

Poetry Series

**Richard McClellan**  
**- poems -**

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# Richard McClellan()

I was born in the USA and served in the U.S. Army. I have traveled the world including Japan, Korea, Portugal, Italy, Canada as well as most of the lower 48 United States and Alaska. My favorite place is the Azores Islands in the middle of the Atlantic ocean.

My hobbies include poetry, genealogy, crocheting, and knitting. My interests are motorsport, baseball, football (not soccer) , and basketball. I used to pass time playing billiards,8-ball and 9-ball, but due to health had to give it up playing competitively. On education, I graduated from college with a Bachelor's Degree in Electronics.

In 2004, via my employer, I filed a patent called Container Inventory Management & VMI System Enhancements [ADM File Ref. 00; K&L File Ref.040387], by Kirkpatrick & Lockhart LLP.

I hope you can find the time to enjoy some of the same things as me. Poetry is a nice way to clear the mind while exploring new places within their soul!

## A Lonely Heart Via J. Partee

I am sitting all alone-tonight, weary, sad and blue.

Thinkin of the past my dear, and how I'm missing you,

You know I always loved you, and thought we'd never part.

I hope that you are happy now, with your new found friend,

And that he will treat you kindly, and your joy will never end.

I will try to go through life somehow and do the best I can.

But I know that I will always be a very lonely man.

I tried to make you happy for I loved you from the start.

But all I have to show, is a broken, bleeding heart.

So go ahead and have your fun, I'll always love you true,

And wile your life is filled with joy, remember mine is blue.

Richard McClellan

# A New Life For Me

On twenty four July of eighty five,  
a Trailways bus I did ride,  
the destination of Jackson [Basic Training],  
a new life for me,

walking step by step,  
running everywhere I go,  
marching in unison,  
a new life for me,

shining my shoes,  
they sparkle in the light,  
subject to inspection,  
a new life for me,

carrying my weapon,  
cleaning the firing pin,  
to the range I go,  
a new life for me,

riding cattle cars,  
like a herd in summer heat,  
shooting 300 meter targets,  
a new life for me,

As I walk through the valley,  
a evening prayer, Psalm's 23: 4, I now pray,  
resting before morning inspection,  
a new life for me,

my journey, life direction a new,  
physical training, much to do,  
walking, running, marching,  
is all a new life for me,

in 10 weeks,  
a new bayonet I be,  
soldier of fortune,  
a new life for me!

Richard McClellan

# Arkansaw

Arkansaw a natural place,  
where the sun shines so bright,  
and the water is so blue,  
no grander place that I can see,  
nor want to be,

Arkansaw presents a natural face,  
where the wild flowers sway,  
and the diamonds glee,  
a shimmer of bright light,  
that all can see,

Arkansaw a natural place,  
where the oaks grow magically, year to year,  
bringing forth the little acorn,  
that the chipmunk and squirrel always pack away,

Arkansaw presents glory, oh my,  
where the Ozarks and Ouachita's rise,  
those rugged windy peaks, oh so high,  
tease's one to sit and ponder,  
atop that mountain so high,

Arkansaw a natural state,  
the people, the wildlife, its all so clear,  
Only the palm of the master's hand,  
could make something so grand and so dear!

Richard McClellan

# Banzai

On March 26,1945,  
the 46th Fighter Squadron,  
advanced on Iwo [Jima],  
as escorts for the bomber crews,

Monday morning early,  
while the squad was sacked,  
everyone was greeted,  
to a Japanese 'Banzai' attack,

They say around 4 AM,  
began a commotion,  
as shots rang out, [throughout the tents]  
the men awake in disarray, a Banzai in question?

The soldiers pull together,  
n' mount a valorous fight,  
to match the competitors will,  
killed in action was some' plight,

The colonel wounded, [in the arm n' leg]  
hit by a enemies [hand] grenade,  
the commander shipped out,  
as the 46th bid retaliate,

The 46th survived their strike,  
the colonel, captain, and you,  
fought honorable with unrecognized valor;  
fortunate one's, yes, but was it over for you?

