

Poetry Series

**Connie Webb**  
**- poems -**

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## Connie Webb()

I have lived in many places throughout the USA. Traveled to Mexico and Canada. Raised in a big family that moved a lot. Have had many different experiences with people, places and things since I am in middle-age now. Graduated from High School and Business College. Took some College Courses. Worked at various minimum wage jobs. Became a stay-at-home mom. Started writing when I was a little kid in diaries. Had my first article published in a local magazine in January 2006 and I jumped up and down when it happened - smile. Thanks for visiting my poem site.

# A Black Cat Crossed My Path

A black cat crossed my path  
On a night of a full moon  
He was carrying a pack on his back  
And dancing around like a loon.

I thought it was a funny sight  
I couldn't believe my eyes  
Then I saw a ghostly cat  
In a transparent disguise.

His eyes glowed like fire  
In the darkened night  
My hands grew cold  
I was filled with fright.

Just then the ghostly cat  
Found the black cat by a tree  
They both did a jig  
And started singing merrily.

I was no longer scared  
As they danced 'round and 'round  
It was an unusual scene  
And an unusual sound.

They sang Halloween songs  
About pumpkins and goblins and bats  
And as they sang  
Along came about fifty other cats.

They all joined in  
The sound grew so loud  
But it was a happy sound  
From a jolly crowd.

All of the cats were dancing  
And having a good time  
Then the ghostly cat invited me  
To have a bite of a lime.

I told him it would be sour  
He said "Well, come dance instead"  
So I joined the singing cats  
And danced with a cat named Fred.

He moved around quite fast  
Hopping left and right  
We both danced and danced  
Deep into the night.

At last I had enough  
I couldn't dance anymore  
So I said good-bye to all the cats  
And Fred walked me to my door.

He asked if he could come in  
I said "my two cats would probably mind"  
So he said "I'll see you around"  
I said "I had a nice time."

One year went by  
Halloween was here again  
A black cat crossed my path  
I knew the party was about to begin.

Happy Halloween.

Connie Webb

# A Gift A Power Brings

I will take this life of mine  
Enjoying each brand new day  
I will hear the birds that sing  
Smell flowers along the way.

I will live this life of mine  
With music close to my heart  
And when I care about you  
Each days a happy new start.

I will love this life of mine  
I've survived so many things  
Each joy that I feel today  
Is a gift a Power brings.

I will know this life of mine  
Can be lived by only me  
But with faith along my way  
The more happiness there'll be.

Connie Webb

# A Good Friend She Was

A good friend she was  
Would be there for me  
Through ups or downs  
A good friend she was.

A good friend she was  
We laughed and had fun  
Her smile was the best  
A good friend she was.

A good friend she was  
Her caring was amazing  
Her love of life showed  
A good friend she was.

A good friend she was  
Kept her spirits up in pain  
Never showed her hurts  
A good friend she was.

A good friend she was  
Even up until the end  
Put my hand on her heart  
A good friend she was.

A good friend she was  
I will treasure the memories  
Of all the joy we shared  
A good friend she was.

\*Dedicated to my very best friend Maryann whose spirit lives on because you really can't destroy goodness

Connie Webb

# A Healthier Easter

This is the first Easter  
No candy baskets will be here  
But we had so many baskets  
Each and every year.

The kids are older now  
Candy they don't want anymore  
So this Easter the baskets sit empty  
Behind the closet door.

Somehow I want the Easter Bunny here  
Want those baskets filled with eggs so bright  
But my teens want to be healthier  
So they make sure that they eat right.

They forfeit sugar and junk  
No more Peeps or a big chocolate bunny  
But being without Easter Baskets on Easter  
Seems to be very odd and funny.

So I am putting the word out  
To the Easter Bunny in my town  
That I don't think the teens will mind  
If you decide to come around.

Maybe you could leave some health bars  
Perhaps some fruit and veggies too  
And maybe you could put some books in there  
Those things could still say "I love you".

Connie Webb

# A Mother's Thoughts

I'm still here somewhere  
Between the dishes and laundry  
Breakfast, lunch and dinner  
I'm still here.

I'm still here somewhere  
Between the bills, the errands  
Vacuuming, dusting, phones ringing  
I'm still here.

I'm still here somewhere  
Between school meetings, shopping, lawn mowing  
Teasing, Refereeing, and "Mom, tell him to stop it"  
I'm still here.

I'm still here somewhere  
Between pre-school to high school  
Toys to computers  
I'm still here  
But who am I?

Connie Webb



# A Size Down

Took eating lots of healthy things  
Lots of exercise  
And ignoring many goodies  
Including that cake  
That had thick chocolate frosting  
Which I sat and watched others eat  
Enjoying each delicious looking bite  
But when I put on those smaller jeans today  
It was worth every bite  
I didn't take.

Connie Webb

# A Stay-At-Home Mom Was I

What can I tell you  
About the life I've lived  
Will I impress you  
With all the things I did?

It may not mean a lot to you  
But my life has meant lots to me  
The greatest two days of my life  
Was the births of he and she.

Since the days my kids were born  
Little boy and little girl  
I haven't worried much about me  
I was absorbed with him and her.

Spent days in the kitchen  
Cooking up lots of stuff  
Spent time playing  
Never really cleaned enough.

Never got the cobwebs  
Dust seemed to be everywhere  
But boy did we have fun  
Which was beyond compare.

Watching those Disney movies  
Ordering a pizza or two  
Playing with our pets  
Saying "I love you."

I wouldn't change a thing  
About how my life was lived  
Because the best thing of all  
Was doing what I did.

Being a mom of two  
Watching them both grow  
Has brought me so much happiness  
More than anyone will ever know.

A stay-at-home mom was I  
Not a fancy title did I have  
But I have memories I will treasure forever  
Of the best life I could have ever had.

Connie Webb

# After The Fire

Only days after Mom leaving drunken Dad  
We all had to get up  
In the middle of the night  
And run down the back stairs  
On the outside of the old apartment building -  
All of us just little kids  
In our pajamas  
Watching the big blaze in the sky.

"We saved everyone.  
No one was hurt in this, "  
Exclaimed the fireman.

We lost all our belongings  
And I didn't know where my two kittens were.  
That doesn't hurt?

"Well, we are all alive,  
That's what counts."  
Mother said as I saw her wipe tears.  
That doesn't hurt?

We went to Grandma's that night  
Mother said, "We upset Grandma.  
Grandma is old and needs her rest.  
She can't have four kids running around.  
What am I going to do? " she cried.  
That doesn't hurt?

And the words  
"No one was hurt in this"  
Ran through my mind  
As I cried myself to sleep  
Without my two kittens  
Wondering what we would all do  
To start all over again  
And to not hurt anymore.



# Alcoholism's Sadness

Their life is getting worse  
She just can't stop drinking today,  
But she loves her kids  
And thinks perhaps rehabs the way.  
Yet she says her kids would miss her  
And she doesn't know what to do,  
Say a prayer for them all  
While alcoholism rips hearts in two.

Connie Webb

# Almost A Year

It has been almost a year  
Since you left and  
I wonder where your spirit is.  
Are you soaring high above us all  
With a birds eye view?  
Are you by the redwoods  
And the stream with the little waterfall?  
Are you looking over  
Your grandchildren as they sleep?  
Do you think of me  
And dry my tears as I start once again to miss you?  
Almost a year since you left  
I wonder where your spirit is  
And as I close my eyes  
I can see you, hear you and even hug you  
Then I no longer wonder.

Connie Webb

# Anxiety

Diagnosed with anxiety.  
Yeah that fits.  
It isn't like I didn't know.  
Been worrying for lots of years,  
Just comes natural to me.  
I can accept it as part of me,  
But can others?  
Or would it be better  
That I be drugged up so much  
That I could no longer feel?  
Does my anxiety worry others?  
Maybe they need to take a pill.

Connie Webb



# Art

I look at all this art  
At the local gallery  
I wonder how someone  
Could sell a painting  
For \$2,500  
It had just splashes of paint  
Here and there  
I think the canvas  
Probably cost \$50.00 tops  
And the paint was maybe  
\$30.00  
And then I wondered  
How many hours it took  
To splash paint on it  
And who is to say  
That your splashing  
Is better than someone else's?  
I look at all this art  
At the local gallery  
And wonder.

Connie Webb

# Art By A Two Year Old

Honey bear jar lid taken off  
Poured carefully over the carpet  
With pink and white animal cookies  
Floating in it  
Along with a couple computer disks  
And a blankie carefully surrounding  
The perfect creation.

