

Poetry Series

Edward Iacona
- poems -

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Edward Iacona(August 27,1948)

A Change Of Strife

She said that she'd 'changed'
On a journey for her gnosis.
Was this a real spiritual walk?
Or form of psychoneurosis?

She was gentle and kind,
A true modern Isis.
Then she screwed up our world,
Could it be, MID-LIFE CRISIS?

As many get older
Some folks will insist,
That there's more to their life,
There's something they missed.

For time slipped away
And they now must resist,
Simply put, they are frightened
Or just mentally pissed.

I know well the feeling,
So I can't disagree,
There are dreams, there are goals
And there's no guarantee.

Time knows not persistence
Nor hears silent plea.
I know that is true 'cause,
It has happened to me.

Did this happen to her
As she rounded the bend?
With no more time to lose
She went off the deep end.

Frustration and depression
Really gives one the blues.
I wish she'd be happy with

A car, clothes or shoes.

The Tarot and Biorhythms
Entered her New Age view,
Plus numerology, crystals
And some Astrology too.

Auras and energy circles
Charge this magical epigram
Add the teachings of the Kabbalah
(Not the toy from 'Trans O Gram')

Then there were angels,
That was harmless enough,
What followed them was
More metaphysical stuff.

She focused on Reiki
And healing holistic,
Absorbing herself in
Modalities mystic.

Did she know that her journey
Also came with a danger?
To her family that loved her (more than she knew)
She become nearly a stranger.

All the self help books she read
Could not, possibly mention,
Her family's heartbreak and pain.
The truth of her cosmic 'intention'.

Motivational books can come
With a very high price,
That one pays for reading
Someone else's advice.

They claim what one can find
But give reader's no clues.
That from taking such advice,
Just what else they can lose.

No matter the path,
Or what one is akin to,
The problem with change,
Is what one can turn in to.

Our marriage was born in the deepest of love,
Of two facing the world hand in hand.
Now her family still wonders what part of, 'I do',
That she just didn't quite understand.

Like all, she desired a stress free existence,
Free from rough patches and nary a thicket.
But, reality reigns and there are unfortunate events
Unlike those penned by one Lemony Snicket.

It's great to have hobbies,
Interests and such,
Make them part of your life
But never a crutch.

Growth can be part
Of a marital life,
Not resulting in loss of
A soul mate and wife.

If a marriage becomes ill
Then both are responsible.
True LOVE means everything still
And 'Sick' does not mean terminal.

Gone off to follow her vision,
Something should remind her.
That the old saying has wisdom
To not burn bridges behind her.

The grass on the opposite side as it's seen,
Looks much greener and most beneficial.
Until she finds out, after vaulting the fence,
Time will tell her it's all artificial.

Edward Iacona

A New Beginning / Spring 2014

I've sold my home on lovely Long Island
For several reasons and to escape Winterland.
And moved south to the warmth of Virginia
To my little house out in the hinterland.

There's many a change in lifestyle
But this I really did not know
That it's a forty minute drive
To the nearest Home Depot.

Spring has come to sunny Virginia and.
There are familiar sounds I know
So I got up and walked to look at
The birds outside my window.

There they were in my front yard
Standing on a lawn I'll soon be mowing.
I think we all shared a sad sigh moment
Because it's Spring and it is snowing.

Edward Iacona

A Rocky Road

A ROCKY ROAD

Edward Iacona

My darling sent this quote to me.
She wrote it down in Latin,
A Language that one does not hear
Even in Mid-Town Manhattan.

"Per aspera ad astra."
Means, with loose translation,
"A rough road leads to the stars",
Which I read with fascination.

Our challenge is one of distance
And not one of direction.
We require something more tactile
And not of Astral Projection.

Bureaucracy may blow us,
Like the wind does to a feather
We may become re-directed
Within this world to the nether.

We shall try to stay the course
In bad and stormy weather.
Then to explore our new universe
As it should be... together!

Edward Iacona

A Sign Of My Times

A SIGN OF MY TIMES

Edward Iacona

While walking through the shopping mall
Just because I was bored.
I looked at all the things on sale,
That I could not afford.

There were signs upon some items,
On sale that enticed to buy.
Showing both the price that 'WAS' and now 'IS'
That caught my thoughtful eye.

Those signs show one the savings
But to my saddened point of view,
Within the depths of my real life,
The opposite is also true.

There was a marriage, home and family,
With ups and downs galore.
A union of love and soul mates
But what 'WAS'....'IS' no more.

Edward Iacona

A Singular Blessing

A SINGULAR BLESSING

Edward Iacona

This blessing is for those of us
Who have surely felt bereft.
From losing one so close and loved
That changed their heart and left.

For those that felt their soul mate
Made vows they would never renege.
For experiencing our legal system
That costs an arm and a leg.

For losing the things that brought you joy
Including old records pressed in vinyl.
May you win millions in the lottery,
After your divorce is final.

Edward Iacona

A Song Of The Ages

A SONG OF THE AGES

Edward Iacona

There is a popular mind set,
That on some level might be true,
That when a woman gets older
Her mate will bid her adieu.

There are no doubt many reasons
For this possible lack of satisfaction,
Maybe one could be her preoccupation
With, 'The Power of Attraction'.

Maybe she could consider this
Before she starts meditating,
That her mate would be receptive
To some real communicating.

Yes, there can be many reasons why
Younger women may have appeal.
It is not just the physical thing
That initiates the male zeal.

The idea of a younger woman
Has an up side just because all
Of the peace and possibilities of a gal
That's further away from menopausal.

Edward Iacona

A Too Comfortable Cat

A TOO COMFORTABLE CAT

Edward Iacona

I see and hear that you're complaining
So it must be your dinner hour.
How nice it is for me to see that
You can move under your own power.

You lay about the house all day
And for this I should lament
That even for a typical cat,
Your got up and go, just went.

In your peaceful meditative state
Is there not one thought to inflame?
That can aspire the most sedentary of cats
To those fifteen minutes of fame.

I know of your special talent
And, for it I have mentally winked
As you sometimes roam the neighborhood to
Make sure your species does not become extinct.

Perhaps you can brag of your prowess
And write it above you on a wall.
Unlike Charlotte you can't spin a web
But, maybe you can use a hairball.

There you sit with your paws tucked in
And that requires no effort at all.
But I have seen some cats in posters
That can stand humanlike straight and tall.

Could you go harass a great big dog
Or throw something off a shelf or table?
There's more to life than lying in the sun
Although for that you are always able.

There's a cat that's very popular
Because he looks like he is grumpy.
Can you emote an air of debonair,
Nervous or just a little jumpy?

Yes, all of these ideas I've mentioned
Have been done by other cats before
But for the many fans of felines
They never seem to boor.

Maybe you could jump high in the air
And come down spinning around in a spiral
To join the honored ranks my friend
Of another kitty that has gone viral!

Edward Iacona

A-Litter-Ation

Dear kitten, your name is now Lucy,
You're named for TV's comedy queen.
Because you are both so loveable
And the funniest kitten to be seen....

Although my little Lucy
You make me laugh deliriously
Please turn your big ears to my voice
And listen to something to take seriously.

This is your home my little kitty
You now live in a flat in the big city.
Unlike being amongst grass and rocks
When wanting "relief"... just use your box.

