

David Whalen

# A Literal Tryst

&lt;center&gt;

My vice is to choose a book at random  
From off the library shelf  
A book timeworn, a bit forlorn  
That sits alone, all by itself

I like that slight crackle  
That comes from it's spine  
That warm musty odor reminiscent  
Of newly uncorked wine

It can be just a brief conversation  
Or perhaps a grand revelation  
That momentary...temporary?  
Meeting of minds

Yet at times these random authors  
Take hold of my mind  
Makes me an unwilling and unwitting  
Hostage...with a great opening line

So I enter into a random liaison that will end  
in but a week or so  
With a literal random stranger  
Who ends up in my hand in my bed  
And shares my night lamp's glow

But this chance encounter as always,  
Must come to an end  
T'was no more than a passing delight  
Twas just a book, chosen at random  
...A stranger in the night...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

## A Long Life Is... (Senryu)

&lt;center&gt;

What a long life is...  
Lucky leaps o'er open graves  
Near misses...close shaves

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# A Manner Of Speaking

&lt;center&gt;

Hawaiians speak like  
Soft rain falling...Asians talk  
Like popcorn popping

- - - - -

Germans sound angry.  
French... like clearing their throat...Mutes  
Say nothing of note!

David Whalen

## A Matter Of Perspective (Senryu)

&lt;center&gt;Think you're put upon?  
The moon is but a servant...  
In thrall to the sun!

David Whalen

# A Moment Well Spent

Nature opens itself more  
To people who look deeply  
Than to those that bother  
Only to just see

She's a showoff, a braggart, exhibitionist,  
A Grande Dame, a diva ...yet  
Her Bette Midler/Madonna persona  
Is revealed to only people like me

People who not only glance at...  
But cup blossoms lovingly in hand  
Inhaling her essence  
Breathing deep, her perfume so grand

She'll gift you her favors  
If in turn you give your attention  
Allow you to savor the flavors  
With out a hint of pretention

But most miss her beauty  
And tis such a sad thing to me  
That they fail to look closely  
Bother only to see

So I say, bury your nose in a rose  
Surrender yourself in it's scent  
Take the time to look closely  
Twill be a moment well spent

David Whalen



# A Moment's Pause

&lt;center&gt;  
Allow it time  
Like aging wine  
Let it rest  
Let it breathe...  
As dregs might settle  
In cooling kettle  
So labors lessen  
And anger takes leave

Withdraw a bit  
Wait a while  
Allow passion's flame  
To die down low  
Best not to press  
Nor e'en address  
Nor disturb, but allow..  
The calming flow

For the morrow always brings  
Newborn light  
Cosmic changes  
New insight  
So allow it time  
Let it breathe  
Let it lay  
Give it leave

As impassioned breasts  
Soon cease to heave  
E'en the Cosmos changes  
So it seems...  
So ride astride  
The raging tide  
Give free rein  
To fresh new dreams

And let it rest...  
...let it breathe...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# A Moribund Summer

&lt;center&gt;A short walk with a long time friend  
In the somber silence  
Of a moribund Summer morn

Taking the sun in comfortable quiet  
The quiet comfort of old friends,  
Of a day new-born

Taking full measure  
Of such common pleasure  
So rarely used as to be barely worn

The larks and the trees  
The freshening breeze  
The rustle of stalks of corn

Brief respite from strife  
Of oft-harried life  
Free and about, Nature borne

A bit of banter and then  
Needs come to an end (too soon)  
A short walk with

...A long time friend...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# A Most Taxing Haiku

Tax refund? Tax credit?  
It's all spent way, waaay before ...  
I EVEN GET IT! ! !

David Whalen

# A Much Better Man

I am tall, handsome,  
an outstanding lover  
Athletic, slim,  
a romance novel cover

I'm young, romantic  
Humorous, fun, carefree  
Admired, empowered  
Wise, sage and debt-free

I'm charming,  
wealthy  
Disarming, and  
Healthy... and

Then I wake up...and in reality! !

I'm balding, short  
Ugly, forgetful,  
Dense, toothless,  
Fat and forgettable

I'm boring,  
Hopeless,  
Breathless,  
Regrettable

I'm blinky and greasy  
Stinky, and wheezy  
And even I admit I'm  
A bit of a creep

So my self-improvement scheme  
Tis to nap a lot and dream  
For I'm much the better man  
...When I'm asleep...

David Whalen

# A Neighborly Guy

Baptist churches and brotherhood  
In a tired, aging town  
A moribund neighborhood  
Where faith and fraternity are found

Cleveland Ohio's a rust belt town  
Ordinary citizens, still work out the days  
Life comes and goes, has ups and has downs  
But some neighbors are different in unusual ways

Take Anthony Sowell, a neighborly guy  
A smile bright as the sunrise, none brighter or quicker  
Liked to sit on his porch, by and by  
Sippin' from a bottle of King Cobra Malt Liquor

Had a few girlfriends over, seemed a regular guy  
Neighbors came over for barbecue at times  
Always said "good mornin' and evening" and "hi"  
Scrounged up ol' metal for nickels and dimes

Neighbors at times notice odd scents  
Of dead things or spoiled meat  
Seemed to be coming from beyond a fence  
Of a sausage maker just down the street

But Anthony sowell, a neighborly guy  
Had compliant companions who sat quietly inside  
Four on the couch slowly rotting  
and three on the floor where they died

A few in the hallway  
several upstairs in the bed  
One in the bathroom,  
on his workbench, a severed head

Anthony Sowell, a neighborly guy  
was led in handcuffs through his front gate  
Left his neighbors imaginations to fly  
As to what was in that barbecue they ate

Anthony seemed such a neighborly guy  
Some said they'd forever feel sickened  
Some said they'd never eat barbecue again  
Some said it tasted a little like chicken

David Whalen

# A New Year, Another Chance

One more year to change...  
One less year to do it in  
Start now...don't give in  
One more chance  
To do it in!

You can be better...  
If you try  
You can feel better  
That's no lie

You can do better this year  
Through thick and thin  
Look up! Start now!  
Don't give in!

A new year...(you only get so many)  
A new start... (only you can do it)  
One more chance... (this time stick to it)  
To do it in!

New year `s eve is near  
Are you gonna stay the same  
If so...shame, shame, shame! !

No war! No more fear!  
You can do it! Let's do it...  
different this year! !

Stop smoking...lose weight  
Be happy...Work out! ...No drugs! ...  
Love yaw! ! lot's of hugs

David Whalen



# A Part Of Me

&lt;center&gt;

If you wish to be  
a part of me...then you must  
tell me your story

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# A Passing Breeze

&lt;center&gt;  
Cry...cry long and hard  
for me, Then forget me as  
Just a passing breeze  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# A Pen Gone Dry

Barren fields...empty places  
Mind devoid of idea and rhyme  
Sterile imagination...featureless faces  
Webs in memories, frozen in time

Fingers flaccid, mind unwilling  
Heavy lies this heart of mine  
Creative forces not fulfilling  
Empty flask of poetic wine

Dried up source of poetic spring  
Used up store of poetic phrases  
Emptied purse with untied string  
Like worn out shoes and old frayed laces

Time away... might grow the field  
Time away... might fill the empty places  
Perhaps time will let the emptiness yield  
To imagination...and full featured faces

Now...inkwell empty  
Tear in eye  
Pristine paper  
Pen... gone dry...

David Whalen

# A Pettish Senryu

&lt;center&gt;  
The best thing should be...  
Could we keep the company  
Of pets...forever  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# A Pitythat Dogs Can't Smile

Dogs ... the most loving  
Of God's creatures...by a mile. A  
shame that dogs can't smile!

David Whalen

# A Poem's Ne'Er Finished

A Poem's never finished  
tis just entirely begun  
If you've gone back and looked  
To see just what it is that you've done

Ne'er a piece has been written  
that couldn't use a wee fix  
A more profound phrase  
To throw in the mix

Sometime it's the inflection  
Oft times it's the prose  
That could use some correction  
A tiny tweak of it's nose

Perchance an error, a bit of imperfect elocution  
A slight awkward feel, now felt in the flow  
Where before one saw only, eloquent execution  
Needed changes, upon reflection, begin to show

Ne'er a piece is writ to perfection  
When put the first time to submission  
Tis only on rereading and a wee bit of reflection  
That the betterments pop into one's vision

Aye, it's true, to like some, over the others  
To think tis a fine job you've done  
But let me suggest, my poetic sisters and brothers  
That a poem's ne'er finished...tis just entirely begun

David Whalen

# A Poet's Ode To Poets

&lt;center&gt;  
We're different you and me  
...We're obsessed...  
no more or less  
Our minds embroiled  
With words that boil  
Not at ease at all unless...

We're writing down  
Each word or sound  
That grabs our needy mind  
Our brains twirl  
in a greedy swirl  
Til that perfect phrase  
We find...

It's a torment  
It's a torture  
It's a State of stress ecstatic  
It's idiopathic...  
psychopathic  
It's idiosyncratic

But it's what we are...  
It's who we are...  
And we're different you and me  
We're simple poets  
Moved by destiny...  
Possessed no more ore less  
And it's what we have to be because

...We're obsessed! ! ...

David Whalen

## A Quite Questionable Haiku (American Style)

In for a pound, in  
For a penny...'fraid to ask?  
You won't get any! !

David Whalen



# A Reflective Haiku

&lt;center&gt;  
Knife sharp reflections  
From ripples in the morning  
Sun...Delights the eyes  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# A Routine Senryu

&lt;center&gt;

Routines: like morning

Coffee...donuts, ...are what keeps

Me from goin' nuts

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# A Saucy Senryu

Could one of you clowns  
Be so kind...Get mesome hot  
sauce for my hash browns

David Whalen

# A Short Senryu

&lt;center&gt;  
A Short Senryu

Small minds write short things  
That stir the air no more than  
Rush of Angel wings  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# A Simple Man Senryu

&lt;center&gt;

How much simpler could

A man be...than one who loves

Words... and writes poetry

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# A Singular Person

I like to think that  
I'm a singular person

Just not singular in any  
Outstanding way

I like to think tho', that  
There's something special

In the little things I do  
And in a few of the things I say

I'm a man of few words  
But a bearer of many emotions

I love wee little birds  
And great briney oceans

Rustic ol' bridges  
And ol' magic potions

Pump organs in ol  
Churches...Sunday devotions

Yep...I like to think  
That I'm a singular person

A peculiar man  
In my own peculiar way

Not really outstanding  
In my prosin' and versin'

A man of few words  
And I'll keep it that way

David Whalen

# A Spirited Haiku

What then is spirit?  
Well... if you truly don't know  
Then you don't have it!

David Whalen

# A Tear Today

&lt;center&gt;

Try to make a tear

Of joy appear... in the eyes

Of all those you love

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# A Time For Wee Things

There is naught more important  
This cold, rainy, winter day (to me)  
Than to wrap up snugly by the window  
And watch the world pass on it's way

I've seen the grandest of canyons  
Seen the grandeur of seaside beaches  
Breathed mountain air, cold and rare  
And have soared to the highest reaches

And now has come the time to sit and see  
Creatures that live only arms length away  
That live unknowing of the concept of tomorrow  
But dwell fully in the moment ...each day

Watch small birds fluff to twice their size  
Watch Fox squirrels quarrel and chatter  
Watch Nature undress before my eyes  
Watch leaves dance...then tatter

Watch clouds play hide and seek with the Sun  
Watch shadows shrink and grow  
Watch snowflakes fall to merge into one  
Watch the wind blow them to and fro

I live now where there is no Winter  
Only a sad simulacrum of that season (I know)  
But in my mind I sit by that window and...  
See naught but Cardinals, squirrels, chickadees  
Fat fluffy sparrows, Christmas lights in the distance  
...And skeletal trees that wave welcome to me...  
To which I reply with my glass held on high with  
...A toast of warm Peach brandy...

28 lines



# A Timely Senryu

You can't truly kill  
Time...you think you have A lot...  
But trust me...you don't!

David Whalen

# A Very Bad Day

It's been a bad day  
So dark words I'll write  
Of ill omens, bad thoughts  
And the absence of light

Of the beat of dark wings  
Of things that aren't right  
And of things  
That go bump in the night

Maybe tomorrow  
I can carry the fire  
Perhaps tomorrow will be  
Just a bit more bright

What made this day so  
One has no need to know  
It's been a bad day  
So dark words I'll write

David Whalen

# A Very Vexing Election

&lt;center&gt;  
Take not a lot of  
Comfort in...The selection  
Of this election!  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# A Wealth Of Sources (Inspiration Is)

Inspiration...  
Elusive creature...yet  
Only when pursued  
Too arduously

Everywhere...  
Tis All about us  
Within our grasp  
Continuously

In faces  
So familiar  
In places  
So mundane

Inspiration...is  
Daily conversation  
Exposition of emotions  
Inspiration...both pleasure and pain

David Whalen

# A Wee Ode To Annie

Of all the things I loved `bout Annie  
And there was much more to like than not  
Besides the fact she had a great fanny  
I liked that Annie laughed a lot! !

David Whalen

# A Wish...And A Promise

Stay honest...stay true  
And I'll always be there for you

Be loving...be kind  
And I will... forever love you

Be there always...for all of my life  
Be my partner...in hard times,

In happiness  
And strife

I'll place no one before you...  
And I'll be always... the one

.....there for you....

David Whalen



# Acknowledge Me

I want to tell my family  
I want to tell those who are near  
Please don't look through me  
Because...I'm still here

Acknowledge my being  
Let me know I exist  
Please hear my pleading  
Let my presence persist

Tis as if I have no essence  
Tis Your disengagement that I fear  
Please see and feel my presence  
I may be passed...but I'm still here

David Whalen

# Acoustic Shadows

&lt;center&gt;  
Acoustic shadows, cast by sound  
Whispers in darkness that caper around

Noisy...while silent,  
Distant...hesitant

Wraiths wrapped in velvet  
Black shadows abound  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Ad Infinitum

&lt;center&gt;  
Universes dwell in  
geodes... and geodes dwell in  
their own worlds as well  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Adios, Sayonara, Fair Thee Well And Goodbye

`I think I might just turn about  
and proudly walk away  
I think I might just strut right out  
without another word to say

Keep my calm, maintain my poise  
Perhaps it's best that way  
Lips pressed tight, there'll be no noise  
As quiet as the break of day

I'll leave my pride behind me  
With all else I once held dear  
I pled my case `pon my knee  
Only for it to fall `pon deafened ear

It would seem by now I'd know somehow  
With a leaden heart and heavy sigh  
To say `Adieu my sweet...I leave you now`  
But I was never good at saying  
...Goodbye...

David Whalen

## Advice Haikus (American Style)

You never know when...  
Your life will end, so live it  
to the full my friend

Good advice...not just  
Talk...do your heart a favour  
Get out... take a walk

David Whalen

# Against Which To Measure

One can't know happiness  
Unless one knows about sadness  
One can't know about pleasure  
Without knowing of pain

You have to have something  
Against which to measure  
Like the dryness of dust measured  
Against cool rivulets of rain

Without the presence of evil  
Would we know what is good  
To not know of cruelty  
Would we know what we should

Knowing only of kindness  
Of naught but good things  
Enjoy bees sweet honey...  
Yet not know of bee's stings

Would you know what you had  
Be it travails or treasure  
No...not without experience ...  
Against which to measure

David Whalen

# Age

&lt;center&gt;

Defeated men, seeking solace  
Elbows posed on time polished bar  
Staring numbly into empty glass  
Eyes gazing dumbly, sadly, humbly  
Reliving the unforgiving  
Lost time...long past

David Whalen

# All Alone Save One

Hard by the grave  
Of Ian Grey's only son  
Passed the mourners...  
One by one  
...Save for one...

In work worn clothes  
With bonnets and hats in hand  
Garb of black... head to toes  
Simple souls born to the land  
...Save for one

Condolences paid  
Tears... wind dried  
Flowers gently laid  
Sorrow put aside  
...Save for one...

Wide brown eyes observed  
As the mourners bid their farewells  
And the shaggy little dog which had served  
Wee Ian junior e'er so well  
...save for one...

Took his place atop the grave  
Laid his head `pon his paws  
And there was where he stayed  
In vigil without pause

Til he too passed  
To join wee Ian  
To where The boy had gone  
Alone...All Alone  
..Save for one...



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..Save for one...

David Whalen

# All Dad's Fault!

Great grandchildren...  
More than just a few  
Grandchildren...  
Got a lot of them too

Lots of happy  
Lots of sad...  
Lots of goodness  
And a bit of bad

A few deaths...  
Lots of life  
Many fantasies  
Just one wife

Many lives created  
Most due to chance (or luck)  
It all started on a warm summer evening  
In the back of my dad's ol' pickup truck

The lightning bugs were glowin'  
The hormones were flowin'  
The attraction was growin'  
And we were too young to be knowin'

Of the consequences of that summer night  
And all the joy and heartbreak to be  
Well...It was all my dad's fault...  
This patchwork quilt of family

It all began  
when I held out my hand  
And he gave the pickup's  
key to me

I think he knew all the while  
What was goin' to be in store for me  
Cause he had a bittersweet smile  
As he handed me that key

David Whalen

# All Dogs Go To Heaven

When (and if) you approach  
the gates to Heaven  
Make sure your dog  
is safely hidden  
Because St Peter may just  
turn you aside...  
And instead, welcome  
your dog within

David Whalen

# All Hallow's Eve

All Hallow's Eve

As he walked out the door he peered back inside  
At his mother and father who gestured so feebly  
Did he float down the steps, did he spookily glide  
Did he feel Halloween's deeds so deeply

Wipe the blood from his cape  
Wipe the gore from his knife  
Wipe the smile from their face  
Wipe out the balance of each one's life

Halloween eve a night to do evil deeds  
Commit heinous acts for no one will know  
For him to hide in shadows and weeds  
To pounce on and slice them up so

To straggle behind and peer in bag of candy  
Gives him opportunity to grab and to run  
To carve lil' goblins is just fine and dandy  
Better for him a sharp knife than a gun

Mixing and mingling with ghostly immunity  
Furtively fingering keen edge of the blade  
Picking next victim with predatious impunity  
Tonight a new legend will be bloodily made

David Whalen

# All I Do Good Is Words

Out of work, Not much of a future  
My life seems to be for the birds  
Got no specials skills, life's in the sewer  
The only thing I can do is "words"

It's what I do to try to feel complete  
I belong to that useless fraternity of nerds  
I have naught to offer but to sit in this seat  
The only thing I can do is "words"

Too much time on my hands  
Or even what's worse  
twiddling' rubber bands  
And makin' silly verse

My wife's on my case  
To bring home the bacon  
She's not real happy  
with the money I'm not makin'

I'm unable to alliterate like I certainly should  
I can't cut and I can't paste  
I'm getting' so's I can backspace pretty good  
Yet I'm feelin' like a total waste

Cause the only thing I do good is words

David Whalen

# All I Have To Offer You

&lt;center&gt;  
I can offer you no more my sweet  
Than a tender loving hand  
A caring heart... A kindly soul  
A love that has no end

If but I could...I surely would  
Give you riches from cross the land  
Treasures beyond measure...but  
Here is where I stand

I have a heart,  
filled with love  
That's true...  
I'm a faithful, simple man

But all that I have  
To offer you  
Is naught but  
...Pockets full of sand...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# All In Your Mind

Happiness is a choice  
It dwells within your mind  
You only need to give it voice  
It's not so hard to find

Sadness dwells there too  
And tis a choice in kind  
Whose dwelling choose you  
To most often go to?

...After all...  
It's all in your mind

David Whalen



# All I've Got

&lt;center&gt;What's left for me? ...books.  
Thoughts, theories and a heart full  
Of warm memories  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# All Living Things

The sea...a living sentient thing  
As is the Earth...an organism alive

For who's to say that oceans don't think  
And that planets don't strive to survive

That trees and leaves have no feelings  
And rocks...no emotions

That waves could'na be the heartbeat and...  
The pulse of vibrant oceans

That canyons be not wrinkles  
That mountains are not just features

That constellations...and galaxies  
Not simply grand cosmic creatures

That lakes are not eyes  
Valleys not ears

Volcanoes not simply pimples  
Nor the rain...Terra's tears

As atoms...to universes  
Meteor storms...to hail

The only true difference is...  
A slight matter... of scale

Only the out-sized ego of...  
man can stubbornly deny

Only stifled imaginations  
Sterile, dusty and dry

Only minds conditioned  
to not even strive...fail

To acknowledge that all and everything  
That exists...is in it's own way, alive

David Whalen

# All Our Resolutions

My new years resolution  
And this time  
I'm gonna' hold fast

Is to write no more haikus! ! !  
(and like ALL our new years resolutions...  
How long ya think this one's gonna last?)

David Whalen

# All Our Yesterdays

Dusty shelves within our minds  
Dark labyrinth of passageways  
Memories stored like aging wine  
Where we keep... all our yesterdays

Moments... treasured, ... forgotten pleasures  
snugly tucked, in private places  
Daydream fodder, and even odder  
Private portfolio Of forgotten faces

Far off look...into empty spaces  
Seeing sights of other days  
Tasting memory's wine, of other places  
Divinely, takes your breath away.

Shadow dancers on the wall  
memory's vault in which they lay  
Private...inviolable... memory hall  
Where are kept... all our yesterdays

David Whalen

# All That Is Born Must Die

&lt;center&gt;No one and nothing, remains the same  
Everyone has to learn to say goodbye  
Every thing changes in fact and in name  
All that is born must die

Look in your tattered albums,  
look at the faces  
They'll speak of volumes  
Of lost times and places

Childhood is fleeting  
Innocence must fly  
Passage of time is deleting  
All that is born must die

Accepting the changes  
From comfortable places  
To new feelings and ranges  
To New lives and new faces

To learn to let go  
To let hands slip from yours  
To yield to life's flow  
To walk through opened doors

Each day there's a parting  
New peace and new strife  
Life changing and starting  
From the old, to new life

Each new day differs from the last  
Every sunrise and sunset in the sky  
Is different and has traveled into the past  
Everyone has to learn to say goodbye...

And all that is born must die  
&lt;/center&gt;



# Almost Melodic

&lt;center&gt;

`A Tempo Almost Melodic

Fall sneaks in with a  
sly, wry grin. Teasing leaves from  
The trees in the Glen  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Almost Nothing At Best

&lt;center&gt;

One's life is no more or less  
Than an hourglass made flesh

Each grain of sand  
But a heartbeat of man

Each breath a small death  
In the end...

We're no more than metronomes  
Fashioned from flesh and bones

Mere measure of mortality  
No more...No less

We're no more than photons  
Mere flashes of light

No more that a meteor's  
Brief flight in the night

A minute component  
An atom at best

No more than an hourglass  
...Made flesh...  
&lt;/center?

David Whalen

# Alone

Come out of the shadows  
Where you wait patiently  
Come take my hand  
So I'll not be alone  
Wrap your dark cloak  
tight about me...  
As if I were your own  
Step out from the shadow  
Please take me home

David Whalen

# Alone...All Alone

The lies that I've told  
Good deeds not done  
The mercies not shone...

Now come to haunt me  
One by one  
And now I stand all alone

Waitin' for Satan  
Too late to atone  
Just waitin' for Satan

...alone...all alone...

David Whalen

# Always

&lt;center&gt;Always be faithful,  
always true, and good things will  
Always come to you  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Always A 'Hotty' To Me

You've always been  
And always will be  
The be-all and end-all  
To me

The memories will linger  
And grow more precious you see  
So I'll hold them tightly. and clutch them  
To me

The coy look in your eyes  
When you said ' Should we? '  
But sly words unspoken, said 'yes'  
To me

We were young, now we're old  
You'd think passion would grow cold  
But you'll always be a 'hotty'  
...To me...

David Whalen

# Always Something To Be Thankful For

On this day of thanksgiving  
When our future may seem murky.

We always have something to be thankful for.  
Mine is that I'm not a turkey! !

David Whalen

# Ambiguity And Cheshire Cats

Black and white...wrong and right  
Strangers in the night

Nothings black... To me anymore  
Nor anything totally white

Things so simple... at one point in time  
Seem now... not so clear at all to me

Ambiguity has stolen in...with the advance of years  
taken black and white... and has set them free

The righteousness in this...  
the certainty of that

That "carved in stone" attitude  
Is now quite "old hat"

Now things are imbued with ambiguity  
And I'm really quite all right with that

Once rigid and unforgiving  
Now flexible and more giving

Life itself to me...  
ambiguous in the living

Has now become...  
Somehow become ...

As Ambiguous as...  
" The Cheshire cat"

David Whalen

# American Prairie

10' tall Big bluestem...  
Once flourished there, now almost gone  
Creamy yellow blossoms of Plains wild Indigo  
White prairie Phlox and...  
Bright yellow Prairie Ragwort  
Tiny dark-blue Downy Gentian  
Grasses fade from bluish purple  
to copper-tan and wine-red.  
Compass Plant leaves point only north and south  
And it's sap a natural chewing gum  
Short grasses in the shadow...  
of the Rocky Mountains  
Tall wind shimmered grass  
from Manitoba to Texas  
Soil with the exotic name of Loess  
Composed of glacial born rock dust  
Leavened with wind borne debris.  
Fields of ten foot tall Sun Flowers  
Beauty and history... in land never tilled  
Russets, ...yellows... and purples  
Dancing in the never-ceasing wind

David Whalen



# An Antique Ornament

Reflections in an antique ornament  
Of lights of green and reds  
Of silver tinsel, candy canes  
Distorted reflections of children's heads

Reflections in a kitty cat's eyes  
Of red and green, and mischievous delight  
In the feline notion of newfound highs  
Of a tree he'll scale tonight

Reflections of brightly wrapped presents  
Piled atop folds of faux-snow cotton  
Of pine needles shedding amber essence  
Creating memories ne'er to be forgotten

Reflections of a time worn sofa  
Reflections of a husband and wife  
Reflecting on that antique ornament  
And the antique ornament...reflecting life

David Whalen

# An Autumn Dawn

&lt;center&gt;Light congealing  
Like ice upon water  
Razor-honed edge  
of dawn cleaving the dark

In hot pursuit  
Of shadows fleeing  
Dreams drift away...  
Like a guttering spark

Liquid gold blades  
of sabre-like rays  
Cleaving and piercing  
Heart of morning mist

Parting the glades  
for a new-born day  
Hapless...Nay, helpless!  
Of night to resist

Dawn's dam of darkness  
In truth sorely breached  
Erodes into remnants as bones  
Both white...and bleached

As through broken dike  
Floods of light gouting...  
Awash are farms, fields  
And sheepfolds alike

Shredding the shrouds  
Of nighttime's dark clouds  
What is there of Dawn  
...not to like? ...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# An Easy Haiku (To Write)

It's easy to write  
Poetry What's not easy  
Is to write it right

David Whalen

# An Even Dozen (Human Needs)

I wondered what the basic needs  
Of the average human could be  
I know these don't apply to everyone  
But they do apply to me

First on my list: would be nutrition,  
the usual food and drink  
Second would be: Rest, sleep and relaxation  
Third would be the need ...  
For recognition I should think

Fourth would be... most certainly  
The human need for touch  
For without the laying on of hands  
Life would lack so much

Fifth would be the need for place  
A place to call one's own  
A place within the human race  
A place that one calls home

Sixth would be acceptance  
Of one's place within the clan  
And the mutual understanding  
Of exactly where we stand

Seventh is the sense of need  
To feel the need to belong  
And to also feel that one is needed  
And that the need is strong

Eighth on my list is comfort  
Comfort within one's skin  
Comfort in where one is in life  
Comfort without and within

Ninth would be the need for pleasure  
For the body and for the mind

Pleasure of the physical self  
Pleasures of the human kind

Goals would be my tenth essential  
An additional and necessary need  
For a life without ambition Would ...  
be bland and empty indeed

Satisfaction is number eleven  
For unrest on the soul is an onerous weight  
While the feeling of satisfaction  
Is a most humanly pleasant state

Last, but not least among all of the needs  
Of the human animal I've listed above  
is the combined total of all of those deeds  
Last...is peace of mind...and love

David Whalen

# An Inhuman Presence

&lt;center&gt;(If Poe had one, he might have written thusly)

The rhythmic thump  
'gainst the floor

That resounds  
Both day and night

That gentle rustle,  
That familiar bustle

That accompanies me  
Through deepest, darkest night

That calms my soul  
And fills the hole

That void that  
Would otherwise exist

Presence there That ne'er  
E'er, ceases to persist

Whose touch I feel  
And who so insists...

That I touch in turn  
And caress in delight...

And whose tail thumps  
&lt;center&gt;Rhythmically, faithfully (and light)

And is the measured metronome  
That calms hearth, heart and home

My canine friend, e'er true blue  
Who helps me through

The deepest...darkest...dreary  
night

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# An Irish Lilt

&lt;center&gt;  
A voice is heard best  
When it has a slight lilt of  
Ireland upon it  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# An Ode To Snow (And A Speck Of Dust)

Began it's life a speck of dust  
One of billions  
Bourne upon the air

Transformed as all things must  
Be... that blossom both...  
Mundane and rare

A tiny mote imbued of moisture  
absorbed within... and  
Without a care

Tossed willy-nilly by caprice of wind  
The mote of dust  
Begins to dare

To attract electrons into it's grasp  
With static gasp  
And electric glare

Then starts it's dizzy descent  
Joined by another  
Commingling to form a pair

More moisture still... gathered as they went  
Gaining weight and boon companions  
In the gelid air

Now in numbers beyond count and scale  
Strange, beautiful crystals form on speck of dust  
Bourne upon the air

And softly falls like gentle comets would  
In feathery flakes of cosmic dust  
Like pious whispers of Lama's prayer

A simple speck of dust  
One would never think  
could make

The incomprehensible  
The unbelievably beautiful  
Exquisitely unique

...Snowflake...

David Whalen

# An Uncaring Senryu

I care not for rules...

Write as I wish...to critics

I say "posh and tish";

David Whalen

# An Untimely Haiku

&lt;center&gt;

A strange thing is &quot;TIME&quot;

My friend...Has no beginning

...Nor a proper end...

David Whalen

# And I Will Write

Is it loneliness...  
Is it fear?

Is it of lost love  
That you wish to hear?

Is it happiness?  
Is it of light?

That makes you read...  
Into the night

Please tell me...  
For I have need

of your interest...  
and insight.

Please tell me  
For I want you

to want to read...  
what I write

...And I will.

David Whalen

# And Smoke A Pipe Too

&lt;center&gt;

I've learned to perch pon

Park bench and pew...appear wise

Like most ol' men do

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# And They're Ok With That

Dads dwell mostly in  
the background While mom and kids  
live at centerstage

David Whalen

# And Winter Comes Again

The spicy condimental smell  
Of crushed Autumn leaves  
Faint distant cries  
As from damned souls  
Whisper from the trees

Skeletal limbs...in gelid winds  
Grasping desperately  
For things they cannot see  
And spirits unconsigned  
To either heaven or hell  
Roam earth eternally

The lead ochre gleam  
Of frozen stream  
Hard and spare as flint  
Light crystal path  
with winter's gleam  
Imbued with glacial glint

Winds with razored  
edges keen  
Shave shapeless drifts  
To ghostly forms  
Spare and mean

Gives souls pause  
To shrink and shrivel  
In fond remembrance of summer  
And then  
Commence into acquiescence  
to icy caresses  
And surrenders to winter  
again

David Whalen



# And Worry

The true wonder of  
Man's mind? ..Its ability  
To muse and ponder

David Whalen

# Angels Listen In

&lt;center&gt;

Sometimes my eyes spring  
Tiny leaks and memories  
Course down my cheeks  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Angels On My Shoulder

&lt;center&gt;  
The better angels  
That repose on my  
Right shoulder  
Do their best  
To oppose  
My baser instincts

But the Devils  
That dwell `pon  
My other shoulder  
Always win me over  
With sly and knowing  
...Winks...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Angels Weep

&lt;center&gt;

Sad Senryu

&lt;center&gt;

Angels cry...Gods weep

In knowledge deep...that mercy

Remains...fast asleep

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Another New Year, Another New Beginning?

Another new year!  
Another new beginning?

Will we get this one right?  
Will we have learned from the last one?  
Will we treat our kids better?  
Will they be healthier and better educated?  
Will we be more prudent, save more money?  
Will we even have a job?  
Will we keep the one we have?  
Are we gonna stop smoking?  
Are we gonna start dieting?  
Are we gonna start exercising?  
Are we gonna stop watching so much TV?  
Are we gonna walk more and stop so much driving?  
Will we help someone who has less?  
Will we be thankful for what we have?  
Will we renounce war?  
Will we live a little longer?  
Will we want to?  
Are we gonna venerate our elderly?  
Are we gonna respect others?  
Are we gonna forget about someone's color?  
Are we gonna be friendly?  
Will we give hugs whenever we can?  
Will we read more?  
Will we try to learn something new?  
Will we vote this year?  
Will we act as Christians even if we're not religious?  
Will we try to buy American made products?

Are we and Will we  
There's a lot more I'm sure you could add  
Will you, or are you going to be doing any of these this year?  
They're all desirable, most require little money or effort.  
They're truly things that you can do...for you and for others.

Another new year!  
Another new beginning?

David Whalen

# Another Shade Of Reality

Hold tight the night  
Embrace the dark

Lit only by Luna's  
Lambent spark

Keep tight the lids  
So not to see

A ray of light  
Not meant to be

For in the dark  
Dreams can be

Another shade of  
Reality

And a world as bright  
Without the light

Of velvet black  
Dark things to see

Enjoy the world  
Of ebon deep

Dreams of wonder  
In your sleep

Push away the day  
That world so bright

Embrace the dark  
Hold tight the night

David Whalen

# Another Summer

Silent as day  
Quiet as the setting sun  
Summer settles in

David Whalen



# Answers

I need a bottle of answers  
Or at least a flask

A richness of remedy  
To finish a task

A surfeit of solution  
An excess of replies

A ream of resolution  
Answers to all the lies

Mayhaps a windfall of wisdom  
Perhaps a deluge of devotion

Perchance a proof for my puzzle  
Of my mysterious emotion

Pray tell... a bright light of knowledge  
And in it's knowing I can bask

I need a bottle of answers...  
Or at least a flask.

David Whalen

# Aphorisms: Men And Women, Happiness And Misery

## Some Aphorisms

Happiness is good health and a bad memory  
If I dropped dead right now I'd be the happiest man alive  
Ask yourself if you are happy and you will cease to be  
Be happy, it's a way of being wise

unknown  
Samuel Goldwyn  
John Stuart Mill  
Odette

Anxiety is interest paid on trouble before it's due  
Harmony seldom makes a headline  
Don't do whatever you like-like whatever you do  
Comedy is tragedy plus time  
Burnett

Dean Inge  
unknown  
unknown  
Carol

When it rains look up rather than down  
For without the rain there'd be no rainbow  
Everything human is pathetic, the secret source  
Of humor itself is not joy but sorrow

Jerry Chinn  
unknown

I love my raggedy-ass ol' life  
I never want to die  
Trudell  
We'd all be sorry if  
All our wishes were gratified

Dennis  
Aesop

Give a man free hands  
and you'll know where to find them  
When a wife learns to understand a man  
She usually stops listening to him

Mae West  
unknown

All who would win joy, must share it  
For happiness was born a twin  
A Home is not a mere transient shelter  
It's essence lives in the people within

Lord Byron  
unknown

Be good and you'll be lonely  
Twain  
Don't scorn the man who's happy, he knows something you don't Paul Jones  
Men don't need women, only parts of their anatomy  
Sex is what women have and what most men don't

Mark  
unknown  
unknown

David Whalen

# April...A Hopeless Romantic

Rain rings spreading wide  
Like liquid blossoms opening  
To the rise of April's tide

And if one listens closely  
to her gentle wind  
and harkens to her showers

One hears April stealing in  
To waken  
Nascent flowers

Always it begins, as just a gentle patter  
A tender touch  
to Mother Natures shoulder

As if to say, there's naught to matter  
Winter's time is done  
No more... will it grow colder

I'll slake the thirst  
Of frosted earth says she  
And rouse the sleeping seeds

And I'll pay no mind  
To what the kind  
And even grace the weeds

My dewy touch  
My gentle morning mist  
Will caress both fields and bowers

Imbued as such  
With Springtime's kiss  
And the romance of April Showers

David Whalen

# Archaic Senryu

&lt;center&gt;

To thy lady, care

And cater...tho' needst not now

Twill likely later!

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Are We Better Now Than Then (Stand Naked In Front Of A Full Length Mirror)

Better Now Than Then?

(stand naked in front of a full length mirror and try not to giggle or gag)

We were then:

Small wiry bipeds on dry plains of Serengeti

Stringy, tight muscles, strong hands, with long slender fingers

Low, beetled brow over dark eyes, seeing distant

Long pointed nails, ridged and discolored, tip slender delicate digits

We are now:

Tall upright bipeds, on dry, sere, parking lot at Walmart

Folds of flaccid fat, fallow, loose, hanging over belts

Squeaky-clean, sausage-like, weak, fat fingers

Skin stretched tight over pudgy, pillow-like hands

We were then:

Hardy travelers, to distant mist shrouded mountains

Feet naked, soles hardened, over plains of rock, sand and gravel

Long slender bows, slung over lean shoulders and arrows in hide pouches,

Obsidian knives, tucked in scant leather loincloths

We are now:

Overweight omnivores, driving air conditioned cars across heat-shimmered  
blacktop

Aching feet shod in spring-soled Nikes, Ipods and ear pods slung cross  
chests

Cellphones esconced in synthetic leather, hung from belts, supporting extra large  
Dockers

Weak, myopic eyes, desperately scanning vast uncharted parking lot

In search of the always elusive parking space, nearer the doors

David Whalen

# As Dreams Made Of Air

&lt;center&gt;

I am but insanity...kindled fair  
A madness, a sadness  
A soul stripped bare  
A forlorn sod, forsaken by God  
As absent of substance  
As dreams wrought of air

I have from emptiness come  
Of darkness begotten  
Scion of a sire, dark and dire...  
I am but the essence forgotten  
The unwanted presence  
The sharp sear to the skin  
From the fire

I am but Heaven and Hell  
In an unholy mix  
Most unsightly enlightenment  
Of such unlikely pair  
I am magic made tragic  
By soul fooling tricks  
I am but insanity  
...kindled fair...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# As Smoke Into The Air

&lt;center&gt;

Time passes...Things change  
Smoke into the air  
In time will fall the mountain range  
And forests be laid bare

Time degrades  
The things man's made  
As well as Nature's very stone  
Twill turn to grit each tiny bit  
Dust composed from bone

Time passes...Things change  
Nothing stays the same  
The once familiar becomes strange  
And no place to place the blame

The wrinkles anew upon one's face  
Paint that peels from off the wall  
Climate changes slow measured pace  
...Erasing each and all...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



## As We Age...

The feet shuffle a bit now  
And the hands tremble relentlessly  
But the mind is still sharp  
Tho' wanders off on it's own  
Now and then

Before returning quickly  
To where it left off...  
Glasses are thicker, as is the waist  
And It seems one's throat  
Always needs clearing

Thoughts still focus on the present  
And on the future, while dwelling  
Disproportionately  
In memories and melancholy  
And conscience and reflection  
Become a cape `neath  
Which to hide

David Whalen

# Ask Your Dog 'What Time Is It'?

If you could ask a dog  
"What time is it? "...  
You most likely  
Would just hear a howl

A bark, a snuffle  
A snort or a sniff  
A whimper, a whine  
Or a growl

But that's not what I hear  
And that's not his reply  
When I ask my dog  
"What does the clock say? "

I know by the look  
That I see In his eye  
That the answer is  
"It's time to play! "

So if your dog could just talk  
And If you just knew how...  
to listen ...to him, His answer to you  
would be "It's time to play, Right now! ! ! "

David Whalen

# At Least Until Tomorrow

You're a burden on my mind  
You're shameless and so shallow  
You're uncouth and so unkind  
Crude, rude and callow

You're childish, immature  
Far too juvenile  
To waste my precious time for sure  
I've known it all the while

I don't think about you all the time  
At least not as much as I used to do  
Now It's only most of the time...  
Like all the night through

Headaches, heartaches and regret  
Is all you bring to me (did I mention sorrow?)  
So why can't I just forget  
And set my sad heart free  
I NEVER, EVER, WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!  
...(at least until tomorrow!)

David Whalen

# Attitude And Emotion

Tenderness is greater than courage  
Empathy is more understanding than sympathy  
Anger is more inward than outrage  
Happiness is much more than sublimity

Night can be brighter than daytime  
Light can be heavy as heavy can be  
Reason is more sensible and rational than rhyme  
Admiration is more admirable than envy

Pleasantness is more important than pleasure  
Sadness is pervasive and felt through and through  
Truth is more valuable than treasure  
Plenty is not always just more than a few

Piety is more noble than proudness  
Jealousy is more corrosive than acid  
Silence can be noisier than loudness  
Contentment is more than being placid

Insightfulness can be more than perception  
Understanding is better than strength  
Deceit is much more than deception  
Breadth can be deeper than length

Knowledge is more valued than vanity  
Admitting to error is to admit the light  
Intuition can be more sure than certainty  
Day can be darker than night

Aloofness is something tis best to be above  
Love is needed to more, than to some  
touch is more basic than any thing else in love  
Kindness is more important than wisdom

David Whalen

# Authors Of Our Lives

&lt;center&gt;  
For the most part...

We are the authors of our lives  
We choose the characters  
Set the scene  
We are the protagonist...the star  
We choose our villains  
Heroes, loves and enemies  
We set our goals, our hopes  
...We set the bar...

We set the mood...pick the stage  
Develop the plot  
We arrange the action  
We cause the emotions  
Love, hate, indifference  
We accept and adjust to  
Twists in the plot  
And control the action  
To our own satisfaction

Or perhaps we elect  
The action to control us  
For in the end  
We don't truly write the ending  
That's written by Fate  
But...except for that final chapter  
We are (for the most part)  
The Authors of our lives  
At least until we pass through  
...Heaven's gate...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Autumn Gold Truth Be Told

&lt;center&gt;Truth Be Told Senryu

Cold..but not too cold  
Colors bright, but not too bold  
Fall never gets old  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Autumn Is Nigh

&lt;center&gt;

Summer has gone and  
Fall is nigh, Earth if it could  
would heave a great sigh

David Whalen

# Autumn's Doldrums

&lt;center&gt;

All things were naught but quiet...  
Quiet as a babies breath  
Not a meandering breeze  
Nor dragonfly sneeze  
Could pierce the Autumn's depth

Seasons caught ...  
twixt heat and cold  
Juxtaposed, in deep repose  
Seeming not to make so bold...  
To decide `tween life and death

All things in a state of stasis  
A thoughtful pause... (As it were)  
When things with wings  
And scaly things  
And even things with fur

Seem to sink  
into deep contemplation  
As if to ponder, their fate...  
In dark contempt...Or admiration  
It matters not...It's much too late

For Mother Nature...once rested  
Will release the breeze to the waiting trees  
Will bid Jack Frost hello...  
Then clothe them flimsy  
With an air of whimsy

In raiment of crystal snow...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Awe And Wonder

&lt;center&gt;

I like to look in awe and wonder  
At the things rarely seen  
up close... and ponder  
At the curious ways  
that folks like to gaze  
At things so far away in the sky  
And suffer the loss  
at such sad cost  
of all the many wonders  
That lie just `neath  
the eye

David Whalen

# Awesome

&lt;center&gt;  
Awesome Frissons

I'm made out of awesome  
Festooned in frissons  
of light...`

I'm electrons and protons  
neutrons and muons  
endowed with Atomic might

I'm here...then i'm there  
I am...then I'm not  
Or at the same time perhaps

I'm everywhere, and nowhere  
I'm a little...and quite a lot  
I'm universes that implode and collapse

I'm packets of light  
Strewn out from the stars  
I'm things with wings...I'm everthing!

Mostly made out of awesome  
Fashioned and festooned  
In flashes and frissons  
...Of light...

David Whalen

# Awesome Understanding Of Everything

There were times when I was a very young child, that a feeling...  
A sense of well being would flood over me. When I felt completely  
At ease with...and understood fully the great scheme of all things great  
And small, without knowing exactly just what it was that I understood so  
profoundly, nor why it made feel so good.

That was so long ago. But then inexplicably It happened again!  
While sipping morning coffee and reading two versions of Jean Auel's  
"The Mammoth Hunters" one in Spanish and the other in English, while  
Taking my morning coffee at McDonalds in Walmart.

My weary ol' eyes drifted from my books upon which I had laid my glasses,  
To rain clouds misting over the mountains that rim the Vegas valley. I rubbed  
My eyes and then my brow...and that was when my childhood epiphanies  
returned.

Sitting with eyes closed, fingers wrapped round my foam coffee cup, That sense  
Of wonder...of profound peace, serenity and complete understanding flooded over  
me once more....And for a few precious seconds I knew all...and had the answer  
to  
Everything!

That feeling of bliss and awesome wisdom was fleeting indeed, and reality  
returned  
To the staccato chatter in Chinese, of someone speaking loudly (as almost all cell  
phone users are  
given to do) accompanied by giggles from a gaggle of young Mexican girls a few  
booths away.

My feeling of being one with the universe slipped back to whence it came. I  
replaced my  
Glasses on my nose, sighed, with a monumental sense of loss, took a sip of my  
lukewarm  
Coffee, focused on my books once again and regretfully returned to reality, while  
wondering  
"is this some quirk, peculiar only to me?"

If you've bothered to bear with me this far, and have ever experienced this,

and/or can  
relate to this phenomenon, then perhaps we share something special or...perhaps  
something  
not so special at all.

David Whalen

# Babies, Moms, Memories And Aromas

Babies, Moms, memories and Aromas

Young baby, helpless and wee  
Head reposes on mom's shoulder  
Nestled in soft arms comfortably  
Smells the hair of the one who holds her

Mom's fresh shampoo scent, becomes imprinted deep  
A comforting, soothing essence... in  
The child's vast, and unfilled memory keep  
Takes up permanent residence

Small, chubby fingers twirling ringlets of hair  
While the singular scent of her mother...is  
Being tucked away, with loving care  
Memories and scents stacked atop one another

Sweet baby powder is the smell on the palm  
Of the hand That gently pats the child's back  
The odor re-enforcing a reassuring calm... and  
Promptly being added to the child's memory sack

Mom's own smell, sweat mixed with soap, sweet and pungent  
By the child is inhaled and sequestered forever within  
Memory's medicine, to be used as an unguent  
And in her memory, applied by her mother's hands once again

Baby oil and baby powder, a heady mixture...  
An olfactory delight to store in a child's mind  
Another memory to sequester and treasure  
Mixed with mothers scent, unique and sublime

Many years in the future, this child now all grown  
Will be reminded by scents of the present, and will measure  
Her mom's sweet scent, mixed with her own  
And locked in her mind's vault, to treasure....  
Forever and ever



# Back Atcha

How do you correct  
One who has not said a word?  
By saying nothing!

David Whalen

# Bad Droopy Tats

Eagles now sag  
Where once they  
Proudly soared

Lions have now to whimper  
Where once  
they loudly roared

Cupids now look stupid  
Where once they  
Looked so pleased

Once posed perkily  
On perky butt  
Now droop to wrinkled knees

Lightning bolts that inspired fear  
Now look like moles  
Or donkeys ears

And once lil' red hearts  
Now appear like big ol' warts  
On breasts, necks, and rears

They made you happily sigh  
When first applied  
But that was before you knew

That the giddiness  
Would turn into hideousness...  
These are the sad sagging fates

Of aging tattoos

David Whalen



## Banjos, Halos And Clowns (Haikus)

There's two things I know  
That creates smiles and warm glows:  
Halos... and banjos! !

If poverty was  
A river, then I would have  
Drowned long ago

Had I known just how  
life would go down... my choice would  
Have been... "be a clown! ! ! "

David Whalen

# Beautiful Phrases

Beautiful phrases

Emerald green, misty dells  
Soft alabaster faces  
Cold, briney ocean swells  
Finely woven, antique laces

Sun-kissed cheeks  
Rose petal lips  
Long summer weeks  
Braised roast beef tips

Cerulean skies  
Elfin ears  
Ebony eyes  
Quicksilver tears

Raven haired lasses  
Eagle-eyed lad  
Fog shrouded passes  
Wind moaning sad

Candle's faint flicker  
Pink tinged sky  
Wild pony's whicker  
Soft, sibilant sigh

Trees tremulously swaying  
Wind shivered reeds  
Hair, silver graying  
Man's unfilled needs

These phrases have no scheme  
And no reason that they should  
Have only one redeeming theme  
Be beautiful and...  
Sound good.



# Before The Buildings Fell

"Those are people"

Gasped the woman at my side

"No, surely not"

I confidently replied

"Look! Their arms and hands clawing"

Then I too saw them slowly falling

I was wrong and sadly

She was right

David Whalen

# Being Frank And Earnest

With women I always strive  
To be frank or earnest

I always try  
my absolute best

For as long as  
I'm known as frank or Earnest

My real name's  
not gonna show up

In any paternity  
Tests!

David Whalen

# Believe In Magic

A good part of magic  
Is in the believing  
And the magic of believing  
Is in itself quite magical as well

Believing there is no magic...  
No wondrous illusion  
Well, I believe, without any delusion  
That that... would be tragic as hell

David Whalen

# Better Still...Become One

If...before I die  
Could I touch a rainbow... I'd  
Die a happy man!

David Whalen

# Beyond Belief

"You'll never believe, what it is that I see"  
Said the old man just before he died

He squeezed my hand tightly, as he whispered lightly  
And he pulled me down to his side

"I wouldn't have believed, " he said with a sigh  
As I put my ear close to his lips

His dim eyes brightened, as his hand slowly rose  
he pointed into space with thin fingertips

"It's not...not at all, what you'd think it to be, "  
He whispered, as his hand... slowly fell to the bed

"We were wrong, all of us wrong, It goes on you see! "  
Barely audible now, slowly lowered his head

I put my hand on his brow, my cheek against his... tenderly  
I could sense the ebb of his final tide

"You'd never, ...ever believe, what it is that I see, "  
His eyes closed...he smiled...then he died

David Whalen



# Big Hat Envy

Hat Envy Senryu

Wish I could wear a  
Big jaunty hat,  
But haven't the head For it  
And that is that!

Head's too small  
And I sure ain't tall  
Little short legs  
Big schnozle and all

So I'll go through life hatless  
Accept what I am  
Otherwise I end up looking  
...Like Yosemite Sam...

David Whalen

# Birds Of A Feather

Inspiration...like  
Love... both fickle things that steal  
In `pon Angel wings

David Whalen

# Bit Of Monkey Business

Winter ...cold as sin  
He's made of brass, not tin....sooooo  
Bring your monkey in! ! ! ! !

David Whalen

# Bittersweet Is Age

&lt;center&gt;In the end, we all die but once.  
Most die but one time and one time alone.  
But what tempers the sweetness of living long  
Is the bitter sweetness  
That the aged wearily carry to their grave.  
The fact is, that the aged will have died  
Many times over in their life  
While the young and the innocent  
...have to die only once...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Blank Slates

Social creatures, blank slates  
The sum total of each and everyone  
We've been exposed to has left some trace  
No matter great, fleeting or miniscule

The slate gets erased but remnants remain  
To shape e'er so slightly  
The impressionable brain  
And season it e'er so lightly

Each kindness done  
Each gentle touch  
Leaves it's mark  
Be it little...or much

We should think twice before judging  
The ones we think flawed  
They're the sum of the writing  
That appears on the wall

They're the product of happenstance  
Victims of Fate  
Tomes written by others  
'Pon minds open state

And they are who they are  
Not by choice  
but by words written at random  
...Upon blank, empty slate...

6 stanzas-24 lines

David Whalen

# Blessed Sense Of Humour

Some say God is everything,  
And everywhere,  
and is the creator  
Of us all  
Some say he's the epitome  
Of love, kindness and good  
Some say she's the enforcer  
Of universal law,

Some say he's simply misunderstood  
As for myself...I don't know  
If she really exists or if the Divinity  
Is just a rumour  
But I must insist  
That if God indeed exists  
She must possess...and be blessed, by  
...A grand sense of humour...

David Whalen

# Blessings And Wonders

## Small Wonders

I count the things...that still work right  
While on my morning stroll  
My eyes still see the morning light...  
(Tho as seen from a deep dark hole)

My knees this morn are trying hard to please  
Flexing without a plaint  
Bearing my weight with ill-feigned ease  
And creaks kept dim and faint

My hips move as if newly greased  
Each stride a pure delight  
The pain is gone...not merely eased  
They got better...overnight

My fingers flex like fingers should  
I can pick up things...and write  
They're not like gnarly sticks of wood  
This morn they work just right

My eyes enjoyed this morn's sunrise  
Savored it with sensual delight  
Op'ed wide in delighted surprise  
After a night of full moonlight

My ears clearly hear the Sweet song of birds  
Their early morning chatter  
I can almost discern individual words  
In their chirpy, peeping patter

And last, but not least  
My often aching feet...  
This morn the aches have ceased it seems  
(so far)

It seems my brain has given my ol' bod  
A reprieve for just a bit

With perhaps a little help from God  
I intend to fully enjoy it!

Small Wonders  
Small Wonders

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A reprieve for just a bit  
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David Whalen

# Blink Of An Eye

Seems like this life  
Is takin' forever...  
Yet time passes by  
In the blink of an eye

And before you turn round  
Without e'en a sound  
Life has...passed  
...You by..  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Blue

A three-way...threesome  
two-way a twosome... call me  
Handsome...(I'm lonesome!)

David Whalen

# Bodacious

Oft-times our body  
seems to be  
Much stronger than  
our minds and hearts

Not swayed so much by  
emotion or intellect  
But Moved instead  
By bodacious body parts

David Whalen

# Body Language

&lt;center&gt;

Today my body has decided to be  
A repository of misery  
It pains me in places  
new and unique  
Has even begun to  
Rumble and squeak

But surely It has every right  
To occasionally complain  
Given how it's treated  
With daily disdain  
Junk food and torpidity  
Neglect and stupidity  
Reruns on TV that  
Beleaguer it's brain

So for today  
I'll allow it to have it's way  
Since I really have no other choice  
So body take my comfort  
Body take my ease  
Take whatever you want (but please)  
Leave me at least my voice!

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Boldly Seize The Night

&lt;center&gt;

We should never, ever  
Suffer from timidity...  
Ere now let us be  
Both brash and bold...  
For we'll ne'er be  
This young again (you see)  
Nor will we e'er be so old

Let us take delight  
In delayed goodnights  
In long embraces  
Hold so tight  
Take leisure in  
The pleasure of  
Long languid looks  
From limpid eyes

We should never be  
Afraid To proffer thanks  
Boldly offer profuse delight  
Always tender soft sighs  
And friendly goodnights  
And never...ever say  
...Goodbyes...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Boredom

When I used to get bored  
I would count my teeth

And I used to do that  
without A lick of shame...

But now I do something far, far worse  
Of which I'm truuuuly ashamed

For I've started giving....  
Each tooth it's own name

David Whalen

# Break Of Dawn

Slats of sunshine...  
laddered light

Beating back  
the Stygian night

Fireflies clothed  
in orbs of gold

Seek sleepy refuge,  
from pre-dawn cold

While daybreak dithers...  
Twixt dark and light

David Whalen



# Breath Of Creation

Today, I breathed into the air,  
two cups of moisture... as I do everyday  
which was absorbed by the atmosphere  
in some arcane, yet everyday way

To couple with clouds...the cold...  
and a mote of dust...to take  
The wondrous form of...  
A crystalline snowflake

What in my most delirious dreams  
Tis a heartwarming thought  
To be a bit of the creation, of Nature's schemes  
My essence, and breath have wrought.

no one gives thought Of simple inhalations,  
Of everyday breaths... ordinary inspirations  
Yet in every exhalation... everyone takes  
A part in the creation...of snowflakes

David Whalen

# Breath Upon The Looking Glass

&lt;center&gt;My breath expressed  
Upon the looking glass  
A living veil  
Composed of gas

Eyes kept without  
Breath held within  
A visual shout  
A ghastly grin

That fades away  
As does the breath  
As sure and certain  
As life and death

The looking glass  
Now free of mist  
Lays bare my soul  
And doing so insists

That I observe  
The exposed nerve  
That in said glass  
Persists

I hastily breath anew  
On said looking glass  
To renew said veil  
of living gas

Then Hie away  
Before it fades  
And draws me fast (and forever)  
Into the looking glass  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Bright Angel Dark Angel

&lt;center&gt;

` ` The Angels are coming soon  
and the skies will dim  
with velvet light

Deep orange will be the gibbous moon  
aglow but only at the whim  
of Angels in their flight

Wings will whisper secrets sacred  
But not in every ear  
For some have not earned the right

The evil souls will be laid naked  
Tis they who will feel the fear  
and know the lack of light

The Angels indeed are coming soon  
By the legions in the cleansing light  
With thunderous whispers of wings.

The dark ones will delight  
in plucking the hearts  
From breasts that have done no right

Angels will descend  
In Multitudes my friend  
Fear not... if you've seen the light

Angels of mercy to heal and to mend  
Angels of vengeance no end  
Some will be dark

` ...Some will be bright...

c/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Bright Star

&lt;center&gt;

Bright star... in deepest space  
For eyes to capture  
In awe and wonder...

Shine upon each far flung place  
Spread the rapture  
Make beings ponder

Bright star... in endless sky  
Tiny mote of molten fire  
A magnet to all curious creatures...

All simple souls... such as I  
Who never seem to tire  
Of Nature's cosmic features

Bright star...beacon in the night  
Guide to we who are often lost  
And cannot find our way...

A sign to us that all is right  
We'll find our way on oceans tossed  
We'll always see the day

Bright star... you know not your powers  
Know naught of time or things  
Temporal nor eternally...

Know not the difference in eons or hours  
Nor difference t'ween black holes and Angel wings  
Know nothing of beginnings or finality

Bright star... each night...  
You catch and hold my eye  
(if the light is right)

I wonder what you are  
I wonder why you are

...Oh creature of the night...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Bullet Below Her Breast (Missed...Udderly)

Sad, Saggy Saga

Ninety three year old lady,  
sad and bereft  
By her beloved husband's  
untimely death

Decided to join him  
and no longer be apart  
Twould best be done  
by a bullet to the heart

To her doctor posed the question,  
"exactly where does my heart rest"  
The doctor replied,  
"just below your left breast"

Gunshot under her left breast  
Failed to set her free  
She was admitted to hospital  
With gunshot wound to left knee

David Whalen

# Bus Trip To No Particular Place Pt. I

Pt I

Decided to go nowhere, yet cover great distances  
Take a long time in arriving, to no one particular place  
Experience other people's ways of surviving  
Experience their struggles, their unknowing grace

The bus trip started with no particular direction  
It wasn't my point to go from point A to Point B  
The point was to get a feel for the face and complexion  
Of my fellow travelers... across this asphaltic sea

A buzz cut young man, across the aisle, smiled and told me his story  
Fresh out of high school and headed for camp Lejuene  
Soon to be a proud Marine and bask in the glory  
Yet fearing that combat and death could come soon

He transferred to another bus with a wistful smile and a wave  
One could sense the reluctance of his leaving this place  
Would destiny give him a bright future... or a dark grave?  
But I didn't begrudge him... his trip through this space

He was only the first person that I got to talk to and know  
On my trip to nowhere...to no particular place  
But my experience on this trip had barely begun to grow  
My next would be that old lady staring out the window...into space

David Whalen

# Busy Day

## Plans for Today

Listen to the doves cooing  
Have coffee on the patio  
Solve the Mideast crisis  
Devise ingenious scheme to make millions  
from working out of my home  
Stare into the fridge a while  
Take a nap  
Solve the oil shortage  
Come up with that clever comeback, that I couldn't  
Come up with years ago  
Study for world lit. exam  
Take a nap  
Try to remember what it was I forgot to do  
Travel back in time a bit  
Lament the fact that birds won't let you pet them  
Wonder why people act the way they do  
Figure out how the Egyptians built the pyramids  
Figure out why  
Think about doing some vigorous exercise  
Take a nap  
Do some serious scratchin' of a wide assortment of itches  
Take a walk and think about jogging  
Forget about jogging  
Remember how to get back home  
Take a nap  
Rummage through the fridge  
Eat a piece of cheese (after scraping off the blue and green mold)  
Decide to vote for the independent candidate next election  
Wonder where the heck the day went  
Wonder why so many people are fat  
Think about good food  
Look in fridge again  
Pet and praise the pup for poo-ing outside  
Eat some sardines and crackers  
Remember pleasant people, happy times and warm places  
Annoy the parakeets by whistling back at them  
Play some tennis (at least in my mind)



Nod off for a bit  
Wonder why I have hundreds of channels... and nothing to watch  
Escape reality in the comfort of a book  
Make up lives for the people I watch at McDonalds and walmart  
Push the future as far off into the future as I can  
Spend some time feeling sorry for myself  
Look in the fridge  
Try to write something meaningful  
Read it later... delet it  
Write something trivial, post it...regret it  
Look in the mirror and sigh  
Go to bed and read for awhile  
Then lie wide awake stare at the ceiling and worry  
Make plans for tomorrow..  
And sigh

David Whalen

# But For The Grace Of God Go I

&lt;center&gt;

...There, but for the grace of God go I...

Is a thought I oft used to think

As I cast a hasty, judgmental eye

Roundabout the coffee shop

And o'er the brim of my morning drink

...I used to judge those so-called 'sorry souls

And ascribe to them sad histories

In blissful ignorance that

Some were likely looking back

And doing the same to me

...Yet with a superior sense of satisfaction

Would I sip my McDonald's morning brew

Until some hapless soul would draw my attraction

Ah yes...this sorry soul will do

...I would focus in and build upon

My narrative about this sorry soul

Whose life seemed sad and almost gone

Down into life's rabbit hole

...Oh the trials and ordeals

That this man must daily feel

The sting of outrageous misfortune

That Fate of late has shared with him

More than his fair portion

...Alas my coffee is quaffed

My imaginative narrative done

I'll likely see this man (my star) no more

And I wonder who the morrow's

Protagonist will be

As I walk out through the door

...Tomorrow will dawn a brand new day

I'll sip my Senior brew and sigh

Select a new star for my newest play

(I think I shall title this one like all the others)  
...&quot;There but for the grace of God go I...&quot;

...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Butterflies Are Good (Taste A Little Like Chicken)

Butterflies are real good

I like God's butterflies  
I so really, truly do  
Beautiful, iridescent wings  
Of brilliant rainbow hue

Carmine reds, deep purples  
And unbelievable blues  
I feast my eyes upon  
Their most incredible views

I feast not only my eyes  
But also my belly too  
For they taste absolutely scrumptious  
In my salad and in my stew

David Whalen

# Butterfly Kisses...

&lt;center&gt;Butterfly kisses  
Are what I like  
And I'd rather be  
Kissin' butterflies I S'pose

But bumble bee kissin'  
I d rather be missin'  
'specially on the end of  
My big red nose  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# By Cosmic Tides

&lt;center&gt;

Our lives at best be sandcastles  
Meant to last no longer  
Than a Mayflies flight

Mere structures of sand  
Ne'er meant to stand...  
But to be washed away  
Before break of day

By the cosmic tides  
...Of Night...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# By Mother Nature Perhaps

&lt;center&gt;

Soft touch `Pon my cheek

My knees go weak... I`ve just been

Kissed by the wind!

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Candle In The Dark

'Tis frail I am  
And grown so thin  
Tossed casually about now  
By wisps of wind

Words now mock me  
Phrases smirk and grin  
But don't count me out yet  
I'm still hangin' in

My light shines not brightly  
But now seems to dim yet  
In the dark I've still a spark  
That glows deep within

David Whalen



# Candle, Pen, Fools-Cap And Brandy

A candle... a pen  
A glass of honeyed brandy  
Close at hand

The taper...for which to see  
The pen with which to write  
And of the honeyed brandy?

Well that's just for me  
To write through the nite, you see  
And to make me feel just dandy

David Whalen

# Capricious Breeze

&lt;center&gt;

Capricious winds that

Take us away, can with ease

Carry us back home

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Caress

A caress can be the simple touch  
A friendly squeeze of one's shoulder

Can also mean so very much  
When caress becomes a bit bolder

A caress can be a gentle tug  
On tresses spread cross shoulder

A warm reassurance that all is well  
When all else seems to grow colder

A contact of comfort to a wee girl child  
With love from the mum that holds her

Just the simple touch  
of a caring caress,

A squeeze of one's hand  
That Can strengthen the weak

Is what we want and need  
No more, ...no less

Just a touch on the brow...  
A pat on the cheek

Just a kind, warm caress...  
As we all grow older

David Whalen

## Cars... Waiting In The Sun(9/11/01)

Patiently waiting their owners,  
the cars sit alone  
Blue Mercedes, black ford,  
red Dodge, grey Toyota

But for tonight these waiting cars,  
will not be going home  
No one gives it a thought,  
nor cares an iota

Only two days later  
does one give it a thought  
That these cars waiting their owners,  
and coated with dust

Would never be driven again  
by their owners  
Though waiting, patiently...  
oblivious in trust

Waiting in bright sunlight,  
where once there was shade  
From the two majestic towers  
that seemed to forever persist

Waiting in the lonely parking lot  
for owners delayed  
By the fact that their owners...  
and the towers... no longer exist.

David Whalen

# Cat In The Window, Pug On The Rug

Lazy cat on the windowsill  
Watching curiously  
The people passing by

Lazy cat on the windowsill  
Seems much more happy  
Than you and I

Sleeping puppy lying in the sun  
Feet in the air  
not a care in the world

Sleeping and dreaming  
Puppy's only concern is:  
'How to catch that squirrel'

Lazy cat wondering  
where the people  
are hurrying to

Lil' puppy  
Content  
With nothing to do

I'm pretty confident  
That both the dumb cat and the dog  
Are waaaay smarter....than me and you

David Whalen

# Cat Love And Zombies

&lt;center&gt;

My cat shows love by

Bringing dead things home...today?

Brought home a zombie! !

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Change Is In The Air

&lt;center&gt;

A Poem of triplets...Or of nine separate Senryus

There's a scent upon  
This continent...and 'tis the  
Stench of discontent...

An acrid odor  
That hovers over this proud,  
But befuddled land

Frowns upon faces  
Of all races...puzzled now  
To their proper place

Curious mixture  
Of hope and fear...once distant  
That now hovers near

A leader whose ilk  
Ne'er tried before now looms  
Large before our door

Will our nation now  
Bloom and flower...or face a  
Future dark and dour

We the people must...  
Simply shrug our shoulders and  
Give our complete trust

It's Fate and Karma  
That will rule the day...Matters  
Not what man will say

So smell the Roses  
Enjoy the moment and with  
Gusto seize the day

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Changes

&lt;center&gt;I like to watch old people  
And imagine how they were  
In their youth

For what we see now  
That they're old and bowed  
Is not what they once were...in truth

That little ol' lady that seems a bit dotty  
Was in fact in her youth...  
Likely a bit of a hotty!

And that big ol' fat dude  
Over there, overflowing his chair  
Well I feel kinda sorry for him

There was a time way back  
When he used to run track  
And his nickname back then was &quot;Slim&quot;

And when I look in the mirror  
What do I see... of the  
Youth that I used to be

Well I see the same guy  
With eyes full of twinkles  
Same as I always see

I haven't changed a bit  
I've still got &quot;it&quot;  
Except &quot;It&quot; comes with a boat load  
...of wrinkles...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Charity

There's a beautiful moment of clarity...  
When it happens

A flash of prismatic pleasure...  
When it occurs

A not often enough moment of charity...  
When it's proffered

There's a selfish gift of treasure...  
When, anonymously given

And especially so, as one...  
Comes to know

When the true gift of charity is...  
A gift from you

David Whalen

# Chase The Night Away

Remember that It  
Just takes a tiny ray... to  
Chase the night away

David Whalen

# Chasin' The Wind

A promise is....

Something fated to be broken  
A wave upon the shore

Silence broken by burst balloon  
Reverie rent by rap upon the door

A promise ...so very hard to keep  
A pledge... so wafer thin

A promise is...a due. but unpaid debt  
While still kept...A yet uncommitted sin

And no matter how hard it tis to keep  
Resolve slips thru' cracks e'er so thin

As well as you might try  
To keep from breaking a promise (for most)

You might just as well be...  
chasing the wind

David Whalen

# Childish Naivete    Wondrous Times

&lt;center&gt;

That golden time of glorious naivete  
When the future and the past  
simply don't exist  
A time that we think  
will endure eternal  
That now is forever  
And will always persist

That magical time when...  
We can be  
the wind in the trees  
Take close heed  
of Spring blossoms and  
Become birds...become bees

Keen senses fine tuned  
In careful inspection  
Of all things...  
Great and small  
Of scarce heard inflections

Of days unencumbered  
With mundane worldly woes  
But in their stead...  
Dance in their head  
Princes and Princesses  
And Fairy tale foes

An age that goes by  
In the blink of an eye  
Yet remains firmly fixed  
Forever in the memories  
Of you and I

Let your children be children  
Allow their spirits to swell  
to roam free...unfurled  
Let them dwell a long spell

In that wondrous, magical world  
...Of childish naivete...

David Whalen

# Chimes Of Time

&lt;center&gt;

Soft as velvet tolls the chimes  
Benign reminder of transient time  
That marks the measure of mortal man

Regal sound from bell tower high  
On Angel's wings sounds  
through the sky

Reminder from God above  
To man the eternal  
Power of love

Yet mortal man pays little heed  
To things that fail To fill  
An instant need

So goes unheard  
The velvet chimes  
Eternal reminders

...Of transient time...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Christmas At The Pearly Gates

Three men die on Christmas day  
And then arrive at the pearly gates  
St Peter starts to turn them away  
Since his records say they're reprobates

But since it was Christmas ...well  
He might let them in  
If they had any symbol  
of Christmas with them

The first had an ornament in his pocket  
St Peter ushered him in  
The second had pine needles on his shirt  
St Peter bade him within

The third gentleman with a look of chagrin  
Pulled out a pair of panties of green and red  
"How do these represent Christmas? "  
Astounded, St Peter said

"Well Pete, I know you are familiar  
With beautiful, Christmas carols  
And these skimpies might seem to you  
Simply as risqué apparel."

