

Poetry Series

jim foulk
- poems -

Publication Date:

2007

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

jim foulk(july 7,1943)

there is somuch to tell since i was a kid and a teenager not much has happened to me. i grew up in the 1950's which was a great time to grow up. in 1950 we got our first tv set. we were the only ones in 6 blocks that had a tv set. everyone came over to our house to watch our tv. in those days tv was not on 24 hours a day like it is now, so when you first turned the set on, all you got was a test pattern. the first tv show i saw was the kate smith show. i had this dog named shep i had him for nine years. some of the storys about him is really something. i use to take him to the movies with me, and he would wait for 3 hours until i came out and i did not tie him up. i would go to the drug store and be in there for 2 hours and he would be there when i came out. but one day he was gone, i looked all over for him but no shep. i went home for supper, but he was not there. after supper i went back up to the drug store and there he was waiting for me. he was there for at least four hours, but he thought i was still there. another time him and i were walking up the railroad tracks and he fell down this hole and got stuck, at the bottom was this creek that was about ten or fifteen feet down. i went home to get a rope and when i got back he was gone, i thought that he fell through, but he did not, i went back home no shep, i looked everywhere for him but no shep. i went back to the hole by the train tracks and there he was waiting for me. he was the best friend i had. i had very few friends but shep was my friend and helped me get through some tough times. in 1956 my family moved from grinnell iowa to des moines. there they had the big movie palaces, where my friend danny and i went every saturday afternoon. in 1962 he went and joined the army, and he was sent to viet namm. in 1977 my wife judy and i moved to denver co. a lot of things happend from 1943 until now but that is it for now.

A Letter To My Dad

Dad it's been twenty years,
since you have been gone now
when ever I think of you
the thought, brings tears

There's so much to tell
you, I don't know where to begin
two months, after you died
we had a son, he's so big now, I'm in a spell

I wanted for you, to meet my wife,
in a way you did, only at your funeral,
by then, it was to late
strangers were we, but never any strife

Between us, there was no hate or any love
many wasted words had we
I would like to mention, we have a daughter,
and she's sweet as a dove

Remember the day, that you gave me old shep
he was a very fine dog
for a long time, I had him
for many years, he had a lot of pep

After nine years, he died too,
seems like ever thing I love
dies sooner or later
and that makes me feel, very blue

You don't realize, how much you love
some one, until their gone,
and then they
fly away like a dove

Toward the end, we had some good talks
you told me many things i didn't know
at your farm, on our many walks

You told me how you played ball,
it must have been something,
to have played back then
my son, dad like you is very tall

I have a very happy life
dad, I wish you could meet
my son and daughter,
also my wife

Dad, it's too bad, I didn't know you better,
too many years were wasted
and I should have told you, I love you,
so that's the reason, for this letter

written June 18,1990 In Memory of my dad Elmer W. Foulk
Born September 13,1904 Died October 10,1970

jim foulk

A Letter To My Daughter Christine

To many miles apart are we now
can i say i'm sorry anyhow
yesterday we talked about what happened
words were said, that should be tossed away
years ago in a far away day
when you both came over to stay
Jimmy is gone now, but your still here
so we have today, yesterday is gone
tomorrow will bring new memories
that we can share my daughter dear
Chris lets start today brand new, the past is long gone
so sorry about things that have happened to you
I love you so much, more than you know
lets make today a brand new start
i know if we do, it will bring a glow to our heart

jim foulk

A Message To Your Heart

Can i send a message to your heart,
from my heart to yours,
soon it will depart

There is no charge,
only for you to be there,
and i for you, my love,
how i love you dear

Together hand in hand,
we will be together
of our troubles we'll make a stand

Can i send a message to your heart,
from life to death
until that day we'll depart.

jim foulk

A Moment In Time

A Time to live,
a time to die,
life is like a vapor
so short and swift.

A blink of an eye
and it is over
a moment in time
you were ten years old.

A moment in time, you
were living so carefree
a moment in time
now your worn out.

From childhood
to adulthood,
only a blink
of an eye.

A moment in time
thinking it would
last for all eternity, just a
vapor before your eyes.

A moment in time
as you look
at your life
of chances you had.

A moment in time
is now ending
as you lay on your
death bed and,

you wonder where
life vanished to
as you close
your eyes in death.

jim foulk

A Name So Sweet

There is a name, that is so sweet,
i love to hear it everyday
it's a name, oh, so complete

His name is Jesus, whom i love
he's as beautiful,
as a dove

I want to follow him, all the way
in the church, where he put me,
that is where, I should stay.

jim foulk

A Poet In His Own Time

Who am I to criticize others,
I'm a poet in my own time,
my own place and my own world.
I just write what I see feel,
and hear.

My poetry may be different,
I don't follow the path
of other poets, but that's
ok, let them write what
they must write in their
own way.

All poetry is beautiful,
some takes longer to
understand.

We're all in this together
we write the poetry that
fulfills our needs.

(4-11-07)

jim foulk

Always Someone Worse

There are times we feel,
like giving up,
empty, drawn out,
life not worth living,
abused, beaten, raped,
nelected, pushed away,
not loved, not wanted,
you can't run away from your problems,
because, where ever you go,
you have to take you with you,
 theres a new tomorrow,
things brighter,
happy times will come,

 Always someone worse

I was sad cause i had not shoes,
until i saw someone with no feet.

 Always someone worse

I was unhappy because i had,
verry little to eat, until
someone i saw with no food to eat,
so remember, no matter how,
bad it is,

 Always someone worse

With a new year almost here,
 things will be better,
than before, so have,
hope, faith, march on,
into the new year, trusting,
good things, the new year,
 will bring.

wrote 12-31-06

jim foulk

Always Tomorrow

There's always tomorrow
when you feel like giving up,
and from another day, you can borrow.

When sorrows come your way,
so confused that,
it makes you sway.

Always someone worse than you,
today may be depressing,
but tomorrow will be brand new.

Time heals all wounds,
each day will get better,
and you'll see many moons.

There's always tomorrow,
so don't give up,
and you'll another day borrow.

jim foulk

Apple Seed

Spring is here
love it so dear.
Being an apple seed,
and doing my good deed.

Keeping the doctor away,
for many years this tree will stay.
Just waiting for picking time
and watching workers as they climb.

Seed to apple so sweet
working so hard what a feat.
Apple cider to apple pie,
selling apples for people to buy.

Being an apple seed
and doing my good deed.
Being picked off this tree
from this place I will flee.

wrote 4-30-07

jim foulk

Back Home In Iowa

oh, Iowa your green rolling hills,
to be back here, brings my heart thrills,
my child hood was spent here
many memories have I, that are very dear.

The capitol city has changed so much,
many years away from you, that I lost touch
to see the tall green corn
and back here where I was born.

Some things do stay the same,
like the hot humid weather, you can't be blamed
progress does come every where
as I look around and do stare

Iowa, you have come a long way,
and to see all the changes, makes me sway
you're still beautiful, as when I left
but the changes, my heart does cleft.

jim foulk

Baseball Cards So Many

Baseball cards, oh so many,
i had two, three, and four,
of each one, i had,
the trouble is, there gone for evermore

I had the rookies of Mantle, Mays,
really i did, honest i did
where are they now
well, they went their ways

Started collecting again in seventy-four,
once again, oh so many,
this time, i will keep, and start a store.

jim foulk

Beautiful Birds Of Peace

How Beautiful of birds
of the air,
seeing their awesome
wonderful flair.

So quiet it would be
without their sound
watching them as they
fly all around.

Sweet harmony do they make.
A lonesome world this would be,
for no birds making flight
these wonderful creatures I see.

