vern eaker(summer of 57)

A novice writer, recently finding the time to write some poems, in hopes that others will enjoy them. My poems cover a range of thought and emotion, Writing about whatever inspires me at that moment. I welcome all comments.
1st Haiku

you write haiku
Five seven five use
Syllables do

vern eaker
A Blacksmith By Trade

A blacksmith by trade, as was my father before.
13 years young seemed older in the days of yore
I had made many weapons and pieces of armor
But to use them is what I truly yearned for

Tired of living under constant tyranny
Wanting evermore to again live free
My father had died as he tried to resist
I unable to shake the site of his closed fist

I felt it my duty to avenge his death as his son
With each blow of my hammer, fury did run
I had formed my self a battle sword and mace
The finest steel I could salvage around the place

A bit heavier than my years could yield
My fathers name molded into my shield
Bit by bit links of chain would form my armour
A stallion bartered from a nearby farmer

My mind was set never to be changed
Though I continued work my mind deranged
Like the bellows to the fire torment grew intense
Avenging my father not mere defense

When the land baron come calling for his taxes
With his guards each wielding, my own fathers axes
Unknowing the soldier that killed with such force
Until he unmasked himself revealing the source

Just before removing the head of the evil
This is for my father had he to chose to reveal
Needing to see the look in the baron's eyes
Astounded that I alone had taken their lives

The town rejoiced fanfare blew
But I had tasted blood and I knew
Off with the armor down with sword
Inside the shop without a word
The shield still hangs upon the wall
My fathers name displayed to all
The sword I melted and formed into rings
Of course I wear one my mother another
One sits in waiting my unborn sister or brother

vern eaker
A Glimpse Inside

A glimpse inside my mind
As I attempt to write in rhyme
A fresh and new
Poem for you

Poised and ready
Fingers steady
Ready to hunt and peck
Spelling out each word I select

My mind racing
Fingers pacing
I can’t think slow
As my fingers go

Eager to find
Within my mind
A poem suitable to post
Something pleasing to most

I could write of flowers
Then that could take hours
Perhaps of love
Or angels above

Nature can be prolific
Although not specific
I enjoy cars
And drinking in bars

Great now I’m thinking
About drinking
Maybe I will write a poem
Later when I stumble home

vern eaker
A Homeless Man

I see him sit at the bus stop
Still remains, as the bus leaves
Hair askew, stubble on face
Perspiration and soil stain his sleeves
Shoes don’t match no laces in place

Looking very ragged and pale
Eyes red and weary. Expressionless
Lights half a cigarette and takes a drag
Sipping his beer from a paper bag

People giving way as they pass by
The obviously homeless guy
Speaking to them all, he gives a holler
Asking for a single dollar

Few give change hoping to appease
He stands and bows thanking these
Hours pass, and night time near
Smiling, happy set for his next beer

Moving along a limp in his step
Returning with new bottle in bag
Lights half a cigarette, takes a drag
Laying on the bench content he slept

vern eaker
A Look

A look

That is all there is to start
Often a look can pierce your heart
A look you will never forget
Assuring you nothing to fret

A look can summon you across a room
Expressing feelings about to loom
Looks can softly caress
They can even undress

A look can reveal so much
A thought a mood, desired touch
Devotion there when eyes meet
Intensely delivered gently sweet

A look can express a lot of information
Simply interest or an invitation
Ask anyone in love what it took
They will answer just one look

vern eaker
A Need For Windex

A need for Windex

The world is viewed by each of us through the windows of our mind.

Our views can become tainted, by thin layers of film I find.

Dulling the brightness that truly is there. Feeling the warmth faded as it falls upon us.

Giving false illusion, when we can’t see the dust.

Thin as the layer itself maybe, it’s joined with other debris.

Soot from fires gone by, tricking our mental eye.

Residue from rains that passed streaked by melting snow that never last.

Winters seemingly depressing feeling can set our minds sadly reeling.

Obscuring what we should be seen, not realizing the window is unclean.

A task best suited to the sunny days of spring, no need to rush to the window and clean.

But keep this thought inside your head,
Don’t trust the window you look through.
Check the world from outside instead.
For it shall offer the clearest view.

vern eaker
A Question Lies In These Lines

A question lies with in these lines
One I’ve pondered many times

Not of why I feel the fool
Or ever finish hard knocks school.

I believe I am a good man
Why I’m alone I understand

I do not think like everyone else
I do not understand my self

I may never know where it is I want to go
Or what it is I should do, think or know

I am a more complex man than I think
Perhaps a breed nearly extinct

Saying I don’t understand women
That should explain the life I am livin

The thing that takes me by surprise
Is why they would rather believe lies

The men who promise way too much
Seem to have much more luck

Those that are mean and abusive
Attract women I find so elusive

Maybe the truth about who I am
Does not fit into their plan

Though I am honest and caring
Generous, kind always sharing

A romantic that requires a love
To share the affection I hope of
A simple woman easy to please
One that desires her sentences start with we’s

Who would enjoy just being together
Not bound by any mental tether

Where are the women which proclaim
They are after the same thing

Where the women that see true potential
The ones looking for life existential

Not concerned with the past
Simply wanting someone that last

Are there still women around
Seeking only a love that’s profound

Uncaring about the material things
Appreciative of the symbol of rings

Able to see where real value lies
Hoping seeing that in my eyes

I could never afford to buy love
I would give my life in the name of

However my life has less than half its value
My life needs to be half of two

So I ask what is required
Finding a love so desired

vern eaker
A Trip Without A Destination

A trip without a destination,
Should be the dream of everyone
It is often my only inclination
Travel the world merely for fun

No schedule to offer restraints
To leave behind all distractions
Enjoying life without complaints
Seeking out unknown attractions

Able to have such freedom is rare
Encumbered by things that are taxing
Family, jobs, and enough money to spare
Exactly the reason we crave relaxing

Still it would be nice to find a way
Visiting mountain tops, or tropical beaches
Ancient ruins or just simply what may
With the whole world within our reaches

vern eaker
Addicted

Addicted

Addiction has various forms
Dependant on something
Requiring above the norms

Things like alcohol you’d expect
Though it can be most anything
No surprise the cigarette

Are you thinking food or sex?
Yes they are also on the list
And it gets even more complex

An urge a need to have more
The unwavering want
That is what I tend to explore

The term applies to lots we knew
Drugs of course and even love
I know for I’m addicted to you

vern eaker
An Attempt To Be Noticed

I have a need for notoriety
I have poems I crave be seen
Comment please if you read these
Even if you choose to be mean
Knowing everyone is hard to please
At least I know my work is seen
That alone allows me ease

vern eaker
Are You Ever Asking?

Are you ever asking who you are?
Do you think you’re the person people see?
I often wonder who I am
Aside from being just a man

Some see me one way others another
Different perspectives from siblings and mother
Acquaintances and friends have their view too
Who am I according to you?

Can you see past the brave face?
I’m scared and alone, out of place
Can you see through the humor and fun?
I am often the sad unhappy one.