"Well...These are Carol's, "  
the man said with a grin  
Saint Peter rolled his eyes...  
And then let him in

David Whalen



# Christmas Day On Frisco Bay

&lt;center&gt;

Fog gathers round,  
without a sound  
Forms auras about the streetlights

It's a dreary December day  
Neath the bridge across the bay  
The days begin to look... more like the nights

Foghorns moan their mournful brays  
That drone across the wharves and quays  
Echoes off of Alcatraz...soon fading out of sight

Ferries feel their fitful ways  
Through miasmic, murky haze  
fade away in shadows grey...dark, dank and tight

The spires of the bridge soaring high  
Seem like fairylands up in the sky  
At rest atop the fog so light

Just another dreary, December day  
On foggy San Francisco bay...but  
To me a day that feels  
...just right...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Christmas Not Far From The Holy Land

A fleeting mental picture  
Conjured up in young lad's head  
Of shopping malls and Christmas trees  
Of warm kitchen and warm bed

anticipation of a great Christmas eve  
Of family gathered round the Christmas tree  
These pleasant thoughts give reality leave  
for a moment he's home, and again carefree

Harsh reality returns, pushes memories away  
helmet is pulled down tight on his head  
Near and around him his compatriots lay  
Some frightened, some trembling... some dead

Hands shaking, teeth clenched, eyes wet with tears  
Blankly staring, without seeing... carnage abounds  
Aging by the second, yet still young in years  
Will be haunted forever, by War's savage sounds

On a cold mountainside, somewhere in Afghanistan  
Young men are killing and in turn being slain  
On Christmas, and not too far from the holy land  
One must wonder 'dear God, what do we gain? '

When our boys are back... or their bodies returned home  
Afghanistan will return to a country of yore  
And Christmas's will never be the same Christmas's  
That our young men knew once before

David Whalen

# Christmas...Merry Christmas

Christmas Merry Christmas

Another Christmas

Good food, good cheer...and thank God

There was wine and beer

David Whalen

# Coffee Shop Casting Calls

## Coffee Shop Casting Calls

Lookin' at...and then away...  
Looks at the coffee shop  
Stealing glances,  
Making judgements  
creating scenarios  
Every day

A sip of coffee  
A quick look about  
A quick appraisal  
A quick casting call  
Actors in place  
And the play begins

The lady in blue  
sitting next to you  
Ex-trapeze artist for sure  
The man in the corner  
Back to the wall  
Has all the earmarks  
Of a hitman...waiting

And that silver haired lady  
sipping her hazelnut latte  
Is there a bodyguard waiting  
by an idling Rolls outside  
And that shifty-eyed guy  
nibbling on a sugar cookie  
Is he the trapeze artist's  
stalker...or ex-husband

Damn! just as I started to call out  
Places everyone...The play is begun  
I run out of my refilled senior coffee  
And `rise reluctantly..to leave  
Exitingwith everyone  
Stealing furtive glances at me

Looking at me  
Then quickly away

Headaches, heartaches and regret  
Is all you bring to me (did I mention sorrow?)  
So why can't I just forget  
And set my sad heart free

I NEVER EVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!  
...(At least until tomorrow) ...

You're a burden `pon my mind  
You're shameless and so shallow  
You're uncouth and so unkind  
Cr`ude, rude and callow

You're childish, immature  
far too juvenile...  
To waste my precious time for sure  
I've known it all the while

I don't think about you `all' the time...  
at least not as much as I used to do  
Now it's only `most' of the time...  
like all night through

Headaches, heartaches and regret  
Is all you bring to me (did I mention sorrow?)  
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And set my sad heart free

I NEVER EVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!  
...(At least until tomorrow) ...

David Whalen

# Colourless Indeed

Without fantasy  
What would life be? ...To Poets  
Sere, dull and empty!

David Whalen

# Colours

Colours are just colours  
One might suppose  
Rage is red...  
But then again...  
so is a rose

So colours are more  
Than they seem, don't' you think  
For boys it's usually blue  
For little girls always pink

Yep, colours are colours  
Perhaps that's all they should be  
Just something to look at  
Only something to see

But colours have emotion  
At least they do to me  
Perhaps I just don't see hues  
In the same way  
that you see

Because blue to me  
Is more than just a hue  
It's the sky, it's berries,  
Oceans ... and sadness too

Green is envy, grass and dinero  
Purple is royalty, plums and passion  
Yellow is cowardice, butter and tallow  
Colours are ... whatever you wish to fashion

Perhaps I see colours differently than you  
Perhaps exactly the same way... I hope  
But my advice to you, whatever you do  
Is ... don't get me started on taupe! !

David Whalen



# Companionship

Companionship is keystone  
To any relationship

Coming together  
Cannot be staying apart

Companionship is aggregate  
To cement the relationship

The absolute adhesive  
To affix companionship to heart

David Whalen

# Concentric

Pebble tossed into waters deep  
Ripples awakened... from gentle sleep  
Concentric rings of force in search  
Of mossy banks `gainst which to lurch  
And said stone sinks deep...deep  
To mossy floor...watched by perch  
...then seen no more...

Small rock I tossed, wraps silt around  
Then snuggles deep into muddy ground  
And sudden silence, not a peep!  
It calmly falls into stony sleep  
On mossy floor...in water deep  
To visions of rapids and craggy shore  
Watched by tadpoles  
...then seen no more...

Pebble tossed into waters dank  
By chance and fate, and cosmos swept  
At random picked from rocky bank  
Like life and Nature's mysteries kept  
By chance and fate, by love and hate  
We're children not of choice, but chance...  
Given only a summary glance  
Then seen no more  
...no more...

David Whalen

# Concerts Of Madness

&lt;center&gt;

Night birds cries...cease suddenly  
Sounds arise in drunken glee  
The symphony starts, Fate's curtain parts  
Neath time worn, old Oak tree

Rope bound... round his neck  
A tear trails down his cheek  
Moonlight thru' clotted clouds  
Glows sallow, shallow and weak

Makeshift gallows  
Rusted pickup truck bed  
Oak tree...silently  
Broods darkly o'er his head

Afar in the darkness  
Sound of Gabriel's horn  
In his ears, in an instant  
In his heart...hope is born

Hands tied behind  
Clasped tight...as in prayer  
night birds cries...and Angels sighs  
Afloat upon the sodden air

The engine's roar  
Gout of blue smoke  
Moment of tension  
Sudden crack of a rope

Moment of blackness  
Then warm golden light  
A soul soars away  
Into star drenched night

No remorse...not a tear  
No guilt...no blame  
The Oak tree...innocently

Shares not the blame

Impassive instruments all  
In mad concert of man  
Night birds and angry words  
Composition played  
...by God's own hand...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Condiments Of Life

&lt;center&gt;

Without superstitions

Ol' crochets and bugaboos

Life would have less spice

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Consider This...(Every Ten Seconds Of Every Day!)

Like to have something  
Different for dinner tonight?

Tired of plates  
Full of the same old thing?

Tired of having that tight feeling  
Of having eaten too much

Tired of letting  
Your belt out a notch?

Not enough variety  
In all the food you eat?

Overweight just a tad...?  
Actually over 80% of us are

Do you frown when  
You step on the scales?

Have you thrown something out  
Of your cluttered fridge

More than once or twice a week?  
I have!

Something that got  
Pushed to the back

And then forgotten  
(until it got mouldy and turned rotten)

Bought more  
When you already had some?

If this describes you  
Here's what you should do

Invite poverty over  
For dinner tonight with you

Imagine a hungry child  
Across your table, looking wide-eyed

At what sometimes  
We consider tiresome or boring

And then consider this

Every ten seconds  
Somewhere in the world  
A child dies of hunger

EVERY...TEN...SECONDS! !

David Whalen

# Corpus Delicti

More germs are transferred  
While shaking hands  
Than are transferred during  
Heavy passionate kissing

So if you don't grab the hand  
Of The next person you meet  
And just kiss them instead,  
just think of all the germs you'll be missing

On average, women say  
seven thousand words every day  
while two thousand words  
most men utter

That could be because  
Women rarely pause  
While most men's minds  
Are most oft in the gutter

The human eye blinks about  
Twenty nine times a minute  
That's if your talking to  
Your everyday schnook

Women blink about Four times a minute  
When reading their average book  
A man's blinks can slow to one blink in ten minutes  
While giving playboy a long leering look

There are approximately 550 hairs in one eyebrow  
Humans lose 40-100 strands of hair each day  
Men usually have full eyebrows and eyelashes  
While their heads look like eggs in an unhairly way

The jawbone is the hardest bone in your body  
the tongue is the muscle that's the strongest  
The average person spends 1/3 of their lifetime sleeping  
And teenagers usually sleep the longest



A person in their lifetime will drink 16,000 gallons of water  
While 10,000 gallons of saliva will go down  
It only takes 17 muscles to make up a smile  
While it takes 43 muscles to frown

In a lifetime the average person sheds 40 lbs of skin  
100 mph plus is the speed of a sneeze  
And your liver performs 500 functions within  
Yet no one has yet timed the speed of a wheeze

The Human brain is composed of 75% liquid  
The average man consumes 10 liters of alcohol a year  
That's why the average man is stupid and insipid  
Because the other 25% is composed of beer

Humans share 98% of their DNA with monkeys  
It takes chimps and us six months to grow nails  
And if that comparison makes you feel kind'a funky  
We also share 70% of our DNA with snails

The human brain uses 20% of the bodies energy  
But is only 2% of the body's weight  
There's a few more interesting parts of the human anatomy  
But the facts about them are too titillating to relate

David Whalen

# Could It Be

&lt;center&gt;  
Could it be  
That you still love me  
And if so  
What good to know?

So many years  
Have passed my dear  
Couldst the flame  
Remain aglow?

Perhaps we all  
Best let it rest  
Leave it in the past  
And not worry so

It's water o'er the dam...  
The candle extinguished...  
The ship that sailed  
So long ago

Yet if perchance we  
Could have one last dance  
Warm words whispered  
Soft and low

We might find out  
That without a doubt  
After all these years  
We still love each other  
...SO...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Couple Of Weeks

What makes a man weak  
What makes a man strong  
What makes him consider  
The first or the latter  
What he's lost  
what he's won  
If it all ever really mattered  
There's something about a biopsy  
That can cause a man  
to ponder  
Over all the things he has  
And what he's done  
And what's over the horizon  
Yonder

Waiting can do that  
To a conflicted man, it's truth  
Makes him conjure up answers  
To questions he seeks  
Makes him know he'll have answers  
To at least some of the questions  
Within a couple of weeks

David Whalen

# Couplets

&lt;center&gt;  
Grasses dancing wildly  
in the wind

To music heard only  
By Angels and fools

To melodies made  
From sunshine and shade

And reflections in  
Rainwater pools

David Whalen

# Crack Of Dawn

&lt;center&gt;  
Sound shakes birds awake  
It's the sound that Nature makes  
Tis the crack of Dawn  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Creature Of The Night

Amethyst rings on long slender fingers  
Onyx nails as black as jet  
Scent of jasmine and sulphur...mixes and lingers  
Held hostage enmeshed in black satin net  
...She tirelessly haunts my nights...

Green eyes that glow with an aura of fire  
And pierce the darkest of night  
Cheekbones fashioned of tight-woven wire  
Eyebrows of alabaster white  
...May God grant she not taunt me tonight...

Her body the epitome of feminine grace  
feral, feline quality...sultry and restrained  
With skin soft and smooth as silken Chantilly lace  
Her expression enigmatic and unfeigned  
...Stay away I pray...in peace let me lay...

Solid walls do not stay you  
Nor even delay you  
O creature of dreams...made real

I need only...  
one night to be lonely  
One night my sleep you won't steal  
Please leave me to sleep  
Alone, long and deep  
Oh creature of the night  
...Unreal...

David Whalen

# Crimson To Black

&lt;center&gt;If black could be crimson  
Then this night surely could  
A night fit for devils and demons  
To work what they would

For blood indeed, does turn black  
As naturally it should  
And the dead speak to us e'er more softly  
'Til ...no more is understood

Voices to silence...  
Friends turn their back  
Chaos and violence...  
Crimson to black

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Curiosity And Memories

&lt;center&gt;

Funny how so many have  
Questions that they didn't ask  
Funny how they wait til too late  
To do that simple task

A simple &quot;what&quot; or &quot;where&quot;  
Perhaps a simple &quot;how&quot;  
Just a inquisitive query there  
With a curious raised eyebrow

Knowledge tossed to the winds  
Histories lost...tales untold  
Answers await... linger `pon fragile limbs  
Like fruit that soon grows old

Precious gems of wisdom  
Amazing tales of yore  
Histories lost at such great cost  
Simply waltz right out the door

Funny how unimportant it seems  
The histories hidden behind the mask  
The hopes, the fears and parental dreams  
...Unrevealed by questions  
... unasked...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Curiouser And Curiouser Still

Tremors and chills  
On nape of neck  
Hairs stand erect  
When one's primal instincts  
Sense fear or danger

Why then, pray tell  
The response  
of similar sensations  
When warm palpitations  
Of pleasure appear

Strange...contradictory...  
Responses...in the body human  
Occur.. and encompass  
in their most curious qualities...  
Become e'en more  
curiouser and curiouser

David Whalen

# Currents, Emotions, Oceans And Tides

In torrents of emotions  
Are humans destined  
To dwell

Thoughts but mental motions  
Given to rise, tide  
and swell

Of momentary madness  
To tidal pools  
of peace

To soothing waves  
Of goodness...  
Emotions without cease

Envy, anger,  
jealousy,  
Wonder

Riptides rising...  
Then pulling  
Us under

Torrents of emotion  
Are of what our thoughts  
Consist

A flood of feelings  
We cannot  
Resist

E'en in our sleep  
The current  
seems

To seep into  
Our deepest  
Dreams

We're naught  
But helpless flotsam  
Tossed

Adrift upon  
Emotions hapless  
Sea

Unknowing slaves  
To reason  
Lost

At least  
So it seems...  
To me

David Whalen

# Cynical Senryu

&lt;center&gt;  
Life

I envy those with  
Faith and peace also...I lost  
Them both...long ago  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Dads, Lads, And Granddads

Lads, Dads, and Granddads Free verse

My grandson,  
skipping along, an eight year young kid  
Behind his Dad, his hero, his idol,  
his bright shining model  
Sees him tall, straight, tough and confident  
Sees a McMuffin buyer, a baseball coach and a dad

My grandson  
sees not.... a loser, a slacker  
Mostly absentee father,  
lazy and irresponsible  
Two days a week of being a dad  
Providing little or nothing to ex-wife or son

My grandson,  
I see in myself, skipping along  
Following behind my dad  
Who is tall, straight and confident  
Giving me comfort, making me feel strong

My Dad  
Taught me fishing and hunting  
Not to lie, to attempt all manly things  
and try not to fail or fall  
he feared absolutely nothing and  
could absolutely do it all

My Dad  
was brave and made me proud  
I skipped along behind him as well,  
My bright shining model  
Embarrassed by him? Never!  
Proud of him always and ever

My Dad,  
To others, a different man perhaps, than the man I knew.  
likely so....Yes, most probably so

My grandson  
in his memories I hope, forever sees  
his dad, not as he really was,  
but In the same way that I see mine.  
Perfect! ....Yes, most probably so.

David Whalen

# Dancing To The Music Of Fireflies

Sound of gravel crunching  
On a lonely country lane  
Then parking neath an ol' Oak Tree

Radio softly playing  
An ol' George Jones song  
Of broken hearts and misery

The hypnotic rise,  
before one's eyes  
That only fireflies can bring

The swirling sigh  
of hormone's tide  
The intoxicating smell of spring

The night slips by  
The moon hangs high  
honey locust blossoms scent the air

My hands cradle your head  
I bury my face  
in the musky perfume of your hair

Your lips to mine  
Our legs and arms entwined  
Our bodies start to sway

And we slow dance...  
To the music of fireflies  
...Until the light of day...

David Whalen

# Danger Ahead

Porcelain skin, lips  
Of red, fulsome hips...Watch out!  
Danger lies ahead! !

David Whalen



# Darkly...As Thru A Cat's Eyes

If you could see what it tis, that cats can see  
It would amaze, perplex and astound you

For they can see, most easily  
The sights and worlds that swirl around you

Seen by you as a half glimpsed shadow...  
A furtive movement from the corner of one's eye

Unseen by you, behind that sly shadow  
Is where the other worlds lie

Cats legs will stiffen, hair stand on end  
Wide eyes staring into dark, empty space

At seemingly nothing... but I tell you my friend  
They see things and know of, a strange eerie place

The things that we sense, yet elude our meager vision  
The things that rustle about and go bump in the night

This is simply the world that exists hard close to ours  
Quite real to cats, and to us unseen, out of sight

The frightened manner in which cats react and stare  
Could be good reason that we're not allowed to be...

Endowed with their perception, of what it tis they're aware  
Of the worlds swirling about us...worlds, only cats can see

David Whalen

# Darkness

The visage one sees  
And wears forever  
Changes appearance  
In the absence of light

The person that one is,  
by day is never...  
The person that one is...  
by night

David Whalen

# David O's Thrifty Shopping Advice

Christmas shopping to me  
is like a walk in the park  
The method I use is  
So easy and slick

But it is best done  
late after dark  
And requires no money  
this simple trick

You simply go out  
And do some window shopping  
With a mask, a bag,  
And a brick

David Whalen

# Daylight Savings Time (An Urban Myth?)

Daylight savings time

Daylight savings time has been with us  
For many and many years now

It's time that someone has told us  
About the where, the why and about the how

Where the heck do they put it?  
Once they've saved all this light

And how in the heck do they move it about?  
Do they move the light in the dark of the night?

Do they move it in light pickups?  
Which would seem most apropos

Or does it require heavy trucks?  
Because a lot of light is heavy, you sponse'?

Where is this place where all this light is stored  
There must be a place that one can find

But don't try to find it, to you, this I implore  
if you do, wear good shades, so's not to go blind

There's something silly about this saving light  
Seems like a prank, someone would do as a lark

So could someone please enlighten me,  
I feel totally left out in the dark

David Whalen

# Dear Ol' Dad

I didn't really know my father  
Until It was far too late  
He reached out so many times  
To engage me...but I couldn't wait  
Far too self-absorbed  
In my self-centered life  
To reach out and take  
His proffered, time worn hand...

And so it will be (and is)  
With my own children  
Who will likely never know  
How many times I too, offered my hand  
How many tears were held within...  
How many heartaches endured...  
How many emotions n'er expressed  
How helpless to even reach out and touch  
But he cared...and he tried to share  
His life and feelings (as did I)  
But sadly...to be a good dad...of'times  
Meant to look to be bad...  
While Mothers enjoy a hallowed place  
A father's lot...is not to be so  
You don't ever really, truly know your father

Perhaps there's just not that much to  
...know...

143 words-24 lines

David Whalen

# Dear One

Take note:

That none of my wants  
Require currency grand

But in it's stead:

Only friendly words, kind gestures  
And caring touch of hand

David Whalen

# Deathly Senryu

&lt;center&gt;

Tis not that I am

Afraid of death...I'd rather

Not be there for mine

David Whalen

# Decisions, Decisions (Senryu)

&lt;center&gt;

It's not decisions

Made that make you...Tis the ones

Unmade that will break you

David Whalen



# Deep Into The Dragon's Eyes

Look deep into the dragon's eyes  
Fear not the sulphurous breath  
Tis he who within... courage lies  
Who needs have no fear of death

The essence of the dragon dwells  
In things mundane and rare  
in raiment rich, and plain as well  
Not seen...but always there

It's adversity, perversity in life  
Most things we'd prefer not face  
It's unpleasant, things, papery wings  
Things of discomfort and ill grace

Tis best to face, the dreaded test  
To beard the dragon where it lies  
Defeat the beast, inside it's nest  
Look deep into the dragon's eyes

David Whalen

## Delightful (Senryu)

&lt;center&gt;

I don't understand

The 'why' of life... but the 'way'

of it delights me

David Whalen

# Depths...Abyss...A Wanton Kiss

Depths...  
Abyss...  
A wanton kiss

Feelings...  
Lust...  
Emotions thrust

Rising...  
Dreaming...  
Pounding... steaming

Open...  
Appealing...  
Senses reeling

Smell ...  
Touch...  
Too much...far too much

Beginnings...  
Ending...  
Endorphins wending

Settling ...  
Resting...  
Exhaustion...then nestling

Caressing...  
Petting...  
Poignant forgetting

Dreams...  
Emotions...  
Sensuous oceans

Depths...  
Abyss...  
Then languid kiss

A touch...  
Then A sigh...  
And A gracious goodbye

David Whalen

# Desiring...Deserving

I desire fame and fortune  
I deserve  
somewhat less

I desire looks and wit  
I deserve only  
to look a mess

I desire gift of words  
I do serve  
Barely to utter

I desire verses of wisdom  
I serve up  
Words from the gutter

I desire fine jewelry!  
I deserve golden bracelets  
and rings?

No, alas, for desiring and deserving  
Are quite  
different things

David Whalen

# Devils And Angels

&lt;center&gt;The steel will of the Devil  
With an Angels tender touch  
These are qualities embued  
in women and children  
That confound we men  
...So much...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Did I Do Something Write?

Have I, in recent days...  
made you sad  
Perhaps brought tears...  
To your eyes

Have I rudely rent the fabric  
of your heart  
By reminding you of  
Old loves and lies

Have I made you smile  
With a memory tweak  
To times long past  
Yet dear

Have I made Your  
skin crawl a bit  
Shiver slightly  
In unfounded fear

Have I made you wonder  
Why things are... as they are  
Have I made you ponder  
If some things... really are

Have I made you snicker  
Snort or chuckle  
Caused you to dreamily smell  
Long faded honeysuckle

Have I made you feel  
That I've wasted your time  
That you could have done Better  
than to have read what I've written

Have I caused a big grin ...With  
some asinine rhyme...Made you remember  
a certain letter From that special someone...  
that you were smitten

Have I gotten Inside your head  
To private places...  
Thoughts known  
to only you

Have I done these things?  
If so... My heart sings  
For these are things...  
That only poets do

David Whalen



## Did I Ever...

Did I ever take  
your breath away?  
Did I ever cause  
Your heart to break?

Did I ever make  
you want to stay?  
When your heart knew  
it to be a mistake?

Did I ever make  
you stare into space?  
Did I ever make  
your tears flow free?

If I did...I'm so sorry  
To have put you ...in that place  
But that's  
what you did to me

David Whalen

# Did Poe Know?

&lt;center&gt;

A Curious Haiku

Odd how writers know  
How their stories end...yet don't  
Know how their own will  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Diet

&lt;center&gt;  
`Piehole

Losing weight is hard  
But! ...The only way is to  
Keep one's pie hole` shut

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Dieting

Sweet addictions  
Twinkies and mints  
Sweet affections  
Snickers and quince

Mainline injections  
Demanding habits  
Sweet confections  
Chocolate rabbits

Mind all drugged  
Cotton candy  
Sweet, sweet opiate  
Scattered brains

Saccharine high  
Feelin' dandy  
Hallucinations  
Of sugar trains

Hope, all gone  
Life turned sour  
Fallen prey  
To predilection

Hollow...sunken eyes  
Visage...wan and dour  
Sugary shadows...  
...Sweet addiction...

David Whalen

# Difficult Things

&lt;center&gt;Tis as hard to hold  
A fistful of sand as to  
Find an honest man  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Dinna' Be Tellin' Me Friends!

I'm goin' to tell this story to ye, if ye can keep it a hush  
Since I canna' be telling' me friends  
Twas the Saturday past, I drank a wee too much  
Before me usual trek home thru' the glens

I was steppin' quite proudly, at least so I thought  
Til I stumbled oe'r a root and fell flat on me face!  
With my face to the airth, in this spot I'd been brought  
A nap seemed quite timely, and in this very place!

To tuck my tam neath my head, to serve as me pillow  
Struck me as such the smart thing to do  
For to be takin' a wee nap on the airth neath a willow  
Made a sod such as meself, feel mellow through and through

Seemed na more than a blink, of a bloodshot eye  
sure and couldna been no more than a minute or two  
Thru a dim sodden fog came a sound sweet and high  
Like the taste of fine whiskey and cool highland dew

Yet when I awoke, the moon struck me square in the eye  
Me head twas splittin and me ears they were ringin'  
No doubt from the ale and the stout I'd tossed down  
Caused me to hear such strange singin'

Now this tis the part where me story gets a bit dicey  
For when I turned me leaden head toward where I heard the sound  
Me eyes bugged owt, and me blood ran ow icy  
For there upon a mushroom sat a leprechaun, fat and round

He had a long stemmed pipe, in his wee chubby hand  
And his hat twas of thistle down, pointy end folded over  
He wore stripey green socks, this most astounding little man  
His shoes and tunic, appeared to me, cleverly embroidered with clover

Well, It goes without sayin' I couldna believe me own eyes  
The little fellow stopped singin', and on his pipe took a puff  
Then Said "and a good morning'to ye" in a voice clear as the sky  
"I was thinking', I should look after ye, til ye looked well enuf"

“Well, tis recovered you seem... tho a bit messy and sickly  
annow I’ll be on me own merry way.”  
from the mushroom he jumped... down e’er so quickly  
I raised e’er so slowly, and begged him to stay.

He said if he could, he most sartinly would  
But he had leprechaun doors to unlock  
Herds of butterflies to shepherd, as only he could  
And rainbows with kettles of gold to stock.

He gave a giant of a shrug with his wee green shoulders  
Said he was late for his morning tea with his good friend ol’ mole  
Picked up his kettle of gold and vanished tween moss covered boulders  
Into a root sheltered, lichen lined, leprechaun sized hole.

As I struggled to me feet and squinted all about  
At the breaking dawn, and the mist slowly raisin’  
I was yet a bit shaky and me mind was still afloat  
Of the early morn’s, events so strange and amazing’

Wait! Don’t be givin’ me that “raised eyelid look! ”  
Tis the truth I be telling’ ye, as true as the glens  
And sure the truth I’ll be swearin’ on that black Holy book  
If you’ll in turn swear, ye’ willna’ be telling’ me friends.

If me mates hear this accountin’ I’ll be embarrassed no end  
“So Great smoking’, Jaysus... dinna be telling’ me friends”!

David Whalen

# Do Nothing

Do Absolutely Nothing

For at least five minutes

Do nothing...

Absolutely nothing!

Stare into space...

Better still: close your eyes,

Clear your mind

Drift away

To your happy place

Put your mind in park

Let your consciousness take wing

Savor the dark...and

Do ...absolutely...nothing!

13 lines 48 words

David Whalen



# Dodged Another Bullet

A sound as of a baseball bat  
striking a cardboard box

Then... sudden silence  
Cold and dry

A white car receding into the distance  
A numbness creeping into my leg and thigh

Flat on my back, akimbo in the median  
Looking up, confused, at clouds and blue sky

Books that I carried just a moment ago  
Now they're gone and I don't know why

Slow realization that I'd dodged  
Yet...another bullet

As I raised on my elbows  
With a grimace and a sigh

I looked down at my leg...  
It was still there (and I smiled)

Though it was battered  
and blackened...no lie

Death had missed me  
by a matter of inches

Fate had decided  
To give me a bye

My head lowered once again  
And my eyes gazed at the heavens

And my lips  
formed the question....Why?

Footnote: This poem is a true account of that happened to me on 5/12/12  
I wrote a bit of this in my mind, as I lay stunned, in the median of a main street  
in Las Vegas after being hit while waiting on the median of a crosswalk by a hit  
and run driver on Mother's day. I never saw it coming, just heard the bang and  
felt the blow. No one helped me except one black lady who stopped her car next  
to me and asked me if there was anything she could do. I told her "thanks,  
but no, I think I'm good"; I think she called 911, since I heard sirens behind  
me as I limped several blocks to my home. I had black marks (Tread marks?)  
from my knee down to across my shoe. and blood ran down into my sock. I  
drove myself to the E.R at U.M.C Where I found out I had a broken leg and a  
flattened foot. (incidentally, in case you're wondering, before I left the scene I  
found my books intact, scattered in the roadway) Thank goodness, they weren't  
hurt!

David Whalen

# Dodging Bullets, Readin' The Comics

Early this morning  
I thought I might have seen  
my last sunrise  
Held my last great-grandkid  
Smelled my last Rose

Might have tasted my last  
Truly great home-made repast  
Just might have parsed out  
My last bit  
Of prose

In the pre-dawn darkness  
Felt the squeeze on my chest  
And wandered idly  
'would this night  
Be my last? '

would this be my final test,  
This balloon `neath my breast?  
Would my future become  
Only now,  
My past?

I shrugged and thought  
'whatever will be,  
Will be  
And from my bed  
arose

The pressure in my chest  
Would not be  
Be put to rest  
Might just as well  
Die awake  
I suppose

Two full strength aspirins  
A hot cup of tea

And the pressure  
Slowly evaporated  
Away

And I realized, in chagrin  
with a bittersweet grin  
I'd live yet to read  
The comics  
Another day.

David Whalen

# Does God Speak To Everyone?

No, my friends...  
I'm afraid he doesn't  
At least he never has  
to me

When I needed him most  
he was like a ghost  
At least as far  
that I could see

When my soul was aching  
and my heart was breaking  
And my daughter was slipping  
Away from me

With my hand on her brow  
I said, "Lord, the time is now"  
To either keep her here...  
Or set her free

The silence was deafening  
In response to my plea  
So, Blue eyes... I'm afraid he doesn't...  
At least he didn't... speak to me

And since that fateful day  
I guess that you could say  
maybe God and I, we both agreed...  
at least tacitly

That since he didn't speak then  
and still does not speak to me today  
That he'll only speak to everyone...  
Everyone but me

David Whalen

# Does Someone Call Your Name

&lt;center&gt;

Did someone call my name  
From silk-softened place  
Of old yellowed lace...  
Did someone call my name

I turn and peer  
Both far and near  
But to no one  
Can I place blame

Do I alone... hear ghostly tone  
Is this some curious game  
Or is this some one trying  
In voice almost crying  
...Some one calling out my name...

In tone of harried urgency  
Floats faintly that familiar plea  
An answer seems to demand from me  
And yet no one's there  
...To see...

Am I the singular soul  
Can hear their name  
Bespoke from empty space...  
Do I alone  
Hear my name intoned  
By a voice bereft of face

Nigh unto my very ear  
So near to my very face  
I think that anon  
I'll no more that nod  
In tacit reply to that  
Ephemeral claim

Whisper in acknowledgement  
That indeed I did hear it

Albeit more so  
In truth than In spirit  
Some one call out  
...My name...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Dog Love Senryu

We all have love in  
Our hearts...Dogs are just the best  
At expressing it!

David Whalen



# Dog Wisdom

I THINK DOGS ARE RIGHT!  
TO NOT DWELL IN MEMORIES,  
...BUT LIVE IN THE NOW...

David Whalen

# Don'T

Don't let me know  
When you've thought it over

Forget to tell me when  
You're ready to change back

Let it slip your mind  
When you're ready to surprise me

Because I don't want to be Here...  
when you want to come back

David Whalen

# Don'T It Feel Good?

Don't it feel good  
When you rise in the morn  
Sippin' your cofffee  
Feeling the sun on your face?

Hearin' doves cooing,  
sparrows twitterin'  
Feelin' kinda good  
Bout the whole human race.

Don't it feel good  
When you give a smile to a stranger  
And the smile is returned  
With uninhibited grace?

Don't it feel good  
To compliment someone  
With praise as priceless  
As Chantilly lace?

Don't it feel good  
To watch the surprise  
And the warm glow of pride  
That comes over their face?

don't it feel good  
To love everybody...  
The way that  
Everyone should?

Live your life... the way  
you know you should  
And what'd I say?  
Don't it feel good... to feel good?

David Whalen

# Don'T You Just Hate It? (Or Is It Just Me?)

Don't You Just Hate It? (or is it just me?)

Having a doctor who looks eighteen years old  
Not having two socks that match  
Havin' nausea and diarrhea, along with a cold  
Usin' public bathrooms with doors that don't latch

Noticing no toilet paper, way after the fact  
Toilet paper that tears vertically into confetti-like strips  
While goin' bouncy-bouncy, your dog noses in on the act  
Movie stars silicon inflated, gross, fat, puffy lips

Teenagers inexplicable, selective deafness attacks  
Unrecognizable substance, in your drained coffee cup  
Havin' a flat, late at night, and no spare and no jack  
Noises your knees make, every time you stand up

Closed tellers and herds of bank employees doing zippo  
Hot seats in the car and jumpin' in wearin' shorts  
E Z open caps that really aren't so  
Multi-year, multi-million dollar contracts given freely in sports

The clicking sound from your starter when the battery's stone dead  
ignition keys dangling, seen from outside your locked car  
Stoppin' every block by traffic lights perfectly timed to turn red  
Mustard and ketchup that refuse to come out of the jar

Dropped things that disappear, to be seen ne'er more  
Zippers that refuse to go up or go down  
Dog barking nonstop, twenty four hours, in the backyard next door  
Women with makeup that makes them look like a clown

People on cellphones who insist on talking too long and too loud  
People who panhandle on the side of the street  
People who reek in a strong, pungent cloud  
And have buffalo breath and aromatic feet

People who are flaky, people who are flabby  
People who repeat over and over, "ya know what I'm sayin'?"

People too busy to smile, people that are crabby  
People who visit and way too long are stayin'

Or is it just me?

David Whalen

# Dream Of Fog And Mist (If You Can)

If you can...

Dream of beaches

Dream of fog  
that slides ashore

And If you can...

Learn what it teaches

Before the fog returns  
To the sea once more

Dream of yardarms...  
Of dripping rigging

Of treasure chests  
Just ripe for digging

Dream of islands  
With crystal sand

With coral reefs  
And mountains grand

Dream of fog and mist  
Mugs of rum...

Of frigate birds...  
Of hawsers thrum

Of cool sea breezes  
From exotic land

In sleep...dream deep...  
Dream of beaches...

...If you can...



# Dream Walking

When I can feel the texture  
of the scent of roses...  
Sense the velvet caress  
Of the fog's vaporous touch

Feel the sonorous  
voice of Elvis  
the velvet-like timbre  
That I loved so much

When I can feel the warmth  
From brown eyes that look into mine  
And hear unspoken whispers...  
And taste unsipped wine

When I can talk to the raven  
And he... speak to me...  
His words will be graven  
In my heart... eternally

When I can hear the grass growing  
When I can taste...fairy dust  
And hear the hiss of rainbows  
And know the sound of trust

If I can experience just one of these  
And know also... all is not what it seems  
I'll also feel my heart's voice singing  
And know I'm walking in my dreams

David Whalen



# Dreamland

Whispers of memories  
Prismatic moments  
Waving to no one  
From a speeding train

Smiles ringed by haloes  
Clouds shredded in torment  
Standing nude and alone  
Drenched in inky black rain

Flash of lightning  
Crackle of thunder  
Shards of crystal  
Piercing my brain

Remnants dim, of recollection  
Skittering off to hiding places  
Leaving disjointed images...  
Sparse, puzzling traces

Awakening! ...Bewilderment!  
Details scatter, to vanish  
As water glides silkily  
Down dream's endless drain

Turn over, sweat drenched pillow  
Make futile efforts to remember....and then  
Sleep creeps anew from it's cryptic keep  
And It's back to dreamland again

David Whalen

# Dreams...Rivers Of The Night

Dreams are rivers of the night  
A place in which the mind shakes free  
The conscious bands that hold us tight  
And sails us out into mystery

Maiden voyages into seas so deep  
Vivid montages of experience strange  
Not bound by banks within to keep  
Nor limits set within to range

Suspension of reason, dwells in the night  
Helplessly carried upon dreams cold river  
Exposed to experience, never allowed in daylight  
Strange deeds, strange thoughts, make us shiver

If Dreams are rivers of the night  
Then what are days, just what might they be?  
Which one is false...and which is right?  
And in which one would you rather be?

For who can say beyond a doubt  
Which is reality and which is not  
Is awake really being up and about  
Or is dreaming of being awake... our lot

If Dreams are rivers of the night  
Then could days be dreams of another kind?  
Could the rivers of the night be the true and the right  
And days a nightmare to which we're blind

Dreams are rivers of the night  
That's what most people would say  
Tell me I'm dreaming...show me the light  
It seems like a nightmare...show me the way

David Whalen

# Driveways End

&lt;center&gt;

No matter that the mailman stops or not.

I still put on my heavy jacket,

Tug on my boots and woolen gloves.

Give an unspoken invitation

To my ol' shaggy shepherd,

Who arthritically arises, stretches, yawns

Pads to the door and patiently waits,

Tongue lolling.

It's a good long walk

From the porch to the mailbox.

I can see from here the flags not raised,

But it doesn't lower my hopes

Ol' dog plows through the snow

Snortin' and sneezin'

And peeing on anything vertical.

With a deep breath of crisp, frosty air

Cautiously taking one step at a time

Handrail held tight as a lover's arm

Both feet on the each step before

Trying the next.

Then the slow measured trek

To the end of the driveway.

A long moment of hesitation

With hand outstretched

Knowing full well the feeling

Of foolish anticipation.

A timid tug on the mailbox door

Then a tentative peek inside.

Tho' obviously empty, I look once again

And grope for an envelope

That I know is not there.

A deep sigh...from deep snow

And deeper disappointment.

I close the mailbox door

And pat the top gently,

As if forgiving it for being empty.

I always give feelings and emotions

To all things about me. Always have,

Always will.  
Shrug off a chill. Hear the snow squeak  
'Neath my boots.  
Turn and start back to the house.  
Ol' dog pulls his nose from a snowdrift,  
Shakes off a snout full of powder,  
Runs to me and nuzzles me back to the house.  
Why is it that the return trip is always shorter  
Than the trip to a place?  
And before I know it, I'm back on the porch  
Brushing snow off of ol' dog.  
A long last look at the end of the driveway.  
At the patient mailbox waiting for tomorrow  
Then it's back inside in the warmth once again.  
Ol' dog in his bed licking ice off his paws.  
Me lookin' out of the window, knowing full well  
That we'll do this again tomorrow  
And that tomorrow the mailbox  
Will be empty again and tomorrow  
Will also be as lonely and empty  
...again...  
They say that hope springs eternal  
and love never dies.  
I look out at the mailbox  
with a tear in my eye  
They say that time heals everything.  
I think they lie  
(but I'll give the benefit of doubt)

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Driving While Intoxicated (By Fall)

Driving while intoxicated  
Drunk with the smells and sights  
Of yellow Oak trees and red maple leaves  
And golden harvest moon nights

Weaving my way through mind boggling colors  
Each turn full of new delights  
The reds and the purples of the maple surples  
Bring inebriatation to new heights

This excess of pastels seen through my windshield  
Makes me feel high as a kite  
And in my rear-view mirror, more colors revealed  
the frigging fall's flashin'... of red and blue light

Scrawlin' my name on a pink ticket pad  
Crawlin' into the backseat of a black and white  
Busted from being intossicatated  
And drivin'Under the infulgence... of Fall's delight

David Whalen

# Dusk

Clouds gathered in the southwest  
Hastening the early darkness  
Given to this early time of the year  
A few flitting silhouettes  
Of birds flashing by..  
Nest-bound...  
Book placed gently  
Atop end table  
Reading glasses placed  
Gently atop book  
Lights left unlit...  
Gaze fixed out the window  
Blanket of night's darkness  
Tucked tight under chin

David Whalen

# Each God Given Day

&lt;center&gt;

A bird's life ...

Mean and meager

Eking out

A hard existence

Each and every day...

Yet always they strive

Are e'er eager

Existing out of

Pure persistence

Each and every day...

And wrest the best

From their meager

Subsistence

And take

what they're given

...From each God given day...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Ears

No person is worth your tears  
No one should make you sigh

The one who is truly... worth your tears  
Would never make you cry

David Whalen



# Easter Sunday (And Not A Word From Mcd's)

Today I solemnly resolve to say nothing  
Not to observe nor write a single line  
I won't even mention the man dressed like a cowboy  
Nor that voluptuous chick lookin' fine

I'll not fixate on the fat,  
nor lay praise on the lean  
Not one single comment  
Be it kindly or mean

The tall skinny lady sitting opposite me  
With the red fright-wig hair  
Well today I shan't make mention  
That she's even there

For this Easter Sunday  
I shall refrain from writing  
Of people no matter be they  
Strange and funky

Not even whether  
that lady is cradling  
Her baby...or is that  
A Rhesus monkey?

Today being Easter Sunday,  
I'll not comment, I'll give it a rest,  
Keep my chin on my chest  
just keep my eyes on my book

But daaamn! Does that fat lady  
With the monkey-like kid  
Really have hair on her breast! ! ?  
Guess it won't hurt to take a second look

(Sorry!) Well I hope my readers (reader?)  
Will enjoy my missing Sunday spiel  
My weekly dose of geezer-prose  
My remarks on schmoes and schlemiels

This week I'll write not, a single jot  
Nor a passing shot will I take  
I shall keep my pen in my pocket  
as if it were locked, and then...

Give you all a well earned &quot;David O&quot; break

David Whalen

# Echoes And Answers

&lt;center&gt;

Echoes are replies

From souls in the skies...answers

To truths and to lies

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Embrace Change

If you find yourself  
Not liking your journey...It's  
Time to change your path

David Whalen

# Embrace Passion...Passionately

Don't apologize  
For Passion...Instead wear it  
Proudly on your sleeve

David Whalen

# Emmaline Conner Room 101

Lids slowly closing, aged eyes rimmed with red  
Blue veined hands clutching sheets to her chin  
Fond memories, old boyfriends, gaily dance in her head  
A Time traveler, scanning archives, sequestered within

My knock brings her back to this time, here and now  
With a start she awakens, closes softly memory's door  
With a smile I approach, place a hand on her brow  
Gently bringing her back to the present once more

Tucking a bib beneath her chin like an infant  
Huge Breakfast tray pulled close to her breast  
Eyes mockingly wide in jesting amazement  
Solemnly promises to give it her best

I sit by her side, uncapping and helping  
With the soft pureed breakfast I provided  
A few birdlike bites, her resolve quickly melting  
She's really quite full now, she's decided

Chiding her gently to eat some more food  
she jokingly tells me she's watching her weight  
And with age earned authority it's to be understood  
At a fat eighty pounds, it's already too late

I remove the tray, knowing when I'm beaten  
By a wisp of a woman who grows more wispy each day  
Each day of each week less food is eaten  
Not much more time in this bed will she stay

diaper changing endured with lady-like grace  
bed bath accepted with placid aplomb  
Grey hair brushed back and tied with white lace  
Wizened face a portrait of complacent calm

Dear friend, earnest student, strong right hand for her mother  
Many persons this fine lady has played  
Big sister for small brother, to strong passionate lover  
Roles without end and with deep love portrayed

As I place the call button close to her hands  
She dreamily places withered hands over mine  
Be sure to come back here for lunch, she demands  
And this time be sure to bring wine

Eyes slowly closing, drifting off into slumber

I gently pull sheets to her chin  
Once more a time traveler, to memories without number  
She travels back to the past once again

At another door I knock softly so not to alarm  
Another time traveler, body here, mind away  
A grandfatherly figure with tubes in his arm  
Nurses whisper to me that he's not long to stay

I wipe food from the corners of his mouth as I feed him  
While thinking how much these people endure  
Admiring them all as their sight starts to dim  
Time travelers, in their memories all safe and secure

Silence suddenly broken, by speakers in halls  
Attention, Code 99, Room 101!  
My spoon stops... suspended... my heart seems to pause  
Time traveler, sweet traveler, where have you gone?

At lunch time I knock softly, sadly open the door  
Empty bed, newly made, makes my eyes sting with tears  
Emmaline Connor, Time traveler, sleeps here no more  
Is once more a young lady...  
traveling back through the years

David Whalen

# Empty Old Houses

## Empty Old Houses

Empty old houses can talk...  
But one must know how to listen...  
to hear them

Empty old houses have stories...  
But one must be eager to listen...  
to hear them

Empty old houses can suffer..  
But one must have empathy ...  
To feel it

Empty old houses can feel pain  
But one must be able to bear it ...  
To feel it

Empty old houses have memories  
But one must believe ... that they have...  
To share them

Empty old houses contain people's lives  
But one must believe...that they do...  
To share them

Empty old houses can seem dead and deserted  
But one must know that they're not..  
To know them

Empty old houses can teem with life's pleasures  
But one must walk through  
to sense the aura of life

Empty old houses abound in life's treasures  
But one cannot help but...  
To admire them





# Enjoy The Scent Of Roses

&lt;center&gt;I'm but a man of meager means  
A man of simple pleasures  
Tho' deep endowed with eager dreams  
I enjoy life's simple treasures

My days I know are numbered  
And so are minutely measured  
So that I might remain  
A man it seems (and bourne by dreams)

A man of meager means  
And simple pleasures  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Enjoy Them

Dream the dreams  
Of a child's imagination

Plumb the depths  
Of nascent fascination

Join with them...  
share their years

But... be prepared my friend...  
There will be tears...

David Whalen

# Equal In The End

&lt;center&gt;

A coffin has six sides

A casket only four

When passing to the other side

Who's counting anymore

It's no longer a matter of how much...

No longer a matter of rich or poor

It's occupant feels not the satin touch

It's forever and finally naught but a box

...Just a box and no more...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

## Essence (American Haiku)

The only thing we  
Can be... in the blue nowhere...  
Is our poetry

David Whalen

# Eternal Fog And Mist

&lt;center&gt;

Eternal Fog And Mist

Stone walls and Raven's calls  
Sheepfolds in the mist and fog

rain that falls `pon ancient stalls  
And bleached `bones of once faithful dogs

So thin the mist...yet still insists  
On shaping things that no more exist

And from the highlands seem to arise  
` Women's sighs and ghostly Viking's cries

Shields of leather fallen `Pon the heather  
Fleeting traces erased by time and weather

And the only constant in all of this...  
The only thing that still persists...is

The eternal fog and mist

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Evening Conversations...Small Town U.S.A.

Barbershops, beauty shops, front porches, fireplaces and bars

Like ol' men and women  
Jabbering away  
Arguing like ol' friends do  
Tryin' to absorb other's happiness  
Tryin' to give away  
A little of their sadness too...

Remnants of the glow  
Of summer sunburns  
Meet winter's white  
on wrinkled necks  
Some enjoying the Fall flush  
Of immaterial nature  
Others await the arrival  
Of social security checks

Some live close to joy  
Others... so far away  
Some still believing in foolish miracles..  
Others having cast hope away

Some enjoying  
the company of others  
Others savor the flavor  
of being alone...  
It's come the sad, withered end  
Of a cool, cloudy day  
Like melancholy goodbyes  
Whispered into a cold plastic phone

Conversations clot and congeal  
In the roseate pink  
And fiery farewell  
Of the dusk

And then murmur away

In a heady mixture...  
Of good natured goodnights  
Seasoned with flowery musk

Chairs scrape the floors  
Pushed back for the night  
Latches click crisply  
on doors shutting tight

Voices distant, as if muffled in cotton  
Sleep shrouded mumbles of goodnight  
Travails and triumphs of today forgotten  
Conversation ceases...as does the light

David Whalen



# Ever Changing

...Nothing Stays the Same...

Five billion years of age has our planet  
And it has changed each and every year.  
Atmospheres have enveloped the Earth  
And three times...have disappeared.  
...changes...!

First came Helium and Hydrogen  
Then came Volcanic steam and Carbon Dioxide  
Which lingered awhile and then condensed  
Into rains that fell worldwide  
...more changes...!

Oceans, oceans! Endless seas!  
Water, water Everywhere!  
H<sub>2</sub>O is all to see  
There's naught but water there  
...Then changes cold and drear...

Two billion years ago came the cold...  
With a world wide Winter Wrap  
Advancing, retreating, meek, then bold  
Slow motion, sub zero trap  
...More changes still...

We are living now in a glacial recession  
Which happens every twenty thousand years (or so)  
But nothing will stop this Wintry progression  
At the very best, perhaps it might slow  
...And the changes will keep coming! ...

For our planet is a living thing  
A being that evolves and thrives  
On silence and violence: It can grumble...it can sing  
But it cares not (and knows not)of mere human lives  
...A short list of ongoing changes...

At least one volcanic eruption every two weeks...  
Millions of earthquakes that quake without stop...  
Tsunamis every three months...  
Eleven lightning bolts striking the Earth (every second!)  
Tornadoes rampaging every six hours...  
Giant Cyclones every four days...  
...Can we truly change any of this? ...

Not one iota!  
All one can do is endure and abide  
For when the Earth decides to change  
...There's no place to hide....

Disclaimer: Data liberally taken from Michael Crichton's book 'State Of Fear'  
And (I hope)put in a semi-poetic form.

David Whalen

# Ever Have One Of 'Those' Days

Did you ever have one of "those" days  
A day at least twenty seven hours long

A day in which nothing much went right  
Yet also, a day when... nothing went wrong

One of those days that does absolutely nothing'  
One of those days that could have phoned itself in

One of those days you could've fit so much stuff in  
But you didn't...and ain't that a sin.

A day... that had it gone any slower,  
Would have started goin' in reverse

until' it turned into yesterday and..  
What could possibly be worse?

Tomorrow would become today then  
Well that's what could go wrong!

And I'd have another one of "those" days  
A day at least thirty hours long

David Whalen

# Every Time

&lt;center&gt;  
Every time

I hear the wind...  
Whisper  
through the trees  
I hear you  
whisper  
To me

Every time

I watch the sun set...  
Slowly  
Into the sea  
I watch your  
Eyes  
Look up at me

And every time

I take a breath...  
Breathe  
The scent of you  
I take within me  
Breathlessly  
All that I can do

And every time

I remember you...  
Relive  
Times... of lace and Lavender  
Lay in your arms  
Indulge your charms  
Be one you ...and September...  
&lt;/center&gt;



# Everybody's A Critic

Oh, to pontificate  
on parakeets and poetry  
Of birds and words  
Of posting and tweets

Of prose and bird beaks  
Desk chairs and perches  
Of cuttlebone and corn pone  
Comments and peeps

Perusal of newspapers  
In search of inspiration  
Silly words, unruly rythme  
seeds plucked from my lips

replacing newspaper  
in bottom of cages  
Little swings, tiny bells  
Head bobs and nips

Beady little bird eyes  
Watch, shine and glitter  
My green and blue critics  
My inspiration wreckers

Reading what I write...  
They give in to titter  
My boon companions  
With little pointy peckers

David Whalen

# Evil Eye

&lt;center

Eye of emerald green  
From which silvered tear flows  
Flooding down  
O'er icy frown  
Longside of aquiline nose

Brow... sooty black  
Perched above  
Emerald eye unclosed  
A nesting place  
and alcove of...  
A murder of coal black  
crows  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

## Except For Haikus (American Style)

I always try...hard  
as can be... to never write  
Twice...similarly

David Whalen



# Explains The Twinkle In His Eye

Santa's lookin for  
hookers...flyin' all over  
yellin' "Ho Ho Ho"

David Whalen

# Exposing Yourself

Poetry is honesty  
Clad in thin disguise  
Undressing and exposing  
Our mind's to stranger's eyes

Wanton, open,  
uninhibited expressions  
Unknowing and unwitting  
Opinions and confessions

The baring of one's inner self  
Absent the admittance of knowing  
Displaying, laying out upon the shelf  
As if for public showing

Revealing yourself For what you are  
Or for the way you think the world to be  
Spreading yourself both near and far  
For all the world to touch and see

By choice of word, By sly inflection  
By point of view, by use of gender  
By being shy, by introspection  
By writing harshly or of prose so tender

You describe yourself Without the knowing  
You can expose yourself with childish glee  
You cast yourself to the winds ablowng  
You strip yourself for all to see

From your writings you tell us  
Secret Things you'd not say out loud  
Private things, about your timid psyche  
Of which your poetry is brazenly proud

Your poetry exposes yourself  
And establishes your dominions  
You expose yourself and that 's the how, of you  
we readers form our opinions

David Whalen

# Extreme Recycling

Extreme Recycling

Though our life spans be  
Fleet... our lives have been eons  
In their creation

David Whalen

# Eyes Of The Earth

Clouded ponds...  
Emerald lakes...

Lens to enlarge  
To magnify

To look far without  
From deep within

Eyes of the earth  
To study the sky

David Whalen

# Facets

## FACETS

By being there...

When no one else was

You showed me what love looks like

By listening to me...

When no one else would

You showed me that you cared

By opening your heart...by staying

While the eyes of mine were shuttered

You showed me vulnerability

By falling asleep in my arms...

While I stroked your arms and face

You showed me the meaning of trust

By knowing when...

To say not a word

You showed me the wisdom of silence

By staying by my side...

During times of dark despair

You showed me so many sides of you

...I never knew were there...

David Whalen

# Faint Of Heart

I wish you could have read  
The Letters that I didn't write

Would've liked for you to have heard  
Words I didn't say

I wish you could have felt the touch  
Of hands that didn't reach out at night

Would've liked to know  
What you didn't feel...

When you didn't hear the words...  
Words I didn't say...words I couldn't write

David Whalen

# Fairy Lanterns Of Summer

From deep within...  
The Heart of summer,  
Fairy lanterns from...  
within and over

From thickets dark  
Where wee creatures slumber  
To ramparts of scent...from  
great fields of clover

Fireflies flashing...Messages cryptic  
Winking, blinking, oer field and fen  
There... but for a moment...magic!  
For just a moment...Then gone again

David Whalen



# Faith, Reason, And Memory

Where faith serves  
as faithful guide  
And truth becomes  
the path to ride

Reason, the compass  
To give direction  
The mind a map  
To which we must subscribe

Memory, apportioned  
To mere reflection  
Conscience a cape  
Neath which to hide

Faith will guide...  
truth will be the way  
Reason will the direction lay  
Memory will give mind, today

And mirror's light  
Remind us bright  
The path on which  
To stay

David Whalen

## Fall...(In The Raw)

a voyeur of Fall  
I must confess... I so enjoy  
Watching trees undress

David Whalen

## Falliteration... Autumnal Pause

An instance in introspection...

A pause in the passing of the seasons

As if Nature rested and reflected on it's feckless design

Resigned, supine, upon it's random reasons

Time to let free the lifeless leaves

From the tired, tremulous... and timeless trees

To allow the meadows to quiescently crisp'en

Let Nature's labors, lessen... and then cease

To quiet busy buzz of beleaguered bees

let them listen instead... in well earned ease

Autumn...that pregnant period of pause needed...

and embraced unabashedly by all things... great and small

Richly earned respite,

from the timeless trek of the seasons,

Shyly... and slyly seized... by first freeze

of Nature ...in the fallow freshness of Fall...

Sap dropping....then stopping

Then...nothing at all

David Whalen

# Fame And Fortune, Hopes And Dreams

Especially Not to Me

Fortune is fickle  
Fame's but a dream it seems...and  
Luck favors no one in particular  
No matter how much one dreams

That one can beat the system  
That one can come out ahead  
That that lottery ticket will take them  
Entirely out of the red

Just ain't likely to happen dude  
Unless the stars align  
So lose that hapless` attitude  
before you lose your mind

Don't lose the dream  
just don't let it seem  
The most important thing  
That could possibly be

Luck and fame are fickle things  
Like lightning strikes you see  
Not very likely to happen to you  
...And especially not to me...  
&lt;/center)

David Whalen

# Famous In My Own Mind

In my poetic life  
I've gained a measure  
of celebrity

People who read me  
Know me instantly...  
As "that eccentric ol' S.O.B."

But that's o.k., I've got no pride  
It's actually been a rather  
pleasant ride

And at this point, you see  
It's just fine with me  
To be

In self ordained celebrity...  
"That grizzled, grumpy, (and crochety)  
Eccentric ol' S.O.B."

David Whalen

# Famous Last Words

Famous Last Words

It ain't loaded...don't worry!  
Trains just look like they're goin' real fast

Is cottage cheese supposed to be furry?  
I ain't gonna wait til all these trucks get past

If you Just touch your finger to it,  
The most you'll feel is a tingle

Well dear, since we're being honest here  
Hell yes...I'd rather be single

Just give him the finger  
That ain't a real gun

No...no...my good lady!  
Aint no way that's my son!

Let' get under this tree  
Til' this lightning storms gone

It always cracks like that  
It ain't gonna break!

You know that ring that I gave you? ..  
Well It's a fake

Let's hold up a gun store, waddy think?  
Hell it won't bite you...long as you don't blink!

It won't attack, if you just toss it a bone  
Just play dead...It'll leave you alone

I hear Russian Roulette is really fun  
These tracks are a good place to take a nap

Why yes, you do look fat in those pants, hon

I ain't never again gonna eat this crap!

And lastly the classic three

Go on...Go on ...I dare you!

You don't have the guts!

Is that little thing supposed to scare me?

David Whalen

# Fate, Kismet, And Karma

&lt;center&gt;There is no accidental meeting...  
Between kindred souls

For your fate is made, as surely is time fleeting  
And no more stranger than quasars and black holes

It's all preordained in some grand cosmic way  
Beyond mortal bounds or human control

The people you meet, what you do or say  
Is not managed by you...e'en in part or in whole

Though you might think differently in the course of the day  
That you're making the rules...writing your own roles

The Gods laugh their asses off and to each other say:  
&quot;What impudence: to think that they set their own goals! &quot;

For it's Fate, Kismet, and Karma, that in the end sets the way  
For those &quot;accidental meetings, between kindred souls&quot;  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Father's Day... Their Way

Father's day.  
I like this day.  
This is a day  
When my kids  
remember me  
In their own  
individual way...  
Kindly..probably...  
Much more likely...  
Than Truthfully...

David Whalen

# Fifty-Fifty At Best

&lt;center&gt;

Open your heart to happiness  
And in equal part to sorrow  
They're opposing sides  
Of the same coin (no less)  
As today is to tomorrow

The same holds true for jealousy  
Whose counterpoint is affection  
Both no more than branches  
Of self-same tree  
Who share soft shade's protection

Love is no more than  
Than the flip side of hate  
And both lie but a heartbreak away  
So guide your heart to happiness  
Be generous with your affection  
Let not hate decide your fate  
And your heart will provide protection

All things possess two qualities  
What they are depends on you  
Like twins with different personalities  
And different points of view  
And which side you pick...  
Which or what you choose  
It's just a game of chance (no less)

You either win...or perhaps you lose  
...It's fifty-fifty at best! ...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Figments, Dreams, Or Memories

&lt;center&gt;

Ya' know

It seems I've been here before  
Else how could I know  
How many steps up... to the door?

Just which plank would squeak  
Beneath my feet...The porch swing  
That hangs there no more

The bell push dark tarnished  
The door stripped of varnish  
Seems I've crossed this threshold before

E'en the doves that sob softly  
In the trees...seem to me  
Fairly familiar... and what's more

The shutters aslant at a perilous cant  
By sides of window sash  
That hold glass...no more

Have I trod away on the sod  
That cuddles this house  
Looked back and bade it nevermore?

My memory is confused  
and time has abused it  
So I truly can't be sure...anymore

Back down the stoop  
My shoulders adroop  
One last look o'er my shoulder, , , no more!

Ya' know it no longer matters  
That both my memory and  
The house are in tatters

But so it surely seems...  
It could not have been in my dreams?  
No! I'm quite sure that I've been here  
...before...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Fingernails On Chalkboards

&lt;center&gt;

Fingernails on slate

Anathema to the primal

Brain...Dire dread unsaid

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Fingers Of Fall

&lt;center&gt;Brittle as litter  
Of long dead trees...Fall's fingers  
Linger...where they please

David Whalen

# Firelight At Night

&lt;center&gt;

To gaze into a campfire at night

And see nothing...

For the common man

Is an impossible feat

For one's primal brain (not unlike a moth)

Is drawn to the flame

And will command no less than

A front row seat

One's mind can but wonder

When one falls under it's spell

When one stares into and ponders

It's magic movements and smell

In the flames can be seen

The genesis of dreams

The maker and creator

Of all things...(so it seems)

A refuge...a respite

A genie's lamp, an omen maker

For the disparate...the desperate

The giver...and the taker

The sparks become comets

Tracing pathways in the skies

And leave tracery of lace

E'en behind lids of closed eyes

The pops and cracks are the heartbeat

Of this strange carmine creature

That we can only gaze into...

and fashion faces familiar

In the mordant glow

Of flames that but glimmer

Pulling one's gaze to coals

That grow dimmer

The glaze leaves one's eyes  
As the fire leaves the light  
And the spell is broken  
with not a word spoken

Dreams and mem'ries  
Rise upon ashes so light  
And waft away gently  
'Til far out of sight

Ah, The pleasure  
Nay! ...more like the treasure  
Of gazing at leisure  
Into a campfire  
...at night...

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And see nothing...  
For the common man  
Is an impossible feat

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Nay! ...more like the treasure  
Of gazing at leisure  
Into a campfire  
...at night...



# First Do No Harm

You can get burned  
By just the tiniest bit of tinder  
Scarred for life by a still glowing coal  
Singed to the quick by the smallest ember  
But hurtful words hurt worst of all

They have the bite of acid  
The pain of a scorpion's sting  
The ego smashing, confidence bashing  
The sense of self esteem...  
Taking wing

Weigh every word  
Before it's spoken  
Consider with care  
The way each word is said  
With a wee trip of the tongue  
A heart can be broken  
Speak first from your heart  
...And only then from your head...

David Whalen

# First Leaf Of Fall To Fall

Yea, I shall be the first  
Yet legions will follow  
In my wake

I take the first step that  
untold billions of my followers  
Will also take

I am the first  
Of an almighty  
Vanguard

I shall lead them as one  
Back to whence they rose from  
To the loam of their reward

My followers will do  
Exactly as I shall do  
No question as to their fate

Their doom and mine  
Tis written on the wind and  
While I forge first the rest will wait

I'm not divine yet I've been chosen  
Not truly a leader,  
No not at all

I'm only the very (and it's really quite scary!)  
The very first leaf That falls in  
The fall

David Whalen

## Five Senryusone Poem

Do I hear the sound of Angels?  
Feel the hand of Reaper Grim...  
Rest upon my shoulder

Does the sound of children laughing  
Still warm this heart?  
This weary heart that's growing older

Are the pins and needles in my joints  
My penance for...  
Walks I didn't take

Seems more and more a hard decision....  
Should I sleep on forever  
Or should I once more wake?

I think my chorus of Angels is real  
Though their song is heard  
By me alone

And children's laughter still warms  
This old cold heart...after all  
Tis not made of stone

After all my years  
I still believe in Angels...children...  
Laughter and pain...somehow

One thing that I've come to know  
For sure...tis that  
The hills are steeper now

124 words

&lt;/center)



# Flavors Of Fall

&lt;center&gt;

A salty taste of sorrow as...  
Chill wind herds the leaves  
And scatters helter skelter  
Bits of leafy matter  
While steel wheels  
On cobblestones  
Ring coldly a clatter

Collars high on threadbare coats  
Sad eyes bereft  
of warmth and life  
Soft sighs rise  
From tattered throats  
Reddened eyes belie the strife

Cold winds herd the leaves into  
Rows and furrows  
Pile and heap  
Pon which many a poor soul  
Life out of control...  
Finds scant shelter  
In warm place to sleep

Aye, There's a salted taste  
Of sorrow contained within  
August winds both cruel and raw  
A seasoned taste  
That's shared equally  
By each one and all

The piquant  
The bittersweet  
The bitter taste of gall  
The cool rain that morphs  
Into icy sleet  
The many fickle flavors  
...Of Fall...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Fly Away With The Wind

&lt;center&gt;  
Feel your heart  
Take leave of it's body  
And with your soul  
To ne'er rest again

Watch your pride  
And your passion  
That you labored long  
To fashion

fly away...fly away  
with the wind

Watch the curls  
Bounce and sway  
As your heart runs away  
While down your cheek  
a tear sears it's way  
...To your chin...

Your heart glances back  
Grins and waves  
as the car door closes  
And your vision starts to dim,  
Blurred with tears and fear  
As your heart and soul...clammers in

Fly away...fly away  
With the wind

A heart cannot be contained  
Nor a soul be held within  
each season must have sun and rain  
It's own fortunes to begin

So away with you  
My heart and soul  
May Angels guide your way

A part of you will remain within

Fly away...fly away

...With the wind...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Fog And Mist Eternal

&lt;center&gt;  
Eternal Fog And Mist

Stone walls and Raven's calls  
Sheepfolds in the mist and fog

rain that falls `pon ancient stalls  
And bleached `bones of once faithful dogs

So thin the mist...yet still insists  
On shaping things that no more exist

And from the highlands seem to arise  
Women's sighs and ghostly Viking's cries

Shields of leather fallen `Pon the heather  
Fleeting traces erased by time and weather

And the only constant in all of this...  
The only thing that still persists...is

The eternal fog and mist

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Fog Walking

&lt;center&gt;

Fog so thick that one could almost...  
Part it with one's finger

Enter into where dwell ghosts  
And mayhaps worse might linger

Just a few paces and familiar things  
Cease to exist

So few traces that memory brings  
Penetrates the mist

Bearings lost, in droplets tossed  
Rain that ne'er touches the ground

But floats about, like frosted floss  
And about me doth surround

Hands before me groping reaching  
Sound smothered in gray cotton

Colours fade like dye leaching  
From clothes old and rotten

My mind had visions  
Of a pleasant walk in the fog

Not frightful frissons  
As bristled hair on a dog

Before me...Now!  
Looming...rearing! !

Dark shape...The prow  
Of a great ship appearing!

My heart was paralyzed  
My mind thrown for a loop!

Til I took reckon and realized  
'Twas my own house and back stoop

Seemed a jolly good idea, brash and fine  
A jaunty walk-about all fine and dandy

But I think a better idea (next time)  
Is to look at the fog from out the window

Recline in my chair...and sip brandy

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Fog, Yet Another Point Of View

Fog, Yet Another Point Of View

Near Fisherman's Wharf, quite late at night  
Tendrils of music and mist mix together  
Slim young ladies and slender young men  
Street musicians, with grand aspirations  
Dressed a bit tattered, on lonely street corners  
Used as impromptu stages  
While fingers of fog probe...searching tentatively...  
Testing and tasting

Self-written songs ghost into the night  
Tremulous voices, hopefully singing  
Few people stop, even less truly listen  
Some dropping change in foam cups at their sides  
All the while fog sniffs like dogs, at ankles and feet  
Touching, licking, testing and tasting

Too young to truly know of their songs deep emotions  
Thinking they've suffered already most sorrows  
More mist now...then music, swirling together  
Grey miasma pulling shroud over sound and  
The fog slowly thickens,  
like pudding congealing  
Rising up, bubbling  
groping and grasping. Testing and tasting

Some on their corners, in the fog, stay too long  
Feral fog surrounds them and bodies dissolve  
Then slowly resolve, as if undecided  
whether to stay or become haze  
Fog softens their sad songs, seems to pull them away  
Absorbing them in its tentacles  
Sucking and pulling, testing and tasting

Grey billows pull capes to their eyes and slink back unwillingly  
To the bay as the sun slowly rises  
Slowly, so slowly, as if dragging resistant, reluctant, victims

Wrapped within it's folds and furls  
While appearing still to be  
Groping and fondling, testing and tasting

The fogs final retreat, the last vestiges dissipating  
Revealing hand-written, hopeful, scattered, sheet music  
Strewn on a few empty corners  
A few melancholy musicians less tonight  
No one will miss them  
The fog has found them to it's liking  
has tested and tasted...and taken

David Whalen

# Fog... And Tightly Whiteys

earth wears tightly whites

Fog's earth's underwear... made from

clouds afraid of heights

David Whalen



## Fog...Like Love...

Hopefully, soon I'll be  
Wrapped... enshrouded  
In the smoke of the sea

For tomorrow on the road I'll be  
Driving somewhat recklessly  
In my haste... to see the sea

I want to feel the fog...  
Caress the mist  
Wrap damp blanket about me

Submerge myself, on a seaside shelf  
And feel the grey fog...  
Surround me

Close my eyes, tilt back my head  
Let droplets form  
Upon my brow

Erase from my mind  
All trace of mankind  
Immerse my self... in the now

And try to persuade  
No not persuade!  
But insist! !

That the Gods allow me  
To become one  
with the mist

Tonight I know, the fog will be  
My friend, my solace  
My sorrow

But alas, fog, like love...won't stay  
It will steal away  
and be gone... come the morrow

David Whalen

# Fond Memories

When I die  
I want no stone  
To tie me to...  
A particular time and place on Earth  
I want not my flesh and bones  
To wither away nor record kept  
Of my passing or my birth

Cremate My mortal vessel  
And let be forgotten  
Both my good deeds  
(And my sins!)

Set me free!  
Let my legacy be  
No more than fond memories  
And commit my ashes  
...To the whimsical winds...

David Whalen

# Footprints In The Sand

## Dotted Lines Of Footprints

Dotted lines of footprints  
Across The shell strewn strand  
Fleeting proof and not so subtle hints  
of passages of child and man

Tell-trail trace of Human presence  
Impressed deep into the sand  
Doomed to be no more than flimsy evidence  
Soon erasedby Neptune's hand

While not far away there also lay  
More substantial prints of child and man  
embossed in bed of ancient clay  
Unfazed by Nature's hand

Dotted lines of footprints  
One fleeting...One made to last  
So different and yet so similar since  
They've both become the past

They both could be reminders  
To Us of the Fleeting nature of time `  
And that we might be better minders  
...Of the prints we leave behind...

David Whalen

# For Just An Instant

&lt;center&gt;Could we go back....for just an instant  
How would we choose just where to go  
So many places...so insistent  
How would we ever know

Where to start, we'd likely muse  
Just where that instant  
Should be used  
And how that it should end

Too many instances  
So many mistakes (in my case)  
Cringes and winces  
o'er so many heartbreaks

Could I go back...  
E'en just for an instant  
I'd fill that instant  
With love and care

Though there's "Oh so many...  
Far, far, too many! "  
Instances...  
For me to share

If I could go back...  
make different choices  
Listen more closely  
To different voices

Perhaps I would not  
Want to go back  
Perhaps what I did  
Was the best I could do

But had I the choice to go back  
and I could...e'en just for an instant,  
In a heartbeat, I would!  
But pray tell would you?

David Whalen

# For Mom

Old sepia photos...  
Tear on cheek  
Catch in my breast  
Chin in my hand  
Winsome smile on my lips  
Eyes closed in retrospect  
Warm glow arising  
Sadness, gladness  
Happiness, madness  
Chaos and caring  
Teaching and sharing  
Bad times, good times  
Warm breast, soft lap  
Strong hands and wrinkles  
Loving eyes, weary sighs  
Giving...always giving  
Graying hair  
Being there  
Warm hand on my brow

Old sepia photos...  
Of her and dad  
Newly married  
Both just kids themselves  
Hard to imagine them  
The times and changes  
The selflessly given support  
The daily sacrifice  
Tear on my cheek  
Catch in my breast  
Eyes tightly closed in retrospect...  
And respect....

For mom

David Whalen

# Forever Amber

&lt;center&gt;

A Scorpion entombed in Amber  
Life frozen in the passage of time  
Eyes fixed in cold gaze  
As if enraged and amazed  
At a fate so unforgiving  
...So unkind...