Beautiful birds of nature
wonderful sounds to my ear
touching me with wonder,
so gentle with serenity
and so dear.

wrote 4-28-07

jim foulk

Birds Of Spring

Birds of spring they
bring on so many things
sounds they send
to each other,

that only they
can understand
in their sweet
cheerful harmony.

Sweet smell in
the air this
beautiful april day
listening to these creatures.

Taking in the warmth
of the sun that
is so overdue, blue
skies beauty to the eye.

Birds in flight
from one tree
to the other, getting
ready to produce life.

Cool breezes this
day so fine to hear
birds of spring echoing
music to my ear.

Birds of spring
to many to mention you all,
Robbins, Wrens and Cardinals
or a few I see, oh so beautiful.

To hear their chirping
wondering what they're saying
at this moment
will sit here for awhile.

Sounds this day
so relaxing is it
to listen to these
birds of spring.
wrote 4-3-07

jim foulk

Blizzard Of 2006

Snow, Snow, and More Snow,
when will you stop!
Of the flakes you do drop.

The Blizzard of 2006,
so much snow has fell,
many people stranded and in a fix

Here in Denver, stuck in traffic,
slipping and sliding, oh so slick,
if i have a wreck, how tragic.

Closed highways, people stranded,
this is on storm, not to forget,
finally at home, here we have landed.

jim foulk

Blue Dove

The Blue Dove Legend.
says it's born every hundred years,
Blue Doves are true,
and brings love.

They say if the Blue Dove,
lands on your porch, or
near you, only good fortune,
for ever you'll have

Love always will be,
deep in your heart, so touching,
you with other down trodden
people, for you to reach.

An open heart to others,
a gift you will have.

Blue Doves are true
so if you see one,
do not flee.

Blue Doves are hatched,
in a nest of two
one white, one blue,
mother cuddles
with ever loving care,
she knows this little thing,
is so special and true.

The day that Blue Dove flees the nest,
and flies into the unknown
some lucky soul their fortune,
will change.

Blue Doves may be just,
a legend, but if you,
do see one, hope it comes,
your way, to bring hope,

love, life and better days.

Blue dove, does bring,
true love, and many happy
days, so watch out, look,
search the skys, Blue
Dove may be coming,
your way.

wrote 1-17-07

jim foulk

Blue Roses Just For You

Blue Roses Just For You,
to show my love,
desire, to hold you tight,
know this we our right.

Blue Roses Just For You,
my heart so full
over flowing now, and
remembering our vow.

Blue Roses Just For You,
with your tenderness,
here for a while, I'll stay,
while you make my heart sway.

Blue Roses Just For You,
to show my love,
give I these roses to you my dear,
hope to spend with you, many a year.

wrote 1-12-07

jim foulk

Bobbie Jo's Shoes

Bobbie Jo went
to town to buy
some shoes, but
once again she was
told, no shoes here.

'Now, Now replied Bobbie
Jo, why no shoes.'

'Can't you see
Bobbie Jo, right,

in front of you,
the store burned
down last night.'

Poor Bobbie Joe,
she can't win,
for losing.

jim foulk

Brandon: Our Love Dog

You'll never be forgotton,
my dear pal of ours
many years ago of
poems you inspired
me to write.

Seven Happy years
you were with us,
so much tender
loving care we
gave to you.

Brandon you had special
magic about you,
can't explain, somehow
when I touched you,
all of my pain and sorrow
went away.

You were our love dog,
no doubt you were loved,
by all, as you also loved all.

So many bad things happened
to you on our walks, three
dog attacks, but once just me,
still have scar on my hand.

Remember the day, you were
hit by a car,
that really saved your life.

We took you to the
vet that night,
ex-rays showed a
pin from surgery in
your side, that had
been lodged, if not
removed you would

have died from
puncture wounds,
the pin should have
been removed long
ago.

It was placed there
before we got you,
so one bad thing led
to a good thing.

You had a cat friend down
the street, that loved
you also, she would rub
against you with so
tender loving care.

Brandon our love dog
so many kisses you
gave us.

you used to dare
us to get your
biscuit, you would stare
at us, when we
tried to get
it you growled,
this went on
and on, till
finally you ate it.

Sometimes you would
go to hall closet
with your biscuit
I didn't know
where you were,
as I walked by
the closet you
would growl, it
was so funny.

Moths you loved

to chase, you
ate them so
many, even wrote
a poem called
the moth hound.

One very sad day,
in our life we
took you to the
vet for very
last time, you were so sick,
food you once loved,
you now refused,
pain you had all
through your frail
little body.

On Friday night,
June 13,1997 you
had such a hard
time breathing
you had to sleep
sitting up.

Seven happy years
you were with us,
so much tender
loving care you
had for us and we
for you.

On Saturday June 14,1997
while most Americans,
were remembering flag day,
we were saying
goodbye to our
true faithful friend.

Amy and I waited
in that fateful room
with you, saying our
last goodbyes to you.

The Vet entered the room,
asked us if we were
ready, are you ever ready
to say goodbye
to a love one.

Seven years with us,
but only 30 seconds and
you were gone.

We touched you and felt
life leaving your
beautiful little body.

Ten years later,
we still miss you
little guy and
love you very much,
our very own
love dog.
wrote 2-14-07

jim foulk

Buried Between Two Trees

Back home again
in the yard
I used to play in

So many memories here
of days long ago
for memories, I hold dear

Saw the grave of old shep
the dog I loved so
in this yard, he followed me every step

He's buried between two trees you see
buried him in my brand new quilt
and my mother was really mad at me

In this yard, I would bathe him
many years before
his old eyes grew dim

His bed layed by the cellar door
with tall trees, all around him
oh memories, of the dog I adored

Memories of the time
that the meter man came
he hit old shep, that wasn't very kind

This old yard, was all shep had
he guarded it with his life
when he died, I was very sad

This old yard, now has in it,
a lot of beautiful flowers, all round
between two trees, he wouldn't mind a bit.

jim foulk

Busy In His Ways

We need to be
like the ant,
so busy in his ways.

Always working
together and getting
things done.

wrote 4-9-07

jim foulk

By The Woods One Day

By the woods one day i walked,
until i saw the blue bird making his noise,
in a way that he speaks to us, so wisely,
birds are so into their way, why can't man,
do th same in his ways, so into this world

wrote 11-20-06

jim foulk

Cell Phone Mania

Cell phones to the right,
Cell phones to the left,
Cell phones, cell phones,
everywhere I look.

Red alert, stop! Listen,
shut up and drive,
shut up and read,
Cell phones, why so many.

Everyone talking,
cell phones in cars,
cell phones in bars,
eating places, cell phones.

There you can't escape
from them, you say
to yourself, the restroom,
no one would dare
use cell phone in there,
oh no, I hear someone,
talking to me, I answer them,
oh, sorry sir, did not know you
were on cell phone.

Oh, so many,
shut up, and walk.

Do away with cell phones,
and it would be like,
the crash of '29'.

People need cell phones,
sometimes their nice,
to have, but so many,
cell phones, might

as well join them
if you can't lick 'em,

join them.

Cell phone, cell phone
now how do I use this
thing, oh cell phone, cell phone,

Hello, Hello, oh that's
you mert.

wrote 1-19-07

jim foulk

Changing Weather

Do you barely see,
the sun in the sky,
when you know it's very high.

You stand in the sunshine,
and you wonder why,
on a day like today,
you go inside and stay.

When the snow flakes,
come your way
you wished you could
go outside today.

You wait for warm days,
cold is all you get,
making you have a fit.