Connie Webb

# But Life

I think of when it is all over  
No more worries about the bills  
Or the health checkups  
Or the state of the nation,  
But life  
Oh how I would miss life  
The laughs  
The good times  
When all I have to do  
Is see my son or daughter  
And a smile appears.  
I think of when it is all over  
No more having to make my bed  
Or do the dishes  
Or worry about what to wear,  
But life  
Oh how I would miss life  
The music  
The dancing  
The way the moon shines  
The sun rises  
No matter where you are.  
I think of when it is all over  
No more brushing my hair  
Or sweeping a floor  
Or dusting the cobwebs away,  
But life  
Oh how I would miss life  
The relatives  
The friends  
The beaches  
The redwoods.  
I think of when it is all over  
No more aches or pains  
Or fears  
Or bad memories  
But life  
Oh how I would miss life  
So I think I will just

Breathe  
And live.

Connie Webb

# Butterflies And My Family

Do butterflies hear our cries  
When we are in despair?  
Sometimes when we've been sad  
A butterflies been there.

Fluttering on a patch of sun  
In the grass right in our view  
You beautiful butterfly  
Nothing cheers us like you do.

Connie Webb

# Bye, Bye Hummingbird

The hummingbird wanted to get  
To the other side  
Where his true love went  
So he tried  
To tease the cat  
With all his might  
Now he is with her  
On his last good-night.

Connie Webb

# Cast Out Labels

We label this as good and that as bad  
This is happy and that is sad  
This is dignified and this is shameful  
They are disabled and they are able.

We label some moral and some not so  
We think some are smart and some don't know  
They follow the right way and they follow the wrong way  
I think it's better if we don't let labels have a say.

Connie Webb

# Cats Fly

Up the stairs she flies  
Over the fence she flies  
Up the tree she flies  
Over my stomach she flies  
In her dreams she flies  
Out the door she flies  
In the door she flies  
She flies.

Connie Webb



# Christmas

She still likes Christmas even though she ain't religious  
She likes gathering around the lighting of the big tree  
With dressed up in velvet carolers singing joyously.

She likes the parade with lighted trucks and candy canes  
The walks around town in winter nights  
While looking at all the glowing lights.

The decorations are in stores way too soon  
Almost before Halloween  
But she still loves red and green.

She still has her old tree in the hall closet  
Which she takes out carefully each year  
Seeing her ornaments brings her a sentimental tear.

She loves the bell on the church  
That chimes out carols galore  
She likes the wreath upon her door.

Santa Claus is real to her  
She loves his jolly glow  
She loves the stockings hanging in a row.

She is glad people help out those in poverty  
She likes the way that people share  
And take the time to really care.

She still likes Christmas even though she ain't religious  
And a part you may not see  
Is the way she adores any nativity.

She still likes Christmas even though she ain't religious.

Connie Webb

# Cookies

I glance at the refrigerator  
I have some good principles  
Taped on it  
I see  
"Right understanding"  
Thinking  
Okay, I understand  
I want another cookie  
So I take one.  
I glance at the fridge again  
I see  
"Right mindfulness"  
Knowing my mind  
Wants me to have another cookie  
So I take another one.  
I glance again  
Seeing  
"Right effort"  
And I move myself away  
From the principles  
Before I turn into  
A  
Cookie.

Connie Webb

# Criticism Rebellion

I feel it coming on  
With an email,  
Or a phone call,  
Or in person.  
I feel the criticism  
Of me,  
Of me,  
Of me not getting things right,  
Of me not doing it the way it is supposed to be done.  
But this time  
I am not buying into  
Their criticism of me.  
I can do things my way.  
Maybe it isn't the way it is supposed to be done  
But I won't let someone stop me  
From being me,  
From being me,  
Because I am okay for me,  
For me,  
For me.

Connie Webb

# Easter's Past

Sitting in Church  
Listening to sermons  
With white patent leather shoes  
A fancy dress and little white gloves  
With a new purse,  
My brothers all dressed  
In nice shirts and pants,  
My mom dressed up like a movie star  
With her beautiful dress and hat,  
My step dad who never cared for church  
He even dressed up for the day.

And in our pockets  
Were chocolate eggs and jelly beans  
We were told not to take to church  
But we couldn't help it.  
I would peek at my brothers  
Sneaking candy out of their pockets  
And when mom wasn't looking  
I would sneak some out of my purse,  
And slowly let the chocolate egg  
Dissolve in my mouth  
I couldn't let her see me chewing  
Not in church!

We would come home  
Have an egg hunt  
That we enjoyed so much  
That we all would hide the eggs again  
Ourselves  
Then we had a nice big Easter dinner  
Maybe even play monopoly  
While eating more Easter candy.

I know the holiday was about Jesus  
Being resurrected  
I had spent many years  
In classes learning these things  
But somehow Easter

Just reminds me more of  
Family togetherness and love  
And visits from the Easter Bunny  
And I don't think Jesus would mind that at all.

Connie Webb

# Eighteen Isn't Long Enough To Live

I remember how we played on the playground  
Giggling as we ate our big stash of candy in the fort.  
I remember how we jumped off the big ferry boat  
Thinking we were the worlds greatest divers  
Even when we did a belly flop.  
I remember when we danced to American Bandstand  
We all thought we were the best dancers ever.  
I remember when you helped me find my Easter basket  
When no one else would.  
Or you shared your candy with me from Halloween  
When mine was all gone.  
I remember when you stood up for me  
Taking my side  
Whenever someone hurt my feelings.  
I remember you were the only one I would talk to  
When I was having a breakdown,  
Because I knew you would listen to me.  
Eighteen isn't long enough to live.  
I still don't understand  
Why there is gang violence  
And why you were in the wrong place  
At the wrong time.  
I miss you my brother.

Connie Webb

# Emerge

Emerge from out of any despair  
By knowing Someone else is there.  
That One who created those stars I see tonight  
Never let Him leave your sight.  
Yeah, sometimes life's unfair  
But it's a lot fairer with that Someone there -  
He does care.

Connie Webb

## E-Tale

Older brother Sam unloaded rabbits from the hunt  
A bigger rabbit than usual lay there  
Little brother Ken asked why it was so big  
Sam had a story to tell about the hare.

"We were shooting rabbits in the woods  
When we saw a big one with a basket hopping  
We saw it gathering eggs one by one  
Probably doing its Easter shopping.

We made sure we didn't shoot that one  
It was very special you see  
But somehow it got mixed in with the other rabbits  
And looks like we shot the Easter Bunny."

Ken went screaming at the top of his lungs  
"Mom, he shot the Easter Bunny! "  
Mom came running in the kitchen saying  
"That story was not very funny! "

"Get out there and tell him another story  
And this time make it a good one."  
Sam wiped the smile from his face  
Walked into Ken's room to undo what he had done.

"Hey, I'm sorry Ken that really wasn't the Easter Bunny  
The real Easter Bunny is much bigger than he  
He is so big and fast  
No hunter can shoot that Bunny.

We have seen him hopping through the woods  
He smiles at us while holding his basket of goodies  
Then off he hops as fast as he can  
He is the fastest one of all the bunnies.

So don't cry anymore  
The Easter Bunny is just fine  
You will see on Easter morning  
When you say, "Look, this baskets mine."



Ken barely believed Sam this time  
He dried his tears hesitantly  
But it wasn't till Easter morning  
That Ken knew Sam didn't shoot the Easter Bunny.

"He didn't shoot the Easter Bunny, Mom"  
Ken yelled and smiled holding his basket happily  
"I almost didn't believe you Sam  
But look a note from E. Bunny."

"Dear Ken, never worry about me  
I will always be okay  
I am the Easter Bunny  
And I am never going away."

Mom whispered to Sam  
"Is that something that you wrote? "  
Sam said, "Of course not."  
Mom said, "Then that is the official Easter Bunny note! "

That is why every Easter  
You will see colored eggs all over town  
Because no one really ever can  
Shoot the Easter Bunny down.

Connie Webb

# Even If I Thought Nobody Liked Me

Even if I thought nobody liked me...  
I'd have the sun to warm my shoulders  
The birds to sing me songs  
I'd have the leaves to sparkle in the breeze  
And I could forgive any wrongs.

I'd have the ocean waters roaring  
With the mist to fill the air  
I'd see the flowers blooming  
On my way to over there.

I'd have the deer in the meadow  
Staring at me with wonder  
I'd have the soft grass to lie upon  
And feel the warmth of it under.

I'd have the smiles of the children  
Or the elderly walking by  
I'd have the beauty of the redwoods  
Climbing high into the sky.

Even if I thought nobody liked me  
I still would be okay  
Because I can still feel the love  
Making illogical thoughts go away.

Connie Webb

# Even Though

Even though

I have had some tough times in life,

I can still stop and look up at those bright yellow sunflowers

So happy in the sun towering over me;

I can still sit by the seagulls and enjoy their company,

Especially when they don't fly away right away after feeding them;

I can still think of all the other not so tough times in life I have had

As I drift off to sleep in my present home of peace.