It's body will never know  
Ruin or rot  
Never again feel  
The heat or the cold  
Nor will it suffer  
A fate even tougher  
To ne'er know what it's like  
...To grow old...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Forever And Always

&lt;center&gt;

Ask me once more how

Long will last our love and I'll

Once more say...“always”

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Forever Or Always

&lt;center&gt;  
Which is longer  
Forever or always  
Can forever ever be measured  
In terms of years or days

Doesn't everything have  
A beginning and end  
Doesn't everything have  
A how, where and when

Or is there no reason  
No place and no time  
Or is there always a season  
And always reason and rhyme

Does light have substance  
And darkness none  
Is the universe eternal  
And is it the only one

Are there really angels  
Do they laugh and cry  
Do they have the same emotions  
As do you and I

Is sanity a thing  
Does a soul have essence  
Can one measure sorrow  
Can the heart feel one's presence

How can jealousy  
gnaw at one's soul  
While pride can override  
All self control

Is fog a sentient thing  
And cold more than just a sensation  
Do thoughts take wing...do Angels sing

These questions madness, ...or fixation

Why do I even ponder  
Does it do any good to pray  
who cares that I ever wonder  
It's not up to me to say

I think that 'forever'  
Is a thing of the heart  
And 'always' no more solid  
Than Sun's rays

And that Questions like these  
Will eternally puzzle and tease  
Those who wonder  
Which is longer...  
...forever or always? ...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Forget Me... Forget Me Not

Will you miss me  
When I'm gone? ...  
I really rather  
Doubt it.

Will you miss  
What used to be  
Once you've gone  
A while without me?

Will you miss my words  
My painful prose  
My labored rhymes  
I tried to pose?

Or will you even  
Know I've gone  
And if so, will you  
Even care?

Will you miss  
The laughs, the virtual hugs...  
the words and phrases  
That we used to share

The kind comments full..  
Of lavish praises  
For poems cast out  
In the blue nowhere  
I really rather doubt it!

David Whalen

# Four Friendly Senryus

&lt;center&gt;  
Four Smiley Senryus

Put a smile pon' your  
Face...when you think about it  
There's no better place!

There's naught more pleasant  
Than a smile freely given  
Charity is free

Each gruff word spoken  
Each smile unshared...signs of  
A soul cold and bare

Look for it...It's there  
But you'll never see it lest...  
You look and you care  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Four Main Types Of Writers (Personal Opinion)

## The Lonely Writer

Some writings tell me  
This person is lonely  
And is reaching out  
For the touch of a friendly comment  
These writers are sad, solitary,  
Isolated, but good persons  
And quite often very good writers

## The needy juvenile writer

Some writings contain words  
Or language meant to shock  
And to offend.  
These writers are lonely also  
But in a different way.  
These writers are simply saying  
Like a little child  
"hey! I exist! Someone better  
Acknowledge me! "  
These writers can often write well  
But usually don't, can't, or choose not to

## The Spite Writer

This writer can be of either gender  
But seems to be in a female majority  
They've been spurned or rejected  
Two-timed or lied to.  
And they are going to vent their ire  
In the most public way they can.  
These writers can also be very good writers  
But too often let their anger get in the way.

## The Religious Writer

These writers show people passionate  
And zealously devoted to singing the praises

Of the Lord and goodness and charity.  
They're probably austere, honest people  
Who almost always write very well.  
For the most part these writers seem  
To want to spread the word and  
At the same time tend to be rather singular  
In the subject matter of their writings,  
Rarely attempting other genres.

David Whalen

# Free Will Or Fate

&lt;center&gt;

Is this love...or are

We actors playing out roles

In scenes writ by Fate?

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# From A Distance

From a distance  
On a hillside in Kentucky  
From a distance  
I heard "The Old Rugged Cross"  
Sung hauntingly  
And somewhat off-key  
Amongst tilted headstones  
Bleached, and shrouded in moss  
The two young girls  
No more than ten or eleven  
Had no idea who it was  
they were singing to Heaven  
The summer breeze  
Blew some of the words away...  
From a distance  
Their sweet voices  
Would swell, and then die  
There was the smell of clover  
Distant cawing of crows  
And above circling effortlessly  
A curious vulture  
There were happy lil' kids  
And sad ol' folk there  
My grandmother  
Would have approved  
If she could have seen  
Her own funeral  
I like to think that she did

David Whalen

## From Dad

Some day I'll slip away  
But give it not a thought  
You've given me sweet memories  
In all the things you've wrought

Yes, some day I'll slip away  
Shed not a tear, my sweet  
You'll always be so dear to me  
Perhaps once more we'll meet

David Whalen

# From Deep Within My Heart

&lt;center&gt;  
A melody  
lies deep in me  
A yet to be  
expressed epiphany  
A symphony of  
Sympathy

Tis painful in  
It's intensity and has  
A strange propensity  
To make tears  
Rise up...  
into my eyes

It's a melody  
Composed of compassion  
Of love and grace  
In equal part...  
Its melody and lyrics arise  
Fashioned from...  
Somewhere deep

...within my heart...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

## Furries Of Flushes (Non-Traditional Haiku)

Summer has folded  
Fall tried to bluff with a pair  
Winter snowed them both

David Whalen

# Gallery

&lt;center&gt;  
Blur of pastels,  
on coarse burlap canvas  
Manic pastiche  
Of daubed circles and lines  
It's what I see  
When I look all about me  
At the crowds all around me...  
Portraits displayed of all kinds

A gallery of faces  
Some bearing the traces  
Of joys and sorrows...  
Of hopeful todays  
And dreaded tomorrows

Some with fixed stare  
Gaze into the air...  
No more than portraits  
In museums of dreams  
Some have at least  
The look of 'Matisse'

But more with the look  
Of Edvard Munches  
...The Scream"...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

## Gaze Fixed Out To Sea

&lt;center&gt;

I wish to die

By the Teak rail

Of a salt weathered deck

A poetic death you see...

Wrap't snug as a bug

Warm woolen shawl round my neck

With my ol' grizzled dog at my knee

I'd like to be found

Eyes wide open and round

In a rocker of wicker

Gazing out to sea.

What better a death

An ol' poet's last breath

Could there possibly

...and poetically be? ...

David Whalen

# Genesis...Born Of Fire

They talk...  
All fires do  
Some mutter, some sputter  
And if you think they don't live  
Then 'shame on you'...

They consume...  
All fires do  
They eat virtually anything  
At times leisurely  
Licking and tasting  
Other times quickly  
As if time was wasting

They breathe...  
Sometimes they whisper  
Sometimes they whimper  
Sometimes they sigh...  
Sometimes they sputter  
Obscenities to the sky

They feel...  
The water that we use  
To extinguish the flame  
They protest...they hiss  
As if feeling the pain  
As they die...with a sigh  
As will do you and I

Fire is the genesis...  
Of things great and small  
Our atoms created  
From brimstone and blaze  
It's our father and mother  
It's our Lord and master  
It's The maker and measure  
...of all things...and ways





# Genteel Madness

Devolved into a genteel kind of madness  
And no longer beloved today  
Morphed more...into a still stranger likeness  
Removed of reality in every way

Scant recognizable  
In the mirror of my mind  
As well reflection  
In rain silvered window

This genteel kind of madness  
Be it yours? ...tis it mine?  
And if tis truly madness  
How would one truly know?

David Whalen

# Get Real! !

&lt;center&gt;

Writers 'write' while a  
Poet 'feels'...A writer gets paid  
But poets? ! ! ...Get real! !

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Getting To Know You

Poetry pretty much mirrors  
Different stages and places  
In one's life

It's given away... in what you say  
In your sense  
of peace or strife

Your words describe you...  
They strip from your soul  
The shrouds and lay bare...

Your true thoughts, your ambitions  
Your insights, your inhibitions  
You perhaps unknowingly share

It's a venting perhaps...  
A release from the restraints...  
Of cold hard reality

In some it's of hope  
In others of complaints  
And in others still...of finality

In others it's a cry for validation  
A way of saying "I'm me...  
I'm still here! "

In others It's a cry of repudiation  
Saying "listen to me now,  
But don't come near! "

When I read a poem  
I see the person  
Behind the prose

And that I see...  
this person properly  
Is something I can only suppose

You're not writing a poem or a rhyme  
You're openly inviting me into your mind  
And just why? ...only God knows

One develops opinions about you  
And biases, both good and bad  
Based on what you've unknowingly said

In your writings, choice of subject  
Turn of phrase, become suspect  
And lets one get into your head

Perhaps I should not...perhaps it's not right  
But I know you a bit better  
each poem that you write

David Whalen

# Gifts And Needs

Don't give me gifts  
For I have no need

Give me, in their stead

Warm hugs...your love  
your trust...And Godspeed...

David Whalen

# Give Me A Hand My Brother

&lt;center&gt;

Say, could you give me  
A little hand here?  
I'm near the end  
Of my rope

The world all around me  
Seems to want to disown me  
I'm down and  
Near out of hope

I don't ask for much  
Just a kind caring touch  
Just a modicum of charity  
A bit of warmhearted mercy

So please don't pass me by  
With cold averted eye  
For it's only by a twist of fate  
It could well be you in my place

I may be down and out  
But remember my friend  
(have no doubt)  
We're both family members

...Of the whole Human race...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Give Of Life

&lt;center&gt;  
Go outside today  
Take a deep breath  
Of fresh Winter air  
Listen to the season's sound  
Feel the breeze  
Whisper thru' your hair  
Look all about you  
Take careful notice  
If you dare

Take a stroll  
And use your legs  
Enjoy the day so fair  
Live the life that  
you've been blessed with  
Give in turn, so others share  
For others cannot hear  
others cannot walk  
Some can only stare

So live the day  
In every way  
Show them that you care  
Seize the day  
Give of life  
So that others share  
Touch a hand  
Help your fellow man  
Show them that someone

...cares...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# God Is What And Whoever You Want Her To Be

American Haikus (non-traditional)

Heaven's everywhere  
You can see...God's whoever  
You wish her to be

One good thing about  
Living alone...wherever you're  
At...you're at home

Hold a butterfly  
think on this: you have nature  
in your hand...and bliss

David Whalen



# God Willing

God Willing

Eighty years on this  
Ol' Earth...I've written much...  
And will write more yet

David Whalen

# God's Lil' Snowflakes

God's lil' Snowflake

Snowflakes are denizens  
Of cold winter sky  
Drawn from grey clouds  
To icy drifts, where they lie

They blanket bare limbs  
Of cold shivering trees  
Through which they swim  
Like swarms of crystalline bees

Individually formed,  
no two are alike...and which with,  
Mother Nature, the artist  
Paints her canvas of white

Each snowflake is a delight  
The best of which is among  
The delight in a child's eyes  
When snowflake lights on the tongue

David Whalen

# Good 'Ol Summer Days (God, I Love 'Em)

Good 'Ol Summer Days

Fireworks, hot dogs, hide and seek in the dark  
Slope shouldered willow tree, by the lake in the park

Lightning bugs rising, living sparks in the skies  
Prisms of light, reflected in toddler's amazed eyes

Sausage and burgers, hickory smoke and barbecue smells  
Ripe barnyard odors, sounds of far-off church bells

Redolent richness of honey locust, saturates summer air  
Summery scents, like bramble burrs, seemingly glued in 'lil girls hair

Short lives of dainty mayflies, mating dance o'er slow muddy rivers  
Skinny dips, swimming holes, warm winds, goose- bumpy shivers

Coppertone lotion, peeling nose, wraparound sunglasses  
Hangin out at the library, summer-school catch-up classes

Clatter of sticks on white picket fences, Playin cards chatter on bicycle spokes  
'lil boys making noise, wooden swords, and vicious dragon slayin strokes

Iron tastin water from galvanized dippers  
Haircuts on back porches, dad's 'ol hand snippers

Tick adorned hound dog, asleep in the shade  
Lightning and thunder, kids and cats, all afraid

Carnivals, ferris wheels, tilt a whirls, cotton candy  
Sweet applesauce, tart apple cider, piquant peach brandy

Meanderin, mossy, frog filled lil creeks, one lane, rust brushed bridges  
Water snakes, tadpoles and crawdads, a million pesky midges

Wasps, paper nests, tucked up tight under eaves  
Shorts, no socks, workmen sweatin, rolled up sleeves

Daylight stayin out late, morning light comin real early

Dogs wriggling on backs, not chasin nothing, just actin squirrely

Stomp the ground, listen close, hear earthworms hiss into holes  
Pillowly soft grass, raised ridges, tunnels excavated by moles

Frisky dogs catchin Frisbees, aluminum baseball bats a'clinkin  
Warm cow manure smell, road kill possum and skunk a'stinkin

Cane pole, fishin hole, homemade cork bobber  
Neighbor's Saint Bernard, droopy jaws drippin slobber

Well tended gardens, watermelon wine  
The scaling of trellis by morning glory vine

Chigger bites itchin from blackberry pickin  
Kids clownish red mouths from popsicle lickin

Mud puddles, barefeet, squishy mud between toes  
Bumblebees, moon glow and perfect rainbows

Sleepy dogs, cryin kids, fields of blue and white clover  
Strange 'lil spiders on silken threads flyin over

Soul caressing, sultry, and soft summer nights  
Poison ivy, sun burn blisters and itchy skeeter bites

Tranquil murmurs of turtle doves, piercing calls of brassy blue jay  
Hangin ricks of golden tobacco, smell of new mown timothy hay

Do you miss, as much as I do... those good 'ol summer days?

David Whalen

# Good Times, Bad Times & My Cactus Christmas Tree

My first Christmas tree, thirty years ago  
Upon my arrival in Las Vegas  
Shall always be remembered so,  
As one of my greatest

My pickup truck was my home  
My refuge and my castle  
I was totally, absolutely alone...  
But... it wasn't such a hassle

I drove into the desert one day  
To see what I could see  
And lo and behold beside the road  
Found my perfect Christmas tree

It was a three inch tall cactus  
All attitude, prickly and brash  
And I proudly installed it  
Upon my ol' trucks dash

I used cigarette cellophane  
As tinsel you see  
Stuck tight to the spines  
Of my lil' Christmas tree

Many times it fell off  
My prickly lil' friend  
When I would start off too fast  
Or career round a bend

Though small, and deceptive  
It was easy to find you see  
Usually stuck quite painfully  
Upon my bony right knee

It was all I had that christmas  
And I was lonely you see  
Just me and my ol' pickup truck  
And my cactus Christmas tree

Childhood memories are nice...  
But the one I'll most remember will be  
The one in which, all there was in my world  
Was just me...my ol' pickup

And my cactus Christmas tree

David Whalen

# Goodnight Kisses

&lt;center&gt;

Kiss them e'en though they sleep  
Kiss them lightly on the brow  
Kiss them e'en though they sleep...(so deep)  
They'll sense the kiss somehow

Perhaps they'll feel the kiss as real  
Perhaps they'll feel it only in their dreams  
Perhaps they'll feel the kiss you steal  
And know it exactly... as it seems

Curious tis that goodnight kiss  
Curious tis the love contained...(within)  
Curious is the lifelong bliss  
Curious the memories the mind retains

The memories of  
The warmth and love  
within their parents...goodnight kiss...

David Whalen

# Googling

You can Google yourself  
All day and all night

You can Google yourself  
And no one will mind

You can Google your brains out  
That too is all right...

But if you Google too much...  
You just might go blind

David Whalen



# Grace Of God Or Fate

&lt;center&gt;

An old man staggering and begging  
Outside the doors of Walmart...  
There but for the grace of God go I

Perhaps most look askance  
Not even giving a second glance...  
There but for the vagaries of Fate go I

Does the miscreant chuckle to himself  
At the naïve charity of strangers  
Or does there reside a tear in his eye

His hands tremble...His eyes dart about  
Is his sad condition real  
Or just a well performed lie

Life's not always fair  
We all bear some sting  
Of outrageous misfortune

But some seem to bear more  
Than their fair share  
A seemingly oversized portion

So how is it that they're overweight  
How can they afford to smoke  
How can that be... if in truth they're truly broke

Perhaps their lives are  
Not all that meets the eye  
I can only surmise (and sympathize)

And wonder whether  
It's by luck, or fate,  
But there, for grace of god  
...Go I...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Grain Of Sand

&lt;center&gt;Inconsequential grain of sand  
No less a star upon the strand  
Than nebulas,  
in the Heavens grand

Tossed about by waves and tides  
No different than a comets ride  
Small in scale, yet traveled well  
Smoothed and formed on every side

By Heavens hand and Neptune's whim  
And doomed to salty universe to swim  
Polished bright as nova's light  
This grain of sand...once dim

Tiny grains of polished sand  
Jupiter worlds of size so grand  
Both afloat in worlds remote  
Both formed by cosmic hand

Alien worlds, stardust keeps  
Briny climes, darkest deeps  
Both the same...just different names  
Of stone that neither dreams nor sleeps

But roam about their different worlds  
Bejeweled with stars and milky pearls  
One in skies and Heavens grand  
The other in tidal pools and swirls

But each of import, no more or less  
Grander Than... an inconsequential  
...Grain of sand...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Grampa Was Strange (But I Loved Him)

When I was a lad  
My grandpa always had  
An adage for each and every situation

He'd rub his face,  
Sagely gaze into space  
As if in deep, focused concentration

Then he'd turn to me  
And say "Well, Son you see  
It's a bit of a complication"

It didn't seem to give him pause  
About What my problem really was  
His answer was the same without deviation

His answer to me  
Always just confused me, you see  
Yet could not have been proffered any kinder

His answer was always kinda funky  
He'd say "never ask the monkey...  
Son...Always ask the Organ grinder"

To this very day  
I can honestly say  
I don't know what he meant  
...But I loved him

David Whalen

# Grampa? A Tribute To Fathers (Especially The 'Ol F\*\*ts)

Grampa?

It's a question usually posed with an inquisitive frown  
On an angelic face with large, limpid eyes  
And whatever I'm doing, I stop and put down  
Peer sagely over bifocals and look grandfatherly wise

"Can you fix this grampa, " shy tentative pleas  
Red plastic toy held out in soft delicate fingers  
Tear tracks on pink cheeks, scraped, dirt darkened knees  
Touches deep to my heart, on child's face my gaze lingers

Sad, liquid eyes under brows scrunched and worried  
Timid, flowerlike smile slowly blossoms on small face  
My broken toy examination, slow and unhurried  
Parts and pieces put back together with exaggerated grace

Rose bud lower lip, bitten by tiny white teeth  
With young brow furrowed with intense concentration  
A wondrous thing, this childhood belief  
Mouth morphs to O shape in amazed celebration

Grampa's done it again, that ingenious 'ol geezer  
By fixing the toy has come through in the clutch  
I'm arthritic, and smell funny and I'm a puffer and a wheezer  
A pushover when she whispers, "gramps I love you so much"

A huge happy hug and a loud sloppy kiss  
On grey bearded, prickly cheek  
These things I'll treasure and will too soon miss  
When no longer 'ol grampa they seek

David Whalen

# Grey Day Senryu

Grey skies today and  
Thoughts of you...together make  
Me feel oh so blue

David Whalen

# Grownup's Toys

Words are my toys  
I have no others

Words are my playmates  
My sisters and brothers

Rhyme is my milieu  
I must capture and tame

Prose is my playpen  
And poetry is my game

David Whalen

# Growth And Trees

Growth

Trees are conceived just as humans are  
from seeds the striplings rise  
Yet rooted to one place  
They grow  
No choice where their future lies

Subject to nature's way's and whim's  
bearing the brunt of chance  
No option, no choice  
No vote, no voice  
they perform in the wind, their arboreal dance  
And they grow

Like young children they blossom with grace and wonder  
With litheness, with vibrance  
Innocence thereunder  
filled with awe and wonder  
They grow, oh how they grow!

Tall and stronger, each day brings them closer  
To the sky and the clouds  
To the smell of ambrosia  
like their wee kinfolk, in fields of timothy and clover

Children and trees know nothing of guile  
Lies, treachery, deceit  
The common, the elite  
And yet all the while  
They grow

With the approach of Fall winds, the trees sway and quiver  
Immodestly dropping more leaves with each shiver and  
a blanket of yellow, a patchwork of gold  
Shielding the earth from winter's coming cold  
Settles silently,  
Yet relentlessly  
Shyly, yet bold



Through the winds of winter  
Through the ice and the snow  
They exist, they persist  
They resist, they insist  
That they grow  
    They grow

They awaken like children to springs fresh breath  
Limbs green, supple and new  
Buds swelling, birds dwelling, life is refreshed  
Mother natures, spring time brew  
    Invigorating  
    Intoxicating and  
        Exhilarating too

Children and trees rush toward summer with glee and  
Are dressed in new raiment to suit  
The trees clad in green, the child's green knees  
New seeds in the ground taking root  
Squirrels scratch the bark  
    The sparrow, the lark  
    They grow

The young, in nests, creation reborn  
New life, new presence on earth  
From womb, from eggs, new life is formed  
The world as always gives birth  
    As it was  
    As it is  
    As it always will be  
        They will never cease  
        To grow.



# Haiku Of Spring

&lt;center&gt;

Flowers blossom lush

Babbling brooks, warbling thrushes

Singing Odes to Spring

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Haiku Of Truth (American Style)

In ugliest Truth  
Resides... more beauty than the  
prettiest of lies

David Whalen

# Haikus Out The Wazoo

Writing etched in sand  
Hieroglyphs sketched by hand ...by  
Nature... and by man

Raucous sound of birds...  
no worse... the catastrophe... of  
poorly chosen words

so easy now...To  
learn... what seemed so hard to learn  
Long ago...somehow

Nothing makes one yearn  
Like Winter...for the warm glow  
Of summer sunburn

Confucius say "too  
Many haiku...in one day  
Makee man cuckoo"

!!! Warning! !!! These next two haikus while written with the most purest of intentions could possibly be misconstrued by readers of... shall we say "a depraved and lascivious nature." Hopefully these will be interpreted in the correct, respectful and poetic manner in which you know I have intended them to be!

Redneck Confucius  
say " most blondes fakee...gottee  
Dark hair by crackee"

Life has a way of  
Shrinking a man...What's odder?  
So does cold water! !

I hope my haikus  
Don't offend you...I was bored...  
Nothing else to do! !

David Whalen

## Haikutherapy (Non-Traditional/Americanized Style)

Do we create dreams...  
Or is our waking state the  
Truth that it seems?

---

Do you live your days  
To suit yourself, ...or to suit  
Another one's ways?

---

Gazing into space...  
Your body's here, but your mind's  
In another place

---

Haikus aren't to me..  
Either prose or poetry!  
They're games...don't you see?

---

David Whalen

# Hands And Fingers

Palms of hands  
Tips of fingers  
Takers and givers  
Touchers and squeezers

Beckoners...pointers  
Caressers and holders  
Massagers...anointers  
Pleasers and pleasers

Punchers and pokers  
Wavers And patters  
Signers of letters  
Scriveners of prose

Holders...lifters  
Sea-side sand sifters  
Flails...cradles  
Scratchers of nose

Bowls and ladles  
Shovels and buckets  
Our Hands and fingers...  
Are all of those

Withered...chubby  
Always within reach  
Long, short or grubby  
And we have not one, but two

Miraculous, duplicitous  
Grasping...solicitous  
Sensuous tools  
Dangerous weapons too

Players of instrument ...Writers of tune....  
and lets not forget...  
they help keep our arms...  
From ending too soon

David Whalen



# Hangin' Together

At times I look down At my raggedy-ass lil mutt  
Lickin' himself, passin' gas  
thinking' about, only God knows what

Then he looks back up at me  
And I can surely see  
By that quizzical look in his eye

That he's wonderin' just what  
That raggedly ol' man Could be thinking' about  
Then he lays his head back down with a sigh

Then I reach down,  
give his head a pat  
And we take comfort, both he and I

We have this special understanding  
About bacon  
And about nappin'

And just hangin' together...he and I

David Whalen

# Happiness

&lt;center&gt;

When all the stars align...

It was palpable, the happiness  
That radiated from her face  
One that almost glowed  
And as her demeanor showed  
That she was in  
a most precious place

Eager her stride  
Her smiling eyes  
Her patent pride  
Gave obvious rise  
That the lucky lad  
Who walked by her side  
Was the apple of her eyes

We're blessed far too few times  
With happiness without bound  
It seems to be  
The domain you see  
Of youth...and of love  
...newly found...

Tis bittersweet the knowing  
That lovely glowing  
T'was ne'er meant to last  
But will still morph  
Into a misty warm memory  
Sequestered in an old ladies past

Times of happiness  
sublime  
when all the stars  
...align...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Happy Fourth Of July America!

Wanna' know how many lil' kids  
Go to bed hungry in the  
Each night?

If I said "over a million";  
Would you sleep any  
less sound tonight?

And how many of you  
Would agree with me  
That being a kid can be rough?

Well...over six million American kids  
Get either very little food...each day  
Or simply not enough.

Feelin' uncomfortable yet? I hope so! ! !  
Think about it, when you're chowin' down  
This bountiful 4th of July

Foreign aid paid in one year to 150 countries  
Including some enemies, is 58 billion, more or less  
All paid by you and I

Our roads and bridges need 2.2 trillion dollars  
To be repaired and fixed  
And brought up to a safe state

And all the while America crumbles  
We've spent more than a trillion (not including Libya)  
If futile wars in Afghanistan and Iraq... to date

And one other lil' statistic That I carped about before  
on the 4th of July a couple years ago  
In a little noticed, seemingly inconsequential poem

Has grown to 6440 American boys killed in action  
I hate this statistic! ! It's cruel and sadistic! !  
And By God... they should have been kept home! ! !

These are numbers and statistics  
Too great for comprehension... by  
Ordinary people like you and I

But I hope there's someone out there  
That I've made a little bit more aware  
And... to my complacent, naïve fellow Americans

A bountiful, happy Fourth of July

(To our leaders)

David Whalen

# Happy Senryu

You can't buy happy!  
But you can buy cookies. To  
me, that's the same thing

David Whalen

# Hard Hearted November

&lt;center&gt;A cold grey mist...  
Tiptoes aimlessly about  
It's only companions  
A few scudding clouds

That mill thru the sky  
And wander without  
And cast shadows  
Upon farm fields and wilds

Tis the hard heart of November  
A month as indecisive as mist  
A month so incisive....bestowed  
with the caprice of a witch

Which has by mistake  
Or perhaps by misgiving  
Allowed to endow us  
The day of Thanksgiving

And once realized  
That a mistake has been made  
Takes a cold vow  
That this won't be forgiven

So it beckons to December  
In a voice chill and shrill  
And bades it remember  
And sure December will...

Give ear to November's  
Entreaty so bold...  
That December not delay  
To bring on the cold

Then reclines November  
In supine repose  
Gives carte blanche to Jack Frost  
To nip anyone's nose

Pulls up blanket of mist  
Lies down her head  
Then coolly welcomes December  
...Into her bed...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Have You The Will

Have you the will...  
To do nothing?  
Have you the courage  
To let Nature take it's course?

Have you the freedom  
Of just letting things happen  
Of giving free rein  
To fickle fate's force?

That oftimes, the act  
Of doing nothing...  
Is the quintessential essence  
Of what one should do?

And is the essential art in  
The knowing when to do nothing  
Can only be parsed out  
By you?

To stand back  
To not meddle  
to not enter in  
nor try to enforce

Sometimes situations requires...  
The will to do nothing...and  
The wisdom and courage  
to let nature take it's course

It always seems easier  
To aid and abet  
Than to stand back  
And do nothing...and yet

Let them stand tall  
Permit them to founder and fall  
For Sometimes doing nothing  
Is something...you'll ne'er regret

David Whalen

# Heart

Heart! ... Why do you bend me  
To your will?  
I have a mind of my own you know!

Why do you so often send me  
To places...I wish  
Not to go?

To fall in love almost instantly  
With fulsome lasses  
And wee puppies the same

To become enormously enamored  
Of Flowers, and their scents...  
Of rainbows and soft Springtime rain

Tis not that I find your actions unkind  
In fact and in truth I enjoy them  
...In the main...

But Heart... if you don't let me use it  
I could possibly lose it  
And sure, I'm kinda attached  
...To my mind...

19 lines

David Whalen

# Heart And Soul

Poets are...  
lyricists  
For which the music...  
Is not yet written

Words that wait  
Uncertain fate  
For songsmith's  
To be smitten

Poets write  
The very heart  
Songsmiths write  
The soul

It takes the two  
To both imbue  
And make two parts  
...a whole..

David Whalen

# Heart Poorly Made

Poorly made...is the  
Heart so hard that it cannot  
be bruised or broken

David Whalen

# Heartfelt

&lt;center&gt;  
Touch it with fingers  
sense it with your soul...but see  
It all with your heart  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Heartfelt Prose

One of the prime requisites  
In the writing  
of heartfelt prose

Is the sharp pain  
of experience  
Of loss...and of woes

You have to bleed...  
To have been wounded...  
To suffer so sadly

To have won love  
Then lost it...  
Regretted it madly

To have suffered the slings  
Of outrageous fate  
To have been treated e'er so coldly

To have tasted the bile  
Of unbridled hate  
And of love proffered so boldly

To have felt the passion  
Of someone you loved  
had them push away.. Or pull you up close

These are some of the seeds  
That take root in the needs  
In the writer of...heartfelt prose

David Whalen

# Heartfelt Senryu

&lt;center&gt;

Your heart beats not just  
only for you. It beats for  
all who love you too

David Whalen



# Heartless Haiku

&lt;center&gt;  
In the hollow of  
My breast...where my heart once dwelt  
Sigh winds...cold and sere  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Hellos And Goodbyes

&lt;center&gt;Ne'er feel need to say hello  
Nor ne'er need bid to one goodbye  
In it's stead, show love  
And touch the shoulder of...  
Greet and leave them  
With a smile in one's eye  
Greet them...as had ne'er parted  
Only for a moment but had stepped away  
Take one's leave  
As in arrival  
With friendly face  
And heart on sleeve  
Hellos and byes be simple lies  
When one's heart ne'er in truth ...  
Arrives or parts  
One can ne'er stray  
Too far away  
from those who dwell  
within thoughts and hearts  
Are they not in one's mind wrought  
Full and warm in mind's misty eyes  
So to me, you see, it's  
Happenstance of hypocrisy  
These rituals that be given life  
Happy greetings, sad leavings  
Cheerios, toodleos,  
God be with you's,  
Fond adieus  
...Hellos and goodbyes...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Here's The Plan

I have made a life plan  
Just as everyone should

I plan to live forever  
So far, so good! !

David Whalen

# High Desert Moon

&lt;center&gt;  
Old tumble-down adobe dwellings  
That seem to glow...  
In the night...In the light  
Of the desert moon

And the glitter in the eyes  
Of the creatures of the night  
Shine bright in the light  
Of the desert moon

Wind through the sage  
Whispers stories of the age  
Of the Apache, Shoshone,  
of the Lakota Sioux

Of ashes spread  
Of the ancient dead  
By the light  
Of the high desert moon

If one sharpens the ear  
One might still just hear  
From a flute...  
A haunted, enchanting tune

Bourne upon the breeze  
Though the Cottonwood trees  
In the light  
...Of the high desert moon...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Holey

Poetry, to me  
Mends the hole, that time has worn  
Deep within my soul

David Whalen

# Home Is Where The Heart Is

No Place Like Home

Spider webs, lichen...  
Fairylane at best, makes up  
A humming birds nest

David Whalen

# Homeless

Peace on earth, mercy  
Mild... give... to help feed, a  
Homeless, hungry child

Snow so soft, winter's  
Just great! Unless one's home is...  
In a cardboard crate

Christmas...a place in  
The heart...where many poor souls  
Live too far apart

No coats...gloves or heat  
No bed...Not enough to eat.  
That's Life on the street

Offer a hand up  
To one who's down, help to  
Fill an empty cup

Tomorrow get up  
and about... and help someone  
Who is down and out

David Whalen

# Hon, There's A Big Ol' Moon Out Tonight!

I know you said  
I can't go bowling  
And you'd rather I didn't  
Go out and have  
A drink or two...  
You want me to wash  
And dry the dishes  
Cause you've got  
Something else you'd rather do  
Well dear, I really respect  
Your opinion... and love  
The many things  
You give me to do  
I even love  
the apron you gave me  
And you look waaaay better  
Wearing pants  
Than I do  
So dear, I really respect  
Your wisdom and  
I've got a question  
Or two  
Have you noticed  
The clothes line missing  
Lately?  
And the concrete blocks  
Missing from the front porch too?  
Howsabout we go for  
A boat ride tonight... and Hon?  
Does this rag smell  
like chloroform to you?

David Whalen



# Honeyed Lies

&lt;center&gt;  
No More Than Honeyed Lies`

Our lives be naught but  
Honeyed lies comprised  
By capricious butterflies  
so if it feels a bit surreal  
You should not be surprised

That masked amongst  
The fog and mist  
lie scaley things that  
writhe and twist  
That hope and dreams  
be not what they seem  
And tis futile to resist

The dream in which  
we think we dwell  
exists only in our mind  
sparkles of neurons  
crackling of axons  
an eerie kind of shine

we're naught but stardust coalesced  
Naught but figments of fog  
and mist  
Yet are cursed or...perhaps blessed  
to exist...to live and die  
As naught but  
...Honeyed lies...

David Whalen

# Honkers And Smiles

Big honkers look great  
But more beautiful still... is  
A big honkin' smile!

David Whalen

# Hope And Wishes...Candles Afloat

&lt;center&gt;

Candles affixed to small blocks of oak  
Set afloat from streams rocky shore  
Into the night, those small feeble lights  
Drift away to be seen...no more

Upon those craft ride dreams and wishes  
Hopes and ambitions... woes and emotions  
Inscribed on parchment in uncertain script  
Noble thoughts, prayers... and grand notions

Dreams set adrift on water deep and dark  
Wishes washed away to windy far off bay  
Hopes and aspirations, pleas and supplications  
For end to hunger...and the start of better days

Long do they stand, on the rocky strand  
In family groups, dressed all in tatters  
Watching their dreams, carried off on the stream  
As if that fading glow was all that mattered

Horsebread, light ale, goats milk and pottage  
Coarse cloth, reed sandals, homes of daub and wattle  
Twelve hour days in fields, then labor on master's cottage  
Warmed only by fires of dung, of sheep and of cattle

Festival days in monastic keep  
Bodies kept warm in fleece of sheep  
Wishes and wants on water take wing  
For on the morrow, (in sorrow) tribute's to be paid...  
To the charitable church and the kindly king

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Hopeless

&lt;center&gt;  
Do you ever think of me?  
I often think of you  
Do you ever regret  
Moments missed?  
I often regret them too

Memory is such a fickle friend  
And time...  
both friend and foe  
For no sooner than  
I've taken leave  
I start to miss you so

Needy nature,  
Clinging vine...  
Faults, or virtues?  
Both are traits of mine  
I'm needy, greedy  
(tho' I hope not creepy)

But I can't stop  
Doing what I do...  
So, I hope  
You often think of me  
For I often think  
...of you...

David Whalen

# How Curious Is Nature

How curious the occasion  
Of the funeral procession  
Of a young and innocent being

The ceasing of song,  
and the darkness of death, The sunlight  
thought no more to be seen

How curious that Nature  
All around this sad event allows the sun  
to yet shine and the birds to still sing

Perhaps Nature knows more than  
One would suppose, and that death is  
No more than a soul taking wing

Aye, how curious  
Tis death  
And the nature of things

David Whalen

# How Heavy Is Hair?

I Lost fifteen pounds  
Over this past year...  
but my pot gut and love handles  
are still "hangin' in there"

The only notable change  
Is that my bald spot got bigger  
And it's really not strange  
that my hair got thinner

So, it leaves me in  
a state of confusion  
And there's clearly, only one  
Question and obvious conclusion

The conclusion tis:  
When in the mirror I stare...  
that the big question is  
... just how heavy is hair? ...

David Whalen

# How The Light's Let In (An Imperfect Poem)

Everything lacks perfection  
In the smallest particle there's a flaw  
Imperfection is our protection  
Imperfection's an immutable law

There's a tiny crack in everything  
But tis how the light's let in

There exists no perfect circle  
An impossibility, a linear line  
Nor persists a faultless square  
Nor a truly enlightened mind

Yet.. There's a tiny crack in everything  
And tis how the light's let in

There's no such thing as perfection  
There's no such condition as 'just right'  
No such thing as exact recollection  
No such thing as 'perfect sight'

there's a tiny crack in everything  
No matter how wide or thin  
It's the flaw that keeps the dark without  
And tis how the light's let in

David Whalen

# How To Breathe Diamonds

A breath of diamonds

First take a small diamond  
Then proceed to heat it until  
It becomes extremely hot

Then carefully pour a bit of  
Liquid oxygen within  
A liquid oxygen proof pot

Then stir rather brisk, with  
A long handled whisk... as a burn  
With Lox you would not want to risk

Stir the diamond within  
Watch as it dances  
and revolves

Til' the precious Ingredient  
begins to soften...to melt  
then dissolve

Into aromatic vapors  
of carbon dioxide  
So white and so pure

Then... inhale the finished dish  
As deeply as you wish  
And "viola! "

You inhale diamonds  
That are diamonds...  
No more

David Whalen



# How Will It End?

How will it end?

With the smell of brimstone?

Will it end in great gatherings,

Or in defiant dignity, aloof and alone?

Will it all end with a display of defiance,

Or Will it all end with a cringe and a simper?

The brave might defy...The weak meekly cry

But the world will die...with a bang and a whimper

David Whalen

# Hug Your Children Tight Tonight

Hug your children  
Tight tonight  
Let them know you care  
For could be come  
A day too soon  
When they no longer  
Might be there  
They can slip away  
In the blink of an eye  
Like smoke into the air  
I speak as one who often cries  
At night for one not there  
So hug your children  
Tight tonight  
Caress their face and hair  
Don't lose yours...  
As I did mine

...Let them know you care...

David Whalen

# Hugs

A hug  
E'en if given  
Only in jest

Tis still yet  
a hug  
No more no less

While Intended  
Perhaps only  
To be received in jest

I shall instead  
Choose to Treat it  
As a sweet caress

For no matter  
How tis intended  
The hug to be

How tis comprehended  
Is totally  
Up to me

David Whalen

# Human Nature

Once tasted...never quenched  
Thirst, hunger, curiosity and scent  
Some born of need  
Some born of greed  
But all once savored  
...are never quenched...

David Whalen

# Hummingbirds, Snowflakes And Memories

&lt;center&gt;

Ordinary...yet precious moments  
That adhere ardently  
To one's heart

Points in time that  
Without reason or rhyme  
Become outstanding... and stand apart

A trio of quarrelsome hummingbirds  
Outside of one's window  
Tentative, timid... first flakes of snow

Playful puppies fighting over toys  
Prickly Hummers and puppies alike  
Naught but bickersome boys

Just an ordinary moment, in an ordinary day  
ordinary ol' man and his ordinary wife  
An ordinary daughter, an ordinary life

This ordinary day...becomes a memory  
And in turn becomes extraordinary  
By some strange happenstance

A happy memory of Hummingbirds  
And puppies and daughter's pleasant company  
..and snowflakes that dance...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# I Don't Ask For Much

&lt;center&gt;  
Life...Tell me that you like me  
Breeze...Whisper sweet nothings in my ears  
Rainfall...Gift me mist and fall  
Silken sheets...Soak up my tears  
Memories...Bless me with sweet reveries  
Trials...make me a better man  
Age...Give me wisdom please  
Time...make me the best I can  
Patience...Tell me I have naught but time  
Anger...Please take leave of me  
Peace...Be a constant companion of mine  
And love...I know it's asking a lot, but  
...` make me the best lover I can be...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# I Just Don'T Know

Oft times it seems to me, a maze  
A puzzle of a life deploying  
I'm not yet lost in life's hindering haze  
I just don't know where I'm going

Chimeric choices, perplexing places  
Devisive devices, puzzlingly annoying  
I'm not yet lost in life's repetitive races  
I just don't know yet, where I'm going

Seems an arcane game, with no obvious answer  
checkmate and stalemate keeps hope from bouying  
I'm not lost in life's ballroom, I'm simply a dancer  
And I just don't know yet...where I'm going

If you've figured it out  
you could save me much toiling  
I'm not really lost, yet could you just give me a shout  
and tell me where it is that I'm going

I'm not truly lost  
I just lack the knowing  
where ere I've tossed  
nor where it tis that I'm going

David Whalen

# I Just Don'T Know Why

9/22/10 Nine years of war...for what?

Twelve hundred seventy seven  
young American boys  
Have gone to Afghanistan....  
To die

The Afghans don't want us  
And They don't need us...  
They certainly don't like us...yet we're there....  
And I just don't understand why! ! !

David Whalen



# I Listen To The Silence

I Listen To The Silence

Darkness about me  
In the somnolent silence  
The silence has substance  
As thick as can be

silence about me  
as loud as a scream  
In a nightmarish dream  
It can terrify me

Silence has a feel  
Of darkness in velvet cloaked  
As a desperate cry being choked  
Phantasmic, yet real

As Quiet surrounds me  
The silence has substance  
The absence of presence  
is deafening to me

Sounds whispery as paper  
Things scurry about me  
Sounds, soft, sad and scaly  
Like venom and vapour

Silence is sound incomplete  
Silence whirs, silence hums  
Silence throbs, silence thrums  
Silence has it's own heartbeat

Quiet has movement,  
Tho'ever so slow  
Quiet has substance  
and how do I know?

I listen to the silence...

as you do also

David Whalen

# I Lovealliteration (And Life...A Lot!)

Laugh and love...a lot  
Live lavishly...lovingly  
Let life be your lot

David Whalen

# I Miss Ol' What's Her Name

I miss her complainin'  
Makes me cry in my beer  
I'm so miserable without her  
It's as if she's still here

My pickup and coon dog  
Give me a lil' cheer  
And my ma getting' out of prison  
And me drinkin' more beer

Catchin' some ol' catfish  
Makes me wish she were near  
To clean em' and cook em'  
And bring me more beer

I miss her cute lil' ol' mustache  
That hides the wart on her chin  
I miss her high piercing voice  
Tho It gets under my skin

Miss the smell of her foot fungus powder  
Miss havin' her bring me more beer  
I'm so miserable without her  
It's as if she were still here

My dirty shorts and socks can just lay there  
But dang! I hate getting' my own beer  
And I'm so dang miserable without her  
It's as if she were still here

So there's one more thing to me  
That's become crystal clear  
And it's that I've got to teach  
Ol' Blue to fetch my beer

And there's one more thing  
That'd make me miss her less so  
That'd would be to teach ol' Blue  
To play the 5 string banjo

I miss her so badly  
She fills my thoughts so  
Whoa! I just heard a squirrel!  
Gotta git my gun (and another beer)  
Gotta go!

David Whalen

# I Miss You

I miss you...  
but not the you  
that you are now

I miss the you that I used to know  
Not the you that's  
Changed somehow

I miss the one,  
with the smile  
bright as the sun

I miss the you  
that could make me feel  
As if I were the only one

I miss your leg tight against mine  
in the front seat  
of my ol' Chevy

I miss the you that I could take to  
lonely country roads  
down by the levee

The one that I couldn't  
Get out of my car, tho' I didn't  
Really try too hard anyhow

I miss you...really, really  
Miss you...just not the you  
That you are now

David Whalen

# I Pod Therapy (Thank God For My I Pod)

I Pod Therapy (thank God for my I Pod)

Sweaty pillow, overfull bladder  
Three A.M., wide awake,  
what's the matter?

Get up, stumble there, Fumble back to bed  
Concerns climb right in with me.  
Worries fill my head.

Sleep has stolen away and left a deafening stillness  
An insidious, common, debilitating  
yet non-existent illness.

In the past I suffered, tossed and turned.  
Suffered supremely, that is,  
Until I learned

Now I languidly listen, as fine literature to me is read  
And Morpheus slowly slips in beside me  
In my now Quiescent bed

Cool jazz softly soothes me, back to the land of nod  
Worries and loneliness dissolve so easily  
By the medicinal quality of my I Pod

If you suffer as did I, and sleeplessness lurks  
Give I Pod therapy a try and  
You'll find it truly works

David Whalen

# I Seem To Remember...I Don'T Really Care

I seem to remember  
eyes of brown...  
But then again  
I'm not really sure

I'm only around  
Every now and then  
I don't look into them  
Much anymore

I seem to remember  
Soft touch neath my fingers  
Cool Walks in September  
Vague memories linger

You're still very near  
Yet you've gone so far away  
I seem to remember...  
but just what...I can't say

There's a wall grown between us  
Built with lies and mistrust  
Bonds once strong and steadfast  
Have crumbled to dust

I seem to remember...  
Was it something to share?  
Well...the magic's long gone now  
And I no longer care

David Whalen



# I Sho Hates The Devil (But God, You Gots Ta Shape Up Too

I know the devil's the bad dude, and you're sposed to be good and all that  
But big guy, let me tell you, I jes don't think you know where it's at  
A lotta things they need affixing and that's a pure and simple fact  
Howsa about getting your holy arse a stirrin and perform some miraculous act

Big guy, they's a lotta problems and they's more seems to be growin each day  
So why aintcha out there affixing `em, in this big guy, miraculous way  
Why, hells bells, you made the earth and I'm a guessing likely the cosmos too  
So why do ya let public restrooms, smell like some `ol gol-danged zoo

Big guy you a real puzzle. I'ma thinking you just might could be lazy  
Lettin women get raped and kids starve sure seems crazy  
Seems like you alookin tother way, seems like you surely do  
Yeah, I hates the devil, but God you gotta shape up too

And hows about foot fungus, arthritis and my achin back  
Big guy, sho nuff, atimes I'ma thinking you just don know jack  
messy `ol airplane crashes, way big `ol floods an such  
Hell, I'd point that religious finger and stop `em with that righteous touch

I know you run this big `ol kingdom, up in that big `ol sky  
So howsa about a big `ol miracle for that little `ol kid starving in Mumbai  
Don wanna sound disrespectful lord, hopin you knowin that's true  
Sho nuff I hates the Devil, but God you really, really, gotta shape up too

And don you be layin no plagues on me now. I'm jus tryin to getcha offa your  
duff  
Big guy, you sho done lotsa miracles,  
but right now you jes ain doin enuf

David Whalen

# I Think That...(Thoughts On Words And Promises)

Words... are so easy to say  
Promises, ne'er so hard to keep

Words... easily written  
Promises, not to be shallow or deep

Words...so effortlessly uttered  
Promises, should never be broken

Words...so unthinkingly muttered  
Promises, not given only in token

Words...so empty... so easy to say  
Promises... never just idle notions

Words should be true in every way...and  
Promises be pledges of devotions

David Whalen

# I Watched

Pediatric E.R, R.I.P 11/5/09 (Volunteer work can be tough)

I watched...  
A heartbreaking scene today  
But I couldn't take  
my eyes away

I watched ...  
I feel shamed to say  
I watched  
a little girl die today

I watched ...  
an anguished EMT cry  
I watched nurses drawn faces  
I watched a little girl die

I watched ...  
Just outside the doors  
The Frantic CPR applied  
With frantic, futile force

I watched  
Her mother fearfully enter the room  
To be seated by her side  
To share in her impending doom

I watched  
A strange, unsettling scene  
Upturned faces as if in prayer  
hopefully watch the vitals screen

I watched  
A life dissipate and fade  
On a bed  
That I had newly made

I watched...  
At least a half hour they tried

With wondrous machines, marvelous medicines  
Yet still, this little girl died

I watched...  
Then I heard a small whimpering cry!  
But It was only the mother  
As she saw her child die

I watched...  
Her arms outspread, her mom at her side  
Young staring eyes so angelicly appealing  
I watched, sadly watched....then I also cried.

David Whalen

# I Will Be Free

I don't belong here  
It just doesn't feel right  
Seems like I'm out of place  
Lost wanderer, alone in the night

Most people have a place.  
I've never felt that way.  
Seems like I just can't face  
Hopelessness, depression, dismay.

Loneliness. No one. Life gone terribly wrong  
No brightness, constant darkness reigns.  
Weakness, bleakness, days and nights too long.  
A need to shed this existence's chains

This light of mine feels need to extinguish.  
Having never shone all that brightly.  
Better snuffed out than allowed to languish  
To sputter and glow so slightly

To go, my fate, is destinies test  
Which I see as one of a possible three  
One is the worst, and one is the best  
And third is nothingness...setting me free

David Whalen

# I Wish

&lt;center&gt;

I wish that rainbows...  
Could be touched

That fog and mist  
Would feel like velvet

Inhale their essence  
Tho' ne'er too much

Yet know and sense  
Their very presence...

These gossamer things  
Of substance sheer

Like fairy wings  
That hover near

I wish...I wish...  
With all my heart

That Trolls and elves  
Live... and take part

In some wondrous place  
Somewhere...

I wish imagination  
Could become reality

And cold reality would cease  
to exist...everywhere

I wish all things  
Of legend and lore

All things mysterious,  
Magical and more

Could exist and persist  
Just outside my door

Oh I wish...I wish  
...I wish...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# I Wonder

Why do ol' windmills make me sad  
Why do so many people wear sanctimonious faces  
Why do lovers lie so bad  
And whatever became of shoelaces

Why do so many people, regret  
Instead of rejoice  
Freely share their sadness...and yet  
Hardly give happiness a voice

Why is it so easy to know now  
What seemed so hard to learn then  
Why so little value given  
To the company of an ol' friend

Why people rush to hear the news  
Yet fail to listen to the wind  
And also fail to notice in their lives  
A mind-numbing sameness within

Why does life have a way  
Of shrinking a man  
And why do mistakes  
Make life worth living

Do any of these questions  
occur to you...and if any of them do  
Perhaps you might have some answers to  
These questions that I'm giving

David Whalen



# I'D Like To Be An Orthodox Jew

I think I'd like to be an orthodox Jew  
At least for a little while

Wear a black suit, and a big black hat,  
For a while not be a Gentile

Try a different religion,  
eat foods that sound weird

Have a big honkin' nose  
and a big, long black beard

Eat matzo stead'a pizza  
And I already like marble rye

Have a real cool name like Shecky...  
Or maybe even Mordicai

Have a really good feel for money  
Stead of spending' like a drunken sailor

I might just make a good Rabbi  
Or maybe even a good tailor

Don't get me wrong,  
I'm not makin' fun

Of big noses, on people  
Cause I've also got one

I just think I'd like  
to try the Jewish style

Try to have a little chutzpah in my life...  
At least for a little while

David Whalen

# Ideas

Before our very eyes...

Like helium balloons  
Things imbued with gas rise

Like lead balloons  
Bad ideas sink like a rock

Like Burst balloons  
Can fall From the skies

Like trial balloons  
Ideas float and undock...

before our very eyes...

David Whalen

# Idle Curiosity

Is There Such A Place

To whence goes the day  
When day is done...and where does  
tomorrow come from?

David Whalen

# Idle Thoughts

Does you're "down for the  
Count"...mean you love Dracula  
Or are "down and out? "

David Whalen

# If I Could But Roll Back Tyme

If I could but somehow...  
Roll back time  
Could I once again  
Feel your warm breath gently brush my ear

If I could but hold you once more  
And feel you were mine  
Feel the beat of your heart  
In holding you near

Feel my lips once more...  
Brush against thine  
Could we once again whisper  
Words we wanted to hear

Wouldst that again  
I could call you mine  
Would that I were able  
To kiss away your sweet tear

If I could inhale your scent  
Like a fine vintage wine  
And expressed  
my love without fear

I'd ne'er release you  
Til' the end of time  
If once...just once again, I could look into  
Your eyes so sublime

My eyes fill now with tears  
Why was I then... so blind  
If I only could but somehow...  
right now...somehow...go back in time...

David Whalen

# If I Had My Druthers ( )

I'd rather eat a  
Chicken's nest...than eat one more  
Skinless chicken breast

David Whalen

# If Only

...If only...

most oft repeated words  
Of the most saddest of men  
Words of such weight  
that carry such freight  
And we all seem to say them  
...Now and then...

...If only...

They speak of decisions unmade  
Of actions delayed  
Affections displayed  
Best intentions betrayed  
And they seem to be uttered  
Again and again...

...If only...

Words often spoken  
With a tear in one's eye  
Most often accompanied  
By a long wistful sigh  
Of opportunities  
And options  
Passed by

...If only...

Hindsight could be  
recalled and rectified  
regrets and remorse  
cast aside  
perhaps...just perchance  
we would be a little less lonely  
...If only...  
Had we taken the path

less tried

David Whalen



# If Only For A Little Longer

&lt;center&gt;Your children only hold your hand  
For a little while  
Before they push you away

But there'll come a day  
When they'll likely say  
"Hold my hand, don't go away"

Hold my hand a little longer  
"Please stay! "  
"please stay! "

..."Please stay"..  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# If Only...If Only!

If only sleep was  
As simple as closing one's eyes

And dreams could be chosen  
And then realized

If only...If only...  
Words that mean only

That things have gone badly  
Askew and sadly...

...taken the twinkle and the sleep  
...From your eyes...

David Whalen

# If You Can See It... Be It

See the lines on time worn faces  
Be the veins in Autumn's leaves

See the crowd...be the spaces  
See the clover...be the bees

See the shore... misty places  
Be the sand, cleansed by the seas

Tell us of the intrinsic traces  
While we listen at your knees

See the world...give us a look  
Through your eyes...be a book

David Whalen

# If You Really Wish To Know The Poets

If you wish  
to understand poets  
If you wish  
to know what's in their minds

Then you must read  
their poetry  
But you must also read  
between the lines

For The most revealing lines  
a poet writes about himself  
Are the ones...  
not written upon the wall

Unwritten yes...but hints abound in...  
can be found in  
Choice of subject...And choice of title  
About the poet...tells us all

David Whalen

# If You Want To Make God Laugh

Plan out your future  
Put your ducks in a row  
Put your life to a schedule  
And reap what you sow

Put things in motion  
That'll guide you through life  
All the checks and balances  
To belay stress and strife

You can lay out your life  
Do all that you can  
But if you really want to make God laugh....  
.....have a plan.....

David Whalen

# 'If' ...Read It...Live It!

If you have doubt  
Of where you're going  
If you have little pride  
In what you've done

If you have not the faith  
That once defined you  
If you've lost the way  
From whence you've come

Then read the poem "If"  
By Rudyard Kipling and...  
Come from the darkness  
Back into the sun

David Whalen

## I'LI Be Damned! ! (Haiku)

God will soon return  
I hear that he's really ticked  
I'll be damned! ! !

David Whalen

# I'LI Miss The Rain.

Of all the things  
That my senses have given me  
Of all the sensations I've had  
Be they pleasure or pain

Of all those experiences  
The most missed will be  
The soft patter of raindrops  
Upon my windowpane

The eccentric rings  
Raindrops make on the river  
The concentric tapping on  
Tin roofs above

Are only a few of the things  
That rain can deliver  
And are only few of the things  
About rain that I love

Of all the things in the world  
To feel, have, or to see  
The thing I'll suffer most  
In the world will be the pain

The pain of never being  
able to hear It... or be in It  
Above all things, I'll miss the rain...  
Especially...the rain

David Whalen



# I'll Stay...

&lt;center&gt;I'll stay for as long  
as you'll have me  
At least as long  
as you have need

Until the time comes  
that you no longer need me  
And bid me farewell  
And Godspeed

E'en when I've gone  
I'll still be close by  
In the flowers, in the wind...  
In the Autumn leaves.

So if you should ever  
Have need of me...Again  
Open your window  
And let in the breeze

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# I'M Not Fat

People kid me a bit  
About my waist

They ask me where  
I picked up that spare tire

I think what they say  
Is in really poor taste

And it hurts my feelings  
And raises my ire

So I'm going to start  
To stop...being so huffy

Start telling them I'm not fat  
...I'm just fluffy

David Whalen

# I'M Not Like You

&lt;center&gt;  
The path I've taken  
The one I've trod  
Is a path forsaken  
By a vengeful God

The path I've chosen  
Is drear and lonesome  
Trees lean close in  
Damp lies the sod

I've naught of humanity  
I lack the needs  
The cold, the callousness  
That humanity breeds

I walk alone, my path unknown  
To a Fate both feared and odd  
But it's a path I've chosen  
A path I've trod

My own way forsaken  
...by an unforgiving God...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# I'M Sure They Do

&lt;center&gt;

My eyes grow misty  
When I meander off amongst  
Memories...do yours?

David Whalen

# I'M Turn' Blue...Haiku

Don't like the winter  
And never will like the cold  
Turnin' blue...too old!

David Whalen

# I'M Usually Happy...Tonight Not So Much

Not the man I used  
to be...No more trust...  
or faith  
Rests inside of me

A bitter man  
I've come to be  
Devoid of faith  
or charity

An empty vessel  
A hollow shell...  
poisonous as  
A tainted well

A blank canvas  
A sterile page  
A muted man  
of monstrous rage

I hate the world  
That tacky stage  
I hate the words  
upon this page

I hate ugly words  
Like snot and cooty  
I guess you could say  
That I'm kinda moody

No I'm not the man  
I used to be  
But it could be worse...  
You could be me!

David Whalen

# Imperfection

There's something to be said  
for imperfection

Something to be praised  
in things cracked and crazed

For there's something unsettled  
That makes me feel nettled

And something in perfection  
That leaves me dismayed

Give me a nick  
on the lip of my cup

Give me bird poo  
on my car

Give me a rip,  
a tear or a stain

I'm perfectly happy  
With imperfection so far

David Whalen

# Improvissurrealism

Dawn's light...bone white  
a sky seeming void  
of all color  
Breath fogging into the air  
Wasted bodies and tormented faces  
Ice blue eyes  
And sharp glacial glare  
Highlights in shadow  
Bright as cold chrome  
Faces round and cratered  
Like the moon  
Skies skewered  
By skeins of blackbirds  
Crazed cry... in the dark...  
Of a loon  
Walls discolored  
By exhalations and memories  
Memories thought to be  
Safely hidden behind  
Rheumy, tinted eyes  
Souls seared black ...about the edges  
Weightless and ghostly  
Adorned with garlands  
Of the prettiest of lies  
Without whisper of sound  
Fans slowly strobing  
In the whine of vain effort  
Push humidity around  
In the gloom  
Foghorns moaning  
Like lost souls of the sea...  
Drowned, damned and doomed!  
Whose only want  
Is everything...  
And things that  
Cannot be

David Whalen



# In A Sour Mood Today

You know how cheese  
Sometimes gets moldy and blue?  
How milk oftimescurdles  
And smells bad too?

How babies (tho' cute)  
Love to be cuddled  
But every so often  
Carry a definite phew?

How dogs (and cats)  
Our beloved companions  
Sometimes develop a certain aura  
And reek to high Heaven?

How certain cheeses  
Can stink like bejesus  
Like limburgerand Havarti  
Like any dead thing I must say

Well...We all have our mood swings  
Our good days and bad days  
And so sad to say....  
That these oft used cliches

Describe to a T  
The mood that I'm in  
...Today...

23 lines-100 words

David Whalen

# In An Old Diary

Faded pink petals  
tween old yellowed pages  
In a time worn ol' diary  
Filled with eras and ages

Leaves, red and golden  
Pressed between old yellowed pages  
Of old diaries beholden  
to lives unfolded stages

Still linger on pages  
Faint aromas and memories  
Of phases and stages  
All now, long lost histories

Tarnished brass clasps  
Still holds e'er so tight  
As did young hands once grasp  
To their breast in the night

Fervent feelings writ in faded black ink  
Young hopeful yearnings from the past  
Love and longing, an enduring link  
Diaries, as do lives, grow old e'er so fast

on withered old hands one laid on the other  
Lines of blue veins trace out as a map  
In repose on a tattered old cover  
Of an old diary, in an old lady's lap

David Whalen

# In God's Purse

&lt;center&gt;  
Sparse coin In God's purse  
No absolutes, save one...'things  
Can always get worse'  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# In Nature

&lt;center&gt;

Tides are to pulse as  
Breath to breeze...tempest no more  
Than a robust sneeze

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# In Praise Of The Lowly Marigold

&lt;center&gt;Let us speak today  
Of Marigolds  
Those many petaled  
Precious metal hues  
Little circles, of many folds

Oft o'ershadowed  
By the towering Roses  
In their overbearing  
And imposing ...Nay!  
"Imperial" poses!

Marigolds...oft measured  
By the meter of Inchworms  
Are found to measure up  
To somewhat more crinkly standards  
Tho' have all the appeal (and appearance)  
Of a new-born Shar Pei Pup

Their fragrance:  
unlike that of Roses  
Is a scent that requires  
The most sensitive and  
Discerning of noses

They're shy, familial  
They gather in groups  
Are often found huddling (and cuddling)  
Beside stairways  
And stoops

So today, if you will  
Place a few  
on your windowsill  
And the pleasures  
You'll reap  
will be without measure

They will love to sit high

And for once tower o'er  
And peer down at the Roses  
To whom they once  
Were much lower

Those crinkled and crumpled  
Creatures, of silken crepe  
Unable to tower,  
to climb  
Or to drape...

So I shall laud long  
In voice loud  
Proud and bold (and not lightly)  
Today I shall praise highly  
...The lowly Marigold...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# In Transport Of Prayers

&lt;center&gt;Subtle hint of Sunrise  
Night beginning to bleed

Dawn yet not but a rumor  
Which beckons us to heed

To light, still unborn  
Safe silvered in layers

Bidding night farewell and Godspeed  
In transport of our prayers  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# In Winter... I Think Of Summer

In Winter

I think of summer...  
Of feverish glow  
Of summer sunburn...  
Of sunshine seined  
Through disordered trees...  
Of summer sun  
The color of  
Undercooked egg yolks  
cool and warm  
Both at once...  
Of growing tree roots  
Gently tilting sidewalks  
And warm raindrops forming  
Crystal necklaces  
On the nape of the wind...  
Of haloes round the moon  
And rain rings on the river...  
Silvered, tranquil surface, dimpled  
By frogs, fry, and turtles...  
Moss...  
dark as old meringue  
Draped close up  
To cat tails...in their turn  
Bearing the bright blossoms  
Of red-winged blackbirds...  
The rich melange  
of manure and clover,  
Faery rings of toadstools  
Of butterflies and bumblebees...  
The feel of air as thick  
As a wool blanket, rasping  
Upon one's skin...  
Roseate warm sunrises  
Seasoned with the pepper  
Of starlings...  
Of lightning veined thunderclouds  
And lingering images, blood red



Fading to black... strobing  
Through closed eyelids...  
Of hair shimmering  
With unholy highlights  
In the high heat  
Of the summer sun...  
In winter I think  
At times...of Spring  
And at times of Fall...  
In summer  
I think of winter slumber  
...yet in winter...  
I think of summer...  
most of all

David Whalen

# Inevitable...Undeniable

Some where in our fortieth to fiftieth year  
Comes a sea-change  
of attitudes and emotions

Of perceptions, of conceptions  
Of beliefs ...  
and devotions

It's a very individual thing  
While common  
to us all

As if a new chapter's opened  
in our life  
Now holds us in thrall

A very different take on life  
A very different View indeed  
Quite different shade and tone

And if it hasn't touched and changed you yet  
Rest assured  
It soon will make itself known

David Whalen

# Infatuation

&lt;center&gt;

Dear God up above

Does infatuation e'er

Turn into love?

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Infiinitesimal

Our doom is but a stone's throw away  
In the cosmic games  
That the Gods like to play

each streak of light at night  
has the potential to end  
civilization as we know it

The very fact that we're so small  
Just an infinitesimal little ball  
Is what gives us any chance at all

And the sobering thought to realize  
Is There's no limit on great or small  
There is truly no such thing as size

And death is no more  
than the opening of a door  
newly lifting lids of new born eyes

There is no such thing  
as purpose or plan  
in the wondrously random

Nonsensical, infinitesimal,  
Hugely hilarious...sad and dismal  
Unlikely universe of man

David Whalen

# Infinity

&lt;center&gt;  
We must all return  
To eternity ...as all  
Rivers to the sea  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Ins And Outs

Into...

Depthless grief,  
boundless wonder

Ways our world  
is torn asunder

Empty hearts  
Lack of feeling

Ways our world  
Is In need of healing

Out of...

Open minds,  
closed to sorrow

Ways our world  
greet tomorrow

Out of Endless hope  
Out of Keen anticipation

Into Ways our world  
Can have salvation

David Whalen

# Inseparable (Shadow)

Where on earth  
Will my shadow go  
When on this earth  
My time ceases to be?

Will it have  
no place to go,  
No other choice  
but faithfully follow me?

Is there a place  
Where shadows go  
To spend  
In eternity?

Or will my shadow  
Shine finally,  
And happily jump  
In the box with me?

I truly hope  
it comes along with me  
When from this realm  
I'm dispatched

It's never left my side, you see  
I'm not sure it can live alone  
I feel it's become a part of me  
A part which I've become quite attached

So follow close behind...  
close tight the lid my dark companion!  
We've so many things yet to see...  
Stardust, infinity, magic and mystery  
My friend, my shadow...and me

David Whalen

# Insistent Mem'ries

&lt;center&gt;  
Insistent Mem'ries

Tiny triggers, mini  
prompts...prods, ` pokes in mental  
Ribs of my mind  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Into The Black Hole Of Night

&lt;center&gt;

Into The Black Hole Of Night`

The bittersweet feeling  
Of bidding the day goodnight  
When at days end  
I turn off the light

It's the feeling...of leaving  
something precious behind  
A moment portentous  
In the back of my mind

When I sense the present  
silently stealing away  
Like sand in an hourglass  
Quietly taking measure of the day

Life seems fleeting  
Empty and stark  
And I feel my heart beating  
apace in the dark

Would it not be more kind  
if man had no concept of time  
just the primal acceptance  
of daytime and night

But try as I can and with all of my might  
can I, like many of you, with the coming of night  
Be absent... the bittersweet feeling...  
of bidding the daytime goodnight

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Intuitive Vs Cognitive Thinking

A bat and a ball cost a dollar ten  
The bat cost one dollar more than the ball.  
Pray tell, how much does the ball cost?  
How quickly the answer seems to fall!

If, like most, you said ten cents  
You're lazy and prone not to think (as am I)  
For the correct answer, be not  
ten cents my friend (no lie!)  
For you I most certainly would not jive

If you think, more than a few blinks  
You'll see your answer stinks  
For the cost of the ball is not ten cents at all  
But at the cost of some thinking...  
Is five!

David Whalen

# Invisible Children

## Invisible Children

Their mothers can see them, but to us they're invisible  
These fate-cursed little creatures with long lashed, limpid eyes  
In the poor part of town where hunger is permissible  
Empty cupboards are opened with sad, hopeless sighs

Yes, we glimpse them occasionally, when famine strikes other nations  
We see them on TV, broadcast from strange sounding lands  
Hunger's a democratic denizen, sparing no child it's sensations  
And welcomes our own crying children into it's cold callous hands

Submission into malnutrition is the chronic condition  
These hidden, unseen children must confront every day  
Sentenced by hunger to a living perdition  
On their mom's leaden heart, these cruel conditions heavily weigh

While most of us worry about our kids overeating  
About high fructose content, roughage and such  
These kids, with ribs like infantile armatures, arms outstretched and pleading  
remain unseen, out of sight, and unknown to our touch

Behind paint peeling doors, stoically enduring the horror of hunger  
Cloaked in invisibility by the fickle fate of being poor  
Conditions which no innocent, wide-eyed waif should live under  
Scant noticed innocents, yet they're out there for sure.

David Whalen

# Irish Wisdom

&lt;center&gt;  
To be in love with  
A memory...is the worst  
thing could ever be  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Irony In Two Verses

My momma was a good person  
But could also be a dumb ol' witch

She never saw the irony in...  
callin' me a "son of a @^&\$#"

David Whalen

# It Is Your Mind

Whatcha' gonna' do  
When your mind  
Takes you  
To places... that you  
Don't want  
To go?

After all, it is your mind  
You should rule it!  
Wouldn't you think that was so?  
What do you do when you look  
at your partner, and instead  
See a stranger in bed with you?

And why does your mind  
Seem to always find  
A reason to make you feel blue?  
What do you do  
When you see your house,  
yet your mind no longer... sees a home?

What do you do  
When in a room full of people  
Your mind reminds you... you're all alone?  
What do you do  
When your mind makes you  
Read aloud... words which once, you were smitten

You put your hands oe'r your ears  
To shut out the fears... and the tears  
from the words that your mind's just written

David Whalen

# It Wouldn'T Be Called Research

If we knew what we're doing it wouldn't be called research....Albert Einstein  
I never know what I'm doing...David O Whalen

And since that's true, ...  
than by extension  
I can safely assume,  
without pretension

That most of our great  
scientific finds  
Were made by people  
without truly scientific minds

By people who truly didn't know  
Just exactly what they were doing  
Until sometimes just finding  
The answer upon the shelf

Well...All of my life I've been told  
That I've never known what I was doing  
So now I can feel and be so bold  
As to feel much better... about myself

David Whalen

# It's A Circus Out There!

&lt;center&gt;Love My new lil' Fiat,  
When I park, crowds gather about  
I'd be so much more proud  
If they didn't yell so loud  
"Hey mister,  
When are the clowns  
Gonna' climb out! "  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# It's About Time

Time Is....

Ethereal and immaterial,  
as a wisp of vapour  
Untenable, impalpable,  
as thoughts in the mind

Indescribable, invisible,  
yet worth more than treasure  
Ne'er carried with one,  
yet ne'er truly left behind

Oft times borrowed to live on  
Oft times spent in haste  
Oft times forgotten or foregone  
Oft times given to waste

Time can be given as a loan to a friend  
Can be borrowed just as well  
Time Can be given and time can be taken  
And Time can be Heaven or Hell

Time moves so slowly  
When we're in a state of anticipation  
Yet moves far too fast  
When we're enjoying exhilaration

Time can be measured quite exactly,  
As a second, a minute, or a day  
Even though exactly, what it truly is,  
no one exactly, can truly say

While it can't be seen, described, or held in your hand  
There's one thing we do know for sure  
When you use up your share and it starts running out  
That's the time we'll always want more

Time touches us all with it's almighty hand  
And it's effects, are so impossible to resist

So strange to be so immaterial, and yet so very grand  
Time absolutely, and most truly...simply does not exist!

David Whalen

# It's Good To Be A Weasel

Proud eagles fly high  
Oe'r land and sea  
Upon majestic, wide wings tipped  
with finger-like pinions

Soaring Condors...Geese...no luckier  
creatures seem to be  
Yet it's weasels that ne'er get sucked  
into jet engines

David Whalen

# It's Nice To Be Concise

I think it's nice  
To be concise  
In everything you write

To be slightly terse  
With all your verse  
Is usually to write right

One should take their time  
When composing rhyme  
And try to keep it light

Maintain their meter  
Try to make it neater  
And never ever lose sight

Try not to doze  
Whilst deep in prose  
don't write too late at night

Try not to swell your sonnet  
Nor Try to dwell upon it  
Because it could end up quite a fright

You don't want to try to  
End up with a haiku  
Lord knows that wouldn't be right...but

I just think it's nice  
To be concise...  
In everything you write

David Whalen

# It's Not So Much

It's

Not so much... "what" you feel  
But the "way" that you feel it  
Not so much "what" you say  
But the manner in which you reveal it

Not so much "how" you loved  
More so... how "deep" your affection  
Not so much your memories...  
More so the richness in your fond reflection

Not so much how long in years you live  
But how full your life was... or is to be  
It's not so much in the "what"  
But in the "how"... that you can see...