Finally spring is here,
flowers are blooming,
love this weather, oh so dear.

wrote 2-7-07

jim foulk

Childhood Faded Away

Childhood Faded away,
to a far away land,
simple, so simple were we,
 Days of Play,
 Going our Way,
Having fun, no care,
for another day,
time for us stood still,
playing king of the hill
Childhood Faded away
thinking of another day,
summer time was fine,
when friends were kind,
swimming holes were filled,
our hearts were thrilled
Childhood Faded Away
to a time that makes me sway
many years have passed away,
since childhood faded to another day,
Childhood Faded to places,
 UNKNOWN TO US
floating somewhere in time.

wrote 1-15-07

jim foulk

Christmas Time Is Here

Christmas time is here
lets bring on the cheer
presents to buy for everyone
but the homeless ones get none

Christmas time is here
what was that you said dear
yes this year we will help at the mission
all the food we will be up dishing

Christmas time is here,
but what about the poor
us who are well off open up your door
help those who can't get any moore

Christmas time is here
can't you do something
lets reach out to the needy and the poor
we must not close our door

Christmas time is here
lets give everyone some cheer
christmas time is a time for giving
so lets give someone a reason for living

witten December 17,2006

jim foulk

Colors Of Autumn

I can smell fall
in the air
my eyes behold
golden leaves as
they descend slowly
onto the ground
the dying of summer
brings on fall
oh, the wonder of it all.

The Autumn colors
such a splendid marvel
painted all around me
covers me with
feelings of compassion
knowing this beauty
that surrounds me,
is only for a short time
until all the land,
will be barren
on this spot,
where I stand.

jim foulk

Creative Mind

So gentle and warm
is the creative mind,
tender is the heart
for a creative mind.

You bring down the
love from heaven
with your creative mind
and thoughts from within.

A gift you have sharing
your inner feelings,
from your heart,
so the world can see,

the love you have
for the beauty of
things you see
through your eyes only.

(4-10-07)

jim foulk

Death Touching Me

Death is so close,
yet so far away
looking around
i see life.

Closing my eyes
only seeing death,
no future i see,
only despair.

Death touching
my shoulder
so many times
in my life.

So much heartache
have i seen
death closing in
so near is it now.

(4-18-07)

jim foulk

Decline Of Life

School days seemed
to last for ever,
when in the spring-
time of our life.

Friends so many
we had as young
people, we were
just gilded youth.

We descended into
the summer time
of our youth,
dreams of hope.

Marriage came
for some,
others passed by,
life went on anyhow.

Life is like
a freeway,
going by so,
fast.

Fall of our life
has arrived on time,
as were working
harder than ever.

Decline of life
is moving toward
us, with no hope
of stopping it.

Sooner or later
we all reach
this place
in the road of life.

Retired are we
now, finding things
to do in this
winter time of life.

Decline of life
is here on schedule,
the winter is over,
and so are we.

jim foulk

Dreamful Thoughts

Long ago when in class room
having dreamful thoughts
of days yet to come.

Dreams of travel to
places far away
to lands of adventure.

Dreamful thoughts of
hollywood and the star
I would become.

Dreamful thoughts of writing
the great american novel,
what a vivid imaination
I had back then.

Suddenly I heard a voice
speaking to me, 'Well
what's the answer Jim.'

Dreamful thoughts oh,
how sweet they were
back in days of my youth.

wrote 4-12-07

jim foulk

Dreams We Had

Dreams we had
as a youth,
dreams long gone.

Dreams not fulfilled,
only talk was done,
dreams faded away.

Walk toward your dreams,
not away from them,
dreams can become real.

Your youth only stays
for a short moment,
then like a vapor, its gone.

Chase your dreams now,
no matter what anyone may say,
dreams can come true.

jim foulk

Drifting Love

Let me drift my love,
into your heart, and let me tell you,
our love is like,
a blowing snow drift,
it just keeps,
getting deeper,
and deeper,
and we are stuck,
in love over,
each other, and the
wind keeps,
blowing memories,
our way that we,
will share for evermore

jim foulk

Drops Of Poetry

Drops of Poetry,
on my mind,
soaking in memories,
of things I remember,
of long ago.

Pouring down drops
on to my heart, releasing
my inner thoughts,
from this soul I have,

to write things that
must be told,
love that escaped
from my life, never
more to be seen.

Hurt, tears, broken
dreams torn away
from me, like a falling
star that becomes
just dust in the air.

Drops of Poetry so
clear is it now,
my body so wet,
from these drops
of poetry that stands,

all around me,
in the mist that
i now see,
my whole body
has been cleansed,
from all of these
drops of poetry.

wrote 3-15-07

jim foulk

Earthworm Descent

Love watching earthworms
at night, with a flash light
shining on them as
they make their descent
 into the ground.

So slimy are they
but so fun to try
and catch them
before they make
their descent
 into the ground.

As a child used
to go into backyard
in search of the
earthworm watching
as it burrows into
the soil,
trying so hard to
catch them as they
slip through my fingers
and make their
descent into the ground.

Would just try to
catch them for
fun, not fishing
putting them in
a jar and watching
them as they
would burrow into
 the soil.

Later would let
them go without
harm and watching
as they made
their descent

into the ground.

jim foulk

Easter Snow

Easter is a time
for change, sunshine,
but where's the sun
as I look out my,

window this easter
morning, what is this
I see, not more snow,
rain is ok, but

snow no, snow I
thought I had seen
the last of you,
but you just keep

coming, so white
is the ground as
snow flakes keep
falling and falling.

They say if it
rains easter sunday,
for seven sundays
we shall have rain.

Does this mean
that now for seven
sundays we shall have
snow falling on us?

Sun last few weeks
you have been so
kind to us, please
pay us a visit,

once again and
bring comfort to
these old bones of
mine once again.

They say we need
the moisture, so
rain wake up and
please fall on us, once again.

(4-8-07)

jim foulk

Far Distance

Is it a far distance to the way home?
If you look at the blue flowers around you,
to see you are still here, but wait!
stop and look,
to find that you are home now and safe

wrote 12-1-06

jim foulk

First Robin Of Spring

Today heard a beautiful
sound, it was up in a tree,
sitting on a branch so alone,
spring is near by.

As my first robin to
see is looking down
on me, so peacefully,
robins are a sure sign,

warm weather is on its way,
a new start, new beginning,
beautiful sounds coming
from this beautiful robin.

Winter so cold, so long,
snow almost all gone,
spring flowers just
a stone throw away.

Dear robin you bring such
joy and comfort to my
heart listening to you,
your welcome here anytime.

wrote 3-14-07

jim foulk

Fountain Of Your Heart

My love for you is always
abounding with drops of tears
falling on the fountain of your heart.

Our two souls need to reach out
to soak up these drops of tears
from the fountain of your heart.

Words speak I to you
do not reach your mind
or the fountain of your heart.

Our two souls need to reach out
before our love is gone completely
from the fountain of your heart.

jim foulk

Frog For A Day

When we croak,
 were dead,
on the other hand,
when a frog croaks

he speaks to
nature and is
so cheerful,

When we croak
were silent, and so
still, not cheerful
 at all.

Frogs are always
croaking and so
 happy,

People are always
croaking and so
 sad.

For once it would
be nice to be
a frog for a day.

wrote 4-9-07

jim foulk

Fruit Together

A plum went to market
to buy some grapes,

everyone was was there
that day.

They didn't come
just to play.

Fruit was what
they needed most.

The apple came
to buy some pears,

Pears came to
buy some apples.

They ended up
buying each other.

What a fix,
so fruity was it.

Everyone went home
that day,
so they could all
make some fruit pies.

What a site this
was, seeing each
one making pies out,

of each other,
somehow pies
were made this
day, you ask

How was this done?

you figure it out,

I just wrote
the poem.

wrote 4-14-07

jim foulk

Golden Roses

Golden Roses just for you,
anyone can give red roses,
theres plenty around,
for you white roses,
won't do.

Golden Roses just for you,
none other will do,
for someone special
so rare and true.