Connie Webb

# Fascinated And Motivated By An English Teacher

He was my instructor  
In a college English class.  
His stories took us to Italy  
And the way women cry  
At funerals.  
To New York City  
And the way homeless people  
Walk with the best dressed ones.  
Where the sound of  
"Help he stole my purse"  
Is heard frequently throughout the day.  
To France where he enjoyed sitting at Cafés  
Watching well dressed French women talk  
Enjoying a language other than his own.

He told us of his joy of going to countries  
Where he didn't know that language very well  
Just for some relaxation  
Because as an English teacher  
He was always listening to whether a person  
Slaughtered the language or not.  
In a foreign country  
He didn't have that problem  
He could just be himself  
Not a teacher looking for words  
You left out, didn't put in  
Or used improperly.  
It wasn't that he was feeling superior to you  
When he spotted your misuse of words.  
It was that he wanted to sit down with you  
And teach you exactly how to  
Put your words on paper  
So they would come out the best way they could.  
Some people didn't understand that  
And really didn't like him for his  
Constructive criticism.  
But I understood  
Being always grateful  
For his input

Even after my breakdown  
When he said my writing was like  
A Third graders.  
He told me that he only wanted to help me  
He didn't normally take time with people  
Who didn't care about their writing.  
He knew I cared  
So he challenged me  
To do better  
Draft after draft.  
He said he liked what I had to say  
I just needed to say it better  
And I was healed from my breakdown  
After he said that.

Each time I hear him speak now  
Or listen to a poem he reads  
I am captivated again  
By the way he strings words  
To tell stories with meaning  
Hoping that one day  
I could be even half as  
Good as him  
With my words.

Connie Webb

# Fly Free Little Brother

You are no longer with us  
But I trust where you are at  
You are doing all the things  
You would have wanted to do here  
And then some.

You are no longer with us  
But I trust you laugh, love and play  
More than ever.

You are no longer with us  
But I trust you are loved deeply by many.

You are no longer with us  
And when I think of this  
I feel pain  
But I trust you feel no pain and are flying free.

Keep flying free little brother.

Connie Webb

# Fond Memory Of Us

We rowed down the river  
And found our island on the other side  
There you took me in your arms  
And that is all that mattered that day  
You and me and a parked row boat  
Swaying in the water  
While we swayed.

Connie Webb

# Fun Days As A Child

Playing outside all day  
Eating pomegranates  
Getting stains all over our shirts.

Wandering around town  
Looking through the trash bins  
Behind toy factories  
For toys with only dents on them  
For free.

Finding bottles  
Cashing them in for sweets  
To take to our playhouse  
Made in an apartment car storage area  
Where we boosted each other up  
To get to our stash.

Walking our two dachshunds to the beach  
Where they dug big holes  
And people always said  
"Look how cute they are."

Staying out in the ocean  
Till our hands were so wrinkled  
We thought we better go back  
Or we would shrivel away.

Riding huge roller coasters  
More than once  
Without even thinking of getting sick.

Days in the park  
Talking for hours  
About how one day  
We would all be millionaires  
And really believed it.

Fun days as a child  
To be remembered always



And cherished  
To counteract  
The not so fun days.

Connie Webb

# Funny Feet

I used to complain  
About my big funny looking feet  
And a friend said,  
"Hey they were made that way,  
Because when you are sad  
And hanging your head low  
They give you something  
To smile at."

Connie Webb

# Good Riddance

I have not forgotten  
That you are quite rotten  
Your unconcerned ways  
No longer wreck my days.

When I disengage  
I lose my rage  
So without you it's sunny  
And something quite funny  
Is the longer you are away  
I have a much better day.

With you not around  
I am no longer down  
I am glad I let you go  
Because now calmness I know.

Connie Webb

# Gratitude

Opening the curtains to rays of sunshine  
Enjoying a day noticing the divine  
The pretty flowers on my street  
The smile from a neighbor that I greet.

The song of the bird in the tree  
Enjoying nature's majesty  
I can notice beauty today  
When I let gratitude have its say.

Taking the time to love all around  
Not allowing anyone to get me down  
The gentle embrace from a friend  
Knowing I did well at the days end.

A loving home to sleep in full of grace  
Sentimental treasures around my place  
Most of all a family and friends I adore  
These are things I'm grateful for.

Connie Webb

# Haiku Time

Pine scented hallways  
Lit up trees and carolers  
Snowflakes melt on me.

Serenity -

Middle of the night  
Peace in the old rocking chair  
Baby by my breast.

Springtime -

I pull off my socks  
I have to feel the warm grass  
My toes missed the earth.

Peace -

Where contentment abounds  
You can live like emperors  
In homes of brightness.

Connie Webb

# He Found Another Woman

He found another woman.  
What should that matter to me?  
Am I going to be jealous?  
Tell me seriously?

Will I burn with envy  
When I see her by his side?  
Will I feel inferior?  
Will it hurt my pride?

He found another woman.  
Why should I even care?  
Would I really still want him  
After all I had to bare?

When I see them coming  
Will tears flow down my cheek?  
No I will stand up tall,  
I am strong, not weak.

I will greet them kindly  
Smiling graciously,  
Shake her hand so sweetly,  
She won't get to me.

He found another woman.  
Do I think I'll cry?  
Nope that will not happen  
Because I found a Greater guy.

Connie Webb

# I Am Me

I am me  
Sad or happy  
Laughing or not.

I am me  
The only me  
I got.

I am me  
Weak and strong,  
I am me  
All day long.

I am me  
I was made this way  
I am me  
That's all I can say.

Connie Webb

# I Don't Really Want To Write Sad Poetry

I don't really want to write sad poetry  
But somehow it turns out that way  
I start to write a poem  
And what is it I say  
I tell you of my pain  
I tell you of my sorrow  
When all I wanted to tell you  
Was about that flaming marshmallow  
By the fire at the sea  
Some days long ago  
Where we searched endlessly  
For driftwood to start a fire aglow  
Laughing on the beach  
Making sandcastles in the sand  
Sleeping under the stars  
And our breakfasts they were grand  
Usually donuts of all kinds  
Maybe some milk or juice  
Then off we went to play  
Our parents let us loose  
We would swim way out in the ocean  
It's a wonder we didn't all drown  
But all of us were good swimmers  
The best there were around.  
Then dad would call us all back in  
We pretended we didn't hear  
But he swam out after us  
We came in and packed up all our gear  
Back home we'd go with sand  
All over the car seats and the floor  
No one really minded sand  
After our beautiful day at the shore.  
I don't really want to write sad poetry  
Anymore.

Connie Webb



# I Don'T Have, But I Have

I don't have gold or diamonds.  
I don't have a fancy car or a car at all.  
I don't have my wallet full of money.  
I don't have degrees hanging upon my wall.

But...

I have the long walks along the ocean.  
The flowers blooming brightly in the sun.  
The moon lighting up the sky at night.  
A cozy place to sleep when day is done.

I have love for my family and friends.  
I have love for nature and humanity.  
I enjoy my life as it is.  
And most of all I have serenity.

So if you don't have those fancy things in life,  
Don't let any of it get you down,  
Just open your eyes to all you do have  
And that will turn your frown around.

Connie Webb

# I Haven'T Been On The Computer Lately

I haven't been on the computer lately  
The Rhododendron's are blooming too much  
And beg me to take walks to enjoy their  
Purples, reds, oranges, and whites with pink tinges.  
The Iris's are begging me to see their colors  
Of purple and white and yellow and maroon.  
The roses are calling me to witness their beauty and scent.  
The redwood forest is enticing me for another walk  
To see the tiny waterfalls by the stream.  
The pigeons and quail want me to see their heads bob.  
The deer want to hide in the brush so I don't notice them.  
The bunnies want to hop across my path to safety.  
I haven't been on the computer lately  
And maybe that isn't such a bad thing.

Connie Webb

# In Honor Of Phoebe Sofia - Earthquake Survivor From The Himalayan Village Moori Patan In Pakistan

I saw this little girl Phoebe holding a little baby on TV  
It was her baby sister.  
She was trying to keep it warm  
Even though Phoebe had pneumonia.  
She was singing to the baby  
To bring the baby peace.  
They were living in extreme cold conditions  
After the earthquake in Pakistan.  
People were living  
In tents,  
Not even nice tents  
Flimsy old things.  
When this report ended  
I wondered -  
Is anyone going to help these families?  
I think about heroes  
And think about Phoebe  
Holding that baby  
And there are probably no degrees or awards hanging on the inside of her tent,  
But she is a hero in every sense of the word.  
I pray someone with money  
Will see the report  
And take these earthquake survivor's to safety.  
Then if Phoebe  
Ever has to fill out a self-esteem sheet  
Of her achievements,  
I think the only thing she would need on it is -  
"I hugged my baby sister to keep her warm  
In a faraway land with no heat  
After an earthquake hit my village  
And no one was around to help us."  
And if she never did anything else in her life  
That would be enough.