It's that when I look out the window  
Into the inky dark of night  
that I can see far beyond the shadows  
And the black velvet that blinds your sight

It's the width....the depth...the height...the breadth  
Of life that only age can make one better see  
Tis therein that lies the difference... my friend  
It's the difference between thee and me

David Whalen

# It's Only Two A Day

If you could stop two young boys  
From dying today  
Would you?

If you could share the fear  
that they do feel today  
Would you?

If you could bring  
Them home today  
Would you?

If you could take  
Their place today  
Would you?

If you want...you can make  
A difference today...

But Will you?

David Whalen

# It's Over

&lt;center&gt;  
Pick your shoes up on  
Your way out the door...Don't want  
To see you no more  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# It's Simple

Life's no mystery!  
It's simplicity...simply  
...Serendipity! ...

David Whalen



# It's Spring!

A million kisses  
To the Moon  
A thousand toasts  
Of Summer wine  
A hundred hugs  
To May and June  
And as many pats  
(as you'll allow me)  
Upon your fine behind

David Whalen

# It's The Nights

&lt;center&gt;It's the nights...

It's the nights  
that are the loneliest

The days grow shorter  
The nights grow longer  
And Morpheus morphs into a tempest

In the dismal dark, I grow cold  
The old feel  
of comfort, lost

I've naively let  
Life slip away  
And at such a terrible cost

I used to be somebody...  
A person  
In my own right

Now I've become nobody,  
Alone...especially in the  
Dark of night

I've lost all the things  
That I once loved  
All things I thought were right

Now in my mind...at night...alone  
I cannot find  
A place to put my mind at rest

Tis the nights...I dread  
In my lonely bed...Tis the nights  
That are the loneliest  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Jasmine And Roses

One Of Those Mornings  
When if you listen hard enough  
You can hear emotions...  
Feel the presence of heartbreak  
Sense the essence of the universe  
And feel the pulse of the oceans

A morning when crystal  
Cannot describe The clarity  
Nor can be described  
In prosaic prose...  
A morning When one's heart  
Is full to bursting  
And one's mind is thirsting  
Hell bent To sip the scent  
...Of Jasmine and Roses...

71 words

David Whalen

# Jewels Of Winter

&lt;center&gt;  
In Winter the dawn  
Is draped in diamonds  
Dusk is clad in gold  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Joy Of Spring

A Spring morning  
A warm Breeze  
doves cooing softly  
Pollen dusted trees

A few brave violets  
A red streaked dawn  
A very early robin  
Earthworms in the lawn

Spring peeper frogs  
Smell of dogwood blossoms  
Nature's petroglyphs in muddy bogs  
Footprints left by possums

Easter eggs and bonnets  
Chocolate rabbits, Missing ears  
Jelly beans and sonnets  
Spilled easter baskets, children's tears

Parades,  
leafy bowers  
Lemonades  
Spring showers

Spring mornings  
Warm breezes  
Deep breaths  
Allergic sneezes

Smell of Fresh blossoms  
Sound of birds as they sing  
Joy of life.. joy of being...  
...Joy of Spring

David Whalen

# Just A Feeling

It's changed...  
and I don't know when, why or how  
It's different...  
There's a sense of apprehension now

It's unsettling...  
A frisson of fear hangs about the edge  
It's dizzying...  
Like toes too near the ledge

It's inconsistent...  
Sometimes far, sometimes near  
It's insistent...  
In it's presence... and In it's fear

It's perplexing...  
These feelings that we sometimes feel  
That steal in `pon velvet wing  
Are they even truly real?

...Or is it just a feeling? ...

David Whalen

# Just A Few Of The Things...

Just a few of the things... I miss most of all

Roman candles  
Juicyfruit gum from mom's purse  
Cordite smell of a 12 gauge  
First ride in a convertible  
Hayrides in the Fall  
Skippin' rocks on still water  
Leaves burnin' in street gutters  
The smell of freshly baked bread  
New clothes from Sears and Roebucks  
Seein' Checker cabs  
Beer barrels being rolled into bar's basements  
Sparks from Trolley bus wires  
Ohio river ferryboats  
Visitin' relatives deep in Kentucky  
Them sayin' "come back y'all"  
John Deeres chugging in the distance  
Foggy morning's  
Runnin' trotlines on the Lickin' river  
Ol' black cars with luggage racks on back  
My dad's exhaled smoke (from unfiltered Camels)  
Lionel trains  
Playin' king-of-the- hill  
Lickin' cream off milk lids  
Tadpoles  
Watchin' lightning  
Friendly hugs  
Lightbugs in bottles  
Trust in people  
Baseball games on big Emerson radios  
Unlocked doors...open windows  
Piano scales being played in the distance  
Summer nights... and sparklers  
Matinees and popcorn  
White castles and Cincinnati chili  
Goetta  
The Island Queen steamboat and it's calliope  
Coney Island and Lesourdsville

My ol' library  
Eating "Blind Robins" in neighborhood bars  
The smell of Neatsfoot oil  
Old neighborhood delicatessens  
Inclines  
Warm cashews  
Stealin' watermelons  
Puttin' pins in doorbells  
Soapin' windows  
Thinking' I looked good  
Girls that thought I did  
Not knowin' what my mom and dad did know  
And of things I miss most of all.....  
Innocence in all things great and small

David Whalen



# Just A Tad Snookered?

I Mighta Been a tad snookered

I remember you dimly  
Through the fog of Jack Daniels  
have vague memories of whipped cream  
And naked cocker spaniels

I gave you my number  
But didn't get yours  
Jack Daniels just makes me dumber  
But it does open up my pores

We met at "Ozzie's Big House of Burlap"  
Our meeting I think, was brief  
If you can, please call me asap  
Cause I surely am in need of my teeth

This might sound kinda stupid  
And you just might could be right  
But I think I left my dentures  
In your Silverado last night

David Whalen

# Just A Touch

Just a touch...nothing more  
When your fingers  
Brushed against mine

Or was it mine...that touched yours  
And did it linger  
For a bit of time

Whoever...whatever...it opened the door  
That touch of fingers  
That touched my mind

And our fate was sealed  
Kismet was set  
In that fateful bit of time

To me a caress...no more or less  
That at that time  
Seemed so sublime

Just a touch...that now I miss so much  
When your fingers  
Brushed against mine

David Whalen

# Just About Time

&lt;center&gt;  
Just exactly what is time...  
To me I guess  
Tis no more or less  
An invention of one's mind

Can one really stay  
Or store time away  
Save it up  
For another day

Can one measure what  
Does not exist  
No! ...No more than store  
The morning mist

Are you wasteful when  
You let time fly by  
And once it's spent  
What did it buy

It has no substance  
Less even than a ghost  
Yet once it's gone  
Your days are done

And my friend  
You've become  
...toast...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Just Another Day In Paradise

More On Angels

ever thought of Angels  
as everyday people?  
Waking up, getting up,  
going off to labor

Having to sleep on their bellies,  
so's not to crinkle their feathers  
Walking out the door  
Saying "morning" to their neighbor

Halos on... a bit askew  
Robes... perhaps just a tad soiled  
Nectar skipped this morning cause..  
It was out of date and spoiled

Morning hair an ungodly mess  
Forgot to shave last night  
But what the hell, the boss wears a beard  
A little five o clock shadow should be alright

Another day...another shekel  
Making miracles, making nice  
Holy moley, and God almighty  
Just another day in Paradise

David Whalen

# Just Desserts

&lt;center&gt;No more summer's warmth  
Change in Nature's menu...Frost  
Is dessert Du Jour

David Whalen

# Just For Today

For today..  
Chase the shadows  
away

For today...  
Brush away  
All the sorrow

For today...  
Let your mind  
Be at play

For today...  
Forget there's  
A tomorrow.

David Whalen

# Just In Case

&lt;center&gt;

I'm gonna' eat all  
the bacon I can... in case  
The supply runs out

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

## Just Kiddin' (Blame Henny Youngman)

A lovely young lady  
was pounding and cursing  
at my hotel room door  
The other night

The noise was alarming  
And quite disarming  
So I gave up  
and turned on the light

She continued to wail  
Continued to shout  
no sleep was to be had  
this night, no doubt

So I decided to aid  
This ungrateful young maid  
I finally got up...  
And let the young lady...out

David Whalen



# Just Makes Sense

Get married real late in the morning  
That way when things start going astray

There'll be no real cause for mourning  
Since you'll not have wasted a whole day

David Whalen

# Kaleidoscope

Let your life be seen,  
To be endowed with trust

Look hard at your life  
Peer deeply into one's self

For tis' only a kaleidoscope  
filled with stardust

Viewed by God ...  
When he wants to amuse himself

David Whalen

# Karmic Rules

&lt;center&gt;

Go on! ... Pretend like

You're making choices! ...Go ahead!

BUT THINGS...JUST...HAPPEN! ! !

David Whalen

# Keep The Faith

Hard not to hope  
For things that seem  
can never be

To realize what is only lies  
Quite apart from  
what is true

For tis only in the hoping  
That hopes can  
Be set free

To hope with all your heart...  
To seek... and with hopeful  
Eyes to see

To realize... hope never dies  
Perhaps... is what  
one must do

Keep the faith...be not surprised  
At What hope has  
in store for you

David Whalen

# Kids Are Forever

You're never quite free  
From your kids..no, no! !

No... you're never quite free  
From your kids

They could be doing  
Quite fine

Or even doing  
Hard time

there's no way you can be  
as eventually you'll see

That you're never quite free  
From your kids! !

David Whalen

# Killin' Time

&lt;center&gt;  
Killin' Time

Killin' time...  
Wasting time...  
Whileing the  
time away

postponing all til later  
Best not to act in haste  
see ya' later alligator  
I've all the time  
In the world to waste

Til one day...'later' arrived  
contrite and with hat in it's hand`  
My cavalier attitude ceased to survive  
Time had made me  
a much different man

Grey hair...  
White whiskers...  
Deep creases  
&quot;Sweet Jesus! &quot;  
An old man I'd come to be

I'd always measured time  
So free and easy  
Spending much of my time  
On poorly parsed rhyme  
Til' one day I could quite clearly see  
With heartfelt surprise  
&quot;Oh no! ...It's time that is taking  
...The very measure of me! &quot;...

David Whalen

# Kissed By Mist

&lt;center&gt;

Shy kiss of fog `Pon

My cheek...chill and soft as the

Sea grass `neath my feet

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Kith And Kin

Imperfection...Kith  
And kin to virtue and sin  
Held by all...within

David Whalen



# Knickers In A Twist

&lt;center&gt;

Death's no more than endless sleep

No need for knickers in a twist

No need pray to God

Your soul to redeem

For life nor death may not exist

,,, It could all be but a dream...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Lady April

This day...awoke April  
In a terrible mood  
If months had bad hair days  
Then this one certainly could

This day dawned early  
With cold and grouchy demeanor  
Obviously having awakened  
On the wrong side of her bed

With un-April like winds  
That sliced like a knife  
And had all the bad manners  
Of moody March instead

I like to ascribe to the months  
Their own personalities and ways  
From the surreal colors of September  
To the mild, merry manners of May

But I also respect, and know when to stay  
Inside, cozy, warm  
and totally out of her way  
When lady April is having a bad 'air day'

I know that the morrow will likely dawn warm and showery  
She'll dawn with a yawn and ne'er admit  
That she's e'en the slightest bit sorry  
April's snits, as you know, ne'er last very long

She beckons us out to warm breezes  
To tease us, (and a few sneezes maybe)  
And just like the lady she is, and pleases to be  
Will never admit she was wrong

David Whalen

# Last Sounds I Hope To Hear

Distant call of blue-jays  
Deep rumble of a Harley Twin  
Children's laughter  
Bagpipes skirling, "Amazing Grace"  
Crackle of summer lightning  
Popcorn popping  
Someone calling my name  
A Dobro and a blues harmonica  
Whistle of a steam locomotive  
Whip-poor-wills  
A calliope  
The chuckle of a brook  
The quiet of a happy house  
Applause  
Thank you  
Looks really good, doesn't he"  
"Guess we'll never find the money"  
Bees buzzing, making honey

The very last thing  
That I'd really like to hear....is  
"I love you"... I always loved you",  
softly whispered in my ear

David Whalen

# Last Words And Regrets

&lt;center&gt;

Last words

And what would my last words be?

T'would depend my friend

On what last ...

My eyes would see

And what would be

My most great regret?

So many the things

That occur to me

That I cannot make up

...My mind just yet...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Late Spring...Early Summer

Lightning bug Haiku...

Lightning bugs gold glow  
Shine from jelly jars reflect  
Eyes wide in wonder

.....

Cicada Haiku...

Red eyed creatures rise  
Shed their earthly shell...cry out  
To Heaven and Hell

David Whalen

# Leaf Shadows Dancing

&lt;Center&gt;

Leaf shadows  
Manically dancing  
Mincing moonlight  
Into myriad notes...  
Montages of mystery  
Upon which  
Reality floats..

Leaf shadows dancing  
Withdrawing...  
Advancing...  
Rivulets retreating  
Neath prows  
Of night's boats

Swiftly sketched...  
Then erased  
By leaves and limbs  
Leaving no trace...  
The artistic trees  
One would suppose  
Have only need  
Of light and shadows

Palette imbued only  
With black and white...  
Colors of lonely  
Hints of light  
Leaf shadows capering,  
care freely, capriciously

Drawn upon canvas  
...Of moonlit night...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Leaving Las Vegas

&lt;center&gt;

I feel a tug upon my sleeve  
Tho' there's no one about to see  
A mental hug that won't take leave  
It's tidal pull full upon me

I know it well... I feel it deep...  
It hides without pretense  
E'en into my sleep  
Where my dreams only  
Offer futile defense

It's a Siren's cry  
From primal deeps  
It's lover's sigh  
&quot;Come lie with me&quot;  
It proffers me maternal sleep  
In a dark and eternal sea

Best I take leave...  
Whilst I might  
From this dry and sterile city  
Before the binds  
become too tight  
And allow me no more pity

This city grasps, tightly clasps  
'Til life lives within no longer  
My breath now diminished  
To no more than gasps  
I pray the pull of the sea  
Is stronger

So romantic to me is  
The call of the Sea  
With a sense of panic  
In mood so manic  
In feverish urgency I pack  
That I must at once and forever

take leave of LasVegas  
And never! Never...ever!  
...Look back...

David Whalen



# Less Is More

&lt;center&gt;

If you don't want much...  
Than a little is a lot  
Possessions can own you  
Heart and soul

To most they're a crutch  
Needed likely as not  
Yet are just another onus upon you  
And they play a greedy role

For the more you want  
The more you need  
Pride a predacious creature  
And once takes root  
It becomes...a pernicious  
Insistent preacher

Less is more...  
It's carefree life  
In many ways...  
Devoid of strife  
More oft than not  
So if you want for less  
Tis more truth than guess  
That a little...Is a lot...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Let Happiness In

&lt;center&gt;  
Be quick to let the  
Happiness in...And release  
That big goofy grin!  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Let Us Speak Of Light And Colors

Let us speak of light and colors  
Of ephemeral hues and strident tones  
Of luminescence that commands  
One's eyes to observe it

Of cobalt blues that morph into ashen grey  
That in turn then steals away  
Into black...  
Soft and sensual as velvet

David Whalen

# Let's Just Chat

&lt;center&gt;

Mayhaps today we could have a little chat  
Just natter on a bit, 'bout this and 'bout that  
Of nothing great nor of things grand  
But what is common to the common man

Let's not try to impress, but just simply address  
Minor matters that could not matter less  
A bit of gossip, a whit of chatter  
Inconsequential quips that are of no great matter

Let us indulge in inane talk  
Let us sip the nectar of words that just bloom  
Words that soon fade away as if inscribed in chalk  
Not words of great import, of destiny or doom

Let's talk of the weather. Berate the season  
Complain about whether there's any sound reason  
For the humidity, or the stupidity, of the allergies  
That keep me sneezing

Let's recline in our rockers while...  
We mull over this, and muse about that  
That's the way we roll, that's our style

...And relax, while we just chew the fat...

David Whalen

# Let's Just Suppose

Let's just suppose  
That over four thousand young men  
Got jobs and got married  
Became normal Americans and then

Let's just suppose  
These same young men of our new generation  
Stayed home and avoided  
Nightmares and mutilation

Let's just suppose  
Over four thousand lives were sadly expended  
In a hostile land, so far away  
In a war built on lies, and is yet open-ended

Let's just suppose  
That many untold billions in funds  
Had over four thousand of those young men  
Building our country, in lieu of bearing guns

Let's just suppose  
That instead, billions were spent on education  
On infrastructure, medical research and homeland defense  
Lives better spent, to build a better, stronger nation

Let's just suppose  
That the mad minds in our administration  
Had Instead, kept those heroic young boys  
safe at home, while still defending our nation

Let's just wonder  
amidst all the war-wager's noise  
Was this one man...Saddam Hussein  
Worth more than four thousand of our young boys?

Let's just suppose  
This madness we could suspend  
All stand together and say "enough is enough."  
We're not the world's policemen

This madness must end!

Let's just propose....

To bring our young men

Back home.

David Whalen

# Let's Walk A Little

Let's walk a little  
Rest a Lot

Look about a little  
See a lot

Let's smile a little  
Let's laugh a lot

Let's reminisce a little  
Time travel a lot

Let's go far away (a little)  
In our minds a lot

Let's care more than just 'a little'  
Forgive more than a lot

Let's just walk a little  
...Let's live a lot! ...

David Whalen

# Letters I Didn'T Write

I wish you could have read...  
The Letters  
that I failed to write

I wish you could have felt the touch...  
Of hands that failed to  
reach out at night

Would've liked for you  
to have heard...  
Words I couldn't say

Would've liked to have felt  
The emotions missed...  
When I failed to ask you to stay

What you didn't feel...  
When you didn't hear ...  
The words I didn't say

I wish you could have  
At least...Felt the love  
That you didn't feel that day

I wish you could've known ...  
The feelings  
that I didn't show

The words I couldn't bring to light  
And tell you  
Long ago

I wish somehow,  
you could know now  
Of things you knew not then

Of words I didn't say or write  
Of touch, or love  
Of things... that might have been



David Whalen

# Lies About Tall Guys

Just seems like it's that way to me

Taller guys seem to get executive jobs  
Shorter guys work mostly as clerks  
Taller guys never seem to be slobs  
Shorter guys always seem to be jerks

Taller guys seem to get all of the action  
Shorter guys seem to be quite invisible  
Taller guys always seem to deserve satisfaction  
Shorter guys are lonely and miserable

Just seems like it's that way to me

Taller guys just seem born to play sports  
Shorter guys kinda seem to like tennis  
Taller guys certainly look better in shorts  
Shorter guys look like Dennis the Menace

Taller guys are usually at the top of their class  
Shorter guys seem to fail quite a lot  
Taller guys always seem to kick ass  
Shorter guys want to, but simply cannot

sure seems like it's that way to me

Taller guys get better grades and such  
Shorter guys seem to barely scrape by  
Taller guys seem to do better, pretty much  
Shorter guys always wonder why

Taller guys seem to have eyes like a hawk  
Shorter guys seem to wear glasses a lot  
Taller guys cover more ground when they walk  
Shorter guys, to keep up, have to trot

Sure seems like it's that way to me

Taller guys and their friends look like N.B.A players  
Shorter guys look more like cheerleaders  
Taller guys seem to look like dragon slayers  
Shorter guys look a lot more like bleeders

Taller guys seem to have more gear to protect  
Shorter guys wear more protective gear  
Taller guys, more confidence seem to project  
Shorter guys have less confidence, more fear

Really seems like it's that way to me

Taller guys appeal to the female gender  
Shorter guys always seem to choke  
Taller guys carry a lot more legal tender  
Shorter guys always seem to be broke

Taller guys seem to drive high dollar cars  
Shorter guys drive toyotas  
Taller guys seem to reach for the stars  
Shorter guys reach for diet sodas

Taller guys are obnoxious, let's neuter them all  
Shorter guys are great people, always a delight  
Taller guys are an abomination against mother nature's law  
If you think I'm a short guy....well, you're right!

Really seems like the way it should be

David Whalen

## Life Is....

&lt;center&gt;Tis a curious amalgam  
Of facts and fiction  
Of which scientist or alchemists  
Would be hard to devise

But I think that even cats and dogs  
Have long known with conviction  
That nothing is truly important  
In the course of our lives

They love life and live life  
In peace, with tails curled  
Wisely living life as tenants  
...In a tenuous world...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Life Of Unpaid Debts

&lt;center&gt;

I feel as one...now  
With the grass and trees  
Part and parcel  
Of capricious breeze  
Feel the need to fall  
Upon my knees  
And beg..."let me linger  
A little longer please"

I feel a certain sadness  
Perhaps more sure  
A certain madness  
In my humble  
And bumbling  
Clumsy. Stumbling  
Pleas

I feel somehow  
More related  
(tho' perhaps  
A bit belated)  
To Mother Nature...  
With her wind-song  
In the trees

I feel the weight  
Of long due freight  
The debt of a lifetime  
Of unpaid fees...  
Words left unspoken  
Hearts perhaps broken  
So now I make my plea

Upon my knee  
In all humility  
And beg good Naturedly...  
"If you should be so good  
If you only would....

let me linger...  
A little longer  
Please"

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Life...And Stardust

Like all travel,  
passage through life  
is only a voyage  
to somewhere else  
And unlike stardust  
This passage will end  
But the voyage of life...  
like stardust itself  
Lasts forever and ever  
...after and ever after

David Whalen

# Life's Not Fair

Life's not fair you know  
If it t'was... I'd write just like  
Edgar Allen Poe! ! !

David Whalen



# Light Below My Window

&lt;center&gt;

There's a streetlamp outside my bedroom window

A yellow halo suspended in the ebon night

An eerie glow like an alien moon

That seems slightly awry

Somewhat out of tune

In the black velvet of the night

A comforting constant

In the fabric of my young life

A reassuring buoy in the sea

Outside my window

An unguent...a balm

An island of comforting calm

An oasis...safe harbor

From the fear

And from the strife

It's a constant that

Changes constantly

It's demeanor dependent on

The time and the season

Given at times to light translucent

Paper thin...perhaps e'en thinner

And changing from bright to dim

At will and without rhyme or reason

At times I wake tossed

In nighttime sea lost

Hair wet with sweat, as is my pillow

My night fears slink away

And my fears are allayed

By the light outside my window

A kiss lightly laid upon top of my head

Blanket tucked tightly about my shoulders

Once more I'm left alone

With the light outside my windowpane

And I fall to sleep again

Wrap't tight within

The glow from without

My window

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Like Helium Balloons

Before our very eyes...

Like helium balloons  
Ideas imbued with passion rise

Like lead balloons  
Bad ideas sink like a rock

Like Burst balloons  
That fragment before one's eyes

Like trial balloons  
Ideas conceived, then undock

And float away  
Like lover's sighs...

Like helium balloons  
before our very eyes...

David Whalen

# Like A Kitten Left By The Road

Each time I first post  
a newly written poem  
I feel deep regret  
that I've done it in haste  
As if I've dropped off  
An unwanted kitten  
On a lonely country road  
To fend for it's self  
Through a strange alien world

I've never truly dropped off a kitten  
But if I ever did, I'm sure  
After sixty seconds I'd be  
Turning around and driving like an idiot  
With a tear on my cheek, yelling  
" I'm comin' to get you lil' kitty. I'm so sorry! "

Well, that's the way I am with my poems  
Thirty seconds after I post them  
I feel so sorry for them  
Somewhere out there in hyperspace  
All alone...so pitiful  
Even the one's that  
I don't like much myself!  
Maybe all the other poems  
Welcome it to the web  
I sure hope so!

I really do worry about the little guys  
One minute nestled in my warm little brain  
And the next kicked out in the cold

Well Hell! Godspeed little poems and odes  
And like God, I'm goin' to look in you  
From time to time  
to make sure you're doing OK  
And If you're not, then I'll delet you  
And bring you back home

Am I the only whackjob that feels this way?  
Nah! I don't think so.

David Whalen

# Like A Seed

It's impossible to force  
A good piece of writing  
It can only come from inspiration  
It should flow from the mind  
To the fingers and then  
Through the keyboard  
To the screen

A good piece of writing  
Will come of it's own volition  
Without urging, yet with compulsion.  
A certain musical phrase you've read  
A lyrical play of words  
That sticks in your mind  
Can be the impetus for the lifting  
Of the flood gates of inspiration

And once opened, has a compulsive  
Addiction, that can be indulged freely  
And yet will not be denied  
Write down every sentence  
or fragment thereof, any phrase  
That catches your fancy  
and feels good on the tongue

A good piece of writing  
Has a sensual quality  
That one can almost taste  
As it's written, and can be shared  
Wantonly with readers  
who choose to indulge

A good piece of writing  
is a seed that is planted  
In one's mind, and from which  
The words effortlessly grow  
It can never be forced  
or be pushed to the fore  
It will grow from that seed

And will blossom before your eyes

It can grow freely, unfettered  
From the most minute idea  
But good writing, like a seed  
Can never be forced to grow

David Whalen

# Like A Whisper

I'll kiss your lips  
I'll touch your hair...  
When you're sleeping

And you'll not even know I'm there

I'll whisper gently  
Into your ear...  
"I love you"

And you'll not even know I was there

I'll feel your warm breath  
I'll breath it in...and hope  
that in turn you'll feel mine

And you'll not know I'm always there

I'll be by your side  
Til the ebb  
of life's tide

And you'll not even know  
...I was there...

David Whalen



# Like Slinkies

Some people are a lot like slinkies  
Not good for much, always puttin' on airs  
But you just can't keep from smiling'  
When you see one tumble down the stairs

David Whalen

# Lil' Boys, Tiny Birds And Bb Guns

One little wide-eyed boy  
One tiny bright-eyed bird  
One new little "Red Ryder" bb gun  
One tearful choked-back word

The word was "noooo! ! "  
Both a plea and refusal in one  
A heart-rending realization of  
A deed that could not be undone

"Sorry! I'm so, so, sorry! "  
Sobbed the sad little boy  
As he watched once-bright eyes  
Slowly glazing

Tiny head slowly drooping  
Now dull eyes sightlessly gazing  
But the die alas  
Was coldly cast

Twass the first time in life  
the boy had to bury something  
But It would'na  
be the last

Time passes  
people change  
Inexorably, we pass  
from stage to stage

And little boys  
with little toys  
Begin to grow up (sadly)  
and come of age

David Whalen

# Lips Sweet As Honey

&lt;center&gt;

There seemed to be  
a hint of shadow  
Lurking behind her smile...  
A certain tightness, to her touch

A Mona Lisa aura...  
a mood of melancholia  
As if there were some fear in her  
Of betraying a bit too much

It seemed to be a sign to me  
That her heart remained unwon  
A tacit nod, that I was not  
To be her chosen one

So, no longer will I wear  
My heart upon my sleeve  
Nor will I spare a single tear  
When I take my final leave

For broken hearts  
are meant to mend  
It's parts become  
as one again

For there will always be another love  
Another smile so sunny  
Balm to heal the wounded heart  
With lips as sweet as honey  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Listen Mostly

&lt;center&gt;  
How did I get  
to be this old?

By listening mostly!

A skill and an art  
That sets one apart

Just listening...mostly

It demands ears op'ed wide  
And opinions kept inside

Not speaking...Just listening mostly

Letting another have the stage  
To vent joy or release rage

This is friendship...listening mostly

One can speak volumes by not saying a word  
Silence is meaningful when nothing is heard

Understanding is listening...mostly

A nod...A simple touch...A knowing  
wink can say so much

Needy souls need listening to`  
...mostly...`

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Little Kids And Candlelight

&lt;center&gt;  
Shadows flicker and dance  
Faint the glimmer  
Of candlelight flame  
Frantically dancing  
As if to keep  
Darkness at bay

Not e'en a tap dance  
Upon taper of tallow  
Nor whispered prayer  
E'er so hallowed  
can help to hasten  
The breaking of day

So doth the flames  
Gamely sputters  
The glow dims and gutters  
Til the taper  
Melts slowly  
...Away...

Creeps forth the dark  
At candle's last spark  
Wick a wan glow  
Dying ember at best  
Kids cuddle close... near nose to nose  
As do, new chicks In their nest

Heads buried `neath  
Pillows and coverlet deep  
Darkness and drowsiness  
Relentlessly seep  
To bind the kids minds  
In fetters of silk and  
Carry them away  
... off to sleep...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Live It Or Lose It

&lt;center&gt;

Make no mistakes?

Endure no strife? ...Then my friend...

You will not live life!

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Living In The Past

Isn't it strange  
That everything looks  
exactly the same...

Yet It all changes  
In the instant  
You perceive it

That you are looking  
Into the past of all  
That you see

And that it's quite  
Impossible to see  
What really is...

And only possible  
To see what was...  
In the blink of time before...

Impossible for humans  
To see the difference  
But the difference is there for sure

Does it matter? Not a whit!  
It's just an interesting fact  
That what we think we see

And everything and everyone  
that we see ... has changed...  
and no longer exists

Exactly as they were...  
and that every second  
Of every day

We exist... only in the past  
And our reality  
No longer exists at all



So what we see  
Is only memory  
Are we time travelers after all?

David Whalen

# Logic Vs Intuition

Premise:

All roses are flowers

Some flowers fade quickly

Some have stems smooth

Some have stems prickly

Conclusion: valid or not? (True or false)

Therefore: some roses fade quickly.

Don't be too smug

Don't answer too slickly

The conclusion like most

Can be answered too quickly

The correct logical conclusion

To most people is lost

For the answer in (intuitive confusion)

Is inherently and most logically... false

David Whalen

# London Fog

The spectral exhalations  
Of both horses and coachmen  
writhing like wraiths wrap't round  
faint lights on the street

Hard leather soles  
Of young ladies slippers  
Tap out sharp cadences  
With their hurrying feet

Fog from the Thames  
Slides easily in  
And shrouds the streets  
In a greasy skim

A young lady of the night  
Who would better have stayed in  
Stares vacantly at nothing in sight  
Her throat slit ear to ear  
...in a ghastly grin...

Cold cruel eyes,  
a scalpel sharp dirk  
Another foggy night  
Another nasty bit of work

Bits and pieces taken  
Token body parts  
Livers, breasts. and no less  
...Still beating hearts! ...

Caped figure,  
tolling bells  
Sounding out  
Death knells

Jack the Ripper lurking  
In shadowed dim-lit door  
Stay home tonight...

stay out of sight

Else become part  
Of London's lore

David Whalen

# Lonely Grey Lady At Mcdonalds

Lonely Grey Lady At McDonalds

She has hunched over shoulders, looks under the weather  
Grey streaked and unbrushed hair  
Wears old worn out shoes and threadbare sweater  
Seems lonely and lost, filled with despair

Lips move without sound, hands gesture at no one,  
No one's close by, no one's around  
Lonely old lady, so restless and winsome  
Sadness and sorrow seems to surround

Sitting for hours, alone, sipping one coffee  
Watching other customers come and go  
Peering into other's lives, staring intently  
As if she could know them by watching them so

Two tables over, another lady is watching  
The old lady talking to no one, and then,  
Rises and walks to her side, smiling and nodding  
Gives to her, her own sandwich and then pats her hand

Grey lady accepts it without saying a word  
Nods slightly to acknowledge the kindness  
Seems nervous and skittish, eyes like a wild bird  
Stares into space, gaze distant and mindless

Aura of emptiness abounds within and around her  
As she painfully rises and prepares to depart  
Her invisible companions, talk and surround her  
As she shuffles away, her life in her cart

Grey lady leaves me with a sense of wonder  
That some people, so lonely, suffer so much  
It seems indifferent fate, shreds some lives asunder  
While blessing others with caring families warm touch

Most people live, complacent and uncaring

Of the family and friends that surround them  
While many grey ladies exist, gesturing and staring  
Sentenced for life in their own private sanctum

David Whalen

# Look Deeply Into A Woman's Eyes

Your Eyes

Mirrors of the soul  
Reflections of the mind  
Green flecked pits of aquamarine  
Oval shaped and Olivine

Your Eyes are...

Plumbers of my very soul  
Searchers of my mind  
Orbs that flash both hot and cold  
Dark chalices of wine

Your Eyes have always been....

Deep pools of liquid grace  
Quicksilver vases of tears  
The crowning beauty of your face  
Enduring through the years

Your Eyes Will Always and ever be....

The reflection of your soul  
Vision of your essence  
The window to your heart of gold  
The acme of Quintessence

Tis' Impossible to visualize  
Impossible to truly realize  
Yet, Very possible to be hypnotized by...  
The depth of a woman's eyes

David Whalen

# Look On The Sunny Side

Feel blessed that tho'  
Your pockets are empty...you  
At least still have pants

David Whalen



# Look Out!

&lt;center&gt;  
Look out! ...Not in!  
Time is finite  
As hourglass sand  
And fickle as the wind

The morrow is n'er  
A given thing  
Nor does sorrow  
last forever

Look out! ...Not in!  
For time wears thin  
There's no certainty  
Of tomorrow or of ever

The Reaper grim  
Might just look in  
Then pass on by  
(with a knowing grin)

In full faith  
And knowing full well  
That he will return  
...again...

Forget yourself...  
And open your eyes  
To ones around and  
About you,

Dwell not on self  
But on strangers and kin  
Time is finite  
...Look out! Not in! ...

&lt;/center&gt;



# Look Very Closely

&lt;center&gt;

Wonder and awe lie  
in even the smallest things...  
Take the time to look!

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Loss

The pain is real and  
Hurts so bad...How can one miss  
What one never had

David Whalen

# Loss Of Face

I'm an easy touch  
It's commonly said

Especially by my once  
Good friend 'Mike'

Whom I loaned ten thousand dollars  
For extensive plastic surgery and now...

I can't find him to repay me cause  
I don't know what 'Mikey looks like

David Whalen

# Lost In Translation

At My favorite Chinese restaurant  
The other day, I somehow got to thinking  
about ethnicity

I wondered if there were Chinese Jews  
So I asked my waiter  
Explicitly:

"Do you have Chinese Jews? "  
I innocently asked  
my Chinese waiter

"I don't think so, I really don't know,  
But I'll ask the manager and  
Let you know later"

He returned in a while  
And said with a smile  
"no...No have Chinese Jews."

I couldn't believe it: a bazzillion people  
No "Morrays"... "No Sheckys? "  
What astounding news! !

I queried him again  
"could you check  
Once more my friend? "

He denied and replied,  
"I regret to admit ItAnd don't want  
To offend

But what you ask for  
Has us completely  
Confused"

"So sorry to say... that for today  
We have only: Grape..Orange...Tomato  
and Prune Jews."

David Whalen

# Lots Of 'O's In A Lovely Language

Te amo  
I love you

Te quiero  
I want you

Te necesito  
I need you

Yo te perdio a un otro  
I lost you to another

Dios por que lo ocurio  
Why did it happen

Por si acaso estaba solamente un sueno  
Perhaps It was only a dream

David Whalen



# Love At First Sight

&lt;center&gt;

I was taken in an instant  
With an overwhelming feeling  
With a sense of awe  
So real, so raw  
It left my mind a-reeling

The beauty was astounding  
It stole my breath away  
It set my heart a-pounding  
Tho' in a very,  
very good way

I never thought that I could be  
The victim of Cupid's arrow  
That I could be caught  
In the grip of love as does...  
The hawk seize the sparrow

I was swept completely  
off my feet  
helpless In every way  
It was done e'er so neatly  
That I'm truly chagrined to say

Yes I'm an ol' man now  
And I thought myself  
To be stuck in my "ol' man ways"  
But I must admit  
I'm kinda liken' it  
...Cause....

I fell in love with 'today'  
...today...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Love Can Mean Leaving

Have the courage to leave  
when the situation demands it  
takes strength to leave  
And courage to stand it  
Though... everybody leaves  
sooner or later... one way or the other...  
It can sometimes require love to achieve...

Find that someone  
who loves you  
enough to leave you...forever...  
and you will Have found the one  
to whom you should never  
give reason to  
pursue that sad endeavor

Bliss is to hear the words  
"I'll leave you never"  
And people oft times stay  
Far Too long... in times of bad weather  
But sadly...Relationships simply aren't  
...always forever, and only, the only way

David Whalen

# Love Is A Mystery To Me

Love can be a cruel, demanding master  
While at the same time be a delicious delight  
Can shatter one's heart as if 'twas fragile alabaster  
Evoke sensuous pleasure or vicious bite

A thing you can't see, or in your hand hold  
Can make your heart race, or come to a stop  
A forceful phantasm, which one can't control  
Can make spirits soar, can cause tears to drop

Can make you say things, you should not say out loud  
Can make you say things, to whom you should not  
Can embarrass you deeply, or make you feel proud  
Unleash your emotions, or tie your heart in a knot

Love has the power to make you do things  
Nonsensical, idiotic or brash  
Love has the power to give one's heart wings  
Or to plunge into despair with a crash

All suffer from it, everyone is susceptible  
No one's above it, love's impossible to deny  
At some given time, everyone is vulnerable  
The only release from love is to die

Love's an emotion without any boundary  
Love is a force with which to be reckoned  
From the love for one's country  
To the love for one's children...

Love is a mystery to me.

David Whalen

# Love Of Moonlight

Moonlight soft as down filled pillows  
Cool as spring water washing over my face

filtered through the nets of weeping willows  
Scattered beams... through prisms of lace

Rays of radiance, round ruffs and edges  
Of clouds that scurry, to keep apace

Puddles of buttermilk, on ground and hedges  
Moonlight phantasms of lunar grace

moon glow... with halo, aura of gold  
Light worshipped by werewolves and covens of witches

Both bane and blessing...in lore of old  
Light that has no need of man or of switches

Light that can be reaped from fall's harvest moon  
Light to be enjoyed by moonstruck lover

Light that has music, like a happy... or blue tune  
Moon light is unique...quite unlike any other

Moonlight's a mystery, yet I love it so  
Moonlight has the power to charm and delight

while some people scoff, at moon's golden glow  
Others... like me, are swept up at it's sight

David Whalen

# Love Vs Like

Love is of the soul...

Like... is a personal thing...

Love is family

David Whalen

# Love Yourself...I Do!

I love myself...in and of this very moment

I will be what I can be  
In and of this very moment

For this very moment  
Is all that truly exists

Yesterday... no more than a memory  
An fading echo in the mist

Tomorrow...only an expectation  
Of what our mind thinks is to yet to be

Tomorrow...a figment of our imagination  
That we may never come to see

The choice is mine  
To be mellow...to have bliss

I'll not belittle myself  
Nor hold myself remiss

Today I'll see and recognize  
Only things worthy and good

For in this moment, I realize  
Of what not to value...and of what I should

Today...yes this very moment  
I'll like me...and I'll persist

For this very precious moment...right now  
Is all that truly...exists

Love yourself...forgive yourself  
live in and of... this very moment



# Lovely Illusions

Confidence, ...'shrinks' tell us  
is only an illusion  
Reflecting only, the facts and feeling  
At, and of, a particular time

Sounds a lot like the illusion of love, to me  
Akin to the mental images  
we conjure up in our minds,  
and ascribe to a state so sublime

Whether tis fact or illusion,  
I shall avoid the confusion  
By having complete confidence  
and seeking seclusion

In my lovely, misty world,  
so unreal yet appealing  
My sphere of fictitious fact and feeling  
Of beguiling illusion and rhyme

David Whalen



# Low Expectations

Somewish to be  
A sport Pro

Others would like  
To be a hero

While I...  
On the other hand

Aspire to be no more  
Than a humble Placebo

David Whalen

# Luck Of The Irish

&lt;center&gt;  
Calloused hands  
On plowshare grips  
Chapped and cracked  
Tight drawn lips

Frowning brows  
atop pale blue eyes  
Scan grazing cows  
And cobalt skies

Bowed of spine  
From hard work bent  
Plows the line  
His life nye spent

Oxen be his driving force  
The loam his very vale  
His view not the best of course  
Of oxen arse and tail

He's mine own great grandpaw  
Farmer man and proudly so  
Poor and Irish, says it all  
Passed e'er so long ago

Never knew that Irishman  
Twas long before my time  
But he had the brass to board a boat,  
To a strange and foreign clime

A lucky man  
So I came to be  
in a wondrous land  
With a wondrous family

A lucky man am I indeed  
To begotten by such a man of brass  
To have been blessed

And much impressed

By that man of the sod  
...And by his Irish lass...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Lullaby And Goodnight (Ode To A Music Box)

&lt;center&gt;  
Sound that brings  
Back memories  
Sounds that make  
One cry

...From an ol' music box...

Sound that tears  
Tears from one's eyes  
And wrenches forth  
Deep sighs

...Nothing quite like an ol' music box...

No, nothing says poignancy  
More so...  
than does the silken notes  
That softly flow

...From a music box...

That plays 'Lullaby  
And Good Night'  
And tinkles down  
E'er so slow

Til wound again  
...Up tight...

David Whalen

# Mad Hatter...Limp Watches

Lost dreams, sad songs and pain  
There's always payback  
And it's usually not pretty

One person hears  
a dissonant chord  
another hears a melodic ditty

It's about trust...  
And total devotion  
Of cold water's metallic taste

Utterly futility...the rushing about  
The more you chase time  
The more time you waste

Killing time  
Until time  
Kills you

You're lost or merely mislaid  
With nothing left  
To hold onto

Make the wind stop blowing  
Enough is not too much, my sweet  
You'll always have my word

I yearn to fly  
To clouds that cry  
To fly away... like a bird

David Whalen

# Madness

Lonely in a crowd of people  
Feeling crowded among just a few

Looking down from atop a steeple  
High above the motley crew

Complications... simplified  
Simplifications... amplified

Confusion reigns... I fear I've lost it  
Though God know..., I really tried

David Whalen

# Madness Made Real

Love is no more than  
Madness made real

A sapping of one's sanity  
A voyage into inanity

Of perception of things  
That don't truly exist

It's a state of bliss  
It's real...we insist!

But it's no more than emotion  
Set into motion

As fleeting and fickle  
As breath upon glass

It's a wonderful thing  
When the heart takes wing...

But one should remember  
That This most mystical thing

...Is no more than madness made real! ...

David Whalen

# Makes Me Want To Cry

Just a few facts  
that should make you want to cry...  
Four thousand per cent markup  
On each bottle of water you buy

Four per cent of all U.S. energy is consumed  
In the making of plastic  
So I'm guessin' that our average person  
Doesn't think the energy crises is drastic

Doesn't even matter  
what you're putting in it  
One hundred forty four thousand  
plastic bags are used every minute

At least four billion bottles  
purchased in 2010  
An amount that's quite  
Impossible to truly comprehend

Twelve per cent of all plastic  
Is turned into solid trash  
Which we then convert into big smelly piles  
And then try to find a place to stash

And speaking of taste there's  
one thing that you oughta'  
Know about your spring  
and mountain pure bottled water

And that's one not so surprising fact  
That most of your prized mountain,  
and your precious spring water  
Comes into your bottles from an ordinary tap

At least four hundred million barrels of oil  
Used to make plastic bottles and bags in 2010  
Look at the bright side, at least we've made a lot of Arabs happy...  
In Saudi Arabia, Libya, and Iran!



So maybe it's the shape or maybe the cachet  
That works it's insidious seduction... (but stop and think!)  
A hundred watt bulb can burn eleven hours  
On the energy wasted on just one bottle's production

Eighty percent of marine garbage is plastic  
Two hundred species at risk from plastic waste  
But what's a few species? Let's not be drastic!  
We certainly wouldn't want to act in haste.

Three hundred thousand pounds per square kilometer  
Floating in the Pacific alone  
So we oughta' start thinking about using the Atlantic  
When we start thinking of tossing our old cell phone

So when you buy your next bottled water  
There's one thought I'd like to plant under your nose  
It takes only a few seconds to make one plastic bottle  
But takes four hundred fifty...years to decompose

David Whalen

# Makes One Wonder

Christ died, and then came  
Back you see...so Jesus was  
Really a zombie?

David Whalen

## Makin' Mem'ries

There's nothing quite like  
The smell of a cast iron  
Wood fired cook stove  
On a chill Kentucky morning  
Brewed coffee, platter of eggs  
Pork chops and bacon  
Hint of wood smoke scent  
And ashes...Rosin and Pine  
And a wee lad to savor these  
...Future memories of mine...

David Whalen

# Man Of Mist

A worldly man must first insist  
That things of beauty still exist

That poetry must... in this world  
Have yet the passion to persist

By the force of pen in hands of men  
By resolve does worldly man resist

The fate of many others in  
The surrender to desist

Stand ramrod straight in parsing prose  
In search of rhyme... to ne'er twist

Be a man of words, be one that knows  
to not become... a man of mist

David Whalen

# Many Wondrous Things

Like a mist above a verdant pasture  
bitter cold fog oer' cold northern sea

Like mayflies dancing above a placid Kentucky river  
a lake conjoined to the ocean, the ambivalent Zuider Zee

Like moss afloat upon farm ponds  
Tall pines over cold mountain stream

Like phantasmic, Yellowstone apparitions  
Appearing and disappearing in volcanic steam

These are only a few of many wondrous things  
Of a most spiritual, amazing, mystical kind

You can't hold in your hand or put in the bank  
But can only sequester away in your mind

David Whalen

# March...A Springtime Tease

Just a touch of Springtime  
Only a spritzle or a pat

That's all of Spring  
That March will bring

You can bet your butt  
On that!

April will be more fruitful  
With showers, flowers and such

But March is just a springtime tease  
Promising way too much

March is like a Model T  
As a month it should be retired

It's only got enough Spring, you see  
To make your butt feel tired.

David Whalen

# March...Twas Good I Got To Know You

Goodbye my old friend...  
Seems I hardly  
got to know you

You breezed in, and then  
Took your ease again  
Twas ever so hard to ignore you

I enjoyed your company  
You're a welcome friend  
And a capricious character too

You're a breath of fresh air  
A tad crude, yet debonair  
With always an air of change about you

At times you display a demeanor so gay,  
and At times your demeanor  
is much meaner

You have a penchant for white  
When you first come to light  
Yet your raiment later leans to the greener

You're the friend that reminds me  
To pause and take stock  
That all things change for the better

And that when you depart  
You take a bit of my heart  
And leave me the wiser (and wetter!)

With a bit of good luck,  
I'll perchance see you again  
Next year when you breeze in anew

But should I not be here  
When you breeze in next year  
...March...

Aye, twas good... I got to know you

David Whalen



# Marriage... Fixed In Time

With gathering wonder  
I take within my eye  
an ocean of diamonds  
And rainbows that hold up the sky

Cliffs that stand sentinel  
With feet in the sand  
Time-wizened boundary  
Between sea and the land

Mist is the icing  
Frosting the wake  
Of waves shattering the glassy  
Silence as they break

Fog rides the tide in  
With buttery grace  
Then steals out again  
To it's hiding place

Give to the shore and the sea  
Praise and genuflection  
For the ability to eternally be  
Wed... in geologic perfection

David Whalen

# Master Of Your Own Domain?

It's out of your hands  
Beyond your control  
No matter your demands  
No matter your goal

The alarm commands  
When you arise  
The clock demands  
When to open or close your eyes

Your appetite determines  
What and when you partake  
Your thirst decides  
Of what and when to slake

Your education, not you,  
Determines the course you take  
And an indifferent boss  
Decides how much you make

The car you drive  
Is not chosen by your labors  
But by the herd instinct  
To keep up with your neighbors

Even one's appearance  
Is not totally within one's means  
Since even your visage is controlled  
By crazy combinations of genes

So call it Kismet, call it Karma,  
name it Fate if you so deign.  
You'll not... were never...  
nor ever, will truly reign

(think "George Costanza")  
As master of your own domain



# Matters Of The Heart

&lt;center&gt;

Rarely seen, but e'er  
Felt are matters of the heart  
Private...painful...Love!

David Whalen

# Mayflies And One Nighters

Mayflies in  
the cool Spring night  
Rise from rivers to catch the light

On wings diaphanous,  
slim and slight  
Dance in moonlight, cool and bright

By the millions...no, billions!  
In the skies above  
Orgies of rampant mating run rife

For they must, with speed...  
With their love do the deed  
For they only enjoy one night of life

so it helps to be..both fast and plucky  
for they only have...  
one night to get lucky

David Whalen

# Me... Eccentricity... And Poetry

A pair of newly purchased, round lens glasses  
That now perch steadfast and proud  
upon my brow

Endow me the rather amusing mien...  
of a startled, outraged and somewhat  
surprised barn owl

A matted mane of shaggy grey hair  
And a tiny flagrant bald spot  
Poised defiantly there

Demanded that my eccentric appearance  
Should be given  
an upward ratchet

So to be more in keeping  
With Burns, Bierce and  
"Bob Cratchett"

For it's a rigid requirement  
For old poets  
To seem

Like a character,  
stepped out of...  
"A mid-summers night dream"

So I look in my mirror  
Perch my round lenses  
To the tip of my nose

Peer solemnly down that  
Aquiline feature... and strive to  
Strike... a perfect poetic pose

I'm perfectly eccentric now! ! What with my shaggy mane...  
my round lensed glasses, my bushy eyebrows...  
And my baggy clothes.

And now, being perfectly equipped, I must buckle down...  
with an extremely proper, literary, dusty frown  
And write some very eccentric prose

David Whalen

# Measuring Nothing

&lt;center&gt;

The watch of the dead

'Pon his wrist... still measuring

What no more exists

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Melancholia By The Sea

Far below,  
on misted beach  
My ears perceive  
The seabirds screech

They hear the rush Of rising tide  
Sense the fleeting feel  
Of licentious beach  
To which both strand...And sea abide

I hear (and observe)  
Without reserve  
This elemental  
Communion

Which beckons forth  
My melancholy side  
That yearns  
To be in union

With rocks and sea  
That will always be  
An integral and important  
Part of me

The seamounts bedecked  
With seaweed so rife  
Strands strewn thick with vestiges  
Of both death... and of life

It arouses in me  
Such melancholy  
As to steal away  
My very breath

Why this attraction  
Which the sea  
Works upon me and  
Feels so akin to death

Yet it beckons to me  
And I'm oh, so powerless you see  
To resist this pull  
The sea works upon me

And compulsively calls me  
Back to Monterey Bay  
and arouses anew,  
my melancholy  
...By the sea...

David Whalen

# Memorial Day And Memories

Today was a memorial day to remember. It was the first day... of our last days. A quiet, empty house. A beginning of the end. The end of happy, carefree family gatherings. The easy camaraderie, friendliness and accord that is a Hallmark of an extended family, now no more than an echo from the past. It is a memorable era to me in that it lasted so long, so pleasantly. The beer, the banter, the B.S, the feel of family... now no more than a warm memory. Families get extended, grow large and grow apart. Egos and petty differences, hurts... real and imagined creep in and the family structure weakens as all things must do with age.

But the memories of So many happy times will never be lost or forgotten. My wife and I have been blessed to have had so many treasured family gatherings in our lives and wish to thank all who have contributed to such a treasure trove of memories. Everyone's time is measured, but ours with age is measured perhaps a little less, so that both time and memories grow more precious with each passing day. Everyday now is Memorial day. Numbers on calendars have lost their meaning. Memorial day today is a milestone. Another benchmark and a turning point in my wife's and my life. So thanks, my family, for the memories and thanks for making them truly memorable.

David Whalen

# Memories Come Easy

&lt;center&gt;

It's easy...

To get lost in memories

So many the tangled webs

That memories tend to weave

Memories are balmy Junes

And desert moons

And the smell

Of Autumn leaves

It's easy to let

Your mind forget

That all's

not what it seems

That how things feel's

Not always real

But are only

Daytime dreams

What is it...

That makes the mind wander

Is it that the mind

Just yearns to slip away

To ol' loves lost

Ol' bridges crossed

Things lost

Along the way

Does the scent of cinnamon carry you back

Do train whistles that echo

So sad and low it seems...

To transport you on a one way track

...To the land of daytime dreams...

&lt;/center&gt;



# Memos To Myself

Memos To Myself

I write so many  
Notes to myself...that perhaps  
I'm only lonely!

David Whalen

# Men Don'T Care

Men see...when they look in the mirror  
Grey hair, wrinkly face  
replete with wisdom  
So mature...so sage

Women see...when looking in the mirror  
A pretty face  
But with an ego that  
Slowly diminishes with age

Women see...when they look in the mirror  
Rearranging...  
looks a-changing  
Time wooshing past

Men see...when they look in the mirror  
That same goofy face looking back from the glass  
Doesn't land a blow on a cast iron ego, because  
Men just don't give... a rat's ass

David Whalen

# Mercy, Mercy, Mercy

&lt;center&gt;

Mercy, Mercy... Mercy me

A light, white frosting  
of snowflakes  
Upon cardboard and  
old soiled blankets  
Streetlamps and neon signs  
Light bright...yet empty... unfeeling  
and bone chillingly cold

Plastic bottles and wadded bags  
Holey sneakers wrapped  
In filthy rags  
Tortured dreams and  
Muffled screams  
And piercing, numbing cold

...Mercy, mercy, mercy me...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Mind Control

&lt;center&gt;  
My love I'm going to control  
Your thoughts today  
You'll think of me  
And of what I say  
And to yourself  
You'll smile within  
Perhaps...just mayhaps  
Suppress a grin

My words will leave  
An indelible trace  
On your heart  
And within your mind  
You'll recall, replay  
and savor my words  
As if they were  
vintage wine

They're naught but simple words  
Yet also simply seldom heard  
Tho' their powers are great  
Beyond measure...  
You'll uncover them anew  
All the day through  
As if they were  
buried treasure

They're only phrases  
Three words in length  
Yet seem endowed  
With superhuman strength  
You'll carry your head high  
With a happy gleam in your eye  
All because of a phrase or two  
And here are just a few...

"You `re amazing"  
"You're beautiful! "

"You bewitch me! "  
...And "I love you! "...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Mind Over Matter

The eye sees  
What the mind  
Perceives as so

The truth is belied  
By what the mind  
Seems to know

The falsehood encouraged  
By what appearance  
Deems to show

While all the while  
the truth is hidden....by  
What the mind thinks is...so

David Whalen

# Mindless Murmur Of A Babbling Brook

The mindless murmur of a babbling brook  
Is the telling of it's story  
A story that has no beginning  
And flows on without end

It dances...It sparkles  
All the while telling it's tale  
E'en when there's no one to listen  
Not family...nor friend

Dabbling and babbling in sprinkles and splashes  
Chortling away in mad mischievous delight  
Then off to the sea it disdainfully dashes  
Spreading rumors and humors into day and night

It gathers in pools, settles in sinks  
Yet meanders off distractedly, to left and right  
It swells fat and sassy, then as capriciously shrinks  
Tinkling musically away into darkness and light

It's said "there's method in madness"  
The brook knows not...of either one  
Not method...not madness...nor glee or sadness  
Only capricious, communion with moon and sun

Does the constant, mindless babble  
Of it's unceasing, senseless rant  
Give substance to...that it is able  
To form cogent thought...or that it can't?

Could it be that it's saying, in a moss moistened drawl  
In watery discourse, all the while liquid and lazy  
"Tis not this brook that is mindless at all  
Tis Humanity that's truly crazy! ! "

David Whalen

# Missing

Missing...

A hug  
A kiss:  
Two things  
That I miss

A wink  
A smile  
A gentle touch  
Once in a while

A little innocence  
A little lust  
A little caring  
A little trust

Understanding...  
Pat on the shoulder  
Good memories  
As I grow older

More love  
More kissing  
More happiness  
Less missing

David Whalen

# Missteps, Mishaps And Mistakes

Missteps, mishaps and mistakes

In a World of tears and fears  
A world of half light and shadows  
Where night is a fool... days last for years  
And the only way out...is the gallows

Terrible are the times in a man's life  
When feelings of kinship  
Seem lost in the night  
And hatred diminishes the light

...After all It all ends in tears and in sorrow...

66 words-10 lines

David Whalen

# Mom

Grey hair...  
Red wrinkled cheeks

Warm smile, always ready  
Oer the years, days and weeks

Time worn fingers  
Thin gold band... so old

That's my mom... made with hugs  
Wrapped round a heart of gold

David Whalen

# Momma Said

"Women should rule the world"  
At least according to my mother

She said if women ruled the world  
There'd be no war...

Just nations  
not talkin' to each other

David Whalen



# Moms (Forever's Not Enough)

We don't (or didn't) get to have them  
Long enough

We don't (or didn't)  
Appreciate them enough

We don't (or didn't) listen  
We think we've heard enough

We think we don't need them  
We didn't need them enough

We think we'll never miss them  
We'll miss them more than enough

We're only given one apiece  
That should be enough

We don't tell them we love them  
(at least not often enough)

We'll remember them forever  
...And that still won't be enough...

David Whalen

# Mom's Uncommon Scents

&lt;center&gt;

Angels smell like cookies  
My momma used to say  
And rainbows smell like  
Marshmallows...and Moonbeams  
New mown hay

Faeries smell a bit like cinnamon  
Whilst Trolls reek of rust  
And Unicorns with spiraled horns  
Well...They must surely smell  
Of stable dust

She'd say these things  
To me at night  
With long finger posed  
Longside her nose

With eyebrows arched  
And knowing smile  
She'd speak of  
Piglets and of toes

She'd have me close  
My eyes real tight  
Take breaths long and deep  
Have me savour  
Those childhood flavours

Of Angels and cookies  
Rainbows and marshmallows  
Faeries and Cinnamon  
Streams of Stardust deep  
Moonbeams, Unicorns  
New mown hay and thistle thorns

...Til at last I'd fall fast asleep...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Montages And Memories

&lt;center&gt;

Let us put together a montage  
Of aromas...In our minds

Perhaps of Juicy Fruit gum  
Perfume, sweat or of Roses  
Of rain on hot pavement  
Of tar, surf and the Seaside  
Of candies, pastries baking  
Of gun smoke...and loam  
And any and every other aroma that  
Wafts you back home

Then add to this construct  
The sense of touch:

Of textures both smooth and rough  
The feel of soft skin  
Breezes that caress one's face  
The feel of heat and cold  
The texture of silk...and lace  
The hardness of marble  
The warm flush of pleasure  
And the cold, cold feel of steel

Now add to this assemblage  
An assortment of sights:

Of Moonlight on snowdrifts  
And star sprinkled skies  
And the amazing innocence  
In an infant's eyes  
The smile on loved one's faces  
The wrinkles of age...  
the dimples of youth  
The sight of wondrous places

Now affix to this conjured up collage  
The sense of sound:

The peal of bells...of whispered sighs  
Echoes in dells...and sad muffled cries  
Of sudden sharp reports  
The sounds of winsome song  
Sawmill snores  
And sniffs and snorts  
That endure the whole night long  
Of soft peeps of baby birds  
To raucous cry of crows  
The urgency in lover's plea  
The passion in their words

This montage in truth  
Is like an iceberg  
whose bulk lies mostly 'Neath the sea  
And is both compromised  
And comprised  
of both truths and lies  
...That we call our memory...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Monterey Bay

A faint tintinnabulation  
of a small boat's bell  
Moored within Monterey bay

Sparse, spectral glow from bare bulbs  
On gently swaying masts  
Grow brighter with the dimming light of day

Darkness and fog, partners of night  
On feet of black velvet  
Steal up to the quay

Then the quiescence...the palpable darkness...  
And salt sodden silence  
Take reign over Monterey Bay

David Whalen

# Months Of Change

&lt;center&gt;March and April play  
Chameleon games...always  
Change...yet stay the same

David Whalen

# Moonglow And Memories

I'm afraid I'm losing them  
Things that slip  
through fingers and mind

It slides from my grasp  
Tho I squeeze til I gasp  
I cannot contain Luna's shine

Like the moon that I cup  
In my hands  
In the night

Like memories  
That I just can't quite  
Remember just right

I'm afraid that I'm losing them  
Both moon glow and memories  
Tho' I do try so hard

to clutch them so tight

David Whalen



# Moonlit Night Of Madness

&lt;center&gt;`Neath open wide, star filled sky  
Inhibitions cast aside  
Old foes and worldly woes  
Shed along with stifling clothes

It seems the Moon  
Is part to blame  
Giving bloom  
To lack of shame

Coldly, boldly, warming  
Blushing skin  
Unleashing... lost,  
From deep within

Could Pan himself have seen  
That wanton scene  
He would have leered  
To behold In delight

Conformity, nicety  
Primness and propriety  
Cast aside  
so carelessly that night

Pride tossed aside  
Soul offered up to the sky  
Mad dance  
beneath the moon

Not to question why  
My soul should fly  
Nor why this night  
Must end so soon

Summer madness?  
Mind's rebellion?  
Sudden change  
From mild to hellion?

Harming no one  
In the process  
In my abandon  
To that night's madness

Methinks perhaps most people  
Should unleash  
Their wilder Spirits  
(for one night at least!)

Bare their all  
Before leering moon  
For doth not life  
But end too soon?

And it is not  
Of life ...  
to ask  
A lot

For just that night  
...of madness? ...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

## More American Style Haius

I home schooled myself  
Those were the good ol'days...I gave  
Myself straight A's!

One of God's lovely  
Things...lil' mossy lakes dimpled  
With smiles of rain rings

Don't let sorrows thrive  
The past won't die as long as  
You keep it alive

David Whalen

## More Bittersweet Still...

&lt;center&gt;A Marine kneeling in front of a boy  
A seven year old boy with hands extended  
barely containing his sorrow  
Presenting him with a folded flag  
With quivering chin, fighting back tears  
In acknowledgement that his dad  
...Has no tomorrow...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

## More Lovely Phrases Winter 09

Silvery angels,  
Clear cold crystal creeks  
Fresh Christmas trees  
Frost reddened cheeks

Plump pillows of snow  
Pine boughs in repose  
Crystalline snowflakes  
Cold lunar moon glows

Tangles of tinsel  
Rainbows of lights  
Presents beribboned  
Kaleidoscope sights

Sprinkles of stardust  
Icy white, moon beams  
Crisp crackle of winter  
Happy Christmas eve dreams

More random phrases  
This time tis of cold and ice  
With no plan and no pattern  
To you I pray they sound nice

I'd like to say to ye, before I go  
A very merry Christmas and  
a happy new year to ye all  
From a humble poet....  
David O

David Whalen

## More On Tattoos (Pun Intended)

Moron tattoos and the financial benefits thereof

One should get one's kids tattooed  
When they're very young and slim  
I know that declaration, on the face of it  
might seem kind'a funny

But as those kids grow up  
into much fatter skins  
So grow the tattoos without cessation  
And I might say, without being &quot;punny&quot;

That, without the slightest exertion  
Nor any further financial dispensation  
one ends up getting much, much,  
Muuuuch more for one's money

David Whalen

# More Than Just Memories

&lt;center&gt;

Parents:

They got smaller as one grew older.  
They never truly existed as  
Those giant creatures we remember.  
They cease to be mere points in time.  
They reacquire personalities unrealized by us.  
Personalities that were rich and full  
And consisted more of reality  
Than of our imagined memories...  
They become as lonely (and elusive)  
In one's mind: as if seen receding  
In the reflection of a rear view mirror.  
They gain texture and color even as  
They diminish in substance with  
The eternal and relentless passage of time.  
They too, argued and cried  
And built sandcastles in their minds.  
They too dreamed great dreams  
And suffered sorrows  
Grand and small. And then we...  
Became them

David Whalen

# Morning

&lt;center&gt;

Morning is as much

When your sleep is done, as it

Is ...the rising sun

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Most Boring Man In The World

I'm always where... I'm sposed to be  
Always doin' what I'm sposed to be doin'

Never lookin' where... I shouldn't be lookin'  
Nor talking trash or rumor strewin'

No telling' lies, except for the lil' white ones  
Pretty much walkin' the proverbial straight line

Gave up smoking', don't do much drinkin'  
Maybe a beer a week, occasional glass of wine

I take a nightly shower even if I don't really need one  
Never kick my dog, and only rarely kick the cat

Never badmouth the people around me  
Though they're getting' godawful fat

I'm eating right, watchin' my weight  
Working out at the Y, constantly weighin' myself

I'm always on time, hardly ever late  
Reading' box labels, then puttin' them back on the shelf

Suckin' in my gut and standing up straight  
Brushin' my teeth... poppin' wintergreen mints

I'm always on time, never arrive late  
My breath is so nice it makes the bank teller wince

I have most of the virtues of a fairly good man  
My hair is lustrous, silver grey, slightly curled

I have all of those attributes, yet even I understand  
I'm also the most boring... man in the world

David Whalen

# Most Memorable Valentine

I would see the old lady in the halls where I did volunteer work.

About eighty plus years old, with the bent over shuffle of the very old or very young her walker laboriously, yet with determination as she went to her appointments.

I stopped often to talk to her, usually in the cafeteria where she had her favorite spot.

During one of these chats she excitedly told me the doctor had told her that very day that her cancer had seemingly gone away. I felt good for her, and had a warm feeling the rest of that day.

I didn't see her for quite some time and began to think she might have died, so I was relieved on Valentines day to see her slumped down dozing in her customary seat in the cafeteria, her walker folded  
Beside her.

I didn't bother to chat her up since she looked so peaceful, eyes half closed, head on her breast. I sat down in a booth just across a divider between us. No more than three feet separated us from each other as I worked my crossword puzzle and had breakfast.

My attention was taken by the voice of a bus girl replying to the old lady, who asked again if she could get her another coffee and a cinnamon donut. The bus girl said 'of course, but it would be a few moments before she could get it.' After a moment, I got up and approached the bus girl and told her 'never mind, that I would take care of the ladies coffee and donut.'

I bought and paid for it and then tapped the old girl on the shoulder. She recognized me as the man who chatted with her occasionally and gave me a tired, friendly smile. I told her that today was Valentines day and I didn't have a Valentine to call my own, and that it would please me so much if she would be my Valentine and gave her the coffee and donut. 'just for today, okay? '

At first she looked taken aback, and then smiled broadly and said 'of course, of course my dear! '

I put my hand on her blue veined, withered hand, and gave it a gentle squeeze. She put her other hand over mine and gave the squeeze right back. As I took leave I said 'don't forget...today you're my Valentine' and she smiled, winked, and said 'and you'll be mine.'

For a short while, after I went on with my day, I replayed our exchange over in my mind, thinking what a fine, gallant man am I, doing such a generous gesture for an old lady. Then I realized that she had done much more for me than I had done for her.

She had made me feel good about myself at that moment, but the memory of her smile and wink, would make me feel warm and fuzzy for the rest of my life.

She will always be my favorite...most memorable Valentine of my life.

David Whalen

# Most Sought After...Least Received

Soft arms wrap around you  
In friendly warm embrace

Gesture without words  
A smile upon one's face

No charge...no love lost...  
No obligation, no reservation

Freely given, no fee or cost  
Warm reception, no hesitation

Not asked for... yet freely given  
Rush of sensation, so warm, so snug

The most sought after thing...(for me)  
is a warm friendly hug

David Whalen

# Mother Nature Can Be Fickle

Winter's cold is Mother Nature's way  
Of saying, lie with me now, lay your head on my breast  
It's snow, a blanket under which to lay  
Neath a crystal cover, enjoying winter's cold caress

Frost rimed windows ... Mother Nature's art  
Icy abstractions painted with frosty finesse  
Crystalline concoctions that form only a part  
Of Mother Nature's wonderful winter largesse

Ice coated limbs of slope shouldered trees  
droop drowsily down as if fallen asleep  
Unable to sway in winter's frigid breeze  
Appear as white mounds, when the snow drifts deep

The stillness one hears on cold winter nights  
Broken by the sudden crack of ice laden boughs  
The ethereal essence of undulating northern lights  
Headlights in the sky for Nature's snowplows

All is withdrawn, in awe of Nature's might  
Willingly waiting, deep neath frozen ground  
Safely sequestered, from winter's cruel bite  
In warm tunnels and burrows, til spring comes around

Mother Nature invites winter into her domain  
Cohabits with coldness, wantonly sleeps with Jack frost  
Yet finds cold winter quickly falls to disdain  
Invites in the spring...and tells winter to get lost

Mother Nature is fickle...and also the boss!

David Whalen

# Much Ado About Nothing

&lt;center&gt;

Just picture this:

Our solar system with it's Sun and its planets  
The delicate dance around that the planets do  
Now imagine an incredibly massive hair net  
That holds all together like celestial super glue

Now try to conceive of the vast distances/space  
between even the closest...or the most far  
and how they race at breakneck pace  
in lockstep about our star

Step back if you would...outside of our realm  
You'll see our part of the cosmos as simply a sphere  
A round vesicle vessel with who knows what at the helm  
And no need of a helmsman or rudder to steer

What I've just described:  
Is naught but a rude, crude simulacrum  
Of the further digression of what I'm trying to say  
That I hope will be obvious to some (and hopefully many)  
Who take the time to bear with me today

I'm going to ask you:  
Now to take note of a fantastic thing  
The amazing similarity of things so dissimilar  
You might have to let your imagination take wing  
And take total leave of everything familiar

Imagine the smallest of the small:  
Then imagine it many million times smaller still  
It to, is a universe in it's own right  
It to, like ours, has a centre (nucleus) as all universes will  
and like ours can even produce light (excited electrons)

Let us take this comparison even further:  
with poetic license let's call this it's Sun. Ok?  
about which negatively charged particles (planets?)  
Rotate in precise orbits in a very planetary way

and are held tight in a circle..(remember the hairnet?)

Now let's throw distances into the mix:

Imagine the distance from the Earth to the Sun

It's all mostly empty vast space wouldn't you agree?

Well It's the same for the tiny atom

That makes up everything. (for now, think you and me)

Now let's consider unimaginably empty space:

It is the basic component both of universes and atoms

And since everything including us, is composed of things atomic

and has been since the days of Eve and Adam

I'll get to my point...and my point is anatomic!

Let's bring this tiresome diatribe to an end:

By realizing That atoms (meaning you and me)

Are mostly nothing and that's a bit humbling

we're naught but egos...noisy...but empty

just souls made of holes in empty space

...atumbling...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Multitasking Mind

&lt;center&gt;  
Where is your mind  
Most of the day?

If you're like the most of us  
You cannot truly say

For your mind has  
A mind of it's own

And oft goes off  
On it's own merry way

Your body goes on autopilot  
While your mind darts madly astray

It can be likened to a busy butterfly  
That alights ...then flits away

It keeps the body on a steady course  
While nimbly venturing hither and yon

And your body (for the most part)  
Never even knows

...That your mind is often gone...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Music Unheard

&lt;center&gt;

A pigeon dances `pon  
My sill...a bird who waltzes  
To music unheard

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

## Must Be Angels (Senryu)

There must be pauses  
There must be thoughtful repose  
And Angels! ...God knows!

David Whalen

# My Christmas

Decorations are up  
Tinsel's on the tree

All the women out shopping  
All busy as can be

Kids happily snooping  
"Where can the presents be? "

Are there others out there (I hope not)  
Who can't feel the glee?

Or Is the season of Christmas  
Lonely only to me?

David Whalen

# My Favorite Halloween Word

I have just one word  
This Halloween for you...and  
That word must be....BOOO! ! !