I appreciate all your willing attempts
But no matter how you persist.
Even when taking such careful aim
Most of the time, you've missed.

There is something I have seen
That's seen on the internet.
That many a capable cat can do
And so can you my clever pet.

How helpful it would be I feel,
As this thought spins in my head.
It would be great for both of us,
If you used the toilet instead.

Any kitten that can climb the drapes
And then stroll along the valance
Can easily perch upon the toilet's rim
Without fear of losing one's balance.

That is what I would like you to learn
But there is no need to rush it.
Someday you'll be a big cat too
And be strong enough to flush it.

Edward Iacona

Are We There Yet?

Feeling again that you've found "the one";
It is difficult to try and assert
That you or yours can love and trust
As if you've never been hurt.

There may be a tall wall made of fears.
And all the symptoms of Excuse-itis,
Mixed in with memories which may have
More pains than osteoarthritis.

So, when those special feelings rise again
And you're scared and in search for doubt
Here's a mathematical metaphor that
Might help you to sort things out.

It's a very simple theory
That's not too hard to follow
Although I know the end result
May be a little hard to swallow.

Suppose you want to travel,
From a point A to a point B.
This can be any given length,
Or, perhaps even emotionally.

Now, begin your journey,
And then stop in the middle
Then start and stop halfway again.
Keep repeating the key to this riddle.

Start and stop at every half point
And, no matter how long you strive
Because of the constant division;
To your goal you will never arrive.

Now it's time for your crucial test
To mentally measure the joy life brings.
Think of all the new smiles there are now
In those old romantic and cliché things.

You see, in our imperfect world
Too many decimal places are just fluff.
Don't believe you're THERE and in love?
Well, then you're darn well close enough.

Edward Iacona

Asunder

As I walk the dog each night, I stare into the sky.
The stars alone bear mute witness to my daily weary sigh
I still ask the heavens of what went wrong to love that went awry.
And I think of the things we could have done but she would not even try.

Writing rhymes about our problems is a great temptation.
No matter our marital pitfalls there was a promise of dedication.
Heartbreak and richer lawyers are the only education
True soul mates who have broken bonds are a sad aberration.

Love and trust can be repaired, make it your marriage vocation.
Marriage and family live in love and should not seek cessation.
So, these words from I who may face life in relative isolation
'Never make a permanent fix to a temporary situation.'

02/05/09

Edward Iacona

Bamboozled

There is some things we do in life
We wish we could retrieve
The one action that triggers another
Having a result we can't conceive

That includes a hope or dream
That does not come true
Or, just not in quite the way
In which we would like it to

One of those moments I'd take back
That can still make me sigh and grieve
Was buying her a 'Good Fortune' bamboo plant
Never thinking that she'd ever leave

Edward Iacona

Check - Mate

CHECK - MATE

Edward Iacona

It came in a business envelope
That bore my lawyer's name.
It arrived without any fanfare.
And without any acclaim.
Inside it was the end result
Of a sad and expensive game.
It contained the official decree
That snuffed out a former flame.
It said nothing of the heartbreak,
Brought by her lying, cheating or blame.
It just said our divorce was finalized
With dispassionate words to proclaim.
And with the included stipulations
A new life is not the same.
Now there's only looking forward.
For to recapture the past there's no aim.
One would think such a valued document
Would be made more suitable to frame.

Edward Iacona

Culture Schock

Surprise! There's a new love interest!
She stole my heart but there's some Angina.
Like many things found here in the states
My special lady was also made in China.

In learning about each other there's
The "getting to know you" game.
And, it is quite apparent that
Our backgrounds are not the same.

I don't know much about Zen or Tao
So, we're doing the best we can.
Sure, I know some of Chairman Mao
But, more of Charlie or Jackie Chan

As it is quite obvious that
She didn't come from Duluth.
She is incredibly curious about,
What influenced my youth.

A favorite show of my younger years,
Brought forth a flood of TV memories.
But, I could tell she was disappointed that
'Hau-dee Dao-ti' was not Chinese.

Sharing our popular culture is
Part of a caring loving plan
As I broke the news that Pinky Lee
Was not from Japan.

Sky King was not a flying emperor.
I explained this to my honey.
And, the famed Lone Ranger was not
A show about loaning money.

Buster, Chaplin, Laurel and Hardy
Such legends define what huge is.
And the legacy of laughter left
By the great Three Stooges.

But, when it came to Abbott and Costello
A true classic comedy reference
I never thought that to her ears,
'Hu's on first! ' makes perfect sense

Edward Iacona

Dis Duh Season

DIS DUH SEASON

Edward Iacona

Christmas season now starts well before Halloween
And there's really not much of a treat or a trick of it.
The stores just put out all the new Christmas décor
Hoping customers would like the first pick of it.
Now we can also be thankful by mid November
We are seasonally right in the thick of it.
The holiday songs, the lights, the beckoning sales,
And displays that show every type of St. Nick of it.
No wonder that by the time Christmas really comes,
Many people by then are just sick of it.

Edward Iacona

Do Not Reply

When she said she loves me
I felt emotionally pumped.
When my brain heard my ears
I know my heart rate jumped.
My attitude is confident,
And posture isn't slumped.
Now I'm newly motivated,
And feeling upwardly bumped
My world is cool and cozy like
A pillow freshly plumped.
Then she sends me a text message,
Which does not leave me stumped.
'Sorry, I have met another guy.'
And once again I'm dumped.

Edward Iacona

Dog - Er - Ill

A mixed breed is now a 'Designer Dog'
However, there's a big 'But'.
Not so very long ago that pup
Was referred to as just a mutt.

Edward Iacona

Dreck The Halls

It's that time of year again
When many folks ruminate
All about the holiday season
And the desire to decorate.

There's so much to choose from
And it can become highly debatable;
To light the yard bright with new LED's
Or buy the latest lawn inflatable.

'The holiday season starts too early'
One hears that retail rant on and on
But, by the first week of December
Most of the décor items are gone.

'MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE! '
The glaring homes will wish you.
There are no rules for style here
So, using good taste is not an issue.

Holiday decorating time is here
One can love it or tolerate it.
And with decorations 'Made In China'
We can over celebrate it.

Edward Iacona

Elf Explanatory

The Elves are Santa's helpers.
And this is true because.
According to English Grammar
They are a Subordinate Claus.

Edward Iacona

Emotional Holiday

NOTE: Sometimes one just needs a 'me' day escape the daily stress. Here is a little poem just waiting for the right greeting card....

EMOTIONAL HOLIDAY

Edward Iacona

On this Emotional Holiday
It is time to take a rest
From all the pressure that is life
That just might get you stressed.

Never mind the constant running
From pillar and to post.
Time to stop the pedaling
And just lean back and coast.

There are forces out there
That can turn your spirit to toast
So, sip some wine and smile,
For those that love you most.

Edward Iacona

Everything Happens For A Reason

EVERYTHING HAPPENS FOR A REASON

Edward Iacona

Everything happens for a reason. Nothing happens by chance or by means of luck. Illness, love, lost moments of true greatness and sheer stupidity all occur to test limits of your soul.

Without these small tests, life would be like a smoothly paved, straight, flat road to nowhere; safe and comfortable but dull and utterly pointless.