Connie Webb

# In Memory Of A Wonderful Teacher

On the way to the memorial  
For a wonderful teacher,  
I took time to notice  
The daffodil's blooming,  
The robins playing in a puddle,  
The cherry tree blossoming with beautiful pink flowers.  
I remembered back to the time  
My kids and I  
Walked that same route  
When they were young,  
And I remembered us seeing  
Cats and butterflies,  
Seeing dogs and even a little horse;  
I remembered life, not death  
And I think he  
Would have liked it that way.

Connie Webb

# In Memory Of My Departed Mom

You signed your letters  
"Love Mom Infinity"  
So I wouldn't have to worry  
That your love would ever vanish  
Even though you did  
And for that  
I thank you.

Connie Webb

# It's Okay I'M Growing Old

It's okay I'm growing old  
I am still doing fine  
I can still have fun  
Even if my dentures don't quite align.  
I am still doing fine  
I still love to play  
Even if my dentures don't quite align  
I welcome each new day.  
I still love to play  
Wrinkled hands don't matter much  
I welcome each new day  
I still have a loving touch.  
Wrinkled hands don't matter much  
My hands are warm to hold  
I still have a loving touch  
It's okay I'm growing old.

Connie Webb

# Just Because I Can'T

Just because I can't hear you any longer,  
Doesn't mean I don't hear you.  
Just because I can't see you any longer,  
Doesn't mean you aren't still in my heart.  
Just because I can't joke with you any longer,  
Doesn't mean I don't still laugh at your jokes.  
Just because I can't seem to connect with you any longer,  
Doesn't mean that you are not there.  
Just because you don't seem to connect with me,  
Doesn't mean you no longer love me.  
Just because I can't see you to tell you I love you,  
Doesn't mean I won't still tell you so.

Connie Webb

# Just For Fun

Cartoons

Just for fun

Just sitting around doing nothing

Having no worries, no responsibilities

No school

Just cartoons

And sugar cereal

Just cartoons

And more sugar cereal with extra sugar on it

Just cartoons

And more sugar cereal with extra sugar on it

It is fun to be a kid when you can be a kid

And when no one is watching, you put even four sugars on your sugar cereal

Or you just scoop up a few spoons of sugar into your mouth and love the way it melts in your mouth, just for fun

And when no one is watching you jump on the couch and the bed and you run through the house and you knock things over and you don't pick them up because you are kid and you are just having fun

And you laugh and you giggle and you dance funny dances

You watch more cartoons

Eat more sugar cereal and dig through the box for the toy

And take more spoons of sugar

While watching cartoons

Just for fun.

Connie Webb



# Just Outside My Door

When I was a kid  
I would shout  
"Watch out, a bee! "  
Today while admiring the purple flowers  
Growing alongside my home  
By the deep green grass  
I watched this bee doing nothing  
But enjoying the flowers like me  
He wasn't a little bee  
No, he was a big black bumble bee  
It is just that today  
I wasn't scared  
And as I watched  
Two white butterflies appeared  
Having a nice time  
Landing on flowers and leaves  
And I felt happy  
Knowing there is this whole other world  
Just outside my door.

Connie Webb

# Knowing And Not Knowing In My Youth

Some horrible things I am glad I didn't know  
When I was real young.

I didn't know wars were being fought  
Or that little children were starving.  
I didn't know that people shot one another.  
I didn't know a wife was beat by a husband.  
I didn't know that someone could hate you  
Because of your religion or the color of your skin.

Some horrible things I am glad I didn't know  
When I was real young.

I didn't know that people made fun of you if you were  
Too thin or too fat.  
I didn't know some people lived on the street and had no homes.  
I didn't know some people couldn't walk at night because of violence.  
And some people couldn't walk alone during the day either because of that.

Some horrible things I am glad I didn't know  
When I was real young.

And maybe that is why -  
I could laugh and giggle and smile.  
I could see the beauty in a caterpillar on a leaf.  
I could enjoy the warmth of the sand and the water of the ocean  
While I made yet another sand castle.  
I could play hopscotch and Tiddly winks,  
Pic up sticks and jacks;  
I could play Red Light Green Light  
And Hide and Go Seek;  
I could dance and sing without a worry in the world  
And go to sleep and dream about my happy days.

Some precious things  
I am glad I did know  
When I was real young.



# Learning From The Robin's

Stand tall  
Be aware  
Enjoy the moment  
Without a care.

Be still  
Breathe in and out  
Nothing to fear  
Nothing to doubt.

Congregate with others  
Or sit alone in solitude  
Work and sing and play  
With a robin's attitude.

Connie Webb

# Letting Go

Releasing my emotions  
Of pain and anger  
So I can be operational again.  
As my negative emotions die  
I am awakening my spirit to joy.

Expectations of peace happens  
As my faith grows more.  
Love flows  
When hatred energy  
Leaves my mind.  
Then my vision clears  
So my imagination  
And creativity can expand  
Bringing about happiness  
I want to share with others.

Connie Webb

# Life Really Is Good

I know this person  
Who is so negative  
And every time I talk to her  
I find myself having to convince her that  
Life really is good.

If I tell her about the good things in my life  
She starts to tell me about all the bad things in hers.  
If I tell her to hope for better days  
She complains she will be waiting a long time.

Each connection with her  
Tries my patience.  
I want to scream at her:  
Go outside  
Who cares if it's raining or snowing  
And breathe in the fresh air!  
Get out of your home  
Go for a walk and think about  
All you have to be grateful for.  
I hope you see someone in a wheelchair  
Who doesn't have the ability to walk like you do,  
And I hope you see a smile on their face as they say  
"Good day."  
I hope you see a little girl holding her big sisters hand  
As they skip across the street together.  
I hope you see a little boy getting help from a neighbor  
To get his cat out of a tree.  
I hope you see an elderly woman  
Holding onto the arm of her adult son  
Both of them smiling proudly.  
But I don't tell her these things  
And just try to convince her that things will get better soon  
In spite of all that she says is not so good in her life.

I've often thought of no longer talking to this person  
But she is a reminder to me of how good life really is  
With each negative thought she blurts out  
I can counter it with a positive one

And that keeps me knowing  
Life really is good.

Connie Webb

# Limerick Time

The nudist colony

We once stumbled upon an old man  
Sunning himself for a tan  
The thing that was rude  
Was that he was nude  
Screaming, we quickly ran.

\* \* \*

Bye bye birdie

There once was a bird on a wire  
Singing a tune with all hearts desire  
Mr. Cat came along  
Good-bye sweet little song  
He's washing his face by the fire.

Connie Webb



# Live

Swing open the door  
Walk straight to the beach  
Take in the fresh ocean breeze  
As the sun caresses you and  
Live.

Grab the Kleenex  
Cry your heart out  
When you are done  
Sit outside on an early spring morning  
Listen to the sounds and  
Live.

Turn on the radio  
To your favorite tunes  
Dance like there is no tomorrow  
Smile, laugh and  
Live.

At night  
Look out the window  
At the way the moon and stars glow  
Know you deserve to be here and  
Live.

Connie Webb

# Loss

Losing someone so special to you  
Someone you loved so dearly  
To lose that person  
Is the greatest loss ever.  
So how do you go on?  
How can you make it another day?  
After losing that most precious someone  
How can you make it?  
How can you survive with the endless tears  
Each night you lay your head on your pillow?

What makes you go on?  
How do you get up in the morning  
Without your precious loved one?  
How do you keep going on and on  
With this terrible pain in your heart  
That no amount of words  
No amount of nature  
No amount of belief  
Can take it away from you?  
It just lingers and lingers  
As loss, loss, loss!

Where are you?  
I miss you?  
Why are you gone from my life?  
I want you back  
Why, why, why?  
Yes, that is what it feels like – the loss.

Yet I am still here,  
I am still surviving,  
I am still going on,  
I am still here.

Yet I feel as if a huge void is here in me  
Like part of me vanished with you  
And I need to get that part back  
But wonder when I will?

And my loss is increased with  
Not just losing you  
But losing part of me too.

Do I have an answer to loss?  
Do you?

The thing I can think of about loss is:  
I am so lucky I got to know the precious person.  
I got to see their beauty and their grace.  
I got to enjoy their presence.  
That I can treasure.  
That I can keep  
Special in my heart forever.