Can others see who you might be?
Perhaps always hiding your misery
Displaying who you choose to show
The you that only yourself knows

I think I have learned from the past
Why it’s important to wear a mask
For some to see my emotions for real
I fear I would lose some appeal

Exposing myself to only those close
My truest friends know me the most
More so then even my family
Who believe they alone know the true me

vern eaker
As Valentines Day Approaches Near

As Valentines Day approaches so near
Love, love, love is all I seem hear
True it’s intended to celebrate love
With those we have adoration of

But what of the others all alone
Feeling insignificant we condone
Cast aside no thought given
As if persecuted for single livin

Rarely ever would you find that by choice
Simply without anyone with to rejoice
No flowers, candies, or cards bought
In misery depressed alone forgot

Valentines Day is such an injustice
For all the lonely living amongst us
You know such a person we all do
I think they deserve an I LOVE YOU

And so what I have been thinking was
Valentines Day should equal HUGS
Phone calls are not enough
To make someone feel love

Valentines Day should represent care
Please continue to call if you can’t be there
But when encountering others on that day
HUGS for all is what I say

vern eaker
At Days End

A sweltering day in the old wild west
Rolling a smoke from the pocket of my vest
Striking the match on the butt of my six gun
Serene was not often as the west was won

A rock for my pillow as I watch the sun set
Stretched out on the dirt comfy as I get
Watching the amber glow as the sun descends
Quietly time passes as exhaled smoke ascends

Actions of the day gone past, flowing through my mind.
Lost and curious cattle wandering, I had to find
The pain ever present in my back as I rode
The distant drums warn of trespass I am told

And moving 500 head of cattle over a river wide
Where thankfully there is safety on the other side
As the pounding drum subsides a relief passes over all
Even the cattle have a settled feeling, aside from the coyote call

Cook prepared biscuits gravy and fried chicken for chow
Cattle penned horses cared for it is quiet time for now
Relaxing moments as the stars appear seemingly one by one
Aware although tomorrow it begins again, I'll be up before the sun

vern eaker
Beloved Hearts

When the time comes for loved ones to pass
Sorrows run deep, rethinking the past
What we could have or should have done
Before this loss of a beloved one

I can not believe they are actually dead
Things uncompleted things left unsaid
If only I could have known before
I wanted to do oh so much more

Now as they lay there forever at rest
Thoughts in my mind of all their best
Remembrance of a smile, a final kiss
Always shocked it ended like this

Memories of the happiest times
Colliding with the loss in our minds
Thinking I can’t go on I can’t survive
What would they say if still alive?

Would they want me to go on in sorrow?
Suffering through all my tomorrows
Wishing for me to live life in grief
I know better that’s not their belief

Nevermore to dwell on this doom
That I may know joy again soon
From this earth we all must part
We still live in your beloved heart

vern eaker
Broken Snow

Broken snow

Wonders of winter clearly flow
Witness am I to the broken snow

Brought forth with the morning light
As I open my eyes to such a sight

Silently flakes fall to the earth
Flakes so large with measurable girth

I watch a single flake settle on the ground
Nearly surprised it made no sound

Quickly joined by many more
Carpeting swiftly earths dirt floor

Then it occurred, hit by winter breezes
The large white flakes broke into pieces

The fragments filling the air
Nothing but white everywhere

The pieces landing in wind so swift
Scooting along forming a drift

Fragmented flakes falling increasingly fast
Each forming a layer over the last

Layer upon layer in winter’s breath
Building slowly higher increasing depth

No longer existing is the large flake
Bonding with fragments one they all make

vern eaker
Bumper Sticker Philosophy

Money makes the world go bad, or so it seems
A most vital part of the American dream
Aspirations of the wealthiest position
Corrupting even government’s politician

Checkbooks determining our destination
Monies evil, reining an infestation
Requiring more to pursue more
Lost is the purity we had before

Never enough, the desire has no end
Believing acquiring the most will win
Those of us unable to achieve that power
Forced to abide rules, to which we must cower

Now money decides how much to take from our pay
Creating classes no longer eligible to play
Allowing only the biggest money to rule
Those of us remaining, acting the fool

Though only my opinion you see
Bumper sticker philosophy
When the power of love is greater
Than the love of power
That will be our finest hour

vern eaker
Cartoon World

A cartoon world would be nice to live in
Obstacles and problems moved with a pen
A simplistic uncontroversial place
Hatred and fear we could erase

Every house a happy home
No one ever need be alone
If ever I need a friend
They would be as near as my pen

The entire world my fantasy
Imagined and created by me
No sermons for me to hear
No lectures to dread or fear

Life would be one fun game
Drawn by me frame by frame
You and I some friends at times
Telling stories writing rhymes

Singing songs telling jokes
Never having to hear
“THAT’S ALL FOLKS”

A fantasy world I’d never leave
Possible I like to believe
If only for my mental ease

vern eaker
Children Require

Children seem to require instant gratification.  
It is as if they totally lack use of imagination.  
They need and crave to see an action immediately.  
At the press of a button, keyboard, controller or TV.

I think they require feeling they have the control.  
Pent up aggression always ready to show.  
When they face with a task which they can’t control.  
They have no appreciation for things they don’t know.

Most take their life for granted, oblivious to those who care.  
If they want something it must be now, to wait they can’t bare.  
Living their life in front of a screen, outside a world unseen.  
They say they know it’s there, suggest they go enjoy it, they scream.

Why actually go out and play ball, they may miss a message or phone call.  
Choosing to interact only or by phone, safe and sound behind their wall.  
As if they fear sunshine and fresh air, grass underfoot or personal interaction.  
It would require they exert themselves to engage others in physical action.

Leaving the comfort of their chair, without a monitor at which to stare.  
Afraid to run and jump or ride a bike, discovering their actually unaware.  
Just try to find the child that dares to brave the wild unknown that is outside.  
The children who have walked in a creek climbed a tree or enjoy a bike ride.

These are things that need be absorbed to appreciate, taking hours or days.  
Children would need to learn to explore the outdoors, to learn new ways.  
Finding things without the press of a button or click of a mouse.  
Enjoying life outside of their house.

Reading a book with actual pages under a tree or up in the branches.  
Venture out to a friend’s house knocking on the door and taking chances.  
Finding someone else as brave as them willing to go play or swim.  
Wouldn’t it be a delightful change if we could enjoy childhood with them?

So when was the last you went out to play with your child, spending quality time?  
Tossing a ball, shooting hoops, just taking a walk in the woods expanding their mind.
Encouraging the children to use their imagination, and to exercise. When was the last time you saw wonder in your Childs eyes?

vern eaker
Compassion

Does compassion have a limit?
It sure does seem it
There are many
Who won’t give any

Those that seem not to care
As if others are not there
To concerned for their self
Never willing to offer help

I never considered it something willed
In me it was always instilled
I truly have compassion
Others problems I can’t pass on

It hurts me to see others hurt
From my back I’d give my shirt
It seems like a desire
I must help with your flat tire

If I should see you cry
I must discover why
I will feel a need to help
This comes from deep inside myself

I give more than I can afford
And will do so without a word
We not need to meet
Before I would offer up my seat

Sad it is though the way we live
Too many will not give
Unless perhaps to show off
Or because it’s a tax write off

I know there are a lot
Willing to share what they’ve got
But also I see everywhere
Too many who just do not care

Compassion is by definition
A caring sharing condition
Compassion is a feeling shown
Unfortunately you can’t give your own

turn eaker
Complacent Love

Complacent love is love still
Often time wears against our will
Dulling the way our love may feel
Without notice gone is the thrill

As if love sleeps never to wake
Taken for granted errors we make
Love exists but the actions we forsake
Neglecting chances we should take

I love you said once often now few
Compliments said only on cue
Rare are meaningful kisses of two
Complacent now your lover and you

Sleeping together is only rest
Still your cordial even jest
Passion though headed west
Comfortable now life is best

Complacent may equal content
Seemingly happy days are spent
You might wonder where passion went
Unnoticing your love became complacent

Gone now are the stolen kisses
No longer interested in the others wishes
Gone are the days of holding hands
No more surprise dinner plans
Everything becomes routine
Life running, like a machine
Love life once insane
Love life now so mundane

Complacency can be a bore
Lacking excitement for sure
Love should be a whole lot more
You need to crave who you adore
Complacency is very frail
When it’s noticed you can tell
Simple things get misconstrued
Sudden change wrongly viewed

When you say I love you
And are asked 'what did you do'?

vern eaker
Dain Bramaged

The world I am feeling, appears to offset healing.
Damaged nerves, they find
Inside my ageing mind.
Unable to be clear, evaluation of what I feel here.
It's I trapped outside this brain, made to be virtually outsane.
Insane becomes an improper word, when sanity is observed.
Thinking outside the box, equals reversed clock.