David Whalen

# My Friend To The End

&lt;center&gt;

Today I mourn the loss  
Of a good and trusted friend  
Who shared with me the company  
Thru hard times thick and thin

I held him close unto my heart  
This companion, confidante and brother  
Who became my means  
To put thoughts and dreams  
To paper as could no other

But the lifeblood of all of us  
Is finite in the end  
So...with a void in my heart  
And a tear in my eye

To my faithful friend  
Until the very end  
Goodbye ol' Bic  
...Goodbye...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# My One Small Delight

Why do I feel  
that it must be just right  
This poem that I struggle  
with this very night

Why do I even feel this  
compulsive urge To write  
And why does my skill  
Feel ever so slight

Why am I compelled  
To try to get it just right  
With A lyrical bent,  
and a satirical bite

Damned if I know  
I cannot see the light  
But one thing I know is...  
It's my one small delight

David Whalen

# My View Of Fog

People often view fog in one way only  
I personally don't see it that way, and...  
the feeling it conjures is more than just lonely  
It's totally different...  
as night is to day

It depends on your age and your state of mind  
to be able to see fog in a different light  
To see it one way only is to be partially blind  
and most peoples vision is locked in...  
too tight

Fog, coldly defined, is water suspended in air  
And while defined so, gives no true definition, and yet  
we know fog can defy easy description and,  
can tiptoe soft as a kitten....or slither snake-like  
from it's lair

To a child, fog's a soft, hidey-place plaything,  
droplets of laughter, giggling out of the mist  
hiding in nothing, giving seek a new twist..and  
letting young imaginations  
take wing

To young boys, almost men, fog's a tool to test mettle  
in a graveyard, on a dare, all alone  
fog and fear become one, and coldly come to settle  
chilling young challengers  
deep to the bone

To men at sea, fog's a curse and a bane  
breaking out of the gloom, looms a tall prow  
fog's become predator, a creature profane  
bearing down on small boats  
like a plow

To young lovers, a warm blanket, a caressing embrace  
Soft arms of mist  
massage and insist...that

limbs, fog, and lips  
interlace

To city dwellers, who walk the streets late at night  
Fog is a stalker  
pursuing the walker  
Waiting to pounce..when no one's  
in sight

Ask any ten people, 'what's the odor of fog? ' And...  
you'll get different replies, from ten different guys,  
from brisk, briny sea smell, to smell of wet dog,  
to perfume worn by Neptune, essence of clouds  
and blue skies

I think that fog is something and nought.  
A wraith of perception  
suffused with deception  
as easily at home.. in fact  
or in thought

I hope in my musings, I've touched you with something  
made you nod and agree  
made you see things like me and...  
if not, like the fog, well then...  
It's both something and nothing  
and whatever you feel it to be

David Whalen



# My Way Is Better!

I prefer the way  
That I'm living...To me every  
Day... is Thanksgiving

David Whalen

# My Wife, My Treasure

My wife, my treasure  
My enduring font of pleasure

Has many virtues that I admire  
Many facets of which I'll never tire

But the attribute which I hold most dear  
Is how she grows more attractive after every beer

David Whalen

# Name Of The Game...Life.. Destiny...Fate

Big ol' houses...

lil' studio apartments

Limousines

Little bitty Kia cars

Haute cuisine

Beans and weenies

Back porch people

Movie stars

Caviar

Microwave popcorn

Same pleasures,

Different name

From Cars to culture...

food or fame

From samovars...or mason jars

...The coffee's still the same...

David Whalen

# Nature, Trust, Beauty And Affection

Give me Nature, my dog,  
My parrokeets...  
For company as I grow older  
And more feeble

For I find their company  
much more pleasant to keep  
Far more preferable than  
The company of people

David Whalen

# Nature's Daily Floorshows

The sun cracks at dawn and shines  
Clouds thunder, rumble and cry  
The wind wails, whispers, and sighs  
And Rainbows hold up the sky

Mother Nature's daily floorshows  
ignored as most people walk by  
Admittance is free, look up and see  
The spectacular show in the sky

Most people don't  
Some people won't  
But if a show's free  
...It's for me...

David Whalen

# Nature's Nostrums

Sometimes when I'm so down  
That there is no up  
Like when you wake in the middle  
Of the night...and all you can think of  
Are things that you don't want to think of.  
When you wonder why words like  
Warm, fuzzy, and nice seem lost  
In the depths of your mind.  
What I do when this happens  
(as it seems to do more often of late) Is...  
I think of Marigolds and Petunias,  
Hollyhocks and violets. Warm cozy places,  
Porch swings and kitty cats  
Barns, hugs, puppies and cinnamon  
Bubbling brooks, rusty bridges  
Wind riffled bluegrass atop  
Kentucky ridges.  
Dragonflies. Honeybees, misty mornings.  
And spider webs draped in dew.  
I wrap myself in these warm fuzzy things  
And go back to sleep  
...On gossamer wings...

David Whalen

# Need Indeed

&lt;center&gt;

As weak as she is...  
She needs you

Entwine your arms about her  
As she does unto you

As weak as she is  
And as strong as you are

Whether you're together  
Or separated so far...

...you need her too...

For as weak as she is  
And as strong as you are

You're naught but a weakling  
...without her...

It's a symbiotic relationship:  
The weak and the strong

And for as weak as she is  
She can be, oh so strong

One's hand upon the other's  
Clasped tightly all life long

As weak as she is  
She needs you

And as strong as you are  
...you need her too...  
&lt;/center&gt;





# Ne'Er To Pause

I think I must keep on writing  
For if I should stop  
I may never  
Start again

If I should stop  
There'd come that awful  
Awkward pause  
That we all fall victim to...  
Now and then

When The dice are tossed  
And the thread is lost  
And the losing number  
Comes up again

I think it best, I must keep on writing  
To gamble on rambling  
without a rest....for if then  
Should I stop...nor e'en to pause  
I may ne'er start  
To write again

David Whalen

# Never A Given

Appreciation

Each day is never  
The same...some good...some bad...give  
Thanks for those you had

David Whalen

# Never Ever Again

&lt;center&gt;

I never knew I'd never see you

Again...

I guess fate had decreed it so

Back then...

We embraced, shared a kiss

Shared a moment of blessed bliss

Not knowing we'd

Never ever see each other

Again...

I wonder could there be

Some preordained plan for me

A course my ship must sail

Upon Life's Sea

So many things I know not now

So many things I knew not then

And sadly... how it came to end somehow

That I never knew I'd never see you

...again...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

## Never Grow Up (Senryu)

&lt;Center&gt;

Don't ever grow up

'Cause I've been told, when you grow

Up...You grow old!

David Whalen

# Never Look Back

Only the now is reality...

And the past has ceased to be

The now is where we're at you see

So let's enjoy it...you and me

Life's too short

and is at best a test...

Of our mettle can't you see

So lets kick the ass of time gone past

Let's enjoy the rest...you and me

David Whalen

# Never Too Old

You're never too old to pop plastic bubbles  
Never too old to have a twinkle in your eye  
Never too old to stir up some trouble  
Never too old til the day that you die

You're never too old to sneak a few cookies  
Never too old to give someone the 'eye'  
Never too old to like 'Star Wars and Wookies'  
Never too old til the day that you die

You're never too old to enjoy a good dirty joke  
Never too old to still wish you could fly  
Never too old to think you could croak  
Never too old til the day that you die

You're never too old to splash thru a puddle  
Never too old to watch a fire truck scream by  
Never too old for tag football and to huddle  
Never too old til the day that you die

You're never too old to get a bean stuck in your nose  
Never too old to like a big slice of pizza pie  
Never too old to toss away your support hose  
Never too old til the day that you die

You're never too old to be young at heart  
And if you ever let that thought enter your head  
if you ever start thinking that way you ol' f\*#t  
You're not young at heart...you're just dead

In another poem I said "sing a little song,  
And "Do a little dance, " was another part.  
To "Spritch a little seltzer down your pants" is never wrong  
You're never too old to be young at heart

David Whalen

# Never...Ever Be

If you've lost a child  
You've lost a part of your heart

And you'll never, ever  
Be quite the same again

You will be forever searching  
Each and every young face

For the rest of your life...  
And perhaps even still longer then

You'll still have the same name  
Perhaps Live in the same place

you'll never stop hoping  
To somehow again see her face

But there's one sad fact  
On which you can depend

And that's, that you'll never...ever  
Be quite the same person again

David Whalen

# New Diet

I tried a new diet  
nothing but coconuts and bananas  
But I soon found  
it wasn't for me

I didn't lose  
a single pound  
But Damn! ! Could I ever...  
Climb a tree! ! !

David Whalen



# New Phase Of My Life

A reality work in progress.....

The first feeling of mortality

A numbed realization

An ever so slight feeling

Deep within my breast

That over months

Has been ever so slowly Growing...

my mind's usual calm

Falling prey to unrest

David Whalen

# Nice To Be Needed

It's a requirement of life  
That one must be needed

To be of use... or to be misused  
Or at the least to be heeded

To serve some purpose  
To fill some need

It's the reason for our being  
It's a basic part of our creed

We must participate in life  
We must contribute and strive

For if we're not needed  
Then Why should we survive?

Give of yourself,  
be worthy of measure

That some worthy cause  
Will provide all with pleasure

Obligate yourself to ...  
the welfare of others

Treat everyone  
As sisters and brothers

Your life will become  
As a garden well seeded

With the essence of life...  
the beauty of being needed

David Whalen

# Night Light Haiku

Night illumined...  
Second hand Sunlight... mirror  
Of silvered Moon

David Whalen

## No Can Do...Haiku

Loved to `get down'  
When I was a pup...but not  
Now...can't get back up! !

David Whalen

# No Comment

Oil on troubled water  
Grease on squeaky wheel

Quiet as a mouse am I  
Not saying what I feel

To sit not...  
Across a table

To tell you not...  
What I'm able

Best to keep  
It to myself

Store truth away  
Upon the shelf

Oil on troubled water  
Quiet as a mouse am I

Keepin' me thoughts to meself  
With a knowin' wink o' me eye

David Whalen

# No Matter Where You Are

&lt;center&gt;

No Matter Where You Are

home is not a place  
per se...tis bourne deep within  
our own heart each day

David Whalen

# No More Haikus! ! ....(Until Next Year)

Last year says goodbye  
A brand new one waltzes in  
Makes one wonder...why? ?

.....  
Last year fades away  
Always wonder where it goes...  
Who cares anyway? ?

.....  
Can't wait for next year  
Gonna be so much more bright!  
I Can't be wrong...Right? ?

.....  
David Whalen

# No More Than Stardust

&lt;center&gt;

It's easy to see

Through you, since you're mostly

Made of empty space

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# No One Called Again Today

No one called...  
Again today  
As they didn't do  
The day before...

No one smiled  
Or said hello...  
No one called  
At my door...

No one bid me  
&quot;Good mornin' to ye&quot;;  
No one held my hand...  
Nor looked into my eyes...

No one much... let me know today  
...that I was still alive...

/center&gt;

David Whalen

# No Place For Ol' Men

No Place For Old Men

Too many tattoos  
(And most of them ugly...)  
Too many games  
On too many phones...  
Too much fat  
On too many bodies  
Whatever happened  
To "skin and bones"?  
Too much fast food  
Too many empty calories  
Whatever became of  
Cooking at home?  
Too many screens to look at...  
Far too much trouble  
To take a walk...  
Far too much time  
Spent amidst too many people  
Too little time to sit down and talk...  
Too many regrets  
For not getting things done  
And hugs became taboo...since when?  
I can no longer abide it  
And so I've decided...  
This ol' world is no place  
...For ol' men...

110 words-26 lines

David Whalen

# No Respect

I really don't get no respect  
I really almost never do  
Just read a little bit further  
And you'll see how much that's true

My shrink told me I was crazy as a drunken pigeon  
So I righteously told him I wanted a second opinion  
"O.K." said he... quite candidly  
"You're not only crazy...You're butt ugly too! "

David Whalen

# No True Questions

Just learn to accept the reality  
Accept the hard cold facts  
That usually all societies niceties  
Are in truth unintentional acts

They're simply sincerely proffered  
Humbly offered answers,  
To questions...  
In reality never asked

To which Humanity In all it's childish naiveté  
Takes pleasure in and basks  
In all it's inanity (and innocent insanity)  
Could be sorely taken to task

For in all the Cosmos  
Around you and I  
There is no true answer to  
...The question why? ...

David Whalen

# Nomadic Summer

&lt;center&gt;Deep down within the doldrums  
Of the blistering Summer  
Withering sere...as if  
Hades were near

Shimmers of heat...  
Spectres of Nature  
Sucking out life  
And tasting the tear

Of mirages that dance  
Causing reality to quiver as if  
By a stone tossed into mercury  
of the Devil's own river

In a defiant display  
And fierce show of spite  
The Summer folds it's tent  
And prepares to take flight

To other places  
In search of new faces  
Far away from sharp teeth  
...Of Winter's cruel bite...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Nor Adjectives Enough

Write about the beauty  
Of Butterflies? There's not words  
Nor paper enough!

David Whalen

# Nor Even Sages (American Haiku)

Matters of Heaven  
and heart...not even wise men  
can tell them apart

David Whalen

# Not Easy Being Irish

&lt;center&gt;Sometimes...

I feel emotions so deeply in my heart  
That I almost wish I wasn't Irish.  
That sometimes to feel happiness,  
Sadness...and yes...e'en pain  
So intensely  
That at times It's a curse and  
At others a blessing, a boon and a bane  
To suffer such bittersweet pleasure  
From music, poetry...and pain

Sometimes...

My heart aches  
At the bright break of dawn  
And tears rain down my cheeks  
At the sight of the setting Sun.  
And many are the times that weigh  
Heavy `pon this old poet  
When the pen cannot capture  
The words that caper capriciously  
Through this ol' sodden mind of mine

Sometimes...

The beauty and the sadness, the long dark tresses  
And bewitching eyes of Irish lasses  
The wonder and the madness  
Overwhelm, defy and defeat an Irishman's  
Best efforts...in truth  
Ne'er known in this life

Oftimes...

The skirling of the pipes  
And the sad wail of the flute  
Rend my heart with renditions  
Of 'Amazing Grace, ' 'Oh Danny Boy, '  
And 'Auld Lang Syne'  
Yet my pen is unable  
And lies stubborn `pon the table  
Unwilling to put my feelings to paper



Sometimes...I harbour passions  
That elude my ability to describe  
And sometimes...It's just hard to be Irish...  
A burden  
...To be Irish and unable to write...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Not E'En Footfalls Of Angels

&lt;center&gt;

The footbridge stood  
Far deep within the wood  
Moonlight on stone  
Gave forth a ghostly glow  
The stones shone white  
As bleached bone might  
Hard and dark  
As the eye of a crow

The overpowering reek  
From the creek  
that ran `neath  
Was of pungent incense  
And dead flowers  
Both at once rancid and sweet  
As from slow rotting meat  
Across creek a carpet  
In the Devil's bowers

The bridge long unwalked  
Would say if it talked  
"I'm naught but mortar and stone  
So please don't deny me  
At least you could try me  
So I shouldn't be  
All so alone"

But don't be tempted  
To enter the wood  
Nor should you  
be enticed to cross the footbridge...  
In the least...  
E'en footsteps of Angels  
Are not meant for that span  
Much less so for e'en  
...Man or for beast...



# Not Even Close!

Not Even Close!

Nothing in my world  
Is even near perfect...and  
I like it that way!

David Whalen

# Not If, But When

Not If, But When?

Dim sunrise on a gray, smoky city  
Cars line the roads, slowly rusting  
Winds blowing ash, harsh and gritty  
Acidic smog gives an evil dusting

Tires melted to pavement, rubber pools of blackness  
Window Glass sagging from kiln-like heat  
All move no more due to nuclear madness  
In gutters, white bones scoured by gray caustic sleet

Destinations and drivers no longer exist  
no organic life forms survive  
Only wind blown gray ash and solitude persist  
Where aspirations and ambitions did thrive

Empty buildings pleading for workers to toil  
Winds moaning through windowless walls  
Papers bubbling about in a bleak breezy boil  
Family photos dance gaily in deserted dark halls

City streets decorated with bizarre ornamentation  
Shards of glass strewn about by explosive power  
Like diamonds on black tar, the macabre decoration  
Grows more ashen and gray by the hour

Faces on billboards cancerously peeling  
While timelessly smiling and hawking their wares  
Wood rotting, braces failing, perilously reeling  
signs malignantly moulting, shedding their cares

Suitcases scattered, open, pillaged and torn  
Contents long ago blown away  
Like the doomed souls that carried them, sad and forlorn  
In and on melted pavement they lay

Wires draped from poles like funereal bunting  
No current, no messages to bear

Gray spider-like webs, the strands seem to be hunting  
For purpose, for signals... not there

Playgrounds deserted, charred swing seats awry  
Slides rusting, tilting, small bones lay exposed  
No squeals, no laughter, no kids running by  
Monkey bars droop sadly, morose in repose

Religion, politics, gone to obsolescence  
Purple vestments faded to brown  
poisonous gas, ungodly essence  
Church steeples toppled, bells sunk in the ground

Burned black, stunted trunks, a few withered branches  
Like a forest of dark hooded monks at prayer  
Natures been violated yet no one blanches  
There's simply...no one.....there

David Whalen

# Not Missing You Yet

&lt;center&gt;

I'm not missin' you yet  
But I'm fair certain that  
I certainly shall be  
Eventually...

It' hasn't yet sunk in  
That you've up and gone again  
I guess it's going to take  
A little longer still

I'm pretty fair certain  
When it does I'll be hurtin'  
But I guess I'll just  
Wait a while until

Until I can't hear your steps no more  
Hear the closing' of the car door  
Feel the silence of  
The heartbreak and regret

So I wonder might I be over you  
Though it's only been  
A minute or two  
Cause it's true that

...I'm not missin' you yet...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Not One Bit!

&lt;center&gt;

There's naught more true

Just `tween me and you...the lie

That Fate... gives a damn

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Not So Lonely Nights

` Memories of tin roof's thrum  
A tattoo of summer rain  
Memories that always come  
To push away the pain

Of nights long and lonely  
Soft with night birds trill  
And I know that I'm not the only one  
Who lust for dark night's thrill

The sense ` of seeking fingers  
Their persistent probing touch  
The feel of velvet lingers in  
Afterglow of intense rush

So real sometimes it seems  
to feel like reality squared  
To surrender all, in my dreams  
My soul my essence bared

My loneliness takes leave of me  
And my primal self is freed  
All pretense of inhibition flees  
And my dreams satisfy my need

The storm has reached its climax  
The rain has slipped away  
Faint memories of sensual acts  
to savor through the day

The night has surrendered to  
Demands made by the dawn  
Last night dreams...an interlude  
to help me soldier on

Arise...Arise once more  
The not so lonesome night is gone  
memories linger of gentle fingers  
Soft touch before the dawn

Sweet memories don't flee from me  
Let me savor the delights  
But if you leave, I shall not grieve  
For there's always more  
...&quot;Not so lonely nights! &quot;...

` Memories of tin roof's thrum  
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Let me savor the delights  
But if you leave, I shall not grieve  
For there's always more  
...&quot;Not so lonely nights! &quot;...

David Whalen

# Not What I Used To Be

All am I now  
Is poetry

The man I used to be  
Is now... no longer me

Not sure if I'm a captive  
Nor sure if I've been set free

Nor do I quite see...  
How it's now come to be

But all I am now...  
And all I'll ever be

Is poetry

David Whalen

# Not What You'Re Thinking

Hot and sweaty  
Moist and sticky  
Can feel so sweet  
Can smell so icky

Can make you feel good  
All warm and fuzzy  
Break out in a sweat  
Feel wilted and scuzzy

Sheets get all soggy  
Clothes fly off in abandon  
Relief must be had....  
One must take a hand in....

Oh... wait just a moment!  
Wow! What a bummer!  
Don't know what you're thinking  
But I'm writing about Summer! !

David Whalen

# Notepad By My Bed

I keep a notepad  
On the nightstand by my bed  
To jot down thoughts  
that late at night, fill my head

Thoughts that glide  
into my brain  
That if not captured quick  
Slip away... down drowsy drain

A pad replete  
With words and phrases  
Caught before  
I start to snore

Oft' make no sense  
When viewed in daylight  
As they so clearly  
Did the night before

Still, as a writer should write  
A little each day  
E'en those words  
That trip so lightly by night

And that is why, I suppose  
Until the day I die  
I'll keep a notepad  
In which I'll write

On the nightstand  
...By my bed...  
Close upon  
The reading light

David Whalen

# Ode To Predawn

&lt;center&gt;  
Ode To Dawn

Leaden mist among the trees  
The Sun has yet to rise  
Night birds whisper...gentle pleas  
In lieu of raucous cries

Scarlet leaves release their grip  
So long so tightly bound  
in silent drift and grace they slip  
Through morning mist to dewy ground

Furtive glimpses of furry phantoms  
astir in boughs of branches high  
peeping out from treetop sanctums  
Neath Milky Way And starlit sky

Roseate glow begins to grow  
In the East...'pon the horizon  
And so will end this morning's show  
With Mother Nature's kiss  
'Pon the rising mist  
...And a new day's Sun arisin'...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Ode To Autumn (I'M In Awe Of Fall)

Ode to Autumn

Pumpkins on porches, cut cruelly into ferocious faces  
Wisps of white smoke melting into cold clear skies  
Hands held out as if praying, to crackling fireplaces  
Odors of allspice waft from plump pumpkin pies

Cold swirling winds, skirling leaves in the lane  
While a few golden stalwarts, in tall trees still remain  
Clinging and quivering, making restless, rattling sound  
As if In anxious anticipation of graceful descent to the ground

As Haunting apparitions, appear the skeletal trees  
To spook little kids into feigned, fun-filled fright  
With witchy appearance, bare limbs wave in the breeze  
Scarecrows wave back with ghoulish delight

Autumn leaves burning, create aromatic auras so sweet  
Crisp air numbs kid's noses, toes and their feet  
Once strutting Tom Turkey now reclines in the oven  
Exuding the aroma that everyone's lovin'

Autumn's a time of renewal  
Preparing for change and transition  
Mother nature shedding summer green  
and doffing brown tradition

Summer, winter and spring are beautiful seasons  
And in them I find much of delight  
But Autumn's the season that I've come to love  
Because everything about it ...  
is just right

David Whalen



# Ode To Books

## Ode To Books

My glasses lay `pon open book  
Whilst I give my eyes a respite  
From the many words `pon which I've looked  
And now indeed need to rest a bit

I gaze into the distance far  
While looking at absolutely nothing  
Eyes tightly focused on things that are  
No more than thoughts with wings

I mull over in my mind...words recently read  
I savor their very essence  
Provide them a bed in my weary head  
Each paragraph, phrase and sentence

Books have become my best friends  
My succor and my pleasure  
I read them through a Rosy lens  
And enjoy them at my leisure

These late age years of trial and tears  
The quickened pace of time  
Have helped to ease an elders fears  
As Summer wine soothes the mind

The tomes can take me to places far  
To canyons wide and deep  
Carry me effortlessly to a distant star  
...And carry me off to sleep...

David Whalen

# Ode To Bouncer (Is This Your Dog Too?)

Ode To Bouncer

Playful and stinky  
First come to mind  
With faithful and honest  
Not too far behind

These things are what make him our dog

large brown eyes  
Big Black wet nose  
On my pillow he lies  
In canine repose

He's poopy and snoopy  
With an aura of funky  
Ears sad and droopy  
Face like a monkey

These things are what make him our dog

Cat hater, butt sniffer  
A foot warmer at night  
Crotch prodder, leg lifter  
He's been known to bite

In case of a prowler  
No Protector of mine  
Cowers in the shower  
Growls turn to a whine

These things are what make him our dog

He's drippy and leaky  
And way too trusting  
Loves toys that are squeaky

Eats food that's disgusting

Licks me awake  
Eyes happily bugging  
His neck I could break  
Instead I just hug him

These things are what make him our dog

He falls in the pool  
Sleeps upside down  
Not looking too cool  
With jowls in a frown

An aversion to grooming  
Addicted to grime  
Sees a bath looming  
As a capital crime

These things are what makes him our dog

Gnaws on our shoes  
Leaves presents of scat  
And then when accused  
Blames it all on the cat

With small kids he's ok  
round their food can't be trusted  
Cookie crumbs in his beard  
Hangs head low, knows he's busted

These things are what makes him our dog

Sits up on his heinie  
at his supper table station  
Looks piteous and tiny  
Beggar waiting for donation

Licking his privates, languid and lazy  
Out of my chair I must shove him  
My family and I all must be crazy

So why in the hell do we love him?

These things are what makes him our dog

David Whalen

# Ode To Breakfast

Breakfast is special to me  
It's a meal supremely suited to my solitary reflection  
that has a more special, culinary cachet  
Than are given more familial repasts  
partaken throughout the day

A certain translucency of one's self  
That only transpires in early morning time  
Requiring only the key of good strong coffee  
To chase off sleep and unlock the keep... of sunshine

It's a time when one's mind  
Has the real world forsaken  
In lieu of a slew of great food  
Like soft eggs, warm toast...and bacon

The newly risen sun  
A new day born again  
A time when inspiration... unannounced,  
Drops in, now and then

Just an old man... in old shabby jammies  
Feelin' the warmth of the sun, so sublime  
Sittin' out on the porch steps, sippin' morning coffee  
Hummin' tuneless songs..to the birds... in the sunshine

David Whalen

# Ode To First Love

&lt;center&gt;

I used to see you every day  
From a distance  
A subtle wave, a fleeting smile  
From afar...  
My heart would quicken  
At every instance  
And all the while  
T'was from afar...

You were that sublime  
unreachable ideal...  
That all young lads  
Must suffer through...  
I often wonder  
If it was...  
At all the same  
With you...

Did you wait and wish  
To see my face  
Did your breath quicken  
At my shy, sly side-wise look...  
Did your cheeks glow warm  
Did your heart start to race  
Did your breast seem to ache  
With every breath you took

We'll ne'er know  
You and I  
Twas ne'er meant  
Our love to find  
We only met and loved  
From a distance  
Our kisses and caresses  
Only in my mind

A bittersweet time  
In every young lad's life

A subtle wave...a fleeting smile  
A heart bereft in sorrow  
This time will pass  
Yet live forever  
First love, first broken heart  
First tear filled tomorrow

And in my mind  
I'll always wonder where you are  
The one who gave  
That subtle wave...  
That fleeting smile

...That first love from afar...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Ode To Geraniums

&lt;Center&gt;Geraniums,  
with deep purple eyes  
Scan avidly  
the Springtime skies  
As if despite  
their diminutive size  
That they could  
from Mother Nature prize  
...Eternal Springs and endless lives...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Ode To Heavenly Hues

&lt;center&gt;  
The canvas upon  
Which Sunsets are drawn  
The palette that proffers  
The hues...  
The stroke of the brush  
'Pon the edge of the earth  
The purples, the crimsons  
The blues..  
The portrait that's painted  
Each day at dusk  
At times displays  
the husk of a day...  
T'was vibrant, alive, roseate  
Once so bright and sunny...  
As if God and Angels  
Have conspired to create  
A hue hallowed and new  
The colour of blood  
...mixed with honey...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Ode To Mcdonald's Hash Browns

&lt;center&gt;  
Forbidden Pleasure

This morning I had a Hash brown  
Something I almost never do  
It was greasy and hot  
And I liked it a lot  
I was sorely tempted  
To go back and buy two

The girlish squeals from my booth  
Were embarrassing in truth  
But I simply could not  
Contain my delight  
The smile on my face  
Could not be erased  
As it only grew wider  
With each bite

One hundred fifty calories  
Seemed as naught to my belly  
As I scarfed the last morsel down  
And I was not really conscious  
Of regret or guilty conscience  
Only the memory  
Of that Heavenly  
...Hash Brown...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Ode To Now

&lt;center&gt;

A crescent moon, sharp enough to prick one's finger on

A Sun that could sear one's eyes

Clouds buoyant enough to float away upon

Through endless cerulean skies

Soft shoulder to rest one's head on

Soft breath upon one's cheek

Amazing Grace sung by a brace of Angels

What more could a mortal seek

A dragonfly alit upon one's finger

Tresses tossed by capricious breeze

Eyes tight closed in profound repose

This is indeed Heaven...at one's knees

Best seize the moment, hold tight the day

Hear the Cosmic song

Heed close the sound that's all around

Far too soon

...twill all be gone...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Ode To Old Clocks

&lt;center&gt;

That old clock on the mantle  
That measured the moments  
Of so many mortals  
Enmeshed in mere time

Now dusty and disregarded  
Disdained and discarded  
No longer the master  
Nor server of time

One could offer that it's  
Time has passed  
That it can no longer proffer  
The measure of time

That it no longer dictates  
A definitive number  
When to rise or to slumber  
Gives no longer life reason or rhyme

The clockworks have stilled  
The hours no longer chime  
Gears no longer mesh  
Nor it's hands tell the time

It's an anachronism now  
Lost in time somehow  
Relegated, delegated, exiled,  
To the trash pile of time

It sits alone, quite content with the fact  
That it's exactly right....twice a day  
And that's much, much more  
Than most people can say

...at least most of the time...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Ode To Romantic Norse Language

The Romantic Norse Language

When my Norse sweetheart  
Gazes into my eyes  
Utters sweet Viking phrases  
With soft sibilant sighs

As when she murmurs  
"Swen, you're my  
only strukanoodlefleerten  
Ah, such endearing phrases  
Make my spirits rise

Milky complexion  
and silken blonde hair  
Occasion many admirers  
To stop and stare

Melting my heart With a purr like a cat  
Says sweetly, "Swen,  
do these lederhosen  
Make my kanordeyshtuckens look fat? "

Of all languages that exist  
One has to love the Nordic beauty  
As in this final phrase of farewell  
May your marterpfleeger be vershtookinooty

David Whalen

# Ode To Scragleneck

Soda straw neck completely naked... Not a hint of feathers...  
A few on her wings showing signs of better days  
But still a perky attitude, among her young healthy brothers  
She was kinda regal, in scraggly kinda ways

She had to hunker down a little further  
than her young companions  
To launch her skinny body into the air,  
as if, like me, she felt a bit of the rheumatism  
In the bird legs that I think we both shared

Had a certain panache in her syncopated strut  
Guess she didn't even know that she was really old  
She earned my admiration, even with that silly syncopation  
...She still carried herself with a dignified air so bold...

a certain proud aplomb (if a pidgeon can possess demeanor)  
I kinda' related to her and formed an unconscious bond.  
Always looking for her amongst all the jostling others.  
And feelin' deep anxiety... whenever she was gone

Her landings weren't quite the feats of grace of the others  
But she retained her composure when she stumbled, all the same  
It was several years back since she first showed up with her brothers  
That plucky lil' pidgy sure was game

She first caught my eye with that scraggly neck and peckish attitude.  
there was something in her stately manner  
that captivated me more every day.  
She slowly became an integral part of my daily life  
Oft, when I was weak and feelin' bleak  
'ol' Scragleneck' would show me the way

There must have been a tacit agreement between her and my lazy-ass cat  
Cause he never seemed to want to eat her, even when he could  
He just watched, with a baleful look ...seemed content with that.  
She dropped in each day in her clumsy sort of way  
And gobbled up her share of my lazy-ass cat's food

'Ol' Scragleneck' has shown me  
In her dogged, determined way  
It's not how you'll spend eternity  
...But how you live each day...

David Whalen



# Ode To September

&lt;center&gt;  
September...

More an emotion  
Than a month  
In many ways

More than the sum  
Of it's crisp  
And bracing days

More so a taste  
Of days of wine  
And fading roses

More than just the smell  
of leaves and smoke  
in our noses

More than the changing  
Of the guard  
Of the seasons

More than the shrinking  
Of the freshening days  
And e'en less of the reasons

More fond do I grow  
As the years come and go...  
The Septembers I have left? (Who knows)

More should I taste  
And the less  
Should I waste

Of the fine  
Piquant tang  
And remember

Devotion, emotion  
September is an ocean  
That I feel each gust and tremor

And when Winter is nigh  
Comes a tear to my eye  
And I sadly bid sweet September

...Goodbye...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Ode To Songs Without Words

The animal kingdom does  
Just fine without words  
Sounds by themselves  
All that needs to be heard

The breeze in the trees  
Is music to me  
The sound of laughter  
Is happy harmony

The rumble of thunder  
Is nature singing bass  
The crackle of lightning  
The cymbal's apace

The cheery tinkle of water  
An aquatic chorus  
Wending and lending  
Wind chimes to the forest

Nature knows little of lyrics  
Could not care less of rhyme  
And that's the name of its game  
Since the beginning of time

Song Without lyrics to some  
Is akin to life without love or words  
To some of us (humans) perhaps  
...but not to Nature nor birds! ...112 words

David Whalen

# Ode To Spring

&lt;center&gt;  
Spring...you tug upon my heartstrings  
You're akin to that last piece of cake  
The last sip of that delicious drink...  
That goodnite touch  
From lips you love so much  
That gives one pause to think

That all these things  
That make life good  
Are renewed from things that died  
That unfurl anew, lacy wings  
And challenge  
Spring skies untried

These ol' eyes have seen  
Many Springs...  
But never have become jaded  
Through good times and of lean...  
Spring's have been a vision bright  
And faithfully unfaded.

Age has bedimmed so many things  
Stolen away so many pleasures  
That to see Spring arise  
With these rheumy eyes  
Is something still  
That I treasure

So Spring, tug away...  
Pluck these ol' strings  
Of my heart  
Let me die  
And be renewed  
And of you  
Become a part

I intend to enjoy  
Every minute with you

In full knowledge  
this might be my last  
And let you know  
And to thank you so  
for all the Springtimes (with you)  
...That Have passed...

David Whalen

# Ode To Summer's End

A hint of blush  
'pon the tips  
Of leaves still lush  
As lover's lips

A breeze that sighs  
As if t'was tired  
Of mid-Summer highs  
In doldrums mired

A crisped dry smell  
Perfumes the air  
Clings tight as well  
To clothes and hair

A dusk that darkles  
With unseemly haste  
Midst Fireflies sparkle  
Midst daylight chased

A trace of wood smoke  
Scents the breeze  
And woolen cloaks  
Appear 'pon knobby knees

O! Apple trees...  
Scarlet blushed in fruit  
Seem piously to proffer pleas  
For their scions to take root  
Degree by degree...  
Doth the Earth slowly tilt  
Unperceived by you and me  
But blossoms notice...begin to wilt

A change incremental  
So slow as to be imperceptible  
So cosmically elemental  
So basically inevitable

A Summer that begins to show...  
Its age in ways  
With longer nights  
And shortened days

Prepares perhaps  
To soon take leave  
It's time's elapsed  
No time to grieve

Fall awaits it's turn to shine  
Upon Mother Nature's stage  
Summer sips water melon wine  
And savors scent of sage

11 stanzas  
171 words

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11 stanzas  
171 words





# Ode To The Beast

&lt;center&gt;

One eye of burnished brown  
The other of glowing yellow  
Coat the color of loamy ground  
An imposing, fearsome fellow

Peers about and leaves no doubt  
Those orbs so fiercely feral  
That to try to pet, one might regret  
Best be done at one's own peril

Muzzle abounding with teeth so white  
Sharp claws clicking upon the stones  
Jaws and claws and gaping maw  
Designed each and all for crushing bones

God only knows what that cold wet nose  
Can sense, scent and conjure up...  
For now tho' at least, he's a tiny beast  
Na' more than a warm, wriggly,  
Wee pup  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Ode To The Color Blue

There's ever so much more to blue  
Than just a color  
It's as much an emotion  
As it is a hue

Blue is the tender soul  
Of sky, flower and ocean  
And the blessing and bane  
Of me and you

Dye of desperation  
Paint of despair  
Wistful wash of wisdom  
And the pale shade of prayer

A name for a pet  
A descriptor of sea  
Four letter word...Tho'  
The best one that could be

It is substance, it has meaning  
Is nothing, yet so many things...  
All the while, tis just a color  
Only a color, ...yet a color with wings

David Whalen

# Ode To The Scent Of Cinnamon

The heady scent of cinnamon  
Upon the opening of the door  
The tugging out of memories  
From the mind's musty store

The warm, soft smell of pie crust  
Upon the opening of the oven  
The revisiting of the memories  
The huggin' and the lovin'

The aromatic aura of apples  
Baked with a crispy honeyed glaze  
The remembering of the memories  
Kitchen memories, happy days

The Smell of hot peach cobbler,  
The tantalizing odor of allspice  
The callin' back of the memories  
Kitchen memories, warm and nice

Red and white checkered aprons,  
Flour dappled, love lined faces  
The tearful tug of way old memories  
Memorable kitchens, happy places

The heady scent of cinnamon  
Upon the opening of the door  
Is one of the bestest of my memories  
And likely will be... forever more

Ahhh...The heady scent of cinnamon!

David Whalen

# Ode To The Worthy, Earthy And Free Verse

Of what would Spring be  
Of what pleasures to see  
Were it not for the words  
Of a poetic potpourri

A bouquet composed Of fresh  
and e'er changing compositions  
Of prose composed of flesh,  
The heart, and earthy renditions

It's the blossoms of Raskin  
Whom to me is a rose  
In the pleasure in the reading  
As is the scent to the nose

It's the petals Of JewelPhoenix  
Which she scatters about  
Wonders of her writing  
Would be hard to be without

It's Iroconnell, s earthy scent  
Of musk and of nectar  
That's prosed forth and then spent  
To delight those around her

Spring brings also weeds  
Like myself and many others  
Like thorny Raggindragon, Daddyotom  
And many other of my brothers

But today this poem of Spring  
Is given to poetesses  
Who escape from the trite,  
Mundane everyday excesses

Deign to be different  
Who, like seedy, Mother Nature  
Cast their blossoming thoughts  
To the winds of poetic nomenclature

We all write poetry and  
By and large we all do it well  
But just a few...a favored few  
Can gift us the taste, the feel, and the smell

Of not just free verse, nor even of rhyme  
Nor so flowery, or convoluted, as often are mine  
Just Simple, pure... unadorned...  
sweet, honest and sublime

And always poetic, as is Mother Nature  
(at least most of the time!)

David Whalen

# Ode To Trees

...ODE TO TREES...

Trees, like people...are  
More than what they show...  
Much, much more than  
What they let us see

They're sentient beings  
In a sense we can't know  
Uncommonly communal creatures  
Are the common trees

There exists a hierarchy  
Just `neath the Earth  
Where seeds, roots and Fungi  
Conspire to give birth

The rulers in this kingdom  
Are tall, tattered old trees  
Lightning torn and torment worn  
Yet wise as they can be

In their alien (to us)wisdom  
They decide who lives and survives  
They provide shade and sustenance  
To Saplings perilous lives

They communicate with one another  
By ways of pheremones  
And speak to all their Arboreal sisters and brothers  
In muted, deep rooted, silent tones  
It's hard to imagine them  
As more than just outsize weeds  
But you couldn't live without `em  
Since they provide your most basic need

The very air you inhale  
That is so essential to your life  
And without which all life would fail

Cut short by Nature's knife

So look at trees as necessities

They provide for you and me

And with their many awesome Autumn leaves

There is naught so beautiful on Earth (or so worthy)

...as a time weathered tree...

David Whalen



# Ode To Unrequited Love

Ode To Unrequited Love

Are you indeed my soul mate?  
Then speak in kindness  
When you speak to me

Endow me with a smile so sweet  
That my heart would lie helplessly  
At your feet

Deny me not  
Your tender touch  
Nor turn away your eye

For you will never...  
Ever find another lover  
So deeply devoted as I

I wish to be with you forever  
To always love and adore you  
That never should we part

But alas... for I am far too shy  
For you to know and allow me  
... Entry to your heart...

97 words

David Whalen

# Ode To Winter

Crisp...Crisp the night!  
'Pon cheeks as white as snow  
Crazy quilt of rimed patterns  
Limned upon the window

Soft...soft the lacy flakes!  
Each one unique and new  
Blanket o'er land and lakes  
Winter's take on dew

Games...games of Fox and Hound!  
Pristine drifts of frosting  
Turned into frigid battlegrounds with  
Brief truces for time defrosting

Steam...cottony steam!  
Wool mittens too near the flame  
Cold stiff fingers, white as cream  
Toes frozen from the game

Quiet...Winter quiet! (shhhh)  
Sounds muffled by the fluff  
Of snow so deep not e'en a peep  
Can struggle up through the stuff

Smoke...writhing smoke!  
Reaching for the sky  
Chimneys breathing, tendrils weaving  
Rising with a sigh

Winter...cold, cold hard winter!  
Makes Summer wishes come to light  
Til icicles fall, shatter and splinter  
...Tis crisp...crisp the night! ! ! ...

David Whalen

# Ode To Woe

Ode To Woe

Fate is such a fickle thing  
Cares not one whit for man  
Hopes but stones in Nature's sling  
To shatter best laid plan

A swirling murmuration of Starlings  
Makes as much sense as fate  
And powerless are the greatest kings  
In Kismet's capricious wake

I tried to love with all my might  
But Fate and Kismet said "Never!"  
My soul has flown into the night  
And my heart is broken  
...forever...

David Whalen

# Ode To Wren

Ode To Wren

Her smile...  
Could light  
The darkest night

Her frown...  
Turn the world  
Upside down

She's a circus...  
She's a sideshow  
In her own special right

She's a star...  
That steals the show  
And also a tiny slapstick clown

She's special...  
She's beautiful  
Both inside and out

So special...  
That the Sun seems  
To follow her about

She'll leave...  
Some day (as will I)  
Of that there is no doubt

But she'll always  
Remain within my heart  
And I'll never let her out

Things must always end...  
Change and start anew again  
With a whisper...or a SHOUT

Yet Wren...

My little one year old friend  
Is so special that the Sun seems  
...To follow her around...

David Whalen

# Of Color Red

Of all the hues on Nature's palette  
Tis the only one,  
that at the same inspires,  
Both passion and dread

Tis the singular color  
that conspires in such fine fashion,  
to aptly ascribe to both  
the living and the dead

Tis a schizophrenic tint  
of unpredictable nature  
With both love and hate  
described as such

And coined in no common nomenclature  
As the outstanding adjective  
for cold cruelty,  
or torrid touch

It's the ruby refraction  
that demands the sight  
That commands it's attention  
And keeps to it tight

It's the flush rendered bold  
When our anger is taken  
It's the blush from the cold  
To our cheeks when awakened

It's auburn shimmer  
of sun highlighted hair  
It's the tawny tone  
Of rich Tennessee soil

It's the happy stripes  
On Christmas candy canes  
It's the velvet glow  
From lamps of oil

The feverish fire Of summer sunburn  
Scarlet rouge on lover's cheek  
Rash of rage, so soon to learn from  
Petty pouts and puckish pique

It's the red in the eyes of the raven of Poe's  
The rising whirl on the barber's sign  
The color of children's cold fingers and toes  
The omen of danger, of Nature's design

It's the sun when it rises  
The sky which it floods  
The sun when it sets  
And dies bathed in blood

It's a red dress remembered  
Rose pressed betwixt pages  
It's crimson rings on blackbird wings  
And saffron robes on the ages

David Whalen

# Of Cookies... And Smiling

It's not the way that  
the cookie crumbles that matters....  
Nor more important is where  
the cookie crumbs scatters

It's inevitable that  
the cookie will shatter  
It's an immutable fact  
So what does it matter?

No...Its not the way that  
Your cookie crumbles that matters  
And only a little more so  
Of where the cookie crumbs scatter

What's most important about cookies...  
A fact that is so simple and sublime  
Is that the people who get their cookies.....often  
Seem to Go about smiling... most of the time

David Whalen



# Of Course Not Me

&lt;center&gt;

People are crazy

Obtuse, obese and lazy

Of course that's not me

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Of Course Not!

&lt;center&gt;  
Honey, did you fake  
it last night? ... &quot;Of course not, I  
Was really asleep! &quot;  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

## Of Little Kids....(Haikus)

Small kids...girls and boys  
Should not have to live in worlds  
Without joy or toys

Kids...lads and misses  
Thrive best when freely given  
Praise... hugs... and kisses

Of all Gifts given  
None can compare to giving...  
A child your ear

Wrinkled brow...large tears  
Simple words, "What's wrong my dear? "  
Makes them disappear

David Whalen

## Of Smiles (And Dour Faces)

&lt;center&gt;Lips pressed tight as layers of rock  
Chin thrust forth like scarp of stone  
Visage closed tight...as a lock  
Semblance shone as of a crone

Face so spare of love and care  
Gives show to heart, cold draped with snow  
And from so compressed lips...never slips  
A more kind word than &quot;No! &quot;

This will ne'er be, the way for me  
For I cannot but to smile  
I possess a simple mind that deigns to find  
Good humour all the while

If one should find the time opportune to smile  
Don't hesitate to take it  
For If one goes round...dressed in a frown  
One might just as well...go round naked!  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Of Things Missed

&lt;center&gt;So many, the people  
With clear cold command  
Of the language  
And fully utilized by them  
in daily discourse

And yet know little, or not...  
Of the texture and design  
In the weave of the words, and  
Know or suffer not  
A whit or hint of remorse

Of the richness of  
The pleasures inherent  
Tho' obviously to most,  
not apparent  
In the daily, depths  
Of Deep discourse

The wealth of treasure  
In daily words  
By most is simply, sadly, missed  
Yet in the majority not e'en noticed  
For most...ignorance is bliss  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Of Transient Nature (Fall)

&lt;center&gt;

Fall is:

Dragonflies, empty nests  
Pumpkin pies, shedding trees

Brown meadows, Monarch butterflies  
Crisped carpets of Autumn leaves

It's a frosty feel of finality  
That all good things must end

That things must die Is simply reality  
Tis not a question of if, but when

It's a harbinger of things to come  
As well a reminder of times gone by

A pregnant pause to ponder, muse and wonder  
Where we are and who we are...and Why

It's a time of transient Nature  
Replete with changes everywhere

Absent name and nomenclature.  
As familiar tho' (as we all know)  
...As smoke draped pon' the air...

And that's what makes Autumn great

David Whalen

# Of Winter And Women (And Power)

&lt;center&gt;

Snowflakes soft as silken down  
Deftly light on lashes long  
And hair of chestnut brown...  
Standing so close,  
breath mingling with mine  
My senses bewitched  
In her presence...like wine...  
Snowflakes thru naked limbs  
Nimbly wend their way  
And makes my mind swim  
On this cold Winter day...  
Fur collar turned up  
To frame lovely face  
Have I ne'er taken notice  
Of such enchanting grace

Are women aware  
Of the power that they bear  
Of the awesome weapons  
Hid `neath brow and soft hair...  
Of amazing ability  
(tho' with tender tranquility)  
That can muddle the mind  
With a doe-like steady stare...  
I find myself speechless  
In their presence at times  
When they but place their hand  
Blithely...to rest upon mine

I'm chagrined to admit  
That my eyes cannot quit  
My gaze away from her face  
Her power enfolds me in awe  
Her smile holds me in thrall  
Framed by fur and by  
...snow fashioned lace...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Oft Saw My Dad Cry (To Dad)

A father's love  
Can never match  
A mother's...  
At least in  
Children's eyes...

A father's love  
Cannot be shown  
As easily  
As in  
a mother's sighs

A father's love  
Is of labor dear  
More distant so by nature  
than... in tender  
nurture lies

A father's love  
Is of hidden tears  
And rarely  
Shown raw  
emotions

Held within  
A rough façade  
Of gentle heart...  
Of kind and  
Cloistered emotions

Fathers withhold  
Within themselves  
Caring feelings (and memories)  
Of small smiles  
And big wide eyes

Fathers hold back  
Tears inside while...  
drying other's eyes

Yet fathers weep Inside,  
so deep...most children  
Know not why

And more than once  
I caught a peek of tears  
In my dad's eyes  
And on his cheek  
Fathers are ...  
of stern stuff made  
Yet fathers  
...Often cry...

David Whalen

# Oft Times Tis Better

Sometimes tis better  
to not know the answers  
Better to not know  
what's on the other side of the fence

Oft times tis better  
To live in the not knowing  
To allow one's imagination  
To indulge in suspense

Sometimes it's better  
The fact of not knowing  
To let others enlighten us  
Of the truth, not pretense

Sometimes tis better  
To be dumb and be blind  
To not see or to hear  
What might torment one's sense

Sometimes tis better  
And oft times less bitter  
Since oft times not knowing  
tis one's only defense

Sometimes tis better  
To dwell in the darkness  
To be a bit unenlightened of...  
What's on the other side of the fence

David Whalen

# Of'times The Only Way

&lt;center&gt;

When it seems you can't  
Get over it...well then The  
Best way out is through

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Ol' Fools And Dreamcatchers

Still just an ol' jerk  
Puttin' faith in dream catchers  
Knowin' they don't work

-----

Nights...awake I lay  
Trying to remember dreams...  
Dreams that stole away

-----

Gonna be more smart!  
That dream catcher's Gonna be  
Returned to Walmart! !

David Whalen

# Ol' Gents On A Bench(In The Park After Dark)

Ol' gents on a bench (in the dark in the park)

Two grizzled ol' gents  
On a bench in the park  
Talking sagely of baseball  
In the late evening dark

"ya think there's baseball in heaven? "  
Mused Shecky to Levi  
Levi furrowed his brow deeply  
As he sighed soft reply

With an old man's wet wheeze  
He sonorously said  
tis fairly certain we'll know  
Shortly after we're dead

Let's make a deal, they solemnly proposed  
Whoever goes first will return to reveal  
If there's bleachers to seat and hot dogs to eat  
And heavenly bases to steal.

As fate would have it, Shecky passed on that very night  
And the next night Levi on their bench sadly sat alone  
When out of the night, giving Levi such a fright  
Levi heard Shecky's ghostly voice intone

"Levi, oh Levi! I have good news and bad  
Levi, there's baseball in heaven" Shecky said with delight  
And the bad news my ol' friend I hate to relate  
is...you're the starting pitcher tomorrow night.

David Whalen

# Ol' Men And Rockin' Chairs

&lt;center&gt;  
Peach Brandy! ...dandy  
For sippin`...watchin' time and  
This ol'world go by  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Ol' Men, Brollies And Mem'ries

Little old men `neath big black Bumbershoots  
Meandering about in the soft Spring rain  
Savoring the mornin' air and mayhaps...  
Recalling their youth once again

The very air seems a blanket  
Woven in lace, imbued with a trace  
Of morning mist that insists  
On caressing one's face

With the tender touch  
Of a maiden fair  
Seems the rain  
That is wrapped In the air

That gives the old men pause  
To peer all about  
As if to see now...what once was  
And now is without

Yet the rain stays the same  
In it's soothing refrain  
And the old men with their brollies  
Rheumy eyes and mem'ries

Remain meandering about...  
...In the soft Springtime rain...

David Whalen



## Old Age...(Haiku)

&lt;center&gt;

Old age... When regrets  
replace dreams...And when the days  
are filled with memories

David Whalen

# Old Hearts Can Be Broken

&lt;center&gt;

Yes...Even old hearts  
can be broken  
Tis true that love  
Cares not of age  
That same fire of youth  
Still bears the truth  
Of the flame that still  
Within doth rage...

Old hearts can still lead  
The mind astray...  
When wants and needs  
Must have their way  
When the season of reason  
Leads one to passion  
Age is no matter  
Love will have it's day...

Old hearts can still race  
At a furious pace  
At a touch...  
At a glimpse...  
Of a quite special face  
And the consequence which  
Is not often spoken...  
And that is...Yes!

Oh yes! ...Even old hearts  
...can be broken...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Older Than Dirt, Dumb As A Rock

Older than dirt  
Dumb as a rock

That's what I've been called  
And it comes as no shock

Cause I have gotten older  
And I have gotten dumber

And I possibly could have seen  
My very last summer

But I don't regret getting' dumber  
And I know getting' older is tough

What I do regret tho'...  
is not getting' enough

David Whalen

# On A Mountaintop

Rivulet of red  
Cold hard stone

Sharp smell of cordite  
Glint of moon on bone

Eerie quiet  
Uncaring sky

Unseeing eyes pleading  
Not knowing why

Unmailed letter  
Unneeded pen

Words from memory  
Read over and over again

Shadow shrinking from daylight  
Warm rays flood the ground

Birds sing sweetly... indifferently...  
No one hears their sound

David Whalen

# On Dreams

...Why...

Good dreams are rare things  
Nightmares go on forever...  
Only good dreams die young

David Whalen

# On Happiness And Bacon

There's no real 'way' to  
Happiness...Happiness is a  
A way in itself

---

There's only three things  
Of import in the morning  
Sleep, sex and...' BACON! ! '

David Whalen

# On Living Life

It's not near enough  
To have lived in full...  
the length of one's life

No... tis not nearly enough  
The measure of length only...  
Pray tell...

For length is far too narrow  
A measure  
of one's life

The true measure is to have lived  
The full width  
As well

David Whalen

# On Nepotism (Senryu)

If you feel a need  
For nepotism...keep It  
in the family

David Whalen



# On Observing Beauty -Seven Senryus

You can't stop me from  
Partaking of... your beauty...  
Only with my eyes

Your luscious lips...your  
Limpid eyes...only inspire  
Me to wistful sighs

You'll never know the  
Power you wield...and chances  
Are... you never will

Fleeting is beauty...  
Lasts not long before tis gone...  
A cutie no more

Allow a warm smile  
To display upon your face...  
Show your innate grace

Beauty comes also  
With age...no hint of guile...it  
Comes wrapped in your smile

Pleasant smiles echo  
From another...to be then  
cast away again

David Whalen

# On Reading

&lt;center&gt;  
On Reading

Voyages `pon seas  
Of ink and tide  
On journeys  
O'er oceans wide

In time transported  
By imagination ferried  
To exotic ports and  
To treasures buried

Made of paper and page  
A fragile craft  
No more than a hand span  
From fore to aft

But a transport no less...  
Through both space and time  
Crewed only by a lone  
...And inquisitive mind...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Once Upon A Time

Weren't we all fifteen  
Once upon a time...  
And the world  
Revolved around us and only us?  
Parents were no more  
Than convenient caretakers  
Who had no idea  
Of what was involved  
In the singularity of being young...  
Weren't we the only ones...  
Once upon a time  
Who truly knew pain and sorrow  
Ecstasy and passion  
And the crushing feel of a broken heart?  
Weren't we all beautiful one day  
Then hideous the next?  
Top of the heap  
Or bottom of the pit  
Deeply depressed  
Or supremely sublime?  
Of course we were! !  
After all...weren't we all fifteen...  
...Once upon a time? ...

100 words

David Whalen

# One Of Those Mornings

It's one of those meddlesome mornings  
Can't seem to make up it's mind  
Doesn't want to greet the day  
Reluctant to leave the dark behind

One minute breezy, The next deathly still  
Seems not to know what to do  
Be cloudy or clear, be bright or drear  
It's gotta be one of the two!

But the daylight will force it  
To make up it's mind  
Will it require an umbrella  
Or a hat of some kind?

I'm going to go back to bed  
Until the morning makes up it's mind  
And when it does...  
Then I'll make up mine!

David Whalen

# One Word That Best Defines Life

"Life" is a word not easily defined

It can be described in so many ways

Can be described as easy, just as well as a grind

Described as a whole, or a phase

Describing the word "life" is almost an impossibility

At least that's the way that I feel

But if I had to choose the word.... I best thought it to be

The best descriptive word for "life" is "surreal"

David Whalen

# Online Anonymity

The anonymity of poetry...  
Is a blessing in disguise

No one knows the size of our nose  
Or the color of our eyes

Whether we're easy going...  
Laid back types...or stuffy

Whether we're a little overweight  
Or better said, "a little fluffy"

We can write and post, cry and whine  
Be meek or boast, be dull or shine

Let our artistic side show  
Of which few acquaintances know

Thanks to the anonymity ...  
you can expose yourself shamelessly

...In your poetry

David Whalen

# Only Once...

&lt;center&gt;  
One can't touch  
The same water twice  
Only once can one  
breathe the same air...

Some things are such  
Beyond any price  
E'en beyond empty promise  
Of wishful prayer...

One cannot see  
The Heavens but once  
For It changes  
before one's eyes

As do the faces  
Of those that we love  
As do truth  
and as do lies...

Change is the only constant  
It's the only permanent thing  
All else is no more than memory...  
Reality that's taken wing...

Should we try to hold on  
To things no longer there  
That have no more substance  
Than fistfuls of air...

But It's in man's character  
Tho' to me it seems strange  
To ignore the very nature  
...The constant of change...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

## Only Places After All (Senryu)

&lt;center&gt;

Old homes, warm faces

Just places...after all...just

Mist...and memories

David Whalen



# Optimism

&lt;center&gt;

You may not seem

To be a hunter

But like most people...

(including me)

You'll spend a good part

Of your life chasing rainbows

In blissfull ignorance of what

...cannot be...

David Whalen

# Or Is It Just Me?

The peal of a bell  
Has a different peal  
When heard in the crisp air  
Of a sunny Winter morn.  
Whether it be the carrilon  
Of St Josephs Cathedral  
In Northside Cincinnati (my boyhood home)  
To the singular bell of Capistrano  
Where the Swallows no longer dwell...  
From the smallest of chimes  
Adorning the traces of sleighs  
To the greatest of gongs  
Or the tinkle of kitty cats collars...  
The sound of a bell (even in a cemetery)  
by some sort of strange alchemy  
does indeed become changed...  
More clarion, more crystalline  
More heartfelt, more lovely indeed  
When heard in the crisp air  
Of a cold Winter morn

David Whalen

# Other One's Words

We all go to sleep  
With someone's words  
In our minds

Words of kindness  
Words of anger  
Words of every kind

They carry us off to sleep  
And perhaps temper  
And shape our dreams

Words said in caring  
The most soothing  
it seems

In anger or sadness  
In calm and in madness  
Words in our minds, we'll find

As we drift off to sleep  
Be it fretful or deep...and  
Our mind slowly lowers it's blinds

We all go to sleep... be it shallow or deep  
Hearing some other one's...  
Words in our minds

David Whalen

# Our Amazing Motor Vehicles

An arcane fact in the paper this day  
About our DMV and it's mysterious way

Seems for whatever you want there's a questionnaire  
And driver's license form requires color of hair

And not among the allowed choices is my brown-turning grey  
Yet...(wait for it) ...(wait for it)  
Purple is absolutely allowable today

Thinking back o'er the past pulls my face to a frown  
Purple hair, (at least in my experience) was...  
(wait for it) ...(wait..for...it)  
Only worn by a clown!

David Whalen

# Paint A Picture

Always use a verb

Over a noun...better still...

Use an adjective!

David Whalen

# Passage

It was crystal clear  
At first

Then developed a haze  
With the passage of time

Things remembered ... clearly before  
Now recalled quite differently

Time itself changing  
Tilting forward...leaning back

Smokey film draped  
Upon time silvered webs

Time weathered memories  
...Slowly fading...

David Whalen

# Past, Future And Today

First Of A trilogy...Past, Future And Today

Where do you spend  
Most of your time?  
When you wander and  
Ponder within your mind

When you gaze into space  
Lost in your musing  
Is there some common place  
That you're usually perusing

Do you dwell in mem'ries  
Rehashing the past  
Recalling old injuries  
And harmful words cruelly cast

Or do you bask  
In the glow  
Of smiles long passed  
From lips...long ago

It's a good place to visit  
From time to time  
But in truth is it  
The best use of your time

Today slips away  
While one ponders the past  
Best waste not this fine day  
Who knows?  
...It could be your last..

128 words

First Of A trilogy...Past, Future And Today

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128 words





# Patience Is

&lt;center&gt;Patience is...

What the predator employs  
In waiting for its prey

And also what the pious employs  
When waiting for what they pray

It's a tool that cannot be held in hand  
But is used by most every day

It's one of the most useful things of Man  
And can be used in so many ways

It cannot be stored, not kept, nor lent  
Held in check, nor given away

It must be learned and is dearly earned  
Exercised daily, one must say

It's a blessing, a skill, a virtue too  
It's rewarding, but takes a bit of skill

And if you don't have it, don't sweat it  
Just have patience, and soon you will

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

## Pay Attention! Part 2 (Listen With Your Eyes)

Pay Attention Part 2 (listen with your eyes)

Pay attention!

Truly watch the one you're with and you'll see what most miss  
Let them do the speaking, and watch closely while listening  
Don't think what your reply shall be, as most people are want to do  
nor interrupt or comment while they speak.  
Instead, listen superficially and observe hypercritically.

As much of communication involves facial contortions  
and body gyrations, as does the actual uttering of words and sound  
Follow the subject matter with sufficient attention, enough  
To satisfy your speakers desire to speak, then endeavour to  
Observe the amazing physicality involved  
In this most multi-faceted, supremely descriptive,  
intricate act of tacit communication

Watch, and hear with your eyes!

Observe the unceasing gymnastics of your speaker's dancing eyebrows  
Note the many times that only one brow arches high  
When expressing derision, disdain, or contempt  
Note the 'window-shade-flying-up' effect  
When your speaker expresses surprised amazement  
As much optically, as orally, in their discourse

Listen to their expressions!

Watch the subtle interplay of eyelids as they slowly lower  
To narrow the openings, so as to express deep suspicions  
Or intense examination in their subject, and more yet,  
To flutter like bird's wings, in excited exasperation

Listen lightly and observe heavily!

Tis almost a sure occasion that in your daily discourses  
You but allow to pass unnoticed this rich melange of mute communication  
This most primal means of information transport  
That is passed in passed in utter silence  
Yet loudly, says so much

Please pay attention!  
Or you will surely, unknowingly miss  
Much of this very outspoken, richly textured  
Delightfully expressed communication, audible, not to one's ear  
But only through one's eyes, and then only to those privileged few  
Who know to see, when one speaks

If my overblown orations and ruminations arouse a bit of interest, please let me  
know and I'll continue  
With a Part III

David Whalen

# Perhaps I Can Change

Have I overly rhapsodized lately  
On Mother Nature's displays?  
I've become rather forgetful  
With the passing of so many days

Have I bored you lately  
With labored, descriptive words  
Droned on incessantly  
of iridescent hummingbirds?

Of Spring fields of sunflowers  
Of the morn's nascent glow  
Of the dragonfly's rustle  
Of the stream's tinkling flow?

I do ramble on too much  
But I love description so  
So perhaps I'll not describe so much  
Tho' tis the only way I know

So you'll hear much less of stardust...  
Less of butterflies and angel wings  
Of icy glaze...of snowy crust  
Or the way the Zephyr sings

At least I'll try, to keep it dry  
If I fail... I'll try again  
Though God knows...descriptive prose  
Has always been my friend

Perhaps I'll also try to address  
Another problem of mine  
And that's my annoying addiction  
To my profuse, use of rhyme

There's another frequent fault I foolishly fall for  
That's the equivalent of mental masturbation  
And that's my inappropriate, incomprehensible,  
Overly insane....unabashed, use of alliteration

David Whalen

# Perhaps In A Parallel Universe

...Of Universes In Parallel...

I never got to know ye  
And I'll regret it  
For the rest of my life

Perhaps there are  
Parallel universes wherein  
One you became my wife

Another in which  
I knew you not and  
One where I knew you (Quite a lot)

Another perhaps where we  
Orbited around in galaxies  
That dwarf the sun

Yet managed still  
By sheer force of will  
To merge...and become one

As many are the pernicious wishes  
As are the grains of sand  
That deep neath the sea lie

Of a star struck soul  
From a far flung land  
That We should meet many more times  
...You and I...

David Whalen

## Perhaps Later (Haiku)

There's a time for  
All things...love... beauty and rhyme  
This is not that time

David Whalen



# Perhaps Only Goblins

&lt;center&gt;

` Was It someone rapping `pon my window  
Or was the tapping from far away?

Was it the moon that shone through my window  
Or Lucifer's light, as the old women say?

Was it the wind that rattled my window  
Or was it the glass keeping Goblins at bay?

Was it the shades that shimmered at my window  
Or twas it a trick that my eyes liked to play?

Was it no more than just an ordinary window  
Or was it the fearsome nearness

...Of Halloween day? ...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Perhaps Stardust

`You've never met me  
Yet you know me

Face unfamiliar or perhaps...  
Not a face at all

Perhaps I'm the stuff  
that bad dreams are made of

Mayhaps I'm the  
Handwriting ...'pon the wall

The spectre... that hectors  
Each one and all of us

I'm the nexus of nothingness  
Memories just almost recalled

I'm no one and everyone  
I'm the stars and the sun

I'm happiness and loneliness  
I'm misery...I'm fun

I'm the bad and the good  
I'm the best and the worse

An atom, a splinter of wood  
I'm poetry, I'm the universe

And sometimes... I'm  
...Nothing at all...

/center>



# Perhaps The Heart Of Day

Twilight

Twilight...The darkest part of Dusk  
Velvet blanket pulled up tight  
to sleepy chin of day

Once bright day that's now become a husk  
Of It's former sunny self  
And now shall sleep the night away

Twilight's neither day or night  
It's life is measured in minutes  
And It's hue is usually grey

It's mordant hue, it's somber light  
It's job is of transition  
It's what tucks in...the drowsy day

Twilight's but a tiny part  
But It's a tiny part we trust  
And if the day had a heart

T'would be twilight  
The darkest time  
...Of dusk...

David Whalen

# Perhaps Tomorrow

No inspiration  
Comes to me tonight

Perhaps it never will...  
To my great sorrow

one creative bolt...and  
I could set the world right

Well...if maybe not tonight...  
then perhaps tomorrow

David Whalen

# Perhaps...Just Perhaps

&lt;center&gt;

Perhaps... one should feel  
The peal of tiny bells  
Or perhaps sense  
the velvety tinkle  
Of wind chimes

Perhaps...close one's eyes  
In the darkness delve into  
The deep wells and  
The mysteries of time

Perhaps...we should imagine  
The wee space  
Pon' which flowers perform  
Their daily drama  
They display Pon Nature's stage

Perhaps...feel the motion  
Of individual atoms  
or oceans...  
Mayhaps sense the colors  
Of emotions raw rage

Perhaps...one should open  
One's imagination's eyes  
To open their minds  
And realize

Perhaps...there's a perverse irony  
In the mind of man  
That e'en with eyes op'ed wide  
He sees so little...  
So much less  
Than he really can

Perhaps...just perhaps  
If one would loosen mind's binds

One could clearly see  
Perhaps into the cosmos  
And into the mind of God  
Let imagination run free

Perhaps....Just perhaps  
...It could be...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Permanence

&lt;center&gt;  
Permanence

Sometimes we grow close  
oftimes we grow apart...but  
live within the heart  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Physics Senryu

&lt;center&gt;  
Energy can not  
Be lost... Tis fact! so whence goes  
our souls when we die?  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Picture This

Picture This

Your body contains eight hundred  
Trillion trillion Carbonatoms.  
And that's not just  
Hyperbolic hype!

What is even more astounding is...  
That one in eight of those carbon atoms  
Recently was expelled as pollution  
From a smokestack or exhaust pipe!

(adapted from the book "YOUR ATOMIC SELF" by Curt Stager)

David Whalen

# Piece Of Cake (Oooo, That Sounds Good!)

My diet's not working  
It's easy to see  
And my waist isn't  
Getting any smaller

So in a splash of perspiration  
I'm overwhelmed with inspiration  
Instead of losing weight  
I'll just grow taller!

David Whalen

# Pleasant Times & Memories

It's nice to remember the good times  
But better to savor them when they're real

It's pleasant to dwell in nostalgia  
But it's far better to dwell on today and feel

The fuzzy, warm feel of a good experience  
Is never instantly given the credit it's due

It's nice to remember the good times  
But cherish them well...as they happen to you

David Whalen

# Please Pay Attention Pt 1

Pay Attention Part One

Your eyelids begin to flutter, shy morning light yearns to peek in  
Savor that fleeting moment between worlds  
Mind, not in the dream world, nor totally awake  
Savor that pleasantly confused state of mind  
Of household sounds distantly intruding  
Sift languidly through tattered remains of diaphanous dreams  
Extend and enjoy this common to us all morning experience  
That the majority of us completely ignore

Really pay attention

To your soul-mate, still asleep across the bed  
Hair tousled o'er face and pillow  
Look closely at that sleeping face and see the lines and wrinkles  
That you, the kids, and daily life have imprinted on that brow  
Don't see her as you do every day. Look very closely  
See her not, as you know her, but as a stranger would  
See her as a unique individual, not with the sort of faceless familiarity  
That we so blithely impart to those close to us  
Really look, and you'll see a new, different, unique person  
Than you saw yesterday

Really, truly, pay attention

Take the time. Really, truly take the time  
To savor, dissect and enjoy all the seemingly, yet not,  
Mundane, things in your life  
Don't rush about unseeing, unfeeling, oblivious  
To each everyday experience  
There's a vast different world that surrounds us. A parallel universe of sorts  
Which most of us don't have time or patience to see  
Or maybe choose not to see

Please pay attention

I'm going to try to open your eyes more  
To unseen, everyday experiences and abilities

That perhaps you have lost, ignored  
Or never learned to exercise to start with

If you read this and are interested in further exploration of what we don't see  
and experience on a daily basis, please let me know and I'll do a "Pay attention"  
part two

David Whalen

# Poetry Is Imagination

&lt;center&gt;  
No such thing as lack  
Of inspiration...just of  
Imagination  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Poetry Via Alzheimer's

"There's a kind of music  
that lives there"  
A little old lady with  
Alzheimer's would declare

When asked if she liked  
the ocean and the beach  
She appeared not to hear,  
Nor even to understand speech

Then her eyes brightened  
Her lips parted with a wistful smile  
Her memory had returned to enlighten  
If only for a little while

As this woman fondly remembered..  
I could only in amazement stare  
She said, "Oh my yes! ..And There's a kind  
of Music that lives there"

Just a little old lady with Alzheimer's  
But what a most wondrous and beautiful phrase!  
I could not have been stated it more poetically  
Had I tried til' the end of my days

David Whalen



# Poetry...Mcdonalds...And Me

A goodly part  
Of my poetic production  
Is conceived over coffee  
At my local McDonalds

So if you think some are good...  
Then those are mine...  
And the one's that are stinko....  
Well... those are Ronald's

David Whalen

# Poets...Magicians

Our souls are touched  
Emotions teased  
Heartstrings plucked  
Tensions eased

Tableaus described  
Amazing vistas seen  
To me, is what poetry  
Is meant to mean

Through mastery of words  
Through sly use of wit  
We're whooshed expertly away  
From the chairs where we sit

By poets...by poetry...  
From dark depths of the brain  
We're magically transported  
By poetic legerdemain

David Whalen

# Poets...Storytellers

Poets...storytellers

Of love...life

Keypads and notepads

Happy kids...cranky wife

Poems of Lil' kids and katydids

Drunken ol' fools

With Pencil stubs, scrap paper

Used envelopes for tools

Stories of hot blood...cold ambition

Neon lights...Crystal chandeliers

lucky stars And honky tonk bars

old times... new times.. Bad and good years

Of The most beautiful girls In the world...crying...

