

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

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# My Children Have Grown

My children have grown, away, to have lives of their own,  
Unaware of the years, of joy and of tears,  
That saw them mature, thru heartaches and fears.  
Seldom do they pause, look back and see,  
standing here, their father and me.

Do they see we're real people with hopes and feelings,  
often hurt by words and thoughtless dealings?  
With us, with each other, mother father, sister brother,  
Careless with our hearts and the hearts of one another.

Do they understand or even consider  
that we don't belong to the highest bidder!  
Each of them have a special precious place  
that no other can fill, erase or trace.

It only takes a touch, a hug or a smile,  
to float us on cloud nine for quite a while.  
And even greater joy, content and satisfaction  
when they benefit from their own responsible action.

But perhaps its just me who has more maturing to do,  
To let them go, to let them live their lives  
And just say 'I love you.'

Yes, my children have grown,  
and I hope they will sometimes pause, look back and see,  
Still standing here, their father and me.

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# My Sea

Sometimes I wonder where I would be,  
if I'd had a love affair with the open sea.  
Many places beckon with open arms,  
to visit, enjoy and experience their charms.

But I cannot overcome my morbid fear,  
of all that water with no land near.  
The rolling liquid with depths unknown  
has never eased my fear of dread unsown.

To swim and to bathe and float in the foam,  
awkwardly body board, and beach to roam.  
Yes I love the sea then, the sun and the sand,  
as long as my feet on the land can stand.

The beauty is there with the air so clean,  
in sand, footsteps indented, tell where you've been.  
So much exists there, but may never be seen -  
A flash of sunlight on a wet stone,  
Tiny crabs little balls of sand clone.  
The froth of a wave left on your toes,  
so gently it comes and more gently it goes.

Copypat clouds scatter frothy and high,  
as the waves below heave and sigh,  
sunbeams spear and shatter  
into myriads of sparkles and shimmers,  
as they pierce the surface flatter,  
and fade into dim glimmers  
Till their light is no more,  
washed up and dead on the shore.

Then snatched back to life again as a slave  
the light re-awakens on the crest of a wave,  
washed in, washed out, relit, blacked out,  
the sea is alive from without and within  
We loathe, we love, with sea akin.

Yes I still love the sea, the sun and the sand,

as long as my feet on the land can stand.

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