No, the Banzai forever burned,  
your life thereafter,  
so many haven't clue,  
you carried it from Iwo to the grave with you!  
(Grandpa Don)

Richard McClellan

# Baron's Hand

Pontius you condemned him so long ago,  
to spikes and the cross,  
with a crown of thorns,  
no baron are you,

Napoleon you conquered with no remorse,  
across the land of the gaul,  
while you emancipated the jews,  
were condemn an enemy of god,  
no baron are you,

Adolph you exterminated many,  
across Europe no ends in sight,  
no emancipation for you,  
condemned to your chamber,  
suicide you choose,

While Emperor's may come,  
and Kings may go,  
God's salvation, his blessed hand,  
touches across time,  
and across this land,

The crowned head, sultan, and dukes,  
keeping their societies feeling blue,  
because whatever caliph's in tow,  
God's gates only opened,  
to the saved ones,  
and that's a widow's mite few.

Richard McClellan



# Bread

Bread, Bread, a staff of life,  
taking your flour,  
an makin' some dough,  
with the dough, sticky and smooth,  
flour your hands,  
an knead it a few,  
let it rise in a warm place,  
next, roll in a bakin' bread pan,  
bake de dough for jus' a few,  
when its hot, golden brown n' sweet,  
pull from the oven,  
an let the bun rest,  
after resting, grab your loaf,  
cut two pieces off n' butter it so,  
fo' bread is a marvel of life,  
our wonderful bread has been made,  
fo' 30,000 years n' that's close,  
to the beginning of our time,  
jus so ya know.

Richard McClellan

# Choices

We have choices everyday,  
Choices that define us,  
Some of them bind us,  
Like a book on the library shelf,

Others are a mere page within,  
Whether minute or the size of mountains,  
Taken together they fill a page, a chapter, a book,  
To define our character that cannot be mistook.

Learning from the poor choices, finding our way,  
leads more and more,  
to making the right choice the first time,  
when learning from our choices everyday!

Richard McClellan

# Coffee

When I awake,  
from my nites slumber,  
I just can't wait,  
to feel the bitter thunder,  
the smell of you at brew,  
leaves me to anticipate,  
fo' my morning thirst,  
to quench, O' I jus' can't wait,

as you fill the pot,  
steam coming off the brew,  
I can only think,  
of the magical few,  
for you, the pick me up,  
puts forth joy to my day,  
so I can move forward,  
no stagnation my way,

my first sip,  
washes across my tongue,  
your bitter sweet,  
and a shining sun,  
fo' whether your black,  
or creamed, or sweet,  
you quench my thirst,  
a staple to some,  
morning life for thee,

and as the morning fades,  
to the afternoon, an dark,  
know that, after my next day's fast,  
I'm looking forward to ol' Joe,  
cause that pot seems to,  
to never, never last.

Richard McClellan

# Freedom

Freedom,  
defined by force,  
to die for the cause,  
is what the soldier supports,

Freedom,  
defined by society,  
to a grander cause,  
the soldier come upon,

Freedom,  
defined by religion,  
Jesus died in its name,  
put on the cross was he,

Freedom,  
one the cross,  
the other on the battlefield!  
did they die in vain?

Freedom,  
defined by song,  
Jesus n' the soldier did sing,  
your soul, one died for, the latter let freedom ring!

Richard McClellan

# Freedom Is Not Free

Friend of freedom is close at hand,  
Roaming the battlefields across our land,  
Engulfed by wisps of smoke that somehow pervade,  
Entrenched by the enemies' live grenades,  
Directing their tracer fire across the sector,  
Over the bloody scene carnage is a spectre,  
Many have perished because freedom is not free!

Richard McClellan

# Friendship

No matter how misconstrued,  
one may be taken,  
a gentle heart,  
will never change,  
and always shine through,

A friend,  
that don't understand,  
take their voices, pro or con,  
with a pebble of rock salt,  
They be what they have to be!

A friend nothing more,  
and for sure never less,  
that unknowingly to you,  
is the measurement of their rule,  
in your hand you carry,

For if one measures something else,  
they're using the wrong scale,  
while one may be mistaken,  
their friendship ruled together,  
will never be forsaken,

With that in mind,  
like Jesus, the great carpenter,  
he who builds a colossal house,  
together our planks of companionship,  
will build a friendship that can never be torn down!