vern eaker
Deer Encounter

````````` Silhouetted against the shimmering lake
    With its waters flowing cold
    Tasting of its coolness
    Motionless alert sensing my aroma
    In the air of the dawn

    Cautiously approaching, deftly I move
    My hand upon the silken smooth softness of its hide
    Quivering shaking warm to the touch
    Innocent brown eyes searching my soul
    A smile was shared
    For the briefest moment, which seemed to last an hour

    Pressing its head into my arm
    No option as I’m moved aside, taking a step back
    Whispering grunt white tail in the air
    Nothing but tracks in the snow

vern eaker
Do You Feel The Same?

Do you feel the the same?  
Elated just hearing your name  
A mere glimpse of your face  
Begin my heart to race  

You're my first thought each day  
Continually pushing all others away  
My dreams are of us in bliss  
I'm wondering if you feel like this  

I count the moments your away  
Subtracting the I love you's that you say  
All the time hoping yet always knowing  
I love you's will always outweigh  

I find myself waiting without choice  
Phone in my hand awaiting your voice  
So certain I can hear you smile  
Listening for that all the while  

Wishing I could feel your touch  
Wanting to kiss you very much  
So I am writing again just to kill time  
Watching and waiting to see you  

Believing you cherish these little poems so  
I send them with love I want you to know  
Maybe quaint or even silly at times  
Solely for you I write these rhymes  

vern eaker
Do You Recall

Do you recall in your childhood
The things that made you feel good
Riding to school on your bike
Meeting up with others you like

When the school day ends
Your social life really begins
All gathered together to play a game
Ball, hide-n-seek, tag all the same

Before the dreaded night time falls
You might have played them all
Reluctantly having to break, to eat
Racing back out to see who you beat

Saturday cartoons to start your day
Torn between watching and going out to play
Tom and Jerry, Bugs and Roadrunner
Yet outside was even funner

Off on your bike (transportation of choice)
Calling your friends at the top of your voice
Cruising the neighborhood seeing who wants to play
Or discovering what your doing the rest of the day

I might end up fishing, or playing ball
Maybe just one friend maybe them all
Our lawn was littered with things to do
Horseshoes, Jarts toy trucks and cars all around
Hula Hoops, Frisbees, Balls and gloves to be found

Though everyday the sun did not shine
So inside were other games you would find
Monopoly, mousetrap, sorry and clue
Hungry hungry hippo, Rock em Sock em robots too

When ever a movie we wanted to see
Down at the theater we would be
Rarely would we be in our homes
Even if others were busy and I was alone
I might just go for a ride or climb a tree
You may never know where to find me
No need to worry I was always alright
I would be home at first glow of the streetlight

vern eaker
Dreams

Dreaming allows a wonderful escape
From all the bustle we have awake

Dreams may take different shapes
Moving us through different states

Many times we are wished sweet dreams
However the scariest are best for me it seems

I do not like dreaming of wealth and love
Waking to discover it was only dreamt of

I prefer waking from mares of the night
Learning everything is alright

vern eaker
Eyes Are The Window To The Soul

Eyes are the windows to the soul
Throughout my life I’ve been told
To see into anothers heart
Eyes are the place to start

Be they hazel, green or blue
Black, brown color changing too
Matters not what color they be
They show what one needs to see

Through these windows the truth lies
Emotionally nothing hides
Clear for all too recognize
Displayed to the world in ones eyes

Evident are anger, lust and surprise
Fear, truth, lust, hope and despise
Happiness, sorrow, and confusion
Inside familiar eyes there is no illusion

To gaze deeply is an intense moment
For the eyes are a intimate component
Although prominent noticed by all
Often the feature hardest to recall

vern eaker
Fate And Destiny

At birth our path is set
To alter it chances we get
Opportunities give us a chance
To circumvent our circumstance

Some can overcome diverse situations
Choosing their own path or destination
Others except things as they come along
Believing they must, not feeling strong

Many require assistance in life
Incapable of dealing with strife
Very few plan, a life on their own
Deciding it best to go it alone

Life’s confrontations seem unfair
Battling them by trial and error
Still never knowing if you win
Or destined through fate the same end

vern eaker
February

Amazing how the temperature can vary
In the month of February
Sun is shining heat is climbing
Nearing 53 degrees

Bedroom window allows me the view
Of ice raining down, as the sun shines through
The snow covered ground with sparkling shine
Glistening in contrast with the grey wood line

Carefree squirrels racing tree to tree
Chasing each other in apparent glee
Scampering quickly tails in the air
Oblivious that I see them there

Deer grazing in the foliage abound
Lead by the meandering creek found
Twisting and turning through the hills
Harmonious it looks serene it feels

Enchanted I’m quite relaxed my feet up
Caressing the warmth of my coffee cup
Watching the horizontal shadow
Of vertical trees move slowly across the snow

February calling me to go out and play
On this lovely warm winter day

vern eaker
Fishing

Sitting on a huge gray log
In the distance a croaking frog
Sipping my coffee from a metal cup
Noting how silently the sun comes up

Watching closely my fishing line
Any bit of movement any sign
The fire crackles behind me
As I inhale the aroma of my coffee

Embracing the cup as I take a sip
Certain I see movement of the rod tip
Preparing to give it a swift tug
My eyes glued to it, I sit down my mug

The sun rises from behind to my right
Water takes on texture as it reflects light
Waves rippled speckled diamond shape
Dancing expanding across the lake

Rod bows down then snaps back
Again it bends and I pull out the slack
Glorious morning grants my wish
On my hook a large catfish

The reel does whine before I crank
Working my bounty toward the bank
Playing along with the fight
Then winding faster keeping the line tight

A rewarding feeling when it reaches land
Weighing about seven pounds in my hand
Fresh worm on the hook cast the same spot
Fish in the cooler, coffee from the pot

The day is brighter, the air crisper
That new day smell, breeze is a whisper
I move back to the log take my seat
A day fishing can’t be beat
vern eaker
Her World

Her smile
Her hair
Her eyes
Her laugh
Her charm
Her style
Her class
Her love
Her compassion
Her warmth
Her embrace
Her kiss
Her Hand
Her lips
Her skin
Her caress
Her passion
Her bliss
Her surprise
Her jubilation
Her glow
Her pain
Her child
Her pride
Her understanding
Her care
Her world

vern eaker
How Small Am I?

How small am I?
My feet on earth
My head in the sky

Some I see taller
Others not as big
Am I still smaller

Are there things worse?
Than feeling insignificant
In this universe

Perhaps the issue
Is not size
But if others miss you

vern eaker
I Am Not That Kind Of Guy

I am not that kind of guy
The kind that has to wear a tie
I do not like to read the news
Or care to wear shiny shoes

Could not be a commuter
I do not work at a computer
Not required to make decisions
Do not supply any supervision

I’m not part of a work crew
Schedules for me won’t do
No need to rant or holler
I don’t live from your tax dollar

Judgment is to quickly passed
Before the facts are amassed
No inheritance of large sum
Expect no checks mailed to come

I am not a crook or criminal
My aspirations are minimal
No money from contest I won
Depend on money from no one

Do you think a loser of me?
Someway a drain on society
Or give the benefit of doubt
Like a riddle to be worked out

The fact is I need no loot
I get by just being cute
Now you know just maybe
I am but an infant a baby.

vern eaker
I appreciate all the friends I have met
It is a mutual satisfaction that we get
Many of them I have found
Scattered around the world to find

Some I accept and never speak to at all
Just a picture on their friends list is all
Others exchange messages or we chat
Many simply are pleased to do that

The ones I really like the most
Comment on the things I post
Or they join me to play a game
Close enough I know their name

My best friends know who they are
While others only know their avatar
With me we politely flirt, and chat
I cherish my friends, they know that

I have made so many, not just a few
All very special but not like you
They will think I wrote this for them
Saying Vern is so special, I really like him

vern eaker
I Can Never Stop

Darlin; I can never stop thinking of you
You’re always on my mind whatever I do

I feel so sad when your not available to me
I am not usually so attached, what have you done to me

I feel the need to talk with you even though I have nothing to say.
I just require to hear your voice each and everyday

I long for the moment your in my arms warm and secure
Only then, will I feel that you are mine for sure

You should know that I love you but I can never say it enough
And not being able to hold you, is oh so hard oh so tough

I am dependent on you to make it through my day
I simply must correspond with you in some kind of way