Golden Roses just for you,
dipped in pure gold,
just as your heart
has dipped your love into mine,
and shall not depart.

wrote 1-2-07

jim foulk

Good Ole Days

Oh, the good ole days,
why can't this day be,
the good ole days
thinking of those days,
long ago, when old age,
was on the horizon,
childhood just a step behind,
yesterday just a memory,
childhood memories when,
oh, so carefree
today the present,
will be those good ole days,
when old age is upon us
we once again wished we
were back in time and,
oh so care free.

wrote 12-31-06

jim foulk

Hearts Can

Hearts can be used
to hate or love.

Hearts can do kindness
for others in need.

Hearts can be giving,
Hearts can be greedy.

Hearts can be evil,
Hearts can be good.

Most of all is this,
if I lose you,

My heart will be broken.

(4-7-07)

jim foulk

His Pure Love

His pure love
was shown
that day
at calvary.

They didn't,
take away Jesus's
life that day,
He gave it freely.

A crown of thorns
was placed on His head
blood flowed down
His face that day.

He was guilty
of no crime,
only of the
pure love He gave away.

He was mocked
and shamed,
beaten with,
so many stripes.

His face was
so bloody that
day at calvary
He tried to carry,

His cross but so
weak to do it,
Simon Cyrene was,
compelled to bear
His cross.

Jesus came into this
world to show
us His pure love,

now He was to,

really show the
world His pure
love for us, Jesus
was nailed to the,

cross that day
suffering and dying
for the sins of the
world.

Every one thought
they had seen the
last of Jesus, but
3 days later, he arose
from the dead.

After showing Himself
to over 500 people, and
telling His disciples to
spread the gospel,

He was taken up and
a cloud received Him
out of their sight,
and that is what Easter
is all about.

(4-5-07/from parts of the four gospels
and Acts chapter one verse 9)

jim foulk

How Can I Tell You

I want to hold
you in my arms
everytime I see
you.

Everytime I look
into your eyes
I want to tell
you the way

I feel about you,
but I don't know
how to begin.

I love you so,
oh my darling,
and tonight I
want to hold
you tight.

We've been together
so many years
and I don't
know what's going
to happen.

But I want to
hold you so tight
and tell you
I love you so.

(4-10-07)

jim foulk

I Asked The Voice

I asked the voice,
to lead me down,
the valley of despair,
rivers flowing with no care,
peaceful, sweetness all around,
blue birds singing their song,
butterflies so many,
I asked the voice,
of my troubles
my journey is done?
Oh no, many more to come.
Rivers flowing with much woe,
stand firm, take the flow,
hardships, up and down,
floating thru life,
having much strife,
in the end, its how,
you handle it all,
you surely will stand tall,
mountains will be moved,
Islands done away with,
your heart sound,
your feet on clouds,
so high,
things of life past,
memories faded away,
this day at last,
your life you have away cast
what you have done,
is over very fast,
and the journey,
has come to an end.

wrote 1-6-07

by Jim Foulk

jim foulk

I Give You A Rose

I give you a rose,
from my heart to yours,
nothing so sweeter,
never so fine,
i touch your lips,
with my lips,
so tender are you,
to hold in my arms,
wished this moment,
could last for eternity.

wrote 12-21-06

jim foulk

I'LI See Her Face Again

Today we buried her,
there her body will stay,
until that wonderful day

I will see her face again,
either when i die,
or away i fly

She was a wonderful mother,
and a very fine wife
between us, there was very little strive

She was a very loyal servant,
to her church, she was very true
she knew what to do, when everyone was blue

She brought many children to the Lord
I'm sure the Lord, has said to her, well done.
of her I always think, at the setting of sun

So I will see her again
i can't wait until that day,
when in heaven, together we'll stay

jim foulk

I'M Seeing

I'm seeing many people dying
I'm seeing people getting old
I'm seeing my own life unfold.

I'm seeing my children growing up
I'm seeing progress come in many ways
I'm seeing people I love, having shorter days

I'm seeing my own life getting shorter
I'm seeing a change in me
I'm seeing life clearly now, with glee.

jim foulk

In Between

A man is born and he dies
what he does in between is where it lies,
he can be great or very small,
if he is great, he will stand tall,
if he is small, it won't matter at all.

jim foulk

January Twenty-Third

Happy Birthday mom,
today you would have been,
One-Hundred-Three,
hard to believe, you have
been gone almost ten years.

Mom you use to tell me,
to call you, write you,
said I would, but never did,
over and over you told me,
someday I won't be here.

Mom I know that, I will write,
I will call, but never did.
She always, wrote, always called,
when ever we parted, I would always,
say, if I don't see you again,
I will see you in heaven.

Today mom, wished I could call
and tell you how much love have
I for you, so nice if I could send
a birthday card to you, that is not
to be, so this poem says it all.

Mom growing up, thought
you would be here forever, never
dreaming of losing you,
mom, wished I could be like,
you, so giving, so caring.

You always thought of others,
never of your self, you always,
lifted me up, encouraging me in so
many ways, your faith in me,
amazed me so.

So mother dear, have a happy
birthday in Heaven, love you so,

someday soon, will say happy
birthday to your face.

wrote 1-23-07

On what would have been my mom's 103rd birthday

jim foulk

Judy

To my wife Judy
I really love you truly
remember the good old days,
and the bad, when we almost went our ways

your such a good mother and wife
even though, we together, have a lot of strife
I love your sweet smile dear
the thought of losing you, brings a tear

Remember when we walked down grand
for us together, hand in hand
when we went to watch them play ball
days when the team was riding tall

Remember our first kiss
it brought my heart much bliss
Judy dear the years, have gone fast
I love you so much, like in the past

Judy together we've seen good times and bad
we've seen our son, grow into a fine lad
our daughter I know acts like me,
I do wish she was more like you, don't you see

Judy you have so much love,
in you, your sweet as a dove
you put up with so much
right now your face I want to touch

I told you I would write a poem about you
it may not be good, but it'll do
Judy this is how I feel with out you
when away from you, I feel very blue

I miss you very much
love you more, when were not in touch
time has not passed us by
of the past I need to let it die

Judy I'm happy with you my dear
the thought of losing you brings fear
without you, I'm nothing at all,
with you, in time, I will stand very tall.

jim foulk

Life Is Like A Pathway

Life is like a pathway,
as you walk down the road
of life,
you will see many sorrows,
and many joys will come.

Life will pass swiftly by,
youth will someday seem
as nothing but a dream.

Life as days go by,
down this road you journey
will be just a memory in your mind.

Life is like a pathway
as you walk down the road
of life.

Your now at journey's end
looking back you wonder
and ponder of chances
you had.

Unless they have covered you
with dirt, there's still hope
to fulfill your dreams
down this pathway of life.

jim foulk

Life On Hold

As your dreaming one night,
a voice speaks to you telling
you this, 'Look at yourself
from the outside, step out of your
body and take a look.'

'What do you see? Put your life on
pause and look around of what
you have become, click the re-wind
button of your life, stopping here and there,

playing some parts, passing others by.
Now fast forward to the present,
look at your self the way others do.

Are there changes you can make, I do
think you can do better, so why
don't you give it a try.'

Waking up, you look around the room,
you're all alone, still you wonder,
tomorrow changes you will make.

wrote 4-12-07

jim foulk

Life's Journey

When I come to the end
of life's journey
and look back at all my sin,

I will wonder if it all
was worth the pleasure
that caused me to fall.

Hardships and Tribulations I had,
opportunities flew away from me,
now I stand here so sad.

Life is almost over for me,
second chances wished I had,
knowing I can face death with glee.

Knowing my Lord, has forgiven me,
rising up to Heaven's gate,
knowing I won't have to plea.

(4-6-07)

jim foulk

Light Blub And The Candle

Candle: 'You think your so bright.'