Sometimes a person will come into your life and you know right away that he or she were meant to be there...to serve some sort of purpose, teach you a lesson or help figure out who you are or who you want to become. You never know who that person may be but once you lock eyes, you know at that very moment that they will affect your life in some profound way.

And, If that someone loves you, love them back unconditionally. Not only because that person loves you, but also because they are teaching you to love and open your heart and eyes to little things. Make every day count. Appreciate everything with that person that you possibly can, for you may never experience it again.

Talk together as you have never talked before, and actually listen. Let yourself fall in love, break free and set your sights high. Hold your head up and smile because you have every right.

Edward Iacona

Feeling The Future

FEELING THE FUTURE

Edward Iacona

Putting my pen to paper
Makes inner voices very clear.
Of a desire no longer secret
For the cosmos (plus one) to hear.

Positive thoughts are focused,
Projected strong and true.
Encouraged within my spirit,
By the joy of knowing YOU.

Some logic here for you to see,
Although there doesn't need to be.
Even Mr. Spock would likely agree
That YOU and I are synergy.

There's nothing for you to fear, my dear
Nor anything that will smother.
Just smile and breathe new essence here,
We've just begun to love one another.

A hand to hold while traveling
This confusing mortal abyss.
It all distills to two souls as one
And it all comes down to this...

True intention ignites the ether,
Twixt rhymes both common and clever.
I will be the ONE you kiss,
For now... For later... Forever.

Edward Iacona

Floored!

FLOORED!

Edward Iacona

For today there may be pandemonium
As my love buys some linoleum
That is made from Petroleum
As opposed from a layer of Folium.
But as I, her beau, does confess
From this point I do digress.
But, I'll try to make one, more or less.
To install it easier in her flat
An old chair was trashed where no one sat
Poor Phil and Lucy. the resident cats,
Have to settled for just clawing on mats.
So my darling and love will not go floorless
And she will always know that my
LOVE FOR HER WILL always BE FLAWLESS....

FOR ALLA

Edward Iacona

For Freedom... Gone Fishin'

For the intangible concept of Freedom
There has been many a loss of life.
In the name of her script for Freedom,
I was forced to lose my wife.

T'was her sad solution
For her personal evolution
Freedom was her revolution
From loving marital institution.

In conflicts concerning Freedom
This struggle really vexes
For I have been re-called to join
The Battle of The Sexes.

Within this forced fed Freedom
There's an aspect that I hate,
Having in common with my children
Of finding someone to date.

There's many an dating site
Floating upon the shining Cyber-sea...
With many a lovely lady whose
Bait is waiting just for me.

I sniff and write to ladies lines...
Feeling I'd be quite their catch
Only to find in sad despair that
They think we're no match.

Swimming and searching for the line,
To be hooked and then give my all.
But, as I keep getting thrown back,
I think maybe I am just too small.

In the matter of physical chemistry
I shrug saying, 'what the heck'...
Most gals don't look like enchanted Fiona
And, I don't think that I look like Shrek.

But, when her lure dances by my way
To her invite I shall not refuse it.
Just because I have my Freedom
I am more than willing to lose it.

Edward Iacona

Free Style

It was in ninth grade English class
And my teacher was Miss Joan Frank
It was because of her love of poetry,
That I now have her to blame or thank.

Poems came alive in her classroom
As we absorbed Lewis Carroll's whimsy
And many years later I still wonder what
And why, Borogoves are mimsey

We read of an ancient mariner and
The price of what omen's cost.
And stopped to ponder a snowy woods
While his little horse shook off the frost.

I have always preferred poems that rhyme
And although this might sound terse
I never have really understood the style
That is known as 'free verse'.

I and others will use that form
So I don't intend to create a gaffe
But, in the end is not 'Free Verse'
Just a well written paragraph?

Edward Iacona

Garden Partay!

Garden Partay! ! !

Edward Iacona

I know that names of products
May often be ostentatious.
But, I never thought that packs of seeds
Could also be so salacious.

Varieties mentioned here are real.
And, this is what I think;
Many gardeners and farmers
Must enjoy an earthy wink....

To make my point I'll put these names
In quotes or maybe in italic.
And lay aside the obvious view that
Some veggies look quite phallic.

There is no doubt that corn
Is known to be nutritious
But what can one say about a corn
That is named 'Bi-Licious'.

A common trait I'd like to share
From Puberty to my coffin,
Is a link to a certain corn that's
Called 'Early and Often'.

No homophobia amongst the stalks,
Or none that I have seen,
When one considers there are types
Called 'Ruby' and 'Silver Queen'.

There is an egotistical cucumber
Whose statistics really rate.
I shall envy it's bragging rights
As to being a 'Straight Eight'

Virile thoughts of cucumbers

May easily coincide.
When human males at morning
May deal with some 'Early Pride'

There is a carrot called 'Big Top'
But, a cliché I must repeat...
That size is not a factor so
There's another called 'Short and Sweet'

Male prowess proclaims that men
Should try to please and perhaps outlast her.
So their cucumber of choice should be
The one that's called 'Bushmaster'.

When Popeye eats his spinach his
Rescues of Olive Oyl are less demanding'
But, if he really wants to impress her
There is a type called 'Long Standing'

Ah! the popular pumpkin
Famed for Halloween and pie
But the name 'Jack O' Lantern'
May be more than meets the eye.

The apostrophe after the O
Stands for 'of' I know that's true
But, considering the seed names I've seen
Do they mean one 'F' or two?

Edward Iacona

Green (Card) With Envy

GREEN (CARD) WITH ENVY

Edward Iacona

The search for a special partner
Can be frustrating and it vexes,
Re-joining the new world of dating
In the hope of finding my nexus.

Putting oneself on the Internet
Is a mix of ego and vulnerability.
So I delighted in the E-Mails from
Some women that want to know me.

Sure, I had some mixed feelings
But, why would I complain
About getting flirty letters from gals
That live in Ghana, Russia or Ukraine.

After a short while I realized with
Some Virgo like logic and clarity
That with some variations these
Letters have remarkable similarity.

It's sad to face life all alone.
I would love an arrow from Cupid.
But the absence of a soul mate
Just does not make me stupid.

I've seen her photo and she's seen mine
And this is real romance she'll insist.
I'm not bad looking for my age but
She might need a good optometrist.

Her pictures are simply gorgeous.
And, her wanting me is made clear.
There is no remorse in her writing
About giving up her modeling career.

Knowing the difference in our ages
Has not slowed her nor has stopped her
So? What relationship should I seek?
Should I date her or adopt her?

I'd relish some passionate foreplay
And doing what lover's oughta.
But, should I want that and more play with
A girl old enough to be my daughter.

I write back long thoughtful letters
And ask about some things she'd feel?
But, her letters in reply answer nothing
So, it is most likely she's not real.

She writes of her yearning for my true love
And wanting money from me, not a penny.
So, when she will no doubt ask for some,
I won't feel bad for not sending her any.

Wanting to be with me is her worthy goal.
Wanting to be with me so that we are whole.
Wanting to be my life mate is her desired role.
All her thoughts are of me, and part of her soul.

Such loving words bring smiles
This is what a true heart seeks
But real love is rare in life or text
Within only a matter of weeks.