Telephone or e-mail or to chat
Any chance to tell you, I want you to be mine

I love Darlin and my care for you runs deep
I will never stop my pursuit of you, even once your mine to keep

After I have woken with you, say a few years or so
Then I might be able to believe that you truly know

My love for you is truly real,
And I only say that because, that is the way I feel

I love you is easy to say, and sometimes it is not meant
You should know when you hear it from me it is no accident

It is you that I desire to have beside me in my life each day
To be able to love and care for you, each and every way

I want to see that lovely smile as you wake each day
look of contentment in your eyes, when good night we say
You see it is not merely a matter of want or desire
I need you Darlin I need us together, your love I require

I need to watch over you to be sure that you are happy as can be
I need to watch and know your happy hopefully because of me

I would do whatever you ask
Any job or any task

To please you is all I care to do
Because my Darlin I love you

vern eaker
I Had The Ability

I had the ability
To walk through walls
Step over trees

Without a breath
I could swim
The oceans depth

Pain I could only see
Numb, unfeeling
It was to me

Love I would make
To everyone
Saddened now I am awake

vern eaker
I Have The Desire

I have the desire to write
No idea what about
It is the middle of the night
Unknowing how this will turn out

Topics and ideas fill my head
So many that I can’t think straight
Thus the reason I’m out of bed
Need to write simply won’t wait

I can’t explain this writing desire
Sitting at the keyboard waiting
Wishing one thought may inspire
Suddenly a feeling elating

Without any effort or realization
I have managed to write in verse
Now a sense of emancipation
I have appeased my writing curse

vern eaker
I Know I'M Not The Perfect Man

I know I am not the perfect man

I never even try as hard as I can

I have lived my life trying to do as I please

I often take wrong to ever higher degrees

I have loved and I have lost even though I tried

I have had my heart broken to the point where I’ve cried

I caused pain to others I have known

I can understand why I’m often alone

I am a nice person most who know me would say

I just never feel there is any one place for me to stay

I feel I bring trouble and hardship wherever I go

I am not sure others would believe I even know

I am a criminal and I have criminal ways

I know that soon I will be counting my prison days
I believe most would tell you I just don’t care
I think I hide that well and their just not aware

I am a man like most that I know
I hide my feeling afraid they will show

I see it as a sign of weakness to let see
I am just confused as to how to accept me

I seem to treat others better trying to give all respect
I can’t understand why it is myself I chose to neglect

I don’t find it easy to change my ways or attitude
I find it easier to adjust the way I’m understood

I can convince others that I am happy and content
I will convince myself that my life has been well spent

I try to bring smiles wherever I go and to all whom I see
I try even harder though to be the one that pleases me
I Love You More Than I Should

# I love you more than I should
# Loving you is supposed to feel good
# We discussed it heart to heart
# Only to learn your, happiest apart
# And because your happiness means most to me
# I reluctantly agree, this is the way it has to be
# And we are content to be best friends
# But sadly enough that's not how it ends
# My love continues, to deepen and grow
# Not fair to you, this I do know
# Because now through no fault of your own
# I'm constantly reminded, I feel so alone
# I'm sure that it's you I need by my side
# Yet to remain in your life, my love I must hide
# You need time your not sure how much
# I've agreed it's best to allow you such
# As my love becomes harder to conceal
# Theirs a pain in my heart that is to real
# I feel like there's a void, the exact size of you
# And can no longer ignore it whatever I do
# I need you with me if only you could
# And promise always to love you more than I should

vern eaker
I Want To Be A We

I want to be a we

Someone should want to be with me

All it takes is someone to hold

To snuggle with when it gets cold

To have them there as I grow old

I love you, would be nice to be told

I want to be a we

Please take my hand and join me

To have them there when I get home

No more dinners ate alone

wont do, nor telephone

A real person not a photo shown

I want to be a we

Is that a bad thing to want to be

An evening of dancing and drinks for two

Or a night at home, with a movie would do

If i could know it would be with you

So tell me if you get the clue

I want to be a we

Would you like to be with me
I Want To Believe

I want to believe in heaven there is a place
More comforting than a mother's heart
I want to believe there is a secure embrace
For all, when it becomes our time to part

I want to believe eternal peace, exists there
How one arrives has no consequence
I want to believe it’s full of love and care
Passing through a gate with no fence

I want to believe souls are free to roam
And warm precious smiles abound
I want believe it’s a familiar home
Everyone with friends and family around

I want to believe no one feels alone
Always there’s music and dance
I want to believe angels have flown
And all there will get that chance

I want to believe until my time comes
A divine power will be watching above
I want to believe the same for everyone
Never a soul should be without love
A beloved friend or family member gone
I believe always a family’s love goes on

vern eaker
If Allowed To Wander

If allowed to wander
My mind becomes
Quite a wonder

Travels far
Travels fast
There is no last

It is organized chaos
Un tethered worlds
Treasure found and lost

Thoughts skew thoughts
Now thinking shish-kabobs
Now thinking Jobs

Leaping visions I see
Unimportant urgency
Rushing patiently to me

It occurs for me to see
This poem has no end
My mind being penned

vern eaker
If I Had A Dollar

If I had a dollar for each tear I cried for you
If I had a dollar for each fragment of my heart
I would have more money than a fool could spend
It would take a life time to lay them end to end

The dollars would circle the world not just once but twice
They would be no use to me no happiness could I buy
They would continue to add up as I continue to cry
Worthless dollars that could buy nothing pleasurable or nice

If I had a dollar for tear I cried since you’ve been gone
If I had a dollar for each time you crossed my mind since
I would have no dollars I would have no cents
I have not allowed myself to think of you in so long

I don’t require money to make me smile
Now that you are longer here to give me pain
And tears will no longer fall again
I can again find happiness for awhile

vern eaker
If I Were A Color

If love were a color what would it be?

Red like the roses vibrant and dark,

Yellow like the suns rays

Warming you, as you jog through the park.

If love were a texture how would it feel?

Silky smooth and cool to the touch,

Maybe furry and warm,

Inviting, as such.

If love were a song how would it be sung?

Operatic or classical perhaps like the blues,

Country or rock

What tempo to chose?

If love were a game, every one playing,

Excepting that some must lose.

If love is an emotion

Used to measure how much we care

Who we allow in our own worlds

Together, our lives to share.

If love were a joke

The punch line would be,
Happily ever after

Is reserved, for you and me.

vern eaker
If I Were A Shoe

If I were a shoe
Wonder what I’d do
Would I go out?
Or just lay about

If I were a shoe
I could go with you
Running or playing
On a beach laying
Socks stuffed inside
Maybe on a bike ride

If I were a shoe
A life half of two
Skipping or prancing
Jogging or dancing
Go for fast food
Or dinner for two

If I were a shoe
So many things to do
Sneaking and stalking
Climbing and walking
Accessorizing your clothes
Perhaps offending your nose

If I were a shoe
What I’d do with you
Travel near or far
Relax while in the car
Stroll around the mall
Or play, kick the ball

If I were a shoe
I would take care of you
Protect your feet
From the street
And morning dew
Yes even dog poo
If I were a shoe
I could comfort you
Safely covering your feet
Showing off to friends you meet
If I’m polished and kept clean
I emit a marvelous sheen

vern eaker
In Sincere Appreciation

A more sincere appreciation, never had by a man
Than that which I hold for you my number one fan
For you gladly read each word I write sincere or fluff
I have not the words to truly thank you near enough

All the words I write do not mean a thing if they sit unseen
Your praise of my poems, really do mean everything
This gratitude for your daughter too, though I know not her name
Means no less, I wish you both the very best all the same

I am not sure why our life paths have crossed but honored I feel
To have such dedicated readers on hand, proves blessings are real
Knowing his keystrokes are enjoyed would surely please any man
Even more for me you understand, is that I have angels for my fans

vern eaker
Insert Name Here

(your name here)  you have captured my heart

It has been yours from the very start

(your name here)  you are the one that I love

Consuming my thoughts, you’re all I think of

