

Poetry Series

Karen Christal
- poems -

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Karen Christal(09/02/1955)

Was born in Texas in 1955. In 1962 my first grade class was the biggest ever at Masterson, Texas. There were 25 pupils in this class. They used to have first and second grades together but that year all of the first grade pupils were together. Brenda Collie was the smartest first grade student. Kenny Mote wasn't the smartest. I was in the middle. In 1963 I went to Amarillo to Hamlet Elementary School. I attended that school through 6th grade. Then in 7th Grade I went to Horace Mann Jr. High. I attended that school through 9th grade. Then after that I attended Palo Duro High school where I graduated in May 1974.

I have one son age 33. I now live in Harrisburg, PA.

A Empty But Full Email Box

This is another empty box....

containing nothing nothing not even a fox.

If it were full of information...

then there would be room for a celebration.

If I could think of anything that could go inside...

I would be there to fill it up with pride

But I checked it once and maybe thrice...

and without knowing I filled it with spice....

Its filled with my little poem to say...

Sweet Michael.... I hope you have a wonderful sweet day!

Karen Christal

Oh Where Could He Be?

He went away
After I met him one day

I never got to say
come over and play

No he is not a boy
and my heart is no toy

Oh why did he go away
my heart breaks today

Oh where is this man
I am his number one fan

How could love flee away so fast

Soon all I will be is a bad
memory from his past

Karen Christal

The Bulldog And The Boy

The Bulldog and the Boy

The little black and white bulldog ran into the sun

he was cute just having fun.

The little boy threw him a bone

while they played his mother was on the phone.

The beach was very much fun,

the bulldog and the boy played in the sun.

Today could be a very rainy day

but tomorrow they both will play.

All the while they ran and laughed in the sand

While his mother layed on the beach and tanned.

Karen Christal

Time Stands Still My Love

It is now 4: 10 of April 10

She's sitting there and thinking
he is probably blinking!

Why all this craziness from her
What really did occur?

If the other day you hadn't met
Her heart wouldn't be hurting still yet!

But she did take the chance and meet
She says he was so sweet

She feels the distance of his love
Fade a way like the stars above

Now she only wants to know
Where did all his love go?

So love on this fine day in two thousand and nine
Its just like a fine wine

Let love breath and rest
In time maybe love will past the test

Karen Christal