This all flies in the face of reason.
Could she want to be my consort?
It's just a fantasy at any stage or age
But an image that's hard to thwart.

My letter to her is a simple one,
As I try to be of a fair sort.
'If you can get here let me know,
And I'll come get you at the airport.'

Edward Iacona

Intend Uh-Oh!

If one wants to improve their life
There is no need to grouse or curse
All one needs to do is harness,
The power of the universe.

Be in on the public secret
And have your star on the ascension,
Just master the mysterious magic
Of "Attraction" and "Intention".

There are books and seminars
That will help get what you want.
Follow the instructions and your life
Becomes like a buffet restaurant.

According to the advocates
There is nothing that encumbers
One from getting a parking space
To the winning lottery numbers.

Those that professionally preach this thought
Can live in the land of milk and honey
While their followers intentions may come to naught
They have found their secret to making money.

I walked in meditation for a lovely life
So clear in my minds eye view,
When dog's biodegradable offense became
A metaphor attracted to my shoe.

Edward Iacona

Just Be Claus

When I think of Santa Claus
A traditional image comes to mind.
But when I shop in some stores
That is not what I find.

No more sleigh and Reindeer's
For him to get around.
He has a plane and helicopter
To get him off the ground.

Rockin' out with a guitar
Or swinging with his sax
Santa is jammin' on the scene
Just wailing to the max.

Santa rides a motorcycle.
Nice, but what's the deal?
Living at the North Pole
He should have a snowmobile.

Santa is famous for his train
So with this there is no distress.
Customers can now choose between
His local or polar express.

There's a Santa with a surfboard
So here's the opinion I'm forming;
If he knows if we've been bad or good
He must know about global warming.

All these items grace store shelves
But at the risk of sounding snooty.
I really wonder if Christmas needs
A singing Santa that shakes his booty.

Edward Iacona

Just Kidding!

JUST KIDDING

Edward Iacona

The amount of children a family has
Brings an historical fascination.
From the 1700's to the present day
Regardless of the nation.

Judging from all the coverage,
On TV and in magazines,
Having many children now,
Is still odd, or so it seems.

There are interviews and reality shows,
They are the darlings of the media.
From the Dionne's to the 'Octomom',
They are all on Wikipedia.

It is the considered opinion,
Of this thoughtful New Yorker,
That the reason these gals have so many kids,
UIs that they are the victims of a 'storker'.

Edward Iacona

Love Notes

It will be my lunchtime soon
And home from work I will depart.
Because I know I'll have
A special meal that is 'ALLA CART'

I need to drive home for lunch
And for this I will confess
First, I must walk my dog
Or else later clean up his mess.

I will quickly make a sandwich
In sixty six seconds or less
Then rush off to my bedroom
To relieve some morning stress.

I'll turn on my computer
And go right to my E-Mail
To read the latest lunch note
From Alla my loving female.

I will happily read every word
And savor her every line
That she wrote with such care
While I sit there and dine.

She shares her life and thoughts with me
I'll enjoy whatever she might write
It's the closest thing we have right now
To an afternoon delight.

Edward Iacona

Magic Words

There are many magic words
When we have the predilection
For expressing our deepest thoughts
To the object of our affection.

Don't worry if you're word impaired
Cause it isn't very hard
To borrow the words of poets
Including Avon's bard.

If that is not your style
One really can't go wrong
With the music and lyrics
Of a well selected song.

And, within our wireless age
There's no need to be perplexed
Consider the joys of Voicemail
Or, if you must, just text.

You can say them or sing them
Shout out loud or mutter them.
If emotions overcome you
One may have to stutter them.

When it comes to magic words
There is no one way to utter them
No matter which way you choose
You should not ever shutter them.

Then there will be other times
When mutual impulses call
And magic words may be spoken
But are not needed at all.

Edward Iacona

Mating Menu

MATING MENU

Edward Iacona

Looks, position and some wealth are
The main dishes on the dating platter.
And if one has the last one as a rich dessert.
The first two courses won't much matter.

Edward Iacona

Merry Questmas

Once upon a Christmastime
A number of years ago
I thought about my Christmases
With a warm and nostalgic glow.

A vivid memory of my youth
Combined fun, excitement and pretty,
Was the holiday trip I'd take with Mom,
To see Christmas in New York City.

I wanted to share my childhood
And of all the things I did.
It might add more meaning to stories
That start; "Well, when I was a kid."

We'll take the kids to Manhattan,
It's really not that far.
Only ninety minutes by Long Island rail
Or maybe, a three hours drive by car.

Time has a habit of changing things,
I was well aware of that.
So I knew we couldn't have lunch at
The Horn and Hardart, Automat.

The giant Pepsi waterfall
Atop Bond's clothing store
And the smoke ring blowing Camel man
Just aren't there any more.

It's Christmas at Rockefeller Center.
But, the big tree missed its mark.
As one of the kids reminded me that
There are huge trees in Hecksher Park.

Of the smiling circling skaters below
This was my children's take.
They agreed that it looked like fun

But at home there's a frozen lake.

On a bitter cold winter day
Young kids don't give a heck-o
About a gold statue of Prometheus
Or anything that's Art Deco.

I knew that in the best toy department
There would be no displays from Lionel.
Those are now replaced by video games
And other electronic joys to sell.

So, we visited the "World's Largest Store"
With all the anticipation my heart employs.
While Santa still has his "Santa Land"
The mighty Macy's no longer sold toys.

The animated holiday window displays
Are still welcome and to be found.
But, unlike the days I remembered,
Fewer people were gathered around.

For all the walking, wind and cold
It is with mixed feelings I make this query,
Would Edgar Allen Poe think to write?
"Once upon a Christmas cheery...."

So, my Christmases live on in my mind
Their reality has gone to "Good Bye Land".
Now I know better than to try and show
What was my Coney Island.

Edward Iacona

Mind Over Time

MIND OVER TIME

Edward Iacona

Behold simple shadows
Made by the sun.
Lengthening, shrinking and dancing
As the Earth revolves around the Sun.
It measures our moments even
As we dip into darkness.
We have learned to measure time
With shadows, dripping water, candles
Or the relentless ticking of clocks.
We measure time and time measures us.
Our measure is made in memories
Stored deep in thoughts and melodies
And in photographs that cannot forever
Match the reflection of a mirror
Our time does not march but
Slinks forward as a cat on softest paws.
Nearly silent in movement
But ever stalking its prey.
And then for I comes the
Person that wields magic.
Not over the reality of time
But decidedly over me.
In her warmth, tenderness, kindness
Sentimentality, impulses and all the
Other adjectives I can define in her smile
She is LOVE born again within my being.
And I within hers.
We share this cosmic connection
Of knowing a fundamental truth
Ones clock may not be made stop
But it can be re-set by LOVE.

Edward Iacona

New Herizons

Well, it's over and I am single
Yet my hopes are not dimmin'
To find someone special in my life,
Sends my imagination swimmin'
A romantic re-start with a loving heart
And with some serious 'Shein' ' and 'Himin' '.
But this I learned about divorce court,
It's a bad place to try and meet women.

Edward Iacona

Off The Hook

OFF THE HOOK

Edward Iacona

My kids don't like fish very much
But I could not be happier.
They aren't eating at home tonight
So I'll make Salmon or Tilapia.