(your name here)  you’re on my mind so often it’s deplorable

The truth of the matter is, I find you possitively adorable

(your name here)  my darling, I need you in my arms

I spend my entire day plying you with my charms

(your name here)  I am hoping you find me irresistible

I want to be as close to you as physically permissible

(your name here)  I do wish together we could have a home

It’s with that hope I chose to write you this poem.

(your name here)  my love I swear it’s all true

I did write this silly poem especially for you
It is only a tree
That is all I see
The texture rough
To my soft touch
Some roots are found
Splayed above ground
Many its branches are
Stretching reaching far
Sprouting out each alone
In a fork is a nest
With eggs it rests
A windless breeze
Gently sways its leaves
Causing the shadow
To dance below
An army of ants trail
Single file without fail
Feeding off its green
Scurrying to ground unseen
Squirrels also have a home
From which they roam
Scampering limb to limb
Just upon a whim
Then a mighty lurch
A hawk flees its perch
Watching it take flight
A swarm of beetles’ insight
So much to see
When you truly
Look at a tree

vern eaker
Just Because Darlin I Love You

I really have nothing to say
yet felt compelled to write anyway

I suppose how I miss you I could mention
even sitting here alone you have my complete attention

pictures of you are seared in my mind
of all my thoughts your the only one I find

when I sleep dreaming of holding you tight
only waking to discover your nowhere in sight

sad for a moment, I can't even do
realizing I am still thinking of you

wishing you were in my home
I decided I'd try to write you this poem

not that have nothing else to do
Just because Darlin I love you.

vern eaker
Lipstick On The Bottle

Lipstick on the bottle

Tears falling on the bar

Clearly heartbroken once again

Softly sobbing and cursing men

Jukebox blaring her favorite tune

But she wont be dancing soon

Simply wanting to be alone

Still to sober to go home

Not caring to see the house

She had shared with that cheating spouse

Just needing some time to think

She simply motions for another drink

Lipstick on the bottle

Tears falling on the bar

Clearly heartbroken once again

Softly sobbing and cursing men
Wearing tight jeans and a baggy sweater
Hard to imagine she could look better
Her hair hangs down to hide her face
She dabs at her tears keeping make-up in place

Politely refusing any attempt talk
Choosing only to sip and sulk
Wondering where things went wrong
How did her life become a country song

Lipstick on the bottle
Tears falling on the bar
Clearly heartbroken once again
Softly sobbing and cursing men

When she requests another drink
It is plain to see what she might think
Digging some cash from her purse
Thinking things could really be worse

Pulling the ring from her left hand
Helps her let go of that cheating man
Her heavy heart becomes lighter
The neon lights seem to burn brighter

Lipstick on the bottle
Tears falling on the bar
Clearly heartbroken once again
Softly sobbing and cursing men

Signaling for yet another round
This time with a shot of Crown
Opting for something a bit stronger
Hoping to end the pain she wants no longer

She raised the small glass emptied it quick
Placed it on the bar as she licked her lip
Then a sip from the bottle and a shake of her head
All she had done wrong was pick the wrong man to wed

Lipstick on the bottle
Lipstick on the glass

She was felling better then

Content with drinking and cursing men

With nothing more than the wave of her hand

She orders up again as she begins to stand

At the jukebox she plays a happier beat

Before strolling back to take her seat

Raising the whiskey then down it goes

Shaking her head as she taps her toes

Lifting the bottle to her crimson lips

Holding it there as she sips and sips

Lipstick on the bottle

Lipstick on the glass

She was felling better then

Content with drinking and cursing men

vern eaker
Love Is

Love is the reason for an unknowing smile
Love makes a moment seem like a long while
Love is missing someone from across the room
Love always feels fresh as a new flowers bloom
Love is the reason I am so drawn to you
Love requires I express my love for you

vern eaker
Mankinds Bible

A view not seen is not wasted
Wine not drank is not tasted
The scenery continues to live
Providing life I’m positive

Our world seems so complex
It’s been written down in text
Problems begin I must believe
If one can’t see what others see

We are raised told what is right
Those that disagree start the fight
It must be this way you understand
No option for, on the other hand

Even your own religion is belief
From confrontation comes relief
Do what you must to battle Satan
Some it’s Nation against Nation

I say we are all living in the past
Following scripture behind a mask
Supporting each other is so tribal
Foolish is numbers of our rival

Everyone so quick to find fault
To not see our view what an insult
We need a mankind bible so divine
Intoxicating souls dry of our wine

A mankind bible applicable to all
A book of spirit and virtue not law
To teach compassion before even birth
That all should praise and care for our earth

Perhaps it’s only me or so it seems
Wouldn’t that be everyone’s dream?
Fathers, Mothers, Sisters and Brothers
We must worship earth we have no others.
Although not listed on the menu there
At the local McDonalds I have found friends that care
You may have some in your neighborhood
Those with a smile that makes you feel good
Real employees truly caring about you
Remembering your name or the things you do
But kinder people you could not want
Than those at the Ft. Myers Beach restraunt
Some only smile others joke and tease
All seemingly happy and eager to please
Still there are the ones which inspire this poem
Going out of their way to make me feel at home
Displays of true compassion hard elsewhere to find
All knowing I'm homeless but never judging my kind
This morning two politely argue who can cover the change I was short
12 cents was needed 'I got it' 'no I got it' each would retort
Both desiring to do more than their part
Both unknowingly, filling my heart
I always have paid
Would never ask their aide
Another time offered much to my surprise
A quarter pounder and large order of fries
I know these things would break no banks
But I still desire to give my McThanks
I doubt they know
Their McLove shows
Much more than service and smiles without ends
My sincerest McThanks to all my Mc Freinds

vern eaker
Morning Coffee

A moment alone, can be such a blessing in life
Not fraught with urgent decisions and strife
But time to contemplate, or speculate
Away from all others, yourself alone
Far from distractions, no ringing phone

Embracing the aroma, that comforting scent
That fills the air while, in a soothing sense
The warmth of the cup, seducing your grasp
Begging your caress, until the very last

vern eaker
Mountain View

From the fire warmed cabin upon the mountain top
Sitting there with you, gentle kisses we would swap
Nestled together cozy in front of the fireplace
Amber glowing light illuminating your soft face

The moonlight shines bright, icy brilliance it makes
Reflecting and glistening, across a rippling lake
Illuminating the majestic trees all covered in snow
We sit contently gazing at this magnificent glow

Enjoying the solitude, with not another sole near
Startled you gasp, before recognizing it’s a deer
Starring inside the window, its eyes open wide
Before it turns and runs, into the woods to hide

We share a gentle hug and smile then a soft kiss
No words needed, similarly thinking this is true bliss
You pour more wine; I add a log to the flaming fire
Returning to each others arms, hearts burn in desire

Passionate lingering kisses, with lightly closed eyes
Outside a harsh wind blows snow into night skies
Inside a turbulent passion increases, loving woo
No matter inside or outside I love the Mountain View

vern eaker
No Longer Bearing The Smile

No longer bearing the smile I wear so distinctively
Replaced now by the tears that flow so frequently
There is a constricting darkness consuming my heart
A vastly growing void since you decided to part

I have run the gambit of emotion sorrow brings
Anger, shame, jealously, are amongst the things
Clouding my thoughts wondering what I have done
Confused as to how the love we had, can be lost by one

For so long our kindred spirit held us tight
Now gone because of a silly drunken night
As I write those words I see they are not true
It is not the only time, you let alcohol control you

In fact they become too many, to count or track
But this is the first time, you did not come back
You knew I would be angry, that I would be mad
You failed again to keep, the promise that we had

I know that I must keep my promise to you
Even though it saddens me, it means we are through
Too often it has happened over and over again
Against your need for alcohol I can never win

Hard it is to accept your weakness is stronger
Than our love we can share no longer
We can not continue to live to on only prayer
Overlooking the barrier you have constructed there

I can never pretend for a moment I do not love you
Though again your not here, you know it is true
For I know you can feel my heart breaking
We do share a deep love there is no mistaking

That is why it is so hard to sever those ties
We can not continue living the lies
Your drinking continuously hurts both of us