And maybe loss is just that – loss.  
But just as we have loss,  
We have all the special memories  
That we can keep special in our minds forever,  
And that is something we will never lose.

So maybe the answer to loss is to treasure the memories  
Of our loved one  
For as long as we have a memory  
We never lose out, with loss.

Connie Webb

# Love

Reminds me of  
My friend walking with me along the beach  
With us both sharing about our lives together.  
The smiles from my children when they see I am feeling down.  
My cat curled up by me as I am sleeping.  
A phone call from a friend when I really needed a friend.  
Surprise packages on my porch from a dear friend, too.  
That pat on the back saying you have done a great job.  
The laughter shared between family and friends.  
The Power that helps us to stay strong in tough times.  
Love is not just lovers on a moonlit night,  
It can be that,  
But it is so much more.  
Like friends and family members  
Being there for one another  
Day or night.  
And when you think of loved ones  
You feel warm joy in your heart  
And to me  
That is love.

Connie Webb

# Maturity?

I guess it takes maturity  
To not worry so much  
About the gray hair coming in  
To not worry so much  
About the size up in your pants  
To not worry so much  
About the wrinkles.

I guess it takes maturity  
To not worry about  
The bifocals  
To not worry about  
The whole damned aging process  
Well then  
When do I get my  
Maturity?

Connie Webb

# Memories From The Sixties

I remember when...

I could finally wear pants to school  
No more frilly little dresses for me  
It was easier to play on the monkey bars, too.

We finally acquired a  
Big black and white TV  
I cried for joy watching Lassie escape another dangerous situation  
And I watched the Beatles appear  
On the Ed Sullivan show  
For the first time  
With our country western listening dad yelling  
"Oh no, hippie music."

I got my first pair of go-go boots  
And felt just like a movie star.

People said "Right On" and "Groovy"  
And gave each other the Peace sign.

John F. Kennedy gave a speech in New York  
And I couldn't see it  
So my dad lifted me high on his shoulders  
Even though I didn't know much about things political  
I knew I was in the presence of a great man.

And I remember when  
I wore my first P.O.W. bracelet  
And hoped for war to end  
Still hope for it to end today.

Connie Webb

# Middle Of The Night Poem

Middle of the night  
All is so quiet  
Thoughts run through my mind  
Of days behind me.  
Thoughts run through my mind  
Of days to come.  
All in all  
I have lived a good life;  
Not that I didn't have problems  
Or heartaches;  
Not that tragedies didn't happen  
To me  
And to some loved ones;  
But all in all  
I have had a good life.  
To be able to look back  
And see there was laughter  
There was happiness  
There were good friends  
And I had good times with family  
Makes me happy.  
My life now is good, too  
And even though it is the middle of the night  
And I am not sleeping like most people are  
I still am content and at peace  
And that is a lot to be grateful for.  
I am not sure about the future  
Who is?  
So I will just enjoy the now  
The stillness  
In the middle of the night.

Connie Webb

# Mistletoe

I am going to carry mistletoe  
Wherever I go.  
When I discover  
Who my true love is  
I am going to take it out  
Tack it up high  
Right near where he is  
Then wait.

I will stalk the mistletoe  
Like a cat stalks a mouse.  
When I see my true love about to go under it  
I will pounce on him  
And he will have no chance to escape  
My lips grasping his  
Like a cats claws grasp a mouse and don't let go.

Connie Webb



# Mom And Time

When I was a girl  
I told my friends  
My mom is so mean  
I wish she would stop telling me  
What to do!

When I was a teen  
I told my friends  
My mom is so mean  
She won't let me stay out  
Late at night!

When I was a young adult  
I told my friends  
My mom is so mean  
She keeps calling me and wanting to talk  
All the time!

Now that she is gone  
I wish she would tell me what to do  
Tell me to not stay up so late  
Call me and talk for hours  
And I lied  
My mom was not so mean  
She was being a mom  
And showing she cared  
Mom, I love you and miss you.

Connie Webb

# More Than Botox Beauty

I may have some wrinkles  
My stomach isn't 'so' flat  
I lost all my teeth  
Somtimes I think I'm 'so' fat.  
I am fifty  
Not so young anymore  
You can see my gray hair  
But I have more to explore;  
Than the way I look  
There is much more to me  
I have an intelligent mind  
And an interesting history.  
I have survived many things  
Grown stronger every time  
I'm not a supermodel  
But I'm doing just fine.  
Raised two children  
With love and care  
Even though some times were rough  
Beautiful memories we still share.  
I am not rich  
I am just me  
Who I am inside  
Means more than Botox beauty.

Connie Webb

# Mother's Day Without You

It is the second year  
Without you near,  
But I hold you in my heart  
My love will never part.

I treasure all our love we shared  
How you took the time and really cared,  
And even troubles that we had  
Things that went wrong or bad,  
Those things have faded away  
And loving memories are here to stay.

So this Mother's Day without you here  
Will not go by without a tear  
Because I loved you very much  
And miss your warm and loving touch.

The sound of your voice with words so kind  
Will always stay inside my mind  
I will never forget you and love you forever  
To let our love go I will never.

Thank you for all you have done for me  
Helping me through joy and misery  
Being there to help when no one else could  
Loving me like a mother should.

Reaching out to me even when it was tough  
Staying with me when things got rough  
Loving me even when I was bad  
Or even when I made you mad;  
Like the time that I ran away  
Your love I still couldn't sway  
You loved me with patience galore  
Even when I was less to adore -  
With a foul mouth and attitude  
You still helped me find gratitude.

Between us we shared highs and lows

But as far as our love goes  
No one can ever take that way  
Even if you aren't here today.

So I say a prayer to God above  
Please show my mom Mother's Day love  
Tell her for me I love her still  
And that I always will.

Connie Webb

# Mowing The Lawn

When I was a young girl  
There were guy jobs  
And gal jobs  
I never mowed a lawn  
Never felt that satisfaction  
Of that kind of a job well done.

Now I am forty-eight  
I mow my own lawn  
And when I am done  
I sit down and admire it  
Saying to myself  
"Look, you did it"  
Knowing I could have done this  
Years ago  
When my back was stronger  
Than it is today,  
But I still am happy  
I can take pleasure  
Sipping on ice cold lemonade  
Looking at how I didn't even miss a spot  
After mowing the lawn -  
Even if I have to take some  
Ibuprofen tonight  
I still have the joy of knowing  
"I" mowed the lawn  
And that makes me feel good.

Connie Webb

# My Place Without A Heat Wave

I just want to lie by this open window  
With the cool breeze  
Enjoying the sound of the ocean  
And the leaves fluttering on the trees.

Next month I will go where it is hot  
As hot as it can be  
But I will know I can come back home  
To my window spot waiting just for me.

Connie Webb

# Nightmares

Disturbing my sleep again  
I awaken to your creepiness  
Yet I am the one making you up  
And I wonder how I could create  
Such a disaster scene  
Where I am almost eaten up  
By some monster chasing me  
Or I fly off a cliff only to awaken  
To a cold bedroom  
Where I flick on the light  
To read a book instead  
Of following nightmares darkness.

Connie Webb

# Northern California Beach

Kite flying high,  
Cool breeze blowing,  
Dogs walking by,  
Big waves flowing;  
Seagulls fly overhead,  
Jogger running by,  
Flowers in iceberg bed,  
Dark clouds fill the sky.  
Rain isn't over yet,  
But a reprieve we have today,  
Enjoying the sunset,  
Knowing that spring is on its way.

Connie Webb



# Ode To A Refrigerator

My refrigerator has shrunk  
Just a little dorm sized one now  
I am waiting for the new refrigerator to arrive  
We will manage to survive this somehow.  
We miss our big cooked meals  
That we could have for a few days  
We miss some frozen things  
We miss our big fridge in lots of ways.  
No more frozen fast meals  
No more stocking up on lots of things  
But with life there are problems  
Like losing the joy a big refrigerator brings.  
We used to go grocery shopping  
Our cart full to the brim  
But now all we do is buy little things  
This situation is getting grim.  
Can't wait for the new refrigerator to arrive  
Not sure what day that will be  
So I will still keep hanging in there  
With this shrunken refrigerator baby.  
I am trying to be grateful  
I at least have this shrunken one  
But I have to admit  
There is nothing like a big fridge when the day is done.

Connie Webb

# Oh Why Can't I Tell Him?

Oh why can't I tell him  
I have longed for him for years  
Oh why can't I tell him  
Why do I have so many fears?

Oh why can't I tell him  
I want him by my side  
Oh why can't I tell him  
What is it with my pride?

Oh why can't I tell him  
My mind thinks of him all day  
Oh why can't I tell him  
Instead of just fading away?

Oh why can't I tell him  
That I love him so  
Oh why can't I tell him  
That I will never know.