Edward Iacona

Oh! The Horror! ! ! !

OH! THE HORROR

Edward Iacona

It's Halloween time once again and
There's the question some parents fear.
As their children are may surely ask,
What shall I go as this year?

The standard fare of witches and Ghosts
Have become very cliché you know
And even vampires and zombies
Have movies or a T.V. show

One can't go as a bum or hobo
That does not show them respect.
A fierce Indian is also taBOO.
It is now not politically correct.

A proper Halloween haunt takes a unique knack.
If one wants a sweet snack for their tummy
As even a little kid knows the plain fact
That no one will want their mummy.

Now going as a terrorist
Might be an idea that's hot□
But, who would want to give one treats
And it might just get one shot.

A mysterious visitor from outer space
With a little odd twist because
Who would refuse an alien treats when
It's holding a GREEN CARD in their claws.

So, if your child comes to you
With this annual costume question;
I will submit this rather simple idea
For a fine costume suggestion.

What is needed is a genuine monster

That is blood thirsty, ruthless and cruel.
A creature that is nasty and vicious
And has the morals of a true life ghoul.

Just put them in a nice dress or suit
With a briefcase to take on their journey
And they will come back with it full of goodies
Going trick or treating as an attorney.

Edward Iacona

Oy! Me Faithful

OY! YE FAITHFUL

Edward Iacona

The tree is down, the decorations stored
And a new year has come at last.
The celebrations are all over,
It's officially, Christmas past.

A gift one desires is always great
But in taking some poetic license,
What I wish for most of all
Would be her Christmas presence

She left us for her new age dreams
While we get along to the best of our ability.
Will she ever realize the harm she's done?
Well, there is always the possibility.

Someday she might just see the light,
And want to return as wife and mom.
And that to me will surely be
The best Christmas yet to come.

Edward Iacona

Park Place Monopoly

When the weather is pleasant
To escape things that's vitriolic.
My dog and I will go to the park
And bask in a place that's more bucolic.

Jack is the name of my dog
A concept that would find him 'fumin' '
As I am convinced that he truly
Believes I really am his human.

He must be kept on his leash
So he can't run free and frolic.
But, when he sees all of those trees
It affects him most metabolic.

He feels he must declare himself
In a manner personally hydraulic
But after twenty salutes or so
His efforts are merely symbolic.

Edward Iacona

Patience And Perseverance

PATIENCE AND PERSEVERANCE

Edward Iacona

Within the carillon of life
Romance can always chime
Music can start within the hear
And it knows no age or time.

Romantic lyrics become reborn
I recall them without resistance.
For us the problem is not the songs
Our challenge is one of distance.

We're connected for years by the Internet
And, one might find this quite quizzical.
Our love has rooted and grown because
We learned that truest love is not all physical.

We have fallen in love completely
And we want a blissful co-existence.
But, to form our loving union she will
Need a visa and we both persistence.

She will need a K-1 visa
And, it throws us for a loop
As we wade through a big bowlful
Of governmental alphabet soup.

The process isn't so simple
On this point I am not vapid
No matter what help is employed
Getting a K-1 visa is really not rapid.

Forms completed and documents compiled
For the USCIS and then for the Department of State
And, while all our submissions are scrutinized
For months we wait...hope...and anticipate.

Then a medical and a meeting in Moscow
We pray for a good judgment of fate.
As we think and dream of the waited day
We meet again at an airport gate.

For Alla

Edward Iacona

Per Aspera Ad Astra

PER ASPERA AD ASTRA

(A rough road to the stars)

Edward Iacona

I sit here in my bedroom
That now passes for my den.
To write a poem for the one I love
The words flow to my pen.
Comparing our love to things celestial
A cliché one uses now and then.
The visa process is time consuming
And when it's approved I'll shout 'AMEN! '
I'll share my joy with all I know and
Perhaps both FOX and CNN.
We both know to where she's coming
But, we are not just sure when.
For now I merely gaze at the stars
Which are seen within my ken.
And to ponder their possibilities
Just as have many mortal men.
Yet, I know my loving destiny.
It's my personal moment of Zen.
For I have held heaven in my arms
And I know that she shall be there again.

FOR ALLA

Edward Iacona

Pondering Pirates

PONDERING PIRATES

Edward Iacona

There has remained a fascination
That has lasted through the years,
Of pirates, ships and the treasures
Of those adventurous buccaneers.

It is very obvious in these times
That pirates are still quite popular
In films and books and games and such
But not the real ones in Somalia.

We also pay them homage
With 'Talk Like a Pirate Day'
So salt yer speech me hearties
And add 'Arrgh' to what you say.

There are pirate costumes for Halloween
Some will buy them and some will make them.
But a real pirate would not ask for treats
He'd just threaten you and take them.

There are the Pittsburgh Pirates
And to further what my case is.
What could those pirates possibly steal
Except for a couple of bases.

There are Nouveau Pirates of today
That have no need to prowl the seas.
They can be found in the local laundromat
Selling inexpensive DVD's

Still some laud the life of pirates,
They will act so and admire it
What always puzzles me is that,
Why do they desire it?

Back in the day a real pirate
Had not much which to aspire;
Rare promotions, no paid benefits
And no security on which to retire.

For all the riches that they stole
Which was a considerable pile
What good did it really do them?
I don't think it changed their life style.

Yet thoughts of pirates still surround us
Be they fiction, real or on a line of scrimmage.
But, no matter how one thinks of them,
It took Disney to change their image.

Edward Iacona

Promise On The Moon

The moon's a muse to many,
It inspires music, poems and art.
It hangs aloft for lovers
Aiding matters of the heart.

It is there for us to share
At day's ending till it's start.
We share the same old mystic moon
Just about twelve hours apart.

But have no fear my Alla dear
As truest love is our guide.
Very soon we will watch the moon
As we stand side by side.

Edward Iacona

Real Life Lesson

REAL LIFE LESSON -
Edward Iacona

To be a student in your class
was certainly considered a coup
All the kids sure wanted you
and maybe a few mommies too.

Beyond the Three R's you traveled,
your lessons laced with mirth.
You taught of wolves and wildlife
and conservation of the Earth

Your teaching rings with wisdom
of heroes and brotherhood
Of standing up for justice
as future adults they should

Your classroom philosophy
was easy to explain.
An ongoing lesson that
your students should retain

That in living a good life
one should never abstain
from always striving for kindness
and for always being humane.

When dark times came to your life
We listened to all your lows
We took you in like family
We comforted your woes.

Then dark times came to our life
faced with separation and divorce
I called to you my 'brother'
My thinking was, of course.

I asked that you would mediate

a union that should not be dissolved
Your answer to my tearful plea;
'Sorry, can't get involved.'

One thinks of all the hearts and minds
That you touch and reach
Maybe you should learn from yourself
and practice what you teach.

Edward Iacona

Real Meal Deal

Eating healthy is a goal
For living a life that's favorable.
But, as I try, I rarely do,
So, am I prematurely graveable?
There are certain times of the day when,
I want to eat something craveable.
So I search the market shelves for foods
My taste buds will find favorable.
And, I would like to make a meal
That I would find most savorable.
But my cooking skills are limited so
The magic word is 'Microwaveable'!