You’re unwilling to control it voiding all trust
At least for me this vicious circle must end
This is the proof our life we can’t mend
Drinking makes you unhappy, sad makes you drink
Too little time do you care to even think

You will say you can and will quit
But you would have to admit
You do not have the will or desire
And I can not live with a drunken liar

vern eaker
Oh To Be A Writer Or Poet

Oh to be a writer or poet
To write with emotion
To actually show it

To pen with zest and zeal
Expressions you can feel
With each piece you part
Invoking vivid images
Straight from your heart

Someday I wish a writer to be
That others feel my poetry
Often mere rants and rages
As my lonely thoughts spew
Filling up these blank pages
Imparting my thoughts to you

Wishing everyone to see
Feelings deep inside of me
I swear to all the powers that be
Someday I too, will write poetry

vern eaker
Online

Online is a world to find
So much different than mine
Sitting in my quaint abode
This is a window to the globe

Allowing me to travel near and far
Chatting with people whoever they are
Some are fictitious others are real
All display just how they feel

Hiding behind pictures and avatars
Most desiring to be internet stars
Collecting friends to add to their list
Others killing time something like this

With your keyboard and mouse
Surfing the web safe in your house
There is no limit as to what you can do
Use your imagination it’s all up to you

Purchase those things that you want or need
Gaze at any image or if you choose read
With an internet connection and use of broadband
Watch TV or the millions of videos at hand

It remains open twenty four /seven
The only place I have not reached was heaven
You can chat around the world or the same room
Follow your favorite sport or see world doom

There seems to be no limit as to its use
You must be aware there is also abuse
Use caution when talking all the while
Perhaps you’re chatting with a pedophile

There are con-men, international scammers
Junk mail, bulk mail and spammers
Sales people and ads at every click
Not to worry you will learn quick
I would be remiss if I don’t mention porn
It is everywhere it seems I wanted to warn
And that brings me to the end
All that remains is to press send

vern eaker
Peace For Dummies

Peace for dummies

Where is that book, into that issue we should look?

Wars have raged far too long, could we not see that answer is wrong?

Who can defend wars cost, monetarily and with lives lost?

How can one proclaim a win, after all is totaled in the end?

Could we expect compassion, displaying retaliation in such a fashion?

Will we ever represent peace, as our willingness to battle seems never to cease?

Can we continue to claim defense, engaging in battles at any pretense?

Questions I have many, sadly enough answers I don’t have any

So why is it in times like these, there is no guide that would appease?

Should be simple easy to understand. LOVE and RESPECT our fellow man

To defy either would be a crime, perhaps requiring counseling very worst time

In schools compassion taught, in hopes never again a war is fought

Funds saved without confrontations, supplying medicine water food for nations

Manpower that could be freed, applied toward a nobler deed

Instead of more destruction, new unarmed forces working toward construction

We need only to agree, to assist in compiling and supporting a world peace philosophy

vern eaker
Question Of Love

The question that I wish to pose
Is the root of many woe’s
Can someone proclaim true emotion
Without the feelings of devotion

Why would one say love is there
Yet have no consideration to share
Could you believe that being excluded
Leads one to think the love is deluded

How could anyone claiming to care
Have nothing in their life their willing to share
Going out of their way to deceive and to lie
Admitting to you they refuse to try

Claiming they fear they might upset you
Refusing to admit the things that they do
One could feel no devotion or consideration
There is no reason for pride or elation
Being avoided by the one that proclaimed to care

Feeling evermore, they just wish you were not there

What would cause the fear that is built

Could it be some form of guilt

You of course would have not a clue

For you are excluded from the things they do

You ask that they be more open and giving

Concerned and caring about the life they are living

But cast aside made to feel insignificant

Always wondering where, the supposed love went

Since when does the emotion of love include

Avoidance, rejection and fear to exude

There is no love, was there ever a devotion

Feeling unwanted is a horrible emotion

Cast aside kept far at bay

Does not represent love is all I can say

vern eaker
Respect

Respect should be both given and received

Everyone needs to feel loved, I believe

Some kindness must be shown to all

People need support so we don’t fall

Enemies we should never know

Civilization to be shared not forced

Together peace can be coerced

vern eaker
She Awakened

She awakened with a start  
Clutching blankets  
Embracing her own heart  

Up her spine runs a shiver  
Her eyes open fully  
As her body begins to quiver  

Surprised and scared  
Trembling  
Unsure unprepared  

Heart racing as it pounds  
Attempting to scream  
There are no sounds  

Twisted mind slowly clears  
Was it a dream?  
That brought such fears  

Sweat trickles from her brow  
She is alone  
Concern intensifies now  

Sudden concern for her child  
Bolting from bed  
As she runs wild  

Finding baby safe asleep  
She sighs loud  
She sighs deep  

Relief began to cover  
Still afraid  
Worried for her lover  

Was it nothing or anything?  
She knew to cry  
When she heard the ring
In tears collapsing on the bed
There had been a crash
Her husband is dead

vern eaker
She Don'T Love Me

I love her but she don’t love me
She thinks she love another man
And he’s no good you understand

I love her but she don’t love me
Running round drinking every night
He’ll never treat my baby right

I love her but she don’t love me
She don’t know the things he does
She don’t know the women he loves

I love her but she don’t love me
How long before she quits the chase
Seeing chasing that man is a total waste

I love her but she don’t love me
He’s not the kind to settle down
Breaking hearts all over town

I love her but she don’t love me
I tell her every chance I get
She’s not ready to accept that yet

I love her but she don’t love me
I’m going to get me that girl
Show her that she is my world

I love her but she don’t love me
Can’t anyone love her as I do
If you knew her you’d love her to

I love her she don’t love me
I have loved her for many years
She caused me to shed many tears

I love her she don’t love me
Thinking of her my heart bleeds
I’m always there anytime she needs
I love her but she don’t love me
I’ll live in misery on my own
If I can’t have her I’ll die alone

vern eaker
She Was An Angel Although Not Pure

She was an angel although not pure...

You could tell from the blackness of her wings to be sure...

She tried real hard to hide her beauty from all...

Until an old wizard happened to call...

He seen through the mask she used to hide...

Through her dark eyes deep down inside..

He could see kindness and caring a world of beauty she should be sharing...

Once he manages to get her from behind the mask...

he found his own true love and to this day it last.

vern eaker
Spring Attack

There is a chill in the air, I’m well aware
Winter has not gone, seemingly its been long
Anticipating the spring, the warmth it will bring
Reminiscing years gone past, sunshine once cast
Anxious for fragrant scents, blooming arrogance
Foliage of brilliant green, wondrous colors seen
The return of birds to trees, frantic buzzes of bees
Desire grows stronger, each day grows longer
There is no going back, time for spring to attack

vern eaker
Suicide Pleasure

Death by one considered such a pity
Occurs alone, in a large city

To end some undying pain
Calming rest can be the gain

All those that claim to care
Will understand the letter there

How the end of the road far away
Can now be reached early today

No more required assistance in need
Unscheduled healthcare or time to feed

I can only leave blessings and thanks
Oh and money back on oxygen tanks

I think some will gather to show sympathy
I will be there to share empathy

vern eaker
Surprise, Surprise

Surprise, surprise!

Surprise is such an ambiguous thing
Never are we sure what a surprise brings
Surprises them selves may be large or small
There are good ones and bad ones for us all

Surprise can be shocking and some we welcome
Some people don’t like them others love them
It is the unknown the intrigue of the surprises
Along with the fact that they come in all sizes

Surprise can drain us when sad news it brings
Sometimes it brings pleasure no bigger than rings
Surprises need not even be material things
Surprises can elate us make us feel like kings

Surprise could be news of upcoming new birth
Or of trinkets and treasures of variable worth
Contact from an old friend from long ago
Waking in morning finding ten inches of snow

Surprise may come from finding something lost
Or sticker shock at what the new car will cost
Surprises appear to us all in various ways
In thrilling movies, books and even plays

Surprise can even come trying on clothes