Fireflies glow... nights in June

Emotions ablaze...heavy sighing

Silver spoons...golden moon

Picking fights with thunderstorms...

Fighting through wordsmith's strife

Poet's above all... must be storytellers

Spinmeisters of love and life

David Whalen

# Poignant Portrait

Startled...I pulled up short  
Taken aback by melancholy eyes  
The visage in the portrait tore  
My sight in deep surprise

A wistful smile purveyed in lambent oil  
A silent plea her image comprised  
&quot;Please remain, a meager moment's toil  
Allow me your attentions...let us both surmise&quot;

I...in momentary transfixion held  
By mysterious confliction of canvas and eye  
The &quot;fixed in forever&quot; person within  
That but for a moment had come alive

The magic moment slowly ceased to persist  
Our gaze slowly broken  
As fades the fog, ...the morning mist  
We communed, tho' had ne'er spoken

Her request, unspoken, writ upon my back  
As I moved to the portrait next  
In quiescent plea, pled &quot;remain with me&quot;  
I yet perceive her tacit text

David Whalen

# Point Of View

There is no right  
There is no wrong  
Tis all but a matter  
Of point of view

No heavenly might  
Nor demon strong  
Whatever you'd rather  
Believe...is truth to you

A lie to one is  
Truth to another  
What's seen, is what  
One wants to view

For a razor edged line  
Exists between love and hate  
A paper thin partition between  
Cold black, and cobalt blue

What's right, what's fair  
What's here, what's there  
What's love, what's lust  
What's treachery, what's trust

What it tis in finality, that  
Shapes for you reality  
And is what makes  
all things true to you

Sadly tis...

Not crimes of passion (or treason)  
Nor kind acts of compassion (or reason)  
But simply put and sadly true  
It's one's own point of view

David Whalen

# Portrait Of Night

,

Glow from windows `pon  
Black palette of velvet...City  
Lights that pierce the night

David Whalen

# Portraits

Portrait limned in words and phrases  
Wrap't round naked lips, pressed tight  
As layers of rock  
Chin thrust fourth like a scarp of stone  
Visage closed tight  
As an old rusted lock

Face so spare, of love and care  
Gives show to heart cold...  
And draped in snow  
And from tight, compressed lips  
Ne'er let slip  
No more kind word then "no"

This will never be  
the way for me...  
For I cannot but to smile  
I have a simple mind  
That instead deigns to find  
Good humor all the while

David Whalen

# Possessions

With age... I've come to  
See...the only thing, truly  
Of my own...is me

David Whalen



# Praise The Lord (And Lil' Mangie)

Praise the Lord!

I've got a lil' dog with a bad case of mange  
And here's where my story starts getting strange

Had the 'lil mangy dude out for a walk  
When two Hispanic women started to gawk

They gave 'lil mangy dude a long onceover  
Saw in his mottled hide the face of Jehovah

Declared 'lil mangy dude a sign from the lord  
While 'lil mangy and I thought they were out of their gourd

They followed me home and set up a shrine  
Pretty soon the faithful started formin' a line

I was set to go out and start kickin' some ass  
Until I noticed the money lying in the grass

Lil' mangy and I weren't gonna let this get by us  
Suddenly seized by the spirit, we became real pious

Lil' mangy and I feel exceptional zeal  
While fervently praying...  
His mange doesn't heal

David Whalen

# Precious Wonder

Lonely country road  
Complete soft  
Silky silence

Broken only, by  
Soft wistful whispers  
Of downy, lace-like snow

Moon hazed over  
nebulous clouds  
Frosty glaze of icing spread

From horizon to infinity

Silence deafening  
In it's crystal stillness  
Deep breaths of frigid freshness

Strive to savor

It's precious essence  
For this wonder tis what  
Is precious now

Old poet's random musings

Of precious wonders  
Oft unnoticed  
Oft passed by

Precious wonders  
Cast asunder  
Oft overlooked by hurried eye

Soft whisper of snow  
Soft aura of moonglow  
Precious wonders passed over

By you and I

David Whalen

# Precious, , , Someone Or Something

&lt;center&gt;

The prospect of not  
seeing something ever again

Can make it precious

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Presences

&lt;center&gt;  
Of shapes and shadows  
Glimpsed in darkness  
Of someone...something  
Near upon you...in the night

Someone or something  
In shadowed companionship  
Someone unseen  
But whose presence feels right

An eerie presence  
Yet soothing essence  
Someone...or something  
Just beyond one's sight

It's seems as a dream  
Yet is there when awake  
And flows round like a stream  
It's there...no mistake

It's not my shadow  
Nothing so mundane  
Follows me not  
Yet seems there all the same

Perhaps I'm an old fool  
Mayhaps I'm just not right  
But I sense them about me  
Though day and though night  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Pretend

&lt;Center&gt;

Pretend...Just for me  
Just for tonight  
That my Kia is a corvette  
and all things are right  
That I'm six foot two  
That my hair is still there  
And dark and wavy too

Pretend that I don't talk  
All hillbilly funny  
Pretend that I've got  
A boatload of money  
Pretend that I look  
Like Steve McQueen  
That I still look as if  
I were seventeen

That's really not so much  
That I'm asking of you  
Just a little pretense  
Is all you have to do

Pretend that you love me  
Pretend that you'll be true  
Because I don't have to pretend  
...when it comes to you...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Pretend Not To See

Pretend Not To See

Oftimes the best thing  
Is to pretend not to see

To not give wing  
To reality

For nothing is truly  
What it seems

Life is no more than  
Mysterious dreams

Atoms and stardust  
Be what comprise you and me

And oftimes the best thing  
...is to pretend not to see...

David Whalen

# Priceless

&lt;center&gt;  
Gentle winds, soft landings  
Never ignore the things  
That are free...  
Among which is:  
The papery rustle  
Of Dragonfly wings  
The morning sunrise  
The smell of blossoms  
Evening sunsets...and  
The briny breeze  
That wafts from the sea  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Pride

&lt;center&gt;  
Pride

Vanity is a  
luxury that is never  
Given currency

&lt;/center&gt;

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Primal

Why do bonfires make us gaze  
With glassy stare  
Into the blaze

Why do we peer into the pyre  
As if writhing air  
Had words limned in fire

Words enchanted...writ in haze  
Scribed by fiery fingers  
In portentous primal ways

Flames dancing to a cosmic song  
That tugs one's heart  
And soul along

Until the pop... and snap of ember  
Brings one back  
And do we remember?

Not one whit...nor tiny bit!  
Of where we were  
Whilst it held our spellbound  
...Spirit...

19 lines

C/ent

David Whalen

# Prison Of Memories

&lt;center&gt;

The past always returns to haunt us

Old debts demand to be paid

The very best hand

Of many a man

Stays un known

And remains unplayed

Some men wish to be

In alliance with Angels

But alas, e'en more opt

To owe a debt of allegiance

To the dark...

And deep within those sad souls

Lie haunted black holes

Absent of light

Not e'en a scintilla nor spark

They yearn to return

To a world once spurned...

But once the die is cast

The past holds fast

And Fate and Karma decrees...

For lack of their wisdom

They be trapped in a prison

A prison of

...memories...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Promise To Myself

&lt;center&gt;  
I will never again buy  
Shoes that I have to tie  
I'm gonna' go  
With Velcro...  
Until the day I die  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Protons, Neutrons, Electrons Oh My

Naught But Smoke In The Wind

Ethereal is...as ethereal does  
Bundles of atoms is what we be  
Empty space wrapped in cosmic fuzz  
Electrons trying to break free

We be something...just not very much  
We're not very material at all  
Just wee Protons, Neutrons and such  
Smooched all together in a ball

Yet we think...reason and wonder  
What our place in the cosmos is  
Question, posit and ponder  
Is there more, or is this all there tis?

Our origins are in the furnaces of space  
Our destinies as fickle as the weather  
Our lives be brief, but our souls stay apace  
...Our atoms fate...is to live forever...

David Whalen

# Puzzling

Calendar with days marked off...  
Final day checked...  
in blood-red ink marker mean  
Then... no more marks...of any sort  
The calendar antiseptically... cryptically clean...  
Time seemingly now, no longer of import  
What was coming, so anticipated...(Or dreaded) ...  
That the days after... the anointed day

Seemed of no consequence imbedded  
Calendar yellowed and tattered  
As if time no longer existed...  
To a person... like you or me  
And to whom days... no longer mattered  
Then...Now...and for eternity

David Whalen

# Qualities Of Light

A certain gauzy luminosity  
In the dawn of a summer day

The diffuse, dispersive quality  
As morning breaks... across the bay

That almost palpable morning spark  
In a young girl's liquid eyes

Dawn's nascent glow... 'neath night's dark  
Of star and moonlit skies

Golden haloes drape oe'r mountaintops  
Beams peeking shyly through the valleys

Columns of crystal, piercing thunderclouds  
Chasing darkness... down empty alleys

Filtering through filigree lace of old lady's windows  
Spotlighting dust motes dancing in air

Mirrored in tresses of maidens and widows  
Reflected in highlights of grey and blonde hair

laths of lights, rise lazily toward the beams  
Through cracks and splits of sun bleached wood

Old barns and sunbeams not always what they seem  
Early light, ... prismatic rainbow... oft misunderstood

Display the might of new sunny day  
Then blazing bright...away with the night!

So much more... than one can say...  
of...The many, curious qualities of light

David Whalen

# Question Me Now, My Children

Question Me Now, My children

Ask questions of me, my children  
For time has a way...  
Of slipping through fingers  
Like reapers through hay

Your heritage is a treasure  
That one day you'll have need  
Questions in need of answers  
And no answers to heed

Was your great grandfather  
A brown-eyed lad  
Was your great grandmother  
Perhaps a little bit mad

Ask about your ancestry  
So interesting and rich  
Was great aunt Sarah just an ol' maid...  
Or was she really a witch

How did they live the course of their day  
And how the difference from yours  
You live in a city, in a modern way  
Perhaps they lived in the moors

How did your father meet your mother  
What was their courtship like  
And did grandmaw, elope with grandpaw  
Did cousin Jenny marry up with uncle Mike

Did great-great grandmaw come from Ireland  
Was her name "Whalen" changed from "Whelan"  
By careless and lazy immigration officials  
At a bustling and confusing, Ellis Island

Did these people bite their fingernails  
Have a wart on their nose



Have children die prematurely  
Enjoy happiness, suffer woe

Question me now, my children  
For I get older, soon will come my time to go  
And 'twill be too late and 'sadly twill be your fate  
Of your rich heritage to ne'er know

Ask questions of me, my children  
Before time takes me to task  
Else when and what you wish to know  
There will no one to ask

David Whalen

# Quick Essay On Neutrino Particles

Factual Thesis:

Created by nuclear reactions  
from inside the sun  
Six thousand billion... neutrino particles  
Penetrate your body  
every second...of every day

Opinion;

Well...the very thought of atomic particles  
Zinging through anything... much less my testicles  
is a bit Discomforting  
In almost every possible way

Summation:

This might sound low-brow  
Or as the Jewish say..."kitschy"  
But six thousand billion atomic particles...  
Can make a guy... feel really itchy

They're painless and harmless  
But I just don't like the way  
They just Whizz, Right through my skinny body...  
Every second...of every day

David Whalen

# Quick Little Kiss

&lt;center&gt;

It was just a gentle kiss  
Then it grew a little stronger

Only meant to be a quick little kiss  
But it turned out to last much longer

Only supposed to last  
a moment...(or two)

And I never thought (no never!)  
That I'd want you to...

Kiss me like that  
...forever...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Quiet Focus Of The Mind

The Quiet focus of the mind  
Is From whence imaginations rise

Imagination of starlit creation  
Stimulation to open up one's eyes

The quiet focus of the mind  
To garner truth, cast out the lies

If Intimidation begets frustration  
Then Frustration leads to what's and why's

Well... the quiet focus of the mind  
Will turn what's and why's to quiet sighs

Plain and simple contemplation  
Levels out, life's lows and highs

And the quiet focus of the mind  
Will lift the spirit to the skies

David Whalen

# Quirks And Eccentricities

Quirks and eccentricities (I'll show you mine if you show me yours)

I have my favorite fork and spoon  
Also gotta drink from my favorite glass  
Never fasten top button or tuck shirt in  
Guess that shows a definite lack of class

Never fold pages in books to mark places  
Only one food item on plate at a time  
Buy shoes that fasten with Velcro, never laces  
And when thinking, try to make my thoughts rhyme

Arrange used creamers with lids in flower petal form  
Always sit in a booth, never at a table  
Read funnies first, in the paper, in the morn  
Sniff every flower, whenever I'm able

When out for a walk,  
I never step on a crack  
I always pick up pennies for luck,  
heads up is good, tails put them back

I never have blankets tucked in on my bed  
Acknowledge everyone with a smile and a greetin'  
Can't pass my dog without patting his head  
I talk to pigeons, which makes people think I'm a cretin

Pennies have to go in my left rear pocket  
Silver has to go in the right front  
I walk whenever possible (it's healthy, don't knock it)  
Mustard only on hot dogs, cause that's what I want

I must count every swallow of liquid I drink  
I see long lost loved ones faces in crowds and buses passing by  
I bite my lower lip whenever I think  
Do all three letter words first in crosswords (at least I try)

Except for roaches, I never kill a bug  
Tho' I think I could be a mean kung fu fighter

Always seem to yearn for a big friendly ol' hug  
Have delusions of becoming a meaningful writer

I shave my face in exact same sequence each night  
I expect loyalty and truth from people around me  
In my quirks and eccentricities, I truly delight  
And in some of mine, yourself you might see

David Whalen

# Rain 'pon The Windowsill

The rain pon the windowsill  
The pounding of my heart  
The sound that looms round  
the empty room  
And rends my soul apart

The pillow next, not damp like mine  
unslept on lo these many years  
yet stained a bit with drops of wine  
Spilled along with bitter tears  
That beleaguer me and always will  
Like the rain upon  
...The window sill...

David Whalen

# Rain Rings On Water

Raindance

So old...I totter...  
Tho' still love to watch raindrops  
dance upon water

Moulder Into Dust`

Life is made from memories  
One tiny memory at a time  
Scattered about like fallen leaves  
In the woodlands of one's mind

Tho' gathered up and stored away  
Put in all their proper places  
Some become a bit worn and frayed  
Like well used antique laces

The beauty of a leaf was ne'er meant to last  
But to moulder into dust  
Time's a thief who preys `pon the past  
Whose virtues lack that of trust

We make of memories what we desire  
We shape them to our pleasure  
We bank or feed our memorie's fire  
Then enjoy them at our leisure

And after time...stored in our mind  
like leaves `neath the snow  
memories age like fine red wine  
Take root anew...And slowly start to grow

Our memories tend to twist and bend



like leaves upon the tree  
Shape shifters at the very end  
...Into what we wish them to be...

David Whalen

# Rainy Vegas Morn

March Morn in Vegas Haiku

Wet cement, Texas  
Sage, Yellow Broom, mesquite, rain.  
Pungent Vegas Morn

David Whalen

# Random Encounters

Random encounters...

Chance meetings

Life changers

Unexpected greetings

Interrupters of life

Uncaring guests

Random encounters

At their very best

Devices of change

Creators of strife

Random encounters are...

The spice of life

David Whalen

# Random Haikus

Not choosing at all  
while still a choice...is just not  
The very best one  
-----

I feel no shame from  
Whence I came but do feel fear  
Of where I'm going  
-----

Tilt back your head and  
Raise your face...close your eyes...feel  
The grace... of warm skies  
-----

Each man lives two lives  
One is dreams, one is real and  
both he still survives

David Whalen

# Random Opinions And Ruminations

I believe that...

Parents greatly overestimate their importance.

Things ripple

Lovers lie... (a lot!)

When a man philosophizes a lot, he's covering something up

Life has a way of shrinking a man

Everyone has regrets

Hormones make us all do stupid things

If you've not screwed up...you haven't lived

We all have scars, torments and ghosts

Smiles beget haloes and beget smiles in return

Some people smile like a frightened lemur

Old men and women bicker... happily (usually)

The greatest wealth lives in happy memories

Sadness can be freely given...while

Happiness must be earned

Every person pays for sex in the end

One can savor the flavor of being alone

The ugliest truth be better than the prettiest of lies

Years need be not friend or enemy

Not all winds are fresh...

Nor all sea breezes briny

Some people's beauty takes one's breath away...

And others are uglier than a monkey's heinie

These are enough for now

It's time to take a nap!

David Whalen

# Random Rhyme (Killing Time)

showers give birth to rainbows  
Ripples radiate from streams  
Dells lie down with meadows  
And nightfall gives leave to dreams

Frost is water, etched in rime  
Oceans are spawners of tides  
Crystal is ice, frozen in time  
Headstones guardians at gravesides

Clouds are the genesis of showers  
Cuffs are the endings of sleeves  
Days are collections of hours  
Garlands are sisters to sheaves

Mists are liquefied dreams  
Willow is nature with head bowed  
Dusk is the midwife of moonbeams  
Fog is the offspring of cloud

Nightfall is the ending of sunlight  
Hugs give rise to unending pleasure  
Blackness comes before white  
Rainbows locate leprechaun's treasure

Magic is fairy dust blown o'er the dells  
Dawn is a newly born day  
Stardust, enchantment, scattered by elves  
And Dreams are the mind at play

David Whalen

# Rather Just Be Stardust

&lt;center&gt;

I wonder what it is  
That holds the sky up

And tho' I know  
We're composed of Stardust

I know not  
What it is, nor why

I wonder where the thunder goes  
When it fades into the distance

And why the streams  
like misted dreams

Glide by...  
Without resistance

I wonder why old people often cry  
When they ponder on the past

Do they think their tears  
Will quell their fears and...

Slow time that  
Goes by so fast

I even wonder  
Why people ponder

Of things so far  
Beyond their ken

Better by far...to just be stardust  
To ne'er wonder

...why or when...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Readers Are Judge And Jury

Some poems  
like people, plans and knives

Just don't cut it  
And live abbreviated lives

For you readers are the jury  
To judge what should live and compete

No matter what the poet thinks  
If the hits show that the poem stinks

Then the writer should, without a blink  
Accept your verdict, As do I...

And hit delete

David Whalen

# Recession

No more calluses on my hands  
No more aching back

No more punchin' in and out  
No more keeping' track

No more places I have to be  
No more rear ends to kiss

No more feelin' necessary  
No more work to miss

No more wishin' I could be fishin'  
No more doin' what I don't want to do

No more slavin'  
No more savin'

No more shavin'...at least  
No more than I want to

No more keeping' up with the Joneses  
No more going down with the ship

No more botherin' to zip up my zipper  
No more really givin a s#\*t

No more takin' one for the gipper  
No more takin' one for the team

No more tryin' to be way more hipper  
No more tryin'...

to live the dream

David Whalen

# Recipe For My Poetry

&lt;center&gt;

Recipe For My Poetry:

! Cup of release from reality  
2 tbsps of too much time on one's hands  
As many cups of McDonald's coffee you wish  
So easy! No pots and no pans...  
A generous pinch of ego  
A lot of long lost dreams  
Some healthy bites of breakfast burrito  
Not a lick of respect and self-esteem...  
1/2 cup of feeling of failure  
4 shot glasses of Tennessee Honey  
Smidgeon of feeling of being put out to pasture  
Mixed lightly with a minimum of money...  
A dollop of overblown sentimentality  
A handful of memories and loss  
A pinch of penance and a spritz of banality  
Add a bit of joy...at never having a boss...  
Stir in with a grin, lots of rainbows and sunshine  
Blend in memories of days warm and sunny  
Don't skimp a bit when adding red wine  
And don't forget... 6 shots of Tennessee Honey...  
Blend these ingredients all into one  
Then pour them all into an open mind  
Then set it aside...til you think that it's done  
Might want to moisten it, with a bit more red wine...  
Dust it a bit with some cinnamon and cynicism  
Make sure it's firm...not too dry or runny  
If it doesn't measure up to your very own criticism  
Just moisten it up with another cup  
...Of good ol' Tennessee Honey...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Recipe For Scotch Whiskey

Start with cold, fringed beaches,  
Laced with Smoke and fog.  
In a cauldron.  
Add Cliffs and caverns  
With just a dash  
of Monuments of mystery.  
Blend in the breath  
Of Ancient peat bog.  
Add then a dollop  
Of flavor of brine,  
To Malt barley  
And yeast,  
blessed by a priest.  
Finally meld in together  
In a vast vessel of copper,  
The Smell of salt air and tears  
Bottle in layers of old Celtic prayers.  
Then sit back and wait  
For a number of years

David Whalen

# Reflections

&lt;center&gt;

Bridge streetlamps and long dead stars  
Strange bedfellows of the night  
Both offering back  
From moon mirrored river  
Commingled reflections shimmering  
In soft golden light

Small voyage  
From green patinated lampposts  
To river's oil slick canvas below  
Light conjoined in abandon  
From rays of ancient orbs  
Of once fiery giants  
Now reduced to mellow glow

From stars long dead  
Now no more  
Than cinders and gas  
Long since returned  
To stardust whose light  
In eternal flight  
Yet reflects in river's  
...looking glass...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Regret

Regret is yet, the  
Leaden part...that heavy weighs  
On the weary heart

David Whalen

# Reign Of Fire

&lt;center&gt;  
Red Hot Rain`

Death sprayed down like red  
Hot rain...from window high...and  
Only God knows why  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Relics Now

Gentle poems  
Simple rhymes

Relics now  
Of bygone times

Gentle words  
Simple phrases

Of temperate times...  
Pleasant places

Whispered phrases  
Words I like

Soft sighed goodbyes  
Like crystals in the night

Out of date  
Behind the times

My gentle poems  
My simple rhymes

Relics now...  
Of simpler times

David Whalen



# Reluctant Rising

&lt;center&gt;  
Bright the dawning  
Morning light  
Dim the spirit  
That dwells within

The hand upraised  
The lids squeezed tight  
To lower light's limit  
Allowed within

The light unpraised  
The mood not right  
What should be isn't  
A silent din

Yet the day must be faced  
Tho' it takes all one's might  
One must not fear it  
The day demands to begin

Eyelids slowly surrender and raise...  
Hand slowly lowers...allows in the light  
The mind starts to permit  
And process the light

Mood still smothered `neath somber haze  
One gives up the morning fight  
Nocturnal battle... night now must quit  
The dark must give in  
...day demands to begin...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Remember Me (Like This)

Remember me (like this) ...

A smile that made your heart  
Feel lighter  
A word that made your  
Day brighter  
An embrace you only wanted  
To be tighter  
Please remember me...  
Like this

Forget the frowns  
Forget the pouts  
Forget the downs  
The angry bouts  
Forget the times  
I wasn't there  
Forgive me for that  
Frigid stare and...

Remember me like this...

A hug whenever you  
Needed one  
A back rub...  
late at night  
A place to go to  
When you felt so low  
A touch that felt  
So right

Remember me...

The provider for the family  
Companion always there  
Old friend and confidant  
Cuddly Teddy bear  
Gentle soul with good intentions  
A moral man who could not lie

Humble man with no pretensions  
A man you can't forget, even if you try

A stubborn man...I'll give you this  
A simple man...tho' a bit remiss  
A man always ready  
with a tender kiss  
So when, (and if...) you reminisce

Please remember me  
...Like this...

David Whalen

# Resolutions 2018

This Year It's all about me

I'll use sleight of hand  
Be all smoke and mirrors  
Confess everything  
Reveal nothing at all

I'll be all misdirection  
In the way the cards fall  
Be honestly devious  
Mischievous and raw

I resolve to be all stuff and nonsense  
Don't trust me one bit  
I'll aspire to be lascivious  
And really be lovin' it

I'm gonna' gain as much weight as I can  
Eat bacon for breakfast, lunch and dinner  
Gonna' gobble sugar (as much as I can stand)  
Not gonna' care anymore about gettin' thinner

This year is gonna' be all about me  
I'll not have many more I fear  
And If nothin' else...It's gonna be  
A very happy New Year

&lt;/center)

David Whalen

# Rest In Peace My Sweet

&lt;center&gt;Passed away this day 11/16/2012

A bright light in our lives  
That was always so giving  
Could not have been sweeter  
Nor softer in manner.  
To fade into history  
Will e'er be a mystery  
Seems the sweetest are chosen  
O'er all of the rest  
And whose absence will be felt  
For e'er so long...  
We'll all miss their presence  
Farewell my beloved  
...Twinkie and ding dong...

(at least they went together)

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Return To Stardust

Should I die today  
T'would be no more  
Than a return to stardust  
A trip through the cosmos  
Once more...  
A recycling if you will.  
As matter and energy  
Never truly die nor end  
But simply change...  
That gives me a certain  
Feeling of anticipation  
And comfort...and peace  
I guess that's my form of religion.  
So I will worship at the altar  
Of anticipation...  
Take succor in the cosmic scheme  
So should I die today...  
No matter...  
For I need some  
...Time away...

David Whalen

# Revelations

&lt;center&gt;  
Every poem tells a story...  
To the reader  
And of the poet  
It's revelatory,  
this little story...  
Yet both reader and poet  
Seldom know it!

David Whalen

# Reveries Of Moonlit Memories

Heartstring Plucker

Twilight time...a song  
That matters...especially when  
Sung... by the Platters

David Whalen



# Rewards

&lt;center&gt;  
Rewards

Grey hair and wrinkles  
Badges of valor earned  
In battles of life

David Whalen

# Root Beer Float Afternoon

It was one of those  
kind of afternoons  
When ball games were heard  
From open windows

And houses had porches  
And porches had swings  
Where voices murmured softly  
Into velvet humidity

It was the most precious of things  
In the most treasured of times  
It was a root beer float...  
Kind of afternoon

David Whalen

# Ruby's Eyes

&lt;center&gt;

Enough to make  
The heart to quake...  
The smile on Ruby's lips

Enough to cause  
The pulse to pause...  
The curve of Ruby's hips

Enough to light  
The darkest sky  
The sound of Ruby's sighs...

Enough as such  
The feel and touch  
The heat of hands and thighs

Enough...and yet  
The most stunning sunset  
Canna' match the light

Not the brightest moon  
Nor the brightest star  
Nor the warmth of a night in June

Are not the equal of  
But only a sequel to

...The light in Ruby's eyes...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Ruminations Over Morning Coffee

The ones we truly loved are never truly gone...  
Until they're fully forgotten.  
They existed in in our corporeal world of  
Substance then: in our world of physicality  
And also of mortality.  
But now perhaps they've simply taken up  
Residence in a very real, yet very different world:  
The world of memories.

The ones I loved are still close by me. Only now  
They dwell within my mind. No less alive  
Then they were before and perhaps  
Even more so now.

To me at least, they've only traded  
One plane of existence for another  
One in which they're always happy,  
And forever young (if you wish them to be)  
And are seen, felt, loved and live  
in my memory.

So, the way I figure it is:  
They're just as alive in my memory  
As they were before in life  
And they won't take leave  
Until I can leave with them.  
Perhaps to take residence  
In another's fond memories

And if and when, we're finally forgotten  
Then, and only then, do we truly take leave  
...and begone...

David Whalen

## Rx For Domestic Tranquility (A Senryu)

&lt;center&gt;

If you want a true  
Marriage sublime... do what I  
Did...marry a mime! !

David Whalen

# Sadness

Vague and spectral  
as a dimming taper

Limned in darkness  
Like a departing hearse

Into ash  
Like burning paper

Life lived in  
Dim shadow of verse

David Whalen

# Sadness And Silence

The sound of Teardrops  
on pillows? ...Tis the sad sound  
of a heart breaking

David Whalen

# Sail Away

Sail away

Cast off those hawsers  
That tie the spirit to the quay  
Lift the anchor of your soul...  
Catch the wind in billowed sail  
Set the course  
Then sail away...

Permit the wind to be your master  
Let chance rule the day  
Take no heed of others needs  
Embrace Nature...  
Sail Away...

Free the binds that fetter feelings  
Give free reign to oceans of emotion  
Feel the deck beneath you reeling  
Let the sea spray be your lotion

Free the tiller...to the whims of Nature  
Loose the bonds of rote and routine  
Feel the joy of rampant rapture  
Loose the binds of mankind mean

Turn the tides of trials and turmoil  
Sail at angles to the rip tide  
Leave viruses, politics on the soil  
Set the course for Oceans wide  
And sail...sail away

137words-25lines

David Whalen



## Same Ol' Same Ol'

## Senryu

&lt;center&gt;

Our elections are

No more than games...The results

Are... &quot;More of the same! &quot;

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Same Old Kool-Aid

Same old clothes, different style  
Same old hair with a different do  
Same but different all the while  
Same old substance, through and through

In one day... out the other  
Out with the old, in with the new  
Don't like one, but love another  
Same old church, different pew

Same old horse race, different pony  
Same old rat race, different day  
Lots of company, still so lonely  
Lots to talk about, nothing new to say  
Same old love, different person  
Same old feelings, to taste and savor  
Good at some things, others worse in  
Same old kool-aid, different flavor

David Whalen

# Sandcastles And Dreams

&lt;center&gt;  
Sandcastles are like  
Dreams...washed away by the  
High tides of night  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Sands Of Time

&lt;center&gt;  
Seashells filled with oil  
Then one by one set ablaze  
Til they fill the night  
With orbs of light  
And turn it into day

Upon a beach  
Once strewn with bodies  
Of which tides and time  
Have erased all trace

Yet still persist  
Stark ribs of ships  
And stately jibs  
Like bones of whales  
Bleached white  
In sea foam lace

Wars like storms  
Rage, then die  
Only to subside  
into history's haze

And are of no more import  
(perhaps even less)  
Then seashell filled with oil  
That briefly flare  
...and blaze...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Sans Inspiration

Tonight I'm inspired  
By my lack of inspiration

I'm inspired to write  
And defy this Mental constipation

Tonight I'll write...  
Simply out of spite

entirely, and completely  
Without inspiration

David Whalen

# Savor The Day (Once In A While)

&lt;center&gt;  
The ability to be,  
Rather than to achieve  
Is one of the hardest things  
For man to conceive

Live for today  
Dwell not on coming sorrow  
Savor the day (is what I say)  
Forget about tomorrow  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Savoring The Passing Scene

&lt;center&gt;

Today I'll just watch  
the passing scene  
And attempt to absorb  
And savor its strident vibe

Today I'll just be:

A dispassionate observer  
of the Human condition  
Watching the game  
from the side

Taking mental photos of  
Making mental maps of  
Scenes I might not  
notice otherwise

Of the face's silent expressions  
Of the mouth's expressive lips  
Of the eye's lies and misdirections  
From which sarcasm fairly drips

Today will be:

A day of deciphering body-speak/talk  
Of giving voice to poses  
Of observing every posture tweak  
From the toes up to the noses

Today I'll see:

What most just think they see  
In their mundane world so mean  
While I'll take measure...At my leisure  
...Take pleasure in the passing scene...`

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Say What?

An ol' buddy proudly showed me  
his new hearing aid

And advised me to invest in  
some of the company's stock

Interested, I asked  
"what kind is it? "

He replied  
"it's almost eight o'clock! "

David Whalen

# School's Out (Goodby Old Friends)

Goodbye Socrates  
So long Pericles

Ta-ta Sappho  
Ciao Apollo

And you too Plato  
Hate to see you go

Sayonara Sophocles  
(and god knows those boney knees)

Adios Aristotle  
Try to stay off the bottle

Quetzacoatl you knew how to par-tay  
One sacrifice every 15 mins.24 hours a day

Farewell Pharaoh  
Back in time you go

Bye-bye Homer, really good Odyssey  
Cortez, you were as cruel as you could be

All of you... back into the books  
Don't be giving me those dirty looks

We had our time together  
And now I'd really rather

Spend awhile, in the here and now  
And write some poetry (if I can remember how)

David Whalen

# Seaside Haiku

&lt;center&gt;

Salt spray and Seagull

Cries...swaying palms...healing balm

Soothe both ears and eyes

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Seasons

&lt;center&gt;

As is the fate of flower petals

All things must wither away

...In the Fall...

Sad it tis, that love's made of mist

Ne'er meant to stay

and tis love...

I'll miss most of all

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# See And Feel The Wonder

Leave me in the cool tall grass  
With my back against a tree

Tilt my head back a bit  
Put soft brush beneath my knee

Put my hands atop one another  
For I have the need, you see

To see and feel the wonder  
To repose beneath the tree

So journey on...Don't look back  
Think no more of me

Just leave me in the cool tall grass  
With my back against a tree

David Whalen

# Seemed An Eternity

The minute of failure

The little boy's body stiffened, then relaxed. Stiffened then relaxed. Eyes wide open, staring fixedly, and unseeing at the ceiling.

The young doctor grimaced with the effort, pumping intensely with his hands as if trying to pump water from a deep and long dry well. His hands moved in cadence with the old "Bee Gee's song Stayin Alive" playing unconsciously in his mind.

The E.T.s that had originally answered the call to the lad's home with the always dreaded "possible drowning victim" still sounding in their ears, stood uneasily in the doorway watching the frenetic activity. Their usual M.O. was to end their vigilance when they had delivered the patient to the Pediatric E.R., and return to their truck to await the always: soon to come "next emergency."

This time they couldn't pull themselves away with the usual detachment that was expected of them. It shouldn't have been that way, but when the victim (unfairly or not) of whatever the trauma 'du jour' was, was just a kid, they seemed to feel a guilt or responsibility that wasn't truly theirs.

They had given the first 'breaths of life' to the bluish lips at the family's swimming pool. Had done the first compressions to the unrising chest, and now seemed vested somehow in the boy's welfare. They couldn't leave. They felt obligated to stay. As if just by their presence, somehow the lad would be helped. Failure was something they didn't accept very easily in their profession.

The doctor nodded to the R.N. assisting him and then stepped back rubbing his tingling, aching hands and arms While the R.N. seamlessly picked up the Bee Gee beat, brow furrowed in concentration.

The video screen above the bed showing the boy's vitals blinked with red and green lights. The screen would show green, (which was good) for a few moments... but then would return to the dreaded red. Hopes rising and falling with each change in color.

With the red screen returning more often, and more often, and the green less and less so, faces turned more grim. Eyes started averting others, as if there

were a mutually shared shame that was spreading contagiously among the caregivers and the spectators. The mother sat stoically, staring almost without blinking, straight ahead at her son.

It was as if the grim reaper stood back hidden in the shadows, patiently awaiting the inevitable moment of concession of human effort and futility.

It seemed an eternity, yet was only a moment when the doctor stepped back a final time and held a hand up, to tacitly tell the R.N. "no more" and the machine made a steady sad sound and shined a steady red light that while only a light, seemed to have a sound unto itself.

The mother seemed to fold into herself, shoulders heaving in silent, convulsive sobbing.

All unnecessary personnel seemed to suddenly find tasks to do, and other places where they should be. Silently, all tried to return to that comfortable state of life that seemed to have suddenly evaporated, but by sheer force of will could be reconstituted into normality... however long that might take.

The minute of failure had arrived... and passed. The mother moaned softly as a sheet was pulled over the face of the lad. The young boy and the grim reaper walked into the shadows, hand in hand.

David Whalen

# Self Deception

Self Perception`

Our names are written  
On the sands of time

Our presence and essence  
But winds in the trees

Our hopes and pretensions  
Mere idle intentions

Our purpose dependent  
On fate's fickle decrees

Our free will no more than fiction  
Self perception but cruel deception

Our presence of no more consequence  
Than leaves fluttering

...In the breeze...

David Whalen



# Senryu For The Senses

&lt;center&gt;  
Savor the rush from  
Sweet wine of Springtime...Nature's  
Opiate sublime  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Senryu Of Love

Falling In Love Is  
Easy! Falling out of love...  
Not nearly so much

David Whalen

# Sensual

Fingertips  
That brush my lips  
That graze across  
My closed eyelids

And tingle-dance  
down my spine  
In tactile touch  
So damned divine

Fingertips  
That brush my lips  
Caress also  
My mind

Like feathers touch  
Breath held...too much!  
So fiercely soft...like fingertips  
dipped gently in white wine

David Whalen

# September's Turn

&lt;center&gt;

September lies on  
Distant horizon...waiting  
It's Autumnal turn

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

## Sexy Smile (American Haiku)

A mind at ease puts  
A smile on ones face, but sex  
Can do it better

David Whalen

# Shade

In the woods...  
The shade  
comes to listen

In the shade...  
Veined leaves  
and silver firs glisten

In the veins...  
There courses  
voices of the trees

In the trees...  
The shade listens  
then grieves

The shade comes...  
The shade listens...  
Then leaves...

David Whalen

# Shadows And Shamrocks

Hills dappled  
with shadows  
And Shamrocks

Vales riffled  
With wildflowers  
And thistles

Ancient stone structures  
Bedecked in bleached  
Lichens

'Neath Falcons  
shrill trill... and shepherd's  
Tin whistles

Rainbows that end  
Beyond distant  
Glens

And Leprechauns  
Stand guard O'er  
kettles of gold

Unlike mere mortal men  
Their lives  
Never end

And ne'er die...  
Or are espied...  
Nor grow old

The cool Ocean mists  
O'er the Loch  
Rise and twist

O'er the shadows of  
The Shamrocks  
Wildflowers and thistles

That will persist and resist  
Long after man ceases  
...to exist...

David Whalen



# Shape Shifting

Moulder Into Dust`

Life is made from memories  
One tiny memory at a time  
Scattered about like fallen leaves  
In the woodlands of one's mind

Tho' gathered up and stored away  
Put in all their proper places  
Some become a bit worn and frayed  
Like well used antique laces

The beauty of a leaf was ne'er meant to last  
But to moulder into dust  
Time's a thief who preys `pon the past  
Whose virtues lack that of trust

We make of memories what we desire  
We shape them to our pleasure  
We bank or feed our memorie's fire  
Then enjoy them at our leisure

And after time...stored in our mind  
like leaves `neath the snow  
memories age like fine red wine  
Take root anew...And slowly start to grow

Our memories tend to twist and bend  
like leaves upon the tree  
Shape shifters at the very end  
...Into what we wish them to be...

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David Whalen

# Shards Of Shadows

Sunlight is blown by  
Forces unknown and scatters  
The shade in it's wake

David Whalen

# Sharp Pain Of Sorrow

So many things  
in this life to feel sorry for  
Almost too many  
for me to keep track

'Sorry I was so long  
in returning your knife dear,  
It Took quite a while  
to get it out of my back'.

David Whalen

# She Doesn'T Live Here Anymore

Icy fingers on every heart  
Chill breezes through the willows

Lips clench tight when we're apart  
Satin sheets neath silken pillows

Empty hearts, open doors  
Shadow dancers upon the walls

She doesn't live here anymore  
Sigh of breezes, through empty halls

Tattered papers, tarnished rings  
Bittersweet memories, troubled mind

Discarded emotions, long lost things  
Too many whiskies, sweet cherry wine

Time without reasons  
Today into tomorrow

Years without seasons  
I'm a man of constant sorrow

David Whalen

# Short And Cynical

You'll always be short of something  
You'll always be needin' this or that

You'll always be yearnin' for what you're not earning  
To be somewhere else, and not where you're at

You'll always have need of something  
So Let's have a thankful round of "Amens"

Because You'll never have need of enemies  
As long as you've got relatives and friends

David Whalen

# Short Ode To Stan And Ollie

There should be a special place  
In one's heart and mem'ry  
For people who have brightened one's life  
In addition to friends and family

There's a special place  
In my heart and mem'ry  
For two special and unique people  
Like "Stan and Ollie";

David Whalen

# Short Prayer

May we all be blessed  
With these three things

Peace, love  
And Angel wings

David Whalen



# Shortest Ode Ever!

Strange but true...even  
After... all these years that I'm  
Still in love with you

David Whalen

# Should I, Or Should I Not? (That's The Question)

Curious mixture  
of satin and steel  
A mysterious melange  
of Mylar and lace

A baffling brew  
Of real and unreal  
That is the mystery  
I see in your face

Satin and steel  
Real and unreal  
Known and unknown  
Is what I do...and don't feel

When you hold me...  
In your arms of ice  
Peer deep into cold...  
Porcelain eyes

Perchance to choose  
Your childish charms  
Give myself up to lose  
My senses in your arms

You're Winter, Summer  
Dark place...open space  
That is the mystery that  
...I see in your face...

One moment frigid cold  
The next with passion hot  
So should I ...  
or should I not?

David Whalen

# Shuttered Windows

&lt;center&gt;

` Shuttered windows

The absence of any corporeal presence  
Is counterbalanced by the ethereal essence  
Of the Human Spirits still in residence  
In forlorn foyers and empty rooms

Vacant eyes peer in unspoken plaint  
through dust hazed windows...  
seeking the solace of eternal memories  
Of long passed children...and weeping widows

Clock long stopped pon dusty mantel  
Hands posed o'er numerals Roman  
No longer giving...and long past caring  
Of the duty of time and chiming of man

Dust motes that caper in fairy dance fashion  
Forming in miniature...galaxies and universes  
Inquisitive rays of sunshine that leak through  
And peek through the regimented rows  
Of the slats in tidily ordered lines  
In sombre repose behind  
...` Shuttered windows...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Sidewalk Cracks And Mother's Backs

Though I'm now quite old myself  
And mom's only  
a warm memory

I still avoid stepping on cracks  
I suspect there yet remains...  
A little boy inside of me

Same thing...tho' an America style haiku  
Still can't step on cracks...  
In me... still a boy... can't be  
Breaking mother's back

David Whalen

# Signs Of Fall

The first lonely leaf to fall  
The breezy rattle of cornstalks

The fresh smell of baled hay  
The turkeys prescient gobble

Dawn breaking later  
Sun setting sooner

Ads for kid's school clothes  
Temperature no longer rising

Woolly worms forecasting our winter  
Monarchs wisely migrating to Mexico

Blackberries ripe  
Walnuts falling

Squirrels busily storing  
Sunflowers sadly drooping

Changes on the horizon  
Fall is coming

The best season of all!  
(and pre-season football)

David Whalen

# Signs Of The Times

Signs of the times in the good 'ol USA

G.E and G.M downgraded to letters of the alphabet  
People living out of their Hummers  
U.S. economy outpaced by Tibet  
Bank officers indicted in growing numbers

Drive-by shootings reduced to dissing and shouting  
Between glassless windows of derelict cars up on blocks  
McDonald's dollar menu becomes haute cuisine  
Waste paper refers to your savings and stocks

Insufficient funds refers to your bank's money  
Treasury Dept. seized by Asian lenders for late debt payments  
Swimming pools used to grow real tasty algae  
Grandkids moving in with mom and dad, who've moved in with their own parents

Having a job and feeling guilty about it  
Not having a job and feeling useless and disrespected  
Applying for jobs and feeling hopeless throughout it  
Collecting unemployment and feeling guilty to collect it

Madonna and Cher buy wrinkle cream in econo-size at Costco  
Organized crime lays off most of police department  
Illegal immigrants caught sneaking back into Mexico  
I really must go now. I have a welfare appointment.

Yeah, people cry'in and moan'in  
Think'in the countrys fallin apart  
But things aren't so bad, hell I've got me a job  
Say'in "Good morning, how y'all do'in and welcome to Walmart."

David Whalen

# Silverbacks And Greybeards

&lt;center&gt;  
Grizzled visages  
of ol' dogs and Irishmen  
Signs of well worn lives  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Simple Pleasure

This morning I had eggs  
Sunny side up  
Cooked in the grease  
Of sage pork sausage

Seasoned generously with  
Louisiana hot sauce  
and freshly ground  
Tellaberry pepper

I ate until  
I could barely stand  
And if I should chance...  
To die this day

I won't care...  
I'll die a happy man

David Whalen



# Simple Senryus

No matter how dark  
The darkness...there's always a  
Sparkle of brightness

Let not life depress...  
what the hell! ... One might as well  
enjoy the madness

David Whalen

# Sincerely

&lt;center&gt;

The nicest thing you

Can do, is say...sincerely

&quot;I'm happy for you! &quot;

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Sing To Me

&lt;center&gt;

Sing to me...

sing until I sleep

Sing me into folds

Of velvet black

Of darkness fathoms deep

Sing to me...

One last time

With voice so sweet and kind

Sing until my head reclines

'Pon pillows trimmed

In lace

Sing to me...

Until I'm gone

Into eternity

With sound of Angels

In my ears and smile

...Upon my face...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Singer Of Blues...Writer Of Prose

A good poet can be likened  
to an old blues singer  
You've got to have experienced life  
in all it's rainbow variations

You've got to have the scars  
From life's long, hard winter  
You've got to show the lines...  
The creases and striations

Songs torn from life  
With gut-wrenching intensity  
Words expressed on small black keyboard  
Marine band harmonica expressing emotions

A plaintive E-chord...long ebony fingers  
Sorrow...sadness...smallness...immensity  
Memories addressed, then electronically stored  
While back porch steps record...only evanescent devotions

Singer of blues...purveyor of prose  
Both rent ragged, both experience-rich  
Both life -haggard, ...with hopes and woes  
Blues singer, prose writer...same niche

David Whalen

# Six Locks

Six locks on my door!  
Why not just two or three?  
You really wanna know?  
I'll tell you so!  
why that works so darn well for me

I put six locks  
all in a row on my door  
But I only lock  
every other one, you see

Because while a burglar thinks  
he's pickin all six  
He's really  
always lockin three

David Whalen

# Six Senryus

&lt;center&gt;

Six Separate Senryus

Settle for the now  
Let the days have their ways...chase  
moments...not days

.....  
Seconds! ...moments! ...now  
Is all that matters...days have  
ways to fade away

.....  
Savor the moment  
It's all you truly own...and  
It's all yours alone

.....  
So chase the moment  
Touch the wind...know the now...live  
In the instant right now

.....  
For the moment tis  
All there is...a fickle thing  
That takes quick to wing

.....  
Live in the now and  
Savor each precious instant  
...Now is all there is...`

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Sleeping Beauty

Tangled locks of auburn hair  
Tresses strewn o'er satin pillow

Silken sheets cool to the skin  
Under limbs... lithe as the willow

Languid eyes neath limpid lashes  
Tightly closed in dreamy slumber

Lips as soft as feathery ashes  
Eyes as brown as earthen umber

Yet as I watch her... the truth is revealing  
This woman beside me...this woman I keep

She's ever so much... more appealing  
When she's ever so much more... deeply asleep

David Whalen

# Sleeping Together

Sleeping together, yet being alone

This soliloquy has nothing to do with sex

It's more ramblings, about cuddling, and just lying unconscious

And about intimacy, about sharing morning breath.

It's about spooning, hugging, sharing the covers

And most of us have these nighttime pleasures to own

While many others, and I'm sure there are many

Are sleeping together, yet being alone.

Sleeping together is a thing based in the primeval

In the litter, in the nest, in the pack

The piling upon, over and under and among

One's brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers

All sleeping together, never alone or lonely.

At any time 'lonely' can start and grow like a cancer

So nestle up, cling tightly, so you'll never be

Sleeping together, yet being alone

David Whalen



# Sleepy Couplets

## Sleepy Couplets

If only sleep was as simple  
As closing one's eyes

And dreams a choice  
From which to decide

If only the tossing and turning  
Were but a nightly exercise

And the worrisome torments  
Could be cast casually aside

But there is no easy remedy  
For eyes opened wide

There's no simple solution  
That hasn't been tried

So put a good book close by  
Next to your bedside

And before you know it  
Before you realize...

That Morpheus will have arrived  
And sleep (blessed sleep)

...Has gently...quietly  
...Closed your eyes...

David Whalen

# Slice Of Swiss...Glass Of Amber

A goodly piece of Swiss  
And a Michelob  
in hand

And you'll find smiling  
in satisfaction, a happy  
And contented man

I'm describing myself perhaps...  
In righteous religion, taking  
The Very devout and pious stand

That a goodly slice of Swiss  
And a cold Michelob Amber is...  
A large part of God's grand ...

and mysterious plan

David Whalen

# Small Miracles

&lt;center&gt;  
Hummingbirds are things  
More attuned to Fairy tales  
Miracles with wings  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Small Town U.S.A

Pizza parlors,  
muffler shops  
7 Elevens  
and I-hops

Boarded windows,  
shuttered stores  
Cracked windows,  
unlocked doors

Dry cleaners,  
Laundromats  
Empty motels  
Vacant flats

One street towns  
No traffic lights  
No city sounds  
Few family fights

Friendly dogs  
Friendlier people  
Highest thing  
Grey slate steeple

Houses with porches  
rustic family farm  
Weather vanes on roofs  
Old American charm

Grain silos  
Rusty water tower  
Windmills  
Water power

Sincere supplication  
Sunday school prayer  
Organ music, seeping out  
Rising into clover scented air

Small town America  
Barns and bales of hay  
People still say "Good Morning"...in  
...Small town U.S.A...

David Whalen

# Smile Power

A smile can be loose  
A smile can be tight lipped

It can be acidic  
Or be in honey dripped

A smile can be heart rending  
If tendered in sad farewell

And also be heart mending  
Quite curative as well

A smile when one is needed  
Can be the lift one needs in life

Can be so slight as to go unheeded  
Can be the salve to soothe one's strife

A smile given in greeting  
Can melt the iciest kind of soul

Given broadly or in fleeting  
Given partially or in whole

A smile can be easy to conjure  
Can be false in all it's construction

Inappropriately timed can injure  
And can cause much grief and destruction

It takes twice the amount of muscles  
For the face to form a frown

Yet only half as many muscles  
To turn that frown upside down

It's not given the respect, that it's due  
It's not always used in the best way

yet is also the best expression one can use  
To make the best impression...throughout each day

One final thought  
before this piece is past...is

That people who are too tight with a smile  
Are usually drear and tight-assed!

David Whalen

# Smitten In Starlight

&lt;center&gt;Brightly lit by starlight streaming,  
Through chestnut tresses, flowing, gleaming  
Smiles wrought forth  
from stranger's faces beaming  
Beaming out into the night

Smiles of wonder, from near and yonder  
Teased from faces once tense and tight  
Ope' now wide and In awe ponder  
Ponder the beauty bestowed...  
Bestowed by her wondrous sight

Features carved as from precious Jade  
Sensuous symmetry lightly laid  
By artisan's hand so light...  
Profile proud, yet shyly shown  
To be merely made of skin and bone  
Ah...this creature whom I'm with tonight!

Does it show in my face aglow  
The rush of delight. The pride?  
My strutting stride, with her by my side  
As we stroll out  
and into the night.

Arm in arm, hand in glove  
Awash in starlight and love  
Am I smitten? Have I been bitten,  
By a love bug  
This very night?  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Smoke In The Wind

Smoke In The Wind

Where next will I go  
When time decides to take me?  
Sure...only God knows

David Whalen

## So Curious...

&lt;center&gt;

Why does life have a way of shrinking a man  
Why age-wrinkled necks look like turtle skin  
Why spend so much time in memory land  
Why what makes things stand out so often...  
Is the sameness within

Why happiness can be so arduously earned  
Yet sadness so freely given  
Why the wind thumps the side  
of tents at night...As if wishing  
to be allowed within

Why faces in portraits seem  
To follow one about...  
While visages in old photographs  
Seem to beg  
for remembrance

Why some expressions  
In their open emotions  
Leave no doubt...  
And others plainly proffer  
Neither pain  
nor penance

Why do we find life  
...So inscrutably curious...

David Whalen

# So Near Yet So Far

&lt;center&gt;  
So Close Yet Far Apart`

So close...so very close  
and yet so heartbreakingly  
Far away

So near...so very, very near  
That I can hear...my dear  
Each whispered word you say

So slim...so very slim  
The chance you'd ever deign  
To dance with me

So shy...so very shy am I  
Perhaps twas ne'er  
meant to be

So painful... so very painful tis  
To hold you so very close  
To my heart

So lonely...and only...  
but only...in my dreams  
it seems

So near...so very near  
We seem  
So close yet  
...far apart...

David Whalen

## So...Bored! ! ! (And Uninspired)

The answer's not in  
Jesus... nor is it in booze  
The answer's in....You

-----

I was good today  
Tomorrow I'll be better  
After that...Can't say

-----

There is just so  
Much that we know... that we don't  
know how much we know

-----

Haikus...like salads  
Only grace is...Filling a  
Poet's empty spaces

David Whalen

# So...How Went Your Wednesday?

So how was your Wednesday 10/13/10?

Did you get out of bed safely

Drink your coffee

and then

Read the paper, look at want ads

Feel sorry for yourself

Maybe want to go back

to bed again

bills piling up In a heap upon the table

Wondering which

to pay today

Or if you'll even be able

Well...believe it or not

Your life's pretty damn good

There's five young soldiers

Who'd trade places if they could

Let me introduce them:

Ray...Justin...Phil...Joe...and Vic

All Killed in action in %#\$@\*&ghanistan Wednesday 10/13/10

Marine Lance Cpl. Raymond L. A. Johnston 22 yrs young Midland Ga.

Cpl. Justin J. Cain 19 yrs young Manitowoc Wis.

Lance Cpl. Phillip Vinnedge 19 yrs young Saint Charles Mo.

Lance Cpl. Joseph E Rodewald 21 yrs young Albany Ore.

Pfc. Victor A. Dew 20 yrs young Granite Bay Calif.

I think their day was far worse than yours

For Wednesday was their day to die

And I wish that someone could give me

One good reason...For What...and why? ? ?

David Whalen

# Sobering Reflections

'Look at those two  
sad drunks ol' buddy'  
One of these days,  
that's what we could be'

My good ol' buddy snorted stout out his nose  
Said 'That's the mirror behind the bar  
That you're seein' you silly poof!  
You're lookin' at you and me! '

David Whalen

# Social People...Morning Coffee

Six A. M...morning cuppa coffee  
Same old people...same old place

Morning s greeting's, sleepily carefree  
Tossed at one another, with careless grace

Rattle of morning paper... new day.. same old news  
Coffeehouse camaraderie, over steaming cups of 'Joe'

Nice place to chase away the blues.....with  
Fraternal feelings from people we barely know

Just a social group...of morning people  
Treating one another with social grace

Jobless...but not hopeless  
Same old people...same old place

David Whalen

# Soft Murmuring Sound

Soft murmuring sound

A soft murmuring sound,  
From a deep hidden place  
Perpetual pulsing  
Never stopping to rest

Never given to pause  
Oft-time given to race  
This most sensual organ  
Enclosed in sanguine breast

Tis truth, it can shatter  
Yet remain tearfully intact  
burst with pride and affection  
And in anger react

Able to flutter  
Able to ache  
Able to pine  
Able to break

no sensory cells  
Has this wondrous thing in our chest  
Yet this soft murmur of sound  
Gives us soul...and we're blessed

David Whalen



# Soft Summer Night

&lt;center&gt;

It's a blanket that wraps  
the world within  
It's a hug from Mother Nature  
It's a silken touch upon one's skin...  
It's a soft Summer night!

It's starry skies and warm breezes  
It's hide and seek and skinned up knees  
It's poison ivy and Ragweed sneezes  
It's the whispers of Angels amongst the trees  
It's a soft Summer night

It's July fourth fireworks  
At the Village Square  
It's the odor of clover  
Saturating the air  
It's a soft Summer night

Springtime has it's promise  
Bittersweet endings has the Fall  
Winter a time of deep reflection  
But Summer surpasses them all

With it's gentle, silken, Caring caress  
It's Angelic whispers in full moonlight  
It's a God given grace...no more...no less  
...It's a soft Summer night...

David Whalen

# Sometimes...

&lt;center&gt;

Sometimes tis better  
to not know the answers  
Better to not know  
what's on the other side of the fence

Oft times tis better  
To live in the not knowing  
To allow one's imagination  
To indulge in suspense

Sometimes it's better  
The fact of not knowing  
To let others enlighten us  
Of the truth, not pretense

Sometimes tis better  
To be dumb and be blind  
To not see or to hear  
What might torment one' sense

Sometimes tis better  
And oft times less bitter  
Since oft times not knowing  
tis one's only defense

Sometimes tis better  
To dwell in the darkness  
To be a bit unenlightened of...  
What's on the other side of the fence

David Whalen

# Song Of Winter

&lt;center&gt;  
Bare branches clicking together  
Winter snapping it's fingers  
To a song composed by Nature  
Sung by winds garbed in  
White robes of snow

Choral composition  
Season of transition  
Music swirls all about us  
Yet...given not  
To Man to know

A song unheard...  
Except by Angels  
To mere mortals  
E'er unknown  
Of Winter days that  
in most marvelous ways  
Make one want to  
...write a poem...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Songs Without Words

Song Without words Is  
akin to life without love  
To us...but not birds!

David Whalen

# Sound Of A Heart Breakin'

&lt;center&gt;

The sound of footsteps receding  
The door softly closing  
The subtle patter of raindrops  
"Pon the silvered window pane

Could a heart be heard breakin"  
I'm sure I'm not mistaken  
Since heartbreak seems  
To always sound the same

Eyes stare into nowhere  
As if looking to find there  
A reason for this season  
Of despair...

I never seem to stop makin'  
These mistakes so oft' heart breakin'  
I seem to hurt most the ones  
For who I truly care

The sound of a car door closing'  
Means there's no more supposing'  
That this love affair was never more  
Than just another failed affair

Seems some men were meant  
To have always spent  
Lives of loneliness,  
nights of teardrops and raindrops

Lives of quiet...dark despair  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Spare A Moment

&lt;center&gt;  
Have you looked up  
At the sky today  
Cast more than a glance  
At the heavens perchance  
Or gone about your usual way

Have you raised your face  
To the Sun's warming grace  
Have you given  
The morning's dew it's due  
Have you hearkened to the sound  
Of birdsong all around  
Paid heed  
To the Mourning Dove's coo

When was the last time  
You saw the Big Dipper  
Seriously watched the Sun  
Set and rise  
Observed motes of dust...  
A long time ago I trust  
Since you truly used  
And amused your eyes

If you've not done (decently)  
At least just one (recently)  
Of these simple, Human pleasures  
Then you're only persisting  
In the act of existing  
And missing out, on Life's treasures

Shed the bonds of daily duty  
Partake a bit of Nature's beauty  
Spare just a moment or two let's say...  
Look at the flower, feel the cosmic power  
When you look into  
...the sky today...



# Speaking Of Shopping

Speaking of shopping...

My wife is the best  
shopper in town

At shopping  
there's no woman greater

She'll buy anything marked...  
up or down

Just last week  
she bought an escalator

David Whalen



# Spirit

I'm the presence you sense  
when there's no one around  
I'm the whisper you hear,  
when there is no sound

I'm the place where things go  
When dropped on the floor  
I'm the secret repository  
Of things to be seen ne'er more

I'm the unexplained chill  
That one feels late at night  
I'm that unremembered dream  
That awakes you in fright

I'm that sense of forbidding  
That primitive feel  
When the hair on your neck  
Stands up cold as steel

I'm that aura around you  
That mist felt, but ne'er seen  
That brings to your skin  
A cold clammy sheen

I'm that shadow you see  
From the corner of your eyes  
The faint voice that you hear  
Or do they both whisper lies?

I'm perhaps antimatter  
From another dimension  
Conjoined to your presence  
In a Quantum suspension

I'm the one in the mirror  
That stands just behind  
I'm the one that cohabits  
The deeps of your mind

I'm a free spirit, I belong  
to no one and no place  
I'm one with all people,  
I'm time...I am space...

And you are...all mine

David Whalen

# Spooky Kids...Familiar Faces

I see ghosts...  
Ghosts in my grand  
And grandkid's eyes

I see traces  
of my mother and father's faces  
In their tears when they cry

There's a ghost  
Of Grandmaw's humour  
That peeks out when they smile

There's a spooky look  
Of Grandpaw's wrinkled face  
That pops out once in a while

There's that open grin  
That cute cleft chin  
That all their uncles had

There's that impish look  
My brother took when he knew  
He was being bad

There's a haunting hint  
A familiar glint in those young eyes  
Of faces that I can see

And the scariest part  
That breaks my heart  
Is that sometimes... they look like me

David Whalen

# Spring Is...

Pastel blue eggs in robin's nest  
Spring breeze blows softly from the west

Kneading ripples on languid lake  
Teasing rain for greening fields to slake

Pregnant buds on Dogwood trees  
Future forage for yet unborn bees

More days of warmth, less days of cold  
More fields of green, less fields of gold

Frogs emerge from hibernation  
Black eyes gaping wide in fascination

At dragonflies with iridescent wings  
At fiery colours, incandescent things

Tadpoles, crawdads, Mayflies, midges  
Spider eggs, baby bats, neath rusty rural bridges

Stunningly silent explosion of beauty,  
Blossoms and fragrances, intoxicatingly fruity

Such an extraordinary, yet ordinary thing  
Uncommonly common... season of Spring

David Whalen

# Spring Soliloquy To Allergy

Powdered gold of pollen  
Hanging lazily in the sun

Shaken loose from pungent blossoms  
Gilding silken webs...newly spun

Tis the fairy dust  
Of the newborn season

And the most likely reason  
For all my sneezing'

...Spring...

David Whalen

# Spring...

I know that springtime  
Is out there. The smell of snow  
melt is in the air

David Whalen

# Springtime And Old Irishmen

As an Irishman,  
tis my prerogative  
To be an authority on all things  
Great and small

As an "old" Irishman  
it's my fate  
Of late (and as always)  
To simply know it all

As an old Irishman of visage worn  
Of craggy face, rheumy blue eyes  
With clothing crudely rent and worn  
Prone to ale, stout and whisky sighs

As an old wise, wizened Irishman  
Who loves the winter as a wondrous thing  
But as sure it is, I'm an old Irishman  
I treasure most...the Irish Spring

As a wise, wizened, oft inebriated Irishman  
Given well to know that one's only given so many things  
I relish the pleasure of the Springs I have left  
Until this old wrinkled Irishman takes wing

As when this old Irishman  
leaves the moor and the glen  
There's but a few things I'll rue  
To not see nor to hear once again

ne'er again see na' more The hind end of Winters...  
ne'er hear "Danny boy"; pluck again at me heartstrings...  
And Na' more to smell the cold Irish sea  
Nor know the fresh faces of fine Irish Springs

David Whalen

# Springtime Breeze

An errant breeze  
Carried the sweet scent  
Of Honey locust blossoms

My attention caught  
I raised my head  
To inhale deeply

And I thought  
"how many people  
Walk in beauty? "

And never even  
Raise their head  
To seize

The Spring...  
the blossoms...  
The scent,

Of honey locusts blossoms  
Carried on  
An errant Springtime breeze

David Whalen



# Springy Phrases

What is this sound  
So sharp and so clear  
That tickles and titillates  
Against my ear

What tis it that causes  
My spirits to sing  
What could it be  
This most miraculous thing

What is that makes me  
feel so alive again  
After an infernal winter  
That seemed without end

After the ice and the freezing  
And the frost bitten fingers  
What is that crisp new sound  
That echoes and lingers

What could it be  
That makes me feel so full of hope  
What could it be that  
Makes me feel and act like a dope

What is this gentle sound  
That Fractures fearsome, frozen rivers  
this soft sibilant sound  
That gives surcease to my shivers

What is that sound that  
makes me feel like I'm ten again  
I think that I know now...  
It's an old, long lost friend

What is this wondrous noise  
and clamorous din  
That makes my heart take wing

It could only be  
what we've wanted, you see  
The noisy thing that is breaking ....is Spring!

David Whalen

# Squirt A Little Seltzer

When life gets too serious  
When the fun seems to have flown  
When mystery's no longer mysterious  
When the daily grind has ground to the bone

Just....

Sing a little song  
Dance a little dance  
Squirt a little seltzer  
Down your pants

And if there's no light  
At the end of the tunnel  
If you feel squeezed e'er so tight  
As if poured through the end of a funnel

Just...

Stick a big red ball on the end of your nose  
Paint a big red smile to the tip of your eye  
Stand on one foot and strike a ridiculous pose  
Plop your face smack into a big ol' cream pie

When life makes you just want to lie in bed  
When makin' a livin' seems impossibly tough  
When feelin' kinda green about bein' in the red  
You've got to do as I do and say "enough is enough"

And just...

Sing a little song  
Do a little dance  
Spritch a little seltzer  
Down your pants

David Whalen

# Staring Into Space

Eyes fixed in space...  
Not here...but far away

Strange how  
Much one's eyes can say

...When peering into space...

With eyesfixed fast  
To some far distant place...

Attuned perhaps... to a star  
One's mind set free to race

Who knows just where,  
Why or even when they are

...when peering into space...

David Whalen

# Started Out With Nothin'

You lose a little bit of something'  
Somewhere along the way

Perhaps a little more, than just a little bit,  
Mayhaps someone would say

A lot indeed, but did you truly need  
The most of what you lost?

And did you truly want, what you finally got  
And just what was the cost?

Be careful what you wish for...  
So the saying goes

You might get it, and regret it  
And end up paying through the nose

I yearned for a lot and that's just what I got  
And being flush, just left me flat

Now I yearn for nothing  
And feel quite content because....

I started out with nothing ....  
And I still got most of that!

David Whalen

# Strangers Once Again

&lt;center&gt;

Shy glances from o'er ones shoulder  
Longer looks that become bolder  
Grade school crushes, Painful blushes  
Turn to longing... as one grows older

Strangers still (but not for long) ...

Hanging out on mid-summer night  
A game of tag, A touch so slight  
A mad dash away, but not too fast  
Mutual wishes... for the night to last

Total strangers? (Not anymore!)

Late Moonlit night,  
Bedecked in magic mist  
shared pilfered cigarette  
First shared stolen kiss

Strangers no more (But not quite lovers yet)

Drive-in movies, cuddlin'? Yup!  
Watchin' each other, not the screen  
Makin' moves, feelin' grown up  
Only get one time to be a teen

Strange to be apart (bereft when we are)

Quick drive out of state  
Taking vows before a justice of the peace  
Quick decision, (cause she's late)  
Doin' the right thing. That's what they think at least

Strange to be an adult. (much less a parent to be)

Entry level job, minimum wage  
Diapers and tantrums, daydreams and debt

Ofttimes seem not to be on the same page  
Still feelin' the glow...and yet

Strange to be middle-aged

Kids are of an age  
Where their constant condition  
Seems to be only of rage  
In their time of transition

Stranger still (the going downhill)

Kids gone now  
Ardour slowing  
Seems somehow  
Less affection showing

Strange changes (in trust and in faith)

Going separate ways  
More often it seems  
No longer sharing  
Similar dreams

Stranger still, that coldness creeps in

That the love and the trust...  
wither slowly away  
Weather into dust as gently  
As night... turns into day

Stranger by far

From strangers to lovers  
Is the life circle we close  
From lovers 'neath covers  
to "what God only knows? "

Strange indeed!

Is the course of one's life  
The path on which we wend

The curious way that husband and wife  
Change and become

strangers again...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Stream Of Consciousness

Stream of consciousness

Thoughts that come at random  
With no foresight and no plan  
My fingers type at their own volition  
With no structured idea at hand

I live in an environment of inquietude  
In an ambiance of unease and perhaps fear  
There's a weight upon my forehead  
A sense of loss of things I hold dear

Today's a day much like any other  
I read, I eat, yet feel so incomplete,  
and blandly smiling at me in calm so replete  
On my desk, photos of sisters and brother

Just to sit and compose idle randomness  
At my desk, takes my mind away for a bit  
Yet at the back of my mind sits emptiness  
And knowing I cannot escape from it

This bit of inane exposition  
Is from my fingers and not of my mind  
I try to stop all conscious thought  
And let my fingers write blind

My busy fingers put a name  
To unconscious sentiments so sad  
Stream of consciousness  
says more of the same...and that..  
I'm slowly going mad

David Whalen

# Stroke Of Lightning

In Truth...

I leaned much more on you  
Than ever you did on me  
The stronger of the sexes is  
By far the weaker emotionally

As in the forest the mighty Oak  
That seemingly shelters the smaller trees  
Must suffer the mortal lightning stroke  
That brings it to it's knees

So do I now...like the mighty Oak  
Lean much more on you... than ever you on me?  
And was I ever, truly the stronger...  
Or twas that I only seemed to be?

David Whalen

# Stupidity... Ripple... And Me

My fellow Americans...

If I read any more  
About us going to war  
In some god forsaken nation

Where they want us to leave  
Even before we arrive  
I'll say this without hesitation

Let's fix America first  
Put our money to work  
Let's let America be our prime vocation

And if I read any more  
About us startin' another war  
I know what I'm gonna do without a doubt

I think I'll slip a nipple  
On a bottle of Ripple  
And drink my friggin' brains out

David Whalen

# Suggestive Haikus

Write often...post less  
when post, you do... make sure to...  
Only post your best

(and then hit delete...  
I repeat... "hit delete"... get  
Rid Of all the rest) ! ! !

David Whalen

# Summer Gives Way To Autumn

&lt;center&gt;

A scurrying scuttle  
Like a mouse in the attic  
The bustle of Summer  
Gathering up her things

Impatiently packing  
Sometimes erratic  
It's baggage construed  
From butterfly wings

One last look cast about  
One last satisfied sigh  
One more Season over and out  
No more Summer thunder  
Nor lightning rent sky

A satisfied feeling  
And in dire need of rest  
Summer finds  
That prospect appealing...  
Time to put Fall to the test

Crisp breezes of Autumn  
Begin blowing in  
As the new season arrives  
And Summer is bourne away  
With the wind

A wind that sings songs  
Both serene and erratic  
With a scurrying sound  
...like a mouse in the attic...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Sunset

Wan shades  
of carmine and carnelian  
Dying in a sunset's  
languid demise  
The flame of pink,  
the smoke of lavender  
Grudgingly giving rise...to  
Final feeble glowing light  
of velvety purple  
Then to Ebon soot of night

David Whalen

# Surf Eternal

An endless parade  
Foam tipped waves  
rocks battered endlessly  
Rank seaweed...  
dank caves

Once majestic  
trees of seaweed  
Now become horizontal  
Lines drawn in the sand

Tern tracks imprinted  
as hieroglyphs  
Upon pristine  
Sand Papyrus

Plovers chase the sea away  
Turn and stand about  
The sea returns...  
To chase the terns  
Who in turn...  
Chase the sea back out

David Whalen

# Surreality

Empty space, time and dimensions  
A place Where clocks have no value  
and time no meaning  
A place in the mind  
with no geographical measures and bonds  
The province of fools  
and those seeking redemption  
Too much explanation,  
too much rationalization,  
And the world of empty ambition  
from which there's no rest  
A place of chaos, confusion and panic  
In the roseate brilliance from fiery forges  
Or dim lit sky... bisected by silhouettes of birds  
Where the pull of a thread  
Unravels the sweater  
And chains chatter coldly  
Upon hollow flagpole  
Where sands are etched in hieroglyphs  
By footprints and talons  
And smiles are as brittle as broom straws.  
Wherein your pulse is akin  
To the sound of a kettledrum  
A drear place where sharks circle  
With cold patient eyes  
And the music is the creaking  
Of weather bleached windmills  
Tilted in terminal space  
Of shadows pooled in dark, dank places  
And lights, like both blades of razors, and  
Glow of candles in graveyards at night  
Slick pools of greasy mirages,  
Places of light smudged with fog  
Empty spaces....Endless time  
Infinite dimensions...  
...of time and spaces...