Connie Webb

# Okay I Liked Disco

I liked going to discos  
If I hear a disco song  
I just want to dance  
All around the room  
Pretending there is  
A big ball in the middle  
Full of mirrors and lights  
Reflecting colors all over  
My shirt and my legs  
And your smile  
As you spin around  
In your polyester shirt  
That sticks to your  
Sweaty skin  
Okay I liked disco.

Connie Webb

# On Loneliness

How can anyone be lonely  
With so many people on this planet  
Who would love a kind word  
From someone like you?

How can anyone be lonely  
When there are people who could use your help  
Elderly people wanting a visitor  
Or a little child needing just a smile from you?

How can anyone be lonely  
When volunteers are needed daily  
To help out at hospitals, rehabs, schools  
Or animals who want "you" to pet them or take them on a walk?

How can anyone be lonely  
When they really think about  
All they truly have to be grateful for  
And all the things there really are to do to  
Not be lonely?

So refuse to be lonely  
Don't succumb to its demands  
To make you feel bitter  
And sorry for yourself,  
Stand up and fight off loneliness  
Isn't that someone over there that could use a friend?

Connie Webb

# On The One

Whatever you call the One  
Just make sure you call.

When your life is filled with pain  
And tears seem they will never end  
Call upon the One  
Who will help you again and again.

When happiness surrounds you  
And your heart is full of love  
Share it with your One  
Who lives here or up above.

When life has you perplexed  
Confusion dominating your mind  
Reach out to that One  
Then serenity you will find.

Whatever you call the One  
Just make sure you call.

Connie Webb

# Optimism Via My Departed Grandpa

I remember reading  
My departed grandpa's uplifting poetry books  
At a time when things were sad for me.  
With each encouraging word  
I came upon another world  
Where sun shines  
Where trees are majestic  
And birds voices heavenly.  
Where love for one another was a given.  
In each inspiring poem  
About life, love, nature and beauty  
Optimism became mine once again  
And sadness slowly started to vanish.  
Thanks Grandpa.

Connie Webb

# Overcoming

Together we can walk  
Through any darkness  
We don't have to stay in the same rut  
We can go forward  
Let's pick some weeds and call them flowers  
We don't have to despair  
We can have magic memories  
To push away the pain  
Of past tragedies  
To enjoy  
This world where peace can appear  
If we let it.

Connie Webb

# Parents Be Careful What You Say To Children

My mom left my father  
When I was only eight.  
I spent many nights  
Crying.  
I missed him so much.  
Mom said, "Dry your tears.  
He doesn't care about you."  
Somehow I believed her, but  
Nineteen years later  
I placed a call to him.  
He didn't hang up on me.  
And he said he did care.  
Told me he never knew  
Where I was at.  
Said he always wondered  
If I was okay.  
All those years  
I was out of his life.  
All that sadness.  
The card I got that Christmas  
Signed, "Love, Your Dad"  
Will always be treasured.  
He passed away  
Shortly after I was getting to know him  
Through phone calls and letters.  
Never got to see him again.  
All those years wasted.  
All those times a little girl  
Cried alone  
Because she thought  
Her father didn't love her.  
Parents be careful what you say  
To children.

Connie Webb



# Phony People

They look at you and pretend  
That you are their friend  
Making casual talk  
And you want to walk  
Away from them while you say  
Please, please go away,  
But you pretend all is well  
Even though talking to them is hell  
And you become phony too  
Doing what you do.

Connie Webb

# Plagiarizer Contemplation

Don't you think  
That at sometime  
Somewhere  
Someone  
Had the exact same thoughts  
As we have?  
Then aren't we all plagiarizers?

Connie Webb

# Poets Needing To Be Heard

Poets needing to be heard  
Enduring dishes clanging  
Jazz music  
People walking by  
Uninterested.

Poets needing to be heard  
Resting their words  
They carefully constructed  
On a whiskey barrel trash can  
While trying to find that one poem  
They just need you to hear,  
And the noise goes on in the background  
" Sylvia, come here, oops! " says a passer by  
Realizing she was interrupting  
Poets needing to be heard.

Yet  
A poet doesn't really need your ears  
The voice inside him or her  
Can not be stifled  
No amount of noise will drown it out  
No lack of audience  
That voice  
Will live on and on  
A poet will keep writing  
Because they just can not  
Not write  
Whether they are heard or not.

Connie Webb

# Positive

Day eight of being positive.

If even a negative thought appears

I dismiss it at once;

No negativity in this trial of mine.

This is a twenty-one day venture of only positive thoughts -

Will I make it?

No, don't even question it.

Questioning it would be negative

And that would ruin the "positiveness"

Of my positive state.

Connie Webb

# Pray For Firefighters

They are out fighting fires  
That's why they are not home  
But please don't worry  
They are not alone.

There are many of them  
Volunteering their time  
To help save the forest  
Your house or mine.

It could be your neighbor  
A woman or a man  
Who helps to protect us  
Doing all that they can.

Let's all help keep them safe  
With prayers from our hearts  
Asking for protection for them all  
From each fire that starts.

Keep praying the firefighter  
Comes back from each call  
Unharmmed and feeling proud  
They protected us all.

Connie Webb

# Pretty Nails

My friend was dying  
Of congestive heart failure  
But she was still alert  
And a volunteer  
Came in to paint her nails.  
And when I visited her  
She went on and on  
About her nails,  
And how nice the young girl was  
Who painted them.  
And I never looked  
On that last day  
If her nails were painted,  
Couldn't really see them  
Through my tears,  
But if they were painted  
I am sure it made her happy.

Connie Webb

# Raising Teens

You can make all the plans you want  
Doesn't mean all will go your way  
You can motivate them with your words  
Doesn't mean you will have the last say.

Your plans for them to go to college  
Doesn't mean they will do what you want them to do  
You can try to mold them and shape them  
Doesn't mean they will follow through.

You can work hard all those years  
Doesn't mean you are the best parent out there  
You can still blow up over little things  
Doesn't mean you are the worst parent to bear.

Try accepting your kids as they are  
As each new day things can change  
Some days they appear on the right path  
Other days they just seem strange.

Sometimes they don't look like your kids at all  
Where did they learn to talk like that?  
Sometimes they drive you up the wall  
With some teenagers that's a fact.

Keep your humor and your wit  
That will help you through  
Especially those early mornings  
When they say, "I'm not doing what you want me to."

But there will be days that impress you  
When they bring you breakfast in bed  
Those are days you will know they are "your kids"  
Remember those kinds of days instead.

Remember the times they made you laugh  
Forget the days they made you cry  
Because they do grow up so fast  
And it is so hard to say good-bye.

□

Connie Webb



# Remembering Him

Guitar sounds  
Smiles bright  
We were so in love that night.

Sweet caresses  
Warm embraces  
Look of love on our faces.

Eyes sincere  
Loving start  
Why did our love fall apart?

Connie Webb

# Saying Good-Bye To My Therapist

You helped me from the very start  
I was discouraged and sad  
But through the years with all your help  
Now my life is not so bad.

I have made it through many scary things  
And you were there to lend an ear  
Helping me with suggestions that I took  
Which alleviated my fear.

It's tough to say all I want to say  
In conveying how much you've meant to me  
Most of all I've learned from you  
How to live my life joyously and free.

Free from sorrow and worry  
Free from hurts and pain  
You taught me I could be strong  
Courage I did gain.

You helped me let go of the past  
So I can live well today  
You showed me I am worthwhile  
And being me is okay.

Taught me to change my thinking  
And no longer put myself down  
I have left hurtful people  
Desiring nice ones around.

I have learned to stand on my own  
To be all that I can be  
This is what you helped me to do  
Now I can be the real me.

It is so hard to say good-bye  
To such a caring person like you  
But you are wished the very best  
For all your good dreams to all come true.

Connie Webb

# Self-Worth

I can still be okay with me

Even if you don't like me

Or love me;

Even if you put me down,

Make fun of me,

Hate me.

I can still be okay with me.

Even if you ignore me,

Treat me like a nothing,

Reject me -

Doesn't matter,

I can still be okay with me.

My value and worth

Does not come from you.

I already have it.

I was born with it.

I was born precious and worthwhile.

No matter what age I am,

I am still precious and worthwhile.

Nothing you can do or not do

Will ever take away my self-worth.

None of your actions, behaviors or words

That are cruel and unkind

Will ever tear me down,

Because I was created beautifully

To withstand any of your harm;

As long as I keep remembering

Who I am

A precious creature -

Filled with amazing strength

That won't allow your meanness

To crush me.

It can't crush me

Because I won't allow it -

Ever!