Hopefully finding you can still fit those
Maybe when breaking out winter’s coat
Finding in the pocket a ten dollar note

Surprise can happen at any time day or night
It need not be Halloween that gives you a fright
Opening a door to discover what’s there
That unsure moment when you trip on a stair

Surprise can be gentle many learn peek-a-boo
The look of the child when it sees it’ you
Some seem to happen even against our will
Have you hesitated to open up that bill?

Surprises when pleasant of course are best
Bad ones and sad put pains in my chest
It should be no surprise my wish for you
All your surprises be pleasant ones....BOO

vern eaker
The Bigger A Heart

The bigger a heart, the easier it breaks
Surprising exactly how little it takes

Begins so easy with the slightest ache
That soon grows a small crack it makes

Rippling through like an ocean wake
Slowly rumbling like an earthquake

Exploding erupting, tears it will make
The heart, you never want to forsake

The bigger a heart the easier it will break

vern eaker
The Birth Of A Family

The birth of a family where does it start
Your parents, their parents all play a part

Virtues instilled deep within us all form
Long before an innocent child is born

Family history does have its role
Hardships and struggles take their toll

Ignorance and prejudice often passed down
From generation to generation often it’s found

Intolerance, addictions and other afflictions
Take their own form, in each new addition

Contorting and mixing contaminating innocence
Frequently unnoticed, unknown the consequence

Labor it’s said, is the worst physical pain on earth
Fortunately, that subsides after the child birth

With each new child a new family is born
That is when the new life truly takes form

Each family as different as the members within
Philosophy, psychology and even emotions begin

Evolving and ever changing adapting as needed
Responding together to the way they are treated

Values and virtues learned were passed down
Communication and manners from those around

Reactions displayed dealing with joy and strife
All are absorbed in this, newly formed life

Interaction with others outside the home
Affects the family not one alone
Assumptions and accusations to be family based
Besmirch one and all will feel disgraced

As each family matures and expands
Occasionally a sudden change in plans

Perhaps another child to be born
Or from the family a member torn

Many times families are split apart
Divided in pieces severed at the heart

Then before that pain has run its course
As things settle, and over is the worse

Just as sudden as they split they can also merge
It is not uncommon for families to converge

Often creating pain, anguish and confusion
Seemingly surviving seems just an illusion

Family differences can clearly be seen
Change must be made, like you’re a machine

As sure as death in a family brings pain
Adding members can do the same

Forced to assimilate with someone new
Maybe required to share a dissimilar view

Finding it so difficult to make a change
Hurt and sad your feeling must rearrange

Adapting to create a new family bond
Can’t be done with the wave of a wand

Growing wild the roots of the family tree
Suddenly hundreds more related you see

Steps and halves, cousins’ uncles and aunts
And a whole other pair of grandparents
The family continues to expand and grow
Marriages and babies were expected you know

But with death, divorce, and merges in the branches
The family tree grows larger, and what of the chances

Someday all you will see, will be your FAMILY

vern eaker
As I came upon the rustic cabin nestled on the hill
Signs of days gone by ever present still

I felt that time had stopped abruptly at that old shack
The occupants had walked away never to come back

Widow boxes overgrown with weeds and wilted flowers
A huge stone chimney rising up, over the cabin it towers

Logs and hand split lumber turned gray and worn from time
Hand carved hearts in the shudders, spoke of a love rare to find

As I step onto the large porch, I see a weathered slingshot
It lay upon the well worn and faded motionless porch swing

Across the slated deck a small rocking horse and bench
Indicating a place where family times were spent

As I lift the latch and the old hinges creek as it swings
Inside under layers of dust were all necessary things

Hot water kettle on a wood stove next to the fireplace
Dishes in the china cabinet, safe inside their case

Photographs lined the mantle, under a loaded shotgun
Where had this family gone husband wife and young son

On one side a small room with a single bed well made
A wardrobe with is door ajar paint peeling signs of fade

Across the cabin a larger room with its full sized feathered bed
Along one wall a curtained covered closet its fabric faded red

On the table a wash basin, pocket watch and folded money
My wonder increased when where why wasn’t funny

Through the dirty windows I seen the dock at the lake below
As I made my way down the hill a flagstone path did show
Reaching the dock rickety withered away, falling apart
Remnants of towels and a picnic basket that broke my inquisitive heart

vern eaker
The truth about lies may come as a surprise.

I’ve been told since youth, people want the truth.

But a bond need be there, before truth can you share.

Honesty with a stranger, poses such a danger

People are quick to judge you, overlooking virtue.

You may tell a friend, they have a big rear-end

But someone you just met won’t want to hear that yet.

So it becomes a task, if they happen to ask.

How I answer instead, is partially in my head.

Out loud they will hear, I don’t think you have a big rear.

Inside my head I’d complete, that is actually a large seat

vern eaker
The World Awaits

The world awaits me once again
Calling me to places I’ve never been

Searching and seeking things unknown
I set out to find answers traveling alone

Wandering freely no schedule or destination
Hoping for clearer thought from contemplation

Or if it there perhaps some divine intervention
Some soul searching to reveal my life’s mission

Removing myself from comfort with a defiance
Insistent I require myself to be more self reliant

Loose in the world to fend for myself
Stepping away from all those to eager to help

Once again pushing myself to persevere
In a distant city far away from here

Like the Phoenix rising from the ashes of its own
I shall take flight from wherever I roam

Sprouting new wings with which to soar
Stronger faster higher than ever before

Of course there is a price for leaving this home
Until further notice this is my last poem

vern eaker
Today I Did Not Wake

Today I did not awaken
No today I come too
Head in pain, hands shaking
Amplified sounds, visions in two

Face in my hands I begin to weep
A dense fog clouds my mind
As I attempt to wake from my sleep
Steeped in depression again I find

No one should endure such pain
A moment of clarity begins to seep
I swear never to do that again
From here on out no more sleep

vern eaker
Too Live A Life Of Sin

Too live a life of sin
Where does it all begin?
Existing as long as the earth
Doomed was I, at my birth

Personality of addiction
No avoiding this affliction
For destiny designed
This, my evil mind

Never allowed a choice
Following an evil voice
Shouts inside my head
Ceasing only when I’m dead

too eaker
Toys

Toys do more than entertain
Allow me a moment to explain
Toys do more than busy the mind
Shaping our futures you will find

Artist begin with crayons and pencils
Advancing to chalks, painted life is stenciled
Some about toy cars they are manic
Growing to auto mechanics

Perhaps your choice is dolls and clothes
Preparing you to be the designer everyone knows.
Professional ball players you can’t forget
Start with a football or basketball or catchers mitt

Lincoln logs and erector sets, starts lives that build
Stethoscopes and microscopes, could doctors yield
Board and card games create social skills we need
So some will grow with a desire to lead

Although while young minds are easily formed
Playing with guns our children need be warned
We should never stifle young minds as they grow
Teaching responsibility and respect should show
Proper use of firearms, is something we all should know

vern eaker
Unification

It is said the pen is mightier than the sword
It should stand to reason all that's needed is word
Words that tell of love and respect toward all
Word to inform everyone the world is small
My keyboard has no button for ending life
Without-spacing-even-I-could-learn-to-write
Perhaps-that-is-what-I-shall-do-remove-the-voids
In-protest-to-wars-that-separates-and-destroys
To-show-all-unification-can-be-tolerated
Yet-my-words-remain-emancipated

vern eaker
Unique Like Me

Unique, like me
How could that be?
That is not individuality.

People should be different
Variety is magnificent
To be just like anyone else
You lose your own sense of self

A road is a road, a ditch is a ditch
Odd, is a popcorn sandwich
Everyone is not the same
To pretend to be is just lame

Oddities have their significance
We should celebrate or difference
It is great to be one of a kind
The awesome only one each you’ll find

Eiffel tower, Empire state
Grand Canyon, golden gate
Pyramids of Egypt, China’s wall
No need to list them all

To be different is not a disgrace
But a wondrous thing to embrace
Do not hate a religion color of skin
Treasure the difference everyone wins.

vern eaker