David Whalen



# Sweet Addiction

Tulips...Eurasian herbs  
With deep shaped cup  
Close kin of Lilies  
From which hummingbirds sup

Begonias... tropical herb,  
showy flowers, waxy leaves...  
Besieged by legions  
of honeybees

Roses...often climbing shrubs...  
Fragrant blossoms filling noses  
Divided leaves, prickly stems  
Varietal colored, bed of roses

Lavender...Mediterranean mint  
Pale purple colour  
Heady perfume, to scent  
Bed linen and cover

Flowers, blossoms  
Predilections  
Scent and sight...  
Sweet addictions

Dizzying choices,  
A lie down in repose  
The best place to compose in...  
Is no bed of roses

David Whalen

# Sweet As Wine

&lt;center&gt;

Rain washed air...sweet as wine  
The rain itself a sure footed dancer  
Showers of silver...mist so fine  
Quiet as questions that have no answers

Distant thunder that tears asunder  
The fragile silence that falls in tatters  
As if the world is stunned in wonder  
And the pearls of rain are all that truly matters  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Sweet Lucy

I can hear those bedsprings a'squeakin'  
From halfway down the block  
And how come it gets so quiet, lil' mama,  
When my key rattles in the lock

"You say you ain't misbehaving" sweet Lucie  
But that ain't the answer I want  
Who's that going out the back door lil' mama  
Whenever I come in the front?

How come your hair's so pretty  
How come you got gloss on your lips  
How come's your eyes are all mascarey  
Why's there sweaty fingerprints on your hips?

I beginning to suspect you might be cheatin'  
Imma beginning' to have my doubt  
Imma beginning' to wonder who's comin' in Sweet mamma  
The minute I'm goin' out

I know this ol' dog shouldn't be out wagging his tail  
Getting' drunk til' three in the A.M  
But when I come home and you ain't alone  
All I wanta say is DAYUM!

Woman why can't you understand  
That you all on this earth to please us  
Don't wanna cause a ruckus or have to raise my hand  
Imma religious man, "Sweet Jesus"

Sweet Lucie, I know Imma a little man  
And sometimes I'm not so hot  
But what's just a little bit to you, lil' Mama  
To another could be a whole lot

So let's both of us stop misbehaving' Lil' Mama  
Maybe that's what we both of us want  
So there won't be anybody sneakin' out the back door  
Whenever I'm comin' in the front!

David Whalen

# Sweet Memory

If all I should be  
Is a sweet memory...A  
Happy man I'll be

David Whalen

# Sweet Temptation

&lt;center&gt;  
Curly fringes  
of yellow Roses  
Nestled deep in Garden's clutch  
Tug insistent upon bumblebee noses  
Teasing them in with temptress touch

Covert trade...  
Golden pollen for golden nectar  
In transaction to them known not as such  
With siren song and no hint of hector  
A touch of sweetness...but not too much  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Swiss Perhaps?

I think: Does she know  
Dressed in yellow...She looks  
Like a piece of cheese?

David Whalen

# Take A Word And Wrap A Poem Around It

Take a word and...  
Wrap a poem around it

Take a precious phrase  
And weave it within

Take profound prose  
And allow it to abound in it

Take pride in what you've written  
And what you've written...Will be read  
again and again

What better legacy could one leave  
Than words that last forever

Just Take a word  
and wrap a poem around  
And you'll be forgotten....  
    never

David Whalen



# Take Me

Take me...  
Take me away.

Into your world  
By the words that you say

Sweep me up  
In your imaginations

Allow me to see  
Your poetic fabrications

You know you want it...  
You wantonly wish that I may

heed you...read you  
And go all the way

Into private rooms  
Deep within your mind

Places proffered shamelessly  
To all manner, ilk and kind

You allow access to readers...  
Be they all total strangers

Ever Shielded from contact...  
From intimate dangers

Don't deny you take pleasure..  
From the comments you get

Don't forgo the treasure  
Of the kind words...and yet

You're leading me into  
The keeps of your mind

Guiding me knowingly  
As one would the blind

So Take me and teach me  
I've no more to say...except

Write beautifully, poetically  
Let your words lead me astray

I'm open to anything  
Take me away

David Whalen

# Take Out The Trash

&lt;center&gt;  
Take Out The Trash  
,

Just what is regret?  
Emotional garbage we've  
not got rid of yet!  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Taste Of Honey

A heavenly hint  
And scent...  
Of blue and white clover

Mixed within the morning dew  
Wrapped within  
and over

With just a tweak...  
Not strong nor meek  
Of musky Morning Glorys

Threaded though...  
with morning dew  
A tasty tale of stories.

Lilies lend a heavy hand  
With just...  
a nose of roses

buried deep...fuzzy faces  
In flowers sweet private places  
Strike most ridiculous poses

That buzzy bees...  
with powdered knees  
tiny creatures though they be

Can take dust of pollen  
From fragrant flowers  
And do such amazing alchemy

Heavy wine, of bush and vine  
Perfect mix...  
not thick... nor runny

Beautiful blend  
of sultry summer nights  
And days... cloudy... and sunny

Natures nostrum...God's delight  
It seems at times...  
almost funny

To brew liquid gold in waxy vats  
So that young and old  
Can savor... sweet taste of honey

David Whalen

# Teardrops And Memories

&lt;center&gt;

Sometimes my eyes spring  
tiny leaks and memories  
Course down my cheeks

To fall upon  
My aching heart  
And tear my very soul apart

Salty drops of memory  
That overflow  
And sadden me

Twixt dusk and dawn  
Time far and near  
Tis the time the tears appear...

Do Angels listen  
As tears glisten  
And tis solace that I seek

In the tiny leaks  
Where memories  
Course slowly

...Down my cheeks...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Teardrops And Raindrops

It's so hard  
To tell  
Raindrops from teardrops

When you're cryin' in the rain

Do you wipe away  
A raindrop  
That's fallen from the sky

When you're cryin' in the rain

Or do you wipe away  
A tear  
Fallen... from your eye

It's not only by  
The seasoning  
of saline alone

When you're cryin' in the rain

It's not only by  
The reasoning  
That each one of us has known

That you know it's not  
The issue  
From the sky

And you know  
It's from both  
Your heart, and from your eye

For when you're  
Truly cryin'  
in the rain

You'll taste the tears

And feel like dying  
From the pain

It's so hard...so, so hard  
To tell  
The raindrops from teardrops

When you're alone...  
Alone cryin'...  
...Alone cryin' in the rain...

David Whalen



# Teardrops And Valentines

I awoke last night  
In broken heart city  
I had a dream last night  
But didn't dream it was true

Cause it just wasn't right  
And it sure wasn't pretty  
I dreamt the door opened  
And a shadow went through

There was a note on my pillow  
Beneath a single red rose  
And somehow I knew then  
That it was the shadow of you

You left a truck-load of hurt  
Parkin' on my heart...  
You took my valentine day  
And you tore it all apart

So it wasn't just a dream  
It was the real thing this time  
And all I have left now, is a rose and a note  
And a tear-stained, ...farewell valentine

David Whalen

# Tears

Tears that course  
'cross my cheek  
Then drip like salted rain

Almost with a cosmic force  
That seems to seek  
And leave...a permanent stain

Tears that speak of many things  
Without a single word spoken  
Of love bourned 'pon Angel wings  
And anguish of hearts broken

Tears will come unbidden  
With love...or with sorrow  
Emotions that will not stay hidden  
Not today...yesterday...  
...nor tomorrow...

David Whalen

# Tears That Fall Like Rain

Tears of joy and happiness  
Trace cross one's cheek  
When love fills one's heart

But the other kind  
Can sting and blind  
When love breaks it apart

The other kind  
is kin to naught  
but sorrow and of pain

Gives only rise  
to red-rimmed eyes  
And tears that fall like rain

David Whalen

# Tell Me About It

&lt;center&gt;

`Yeah, Tell Me About It

Plain dumb fool luck  
Is what happens  
Most of the time  
whenever good things  
happen to occur

Just an unusual alignment  
In the usual cosmic state  
A release in the confinement  
From my ordinary state, of late  
Hungover, tongue coated in fur

Tell me about  
the good things that happen  
to good men  
who do good things  
And to which you refer

Tell me again  
My all knowing friend  
As I know you will  
again and again  
until the end of my days

God grant me the wisdom  
One day...To learn not to say  
Without thinking one whit  
That unthinkable phrase  
...Yeah, tell me about It...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Tell Me If You Know

I am as transient as,  
And no more enduring...  
Than the life and times  
of the smallest insect  
I am as gentle  
as the feathered kiss  
Of a capricious butterfly  
...So what am I? ...

As only shadows  
are want to know  
I come and go...  
With easy ebb  
and fluid flow  
As hard to contain  
As a handful of quicksilver  
I slip through fingers  
like moon's mercury glow  
So just what am I  
...Do you know? ...

David Whalen

# Temporality

&lt;center&gt;

Man might as well write on water

As engrave on stone

For his words...

in the grand, universal scheme of things

last no longer than does the

...flesh and bone...

David Whalen

# Temporary

Everything is temporary  
Nothing is yours to keep forever  
Even your cells, soul and molecules  
Are as fleeting as the weather

Didn't realize they were only on loan  
Now I know that's a fact  
And now I'm Pretty sure the Cosmos...  
...Wants my atoms back...

David Whalen

# Tempting Fate...Over Coffee...At Mcdonalds

&lt;center&gt;

I buy my coffee and read a while

Get a refill

And then write a bit

But then there are mornings

In which I cast custom

To the winds

Let fate know

I give not

A whit

So instead I buy my coffee and write

Get a refill

And then read for a bit

A daring change of habit

But one's soul must at times

Be allowed to fly free

Am I a creature of habit

Oh no,

No...not me

David Whalen



# Tenacity

&lt;center&gt;

Example Of Tenacity

True grit likely as  
not... is a plant that grows in  
a hot parking lot  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Tender Mercies, Gentle Touch

&lt;center&gt;

Little kids, needles, scary places  
Doctors, nurses, with smiling faces  
Strange bed, strange sound  
Spooky environs all around

Pokes and prods, pink flowered gown  
Tender mercies, gentle touch  
Thank goodness mom is stickin' round  
Else this scary place would be waaay too much!

Toy placed in tiny hand  
Gatorade given to drink  
Young minds come to understand  
This is not so bad! (ya' think?)

Soon the aches and nose so stuffy  
Give way to the nurses loving care  
Eyes once teary, red and puffy  
Sparkle anew and shine so fair

They leave with smiles on timid faces  
All better now! No longer sick!  
Soothed by nurses caring graces  
That helped make the time pass so quick

R, N.'s and Docs: such busy people!  
Yet they take the time and give so much  
And the most precious gift from these busy people?  
Open hearts, acts of caring kindness  
...Tender mercies, Gentle touch...

Dedicated to all caregivers  
But especially the great people at  
Pediatrics E.R. U.M.C Las Vegas Nevada

By David Whalen



# Terminal Loneliness

One of the loneliest feelings  
in this world

And one that's always sure  
To defeat you

Is to walk off of an airplane...  
Late at night

And there's no one...  
There to greet you

David Whalen

# Terrapins And Politicians

Terrapins And Politicians

Turtles atop fence posts  
Is another name for politicians  
Who seem at the very most  
Not able to handle the spot they're in

They shouldn't be  
Where they are you see  
Like turtles they're as dumb  
As a bag full of tea

So if you should see  
One or the other (turtle or politician)  
Be higher than they should be  
Pick them up, then put them down  
Back on the ground

Back where turtles (and politicians)  
...Oughta' be...

David Whalen

# That Elusive Perfect Poem

Some day I'll write one...  
That won't garner great numbers  
Yet will linger in hearts...and  
Rest sweetly on one's lips

A poem that readers  
will want to come back to  
A poem that readers will savor  
Tasting, ...In long, sensuous sips

A poem that warms one's cockles  
Makes one lean back and smile  
Makes one glad to have read it  
To enjoy my writing...for a while

Maybe place it in their favorites  
Hopefully, at least... keep in their hearts  
Repeat to themselves favorite phrases  
All my descriptive and alliterative parts

Better to have written  
Just that one special poem  
That could arouse great emotion  
Than to write many... that arouse it in none

I have not yet accomplished it  
And by me, this feat may ne'er be done  
The perfect poem yet eludes me...  
Yet I hope... some day I'll write one

David Whalen

# That's Life

One thing about life  
That will never change is that  
Life will always change

David Whalen

# The Age Of Fall

A time when things material  
begin to have little... or no  
Import at all

A time closely akin to Nature's transformation  
From verdant summer green  
To roseate and redolent Fall

A season in life...  
as much a reason in Nature  
When retrospection and reappraisal...

like falling leaves...  
settle softly...subtly  
On each one and all

A season when sentiments  
of sincerity, and satisfaction  
Reign supreme

As inevitably as soft blankets of leaves  
And inexorable incursions  
Of fall's ice upon streams

A time of looking back o'er shoulder  
No concern to what  
Lies ahead

A time of taking stock of how life...like leaves  
Has fallen about you and humbled  
Your weary head

A time of peace...in both meadows and mind  
Of qualities shared equally...  
By both in kind

Ageing and Fall...times of hesitation  
To look back upon...wistfully..  
Your Summers and Spring



Of blossoming trees...and of fond memories  
That only Ageing...  
And fall can bring

David Whalen

# The Amazing Mind Of Man

There are no limits or binds  
Upon Mankind's most amazing mind  
But much to Mankind's sorrow...

While there is no limit  
Of any kind It's true  
To what a mortal man can do

He will usually choose  
To do it  
...Tomorrow...

David Whalen

# The American Dream

Things I'd like to see

A congressman with cojones  
A president with pride  
A government less regulated  
And no agendas to hide

American children having enough to eat  
Less homeless families living on the street  
Senators and congressmen taking the places  
In war of all of our young boys of all races

Jobs that pay a little less in some cases  
So those same jobs aren't exported to other places  
Tighter borders, to keep out the ones  
who only enter this country to bear daughters and sons

C, E, O's that refuse that huge bonus  
And take huge pay cuts instead  
Oil rigs drilling to remove the onus  
Of the Arabian axes that hang over our head

Young Americans in college, instead of in khaki  
Politicians who care instead of acting wacky  
Our troops being put only on an American shore  
To die wantonly, wastefully, nevermore

How to see these thing?

Bring our boys home. NOW!  
Keep them home. FOREVER!  
Keep our jobs home. NOW!  
Keep U.S dollars home. FOREVER!  
No more foreign aid. EVER!  
Legal immigration only. RIGHT NOW!  
Let all countries pursue their own fate. HOWEVER!  
Elect only politicians who put America first. FOREVER!  
Build and maintain an invincible military. ON THIS CONTINENT ONLY!  
Never again enter an unwinnable war. DON'T EVEN ENDEAVOR!

Put our education system and children first. PLEASE ENDEAVOR!  
Never let a millionaire or national company pay less taxes than your average citizen. NEVER!

Will we see these reasonable, righteous things in our lifetimes?

Nope! ...No way in hell! ...Never, never ever!

David Whalen

# The Bear Truth, Bees, Toilet Water And Batteries

People think I'm simple  
Could be, but I don't care

I'm gonna keep right on thinking that...  
bi-polar Means a gay polar bear

And what's this with B batteries?  
I always thought they wuss..

The thing that keeps them bees up in the air  
And makes that cute lil' buzz

David Whalen

# The Blue Nowhere

Afloat and adrift  
In the "blue nowhere"  
Amongst nebulous nothingness  
Yet anxious to share

To dwell in anonymity  
Yet not in close proximity  
Giving unusual free rein  
To things usually unshared

Words put in prose  
sent into the blue  
In poems that are proposed  
To be read by you

Anonymity is blindness  
Nonconformity a kindness  
So we cast our emotions  
On ethereal oceans

Set afloat and adrift  
In the "blue nowhere"

David Whalen

# The Coldest Of The Cold?

A greedy person's Cold ambition  
Or could it be Cold windy nights  
The pureness of Cold clear water  
Or the alien aspect of Cold neon lights

The careless Cold shoulder  
The unfeeling Cold heart  
The curse of Cold nature  
Cold hands held apart

Could it be Cold feet  
Could it be cold fears  
Could it be cold weather  
Or icy cold ears

Even above cold blood...  
Even above... being apart  
My choice of all, above, Would be  
the unfeeling...of a cold, cold heart

David Whalen

# The 'David O' Investment Plan (For Newlyweds)

Valuable financial lesson

Some young folks immersed in newly wedded bliss  
Sometimes lack long-term financial sense  
And if I didn't give advice, I'd be sadly remiss  
So this sage pearl of wisdom, I hereby dispense

Part One:

Put a large piggybank at the side of your bed  
And each time you complete a bit of consummation  
Be sure to drop a quarter into the pig's head  
Before dropping into the sleep of carnal relaxation

Do this bit of bouncy, with avid eager delight  
For five or ten years, as young folks happily do  
But just don't forget, at each and every night  
To put a quarter in the piggybank too.

Part Two

After five or ten years take a quarter out  
Each and every time you do the mattress mambo  
And soon you'll discover what I'm talking about  
It's not just a bunch of mumbo-jumbo

It's my investment plan I proudly call "Piggy and nooky"  
And it works both for husband and wife  
It works so darn well that it's almost spooky...and  
I guarantee you'll have cash for the rest of your life

David Whalen



# The Dawning

With Eyes Not Yet Open

The soft whisking sound  
Of a broom `pon the floor

The cooing of Doves  
Near the window

The creak and squeak  
From floorboards and doors

Conversations carried on  
Soft and low

Sunrays piercing the morning skies  
Nighttime fleeing to the west

Bed seeming less and less like a bed  
And more and more... like a nest

Do the birds and the bees  
The animals...the trees

Do they, like me  
Feel the joy and the rapture

I think and I pray these feelings today  
They're for all God's creatures to capture

...Yet I wonder...I wonder...

99 words

With Eyes Not Yet Open

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99 words

David Whalen

# The Day I No Longer Wonder

&lt;center&gt;

When comes the day  
When I watch the sun rise  
And fail to feel a sense of awe  
Twill be the day that time  
Blinds my eyes  
And I hear the Angels call

When comes the day  
I can no longer lift  
My head from off my pillows  
Twill be the day  
I no longer care if  
The breeze still blows  
In the willows

When comes the time  
That I can't see the rhyme  
Nor the reason for the Rain  
Nor the thunder  
When I grasp for the rapture  
Of Nature... in vain  
Twill be the day  
...that I no longer wonder...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# The Decline Of Man (And The Rise Of Women)

Throughout the ages until the recent day  
Strength and size ruled the world  
But those times have long passed away

The days when women truly needed men  
Were all the norm back then  
Now gone Ne'er to be back again

Machines that farm and till our land  
Can make our goods much faster than  
The hand of any common working man

It's the age of women (perhaps long overdue)  
It's machines and technology and many  
Men have no clue

So now it's become a world of finesse  
Where strength and size  
Could matter less

There's a sea-change come upon the land  
Where there's no need  
For strong back or hand

That women are as able and probably more so  
To push the buttons program the computers  
That make our modern world go

For every two men who have a degree  
The number of women that do  
Add up to three

For every four men who are the boss  
There's now five women in charge  
"What'cha think of that "hoss? "

Women now, in many cases, raise our kids alone  
And these erstwhile, dependent ladies (now quite independent)  
Are oft' the only parent in the home

So the times they are a'changin' guys  
And personally, I think it's quite a feat  
That women are becoming the strong and wise  
And we're becoming obsolete!

David Whalen

# The Eyes Have It

&lt;center&gt;  
Peer in eyes op'ed  
Wide or thin...See what's without  
Yet see not within  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# The Face Of God

&lt;center&gt;  
Sometimes when I see  
The smile of a child  
Or perceive the look of love  
In a loved one's eyes

Or when I look o'er  
Fields and forests wild  
And watch mist  
Take form and rise

When I see the sea  
Observe the eternal tide  
Or watch the seabirds  
Silent glide

When I have cold water  
And food to partake  
Warm bed-partner  
By my side

When I see the sun  
Give birth to dawn  
The moon give light  
To the night

See silent lightning  
Storms afar  
I imagine Angels  
Taking flight

Though I'm far  
From a religious man  
Oft-times these events  
Strike me as rather odd

It's as if I sense  
A soothing hand  
As if I've truly touched

...The face of God...

David Whalen



# The Glow In The Fog And Mist

The spectral glow of a bobbing lantern  
As if tossed upon a stormy sea

Appearing..then fading anon, absorbed  
In foggy essence, to fade again so feebly

Once more, ere sinking in finality  
Into the quicksand of mist

Mere glow of candle, so dear to see  
Seen now...then not, ...with capricious twist

The spectral light, drifts through the night  
As a ghost through fog and mist

Through ribs of rain, the tremulous light  
Chills the brain, befogs the sight

Dimly lit, by lanterns in the mist  
Dark clouds upon the soul this night

Fog is the dark abode of lost souls  
Who wander without rest with lantern high

The mist, the breath, of hollow death  
The fog, the food, on which to persist

Tis best my friend, not to be, nor ne'r to see....  
The glow in the fog and mist

David Whalen

# The Good Lord Is Irish

Twass in a wee little kirk  
Nestled deep in the heather  
Where leprechauns lurk  
mid fog and brash weather

Where wee Father Flanagan stood  
Attired in black coat and white collar  
Aponderin' evil and good  
E' twas Five foot two and na' taller

Aponderin' the world'  
and to how it might end  
And how things might unfaul  
When tis gone round the bend

"Oh dear Lard, how twillit be when we go?  
Twill all be gone, or will yet some linger? "  
To which the Lard replied in voice soft and low  
"suure and I'll show ye my son, just pull my finger.

David Whalen

# The Gravity Of Blood

The gravity of blood  
Holds tight the satellites  
Of family and  
The ties that bind

Free will... be an illusion  
An orbit of confusion  
For the gravity of blood  
Tis not random... nor tis blind

In the end we're naught but copies  
Cast afar in the familial flood  
Rejoined anon by the cosmic eddies  
And the gravity of blood

David Whalen

# The Heavy Weight Of Addiction

What is that voice  
That I hear calling to me

What is that sound  
That echoes in my ear

What is that refrain  
That lures and taunts me

That siren like sound  
That dwells in my ear

What is that attraction  
That I constantly feel

That has no real substance  
Yet seems so solidly real

What is that emptiness  
That seems deep inside me

What is this weight  
that bears down on my hips

What is that dire voice  
That beckons to me

That causes this quiver  
of my drooling lips

What causes this dark need  
Is become plain to see

Methinks the answer  
lurks in my cabinet

That has my mind  
in it's ravenous grips

Methinks it's the unopened  
bag of kettle fried...

Hawaiian style  
garlic and onion chips

David Whalen

# The Human Condition

&lt;center&gt;

There will come times  
of unimaginable events

Times in one's life  
unforeseen and inexplicable

Times that will test  
The mettle of the best

Times that will evoke grief so great  
that the stoutest heart will shrivel

Times of bliss and happiness such  
That one seems to float in air

Times of stress and dire duress  
That seem to rend and tear

Times that try one's heart  
That seem to tear your world apart

There will come times  
of blessings and perdition

Their name my friend  
Is as it's always been

...It's name is 'the human condition'...'`

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# The Long Way Home

Tiny squeaks from the snow  
As if I'd stepped  
upon a mouse

The temperature hovers at zero  
A walk sounded nice...  
Before I left the house

I gave it thought  
For about a moment  
Trying to decide...yes or no

But a long look  
out the window  
made me bundle up and go

The bare limbs and sere winds  
Beckoned me deep  
into the woods

While the piquant prickle  
Of pins and needles  
Bade me snugly pull up my hood

I thought only to take  
A short brisk  
Moonlight walkabout

But the blue of the moon  
Highlighting crystals of snow  
Gave me pause as to why I was out

I embraced the cold, kissed the wind,  
Held the moon... and felt the snow  
As my own

I inhaled deeply of the winter  
Looked back at my warm abode  
And decided instead...to take

...the long way home...

David Whalen



# The Man At The Bar

The Man At The Bar

I saunter toward the bar of my neighborhood tavern  
For my weekly libation and some solitude in reading.  
Tinseled ads dangle down like stalagmites in dim cavern  
In this dark refuge, where world's woes, no one's heeding

At the bar sit's a man alone, o'er long necked bottle, working-mans hands hover  
Eyes unfocused, staring unseeingly, deep into space  
While I, a book in one hand and cash for my pint in the other  
Wait for my drink, when I sense his sad gaze drift round to my face

The palpable pull of his gaze makes me turn, nod politely and say "hi"  
And his eyes slowly shift down to the book in my clasp  
"Sir, " said he, "might I have a peek at your book? " A reticent request, soft as a  
sigh  
"of course, " said I, and placed my dog-eared edition in his work-calloused grasp

A quick, cursory page riffling, then a wry wrinkled look  
The tattered book proffered back to me with a sad sibilant sigh  
"Ya know, " he said to me "I can't read a damn word in that book? "  
Embarrassment, mixed with defiance, in his averted, anguished eye

Squaring his shoulders as if shaking off a great leaden burden  
Turned once more to me, and continued his confessional tale  
My ale, slow arriving gave me time to pay full attention  
And his long moored frustrations, once untied took full sail

"Dropped out of school quite young, "he said  
"a waste of his time, " he thought then  
"Had he the wisdom then, that now had home in his head  
He would have better used, the book and the pen"

Peeling the label from the brown bottle in his clutch  
While staring at the now, but more likely looking back at his past  
Said he could read "Walmart, " "stop" and "yield" and the such  
But the people around him, always found him out at last

Said he always got by doing menial jobs and hard labor  
Raised a fine family by the sweat of his brow  
But the one thing he lacked, and never would savor  
Was to read to his kids, and in turn teach them how

The barmaid approached, my popcorn and ale on a tray  
I paid my tab and placed my hand on his shoulder  
I briefly told him of the many reading programs available today  
And not let the desire to read, simply grow older

As I, with contented sigh, settled into my secluded, corner booth  
Ready and eager to forage anew, through fictions and dominions  
I glanced up before reading, and felt the pangs of a sad, somber truth  
That my new friend had many hidden, and unknown companions

The plight of this man, and the too many just like him  
Evoke pity and admiration, both in their turn  
How sad to be locked in a non-reading prison  
Oh what one can miss, when one fails to learn

David Whalen

# The Manse In The Moors

&lt;center&gt;  
Tall iron gates  
That mutter of authority  
Beyond which lie fields  
Barren and bleak

Fence of stone topped with  
Crenellations of Ravens  
Keeping watch with keen eyes  
Above leaf shrouded creek

The manor of grey stone  
That rears all alone  
And lies atop  
The rise...

The windows tight shuttered  
Cause one to shudder  
At their semblance  
To moribund eyes

The long neglected lane  
Now approaches in vain  
The portico thru which  
No one enters

Save spectres that scream  
Silently...hauntingly and seem  
As fleeting as wishes  
...in a dream...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# The Midas Touch

I thought that I'd like  
Having the "Midas Touch"

But in truth there's  
nothing tougher

For everything  
I touch, you see

Turns into a  
#\$\*@#^ muffler

David Whalen

# The Mind Of A Poet

&lt;center&gt;

The mind...The brain...

No more than pale grey paste

Enclosed within

Thin calcium case

Afloat...Adrift

In cerebral sea

Sentient jelly essence

Of both you and me

Able to inform us

Yet n'er given scintilla of light

Of brilliance of Sunshine

And deep, darkness of night

Tis the architect of our reality

Gives shape and substance to our world

Emotions...Dreams...

All things it seems

...while lying quiescently curled...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# The Most Boring Poem In The World

Do you put your cart before the horse  
Do you cast pearls before swine  
Do you let things run their course  
Are you just in the nick of time

Is it out of the frying pan  
Or over the rainbow  
Is it water under the dam  
Is it what you say or what you know

Are you Under the weather  
Or are you up and away  
Is it age before beauty  
Is it time to make hay

Put your nose to the grindstone  
Are your Boots on the ground  
If your foots in your mouth  
Where's your tongue to be found

Got your back to the wall  
Got your Tit in a wringer  
Are you Over the hill  
Are you still a humdinger

Is it Much ado about nothing  
Are you over the hump  
On pins and needles  
Or down in the dump

Are you over the moon,  
Or Up the creek  
Down the tubes  
Or clumsy as a geek

Are you down on your luck  
Or are you up and away  
Are you Through and through  
Or king for a day

Out of luck  
Are you under the gun  
Into the fire  
Or are you under the sun

At this point I've got to tell you my friend  
You really must be dumb as a clam  
If you read this to the very end  
You're even more boring than I am

David Whalen

# The Next To Last Pew

An old man was at church last Sunday  
He sat in the next to last pew  
I slid into the seat right next to him  
And gave a him a friendly "hi-dee-do"

He gave me a nod with his time worn brow  
Then swiveled his head all around  
While his gaze sized up the parishioners  
His ears seemed to soak up their sound

His sad gaze seemed to pick out each person  
One by one, as he seemed to stare into their soul  
To some he nodded, in an approving way  
While to others his look was ice cold

I asked if he was a member of this church  
I said I wasn't familiar with him, was he new?  
He smiled a soft smile and shook his head no  
Said "I'm here most of the time...  
here in this next to last pew"

I said "what do you think of our little church"  
He rubbed his hands through his hair of silver grey  
Looked deep in my eyes and gave a soft, sad sigh  
And said "you may not like what I have to say"

He said " Son, I can see into the soul of these people  
And to you, what I say is on the level"  
That Most are fools in the eyes of the Lord  
The rest are pawns in the hands of the devil

I looked all around at my fellow church-goers  
Of whom he spoke, I knew of more than a few  
And when I turned back to allow "that could be so"  
I was all alone in the next to last pew!

David Whalen



# The Oldest Love Poem In The World (4000 Years Old)

Written from a priestess to a king...4000 yrs ago

Bridegroom...dear to my heart  
Goodly is your beauty  
And honeysweet

You have captivated me  
Let me stand trembling  
before you

And I would be taken  
To your bedchamber

Bridegroom...  
You have taken  
Your pleasure of me

Tell my mother...  
She will give you  
Delicacies

And my father  
Will give you  
gifts

Written over 4000 years ago- authoress unknown  
From an ancient Sumerian Tablet unearthed in Nippur Iraq  
Edited just slightly by David O  
Could this first published poetess even have conceived  
That her intimate poem would be read all over the world?  
This is not plagiarism! (at least not strictly so)  
I just wanted the oldest poet In the world to get her overdue credit  
And also to see how this lady's poetry is received today.  
Let me know if you agree with me that...  
This lady knew how to write, especially given that poetry and writing itself were  
both in their infancy



# The Poetess, The Moon...And The Woods Pt1

A tear traced a path on her cheek in the moonlight  
As her lips brushed the brow of her sleeping child

She stood still for a moment, with eyes closed tightly  
Corners of lips pulled up... in a winsome smile

Strode heavily to the open window  
stared out into the woods, soft lit by the moon

Then with a sigh pulled down the window  
And quietly tiptoed out of the room

Glanced in at her husband, long asleep in their bed  
And in her mind gave him a kiss on the top of his head

Then sat at her desk and finished her poem  
Sat back and reviewed it... one last time

It was about her life... and about her home  
And about the glow of the woods in the moonshine

She nodded her head... as if in agreement  
With the words that she had carefully, composed

Her finger touched "enter" with determined intent  
Then her whole body slumped in repose

From the corners of her eyes, she saw the moon rise  
O'er the woods from out of her window

A teardrop fell softly to her desk as she stood  
And walked through the door for the very last time

She looked up at the moon and then strode into the woods  
She had posted her last poem...her very last rhyme

David Whalen

# The Poetess...The Oak...The Descent Pt 3

Deeper...darker,  
the pull ever stronger  
Girdling her arms...  
tendrils of mist,

Toward a huge, hulking Oak,  
seen dimly afar  
Tugging her toward it,  
unseen hands on her wrist

It stood alone in a clearing,  
lit by gibbous moon  
Long wide gash in it's flank,  
from long ago lightning

The poet could feel coldness,  
and knew all too soon  
That what was to come,  
would become much more frightening

The far distant cry  
of her name in the night  
Was riven to pieces  
and blown away in the breeze

Her heart hammered hopelessly,  
face frozen in fright  
As our young lady poet, ...  
Entered... "the land neath the trees"

David Whalen

## The Poetess...The Woods...The Mist Pt 2

The poet looked all about her,  
in the moon glow so dim  
Felt a slight tug...  
as something pulled her... further within

First, , , hesitant steps...  
with a look oe'r her shoulder  
Back at the house  
with it's lights slowly dimming

The tenous pull  
on her hands growing bolder  
Her eyes torn away,  
in tears... deeply brimming

Sepulchral black limbs  
Spider close overhead  
Vision shimmers and swims  
In fear... and in dread

Is this poetic justice?  
And if so...for what deed?  
Was she being taken in malice  
The pull Quickened...paying no heed!

faint, distant voices, calling her name  
Made her try to stop...made her resist  
But the unseen fantasm, tugged all the same  
And pulled the Poet, yet deeper into the mist

David Whalen

# The Primal Mind

&lt;center&gt;  
There's a darkness that dwells  
Within the shadowed wells  
of man's mind  
a darkness where dark things reside...  
It's place dark as ink  
Where things slither and slink  
Where lives none such  
As prudence and pride  
It's a cold and dark haven  
Dark as the eyes of a Raven  
Slick...moist black  
Unblinking...ope'd wide  
As dark as the depths  
Of abyssal ocean  
As persistent and insistent  
As moon's pull pon' the tide  
Dark and infernal  
Yet e'er eternal  
Indeed... they have need to hide...  
Kept close, deep within  
By morals stretched thin  
Is the Darkness that dwells  
...In man's mind...

David Whalen

# The Problem's In The Knowin'

I just might have a big problem  
in doin' what's exactly right  
Even tho' I pretty much try  
with all of my doggone might

Seem's as if It's in the knowin'  
That I lack some social graces  
And my embarrassment keeps ashowin' up  
Like spinach stuck in your braces

Hell, I'm not a bad guy  
I won't tell you that you're fat  
That you're so far over the hill  
That you'll never make it back

I might slip up  
and tell a friend  
Then he might tell  
someone too  
Then sure enough ...  
some of your bimbo friends  
would repeat what I said about you

So I'mma thinking' that...  
Doin' what's right's  
not the problem  
The problem is knowin'  
what's right to do

David Whalen

# The Reaper Grim

&lt;center&lt;Twas only a blink  
And nothing more  
The thing I saw  
At my front door

Twas more I think  
Something dark as ink  
That made the sound  
At my front door

Peered through the slit  
Of parted shade  
Saw none of it  
So then I made

To rattle loose  
Both chain and lock  
And peep through  
Doorjamb crack

Saw naught upon  
In the deep dark yawn  
Yet still I cringed  
Away and back

For I heard the toll  
Of churchyard bells  
I smelled the fetid  
Smell of hell

The shuffling steps  
Upon the stoop  
A ragged breathing... then silence!  
...nothing more.

Then my heart took wing  
When that spectral thing  
Oozed through my  
Oaken door



And in that blink  
Stole my soul...I think  
Just that...  
and nothing more

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# The Sky Really Is Falling!

The Sky Is Falling!

Every time I look `round  
I see more pieces...  
Of sky on the ground

And then I espy The hole in the sky  
Where the pieces of sky  
Have fallen down

No one listens  
No One pays heed  
No one hears my warning

This time I'm not  
Kidding around  
The sky really is falling!

David Whalen

# The Sound Of Lonely

&lt;center&gt;

...To you...

If loneliness had a sound  
What would that sound be  
Could it be the sound of sadness  
Or something heard  
Quite differently

...To you...

Would it be the sigh of wind  
'Pon the windowpanes  
The hiss of sleet upon the glass  
Would it be the low grumble  
Of distant thunder from storms  
That never seem to pass

...To you...

Could well be  
The sound of a car door closing'  
Shuffle of footsteps fading away  
The whispered words...  
That go unheard..."Don't leave me now,  
Please stay! "

...To you...

Could it be that silent plea  
That screams from silent face  
Or the haunting moans  
Of bagpipe drones  
That intone  
...'Amazing Grace...

...To you...

So many are the sounds  
Of lonesome  
One knows not where  
To start  
But to me you see  
T'will e'er be

The sound of  
...A broken heart...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# The Start Of One's Day

&lt;center&gt;

How you likely started your day:

Went out the door and locked it tight.

Went out the walk while looking down, sorting out your keys  
and then unlocked the car door.

Feeling for and fastening your seat belt.

Looking at the ignition while inserting the key,  
starting the engine, releasing the parking brake  
and casting a quick glance at the gauges

then a look in the rearview mirrors before backing out  
and perhaps taking a quick final look back at your house.

Your mind already absorbed in your busy coming day.

How I always start my day:

Like you: out the door and locking it tight behind me,  
but here's where do I things differently.

Before taking a single step I lift my eyes to the sky  
To see if it's cloudy or clear while taking a deep breath  
Of fresh morning air.

I take a few seconds to sort through the scents  
of blossoms, soil, leaves and all the aromas bourne on the breeze.

I pause on the way to my car to lend an ear  
To the morning chatter of Sparrows, Blackbirds,  
Mourning Doves and neighborhood dogs.

After a good sixty seconds or so of listening, looking and sniffing,  
Then...and only then...do I proceed to my car, start it up and drive away.

Feeling pretty good that I had given myself (once again)

a very pleasant start

to an otherwise very ordinary day.

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# The Sun, The Moon And Rainbows

Flowers listen to  
The Sun and Moon...and know how  
To hear the rainbows

David Whalen

# The Super Power Of Bacon

&lt;center&gt;

The incredible superpower  
of the aroma of bacon frying  
And the pungent scent  
of fresh brewed coffee...  
To me, this shouts out  
..."Sunday morning! "...  
It has the power to move  
The most sleepy persons  
The power to lift leaden eyelids  
The ability to make frowns  
Turn to smiles and evoke memories  
Of timeworn kitchen tables  
And chipped coffee cups  
And cold linoleum floors  
No more or less  
It's childhood  
It's parents and grandparents  
Old neighborhoods  
Summer, Winter, Spring and Fall  
And yet all it truly is  
Is a bit of aromatic vapor  
Just bacon frying  
Coffee brewin'  
Anticipation  
...And memories...

David Whalen

# The Truest Test

The rest and the best  
Of life yet lies before you  
So many things to see  
So many things to do

So many things to savor  
To eyes open wide in wonder  
Strange textures and new flavors  
Old habits cast asunder

Age is of no matter  
Be the spirit strong and true  
For the very best, the truest test  
Of life... yet lies before you

David Whalen



# The Unperson

&lt;center&gt;  
I have loved...  
And have been loved  
I have regrets...  
And have been the object of regret  
I've done some good...  
And have been the recipient of some good deeds  
I have suffered for myself and others...  
And know that others too have suffered for me  
Impatient? Yes I have been that...  
And I've seen impatience directed at me  
I have been dishonest...Tho' only to a small degree  
And not nearly as much as others have been to me  
Always without...looking in...  
Never a taker nor much a giver  
Always barely getting by, thru' thick and thin  
Like a tiny floating twig  
On a wide muddy river  
A leaf taken hostage by the wind  
Wandering aimlessly....here and there  
A capricious breeze in the trees  
A visage deep etched  
On Dark smoked glass  
A face sketched in charcoal  
By a withered, harried hand  
A wall of wire wrapped...  
Tight round the heart  
I dance with the Devil  
And come away uncharred  
Always an outrider and knowing full well  
That free will is but an illusion  
Yet in truth I'm still unfettered and  
...Inspired...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# The World Will Simply Shrug

The universe will simply shrug

Bullets fly, wars be waged  
People die, `pon worlds stage

Hopes and ambitions  
Faith and traditions

Cold hard facts  
And simple superstitions

All no more than  
Wishful visions

All the world's fine institutions  
Despite man's resolutions

In the end will be  
Doomed to fade away

And the Universe... will simply shrug  
And go on about It's way

62 words

David Whalen

# Their World, Not Ours

Their World, Not Ours (free verse)

Watching the doves and chickadees  
From my patio,  
looking into another wild world  
Wishing them to alight,  
Like my parakeets, on my finger  
Bringing back a precious memory  
From my youth...

Out of the shade of the dense forest  
And into a glade of soft grass  
An unexpected dale of tranquility  
Sun shining warmly through natures skylight  
Into their world,  
not ours

My gun at rest on my shoulder  
eyes gazing in wonder  
At this shallow valley, a sunlit Eden  
within an Eden, with paw worn trails  
To den entrances,  
leading to their homes

My hunting partner follows and halts  
staring with wide eyes at the beauty  
At the sanctity of it all  
Rests his gun on shoulder as did I  
And we see rays of sunlight piercing  
As if through windows of a sylvan cathedral

Small saplings around glades edge  
With small, white bones, adorning their branches  
Placed by Vixens acting as exterior decorators  
Exercising feral Feng Shui  
Soft grass flattened in places  
As if plush carpets for their kits to lie on

We walk to the center and gaze in wonder  
Guns shouldered and forgotten  
Slowly turn in religious rotation  
No words are spoken  
This is their world  
    not ours

We are in someone else's home  
feeling strangely guilty, yet glad  
That such a place as this exists, and  
exists as if man  
did not exist at all

Feeling as if anointed or blessed  
We smile at one another  
and we turn, as one,  
again, without a word spoken  
We nod to each other and leave

Leaving nothing disturbed in that place  
while taking away only stolen memories  
To savor later on  
Pleasurable contraband? Yes and no.

A gift from them  
For leaving them alone,  
in fond remembrance,  
In their world,  
    not ours

David Whalen

# There Better Be Pizza

When I go that kingdom, high in the sky  
When I shed life's coils, when I lay down to die

When my breath finally leaves me, with a last soft sigh  
I'll go to my reward...and an eternity of hot Pizza pie

I pray that there's gonna be cheese filled crust  
And piles of Pepperoni's a definite must

I wanna see oceans of melted Mozzarella  
An' don't be getting' stingy with the olives 'Big Fella'

Lots of angelic onions, bits of heavenly ham  
Could even contain slices of spiritual spam

Some divine diced tomatoes, some holy Swiss cheese  
I've been real religious Lord, and I'm beggin' you please

I better see hot cheese abubblin'  
I implore you o' Lord to provide that rapturous smell

Buuut...There had better be pizza in heaven  
Or I'm gonna be raisin' some hell

David Whalen

# Thief Of Light And Sight

&lt;center&gt;

It's a thief...shaped from shadows  
Of whose presence cannot be known  
And who will stoop so low  
As to steal e'en the candle's glow  
And is silent as ...the sound of stone  
Little by little...bit by bit  
Always taking, degree by degree  
Til little will I have left of it  
Precious little sight ...  
Left to me

It's the iceberg in the night  
It's the train one does not see coming  
It's closely akin to the quiet flow  
Of water slipping silently and slow  
Down the drain...  
This thievery of my sight

I am powerless to halt  
Or even slow this cunning thief  
E'en tho' he lives within me  
And I know it's not truly  
No... not truly his fault  
This thing that he's doing  
To me.

There is no cure  
Of that I'm sure  
For this fate of mine  
So insidious  
But the simple fact  
Is that I will indeed go blind  
And at this point in time  
Seems quite hideous

Perhaps he'll do  
His job with haste  
Perhaps the thief will work

Very slowly...  
But for now I'll try to see  
The world more closely  
For it's likely I'll not  
...have time to waste...

I'll see the Sunrises  
With more respect  
For their beauty that...  
I always took as a given  
See the dusks in a whole new light  
And I expect That I'll keep on livin'

Perhaps I'll leave this earthly realm  
Whilst I can still see about me  
And take a final glimpse  
And take a final smile  
At the beautiful world  
...I leave behind me...

&lt;center&gt;

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Things Lost On Gossamer Wings

A small taste Of your lips  
To remember  
A small taste  
So you would not forget

Remember me always  
And ever  
Remember me  
And never regret

Remember the fleeting  
Time that we had  
Time that flew by  
On gossamer wings

Memories so golden  
So sweet and so sad  
Of what time has stolen  
Lost things...Lost things

David Whalen



# Things New And Strange

&lt;center&gt;All things, new and strange  
To them must seem...I wonder...  
What do babies dream?

David Whalen

# Things That Get Better With Age

There are not too many things  
In this world  
one can count on

To get better with age  
As the clock  
ticks sublime

But, for me, there are three  
That I always  
can count on

One is friendship,  
another is a lady  
who loves you and...

The Bee Gees,  
who just get better  
...with time...

David Whalen

# Think First...

You can't un-break a heart  
Nor un-tell a lie

You can't redo what's been undone  
No matter how you try

You can't regain a trust  
You can't remake a friend

You can't readjust reality  
Nor start all over again

You can't undissappoint  
Nor can you uncare...tho

You could give righteous a shot  
And see how you fare...

Because you can't just un-forget  
Nor can you be un-rotten

But you can go utterly, unforgiven...  
And very easily forgotten!

David Whalen

# Think Of Lilacs, Clover And Rain

&lt;center&gt;

Think of the scent of Cinnamon  
Close your eyes and be transported  
Back in time...  
Your Mom with a trace  
Of flour on her face  
Sprinkles of tiny wrinkles that resemble  
Those... now on mine

Think of the scent of fresh brewed coffee  
Think of the chipped cup  
In your mom's chapped hands...  
The sizzle of bacon  
That has gently taken  
You back to the those long lost lands

Allow no word to be spoken  
Lest the spell be broken  
This transport cross  
The fabric of time

Just relax and enjoy it  
Allow the mind to employ it  
That mysterious mechanism...  
That time refracting prism...  
That time travel machine

...That resides in your mind...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# This Is Just Stupid!

Whenever I feel sober  
And Try to write  
something serious

Comments on my work  
range from  
'stupid 'to 'silly'

So I'm gonna try  
to write Somethin'  
'stupid and silly'

And perhaps the comments  
Will say "Whooooa, dude  
That's way deep and mysterious! "

David Whalen

# This Much I Know

Without You

This Much I know:

The sun wouldn't shine so brightly  
Birds wouldn't sing so sweetly  
The air wouldn't smell so delightfully  
My life wouldn't be filled so completely  
...Without you...

And how do I know? :

Without you the sun seems but a shadow  
The birdsongs seem slightly off-key  
The air seems not to stir in the meadow  
And my heart feels hollow to me  
...And how do you feel about me? ...

That I don't really know

In any self assured way  
You don't deign to show me  
E'en the time of the day  
...I'm sure I could be...

The light of your life

Should you allow me the pleasure  
To make you my wife  
To love, honor and forever treasure

I don't just think that

...I KNOW! ...

David Whalen

# Those Lying Eyes

&lt;center&gt;  
Fleeting or flirtatious  
Angry or gracious  
The eyes are no true measure  
Of the mood of a man

Eyes are bald- faced liars  
No more than mere mirrors  
That reflect only what they expect  
That another demands

They can harden or soften  
In a mere blink of an eye  
As constant in change  
As clouds in the sky

They can roll in their sockets  
In mocking dismay or  
Twinkle as do gold locketts  
And seem ever so gay

Yes, tears seem sincere  
When they pool in the eyes  
But in truth I fear they're  
No more than deceptive disguise

But... The mouths! Ah now there's  
A horse of an entirely different colour  
As long as you pay no heed  
To the words that they say and sigh

For a mouth e'en tightly closed  
Cannot help but to expose  
The true feelings  
That lie behind those  
...lying eyes...

&lt;/center&gt;





# Three Essential Things (American Haiku)

Life...I could not stand  
Without paper...a pen and...  
A book in my hand

David Whalen

# Three Truths

&lt;center&gt;  
There are three truths  
That I am sure of

Three truths...  
Simple and sublime

Over which man has  
No dominion (in my opinion)

These three truths are:  
Gravity...death...and time  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

## Three Winter Blues Haikus

When will Winter leave?  
Frost and ice, ...no longer nice!  
When will Spring return? ? ?

Why am we so glad  
To see that first snow... and so  
Glad to see it go?

Winter turns to Spring  
Leaves returning to bud...and  
Snow turning to mud

David Whalen

# Through Infant's Eyes

&lt;center&gt;

Sights seen through infant's eyes  
Every sight a new surprise  
Eyes gaping wide, eyebrows rise  
Mouth an 'O'...Surprise! Surprise!

Each day filled with new delights  
Both small and large in size  
All days new from dawn to night  
With sights seen new  
Through infant's eyes

Motes of dust...  
Be they Angel's wings?  
All things wondrous!  
Wondrous things!  
Sights seen  
...through Infant's eyes...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Through Walmart's Doors

A gaze within  
A look without

At a blur of a throng  
That moves about

Old... young  
Fat... thin

Rushing home  
Then back again

Eager faces,  
Ready checks

Fingers tight on  
Back of children's necks

Tugging at carts  
Stuck tightly together

All dressed... all wrong  
No matter the weather

Chinese products  
Bought chop-chop quick

Out of date products  
That makes them sick

A blur of humanity  
An unending shout

River of people...  
That flows in and out

In and out, ...out and in  
A blur...a river...a streak

Twenty four hours... each and every day  
Seven days a week

David Whalen

# Tides And Time

&lt;center&gt;

Time worn reefs `pon which  
Ship wrecks sleep, sway gently to  
Rhythms of the tide  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Time And Space

&lt;center&gt;

Rend a hole in time

And space...Watch all the other

Dimensions spill through

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Time Is Fleeting

Although my dearest beloveds  
Have carried with them  
A goodly portion  
of my love and affections  
My heart is not yet entirely  
Locked within their coffins  
And has still, (tho' direly diminished)  
The enduring capacity to love...  
And perhaps to be loved yet.  
Tho' the key is now corroded  
From abuse and misuse  
And best be caressed  
With a velvet glove  
The locked keep  
Tho' sequestered deep  
Has space yet, for emotion  
But can be unlocked only...  
By love  
My heart stays gamely beating  
And my mind knows  
Time is fleeting  
And that the lock and key...  
The very heart and mind  
Of me  
Will soon take flight  
On the wings  
of a snow white dove  
And then I'll have  
not to heed...  
no longer will I need  
Emotions such as love

David Whalen

# Time Travel

&lt;center&gt;

You can't visit the

Past...The future? Yes! But you

Have to go real fast!

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Timidity

&lt;center&gt;  
We should never....ever  
Suffer from timidity  
In it's stead, let us be bold

For we'll never be this  
Young again you see...  
Nor again ever be this old

Let us take delight  
In delayed goodnights  
In embraces hold so tight

Take leisure in the pleasure of  
Languid looks  
From limpid eyes

Be not afraid to proffer thanks  
Boldly offer  
Profuse delight

Always tender  
Fond and friendly farewells  
And avoid like the dickens

...Goodbyes...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Tiny Lords Of Majesty

&lt;center&gt;

It's due to a facet of your hectic nature  
That you repose for such a short time  
Totally remiss in your ignorant bliss  
Unaware of your beauty sublime

A deep sip of Milkweed nectar  
With proboscis quick unfurled  
Diaphanous wings idle gently, lazily  
Then long probe is once again curled

Magnetic fields tug once again  
Beckoning you once more away  
Legs push up  
Wings flex down  
You're never long to stay

The compass of all your travels is  
Directed by the Sun  
Your ticket is punched both by Nature...  
And solar winds  
All wrapped up in one

Wings lightly, delicately dusted  
In powder of black, red and gold  
A tad tattered and ragged It's true  
Yet still things of beauty  
Truth be told

But also warnings  
against Avian haste  
as bright banners  
Proclaiming: "Beware!  
...Bitter taste! ! ..."

Thousands of miles  
of improbable flight  
Through blistering days  
And cold stormy nights

To attend a reunion  
With millions  
In whispering chorus  
On a cool mountainside keep  
Deep in a Mexican forest

Are old acquaintances renewed?  
Relations remade?  
In the trees garlanded  
With color  
In the cool forest's shade

Do they mourn for one's fallen  
Along the way?  
Do they have a collective consciousness  
That they share In some strange way?

It soothes me to think  
That they're sharing their lore  
Of things that have passed  
And of things,  
still in store

They're mysterious  
And amazing creatures  
And are unique to my eye  
Lords of all they fly above  
...Monarchs of the sky...

David Whalen

# 'Tis A Wonder

I wonder why "wonder"  
Doesn't last a wee longer

Why awe turns to "as usual"  
Upon further perusal

And "surprise" doesn't surprise us  
But for a moment, if at all

Why "amazement" becomes mundane  
Commonplace and lame

Why does our mind cease to wonder  
Of lightning and thunder

Why does "surprise" and "delight"  
Be so quick to take flight

Tis a pity, such a sorrow  
That the mind becomes so shallow

That wonder and awe  
Become cliché and banal

Tis a wonder...sure a wonder  
...That we bother to wonder at all...

David Whalen

# Tis Sure They'll Hear

&lt;center&gt;

To feel good tonight

You might look up at the stars

Say thanks...and goodnight

&lt;/center&gt;

\

David Whalen

# Tis' Why I Don't Talk Much Anymore

I hardly understand ye anymore...  
Ye speak so softly  
And my hearing it's gone poor

Ye go all angry on me  
When I misunderstand...It's walkin' on eggs  
When I walk through the door

I hold my tongue now  
It's rarely I speak...and  
When I do It's no more than a wee squeak

It's hard to speak to ye  
When I canna hear your reply  
And I hate so to see the fire in your eye

So it's quiet as a wee mouse  
I'll most often be in the house  
And hopen ` ye won't go all angry at me

For my hearing tis'disappearing  
And you speak a bit softly  
...That's why I don't try much anymore...

18 lines  
119 words

David Whalen



# To Be A Cloud

Bright and windy  
Shape shifting  
Patterns changing  
Like flour sifting

Stormy and mild....upon  
stage of open skies  
Constant costume changes,  
before one's wondering eyes

Appearing...then disappearing  
Houdini of the air  
Here in one moment  
And in the next...simply not there

Sun hider  
Moon rider  
Sky glider  
Gentle...wild

Lightning tosser  
Rain maker  
High...low  
Dramatic...mild

Blustery...billowy  
Poofy...pillowy  
Every day's a good day  
...to be a cloud...

David Whalen

# To Be Blind...Yet Dream

To be blind  
And yet to dream...  
At first glance a contradiction  
It would seem to be

A wondrous relief  
From unending dark...  
At least to the sighted  
It would seem to be

But alas...the blind  
Dream only of darkness  
And know not of light  
It would seem to be

Their dreams consist  
Of sounds and sensations  
Feelings, emotions,  
Yet completely light-free

The dreams of the blind  
Unlike yours and mind  
Are without colour, or depth  
Without height or breadth

Yet they dream  
...Beautiful dreams...  
Of imagined flowers,  
of Fairyland towers

Of the scent and the feel  
Of the wind and the rain  
Of the hot feel of lust...  
And the cool onset of dusk

Yet they do indeed dream  
And are happy it seems  
In an imaginative land  
...Of blind dreams...

{footnote}

People who are blind from birth usually dream in the sense of this poem, while people who

Suffer blindness early in life dream as we do (colours and all) , but the faces, places and things in

Their dreams are forever fixed in time. Things never change and faces never age, so their loved ones

Stay young forever! (unfortunately, so do their not-so-loved ones)

David Whalen

# To Become A Memory

No one was ever  
Remembered for all the  
Things they did not do

David Whalen

# To Chat With A Raven

Wind whispers through fingers  
of ebony black pinions  
Head cocked to watch me  
as he drifts past my eyes

Apprising and appraising  
My place in his dominion  
Head cocked to watch me  
As he effortlessly flies

To a graceful landing  
Atop a lodge-pole pine  
Then the head cocked again  
Ebon eyes locked on mine

As if posing the question  
Without uttering a word  
What is your place here  
In my world? ...asked the bird

The question was stated  
As a guttural squawk  
Yet understood quite plainly  
If one can parse Raven talk

On my precarious perch  
On my pre-Cambrian ledge  
I pondered the question  
As I looked down at the sedge

Five hundred feet down the bottom lies  
Perhaps a bit more... or less  
I peered into the raven's obsidian eyes  
And replied "not really sure, I confess"

Did I come here to leap  
Did I come here to die  
I was rather hoping  
You could tell me why

He croaked, with a fluffing of feathers  
"To leap, to die? no, not a reason so craven  
The reason my son, and a very good one  
Was your need to chat up a raven

David Whalen

# To Honey

&lt;center&gt;  
Honey

Sunlight caught within  
Waxen chalice....Elixir  
Of the Gods...for man  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

## Today (Senryu)

&lt;center&gt;

Today is all that is...  
Yesterday no more exists...  
Nor does tomorrow

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Today I'll Look For Beauty

This Sunday morning  
from my usual booth at McD's  
I thought to look for something new  
For which my eyes to please

I decided this day to look for beauty  
In actions, form and graces  
And as I gazed, I was amazed  
At what I perceived in those faces

The little dark eyed Mexican girls  
Of an age no more than three  
With umber eyes and ebony curls  
Stared wide-eyed back at me

I smiled at such a charming sight  
They smiled right back at me  
Their mother turned, in a bit of a fright  
To see what their children could see

Then her quizzical look lost it's tension  
At seeing naught but an old smiling man  
The little girls, sharing nothing of mom's apprehension  
Happily wiggled hello with all the fingers on both hands

In sharp contrast, at a small table, all alone  
Sat a thin regal old lady (probably my age, truth be known)  
She possessed that quality of being hewn from stone  
That hieroglyphic quality of ancient queens on their throne

A thin nose, somewhat hooked with age  
Flinty eyes, of a much faded blue  
A woman who could have commanded a stage  
T'was it not for a family and too much to do

But even given, the wrinkles and lines  
That starburst out from her mouth and her eyes  
Methinks they speak of beauty (tho crinkly in kind)  
And make her e'en more pretty (at least to ol' guys)

What a contrast in beauty, before me today  
The loveliness of the aged, so obvious to see  
And the beauty of the children that will graciously change  
Into the beauty of women of a certain age

My butt's getting tired, coffee's all drunk  
Enough with my thinking, I must be up and without  
Perhaps by this noon I'll be drunk as a skunk  
And then I'll have something else to go on about

David Whalen

# Today I'M Gonna Be...

Today....

I'm not gonna think  
any negative thoughts

I'm not gonna get  
Down in the dumps

I'm not gonna be  
the least bit sad

I'm not gonna just sit back  
And take my lumps

I'm gonna see  
the bright side of everything

I'm gonna smile  
at everyone I meet

I'm gonna listen close  
And hear the birds sing

I'm gonna smell the roses  
I'm gonna feel my heartbeat

Today I'm just gonna be my own man  
Today I got nothing' to lose

Today I wantta be...Today I'm gonna be!  
Just what I darned well choose!

And I'm gonna be happy!

David Whalen

# Tomorrow Will Be A Good Day To Die

Buckskin brown eyes stare deep into the fire  
Leathery brown faces turn up toward the sky  
Sinewy brown muscles tensed up like wire  
Tomorrow will be a good day to die

Shell necklace enclosed in long brown fingers  
Aquiline nose streaked with red ocher dye  
On his brave brown brothers, his gaze achingly lingers  
Tomorrow will be a good day to die

Crackling mesquite, sparks rush into the night  
Great horned Owl glides over, wind thru wings giving sigh  
Wizened warriors look up, brown eyes reflecting firelight  
Tomorrow will be a good day to die

Piebald and pinto ponies, ripping sparse desert fare  
For pitiful provenance from land so desolate and dry  
Long manes brushed by gentle strokes of sage scented air  
Tomorrow will be a good day to die

moon light on barrels of heavy, Henry rifles  
Pried from stiffened, cold fingers of the whites where they lie  
Shiny forty caliber cartridges, and from bloody pockets, bloody bibles  
Tomorrow will be a good day to die

Rattlesnake rattle in hand of shriveled old Shaman  
Deep, aged Brows wrinkled as if in quest of the why  
Old wise man, in curling smoke, sees omens uncommon  
Tomorrow will be a good day to die

Ashes to embers, fire sleeps, as do warriors slumber  
Sentries seen in silhouette, hear the killdeer's predawn cry  
Warriors rise, apply bold battle stripes of umber  
Tomorrow will be a good day to die

Solemn homage to the sun god, the wind and the earth  
Monotone prayer with bows held up on high  
War pony mounted, adorned with feathery girth  
Today...yes today.....

Is a good day to die

David Whalen

# Too Cold To Snow!

Trees sugarcoated  
In snow all around  
In air so cold  
And desert dry...  
That snow is become  
only crystals on high  
That ne'er touch  
Nor kiss the ground

David Whalen

# Too Damn Old

I was here when television wasn't...  
Movies in color were still a new thing  
Cars were mostly black

I was here when jet planes weren't...  
Telephones were bulky and hung from the wall  
Most every town had a railroad track

I was here when satellites and smartphones didn't exist  
Cars were smoky and clunky  
And streetcars were the best way to ride

I was here when school buses were still in the future  
When calculators and computers were Science fiction  
And kids actually played outside

I was here before electric cars were ho-hum  
Before TVs became huge and slim  
And fridges were actually cooled with ice

I was around before there were Adidas or Nikes  
Before slim legged jeans and Bikini bathing suits  
Gotta admit... those last two are nice

I was old enough to be able to read the "whites only" signs  
Before there was such a thing as "Equal Rights"  
And blacks always got the short end of the stick

I was around when fried chicken was always home cooked  
And Tater Tots were not thought up yet  
Fast food still in the future takeout definitely not quick

I was here before Supermarkets were...  
Here when we feared being bombed at night  
I was here when clocks tocked and ticked

I lived when milk was delivered  
And the only kind had cream on top

When coal smoke clouded the air

I was around when curse words were reserved for pool halls  
Radios and pianos were the sounds that filled our ears  
And orange and purple were not for hair

I was around before constant change became the norm  
When things were repaired instead of thrown away  
And plastic instead of paper took hold

I used to pine for the good ol' days  
Now I wish I could change with the times  
But I can't because  
I'm just too damned  
...old! ! ...

309 words

David Whalen



# Too Many Today's

&lt;center&gt;  
If only there were...  
more yesterdays  
Instead there's  
Far too many today's

Not nearly enough  
Tomorrows (to my sorrow)  
But such is the  
World's surly ways

T'would be of interest to see  
How the world could be  
Should there be  
But a few less today's

T'would it be  
A far different place?  
What would exist in their space?  
Just a few more tomorrows  
...and Yesterdays...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Too Young And Innocent

It's been 12 days now  
since the fourth of July

And ninety four more boys  
Have had to die

Is it just me?  
I can't understand

Exactly Why in the hell...  
We're in Afghanistan

Our boys are young  
And patriotic

More than willing  
To fight and die

Far too young  
And fatally naïve

And far too innocent  
To question...Why?

David Whalen

# Totally Random Phrases (That Sound Kinda Naughty But Aren'T)

An ocean of devotion,  
A tizzy of dizzy  
A potion of lotion  
In a sea of ecstasy

A Chasm of orgasm  
A surfeit of stimulation  
A quiver of shivers  
An ovation of titillation

A night of delight  
A clutch of a touch  
A wonderful sight  
A touch too much

A piece of striptease  
An asp full of hiss  
A squeeze of knees  
An abyss of bliss,

A feeling of reeling  
A measure of treasure  
A peeling of feeling  
A treasure of pleasure

A collection of affection  
A crest of a breast  
A perfection of direction  
A quest of the best

a rain of pain  
A ringlet of regrets  
A refrain in the brain  
A collage of coquettes

A bind in the mind  
A clasp of a grasp

A slip of a lip  
A growl of a gasp

A pleasing of teasing  
An illusion of alarm  
A cart load of heart  
A strong arm of charm

David Whalen

# Touch

Touch

To a loved family member...  
a caress, a touch  
A loving hand on ones knees  
Can convey e'er so much  
Just a soft gentle squeeze

To a child....  
A finger's soft glide  
Down child's turned up nose  
Can start the slow slide  
Into dreamland repose

To a friend...  
Friendly pat on the shoulder  
Gentle nudge in the side  
Head lain on one's shoulder  
Floods one's heart like the tide

To a real close friend...  
Tips brushing closed eyelids  
Arms tightly clasping  
Rough sheets on one's back  
Fast breath slightly gasping

To a really, really close friend.....  
Fingers entwined,  
palms ardently pressed  
Palms kneading one's back  
Lips brushing soft breasts

To close..  
Every being needs  
The sensation of touch  
And a surfeit of hugs  
Could ne'er be too much



# Touchy Subject

If you want to have  
pleasant discussions  
Talk of friends, or nature...  
or fishin'

If you want possible  
Repercussions  
Talk of God  
Or about religion

Neither one's more  
or less important  
Than the  
Other (to me)

Neither one has  
More special  
Purpose to  
Serve (or to be)

But talkin' of friends...  
Or nature...Or fishin'  
Is waaaay less likely  
To touch on a nerve

David Whalen

# Tracks, Trails, Lines And Pages

Tracks in forests... of woodland creatures  
Trails of shooting stars in summer skies  
Tracks of rockets o'er bloody battlefields  
Traces of wrinkles round wizened eyes

Lines of wisdom on wrinkled faces  
Lines of ants upon the floor  
Lines of prose on parchment pages  
Lines of carts inside the stores

Pages of life, inside old diarys  
Pages dog-eared to mark the places  
Pages filled with tales sad and fiery  
Pages filled with empty spaces

David Whalen



# Trade Ya! ! (A Haiku For A Hug)

Feel snug as a bug?  
And feel most righteously smug? ? ?  
...Easy! ... Share a hug! ! !

David Whalen

# Trail Of Wonder

&lt;center&gt;

Leave trails of wonder

Cause ripples in time and space

And become stardust

David Whalen

# Trolls, Moonbeams, Leprechauns And Stardust

A world of caves, caverns, thickets and ledges  
A place of bracken, heather, thistles and sedges

Of Spider webs, mosses, mushrooms and hedges  
Green grassy dells, craggy hills of raggedy edges

Environments of enchantment, worlds of auld lore  
Mysterious encampments of wee people of yore

Broad iron hinges on wee ancient oak doors  
Behind which lie treasures on cool earthen floors

Oak roots brace ceilings, which green lichen adorns  
Crude clever furniture, fashioned from shells of acorns

Curly toed slippers, forest green pointy caps  
Thistle down mattress, bunk bed for long naps

Gossamer wings of wand wielding fairies  
Flitting about o'er fields of silverberries

Leaving scintillating trails of sparkling, luminary  
Like tiny comets tails, so temporary

Trolls under bridges, mean tempered and grumpy  
Grey unkempt hair, clothes soiled and frumpy

Short and squat, a bit ugly and dumpy  
Big crooked noses and skin mottled and bumpy

Worlds of mysterious wonder of which man knows little  
Beings and places neath and above the earths crust

Haunting sounds o'er glen from a wee golden fiddle  
Trolls... moonbeams... leprechauns and stardust

David Whalen

# True Love Haiku

Nobody loves you  
As much as your dog loves you  
No one ever will

David Whalen

# True, But Little Known Facts

True, but little known facts

Our eyes are always the same size from birth  
But our nose and our ears ne'er stop growing  
Some facts to know, have very great worth  
And others are not worth knowing

"The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog"  
is another one you might not know yet  
This saying might leave you a bit agog  
Since it uses every letter of the alphabet

Babies are born without kneecaps  
They go through a most curious stage  
Where those patellas don't start to show up  
Until the child reaches 2 to 6 years of age

If you're an average American  
Who endures Americas traffic-caused strife  
The time that's spent waiting at red lights  
Is six months out of your life

If the population of China walked by you in single file  
The line would never end because of the rate of birth  
Yet some in that line would have to dally a while  
To make all that giving birth to have worth

Great authors have quirks of little known publicity  
Great authors keep us laughing and weeping  
Charles Dickens had such an eccentricity  
Charles always faced to the north while sleeping

Ancient Egyptians usually died by the age of thirty  
And it wasn't from booze or careless sex  
They fashioned bed pillows of stone from the quarry  
And shortened their lives by placing them under their necks

A curious fact from the world of flying  
Airlines saved thousands by going cheapass

Took one olive out, and I swear I'm not lying  
From each salad served in first class

David Whalen

# Truth

What is truth?  
Is it what's wrong  
And what's right?  
As clearly defined  
As dark is from light?  
Nay! Tis but one's opinions  
One's heartfelt, sincere belief  
That to one brings happiness,  
While to another  
Brings but grief.  
Evil to one  
Is goodness to another  
The difference is in  
The mind of the beholder  
Truth is a lie...  
As seen by my eye  
That's the truth  
(tho' I truly could be mistaken)  
I believe as I grow older.  
What's right? What's wrong?  
What's bad? What's good?  
What's weak? What's strong?  
I'd tell you if I could.  
Truth is no more than mist  
And lies no more than sighs  
Both fall prey to turns and twists  
Borne on whispers and cries  
But in truth and forsooth,  
I'd be lying If I said that I knew.  
For whatever one believes  
(to that person)  
...Is the truth...

David Whalen

# Tryin' Not To Think Of You (With All My Might)

&lt;center&gt;Tryin' not to think of you  
Tryin' not to ...  
with all my might

But it's not workin' no matter what I do  
Tryin' not to give into...  
thinking' of you tonight

Tryin' hard to not remember when...  
Think I've done it!  
...but then...

I'm thinking' about you  
Nothing but you...  
All over again

How can you be  
Such a constant  
In my life

Why are you important to me  
Why do you cause me  
Such sadness and strife

Why can't I leave  
Things in the past  
Sleep deeply thru' the night

Cause I'm tryin' not to think of you  
Cryin' not to think of you  
...with all my might...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Turned-Up Nose

I want to clear this matter up some way  
And at the same time make my point

That love note I sent you the other day?  
The one that got your nose all out of joint?

I think I simply typed too fast  
And didn't say what I meant to say

Not ..."I like your huge, turnip nose"..  
But "I like your cute turned up nose"

Was What I really meant to say

David Whalen

# T'ween Dawn And Dreams

T'ween Sleep And Dreams`

T'ween worlds entwined  
in sleep and dreams  
That waking moment  
Of muddled mind  
When nothing's quite  
As it seems  
Not quite awake  
Nor still in dreams

The musky scent  
of nascent dawn  
Begins to pierce  
With bold intent  
That last shred of sleep  
Awakens both..  
my nose and ears  
And sleep is sorely rent

My mind reluctantly  
Gives up the night  
The blankets tossed aside  
My eyes adjust to insistent light  
My dreams steal away to hide  
Mind alert...not a trace  
Of that place t'ween  
sleep and dreams  
I think I'm ready now  
for the rat-race  
Or... Is that just  
...What It seems...

David Whalen

# Twice As Much

So you not forget  
My touch, I will just simply  
Love you...twice as much`

Velvet blanket pulled tight  
to chin of day

Once bright day that's now become a husk  
of its former sunny self  
And now shall sleep the night away

Twilight's neither day or night  
It's life is measured in minutes  
And it's hue is always grey

It's mordant hue, It's somber light  
It's job is of transition  
It's what tucks in... the drowsy day

Twilight's but a tiny part  
But it's a tiny part we trust  
and if the day had a heart

T'would be twilight  
The darkest time  
...of dusk...