Edward Iacona

Road Worthy

Travel the unknown road ahead
There is very little cost.
If there's a road behind you
You never will get lost.

Edward Iacona

Seasonal Songs

SEASONAL SONG

Edward Iacona

Familiar music fills the mall and air
On the day after Thanksgiving
They are the tunes of the holiday
That will affect the cost of living.

The playlist may be limited
It is sort of a musical famine
The songs are repeated so often
That there are some lyrics I want to examine.

From the chorus of Hallelujah
A classic that is well known
Of course I'm referring to the one by Hayden
And not the one by Leonard Cohen

Baby, it might be cold outside,
But please consider this deduction
This often heard popular song
Is one about a seduction.

So, within the cunning context
This couple may connect.
Just remember that when originally penned
It was still politically correct.

It begins to look a lot like Christmas
With a special wish for that holiday season
Those Hopalong boots were quite desired
For a very good reason.

While such a wish now sounds curious
Please reader don't be annoyed.

Just go to your computer
And look up the actor William Boyd.

His cowboy fame was near ubiquitous
And he had merchandise to like.
Every young fan would want to ride
An official Hopalong bike.

Did you hear what I heard
There's a child shivering in the cold.
So the song strongly suggests that
They bring him silver and gold.

Not really a bad idea but
Let us further rank it.
If the baby was really cold
Why not bring a blanket.

Little drummer boy wants to play
In the song so episodic.
Although to most people I think
A drum is not very melodic.

Mom Mary should have said,
"No, I have sown and I wish to reap
Please understand my drummer lad
I have finally gotten him to sleep."

On that first noel it is sung
Shepherds' watched from snow so deep.
However, there is this little fact
That into my mind did creep.

Although a tender and thoughtful song
I should like to explain this refrain to ya.
It rarely snows in Bethlehem unless
It's the one in Pennsylvania.

Hey, you'd better watch out.
Don't pout and so much more,

Perhaps this song is really about
The foreboding book 1984.

So, Mommy was kissing Santa Claus
Of that sight the child was sure.
What a joyous memorable view for
An up and coming voyeur.

Enjoy the holiday and the songs my friends
Listen and sing them with delight.
And, to the talented that create them
Merry Christmas to all and a good write.

Edward Iacona

Sextext

Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Or so the old cliché goes.
But, there was something missing
As our loving relationship grows.

We both knew what that was
And what would make us smile.
If only we could find a way that
Makes our connection more tactile.

Even on the World Wide Web
Making love is still in fashion.
Words can paint vivid pictures
That conveys a lover's passion.

A cyber world of pleasure
Certainly is in place before us.
All we need is the Kama Sutra
And a good Thesaurus.

With an adventurous spirit,
To speak of this rather candid,
We developed the useful skill
Of typing single handed.

Weeks later she reminded me how
We solved what we were neglecting
Then announced the exciting news
That she was 'expecting'.

Our computers were protected
So how this happened I was curious.
Nonetheless, such a blessed event,
Would never make me furious.

We still have some months to go
And by her side I'll be lovingly.
I will be there to cut the cord
And it had better be a USB.

Edward Iacona

Significant Other Numbers

SIGNIFICANT OTHER NUMBERS

Edward Iacona

I'd love to find a companion
Whose heart I'd make go pitter patter.
Until I read what women want
And then some numbers are going to matter.

As I read one profile
I'm sure that for me she'd fall.
But, then I read that she's five feet two
And wants a man that's six feet tall.

To use her as an example
Here is a thought to debate or rebuff.
I am four inches taller than her,
So, why is that not enough?

There must be some adaptability.
There's no formula or calculation
One needs for vertical compatibility
When involved in joyful copulation.

If I met and liked a lady
I'd not hesitate to call her
Just because the reason was
That she's just simply taller.

To date a woman taller than me
I can imagine the relief she imbues
Being with one without the need
To balance on high heeled shoes.

Additional significant numbers
That figure onto this page
Are the variable considerations
About the differences in age.

There's an allure to older with younger

Though others may wonder, squawk and gawk.
The biggest challenge to the couple is
That eventually they'll have to talk.

Be one younger or one older
There's really no true reference
Perhaps the only factor is that
It speaks to a mutual preference.

To use an acronym of today
Some might want to find a M.I.L.F.
So in the final equation,
I aspire to become a D.I.L.F.

Edward Iacona

So, What's Noose?

SO, WHAT'S NOOSE?

Edward Iacona

There's a magazine about weddings
That is named, "THE KNOT".
It has articles about marriage
And bridal fashions that are hot

There's focus on the Bride - to - be
And about having her special day.
Here's pre-marital advice for the grooms,
Is just leave off the "K"

Edward Iacona

Sorry!

The phrase 'I'm Sorry' you may agree
Has turned into a social amenity
We say 'I'm Sorry' more than Brenda Lee
Which was a hit song for her back in 1960.

You may not want to acknowledge the damage you've done
The pain that you've brought to spouse, daughter or son.
But if you've done wrong you must see the light
To take a pro-active step to returning things right

There will remain feelings that you can't erase
Lost time and memories that you can't replace
Because of your actions now nothings the same
Take a look in your mirror and know that there's blame.

Maybe those words are one's you won't do.
They may not exist in your new age point of view.
Or, don't want to hear the anger, it might make you blue
It's easier to leave your loved ones hurt and askew.

Just saying I'm sorry is not all it takes
No magical words to make gone the mistakes
Begin the road back with those words from your heart
They do not mark the end but maybe a start.

Your family's your bond like no other glue.
A great family we had, can we renew?
Deep in your heart you know what to do.
If I can say 'I'm sorry' then I think you can too.

(May 13 - 2008)

Edward Iacona

Sorry, Wrong Number

Those handy little Cell phones have changed
They do things now that can enthrall.
They play music, games and take pictures too
They can even make a phone call.

And if voice mail is not enough
You can type a text that's wordy
By using the little keyboard
That's much too small but QWERTY.

With all of the things Cell phones can do
There's just one thing I am berating.
It is what this little device has done,
For the wonderful word of dating.

When on a first time dinner date
And her Cell phone rings
It can be a harbinger
Of what the future brings.

Depending on her reaction
You'll soon find out your fate.
Whether it will be an early evening
Or you'll be getting home very late.

This is a human application
That can cause one to burn.
But, better than going to the ladies room
With her never to return.

Edward Iacona

Star Crossed

STAR CROSSED

Edward Iacona

For thousands of years many believe
And hold fast to their opinion
That the twelve star signs rule our lives
And hold us within their dominion.

Through complicated calculations
Shiny points of night light above
Reveal our traits and future lives
And can tell us who we should love.

We can wonder if we're compatible.
That is an astrologer's task.
And, as many things in life,
It depends how and whom you ask.

Some will say 'Yes.' and some 'No.'
Or, "If there's effort and really tries."
But my astral guide to love is only this,
The stars in each others eyes.

Edward Iacona

Staying Power

STAYING POWER

Ed Iacona

When the going gets tough, the tough get going
That's a proverb we've heard before
That doesn't mean for your marriage
One should be quick to use the door.

You made a lifelong commitment
And life isn't always sweet.
Marriage is not like computer spam
One just can't click on DELETE.