Light Blub: 'I'm supposed to be that way.'
But at least I don't go out, everytime a breeze blows in.'

Candle: 'Hey I have been here longer than you.'

Light Blub: 'Edison invented me, who invented you? '

Candle: 'Don't really know for sure, but I have been around longer.'

Light Blub: 'You already said that.'

Candle: ' I get so mad, everytime someone says, they have an idea they compare it to a light blub.'

Light Blub: 'Who else.'

Candle: ' When the power goes out, were the first things people reach for.'

Light Blub: 'Yes, but as soon as the power comes back on, they put you away.'

Edison: 'Listen here you two, you both serve a purpose and are needed very much, don't you see.'

Light Blub: ' He's right, I'm sorry candle.'

Candle: 'Your forgiven, light blub, so am I.'

(4-11-07)

jim foulk

Little Fly

Little fly,
around the room you go,
someday soon you will die
little fire fly how you glow
when i see you
i say oh my
until i see the poor little fly

jim foulk

Lonely Am I

Lonely are the nights
Lonely are the days
Lonely am I, in so many ways

Lonely are the seasons
Lonely are the years
So lonely am I, that it brings tears.

Lonely is this place
Lonely is my life
Lonely am I, that I reach for a knife

Lonely is this court room
Lonely is my sentence
So lonely am I that I ask for repentance.

jim foulk

Long Hair Dogs

Summer time is terrible
for dogs with long hair,
it makes them, very unbearable
they get to the point, they don't even care

Dogs with long hair
suffer more and long
they sometimes get cross as a bear,
and they can't wait, for fall to come on

Their so quite and still,
so hard is it,
for them to go up a hill
when bath time comes, they don't mind a bit

jim foulk

Loving You Always

I will climb this mountain
cross islands of despair,
crawl over barren deserts
until I reach your heart my dear.

Oh, how I want to draw
you to me and tell you
the way I feel. So many
troubles we have had.

No ocean is big enough to
keep me from you my dear,
or star so far away
for me to reach you.

Heaven only knows how much
love have I buried in my heart
for you my love. Your smile
will always bring sunshine
to my soul.

jim foulk

Memories In The Mind

Memories are made in the mind,
and there if you search, you will find.
There in the mind, so many things,
so many memories it brings.

So many years have passed,
of our youth, away we have cast
some memories happy, some memories sad,
memories have I, when I was a lad.

Memories have I, of a dog named shep,
memories of him, when he kept in step.
Memories of my friends, when we played,
of those days, for ever memories relayed.

Memories of family and fun,
when we talked until the setting of sun.
Memories of washing our fifty-seven Ford,
and wanting things we couldn't afford.

Memories are made in the mind,
long lost, search and you will find,
memories of days gone by,
searching memories, oh how you try.

Memories will fade out,
you have forgotton, what it's about,
memories lost in the mind,
dig them out and you will find.

jim foulk

Memory Hall

Memory hall has
been added to
the school department.

On the day before
the big test,
it's a great place
to go.

Revive your memory
here to retain
the information
of things learned.

They take you into
this room and
go to the corner
of the memory.

You will recall
all knowledge
that you will need
for the big test.

Now get going,
for time is
runing out.

Memory hall is
a place every student
wants to be,
before the big
test.

(4-11-07)

jim foulk

Murphy And Brandy-The Love Dogs

Murphy is his name,
of a Corgi mix
is he.

2004 we brought
brandy home,
she is a Border collie mix

Murphy fell in love,
it was love,
at first sight

Brandy acts like,
a brand new puppy,
she passed this on to Murphy

Murphy is ten,
had him since 1997,
brandy is six,
both act much younger.

Watching these two,
brings much joy,
as it does for them.

They both demand,
our attention at same time,
it is so hard to do it

Somehow we do it,
Murphy begs,
Brandy lies on her back.

They both do this,
to get our attention,
the more we laugh, the more
they do it.

So much love these,

two dogs have for us,
and for each other.

We will enjoy every moment
until that dreadful day
but happy is this day,
to have them both here.

wrote 12-23-06

jim foulk

Murphys Hole

Murphy loves to lie
in holes that he has
dug for himself so well.

The comfort zone is
his well dugged out hole
when outside in the fresh air.

By the tree or by,
the side of the house
he is at home there
and so carefree.

(4-11-07)

jim foulk

My Best Friend Danny

I met him in nineteen fifty-six
he was my best friend
him and I, was always in a fix
of our fights, we always did mend.

There was the time
we painted the fence
wanted to do the job, real fine
used a whole gallon of paint
it didn't make sense
my brother dave asked,
'What happened to all the paint'?
when we told him, 'We used it all, '
he laughed, I thought, he was going to faint,
thru the years, with that story,
we have really had a ball

Then there was the time
we tried to chop down the tree
my brother got mad, but the three was mine
oh, we were so care-free

I never forget the racoon,
that followed us home,
he seemed to like our radio
that was playing a tune
the racoon, seemed so a lone

I never forgot the indian head
pennies, he sold me,
he stole them, of crime he led,
he had taken them from his dad
I should have known, he sold them so cheap
to get them back, his father was glad

He always did something
to me that was real mean
to make up, a present he would bring
of our friendship, he would lean

He taught me how to smoke
this you say, you call a friend.
when I could have had a stroke,
but he always had money to lend

When I didn't have any friends at all,
Danny was always, by my side
and it sure made me feel tall
if any one picked on me, he would
beat their hide

Every one called him and I a clown,
each one laughed so hard
that it, really brought them down,
at poker, he could really hide a card

Every morning before school
we played poker, he cheated a lot
and with him, I wanted to fight a duel
but he told me 'I cheat not.'

Of the down town loop, we did ride
in nine-teen fifty-nine
our car through the streets, would glide
trying to find girls
that would be his or mine

In nine-teen sixty, my dog shep died,
it was very depressing and sad
him and I, all day we cried
it made me unhappy and a little mad

In nine-teen sixty-two
he joined the army
I tried to join, but didn't make it
those days were very stormy
after what he went through,
I didn't mind a bit

In nine-teen sixty-seven
the army let him go,

at home at last, I thought I was
in heaven
but I soon found out, it wasn't so

The army had changed him, in many ways
Danny was not the same anymore
as I looked back, at those good old days
when I always heard him, knock on the door

All he wanted to do now, is go drink
he could'nt sit still very long
and he was really starting to sink
he had seen action, against the Viet Cong

Next to him one night
a man's throat was slashed, a man who was kind
it wasn't good, or right
and what it must have done, to Danny's mind

Over the years, I saw him, until eighty-one
hav'nt seen him since
remember well, good times and all the fun
Danny where ever you are,
you are still my best friend
does that make sense.

jim foulk

My Corgi Mix

My Corgi-mix,
when I ever say
that to you, with
a smile do I get,
and a wag of your tail.

You misunderstand
me all the time,
if I say talk,
your ready for a walk.

Your always wanting
something of kisses
do I get, knowing
full well, your up to something.

5: 30 is feeding time,
and you some how
know it, you search
me out and look at your bowl.

Never forget day
we got you, add
in paper read
free Corgi-mix.

What's a Corgi-mix?
the lady brought you
over, love at first
sight with my Corgi-mix.

You have been with
us ten years as
of June 26,2007,
love you so, my Corgi-mix.

wrote 2-28-07

jim foulk

My Dog Murph

My dog murph is what i call him sometimes,
he answers to murphy or murph.

He is so set in his ways, whenever he
wants something, he comes over to me,
and stares at me. Then he paws me on
the hand or arm, if that fells, he sits
up on his rump.

Always i say no, or wait i'm busy, it
matters not to him in anyway.

I always give in to him, and let him
have what he wants. Because he is my
best friend.