Welcomed Heartache

Welcomed heartache you may find confusing
Who would want to feel the pain?
Is there anyone seeing that amusing
Could there be any gain?

Emo’s may cut so they can feel
Sadist simply find it a high
For some it allows them to feel real
Leaving all others asking why

Predominately it is pursued
By our young unbeknownst it seems
Forming relationships where both are used
Seeking a love to fulfill dreams

Not really seeing the strife
Unconcerned about the pain
Looking to be accepted in life
Believing pain equals the same

vern eaker
What Poetry Means To Me

Poetry what does it mean to me?
Much more than a fancy way to speak
Allows others to feel things inside of me
Through thoughtfully chosen word
Telling of the obscure and the absurd

Painting with words pictures in your mind
Vivid thoughts that I often rhyme
Bringing an excitement and appreciation to what I say
Or filled with emotions forcing you to feel
So much more that my words are real

People speak without feeling all of the time
Communicating without feeling leaves nothing said
We pay no attention we pay no mind
In written word I can not whisper or shout
Description brings these actions out inside your head

Poetry does not require that my words rhyme together
If I can bring forth feeling and emotion using words
Depicting the images I chose you to see brilliant colors
The heat of a fiery red, , supple soft warm shades of yellow
Speckled reflections of a shimmering rippling blue lake

Words used to transform words have mighty power
Conjuring images of quick color changing leaves on trees
Moves you through time consuming weeks in a single moment
Expression decides if that saddens you or brings great joy
Like children giggling in the falling leaves,
Blown from the branches, in autumns mighty breeze

I simply adore the power of words, properly used
Not spewed expletives or intended to abuse
The poetic gentleness, the smooth versed flow
Rhyming again as if their on show
Displayed for the world to see
To me that’s poetry.
vern eaker
When I Picture An Angel

When I picture an angel this is what I see
Long and full amber hair flowing free and wild
Her face is one of blissfulness softly smiling from glances
Tiny nose and big dark eyes complete with long dark lashes

Glistening moist full pink lips outlining pearly whites
The corners giving way, to cheeks both high and round
A slender lengthy neck alabaster, creamy smooth skin
Spreading into supple shoulders of horizontal eloquence

With lovely outstretched arms inviting my embrace
Unto a cuddly bosom above a shapely waist
Flesh of porcelain white contrasting with the silken hair
Narrow hips become long slender legs ending with feet so fair

She smells of lilacs in the rain, an intoxicating fragrance
Deftly movements of finesse and grace dancing alluring
Dancing to the beating of my heart as it beats fast and light
Wings wide open as she embraces me taking me in flight

Engulfed in each others arms we dance into the heavens
Twirling swaying and holding her near to feel her in my arms
Euphoric serenity empowering us as we move on our way
Dancing with an angel to nirvana where we will stay

vern eaker
When One Follows

When one follows their heart
Searching to fulfill a desire
Not always doing what’s smart
Unsure as to what may transpire

Excitement tainted by fear
Anxieties enhanced with relief
Seeking pleasures not found here
In much farther places your belief

Prospects of euphoric places
Dreams of ideal destinations
Filled with happy smiling faces
Time alone for contemplation

Meeting new friends on the way
Exploring sights unseen before
New discoveries made each day
Embarking on a self seeking tour

tern eaker
When The Time Comes

When the time comes for loved ones to pass
Sorrows run deep, rethinking the past
What we could have or should have done
Before this loss of a beloved one

I can not believe they are actually dead
Things uncompleted things left unsaid
If only I could have known before
I wanted to do oh so much more

Now as they lay there forever at rest
Thoughts in my mind of all their best
Remembrance of a smile, a final kiss
Always shocked it ended like this

Memories of the happiest times
Colliding with the loss in our minds
Thinking I can’t go on I can’t survive
What would they say if still alive?

Would they want me to go on in sorrow?
Suffering through all my tomorrows
Wishing for me to live life in grief
I know better that’s not their belief

Nevermore to dwell on this doom
That I may know joy again soon
From this earth we all must part
We still live in your beloved heart

vern eaker
Where Does One Start?

Where does one start
To do their part
The planet we need to save
I am not sure just how to behave

Compact fluorescent I was told
Efficient energy saving way to go
However I am at a loss
What to do with bulbs I toss

About water conservation
Yet another reservation
The filter systems which water flows
What is the carbon footprint of those?

Treated before it reaches my house
Then again as it comes out
Some water remains hard
But I’m not to wash my car or water the yard

Recycling is such a great plan
Glass, plastic, aluminum cans
Appliances, metals not tossed in haste
Composting all of our yard waste

But then collected is all
In trucks that we don’t even call
Just out cruising the nation
searching for our recycled donation

So is there really value there
Is it enough we act to care?
I’m sure this has been well planed
But am I to act I understand?

vern eaker
Word

From sitting to standing is lap at hand?
the word is the same as water and land.

Mud as a word combines and describes even sand,
Sand alone is not pronounced as land.

Perhaps water is the word to make things Grand?
or canyon is the word for erased land.

Word alone is not music or even a band,
Wait music and the band are words and so is And.

Power is a word and word is power as it's Mand,
Whatever it takes, I hope to control Word Land.

vern eaker
Would You Read A Book

WHO would want to read a book?
To see, to watch, to come and look.

WHAT would the book be about?
Happy smiles or sad, sad pouts

WHEN would my book be read?
After your bath, after you’re fed

WHERE would my book be read?
When you’re tucked snug in your bed

WHY would I want to write a book?
Because you like to read and look

HOW did you like my little book?

vern eaker
Wrong Is Right For Me

I drink bourbon from a large glass
I smoke cigarettes and grass
these are choices I made on my own
your interest in it need not be known
If these things actually offend you
then simply don't do the things I do
so when you see me smoking weed
join me if you feel the need
if you want to tell me I should quit
refrain yourself I don't want to hear it
or if I'm having a cigarette that I enjoy
I wont require your cancer story
I do these things of my own free will
and to hear others whine is no thrill
if my lifestyle does me in
Im prepared to say you win
vern eaker
You Are One Adorable Girl

You are one adorable girl
You make me feel on top of the world

Then without warning or meaning to try
You crush my heart, till I want to cry

You’re too good at making me believe
The world is ours, and then you leave

You say you do not plan or intend
But here I am alone in the end

I try and try to communicate
Over and over I reiterate

I try to be here for you everyday
Wanting to hear every word that you need to say

You say that you are sorry and you understand
Then something comes up that is never planned

Is this how it would be no matter how I tried?
Always in the shadows, I would have to hide

Spending time with you is my biggest thirst
Not easy to know, I will never be first

Separated again neither one of us intends
As long as I, come after your many friends

How can I not feel so hurt and sad?
When you know all about the day that I had

With you out of touch through most of the day
Then again tonight I’m made to feel I’m in the way

If I try even once again to explain
You will only think that I complain
When all I wish is you could manage your time
So I could feel confident that for a while your mine

You should know its not easy trying to get my emotions to rhyme
So the question will be, Am I to be doomed, waiting for our alone time?

Darlin I love you, you must know that is true.
All I ask is time alone with you.

vern eaker
You Fill Me With Love

you fill me with love

but you don't feel my pain

love should be pleasant

but it hurts can you explain

why I am not happy

when I should be elated

I express my feelings for you

and find their not reciprocated

your afraid you can't handle love

but you will admit you care

you want me to be your friend

and to always be there

I want to do what pleases you

and have tried from the start

in hope my love will be returned

instead you continue to break my heart

vern eaker
Your Always There

You are always there when I need a friend
I have no doubt you will be there in the end

I watch as you emit every known emotion
Yet you have no feeling or devotion

When I look at you what I desire you project
Pleasing my every whim, never to object

At times you are boisterous and loud
Not often and at that you make me proud

You seem to continually beam with pride
Willfully soothing me deep down inside

Offering everything from drama to romance
Or simply sitting quietly by given the chance

Consistently tempting with your radiant glow
Where would I be without you and your remote control

vern eaker