Twilight

Twilight...the darkest part of dusk  
Velvet blanket pulled tight  
to chin of day

Once bright day that's now become a husk  
of its former sunny self  
And now shall sleep the night away

Twilight's neither day or night  
It's life is measured in minutes  
And it's hue is always grey

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Twilight's but a tiny part  
But it's a tiny part we trust  
and if the day had a heart

T'would be twilight  
The darkest time  
...of dusk...

Headaches, heartaches and regret  
Is all you bring to me (did I mention sorrow?)  
So why can't I just forget  
And set my sad heart free

I NEVER EVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!  
...(At least until tomorrow) ...

You're a burden `pon my mind  
You're shameless and so shallow  
You're uncouth and so unkind  
Cr`ude, rude and callow

You're childish, immature

far too juvenile...  
To waste my precious time for sure  
I've known it all the while

I don't think about you 'all' the time...  
at least not as much as I used to do  
Now it's only 'most' of the time...  
like all night through

Headaches, heartaches and regret  
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...(At least until tomorrow) ...



# Two Coffees (One Black)

The note was limp From the damp  
But crisply written  
In both content and style

Neatly folded, carefully placed `pon  
The middle of my pillow  
Where it had rested awhile

At times one knows what lies in store  
Can see the future  
With a bittersweet smile

Two coffees, one black  
Gave warmth to cold hands  
And when sipped...mine tasted of bile

I sat on the bed  
And hung my head  
And I think I cried awhile

What we had  
Is now part of the past...alas  
My heart is broken...to it's core

Two coffees...one black  
Give warmth to cold hands  
And I know that what once was  
...Is no more..

The note was limp From the damp  
But crisply written  
In both content and style

Neatly folded, carefully placed `pon  
The middle of my pillow



Where it had rested awhile

At times one knows what lies in store  
Can see the future  
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Is now part of the past...alas  
My heart is broken...to it's core

Two coffees...one black  
Give warmth to cold hands  
And I know that what once was  
...Is no more..

David Whalen

# Two Lines Of Wisdom

Two short lines of wisdom  
Just two short lines of advice:

You don't need a parachute to skydive  
But you do need a parachute to skydive twice

David Whalen

# Ugly!

I hate to talk  
about ugly kin  
But I had the butt-ugliest  
lil'sister  
We had to tie a pork chop  
round her neck  
Before my daddy  
would even kiss her

Not only was my sister ugly  
Even more so was my baby brother  
When he was born, the doctor slapped his butt  
Then turned around  
And slapped my mother

David Whalen

# Unanswered Prayers

The greatest gift  
Can sometimes be...  
Unanswered prayers

Life composed...  
Then unexpectedly exposed  
as a labyrinth of layers

For what you pray today...  
could be The opposite of...  
your prayers upon the morrow

And the granted prayer  
Now wished undone, becomes...  
A source of new found sorrow

Take care in prayer  
Intone it wisely...  
waste it not, I pray of you

Take care in what you pray for  
For your prayer...  
just might come true

David Whalen

# Uncommonly Special

&lt;center&gt;

`There's always that one  
Who's a wee bit different  
The one who marches  
to a different drum

There's always that person  
Who seems indifferent  
Not to all things in common  
but is always uncommon in some

There's always that dear one  
Who cares not a whit  
If the game's lost or won  
Who seems just a bit off-base

There's always that unique one  
who seems stranded in a daze  
Who oft'times seems to be gone  
in their own place in space

There's always that `special' one  
who's `special' as can be  
And I know in that `special' way  
That, that someone special  
...is me...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Understanding Women

You can't  
And you won't  
So don't even try

You'll never understand them  
Not til the day  
That you die

It's a pointless endeavour  
Useless to try to comprehend  
You'll understand them never

So don't even try!

David Whalen

# Unsolicited Advice

Problem dark? ...Blessing  
Brighter? ...oft-times written words  
Outlive the writer!

-----

Tis good to have the  
Skills for life, but far better  
Still...possess the zest

David Whalen

# Unspoken Goodbyes

&lt;center&gt;The ones you love  
Can make you laugh  
The ones you love  
Can make you cry

The ones you love  
Can steal away  
Ere you have the chance  
To say goodbye

Rue not the missed chance  
To have bid them farewell  
To have given to them your love  
Will have served  
...Just as well...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen



# Until There Are None

Until There Are None

In Vegas there used to be...  
Seagulls on light poles  
Lizards on walls  
Roadrunners in backyards  
And now there's none at all

Wild horses and wild mules  
Are vanishing fast  
Conservation and good intentions  
Make sure they won't last

Used to be tumbleweed  
Blowing into town  
Now too many houses  
No tumbleweeds to be found

Smog has dimmed  
Our once bright sunny days  
Now our skies are limned  
In L.A Haze

It's the nature of things  
To ne'er remain the same  
But that good things should vanish  
Is a crying shame

Nothing's meant to last forever  
Not even our torrid Vegas sun  
My heart will repeat only  
so many more Beats  
...And then there will be none...

121 words

David Whalen

# Untitled Abstract Painting Of Custer's Last Stand

Untitled abstract painting of Custer's last stand

an abstract painting of custer's last stand  
Hangs in the Montana Museum of Modern Art  
A fish with a halo and many Indians mating  
And no name tag makes this painting, stand apart

Montanans know the title of this portrait  
Although no name tag is shown  
Yet, as the gaze falls upon it  
the title is intuitively known,

the last words that were spoken  
from this famous man's mouth  
As the battle of the Big horn  
Began to go south

Oddly enough, as in the painting  
his last words were not prayer  
Though the words; "copulation and Indians, "  
"Fish And Holy, " were there.

The title of the painting and Custer's last words  
Weren't from Romans or Corinthians.  
They were simply "Holy Mackerel  
Look at all the F#@\*in' Indians

David Whalen

# Unused, But Perfectly Good Words

Lonely words, in need of some usage  
Perfectly good, yet almost unknown  
Let's take a quick look in my dictionary book  
Let's not leave these words all alone

For example, under A: The word "Abscission"

It's quite usual to say "leaves fall from the trees"  
But we could also say, with utmost precision  
We could use a word that we very rarely see  
When we say "leaves fall from trees in abscission"

That's probably the first time... in quite a long time  
That word, that means "the natural parting of a leaf from a tree"  
That that word, has now... seen the light of day  
could become quite common, if used by you and me

I can just hear people exclaiming, as they peer up above  
As the fall's colors fill their vision  
"We're amazed, we're agog, we're simply in love  
At the trees...in the Fall... in abscission"

We can do it, you and I, we can set this word free  
But in our mission, must not show indecision! ! !  
We must casually let it drop, in daily conversation, you and me  
And this Fall will become filled with "abscission"

David Whalen

# Upon You

Try to see,  
what others see  
When their vision happens  
Upon you

Try to conceive  
Of what they perceive  
When perchance they cast a glance  
...upon you

Try to be  
What you wish them to see  
When their eyes alight  
upon you

For you can become  
The focus of someone  
Whose eyes you wish to fall  
...upon you

David Whalen

# Use It Or Lose It

When you exercise  
Don't be surprised! Sweat is  
Just your fat crying

David Whalen

# Vagaries Of Memories

&lt;center&gt;

‘

The Vagaries Of Memories

And when and why  
does one begin to embellish  
And exaggerate reality?  
To multiply the meaning  
And lessen the veracity  
of something as ethereal  
yet that we ascribe to as real  
and claim it...name it  
... 'Memory'...

For how long does it take  
for the aging mind to make  
Improvements and tweaks  
along the way  
To change the tone  
that time alone should own  
The feelings rearranged  
Emotions changed  
events displaced in time  
Until they suit us...just fine

I wonder when and why  
And how you and I  
Tend to play so loose and free  
With what happened in reality  
And yet have the gall  
And the wherewithal  
To still call it  
...Memory...

&lt;/center&gt;



# Valentine Day...No Longer Sweet

No longer am I...  
Someone's valentine

And no longer...  
Is there... one of mine

No longer do  
My emotions pine

And wither upon  
Capricious Cupid's vine

And sadly...with all this  
I no longer miss

Yes...with all of this  
I'm fine and dandy

But what I truly miss  
Of valentine bliss

Is that now...no longer  
Do I get any candy

David Whalen



# Valentine No More

Now to smell  
the flowers  
Alone

By myself...  
the sunsets  
To see

No more to share  
summer scented  
Air

No more  
us... or  
we

Like tape on broken window  
Scars on broken  
heart

No more to be... together  
you see...Forever to be  
Apart

No more you and I...  
No longer are you  
Mine

No more to be... for eternity  
each other's  
valentine

David Whalen

# Vampires (They Drive Me Batty!)

Vampires, Vampires, Vampires

Put vampires in your writing  
These days it's all the rage  
Little pointy fangs and biting  
And sucking's all the rage

It's only fictional wordplay  
Or so most people think  
But it's much, much more, I say  
And I say that without a blink

Vampirism does exist, it's true  
But without it's traditional cape  
And is still terrifying, through and through  
In it's new and haunting shape

Take our state and federal government  
With their dark and sinister way  
And how they sink their teeth into,  
our very hard earned pay

Most of your beloved electronic collection  
From your Ipod to your TVs  
Each night gives evil genuflection  
Bleeding electricity, while on it's knees

And then there's the most insidious  
Kind of Vampires that exist  
And of which we are most oblivious  
And are powerless to resist

Of them all, they're the most horrendous  
And oft times we're too blind to see  
That these bloodsucking, parasitic creatures  
Are usually friends and family

David Whalen

# Velvet And Lace (And Little Pink Thong)

Startin' to like velvet and lace  
Startin' to check out  
broadway shows

Startin' to use tutti frutti body wash  
Getting' a lil giddy  
pickin' out new clothes

Getting a closet full of shoes  
Losin' weight  
and dressin' natty

Usin' words like gorgeous n' super  
Walkin' mincey  
Talkin' catty

But just because I'm  
Startin' to like Velvet and lace  
is no reason to say

That wearin' frilly pants  
And a little makeup on my face  
Means I might be turnin' a lil' bit gay

I'm still a manly, good ol' boy  
So Don't be getting'  
me wrong

But I just can't help lookin  
In the mirror  
When I'm wearing my lil pink thong

David Whalen

# Vermillion Stone

The sinuousness of sand dunes  
Wind abraded stone  
The sun pinwheels  
Cross the sky  
One feels so all alone

Pictographs on canyon walls  
Pottery shards and bone  
Distant dancing dust devils  
Muted howls and muttered moans

Ancient beds of dry lakes deep  
Vermillion cliffs, wind hone  
Canyon keeps, spirits sleep  
In beds of petrified stone

Time locked tight in grains of sand  
In manic tint and tone  
Hourglass sifting centuries, and  
Mesas flat, wind mown

One feels time locked  
In vermilion rock  
One feels the ageless sky  
The stars, the wind  
Without, within

Alone...as you and I

David Whalen

# Veteran's Day Lament!

1376... sounds like some historical date  
Required to be memorized in high school history class

Well it's not. it's a much, much more important number  
And we cannot let it pass.

It's the number of our young boys in Afghanistan  
Who have died all alone

It's the number of young boys  
Who will never come home

They died for a people who will never care  
They died hoping to accomplish something

We should have kept them home I know  
For their gallant deaths will accomplish nothing

1376....sounds like some random numbers and  
To our leaders I suppose they are

To me it's young lives, gone forever  
In a stupid and senseless war.

Speak up! ! ! Bring them home, Keep them home  
This madness has gone too far! !

David Whalen

# View From The Window

&lt;center&gt;

Checkerboard floors

Wood and brass

Tall muntined windows

Rippled, hand blown glass

View through which looms

A day dark as doom

With fog, rain and lives

...drifting past...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Violets...Dandelions And Drought

My Front Yard...in Las Vegas Nevada

A hostile environment  
A parched arid place  
A Mars-like landscape  
A few hardy weeds embrace

Dandelions struggle  
For meager existence  
Gripping dry, parched earth  
With desperate persistence

undauntedly turning  
Golden faces to the sun  
Asking no quarter...  
And Nature gives none

Almost unnoticed  
In the early Spring breeze  
Small timid blue blossoms  
Barely rise to dandelions knees

This is my front yard  
In a Drought stricken place  
Where a few gilded dandelions  
Maintain tenuous grace

As if standing sentinel  
Over tiny violets of blue  
Shepherds over sheep  
Of cobalt hue

Lenticular clouds  
devoid of rain  
Rolling out of the red mountains  
Tumbling o'er the plains

Days will grow longer  
Nights will wane

The sun will grow stronger  
And swallow the rain

And still the weary dandelions  
Will stand strong and true  
In unspoken communion  
With tiny Violets of blue

Indian spirits, Dust devils  
Botanic bravada  
in my front yard...  
In Las Vegas...Nevada

David Whalen



# Voice Mail From Mom

Voice Mail From Mom

Buzzing sound awakes me  
I pull covers up over my head  
Chiming ring irritates me  
I burrow deeper in my bed

Voice mails chime finally placates me  
Sleep returns in it's stead  
Alarm clock's buzzing awakes me  
To a day of despair that I dread

This day when my mom would be buried  
To hear from, to see never more  
Loneliness and regret overtake me  
As I numbly start out of the door

The feel of the phone on my hip makes me recall  
And remember the call from last night  
When I look at the screen my jaw starts to fall  
At the caller's name that's displayed in plain sight

"Mom" is blackly displayed on florescent background  
Surely this mail can't be true!  
My finger hits "one" after frenzied fumbling around  
A cruel practical joke or mistake has ensued

Yet, that sweet, familiar voice, makes my heart swell  
As mom reassures me in a voice so sublime  
"Son, I'm content and pain-free, and young again as well  
So goodbye son, be happy, everything will be fine

I press seven and wonder, did this really occur?  
This call from somewhere beyond  
I know for sure that I'll tell no one  
And that today not my mom, but empty shell we'll inter

David Whalen

# Voices From The Sky 9/11/01

&lt;center&gt;So sad  
So very, very sad  
Those voices from the sky

So little time  
So much to say, In those  
Moments before they die

So few  
So very, very few  
The words that said goodbye

So far away  
So very, very far away...  
Yet heard...every whisper...every sigh

So many...  
I love you's so many stifled cries  
So many pauses...so many tear-filled eyes

So lovely  
So very, very lovely  
Those precious words from on high

So silent  
So very, profoundly silent  
After that last goodbye

Those last 'I love you's,  
Tell the kids I love them too  
We'll meet again... me and you'

Phones gently  
So, so gently  
Laid down and moved aside

So hard  
So very, very hard to leave  
Those voices from the sky

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Voices Of The Wind

Wind chimes and tree leaves  
Voices of the wind

Bulrushes, birdwings  
Rattling roofs of tin

Howling zephyrs, souging breezes  
Atlantic gales, explosive sneezes...

All voices of the wind....

Rattle of windows, Bang of shutters,  
Whisper of curtains, puff of summer gusts

Snapping of canvas from towering mastheads  
Squeal of windmills as they adjust

Whispered messages from pinions of birds  
Flapping of laundered linens

Soft velvety sighs of lover's words  
All voices in languages... of the winds

Childs' anticipation, breath held deep within  
Each inhalation, every exhalation....

Are all voices of the wind

David Whalen

# Waking

&lt;center&gt;Somber dreams, pierced  
by morning light  
Dawn's tight woven tapestry  
Unfurled upon the night

Countenances now so cheerful  
Not nearly now so fearful  
As last they were when wrap't in fur  
Those faces of the night

The gladsome glow,  
so warm to know  
Giving chase to gloom  
throughout the land

Birds, beasts, snakes  
mice and men alike  
Shaken rudely awake  
By sol's harsh hand

Allowed no more  
In tranquil sleep to lay  
Summoned forth  
To face new day

E'en thru keyholes  
and cracks so tiny...  
Seeps suns persistent  
Probing touch

Telling us tacitly...  
Yet pray tell  
with great tenacity  
Arise! Arise! Open wide your eyes!

You've slept friend, quite enough!

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Walk In Moonlit Woods

One should walk `pon icy path  
In Moon lit, frost bit woods  
Let steaming breaths pervade the depths  
And banish all bad moods

For dwelling deep within skeletal limbs  
Other worlds do indeed persist  
About each tree there seems to be  
Auras...that actually exist

Ancient essences...otherworldly presences  
Dimensions unknown, unexplored  
Dwelling beside us, about and inside us  
Owing fealty to a far different Lord

Breathe deeply of the frigid air  
Stride briskly on this gelid night  
In the woods tis really not so rare  
To see such spectral sight

To become aware of what's really there  
In the woods, just beyond one's sight  
One must first be prepared  
To suspend disbelief...for just this night

...And take a walk into unreality

David Whalen

# Want To Touch You

I only want to reach out  
and touch you...  
But not upon obvious  
private parts  
The places where I wish  
to touch you... (softly)  
Are places in the mind...  
and in your hearts

David Whalen



# Warm Day In Wintertime

&lt;center&gt;I hear the raucous chatter  
Of Mockingbirds  
The buzz of bees  
And Blue Jays...  
The breeze sougning  
Through the trees  
I feel the sun caress my skin  
And sense the coming  
...Of better days...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Watching Strangers, Watching Me

Wondering what people think of me  
Pondering what goes through their minds  
When they turn and look at me  
Their expressions of all ilk and kinds

Most likely the same as I wonder of them  
Do they care if they're way too fat  
Are they proud that they're appealingly slim  
Or do they even wonder about that

Do they wonder if I'm out of work  
If I'm just barely managing to eke by  
Do they wonder if... as they oft do themselves  
If kind words and deeds, brings a tear to my eye

Do they wonder why I always carry a book  
Do they ever wonder what I write in my pad  
Are they perhaps comparing the way that I look  
Are they wondering about the life I've had

Do they wonder why I'm always alone  
Do they ponder the lines about my eyes  
If I've earned each line... trying to atone  
For misguided love...or mayhaps too many lies

Do they fabricate, for fun, as I oft do of them  
histories of stranger's lifes and times  
Rich... exotic... bland...erotic  
Stories of strangers, conjured in their minds

I wonder what people think of me  
I wonder about that an awful lot  
But do they actually think about me  
I think most probably...not!

David Whalen

# We All Have Our Prisons

&lt;center&gt;

Take care not to slip  
Into that dark tunnel  
Where vision narrows  
And focus is lost  
For Fate often waits  
To funnel us into places  
where lives are often  
Randomly tossed

Guard well your free will  
Beware of false visions  
Be master of your domain  
Tho' few really do...  
And know that we all  
Have our own prisons  
And all of our debts  
...will always come due...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# We All Lie...All Day Long

"Good morning! ! "

(But it's not,  
It's cold and windy)

"How ya doin'?"

(as if I could really give  
a rat's rear end)

"Oh I'm doin' just great and you?"

(Please, puleeze,  
don't tell me!)

Have a seat, I'll buy you a coffee!

(he always sits... and  
I always buy)

Wanna read part of my paper?

(No! No! Don't take the crossword...  
...He does)

"How's my health? Couldn't feel better!"

(There's not a part of my body  
That doesn't hurt like hell!)

"How about that Ben Laden?" he asks

(he's dead, I'm glad, and  
I'm tired of hearing his name)

"Gotta busy day ahead of you?" he asks

(yeah right! Outta work, outta cash, outta sight,  
outta mind! And runnin' outta patience)

"Yeah, I always stay busy"

(and this is likely to be  
The busiest part of my day!)

"Ya think we're gonna whip those Taliban?"

"Yep" I reply. (after another trillion dollars  
And a few thousand more young boys die!)

"Well I'm afraid I messed up your crossword" he says  
"No problem ol' buddy" I say  
(you ornery ol' bastard, bumbling, sumbitch!)

"Hey ya reckon we're gonna whip those Taliban? "  
"Yep" I reply (while thinking  
if he asks that one more time, he's gonna die)

"Well gotta be goin. See ya tomorrow ol buddy, take care! " says he  
and you know...when I sit down in this booth tomorrow  
I'll really miss him... if that pain in the ass is not there...

(And Ya know? That's no lie!)

David Whalen

# We Lose A Few

&lt;center&gt;

We all lose in life

We'll lose more still, yet we win

with Faith...and good will

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# We Need More Like Me!

Weren't we all fifteen  
Once upon a time...  
And the world  
Revolved around us and only us?  
Parents were no more  
Than convenient caretakers  
Who had no idea  
Of what was involved  
In the singularity of being young...  
Weren't we the only ones...  
Once upon a time  
Who truly knew pain and sorrow  
Ecstasy and passion  
And the crushing feel of a broken heart?  
Weren't we all beautiful one day  
Then hideous the next?  
Top of the heap  
Or bottom of the pit  
Deeply depressed  
Or supremely sublime?  
Of course we were! !  
After all...weren't we all fifteen...  
...Once upon a time? ...

100 words

David Whalen

# Wee Folk (Read Only If You Believe)

Wee People

Tis a pity and a shame, that no one knows me name  
Tis a fact that I'm a hard to know little fellow  
In the glens and the highlands, people know me fame  
And the fact I carry gold that glitters yellow

Tis a fact that rainbows touch the sod...and  
Where they touch, there be treasure  
And that silken thread from thistle pod  
Ties rainbows ends to heather

Me self and me kinfolk, nimble and quick  
Know exactly where the rainbows end  
And no mortal yet has managed to trick  
A wee person into telling the where or the when

Mortals no longer believe in wee people and such  
Tis a pity the magic they've lost  
One should feel wonder and mystical touch  
And cling tightly to magic at all cost

One hears haunting airs from plaintive pipes  
In the mist that drifts down from the highlands  
Wee peoples homes pierce though mountains mist  
Float about like enchanted emerald islands

Leave some good Irish whiskey in a shallow silver dish  
Suuure... for some crumpets and some scones we'd be beholden  
And if it's happy it would make you, as you leave, make a wish  
But you must believe, to perceive of things magic, ancient and golden

O'er foggy loch and deep in misty glen  
In the highlands and in the dell  
Whether you believe in us or not, my friend  
Wee folk and our treasure still dwell





# Wee Irish Are Cute

&lt;center&gt;

We Irish are cute

When wee babes and young pups

But then we grow up!

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Welcome To My Mind

When you read a poem  
That I have written  
I hope my tome  
Will leave you smitten

Bring emotions to the fore  
Cause feelings warm and kind  
Welcome you thru' my opened door (and know)  
...You've ventured into my mind...

8 lines

David Whalen

# Were I A Colour

&lt;center&gt;

Were I a colour

Think I may... be the color

Grey...Only sadder

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# We'Re Only Human!

Have you ever  
wished ...someone  
dead?

Is there in truth, one  
among us Who  
hasn't?

Is there one among us  
Who's ne'er bitten  
Their tongue

And wished someone  
who is...simply  
wasn't?

Have you ever  
Squished someone  
Mentally?

In your mind reduced  
Them to a gelatinous  
Mass?

Have you ever recoiled  
From ugly images in your  
Mind?

Sure you have! !  
Each... and every one of us  
Has! !

Deny it? ...  
don't even  
Try!

Buried deep within  
The back of your  
Brain

Lurks the primal beast  
That we were once... and still  
Are

But the beast ne'er comes out...  
At least... rarely comes  
Out

Until someone...  
Pushes us... too  
far

David Whalen

# We'Re Predators And Prey

Are we truly so distant from our primitive past  
Are we no longer the hunter or considered fair prey  
Were the truth put before you, you'd be most aghast  
There are predators among us and they hunt us each day

We're not truly different from the ones at herds rear  
Which the predator watches with hard hungry eye  
The prey starts and senses, that death is quite near  
On the lonely herds edges, the weak always die

Our modern world is a jungle, and human beasts are a fact  
Camouflaged with normalcy, clothed in disarming disguise  
Preying on the young and the weakest with terrifying tact  
Before melting in to community, they disappear to our eyes

The gazelle in the herd is as the child on the walk  
Safety in numbers causes inborn defenses to relax  
A lion creeping closer is as a van stopping to stalk  
And they'll both culminate in deadly attacks

No.. we're not so far distant from our primitive past  
Yes.. we're the hunter and also too, are considered fair prey  
don't allow yourself or your children to lag or be last  
Yes... there are predators among us and they hunt us each day

David Whalen

# West By Northwest Usa

They wear suede coats  
Of stained leather, torn and worn  
Drive battered ol' pickups  
Ride horses in the morn'

They play cowpie bingo  
And the winds always blow  
Descendants keep a'comin'  
The ol' ones die and go

The plains in their stead  
Remain impervious to change  
As it was...as it's always been  
...and will e'er be so...

David Whalen



# What About You

What you're missing is  
usually right before your eyes

What you're wanting most is  
what you likely need least

What you're saying is not  
what you wish to say

What you're hearing  
is not always what's spoken

What you're thinking is not  
what you want others to know

What you know of yourself  
Is never truly known to others

What memory reminds you is  
What you would have done differently

What you have learned is  
That you have much more to learn

What you have earned is  
Far less than you've given

What you did then is  
What made you, what you are now

What you are now is  
What you never thought you'd be

David Whalen

# What Catches The Eye (A Poem-Like Essay)

&lt;center&gt;  
What first catches my eye  
Is a word...or a phrase  
That exerts a pull realized  
Upon entering a maze  
An air of adventure  
That's what it's about  
Where will this word lead you  
Where will it come out?  
The word is but a poem's foundation  
It's only the start  
The essential beginning  
Yet only a part  
As in a colorful flower  
The single essence (the aforementioned word)  
That as nectar is added  
Draws into it's presence  
Fill out and embellish  
The complement of bees (lil' pollen thieves)  
the blooming poem flower  
As leaves do the trees  
Until the word has taken  
A life of it's own  
Become more than a word  
And much more like a poem  
It's taken a little imagination,  
It's taken a little effort (and maybe an hour)  
To turn a little word into a thing of fascination  
This poem I've created? I think I shall call it  
..."Flower"

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# What Do Rainbows Sound Like

&lt;center&gt;Closed the door...  
locked it tight  
For the final time  
and then no more...  
Gazed all about  
At the yard...  
The flowers...  
Where I spent  
So many happy hours  
and now would spend  
no more

The Oleanders  
at driveways end  
Lantanas blooming  
Now as then  
Our yellow Roses  
Wilted now  
Like wrinkled brow  
Of ol' cherished friend

The Mulberry tree  
Once tall and straight  
Just like me  
A bit time worn  
Of late

Shrug of shoulders  
Heavy sigh  
Tears course freely  
Down my cheek  
Long last look  
From misty eyes  
Once strong body  
Now grown old and weak

A chapter of life closes with  
the closing of a car's door  
One last glance back

From o'er my shoulder  
One long last look...  
And then...no more

Small comfort in the knowing  
That while chapters  
weave and wend  
The story just keeps growing  
Because stories really  
Have no end

For some strange reason  
My mind wanders  
I wonder what...  
Rainbows sound like  
as the past rolls past  
my rheumy eyes  
Then I realize  
That Rainbows also  
Have no true end  
And neither  
...do our lives...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# What Do You See?

When I look in the mirror  
I see mostly memories  
I see people and things  
That have long ceased to be

When I look in the mirror  
I see standing behind me  
Ol' friends and ol' loves  
And lives not meant to be

I see opportunities missed  
Other lives, that passed me by  
Other lips I could have kissed  
And I have yet to wonder why

I see the hand of fate  
Lifting from my shoulder  
My volition's weight  
As I grow older

When I look into the mirror  
And see what could have been  
I see that, which might have been dearer  
Yet twill ne'er be proferred again

Don't look deeply into your mirror  
As I do, at paths not taken  
Don't look at things not meant to be  
Nor see the things forsaken

David Whalen

# What I Once Was...

The genie is out of the bottle  
Has stolen out into the night

Pandora's box is become unlocked  
Things will ne'er again seem right

It came about, with no hue or shout  
No alarum of fear or fright

Life took a twist, one could not resist  
Rationality gave in without a fight

Succumbed to pleasure, in new-found treasure  
Of her eyes, her sighs...sweet delight

Soft feel still lingers, to touch of my fingers  
Press of her body to mine...e'er so slight

My being, my world, tumbled and twirled  
My heart...my very soul, imbued with her light

The genie is free, Pandora can flee  
What I was once...now no longer  
...can I be...

David Whalen

# What If

What if sunshine  
Perchance, made a sound...  
What kind of sound  
Wouldst one think It to be?

Would it shriek e'er so loudly...  
And pummel the ground...  
Or settle like snowflakes  
Drifting down... tranquilly

Pray tell, what sound...  
Would clouds and haze make  
Would they screech and grind  
Mayhaps rasp and scrape?

What if...fog made a thoughtful thrum  
And mist an insistent hiss...  
And rainbows the sound of a blowing nose  
What, the sound... of scent of rose... consist?

What if... a look of awe... made noise  
And an angry stare could thunder?  
What would be the sound of toys  
And what the sound of plunder?

What if...one could hear a moonbeam  
Or perceive the sound of a shooting star  
And what if only fools and idiots could hear them  
Would they know how lucky (or cursed) They are?

What if... only a select favored few  
Could opt to hear  
this other-worldly hymn  
And the choice was offered up to you

What if...the sounds ne'er heard  
Could be sounds rung loud and true  
Ne'er heard in fact or word...except  
By fools and idiots...and you!

David Whalen



# What If You Could? (Would You?)

Could you undo what has been done  
What would the world be like tomorrow?

Could you simply lose what's been so hard won  
Would there be more happiness, or more sorrow?

Had you chose a path, that you chose to shun  
Would your world be the least bit brighter?

Had you lingered in shadow, or basked in the sun  
Would the load that you now carry be lighter?

Were you offered the chance to go back in time  
Would you refuse, vacillate, or be eager?

And if you eagerly opted for that second chance  
Would the returns be rich or be meager?

Would you trade your same old tomorrow for a brand new today,  
If you knew not what the new day would bring

What if the new day today was much like the same old tomorrow?  
Would the new day's delight, in sorrow take wing?

If you could tear out the pages of the diary of your life  
And new pages, beg, steal or borrow

If you could undo what already tis done  
What would your world be like tomorrow?

David Whalen

# What It Would Take

&lt;center&gt;

To lift you and fly you away

Five million houseflies: To help you take flight

Four hundred thirty seven thousand Honeybees: That hopefully wouldn't sting

Sixty five thousand Butterflies: Straining with all their might

Eleven thousand Hummingbirds: In a blur of frantic wings

Four hundred thousand bats (winged rats!) : To bear you off without a sound

Four hundred forty one pigeons: In a swirl of blue and grey

Thirty one Bald Eagles: To lift both you and me off the ground

Fly us off to their aerie and then

...eat us straightaway...

David Whalen

# What Lies Within

&lt;center&gt;  
Peer in eyes op'ed  
Wide or thin...See what's without  
Yet see not within  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# What Looks In (Windows And Rain)

Rain upon windows...  
Dark bedroom walls

Shimmering pastel mists  
down shadowed halls

Windows of ebon black...  
and cold Crystal light

Transparently solid through  
Both dark and night

Seemingly liquid... in rivulets  
Of slithers of rains

Silver sheet of mercury  
Over fevered panes

Half seen reflections  
enshroud the palpable dark

And imagined...(or real) things  
Seem to quiver, dance and spark

Leaves strike... then flee  
Tossed by cold fingers of wind

Tree branches rap upon the glass  
as if wanting to come in

Pull covers o'er your head  
Scrinch closed your eyes e'er so tight

Tis only windows they are...  
So no real reason for fright

But... for what looks back in...  
Through your windows tonight



# What Say The Winds

What do they say...?

The whispers in the trees  
The muted sighs,  
the muffled cries  
Soft chatter of the leaves

Do they chat...?  
of this and that  
The way old men  
(and women too?)  
Are want to do?

Or is their meaning lost  
On breezes tossed  
In tongues not meant  
For mere mortals  
Like me and you?

Perhaps the wind's  
Words are but emotions...  
Feelings that in  
and of themselves  
Are best reflected in...  
The oceans.

Oceans tossed about  
By Zephyr's gentle feelings...  
Wave-tops torn  
to salty shreds  
By typhoons raging reelings

Winds that whisper  
Gales that moan...  
Meanings understood  
By the Gods alone  
And yet...

Their words surround

The very Earth  
And have witnessed  
And whispered  
About it's untimely birth

A moving blanket  
O'er us each and every day  
The wind...the breezes  
Does what it pleases  
Still I wonder...  
What does it say?

David Whalen

# What Tis It About Angels?

They usually are barefoot  
That they never wear shoes  
They seem to like flip flops or sandals  
as the footwear they choose

That they almost always wear white  
Never chartreuse or puce  
And their garb's never tailored  
It's always flowing and loose

Is it strange that there's  
no female Angels in the bible  
Is there a gender bias  
For which that Holy book's liable

And isn't it odd  
That Those beautiful wings  
Must surely prevent them  
From leaning back against things

Do Angels wear underwear  
If they do I wonder what  
Good Lord, not thongs or speedos  
To cover an angelic butt

Do they ever have bad hair days  
Do they ever feel depressed or let down  
Do they ever smile or laugh out loud  
Have you ever seen one grimace or frown

Did they have to practice or audition  
to sing in that heavenly choir  
That celebrated Jesus birthday  
Upon his birth in that manger bower

Can one reach out and touch an Angel  
They're always reaching out with ethereal grace  
I like to think you can touch an Angel  
As long as you don't touch it in an inappropriate place



Are they splendid illusions  
Or specifically and truly tendered players  
I believe that they're not simplistic illusions  
But are rendered true by faith and prayers

They exist in a world as of leprechauns and elves  
And require a leap of faith to become real  
But they are quite real, we can assure ourselves  
If we believe in them, with true religious zeal

David Whalen

# What To Look For In A Mate

What to look for in a mate

Look for someone who makes you feel appreciated  
Search for someone who you appreciate too  
Find that someone who you feel has been fated  
To share life and fortune, be faithful and true

Discover someone who, when you talk, listens  
Seek out someone who shows faith and kindness  
Pursue that someone whose soul seems to glisten  
Who, to selfishness and prejudice shows only blindness

Look for someone, who first looks out for others  
Someone who feels on your level, not above  
Embrace the one who will hug, yet not smother  
Let not appearance guide your search for your love

Firstly look for someone who makes you feel appreciated  
Someone who you know will never wander or lie  
And....If they fit all the above, and are good lookin to boot  
Snatch them up, treat em' good, til the day that you die

David Whalen

# What Word Comes To Mind?

A gentle word on the summer wind  
Subtle sigh in forlorn surrender

Uttered softly, in voice so thin  
Be gentle...be kind...remember

David Whalen

# What's This About?

Can you hear it?

You can if you listen

Can you see it?

Only if you open your eyes

Can you feel it?

You can if you reach out and touch

Can you trust it?

Only if you tell no lies

Can you smell it?

You can with inhalation of breath

Can you love it?

Only without reservation

Can you release it?

Only with unfettered freedom

Can you save it?

Only with sincere salvation

Can you do it?

Only with unselfish effort

Can you love it?

Only by giving your heart

Can you describe it?

not in words, only images in your mind

Can you explain it?

Only by setting emotions apart

Can you decipher this poem?

You can...to your liking or leanings

Can it be, that all who read me

Will ascribe to it... different meanings?

David Whalen

# When

When?

When did the snowfall  
Lose it's magic?  
When did the night sky  
Commence to look small?

It was when I grew up...

When did the past  
Become so tragic  
When did the shadows  
Start to fall

It was when I grew older...

When did the sunset  
Lose it's wonder  
When did the sunrise  
Lose it's ability to awe

It was when I grew old and jaded...

When did people's names  
Become so hard to remember  
When did I lose  
The love of September

I think... I think it was when I got older still....

When did I start crying  
At the smallest sad thing  
When did my memory  
Begin to take wing

I think it was....I'm almost sure it was...  
But I can't exactly....remember just  
when



# When Angels Cry

&lt;center&gt;The wind...  
That through  
Barren limbs sighs  
Soulful sound  
That seeps round  
Loose windowpanes  
And sides

The silent sound  
From anguished eye  
The heart  
That cries out "why! "  
Tis the soul-torn  
Sound of tears  
We hear...  
Sound made  
...when Angels cry...  
&lt;/center&gt;

Dedicated to John and Ron Whalen and Ken Richmond  
Gone but ne'er forgotten

David Whalen

# When All The World Is Right

That perfect moment.  
Quintessential moment in time  
Vibes in exquisite harmony  
The planets all aligned

Eyes that glow  
Senses heightened  
Feelings flow  
Mind enlightened

So rarely felt ...so sorely missed  
So primal and so potent  
Evanescent as morning mist  
...elusive perfect moment...

David Whalen



# When All Things Fade To Black

Always with me  
Never strays  
But better seen  
On bright sunny days

Always underfoot  
But never in my way  
And even when I step on it  
It has nothing bad to say

Always used to run from it  
But it was far to fast for that  
Always seemed to know where I was going  
Always knew where I was at

Always been a part of me  
A part of me since day one  
And likes to stride ahead of me  
When I'm backlit by the sun

Always know the day is coming  
When all things fade to black  
That day...finally, it'll walk away from me  
And never even look back

David Whalen

# When Black Is The Color Du Jour

&lt;center&gt;

There's a time in all men's lives  
A time when the soul  
Can do no more  
...Than cry...

When scars are graven  
In script broadly writ  
On the heart and deep...  
within the eye

When the sky is barren  
Of Sunlight and Angels  
The days become  
Grey and dust dry

The very spirit is smothered  
By blanket of despair  
Exposed and uncovered  
Like an ill hidden lie

Yet...In the season's of time  
There returns reason and rhyme  
The darkness retreats  
...Church bells chime...

The once hard heart softens  
The spirit revives  
Both sunlight and Angels  
Shine down on our lives

And the soul? ...It returns  
From that black hole  
Where it hides  
A bit tattered and torn  
More weathered and worn  
...Yet It survives...  
It survives...It survives!

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# When Did Things Change

When did potatoes become dehydrated  
Why doesn't Pepsi and Coke still taste good  
It never fails to make me irritated  
That nothing seems to taste like it should

There used to be tastes on which we all relied  
That we could count on like an old trusted friend  
Now most everything is genetically modified  
I ask you "where's it all going to end?"

I used to love really good potato chips  
And I really hate be a drag  
But I realize no sooner do those chips pass my lips  
That I'd be better off scarfin' down the plastic bag

And don't get me started on today's fish  
I might just as well be eating fillet of cat  
For after digging through the breading I wish...  
Someone could tell me where the fish is at?

And whatever happened to plain ol' paper bags  
With these plastic bags now I'm just not copin'  
I usually end up with a pile of plastic rags  
Whatever happened to bags that were easy to open?

Is it just me? Am I all alone in this way  
The only one to feel as I do?  
That things shouldn't change...darn near everyday  
...Or does It seem that way to you too? ...

David Whalen

# When God Sneezes (Haiku)

Had a thought today! !  
When God sneezes... how does one  
know what to say?

David Whalen

# When Good Days Begin

Good Times

One thing I know for  
Sure is that the best of days  
Start...the night before

David Whalen

# When Ignorance Is Bliss

There will be times in the lives  
Of the most strongest  
And steadfast men  
When they know not  
What to say or do...  
What is right or wrong  
When they know not  
What's truly goin' on...  
Confusion and bewilderment  
Are words that readily come to the fore  
Circumstance ...and mayhaps just chance  
Can cloud the clearest of minds  
And ignorance can be bliss  
Oft times it seems the brightest dreams  
Be sunk in a sepia sea  
Aye, sometimes being in the dark  
... is not such the bad place to be...

David Whalen

# When It Rains

When it rains I stand  
By the window...in hope my  
wife will let me in

David Whalen



# When More Is Less

Could be better to write more  
And perhaps to post less?  
And after writing more, be sure  
To only post one's best?

Could it be  
That the quality  
Might improve  
by leaps and bounds

Or would it be,  
that quantity  
Is more important  
Than the sounds?

At any rate  
It's ne'er too late  
To reread what it tis  
That one's written

Aye, ere one posts in haste...  
Give to us the fine taste  
Of only the best...  
That you've written

David Whalen

# When Plants Die

A recent poem by Chumfo asked  
"Where do plants go when they die?"

I'm not sure what to answer  
But this is my reply:

Plants go where old dogs go  
Where fields of greenery lie

Plants wake up in enchanted mist  
that's where they go when they die

Where there's ol dogs and children  
And lot's of fertilizer... to boot

fresh spring rains...Deep dark loam  
And potting soil to take root

Where there's no Jolly Green Giant  
No blight and no aphids too

Just the sun... the rain...the bird's refrain  
And a lot of good cow poo

David Whalen

# When Sleep Won'T Come

Trepidation, perspiration  
Preoccupation on one's brow

Replace it with hope and anticipation  
With keen elation... replace it now

Anxious moments, sweaty palm  
Sleepless nights, heart beat hurried

Replace it with, the peaceful calm  
of a mindset... cool...unworried

Don't seek the sleep  
When sleep won't come

Just change the channels  
Within your mind

Seek the thoughts  
you want to keep

The peace you want  
Is the peace you'll find

Fixate upon one pleasant thought  
Concentrate with all your might

And all the worries, and fears you fought  
Will skulk away into the night

Fixate upon what you love  
To all else become blind

Don't seek sleep  
When sleep won't come

Just change the channel  
Within your mind



# When The Music Stops

When the music stops, the dance is done  
So listen and dance with all your heart and mind  
Always dance as if... t'would be your last one  
Live life to the fullest, let the dance and the music unwind

When the magic is gone, it's gone forever  
So leave room for mystery, in your life every day  
Leave a bit of the unknown, in your every endeavour  
For when the magic is gone, it's gone to stay

For when the music stops  
And when the magic is gone  
You can smile and look back  
At a life that's well done

For when the music once stops  
You dance again never  
And when the magic is gone  
Sure...Tis gone forever

David Whalen

# When We Were Young

One never thinks that dawns...  
Crystal clear and golden  
Are not forever  
...When one is young...  
That Summer nights and full moons  
Hayrides and balmy Junes  
All come with an expiration date  
...When one is young...  
That fair skin and youth are a given  
And all words are truth  
And Summers last forever  
...When one is young...  
That the touch of a lover's hand  
Is bliss beyond compare  
And stardust Paints the nighttime air  
...when one is young...  
One never thinks beyond one's self  
That youth shall soon rest upon the shelf  
And different songs be sung...  
Tho' mem'ries will be all we have  
To remind us of...the time  
...when we were young...

22 lines

David Whalen

# Where Are You Today Lord

Just Wonderin'

Where are you today Lord?  
There are so many children cryin'...  
So many mothers tears fallin'  
So many babies dyin'

Is today a heavenly Holiday?  
Do Gods need a rest?  
Why not just make a miracle  
Put suffering to the test?

Why let suffer all the innocents?  
It puzzles me no end  
And makes not the slightest sense  
Are you enemy...or are you friend?

To not provide a simple crust of bread  
A meager bowl of gruel  
What's going on in your heavenly head  
That you should seem so cruel?

Could the needless deaths  
Have lost their sting? ...  
Do you not count the last drawn breaths  
As no more than pearls...'pon an endless string?

It seems clear that there's a pattern here  
Repeated since creation  
That the innocent are not held dear  
Nor worthy of salvation

I'm just a simple man of no great insight  
But I often wonder (when I'm bored)  
Wondering about mankind's plight  
And wonderin'where you are this very night

...Just wondering My Lord...





# Where Blackness Is Reality

There are creatures of the underworld  
That dwell in caves and dark dominion

Where blackness is reality  
With light a total fiction

In human souls, in dark despair  
Through open door of muddled mind

These creatures leave their loathsome lair  
And slither hauntingly into humankind

Rot and revulsion in minds of evil men  
Grow roots and plan to stay

Find fertile ground to nest and then....  
Blossom evilly in loathsome ways

The helpless, the unwary souls  
The innocent, the weak

Evil creatures from black, mind's holes  
Hungrily ooze out and seek

From time eternal, to time yet unfurled  
This evil has been part of man's condition

They'll e'er be creatures of the underworld  
That will dwell in man's mind and dark dominion

David Whalen

# Where Ever You Are

&lt;center&gt;

No Matter Where You Are

home is not a place  
per se...tis bourne deep within  
our own heart each day

David Whalen

# Where The Water Meets The Sky

There's a point in the distance  
Where one focuses one's eye  
When trying to parse out  
The where and the why

Of jealousy and betrayal  
And how To see though  
the fog of confusion  
And the damage they do

There's a place where the heart becomes leaden  
There's a point where love starts to die  
If one allows the spirit to grow deadened  
Then hope and love will take fly

There's a point at where one must start caring  
Where one fixes one's vision on high  
Don a mantle of vision and daring  
Tis where the water meets the sky

The joining of the heavens and ocean  
The merging of elements on high  
The intersection of mind and emotion  
Sure...and tis where the water meets the sky

David Whalen

# Where Will I Be

WHERE ARE YOU

My dear, there will soon  
Come the day  
When you'll no longer  
Need say  
...&quot;Where are you? &quot;...

My Love there'll be  
No cause...  
To ponder and pause  
Or to call out my name in vain  
&quot;Where are you? &quot;

My sweet there will be  
No place for me...  
To be located or found  
Save in the air  
And the ground  
...So where will I be? ...

My one and my only...  
You'll never be lonely  
For I'll never be far  
From wherever you are...  
And you'll ne'er again need say  
...Where are you? &quot;...

&lt;/center)

David Whalen

# Where, Oh Where Indeed

&lt;center&gt;

Where would the wonder be?

Where, oh where indeed!

Absent simpletons, children,

And maudlin fools like me

Where oh where

Would the wonder be?

Is it the state of mind

Of star struck lovers

Tight entwined `neath

Tussled covers?

Tis it eyes that gaze

At the cosmic maze and

Feel the depth and breadth

Of passion's blaze?

Is wonder in it's simplicity

Disguised in Faux complexity

Too demanding for most to see

Unless they look

...quite closely...

For if one doesn't have

To stop to think...

For if one has no need to ponder

Then that lucky soul

Can deeply drink

The elixir we call

...Wonder...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Whether Or Not

If I could be weather  
What kind of weather  
Would I be?

I'd like to be the wind  
Fresh off the sea...  
That's what I'd like to be

I could lift kid's kites  
To dizzying heights  
Make them as proud as could be

I could tousle the hair  
Of maidens so fair  
Be playful as I could be

Or rend the leaves from the trees  
Let them ride on my breeze  
A pleasure for both them and me

But then I think of the snow  
That the cold North winds blow  
I begin to reconsider what I want to be

Perhaps better t'would be  
Sunny days and slight morning haze  
Mist o'er bog or fog upon sea  
So many options and ways (Oh me!)

But by nature I'm simply capricious  
Love weather and winds warm and raw  
Sooo, I'm not sure whether I would (or should) wish  
...To even be weather at all...

David Whalen

# Whim Of The Reaper Grim

&lt;center&gt;

An unnoticed jostle in a crowded hallway  
A sudden cool breeze `pon the nape of ones neck  
Near miss in a crosswalk yesterday  
Fenders crunching in a nearby wreck

A tap on one's shoulder  
And there's no one there  
Fleeting pain, deep in one's chest  
Leaden sensation of weight  
Pressing down on one's breast  
Cold breath in one's ear  
From out of nowhere

Tis the unseen Reapers Grim  
In their bustling about  
Reminding us of our own mortality  
Day in and day out

Their job is without end  
Death but a constant part of life  
Their Patron is Satan...  
God, chance and fate...  
Kismet and Karma,  
Sickness and strife

So...the next time you feel  
An unexpected chill...  
A shifting shadow  
From the corner of your eye  
It could just be...you know  
Your time to go  
Or simply a Reaper  
...Passing by...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Whisper Of The Stars

&lt;center&gt;

In the darkest hour,  
Of the coldest night  
When the Heavens deign  
To open wide

And e'en Angels  
Take startled flight  
Form eerie sounds  
And silvered light

The Cosmos converses  
In Cosmic verses and is  
Softly scripted the melodies  
The stanzas...the bars

In the gelid Winter's night...  
And would'st one lend a careful ear,  
Perhaps the Gods would grant him hear  
...The whispers ofthe stars...

David Whalen



# Whispers Of Passion

&lt;center&gt;

Why do we whisper words  
in moments solemn  
Why your fingers rest  
Upon my lips...as if  
To postpone them

Is it fear of  
losing something dear  
Something private  
Something precious  
Something best left  
Unexpressed  
Something shared psychically  
Between us

How silent the heat of passion  
How loud the beat  
Of hearts pressed tight  
How softly do we gently fashion  
Emotions...  
Out of naught but night

Can lust be tossed  
By silence broken  
Can love be lost  
If words be spoken...  
So why do we whisper  
My dear...  
when there's no one  
...Near to hear...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Whispers Of Trees

Trees whisper of the coming winter  
Leaves mutter among themselves

Seasons silently steal upon us...  
As Falling streams from rocky shelves

Soft sibilant sighs, indistinct...incoherent  
Nature's voices, spoken through the dells

It's the trees whisper... of the coming winter  
The voices of Trolls, faeries and elves

Branches freeing...captive leaves fleeing  
Limbs bleakly waving...in poignant farewell

Listen closely! ...to the trees soft whisper  
Of places of mystery...where legends dwell

Trees whisper the coming winter  
Voices elusive...secretive as well

Hear the murmur of the wooded heart...  
muted tumble of an acorn shell

Trees whisper...coming winter...  
Tales that only trees can tell

David Whalen

# White Rose

Lonely white rose...  
Untended meadows

Deserted garden  
Sigh in the wind

Quiet of surrender  
Leavened with sorrow

Bees and pollen  
Dance together again

Lonely white rose...  
Petals pristine

Blooming so proudly  
Unseen ...yet serene

David Whalen

# Who Am I Now

&lt;center&gt;

Who in the heck am I now?

I used to know  
Not so long ago  
But who the heck  
am I now?

The days have changed me  
Rearranged me  
I barely know  
myself now

I still look the same (mostly)  
But I'm not... (except in name)  
I know I've changed  
(but how?)

I now own a complete  
Absence of artifice  
A sense of humility  
Now resides in it's place

I'm not the least bit dismayed  
By my lines and wrinkles displayed  
Proudly I wear them  
On this world weary face

I know that no longer  
Am I the man I once was  
I know it  
yet don't know just how

The changes seem glacial  
Not confined to things facial  
So just who the heck  
Am I now?

Oftimes this ol' world

Can both amaze and amuse me  
Delight and affright  
Dumbfound and confuse me

The young man I once was  
Long ago ceased to be  
So who and what am I now

A man is like the seasons  
e'er changing...  
Is the reason  
Of course that's only how  
I view the way of things

But we only see the changing skin  
And not the change that resides within  
The mind that morphs  
And then takes wing...

It all has naught to do  
With good or bad  
Of right or wrong  
Or sad or glad

The mystery lies  
More in the how and why  
That I've become the man  
I am now...

I've no way of knowin'  
The where and the why  
Nor any idea of the how...  
I just know that tomorrow  
Be it a day of delight or sorrow  
I'll not be the man  
...That I am now...

David Whalen

# Who Knows

It was just one kiss  
Just a soulful look  
Just one close embrace  
That's all It took

Just one touch  
Of fingertips...  
Upon palm of hands  
Then yielding lips

Just one faint whisper  
In early dawn  
A silhouette...  
And then she'd gone

Destiny said "twas not to be"  
Our paths never again crossed  
We only found... just that one kiss  
Who knows... just what we lost

David Whalen

# Who's The Master?

&lt;center&gt;

Que sera, sera

Think you know `what, why and when?

Think again my friend! `

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Why Dreams?

Why dreams? ...  
Why not  
soft surcease instead?

Why disturbing dreams?  
Why not  
Nocturnal bliss instead?

Why such puzzling dreams  
That wakes one then  
Disappears from one's head?

Why scary dreams? ...  
That causes one's head  
To toss on one's bed?

Why not dream  
Of flying...soaring...  
In stead of being led

Why not dream  
Of what you would want...  
Dream dreams to call yours alone

You dream what you dream  
To me... so it seems  
Because your brain has a mind of it's own

David Whalen



# Why Not? (Wear Jammies All Day)

Something about things  
Small and furry

Something about things  
Gentle in kind

Something about time  
In which not to hurry

Things not to allow  
To prey on one's mind

Why not be carefree  
Laid back and gay (gay?)

Why not wear our  
Jammies all day?

David Whalen

# Why Poets?

When a poem is read  
A reader's home is entered  
Where dwells a kindred spirit

You laugh...you cry  
You groan and you sigh  
You feel and taste and hear it

We bring tears to eyes  
Smiles to lips...  
Memories to mind

We make you think  
With pen and ink  
And open minds once blind

That music is a source of joy  
Of that, of course there is  
No doubt

But words and phrases  
Ink on pages, of that  
We'd ne'er do without

It's a gift given to very few  
In truth, this game  
of words and phrases

Of measurable worth?  
Of real value none?  
Of real time and of real places?

So why the need for you and me?  
What place have we...Poets,  
In grand schemes, of things and matters?

...It's because....

We give wings to words

That soar like birds  
And oftimes leave your heart

...in tatters...

David Whalen

# Why The F\*#k Didn'T We Think Of That?

Why Didn't we Think Of That!

Guess I got to admit it, I'm past my prime  
Not nearly as quick-witted as I used to be  
Appears to be a monumental waste of my time  
Just tryin' to write some decent poetry

Maybe I'm overthinking' the point of rhyme  
Maybe I'm trustin' too much to luck  
Hell I'm gonna forget about prose so fine  
And start artlessly usin' that magic word f&%k

The effort involved in finding that perfect phrase  
Laboriously working to find that rhyme that feels pat  
Hell I could have been usin' that magic word all these days  
So, tell me fellow poets...why didn't we all think of that?

David Whalen

# Why?

&lt;center&gt;

What's up? ...What's cookin'

Why Flowers only blossom

When no one's lookin'

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Will There Be Another

Will this be  
The last Spring  
I see?

Or will I enjoy  
a few Springs  
More?

Enjoy the last March thaw  
The first robin's  
Call?

Or will I arrive in Hell...  
Or at heaven's  
Door?

I'll find out soon  
Sure...There's no doubt  
Of that

And if for me  
Another Spring  
Is to be

I will treasure it  
With relish and  
Then ...again wonder

What's to come after Spring?  
Will there be  
any thing?

Will I be allowed  
Another...  
Summer?

David Whalen

# Will There Be...

&lt;center&gt;

Will stardust fall like cosmic mist  
Will rainbows tumble down  
Will auroras cease to writhe and twist  
Will clouds fall to the ground

Will hopes and dreams fall prey  
To surrender and to sorrow  
Will there be no memories... of yesterdays  
Will we know not of tomorrow

Will Angels cry silvered tears  
Will God shrug and look away  
Will there be naught but years of fears  
...Only Fate can say...  
&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Wings Of Silk

In a flight of silken silence  
Wings of velvet stroke  
Pinions soft as melted butter  
With touch as light as smoke

Huge bright eyes of earthen brown  
Ne'er ceasing to peer around  
To perceive the vole's  
most minute sound

Then... as if a ghostly  
Downy dart  
Wings of silk  
Spread wide apart

A muted squeak  
Stop'd short in surprise  
And from the snow  
Doth feathered phantom rise

Then talons spread  
Returns to lurch  
Onto it's branch  
Upon which to perch

And `neath the branch  
Said vole will soon to fall  
Snug again...wrap't tight within  
It's very own fur-ball

David Whalen



# Winter Blue

Times and questions why...  
Fly when Winter winds sigh  
And icicles cry

David Whalen

# Winter Haiku

&lt;center&gt;

Winter: ... a mixed bag!

Ugly disposition... yet

A lovely vision

David Whalen

# Winter Night's Moon Glow

&lt;center&gt;Would you like to go with me?  
Perhaps better not... to go!  
I go into the woods at night you see  
Neath Winter night's Moon glow

I listen for the night bird's cries  
And when I hear them I know  
That I'm close to where I want to be  
Neath Winter night's Moon glow

For March is when Winter starts to die  
It's life force ebbs and slows  
The night birds cry, the cold winds sigh  
Neath Winter night's Moon glow

Would you like to take that walk with me  
A stroll serene and slow?  
Perhaps we'll be, in luck and see  
Things that we shouldn't see... or know

I'll only ask you one more time (or three)  
You alone must decide to stay or go  
Winter's demise waits not, for you or me  
The night birds say it's so

You'll not soon forget what you're soon to see  
Again! ...perhaps best you not go!  
the night bird cry, high in the skeletal tree  
Neath Winter night's Moon glow

When Winter dies, and Jack Frost flees  
And barren limbs sway to and fro  
It's only fools like you and me  
That dare bear witness to tortured throes

...Neath Winter night's Moon glow...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Witchy Woman

Lost in the bayou!  
It was funny at first  
To an adventure lovin' youngen  
This wouldn't be the worst

Just a night in the swamp  
In a little flat-bottomed boat  
Enough water for one night  
a piece of jerky in a paper poke

Awakenin' from a sleep  
He hadn't known he'd even fallen into  
the full moonglow diffused softly  
By the Spanish moss that it shone through

Waterbugs skitterin`, gators aglidin'  
Cajun fiddle playin' some where out in the night  
Katydid singin', water moccasins slidin'  
In the distance, through the swamp mist,  
shone a faint ghostly light

Pushin' one oar, agin' the marshy bottom  
Slowly nearing' the song and the light  
Cautiously polin' through dark cypress knees  
Both cattails and neck hair, erect and upright

Ahead on a hummock  
High on poles stood a shack  
With a old rotting dock In front  
and only misty swamp in the back

By a bonfire in front  
Stood a fiery eyed young lady/beauty/woman  
Tall, slim, with wild eyes flashin'  
Tattered dress torn in provocative places  
Enticing the lad in, in uninhibited fashion

The boat seemed to glide toward her of It's own volition  
While the lad stood, oar in hand, as if in a trance

The fiddle music wailed, loud as perdition  
And witchy woman started a slow writhing dance  
Beckoning and undulating without inhibition

The owl in the cypress  
Craned it's head from side to side  
Solemnly Observing the lad all the while  
The fiddle music soared to a devilish high  
Witchy woman took his hand with a smile

The owl shied away and flew off with a whisper  
A raven took flight with a start  
The chorus of bullfrogs suddenly came to a halt  
The thick silence broken by wild cackling laughter  
Witchy woman had taken  
another young man's heart  
A little flat bottomed boat found high on a bank  
Amid wild orchids and bedecked with Spanish moss  
Wasn't found until many months later  
Within it was a poke of jerky and a bottle of water.  
Said the sheriff to the family with a great sense of loss  
"pears your boy got eat up by a gator

One can hear faint cajun fiddle music  
On full moonlit nights  
O'er the black waters of the misty bayou  
And if you listen through the mist and with all of your might  
you just might hear a seductive voice  
calling to you

David Whalen

# Without Expression

Wouldn't it be curious  
If no one had facial expressions?

If we were all individuals  
Yet looked exactly the same

Same width, same height,  
Same exact complexions

Would some still be failures  
While others find fame?

So much is dependent  
On the way that we appear

What if that were taken  
Out of the equation?

Would the people that we hold  
So close and so dear

Seem to suddenly appear  
Of a different persuasion?

When I look all about  
At our shakers and movers

It's obviously not their looks  
that Makes them stand apart

It's what they have inside them  
Where we all look exactly alike

Perhaps a more understanding soul,  
And a more demanding heart?

David Whalen

# Women And Holidays (Men, Football And Beer)

Could you just imagine  
the lack of imagination  
If men had to buy presents  
And pretty them up with decorations

What would it be like  
For men to bake the cookies  
Or to buy and send cards  
To all the friends and families

To think of men buying the food  
absolutely boggles the mind  
Men in aprons, you gotta' be kiddin dude  
Much less doing the cooking grind

Impossible to describe men helping  
on the holidays, In any way except lame  
Seeming to contribute in the best way by...  
Stayin out of women's way...watchin the game

Sittin' on their butts and soakin' up beer  
Are men's natural inclinations and ways  
And it's readily apparent and abundantly clear...  
That it's women that give meaning to the holidays!

David Whalen



# Women Like To Slow Dance

Women like to slow dance  
Men like to boogie fast...

Women I prefer to prettily prance  
And make the dance last and last

Men like to stand against the wall  
And act like they're bored as hell

While they actually are wishing that...  
they could dance half as well....

As...The guys that can slow dance  
And Seem to Have it best of all

They have the delight of dipping the pretties  
Rather than not dancing at all

Women... like... to slow dance! ! !  
A concept most men just can't grasp

So while their ladies are getting dipped  
They stand around waiting to dance fast

Guys! ! ! ... it's not rocket science  
So wake up out of your trance

While you might like to boogie on down...  
Women like to slow dance

David Whalen

# Wonder

I wonder do you think of me  
I wonder... as I wonder  
About the past

I wonder why, between you and I  
That that first kiss...  
Had to be our last

David Whalen

# Wonder Of Weird Things

I wonder about weird things...

My mind flits and fidgets

I wonder about geniuses...

Pickles and idiots

I ponder of things

Like God, heaven, and widgets...

And do Crowded elevators

smell different to midgets?

David Whalen

# Wonderin' Why Lord

Wonderin' Why

Eighty years...goin  
Strong...What has God against me  
To let me live so long?

My friends and family are gone  
Have shed this earthly vale...  
Why do I tarry on?

Could death be no more  
Than mere metamorphosis  
A breaking of a brand new dawn?

Why me...alone O Lord  
Am I punished or am I blessed  
Why allow me to live so long?

Eighty years in this vale of tears  
And still no end in sight  
What am I doing wrong...or right?  
...why do I live so long? ...

David Whalen

# Wondrous, Eternal, Water

&lt;center&gt;

Water is wondrously eternal  
Immutable in the end  
The water one sips  
Could have once passed the lips  
Of Jesus or Caligula my friend

It's an essence that flows  
drips and drapes  
That takes many forms, many shapes  
It's fog...It's cloud  
It's silent...It's loud  
It comprises our very own breath  
And without it no doubt  
looms naught but dust and death

We take it as a given  
Think of it mostly  
As just hot or cold  
but it's what keeps us livin'  
And what keeps on giving  
us the gift (and privilege) of getting  
...Old...

&lt;/center&gt;

David Whalen

# Words About Birds

Tis the sight and the sound  
of birds that enralls me  
They give my mind sustenance  
And substance to see

Tis the peep and the patter  
The quarrelsome chatter  
And the fact that not a whit ...  
Do they care about me

As far as they're concerned  
if I don't move, then I don't exist  
Kinda like my home situation  
Only with a bird like twist

They are the essence of acquiescence  
To the whims of Mother Nature  
And to the oft, ugly whims  
Of Human nomenclature

Prey to most creatures  
that exist for predation  
Dancing gingerly on razor's edge  
between surfeit and starvation

Simply a nuisance to them  
Or a morsel to eat, so nice  
Delightful morsels to me also  
But only for my eyes

If you think that I'm crazy  
And could natter on for hours  
Then whatever you do...  
Don't get me started on flowers

David Whalen

# Words And Adjectives Rule

Always use a verb  
Over a noun...better yet,  
Use an adjective!

David Whalen

# Words With The Big Guy(Or Girl?)

I tell them I'm fine.  
I know that's what they want to hear...  
I don't want to say  
"I want God to pick another name.

Dear God...I want to stop holding my breath

I tell them what  
they want to hear...  
I don't want to tell them  
that I'm so ashamed

Please god...Don't pick my name from the hat

I tell them the usual  
social niceties...  
For I know that they don't...  
Want to hear bad news and blame

Please God...just toss me a bone

I tell them I'm fine  
Never felt so good...  
Never had need  
of fortune or fame

So God...please

Don't pick my name...  
from the hat  
Good Lord...  
Please...Just leave me alone!

David Whalen



# Worst Haiku Ever Written ()

Meat, YEA! ! ... Carbs be bad! !  
workout make me hungry...Me  
like sweets! ! ! Me soooo sad!

David Whalen

## Wrinkles (Haiku)

Wrinkles are face's way  
Of telling everyone... that  
"you did good...Well done! ! !

David Whalen

# Writer's Block

Have you ever felt  
the need to write  
Tho' your fingers are leaden  
And your brain won't go

Have you ever concentrated  
with all your might  
When your mind feels deadened  
And your creativity won't flow

Have you ever felt  
You've got no more to say  
No more ideas  
Buried deep in your mind

Well that's the way I feel  
And I know it's not right  
But I just can't think of a single thing  
....To write about tonight

David Whalen

# Ya Gotta Know When To Run

Ya Gotta know when to run

When a redneck says... "watch this"  
Ya just gotta get out of his truck  
"Watch this, " means he thinks it can fly  
Or he thinks it can float like a duck

"there ain't no monster under your bed"  
That's what your mama solemnly states  
Run outta the room son, before it's too late  
Cause the monster's gonna eatcha! You `re gonna be dead!

Ya gotta learn when to hold em'  
Ya gotta learn when you're done  
Gotta learn when to fold em'  
Son, you gotta learn when to run

When your good ol' buddy boozily states  
"don't worry none, it ain't loaded! ol' son"  
Unless you're dyin' to stroll thru those pearly gates  
You really gotta know when to pick em' up and run

When bubba states "Shoot! It's only 220 volts"  
And standin in water ain't gonna hurt us none  
The feelin's akin to getting run over by the Baltimore Colts  
And it helps a whole lot...to know when to cut and run

David Whalen

# Yet We Love Them

Not all women be sweet  
Nor be all women Tiny...  
Some seem to me,  
To be fresh and beautiful  
as the sea...  
And others...E'en a tiny bit briny.

Some speak smugly  
Others speak whiny  
While some be as Ugly...  
as a monkey's heinie  
So, why do we love them?  
...Beats the heck out of me! ! ...

David Whalen

# You Are Nature

There are traces of the sun  
In your smile  
Sparkle of the stars  
In your eyes

Intriguing hint  
Of foxy guile  
That makes me pause  
And realize

That your tears are like  
Springtime rain  
Walnut brown eyes wide  
As Montana skies

Your breath the zephyr  
Of the mountain pass  
Breast a nest for hummingbirds  
And cold Heart rimmed with ice

Attitude both bad and good  
As changeable as the weather  
Hale and hard as hickory wood  
And hardy as the heather

If all the heavens beauty could be  
Conjoined in one solid mass  
Twould be as hard as flint could be  
Yet both soft as meadow grass

...You are Nature...

David Whalen

# You Change...So Do Places

You change...so do places  
You get older...as places do too  
You look about for familiar faces  
But only memory's ghost looks back at you

You see the places...places in the heart  
You hear long gone voices from the past  
You still seem.. and yearn to be a part  
Of memories that seem... to fade so fast

Fleeting touch...soft brush of lips  
Memories of young love, breath held in wonder  
Soft gentle touch of tender finger tips  
Young hearts aflame, emotions torn asunder

That old red wagon, that very first snow  
The big hill where we coasted, now seems so small  
the old homestead stood here...where did it go?  
It's been replaced with a cold, soulless mall

Yes, you change...and yes, so do places  
You yearn to recapture those memories of the past  
To find bits and pieces...shards and traces  
Memories...young love...not meant to last

You can imagine that old white home  
from way back then...  
Hear familiar voices ...  
echo in the wind, my friend

Yes...It Seems as if it was just yesterday  
But you know... that it was way back then  
And down deep you know...there just ain't no way  
You can really ever... go back home again

David Whalen

# You Might Think

You might think you look the same ...  
But you don't

You might think you will ...  
But you won't

You might think you don't lie...  
No, not you

You don't think you betray...  
But you do

You might try to change ...  
But you can't

You might think you shall...  
But you shan't

You might think you could care...  
but care not a lot

You might think that you're fair ...  
But you're not

You might think you do ...  
But more likely never

You might think you've changed...  
But you won't, ever

You might think I still care...  
But care has long flown

You might think you're aware...  
But you're simply alone

David Whalen



# You Will Endure Love (Like It Or Not)

Love can be found...  
one can lose it too  
You can choose your love...  
yet love might not choose you

You can be in love...  
You can be love-struck  
Love can be like the touch of velvet...  
Or be like getting hit by a truck

Love can be fleeting...  
Love can last a lifetime  
Love can be most painful...  
Or be softly sublime

Love can be capricious  
And be most mysterious  
Taste so delicious  
A sensation so delirious

Love can vanish...  
in a heartbeat  
Love can perish...slowly  
Or linger sweet

One thing is sure...It will Change...  
like the weather  
And like the weather  
Will blow cold and hot

Be it unbearably heavy  
Or light as a feather  
You will... endure love...  
Like it or not! !

David Whalen

# Your Brain Will Rot

Write a poem every day  
don't let anything get in your way

No inspiration? So what the hey?  
Just sit down and write a poem every day

Write about nothing  
if that's all you've got

Keep your mind active  
If you don't it'll rot

They don't have to be good  
They can even be lame

But keep up the writing  
Keep your hand in the game

Listen to what I have to say  
Write something...anything my dears

Each and every day  
in any way and without fears

for if you don't, your brain will rot  
and leak out through your ears

David Whalen

## Your Eyes (American Haiku)

&lt;/&gt;Watch the full moon rise  
Reflecting lunar gold... in  
Mirrors of your eyes

David Whalen

# You're Next To Nothing To Me

## You Are Nothing To Me

Atoms are what you're made of  
Billions of which can exist comfortably  
'pon the tip of your pinkie finger  
And still have room...for many billions more.  
And these atoms of which you're made of?  
Obviously they're unimaginably small  
But are also...incredibly empty...  
Picture a ball three miles in diameter  
Now picture your fist in the exact center  
(That's the nucleus of the atom)  
Now imagine much smaller still...  
Electrons (the size of flyspecks) circling  
just inside The periphery of this  
Three mile wide circle at fantastic speed.  
Have you got the idea of the empty space yet?  
Okay! Now let's quickly sum up:  
You (and everything!) are made up of atoms!  
Atoms are made up almost entirely of empty space!  
As are you and everybody and thing around you!  
Now let us really push the bounds of your creditability!  
Let's take every person in entire world  
Roll them into a solid ball of humanity  
And remove all that aforementioned empty space...  
The matter that would remain of any material substance  
Of all the people in the entire world  
Would take up no more space  
Than one cube of sugar!

## You Are Nothing To Me

Atoms are what you're made of  
Billions of which can exist comfortably  
'pon the tip of your pinkie finger  
And still have room...for many billions more.

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Than one cube of sugar!

David Whalen

# Zippo, Bupkus, And Nil

If you wish it to be  
It might possibly come true

If you pray for it ...well  
That could help too

But if you want it to be  
Really.. really want it to be...

Then do something  
To make it come true

You can wish  
You can pray

You can want it  
And still...

Unless you do something....  
More than wish, or want...today

The chances of your prayers  
Ever Being answered...

Is "forget about it"... "Zippo"  
"bupkus" and nil

David Whalen