And that's what best friends
are for.

jim foulk

My Grandma

The little old lady isn't around anymore
to push me, to encourage, as she did before
she stood only four foot eleven
so sweet, so kind just like heaven

Up at the crack of dawn
always knitting with yarn
she died at eighty-six
my problems she always could fix

With a twinkle in her eye
and being very sly,
she told me I could make it
because of fame I would get

She couldn't read or write
but she was very bright
at cards she loved to play
she knew how to count, without delay

How I miss grandma dear
loved her so, wish she was still here
so many memories of long ago
of biscuits she made out of fresh dough

As trains passed by each day,
up she lifted me to see, that was her way
everyone loved her very much
her face I wish I could touch

How I miss grandma dear
to think of her brings a tear
I know she's not here anymore
oh, if she could encourage me as before

jim foulk

My Heart Aches For You

My heart aches and hurts, with out you
My arms want to reach out for you to embrace,
and to see your smiling face.

Remember our song, 'Blue Eyes Crying in the rain',
oh, so many memories, that song brings,
of our courting days, and of other things.

With out you by my side, I fell emptiness
You my lovely dear, are part of me
Miles apart and to you, I want to flee.

My mind is clouded with your image,
wished time had shorter days,
each day I learn to love you, in so many ways.

jim foulk

My Love For You

My love for you,
is buried deep
in my heart
no one can dig
it out.

No power on earth
can take away how
I feel toward you.

You mean more to
me, than all the
riches of the world

My love for you
I would not trade
all of the kingdoms
put together.

No friend is greater,
no love is so stronger
my heart reaches out
to bring you closer to me.

You put up with me,
much more than I
deserve, only makes
me love you even more.

So dear, how love flows
your way, don't know
how I could live
without you in my life.

No man could have it
so fine as I do,
with you by my side.

Loving you so, until

that day you or I
depart from this
old world, will keep
your love buried
deep in my heart.

wrote 2-2-07

jim foulk

My Mind Always Turning

My mind is like a jet,
ideas I have, hidden away,
not thought of yet.

My mind keeps going, going, fast as a train,
only at rest stops, do I wait
my thoughts, are simple and plain,

of poetry, do I love
sitting down at my desk,
floating along, like a dove

to survive, and to live,
the words shall flow
and to the world, I will give

jim foulk

My Mother

Who was always there when I needed her most?
Who always made the best beef roast?
Who was always there for me to talk to,
when ever I was feeling down and very blue?
When In trouble, who got me out of it?
Still she loved me, even when I had a fit.
She would hug me and say, 'Don't worry,
take your time and don't hurry.'
When ever I said, 'I can't do it.'
She replied, 'Yes you can, don't worry a bit'.
When I left home, she cried and said 'Good bye,
then, said she, 'Now remember don't lie'
Someday, sometime or another,
I will see you again, dear old Mother.

jim foulk

My Three Grand Sons

I know three little boys,
who would like some toys
this year grandpa is to poor
i would like to buy you more
but saying i love you all
Tyler, Nick, and Parker
i know your getting tall
wish i could be there
growing up to fast,
your child hood won't last
this poem is my gift to you
it was the only thing i could do.

jim foulk

New Life

So mad am I,
people are always
walking all over me.

Children are always
marking up my face
with colored chalk.

They're hop scotch
freaks, always jumping
on me, all the time.

Even the day I
was born and still wet,
hand prints, and names they
wrote on me.

Now many years
have I been here
time is catching
up with me.

Cracks all over
my body, now today
given new life.

So many ages will
I be here for you
to walk on this sidewalk.

wrote 4-9-07

jim foulk

Nineteen-Fifty-Two

I wish things were,
the same now, as then,
i wish I was there, instead of here.

In nineteen-fifty-two,
things were simple, and so care-free,
you always had something to do

You could see a movie,
or buy, a comic or pop for the price of a dime
everyone's favorite saying, was groovie.

Drugs were no problem, at all,
crime also, was very down
young Willie May, was even playing ball.

Children had respect, even for their parents
three-D was really in,
and everyone had good merit's

In nine-teen-fifty-two,
Ike was elected president
and I wasn't feeling blue

I know the past
is gone, you can't go back
time really goes on fast

I wished then, I could've made a forecast
nineteen-fifty-two, only now a memory,
looking back, life has been good, at last.

jim foulk

Nineteen-Sixty-Five

What a year,
seems like yesterday,
March 29,1965
is a day not
to forget.

My Wife Diana
and I had went
out to eat that night
awaken to a fire.

it was across
the alley from us
flames 100 feet high
fire trucks, oh so many.

We went back to
bed, but not for
long I'm afraid.

She went into labor
oh so much yelling
she did that night.

Diana's parents
lived downstairs,
they rushed us
to the hospital,

as we drove up
i looked up and
said this is
wrong hospital.

So he drove few
more blocks
we made it in time.

Placed her in wheel chair,

and into E.R.
I waited and paced
the floor, so many
smokes i had.

sometime later
in early AM doctor came and
told me it was
a girl.

Her dad said we
should call her
Christine, since
we could thank
Christ for getting
there safe.

So her name became
Christine Lynn Foulk
and I was so proud
to be a father
for first time.

Today March 29,2007,
Christine you are 42,
but will always
remember that
special day
so many years ago,
Happy birthday daughter.

jim foulk

No Poem Is An Original

No poem is an original
everyone who writes
poetry thinks their poem
was an original, it just so
happens that their poem just
surfaced to the top
of their mind first, so they
were able to write it.

Everyone has love, hate
compassion buried deep
in their soul.

Poets are able to bring
all of this to the surface,
to construct, add the words,
but it is not an original
idea, for the poet because
they wrote it now, it
becomes an original for them.

Who has not heard a song,
read a poem, story or book,
seen a movie and said,
to themselves, hey I had
that same idea.

Only thing is, someone else
brought it to the surface
of the mind, and wrote it first.
Even this poem I'm writing
now is not an original
someone out there
has this idea buried
deep in their soul.

So if you have an idea
for a poem, get busy
write it, don't wait,

or you won't write an original
start today,
don't delay.

wrote 2-2-07

jim foulk

Off The Shelf

One fine day someone,
came into the store,
and took us off the shelf,
they threw their money down,

We were tossed into a bag,
so dark was it in there,
suddenly we heard lots
of people talking,

We were inside a smoked
filled room, this man pulled
us out of the bag, he then
opened our package we
were in, took us out,

He threw us onto
the table, after
placing money there,
'Darn it, he said,
I rolled snake eyes'.

He was so mad, he threw
us in the wastebasket,
and not the table again,
so that was where,

we stayed until the
next day, when some
kind person took us
out and said 'Hey,
I found me some dice'.

So that's what we are!

(4-6-07)

jim foulk

Old Age

My mind is alive
and turning,
but my bones
are frozen
still.

Resting so peacefully
here in bed,
can't move
so relaxed.

Time to arise,
things to do,
places to go,
but my bones
are frozen
still.

Dreams keep coming,
oh so quiet,
descending into
another world.

My mind is alive
and turning,
but my bones
are frozen
still.

wrote 2-14-07

jim foulk

Old Murphy And Me

A gentle dog
with a tender
heart.

So caring he
is, so it appears
he looks at me

with those big
hazel eyes
as I watch

him rolling in
his grass he
loves so well,

he's up there
in age, as
we both are now,

old Murphy the
dog I love so,
we're taking in
the rays of the sun

to ease the
pain from his
and my old bones.

Him and I are
both entering our
golden age.

So loving is
this friend
of mine.

This sun feels
so good to us

both. Murphy,

lets enjoy the
warmth of this
beautiful moment
for awhile.

jim foulk

On A Day Like Today

On a day like today,
sitting outside watching my dogs play,
i thank the Lord for everything,
that he may bring

wrote 11-22-06

jim foulk

Only Memories Left

Searching my youth of another day
of time that went away
back in the old home town
with family and friends, brings a frown.