You needed change? A different world?
A metaphysical point of view?
Best reassess your self help books dear,
Because real life is not all about YOU.

Edward Iacona

Such Flattery!

SUCH FLATTERY

Edward Iacona

"Why do you write in poetry form? "
Came this harmless inquisition
The answer is quite simple you see,
I dislike writing long exposition

"I really like the things you write,
They are thoughtful with wit and panache.
You remind me another writer I like,
Have you heard of Ogden Nash? "

What incredible company I shared as
I Smiled at this complimentary gem.
Then sighing at Ogden's grave reaction
He would be revolving at many R.P.M.

Edward Iacona

Ter-Mights?

TER-MIGHTS?

Edward Iacona

It's a very frustrating feeling,
When one can enjoy some "SALSA",
If one needs to come up with Oak
And all one has is Balsa.

Edward Iacona

Thanksmisgivings

THANKSMISGIVINGS

Edward Iacona

There's a little tradition on Thanksgiving
In which the family and each guest
Takes a turn before the dinner
To tell how their lives are blessed.

Each person speaks of gratitude
Within their minds reflection
As she listens and waits what does she think
In her personal introspection.

Does she give thought to her family
Once united, happy and strong.
Or a single thought to her husband
And how she did them wrong.

Details here are unimportant,
As our hurt remains inside.
Does she have any accountability
To consider how she lied.

If there's a mental inquisition
If recent past comes to her minds door...
My question ends with a preposition
What could she be thankful for?

Edward Iacona

The Best Of Times

THE BEST OF TIMES

Edward Iacona

That youth is wasted on the young,
May be a cliché bon mot.
Maybe we can also act like teens
Though chronologically, we're not.

Yet we can stroll beneath the stars
With her hand holding mine
And talk and feel each other's thoughts
That is always a telling sign.

We can go on a little picnic
With just some sandwiches are fine.
And have a little drink as well
From a thermos of chilled wine.

We can hold each other closely too
With arms that tightly entwine
Like an old wooden fence post
Engulfed by a clinging vine.

We share our love of meaningful music
There are many from when we met.
There's no MP3 for her and me
Just a way to play a cassette.

We may recall when the tempo of love
Was "accessò" with nary a time for rest.
But time has allowed a transient bridge
And that "andante" for us is the best.

We can reminisce of youthful love
And all the emotions it empowers.
Then look into each other's soul
And smile to rejoice in ours....

FOR ALLA

Edward Iacona

The Blame Game

THE BLAME GAME

Edward Iacona

When choosing a different life path
One may not get just what they thought.
Even Columbus wound up somewhere
Other than where he sought.

She demanded her new journey
As her family begged her, 'No! '
And as witnesses to her false words and deeds,
She is reaping what she did sow.

One is accountable for their actions,
And with all due respect,
No matter books read and voices heard,
What the heck did she expect?

So here's a murderous little metaphor
That could be defended with vigor,
When someone gets shot; do you blame the gun,
Or the one who pulled the trigger?

Edward Iacona

The High Cost Of Loving

THE HIGH COST OF LOVING

Edward Iacona

A divorce is what she wanted, not I.
Her freedom, a new life and new route.
Our loving marriage cost little to enter,
But so much more to try and get out.

Never mind the cost of tears and trauma
Caused by her misbegotten mystical journey
Yet another bitter pill to swallow is
Dealing with a marital attorney.

Their ads give hope and understanding
Pledging to defend rights without a doubt.
Until one meets for a consult to find
That is not what it's all about.

We speak about my problems
As they assess every asset,
Their interest seems to center
On what they think they can get.

The talk of my sad situation
And a strategy quickly fade
To their more important agenda of,
How much and how they're paid.

Shakespeare penned a lethal thought
For those hired to defend their employers.
'The first thing that we do, ' is said
'Let's kill all the lawyers! '

That is a line from Richard The Sixth,
And while such mayhem should restrict us.
After giving it some careful thought, I ask,
What jury would want to convict us?

The 'L' Word

At one time she said, 'I love you'
But not now the way her life leans.
She no longer wants to say that phrase;
Wondering what it really means.

'Love' is only the English word that's
Felt the same in every nation.
She may be bi-lingual but for her,
This word loses in the translation.

Though this word has hurt us both,
Neither she nor I disdain it.
So, in trying to lay aside her fears
I'll endeavor to explain it.

For the word 'love' most writers,
Do not seem to lack words
But, I think I can examine it
By looking at it backwards.

Spelled in reverse it's 'evol' and
No matter what book you bring
If you search for the definition,
It doesn't mean anything.

But if you add two letters
Specifically 'V' and 'E'
It will now spell 'evolve',
Important in being a 'we'.

To evolve is a great concept
As love rises in the caring heart
But, here is the main caveat
To grow together and never apart.

More than some fancy word play,
It's a recipe clear and true
That the menu of life can change if
The ingredients are the right two.

Edward Iacona

The Paws That Refreshes

THE PAWS THAT REFRESHES

Edward Iacona

'I just love coming home to my Phil, '
She said, 'He waits for me at the door
'He wraps his arms around my neck
How could I ever be loved more? '

'He nuzzles me all over my face
He kisses and then nibbles my chin.
His affection will lift my spirit
No matter the poor mood I'm in.'

Is this what I really want to hear
While I'm trying to charm her in chat?
Then she finally reveals to me
She's talking about her beloved cat.

It's good to know that she likes affection.
Now my tactile senses are no longer flat.
And within my vivid imagination I think
She and I should try doing all that.

But I give some thought to how Phil acts
And there may be some things I'm forgettin'
If there's anything to re-incarnation there's links
To the Kabbalah or something Tibetan.

Now, I may not be completely correct
But such teachings may explain why.
Although her Phil is a feline right now
He may have once have been a guy.

Oh, what could poor Phil make of this
As he watches us passionately embrace and kiss?
Would his little cat mind still reminisce
About once being human and enjoying such bliss.

But for this cat some things have gone amiss

He offers up his opinion and he is not remiss.
Phil stomps away from this scene to dismiss
With a low growl and an audible hiss.

FOR ALLA (AND PHIL HER CAT)

Edward Iacona

The Power Of Redemption

Through the windows of my car
You'll see bottles and cans inside.
And to the recycling center today
They shall take a one way ride.

As I look at the current contents
Of my cluttered car's interior
I must admit that my motive
Is, at best, rather ulterior.

In personal economic downturn
I behold each empties worth
Taking secondary satisfaction in that
I am helping to save the Earth.

Edward Iacona

The Weigh Of Words

THE WEIGH OF WORDS

Edward Iacona

From the dawn of the written word
It soon became the norm
For writers in almost every tongue
Including ancient Cuneiform.

To describe the essence of love
And in literary ways to drape them.
So lover's may borrow a clever phrase
When their own words escape them.

Elizabeth Barret Browning
On one of her romantic days,
Decided to enumerate her love
As she counted all her ways.

It's in 'Sonnets Of The Portuguese'
But I will tell you before you begin it
There is not a word about Portugal
That is anywhere within it.

She walks in beauty like the night
And at Lord Byron I do not scoff.
As I have heard love's often easier
When the lights are off.