- Connie Webb

Connie Webb

# Solitude

Wispy clouds  
In Kaleidoscope sky  
Are the clouds really angels  
Watching over me,  
My children?

Branches reach upward for something  
Like my eyes looking upward for something  
Beyond the wind and the flutter of the leaves  
At the tops of the trees  
Beyond the first star.

Three geese fly by and one drifts away  
Like I drift away  
Searching for solitude  
Longing for solitude.

Maybe lying here  
On this sleeping bag  
In my backyard  
On this warm night  
Underneath the approaching fog  
With two kids running in and out of the house  
Two cats darting and playing  
Maybe I have no further to look  
Solitude has been here all along  
Under these angel clouds  
These millions of stars.

Connie Webb

# Something Profound To Say

We all have something profound to say  
It is in us  
We know everyone will want to hear it  
It is just that sometimes we can't seem to word it  
In a profound way,  
But we do know  
That we have something profound to say  
Even though  
We are not quite sure  
If we can say it  
As profoundly as we want to -  
We are happy knowing  
We have something profound to say  
Even if it never gets said.

Connie Webb

# Spring Rain In Northern California

As much as I am complaining  
About all this rain  
The roses are reaching out  
Toward the sun  
About to bloom  
The daisies are as bright as can be  
Oh and the pink on those geraniums  
The hottest pink you ever saw  
The grass has never been greener  
And the fresh air breathed in  
After a day of rain  
Is heavenly.  
Okay rain you win  
You've more than done your job here  
So can you move on down to  
Southern California instead?

Connie Webb



# Spring's Almost Here

Look around at the sky and trees  
Enjoy the sensation of the breeze  
The wind and rain will be over soon  
Spend time watching each flower bloom.

Signs of spring are all around  
Don't let the cold get you down  
Listen to the birds that sing  
Chirping out the sounds of spring.

Connie Webb

# Standing Up For Myself

I will truly accept myself today  
No more worrying about what you say  
I will do what I really want to do  
No longer will I be controlled by you.

I will be more of the real me  
You may just not like what you see  
But to my own self I will be true  
Whether or not it matters to you.

No more me saying yes to please  
I will say the word no with ease  
Too many times I let those others lead  
That is not the way for me to succeed.

I will be who I am right now  
And to your ways I will not bow  
For I have ways of my own that work just fine  
Because my life is not yours my life is mine.

I will truly accept myself today  
No more worrying about what you say  
I will do what I really want to do  
No longer will I be controlled by you.

Connie Webb

# Still

I'm accepting myself today  
Even though I'm getting old  
I can still move and sway  
I can still be strong and bold.

Even though I'm getting old  
What does it matter to me?  
I can still be strong and bold  
My voice still sings merrily.

What does it matter to me?  
My love for life hasn't gone away  
My voice still sings merrily  
I can still clasp my hands and pray.

My love for life hasn't gone away  
I can still move and sway  
I can still clasp my hands and pray  
I'm accepting myself today.

Connie Webb

# Strength

When the pain ended and the last tears fell,  
And I got out of my living and bitter hell,  
I found a strength as strong as steel,  
This strength I found is surely real.

I found a strength to hold onto,  
To help me out,  
To make it through,  
This strength I found deep inside,  
From this strength I will not hide.

I will carry it with me night and day,  
This strength sure does have a way,  
Of cheering me and making me glad,  
I found the strength I one time didn't have.

So now when sadness comes about,  
When my mind is filled with doubt,  
On whether I can get through a troubling thing,  
What is it that I will bring?

I will bring out my strength,  
I will stand tall,  
I will not stumble,  
Will not fall,  
My strength will keep my head held high,  
And to weakness I say good-bye.

My strength is given to me by Someone who,  
Always is here to help me through,  
So to that Someone I will pray,  
Help me see my strength today.

For with my strength words can't offend,  
Cruel acts will not harm me in the end,  
Because with my strength even though tears may fall,  
I will pull through after all.

Why is it that I will stay strong,

When someone does me so much harm,  
Because with my strength from Someone above,  
I make it through for I have love.

This love can never be taken away,  
No matter what you do or say,  
This love is deep inside my heart,  
And this loves gives me strength that will never part.

You may think I am small and I am weak,  
You may think I am dumb and I am meek,  
You may put me down and call me names,  
You may bad mouth me and play cruel games;  
But with my strength I can let go,  
Of all your mean stuff that you show,  
My strength will be with me night and day,  
Because I have Someone showing me the way.

Connie Webb

# That One Word

When you asked if I still loved you,  
I answered with that one word  
That I have regretted for years.

.  
But when "I" tried to contact you one day later, weeks later, months later, years  
later  
I couldn't find you anywhere  
And I wanted you to hear me take that word back.

And I was only twenty when I said that one word to you.  
And my eighteen year old brother was just killed in a gang fight.  
And I had to be miles away from you to help out my mom.  
And to get you to stop bugging me to go back home to you so quickly  
I said that one word.

But I just had to be there for mom  
To help her out.  
Losing a son is so tragic.  
And he was my brother  
And it was so sad for me.  
But I wanted to eventually go back home to you  
Just not right away.

But I lost you.  
That one word had so much power  
To take you away from me.  
And with that one word of "no"  
I not only had the sadness of losing my brother  
Who I loved dearly  
But the sadness of losing you, too  
You who meant so much to me  
You who I really, really needed more than anyone.

Wherever you are  
The answer wasn't "no"  
And I am sorry.

Connie Webb

# That Voice

It screeches,  
It pounds,  
It vibrates,  
It shocks,  
It's complex,  
It's loud,  
It's rude,  
And it's annoying.  
When I hear that voice  
I shutter,  
I cringe,  
I want to run,  
I want to escape,  
And I want to plug my ears.  
When that voice leaves  
There is silence,  
There is joy,  
There is peace,  
There is contentment,  
There is a knowing,  
That all is okay without  
That voice.

Connie Webb

# The Bone Density Test

That wasn't so hard  
I proclaim  
After a machine  
Scans over me.  
All I had to do  
Was lay down  
On a soft bed  
With my head on a pillow  
And in one week  
There will be a result  
I will either be fine  
Or I will be crumbling away  
Like an old worn out building.

Connie Webb



# The Christmas Wrapping Paper

The day after my mom died  
Was Christmas morning  
There were so many wonderful gifts  
Under our tree.  
We opened them peacefully  
Mom would have wanted it that way.  
She would have wanted  
Her grandchildren to have a good Christmas.  
I held back my tears  
As each gift was opened  
And that Christmas is such a blur,  
But it is March now  
And I still see the tiny patches of paper  
In a corner of my dining room  
That I carefully ripped from each gift  
To look at later  
Of all the love we got  
That Christmas  
Which was hard for me to see then  
Through teary eyes.

Connie Webb

# The Last Poem?

Before she got an "F"  
On an English Paper  
At college  
She would write lots of poetry  
Without worrying  
About what anyone  
Thought  
And she enjoyed it immensely.

After she got the "F"  
She couldn't write anything  
Without worrying  
What everyone  
Would think of her writing  
And she wondered where  
The "enjoyment"  
Of self-expression went  
How could an "F" have such power  
To destroy her creativity  
And why was she allowing  
One "F"  
To take all the joy of writing poetry  
Away from her  
And she wondered  
Would her last poem  
Be her last?

Connie Webb

# The Mother's Day Plant

She planted a plant  
To honor her mother – a teacher  
Who won't be here this year  
To celebrate Mother's Day.

She is too busy  
Helping little children in Heaven  
To learn to fly.

Connie Webb

# The Mushrooms

The red mushrooms  
With white spots  
Appeared under the pine tree.  
I was raised in the city  
What do I know about mushrooms?  
So in case they were poisonous  
I got a shovel and tossed them into the trash  
Hoping the fairies could forgive me  
For taking away their shade.

Connie Webb

# The Smiling Path

Your smile brings out my smile  
I love to see you laugh  
I hope you smile more and more  
Taking the smiling path.

Life sure can get quite serious  
Problems always abound  
But when you put on that smile  
You turn a frown around.

Never give up the smiling path  
Keep smiling day and night  
You need to know your pearly whites  
May ease another's fright.

When you look into the mirror  
The smile that you see  
Is something this world really needs  
To ease some miseries.

The smiling path is the true way  
Brings joy to one and all  
So keep on smiling when you can  
Keep smiling big not small.

Connie Webb

# The Suitor

There once was a cat from the city  
Who met a fine looking kitty  
He said to she  
"Shall we have tea?  
My dear you sure are quite pretty."

Connie Webb

# Time, Time, Where Is It Going?

Clicking this,  
Clicking that,  
Reading emails,  
Answering emails,  
Time, time, where is it going?