To be home again
of my search I begin
the places I remember are gone now
to progress they have bowed.

So many changes in the city
every thing gone, oh it's a pity
my youth was here for many years
to see how it's changed brings tears.

It's true you can't go home again
to the place it all began
memories is all I have left
to my heart the memories have cleft

jim foulk

Open Minds

Open your mind,
to things unknown,
search the universe
of your soul.

Open your mind,
to your heart
of feelings
buried deep within.

Open your mind
to your ear
of nature and
its beauty.

Open your mind
to knowledge
of things
unlearned yet.

Open your mind
to days gone
by of memories
vanished away.

Open your mind
to your feelings
hidden away
deep in your heart.

Open your mind
to my heart
to know how
i feel toward you.

wrote 3-31-07

jim foulk

Our Heart Condemns Us

Our heart condemns who we are.
Sharing our love with others.
Our heart shows what we are.
Selfish people are ones
whose heart condemns them
for who they are.

Taking from others, always
putting yourself ahead of everyone
your heart condemns you,
only a cold heart you will ever
have, until your eyes open
to see things clearly.

Our heart shows who we really are.
How we treat people. The way we feel
toward others. Our heart should show love
for every creature and human on earth.
Our heart condemns us for what we
have become.

wrote 4-24-07

jim foulk

Pickpocket

Light-Fingered Louie
was at it again
this morning.

Wished he would
have a real job,
and not be,
a pickpocket
type of person.

Sometimes he leaves
me alone he goes
shoplifting instead.

Here he comes again
wished I could tell
him to get his,

hand out of my
pocket, my master
whoever they may
be today does
not like it
one bit.

(4-11-07)

jim foulk

Poems Are Part Of Me

Poems are part of me, until
I become part of them.
I have to write, what I hear, see and feel.

When poems are written, the world shall stop
and listen to what was said,
as a poet, I hope it's not a flop.

When ever I die, the poem will live on,
always read, always praised,
long after I'm gone.

jim foulk

Poetry In The Sky

Poetry in the sky,
sweet as apple pie,
flows through the ear,
and into the mind so dear.

wrote 11-22-06

jim foulk

Poetry Unlimited

Poetry is looking,
at a flower and,
seeing the beauty
hidden within.

Poetry is bringing
out love, deep in
your heart, telling
your love one how you feel.

Poetry is feeling
a cool breeze
as you lie in an open
field, so deep in thought.

Poetry is seeing
the beauty of soft
fluffy white clouds
as no one else does.

Poetry is hearing
sounds of nature
soaking it all in
to mind and soul.

Poetry is watching and
standing by river's edge
seeing rippling water
flowing to places unknown.

Poetry is gazing at
rolling hills stretching
as far, as the eye
can see.

Poetry is digging
deep into inter feelings
bringing it out
and exposing it.

Poetry is love
Poetry is feelings
Poetry is seeing
Poetry is what you are.

jim foulk

Rain Drops

Rain drops
sounds you
make.

Water up to my neck
oh, so deep.

Where's a boat,
when you want one?

jim foulk

Rolling River

Days of long ago
with trees, that did
surround me I,
used to lie
by the river
bank, dreaming
dreams of places
I would go.

Seeing this rolling
river flowing by
me so swiftly
to lands I would
someday venture to,
only a dream
it became, only
memories in my
heart do I cleft.

jim foulk

Sailing Down Life's River

I was sailing down
life's river,
when i looked toward
the shore and i saw
a vision unfolding
before my eyes.

Seeing my life
past before me
mistakes, failures,
wrong decisions i had
made over and over again.

Nothing i can do about
it now, just keep going
forward doing the
best i can and
taking what life dishes out.

wrote 4-20-07

jim foulk

Someday Soon

Someday I'm going to
leave this old world,
going to leave it behind.

I'm going to fly away
to that golden shore
beyond the blue.

Leaving my cares behind,
no more pain or heartache,
only content and peace,

will follow me there
for all eternity, seeing
my departed love ones,

once again in a gleeful
reunion filled with much bliss
and seeing the face of my Saviour.

jim foulk

Sounds Of Nature

Sounds of Nature,
brings an echo
to my ear.

So gentle are,
their call
to my heart

Seeing this all,
birds making music,
to my ear

Sweet smell of
flowers still developing
oh, the splendor of it all

Sounds of Nature
brings an echo
to my ear.

jim foulk

Streams Of Broken Hearts

For all hearts ever
broken, memories
fade, no never.

Dreams of life time together,
hurt, casted aside
Streams of Broken Hearts
flowing down our life forever.

So in love were we
tears, anger, broken,
now apart are you and me.

Where is the lost love
we once had
faded into our heart
long ago, flew away like, a dove.

Flowing past life's pathway,
Streams of Broken Hearts
drifting, slowing, until other day

wrote 1-7-07

jim foulk

Take My Heart

Take my heart
dear wash it
with your love
so fine.

Place your heart
in place of mine
for awhile so
your kindness,

will rub off
on me and
lets place
our thoughts together,

so we will be
in one mind
and one
accord forever more.

jim foulk

Take Our Snow Please

As out the window,
I look, more snow today,
have only one thing to say,
take our snow please.

Six week-ends straight,
snow, snow every where,
have only one thing to say,
take our snow please, today.

So much snow, so much cold,
snow in the streets, snow in the yard,
snow on the car, snow on my shoe,
have only one thing to say,
take our snow please, we don't know what to do.

Winter, oh winter please end,
all of this snow, we don't really want it,
snow falling, flakes dropping
have only one thing to say,
take our snow please, don't delay.

jim foulk

Thanks Rain

it was so,
nice for
you to pay us
a visit after
snow had stayed
so long. But
enough is enough.
My poor dogs
want to go
for
a walk now.

(4-24-07)

jim foulk

The Day Old Shep Died

it's been thirty years,
that he's been gone,
the day he died, brought tears,
all day, i played his song.

for nine long years,
i loved him and he loved me,
the day he died, broght tears,
toward the end, he could barely see.

when he died, i was seventeen years,
my child hood died that day,
the day he died, brought tears,
during his youth, we were always at play.

him and i was, so close in years,
when i got shep he was five and i eight,
the day he died brought tears,
he always ate his meals, off our plate.

he died at eighty-four in human years,
he lived to a ripe old age,
the day he died brought tears,
for this poem, he set the stage.

i can't believe, its been so many years,
i think about him, all the time,
the day he died, brought tears,
but old shep, was all mind.

of all these many years,
no dog has taken the place of old shep,
the day he died, brought tears,
i'll always remember, that dog with pep

in memory of old shep 1946-1960 written june 21,1990

jim foulk

The Days Of Yesterday

The days of yesterday,
so far away
the time of youth,
seems like a dream
time changes things
with it memories, it brings
time like progress
you can't stop it
tearing down memories
I don't like it a bit
remembering the days
of downtown movie houses
in the balcony, or front row seat
seeing a double feature and girls you'll meet
days of seeing ball players
playing for fun
days of yesterday
when a man's word met something, with no delay
those days are gone
forever in the echoes of time
searching them out,
and wondering why things came about

jim foulk

The Lane Of Your Heart

Lead me down the lane of your heart,
please lets, never depart,
your heart is so pure, and fine,
i hope our love will never decline.

Your my never, ever, ending love,
our love was made in heaven above,
your my wife and friend,
i always find some way to make you grin.

We been together, thirty-six years,
i know at times, i brought you to tears,
but through it all, you stood by me,
and brought my heart so much glee

wrote 12-19-06

jim foulk

The Moon So High

The moon so bright,
the moon so high,
up, up, in the sky,
to the moon, i will fly,
if i don't make it,
i will just die.