Even Poe who is never cheery
Carried on about his lost dearie
Going on about his lost Lenore
While some Raven squawked, 'Nevermore'.

Burns compared his love to a red red rose
A most popular match by far.
That thorny flower is a common choice
But that is just the way things are.

Shakespeare's Romeo to his Juliet would tell
That a Rose called by any other name
Would have a similar sweet smell
And, with such words was fanned the flame.

Then it was Gertrude Stein who wrote
A Rose is a Rose is a Rose.
What she exactly meant by that.
I can only guess, 'Who knows? '

And, one need not be Russian
To tell his lady he adores her
By quoting some romantic Pushkin
To his darling ptichka moya.

From the face that launched one thousand ships
To the face on the barroom floor..
Alas, for the woman that I truly LOVE
There is no adequate metaphor..

FOR ALLA

Edward Iacona

Time Tells True

TIME TELLS TRUE

Edward Iacona

There's a popular time worn belief
That older people have a hunger
To date or have a relationship with
A person that's much younger.

At the risk of sounding sarcastic,
There may be a concern to mount.
That, "Age is just a number" relates
To what is in one's bank account.

Now, dear reader, don't be incensed
This is not a common deception.
For significant other age differences
There is many a joyful exception.

When dating someone much younger
I think that I might truly balk,
Not because of others opinions
Or, for people that might gawk.

Not to worry about those intimate times,
Though the pace may have slowed to a walk
But eventually the age difference may tell
When to each other you'll need to talk.

Edward Iacona

To Bee Or Not Two Bees

Bees do whatever they please
Going in and out the hive
They don't need any keys.
Bees will stay in a wooden one
Or one that hangs from trees
Living in one throughout winter
And still they do not freeze.
They will stay out of the snow
As none of them own skis.
All Bees have five eyes
That is how it really sees.
Even so with all those eyes
There is not a brow to tweeze.
Often Bees are dressed in stripes
But do not work as referees.
Bees go from flower to flower
That is their expertise.
Every day that is their work
And what drones daily reprise.
They dance around in pollen
Up to their little knees.
Making pollen dust fly all about
Floating on a gentle breeze.
But yet I have never heard
A Bee that can actually sneeze.
Bees make honey naturally
Without any college degrees.
Honey is delicious on many foods
But horrible when on cheese.
Honey is a sweet idea
When it is used in teas
It is also an old remedy
If one has a cold and wheeze.
I am not a Bee at all
But I say this with ease.
I LOVE MY 'HONEY' VERY MUCH.
And on this thought I'll seize
When I kiss her tenderly
With a loving little squeeze.

Edward Iacona

True Teachings

TRUE TEACHINGS

Edward Iacona

Here are some true things I have learned:

I have learned lessons from books
Such as Green Eggs And Ham.

I have read that Rhett Butler just
Does not give a damn.

A sweet potato is not
The same thing as a Yam

History tells that Thailand
Was once called Siam

And French Indo China
Is now Viet Nam

When closing doors
One should not slam

If I take it on the lam
Means it's time for me to scam.

Addressing women politely
One can say "Maam"

A male bighorn sheep is
Also called a Ram.

I like jelly on toast and
I also like jam.

Edison's first recording was
Mary Had A Little Lamb.

Don't do things to later regret
In front of a video cam.

I have even read the book
Ruba'iat Of Omar Khayya'm

And, now I own a Cell phone that
Is much smarter than I am!

Edward Iacona

True Touch

TRUE TOUCH

Edward Iacona

I know what it's like to feel her breath
Blending into mine.
I know what it is to hold her close
As our hearts and arms entwine.

I know her voice and her laughter
That makes her eyes glisten and shine
Even when I try to please her
By making a little rhyme...

I know the magic of her songs
When she sings them in my ear;
So softly, sweet and gentle
For I alone to hear.

I can feel her with me everywhere
And this may sound absurd...
The strongest impulse I feel from her
Is when I am touched by her loving word.

Edward Iacona

Vortex

VORTEXT

Edward Iacona

In math it's taught πR^2
But this is what I've found
No matter how you slice it
 π is usually round.

Edward Iacona

When You Wish....

When You Wish....

Ed Iacona

When the love of my life left us
And wrote us out of her script
She left her family sad and hurting
And me emotionally ripped.

I spent the days in contemplation
Sifting through the all years
Until comes night with lack of light
When shadows can hide the tears.

To find a little glimmer
Of reconcilable hope
I consulted first the guidance
Of my daily horoscope.

I asked a toy 'Magic Eight Ball'
And turned it over for it's say
The answer in the window showed
'It's Certain', 'Unclear' or 'No Way! '

I tried to use a Ouija board
To get an answer true.
Problem with my using one
To use it, it takes two.

I have a best friend, a physic
An expert with decks of Tarot
Will there be a return of my beloved?
But her cards could not show.

There's a website that grants real wishes,
And to me that sounded great!
To make them come true one must
Comply with the magic power of '8'.

Write an '8' upon a card and

Then show it to the moon.
Recite your wish specifically
And It will come true soon.

I drew an '8' most carefully
And to this I shall attest
After showing it to the moon
The moon was not impressed.

I guess there is no real 'Secret'
For it is my found contention
For no matter how hard I tried
There is no 'Power of Intention'

All I wanted was a solution and
For this I was willing to do my part
But no matter what I tried I found
That only God can change ones heart.

Edward Iacona

Where O Where?

WHERE O WHERE? - Ed Iacona

On a hot and steamy summer night,
While eating Italian lemon Ices,
I thought again of the dismal plight
Caused by her Mid-Life Crises.

Say what you will to defend your 'change'
Deep inside you know what's true.
Our lives you hurt and made re-arrange
Yet my prayers ask, Where are YOU?

You said you aren't living your life
For your children and me too.
You sought escape as mom and wife
Still I question, Where are YOU?

In nature all birds leave the nest
But before they take to the blue
Two parents teach them to be their best
I'm here. Where are YOU?

So, Maysie, am I your Horton?
I'm still caring after you flew.
Trying to balance on a branch
And wondering, Where are YOU?

You left your family to seek your 'light'.
That is what you said was true.
Yet, one wonders how you sleep at night
We're here, Where are YOU?

Our daughter is in all honors,
Taking college level Spanish too...
Yo tengo un pregunta grande,
¿Adonde estabas tu?

All the shades of their growing up,
No matter what we go through,

Should be part of our family's loving cup
But sadly, Where are YOU?

Edward Iacona

Yes... Just Like That

One can love you with the intensity of
The BIG BANG when it ignited.
One can love you until our Sun fades
And our planet Earth is blighted.
One can love you with the simple joys
That can make a child delighted.
One can love you and defend you
And offer comfort when you're slighted.
One can love you like a kitten
When a ball of string makes it excited.
One can love you with the vision
That's not short but only far sighted.
One can love you in so many more ways
But don't rhyme and aren't cited.
Although such a love just can't last
If it continues long unrequited

Edward Iacona

You'Re Toast

YOU'RE TOAST

Edward Iacona

When it comes to getting married
There is this lesson to learn,
Beware of toasting flutes that say,
"To Whom It May Concern".

Another version that can cause stress
Or might leave one quite perplexed,
Would be the matched pair of glasses
That refers to you as, "NEXT".

Edward Iacona