This story,  
That story,  
Read some more.  
Look this up,  
Look that up.  
Sitting here, sitting here.  
Time, time, where is it going?

Staring at this monitor  
Hours go by.  
More hours go by.  
What did I do today?  
I sat here,  
That is what I did.

Did I interact with anyone?  
Did I get some sunshine?  
No.  
Here I am.  
Like so many of us.  
Looking things up again.  
Emailing again.  
All in silence.  
Sitting here.  
All alone.  
And time, time, where is it going?

Connie Webb

## To Believe

To believe you are somewhere  
Maybe near or far  
Gets me through  
And when I see that shining star  
I think of you being around  
I don't know exactly where  
But I have found  
When I think of you being somewhere  
I feel comforted inside  
And I have no fear  
And tears subside  
To believe you are somewhere  
Maybe near or far  
Gets me through.

Connie Webb



# Trains And A Great Uncle

My little boy loved trains  
Spent time watching Thomas the Tank Engine  
With a big smile.  
The moment he opened the gift  
That Christmas  
Of a big train set  
That was set up quickly before him  
That was all he could think of  
"Look at it go, Mommy! "  
He said with the biggest smile you ever saw.  
And I was sorry  
He didn't want to open any other gifts  
After that one,  
"What's a mother to do? "  
Said his Uncle who gave it to him  
With the biggest smile you ever saw  
As my happy two year old  
Took a present from his other Uncle  
And just casually dropped it  
By his side  
Not even the bit interested in what was in the package  
While saying, "Choo, Choo, look at it go! "  
And then three years later  
At age five  
This same Uncle  
Took him for his first real train ride  
Through the forest  
Complete with a train singer  
And a train hat  
Along with the biggest smiles you ever saw  
From me, my son and his  
Great Uncle.

Connie Webb

# Under The Influence Of Nature

Under the Influence  
Of nature  
I am encouraged.

My enthusiasm for  
Flowers blooming  
Oceans roaring  
Stars shining  
Sun setting  
Is immense.

I am honored  
To be alive  
And active  
In this gentle world  
That I can only see  
Under the influence  
Of nature.

Connie Webb

# Valentine's Isn'T Just For Lovers

Valentine's isn't just for lovers  
It can be for a family member or friend  
You can show how much they mean to you  
When it is your beautiful love that you send.

If you don't give out cards  
You can just be aware  
That someone may need you  
To show them that you care.

Even without that special someone  
There are many kind single people around  
Perhaps today you could be the one  
Brightening up someone who was feeling down.

There are lots of people to love  
Who would welcome a person like you  
To tell them how special they are  
Because sometimes loving words are few.

Valentine's Day doesn't have to be so sad  
You don't have to feel so hurt inside  
Because there are many people you can love  
If you just reach out and do not hide.

So you don't have a lover  
You can still have fun today  
Give someone else some flowers  
To chase both your blues away.

Connie Webb

# Was That Rainbow Placed There By You?

Drivin' down the road,  
Feelin' heartache and cold,  
Sayin' good-bye was so hard to do;  
I looked up to the sky  
And out of my eyes,  
I saw a rainbow,  
Was it placed there by you?

Was that rainbow placed there by you?  
Did you tell the sky  
That I'm feelin' blue?  
Was that rainbow placed there by you?

I was almost home,  
Feelin' oh so alone,  
Barely believin' were through;  
Again in the sky,  
Right before my eyes,  
Another rainbow  
Was it placed there by you?

Was that rainbow placed there by you?  
Did you tell the sky  
That I'm feelin' blue?  
Was that rainbow placed there by you?

Connie Webb

# We Will Not Lose Hope

We will not lose hope  
One day all will have freedom  
All will live in peace  
Experience love  
And share the beauty  
Of warmth and sunshine.

We can walk in sunshine  
Holding on to our hope  
Noticing all the beauty  
Feeling all the freedom  
When we walk in love  
With the idea of peace.

There can be peace  
If we trade darkness for sunshine  
Trade hate for love  
Trade defeatism for hope  
Trade bondage for freedom  
To enjoy a world full of beauty.

If we look we will find the beauty  
If we look we will find the peace  
If we look we will find the freedom  
If we look we will find the sunshine  
If we look we will find the hope  
If we look we will find the love.

Then share the love  
Share the beauty  
Share the hope  
For this world to be full of peace  
By us all living in the sunshine  
For a new world full of freedom.

Let us all feel the freedom  
By learning to love  
Each other like we love sunshine  
And seeing each others beauty

Together we will have peace  
If we hold onto hope.

To treasure our freedom and peace  
To treasure our beauty and sunshine  
Just don't let go of love or let go of hope.

Connie Webb

# What Is Enough?

What is enough?  
Is what I said  
Before that pillow  
On my bed.  
Is it enough  
To just succeed  
Or do some  
Royal noble deed?  
Is it enough  
To be the one  
We love to see  
And admire some?  
I asked myself  
Some more that night  
Before my room  
Had no more light -  
What is enough?  
Is what I said  
When thoughts of  
'Loving'  
Filled my head  
I no longer questioned.

Connie Webb

# When I'M Gone

When I'm gone  
Just look up to the sky  
See the birds flying  
And that is where I will be.

When I'm gone  
Walk through the woods  
Listen to the sounds  
And that is where I will be.

When I'm gone  
Take a walk by the ocean  
Breathe in the fresh air  
And that is where I will be.

When I'm gone  
Look up at the moon  
On a warm summer night  
And that is where I will be.

When I'm gone  
If you really miss my presence  
Just remember me  
And that is where I will be.

Connie Webb



# When You Were Born

The pain never mattered to me  
When I saw your face so bright  
Such a beautiful baby.

Wanted to hold you so dearly  
You were such a sight  
The pain never mattered to me.

You were always meant to be  
Loved holding you each night  
Such a beautiful baby.

I am glad we live so happily  
I love you with all my might  
The pain never mattered to me.

You have helped me to see  
I could live life right  
Such a beautiful baby.

With you I feel free  
You turn my darkness to light  
The pain never mattered to me  
Such a beautiful baby.

\*Dedicated to both my children who I love dearly

Connie Webb

# Who Is Right?

Who is right?

It could be him

He claims a broken heart.

It could be her

She claims - a jerk.

Who is right?

It could be him

He claims he loves her.

It could be her

She claims - control freak.

Who is right?

It could be him

He claims no one could love her like him.

It could be her

She claims - he's right.

Who is right?

It could be him

He claims he wants her back.

It could be her

She claims - no way!

Who is right?

It could be him

He claims he misses her.

It could be her

She claims - it feels so good to be free.

Who is right?

It could be him

He claims nothing feels right anymore.

It could be her

She claims - things are so much better now.

Who is right?

It could be him

He claims he needs her.

It could be her  
She claims – it is good to have some time for herself now.

Who is right?  
It could be him  
He claims he's bored.  
It could be her  
She claims – she's glad she's not his entertainment anymore.

Who is right?  
It could be him  
He claims he wants her.  
It could be her  
She claims – eww!

Connie Webb

# Who Is The Best?

Who is the best  
Is it you or is it me  
Is it some movie star  
Or you with the Master's Degree?

Who is the best  
Are they purple or green  
Smart or not so  
Or in between?

Who is the best  
Are they slow or fast  
The one who is first  
Or the one who is last?

Who is the best?  
Look in the mirror to see  
You're the best you  
And I'm the best me.

Connie Webb

# Who Will Save Us?

Who is it we need  
To live a life where we succeed  
Where young and old  
Have happy lives  
Who do we depend on tonight?

Who will save us  
From hurts and pains  
Who is the solution  
To life's stains  
Of hurt and sorrow  
Who will help us tomorrow?

Who will be there  
When we need a friend  
Who will be with us  
In the very end?

Will we face the last breath  
All alone  
Or will there be someone  
To help us home?

Who will save us  
Who will be there  
To hold our hand  
When we leave this land?

Who is there to dry your tears  
Who is there to help you with your fears  
Who is there when you feel down  
And turns your frown around?

Who is there who calms you when  
You think you don't have a friend  
Who is there when you feel so alone  
And suddenly that feeling is gone?

That same someone

Will be with you through it all  
Just keep being loving  
And upon that someone call.

Connie Webb

# You Meet The Criteria

I received a letter today  
That said you meet the criteria  
For osteoporosis.  
At first I despaired,  
But then after thinking it over  
I remembered about  
Nothing lasting forever,  
Long live impermanence!  
Just enjoy today!  
Stop fearing a fall  
Get on your bike  
And ride like the wind!  
I pedaled and pedaled  
I felt strong as nails  
And for now  
I can do all kinds of things  
And I will.  
So I meet the criteria?  
But for now  
I  
    Will  
        Just  
            Keep  
                Moving.

Connie Webb