They landed there, in sixty-nine,
for the glory,
it should have been mine,
i just didn't know
how to get there,
so i guess, i'll have to stay here

But the moon is so
pretty to look at,
and i'm glad we were,
the first to land there,
it probley was,
a good thing, i stayed here

jim foulk

The Moth Hound

Of a coon hound
you have heard
there's plenty around

i have found
a very strange dog
who's nothing, but a moth hound

when ever, you see
he sees a moth near by
the moth trys to flee,

it isn't no match
as my dog goes after the moth,
and makes a wonderful catch

he eats it all the way
and chews and swallows
he looks at me, now he wants to play

jim foulk

The Old Checkered Coat

Seems like yesterday,
that I went out to play,
in my old checkered coat,
my, how memories float.

My mom would say,
before you play,
put on your checkered coat
my, how memories float.

I remember the day,
I heard my mother say,
here's your new checkered coat
my, how memories float.

Now today, I say goodbye,
in the box it goes, as I cry,
goodbye, goodbye old checkered coat,
my, how memories float

jim foulk

The Storm Within Us

Far from me there lays a great storm,
it comes to me from the outer distance,
in a sudden charge like a raging bull,
in from no where and out to utter darkness,
until i find myself in a great sea of madness

wrote 11-20-06

jim foulk

The Storms Have Passed

the days are getting cloudy for me,
storm clouds over my head,
so dark, i can barely see,
the storms have passed by me.

the swetness of life, has passed me by,
of my life, the storms have went,
and i look forward to when i die,
the storms have passed me by.

of the Lord, i'll meet and see,
to be with Him, ever more,
and there, i'll never need to plea
the storms have passed by me.

jim foulk

The Wheels Of Time

The wheels of time roll around,
it doesn't stop for anyone
the wheels of time, for me it's almost done.

The wheels of time rolls around,
changes me with age
the wheels of time for my life a new stage

The wheels of time roll around,
life has passed me by
the wheels of time make me want to cry.

The wheels of time roll around
so many changes they bring
the wheels of time, for me going faster than a train.

The wheels of time roll around
another day gone, another day went by,
the wheels of time, changes in my life, I'll apply.

The wheels of time roll around
changes I need to make,
the wheels of time, chances I have to take

The wheels of time roll around
closing in on me,
the wheels of time, finally I'll face it with glee.

jim foulk

Thinking Of The Past

If you could go back into the past
what would you do differently?
knowing it wouldn't last.

You would have to take, the good with the bad,
you couldn't just re-live the good,
of the things you have lived, also the sad.

Thinking of the past brings depression,
you think of it to often,
it'll only bring you obsession.

The past wasn't all good,
today, will be the past tommorw
are things good now? Have you understood?

Think about the past
but understand this.
it does not last.

Make the best for today,
then in the future,
you will enjoy that day.

jim foulk

Tip Of My Memory

On the tip of my memory
of a time so distant
sitting at kitchen table
watching my mother.

She was cooking one of her
fine means, as she always did,
remembering how young
she was.

Miss those days of old
when we would just talk
of her telling me of her youth,
now I'm older than she was then.

All of this just on tip of
my memory, so long ago
as days go by, memory fading
away to days so distant.

(4-21-07)

jim foulk

To Much Hair

There is thin hair,
heavy hair,

There is gray hair,
and red hair,

then there is no hair,
I will be hair
for you forever,

every hair you go,
I will go hair to.

(4-11-07)

jim foulk

Too Many Chicks

So many years
ago in days
of my youth,

as i was
walking down
the street uptown

saw a sign
which read
baby chicks

only 1 penny
each, what
a deal that

was i said
to my self
so i bought
100 of them,

took them home,
my mom said
too many chicks
that would be.

she let me
keep a few,

the rest went
back to feed
store, thus

ending my dream
of fame and fortune
as a chicken king tycoon.

jim foulk

Tortoise And The Hare: The True Story

So you think tortoise
won the race,
not so.

Today the last
of Hare's descendants
passed on.

Oh his death
bed from his
lips came this,

my great, great
so many grandfather
was bribed,

to throw the race,
to the Tortoise
by the way of carrots,

his greatest weakness
you didn't really think
the Tortoise could have
won do you. Then he passed on.

wrote 4-14-07

jim foulk

Trapped In Time

Where has time went?
It seems like one night,
I went to sleep,
and the next day,
40 years passed away.

Am I trapped in time,
feeling like I don't
belong here, out of
place sort of.

Time has passed me
by, like a speeding
train in the night.

Somehow need to
deal with all
these changes
that surround me.

Need to catch up
with the present, before
really am trapped in time.

jim foulk

Travels Of A Rock

One day as I was walking,
down the road so fair,
I spotted a rock,
just laying there.

What is one to do,
in a moment like this,
kick it of course, but
please don't miss.

So far the rock travels,
until someone else comes along,
sees the rock laying there,
they pick it up and sing a song.

They carry the rock a long ways,
with a flip and a toss,
into the pond goes the rock,
walking down this road, now they're lost.

(4-6-07)

jim foulk

Unconditional Love

Dogs are one kind
of friend to have,
memories of them
we share in our hearts
faithful and true are they
dogs show devotion
like no other,
no matter how we
treat them, they
return unconditional love
when were down,
and in the dumps
a friend in deed
we do have,
no one to talk with,
wagging tails, we get
alone and blue
dogs by ourside, very true
down at their level
on the floor,
kisses wet
do we get
no friend is greater
than one who gives,
unconditional love.

jim foulk

Until That Day Comes

My God will, always guide me,
if i heed to His word
He will be there, whenever i plea

When i'm down, and discouraged,
He will be there
and give me courage

When Daniel was in the lion's den,
of his son,
did God send

I can't wait, to see His face,
of the victory,
i will taste

Until then, i'll have to wait,
and walk with him,
until someday, i'll meet him, at heaven's gate.

jim foulk

Up, Up, You Go

up, up and up you go,
never looking down,
seeing the blue skies,
all around you
as you float,
along the way of
life you wonder
how long has it
been since i last
kissed you

jim foulk

What Makes The Clouds Echo Roar

What makes the clouds echo roar?
As thunder, makes it's pitch
dark and dreary, becomes the sky
What makes the clouds echo roar?

As the sky opens up, and it begins to pour,
no where to run, no where to hide, as I,
head for cover, and still wonder,
what makes the clouds echo roar?

I look around, and see a door
swiftly as a rabbit, I reach there,
I'm really drenched, and still I ask,
What makes the clouds echo roar?

I shake off the water, on to the floor
the rain has stopped now, as I ask once again,
what makes the clouds echo roar?
do you know what? It doesn't really matter anymore.

jim foulk

Why, Oh Why

Why are there no ants around,
until you want to have a picnic?

Why does it rain, everytime
you wash the car?

Why do people find money on,
the other side of the street,
from you?

Why does the phone ring,
everytime your in the bath tub?

Why does the weather turn,
bad, when the home baseball,
team return home?

Why does the traffic light,
continue to stay green,
when you want to stop the car,
to look for something?

Why, oh, why we ask?

jim foulk

You Can'T Tell

Now Days you can't tell,
who is the teacher,
who is the student,
you can't tell.

In days of long ago,
teachers stood out,
students would gladly submit,
who is who, you can't tell.

Now Days you can't tell,
who is the parent,
who is the child,
you can't tell.

In days of long ago,
parents passed on morals,
taught their children well,
who is who, you can't tell.

Parents should build strength,
in their children, you can't tell,
who is the child, who is the parent,
children learn this well.

Now Days you can't tell,
bring back intergrity,
look, act, like you should,
so now days, you can tell.

wrote 1-23-07

jim foulk