Richard McClellan

# Garment Maker

He knits, he pearls,  
a needle of particular loops,  
that garment maker does gauge,  
counts those stitches before he whirls.  
She crochets, she looms,  
her hooking leaves no room,  
this garment maker does sew,  
the single crochet an the slip stitch so.  
They create the shroud,  
to cover like a white cloud,  
bring warmth to thy body,  
no the blanket isn't gaudy.  
They hook n' stitch,  
an sew in a pinch,  
for fruits of afghans and quilts,  
is the prize of the Garment Makers.

Richard McClellan

# Green Mountain

Oh majestic peaks,  
standing so tall,  
the points never meager,  
uplifting like the beautiful dowager.

The greenery covers,  
like a flock of plovers,  
and a blanket of fibrous wicker,  
near the rocky slopes that flicker.

The sunlight is poking through,  
and a wall of clouds of suspended dew,  
a stand of conifers abridged,  
growing across the green mountain ridge.

Oh Green Mountain, so rich in seeds and nuts,  
like the early bakers torte,  
your cool mountain streams,  
cleanse thy body and make me gleam.

Richard McClellan



# Grim Reaper

The reaper's here,  
he's come for me,  
to take my soul,  
and set me free,

no time left for me,  
it doesn't matter what I wasted,  
nor where I have gone,  
or done for thee,

no time left to cry,  
the reaper's here,  
he's ready to fly,  
you see,

he grabs my soul,  
from my bodily temple,  
pulls it from me,  
as my body goes limp,  
my soul's flying on the breeze,

as I fly through time and space,  
the valley's of peace I do grace,  
cause I know at last,  
that my soul is set free,  
n the reaper's here for me.

Richard McClellan

# I Remember

I remember when it used to be easy,  
I remember when it wasn't so hard,  
I remember what it felt like to be young,  
That's when life was fun!

I remember when there was whitlers on a bench,  
I remember when it didn't hurt just to live,  
I remember when I could get through anything,  
That's when life was entertaining!

To roll with the flow,  
Not to worry living life slow,  
Moving from place to place,  
With the joy of meeting a new face!

I liked it easy,  
Not much on the hard,  
But when you get old,  
Somehow the fun begins to slow.

But I can remember,  
And I can dream,  
As I look back,  
I wouldn't change a thing!

Richard McClellan

# In Love With A Stranger

How do I commence speaking,  
of someone that I not know?  
my heart aches for them,  
to be my fountain of love so,

A fountain from which they drink,  
every drop, an eternal passion,  
no blessing for me,  
in feeling their warm embrace,

still, they're dearly missed,  
everyday when I lie,  
dreaming of the day,  
when I will be with them,  
my stranger at my side,

hold them by me,  
an show how much I care,  
that I love them so,  
for in my mind,  
they jus' won't go,

no matter what I do,  
my sight does see,  
my mind's one thought,  
is my soul's only want,  
to inhabit their's alone,  
an become one to be,

for I am in love,  
with a stranger so dear,  
please, O' please,  
bring my stranger here.

Richard McClellan

## Late Winter Sunrise

From the morning twilight,  
the sun rises too highlight,  
a beginning of earthly birthright,  
and set about the day,  
The light, shining firsthand,  
shimmers across the land,  
as night feels its strife,  
light's behemence to life.  
The morning dew,  
who once condensed,  
decamps into air,  
as incalescence prospers.  
A light breeze jostles,  
a branch in season dormant,  
life passionately waiting,  
this cold season's debarment.

Richard McClellan

# Life In The Ozarks Via J. Partee

I love these Ozark hills,  
that lie amidst the rocks and hills.  
The sunshine and rain, and harvest of grain  
and the call of the whipporwill,

The beautiful trees that sway with the breeze,  
The neighbors are friendly and kind;  
There's much to be had,  
to make your heart glad;  
and bring you peace of mind.

The beautiful rivers and lakes so blue,  
and wildwood flowers of every hue;  
You can fish and hunt to your heart's content  
and relax at the close of day.  
You can feel you have a wonderful life,  
living the Ozark way.

Richard McClellan

# Love To Hate

Sitting alone,  
just my thoughts with me,  
my mind is blank,  
no good thoughts I see,

abandoned n' feeling used,  
love burned to hate,  
now the one I can't stand,  
it happened at such a fast rate,

its like gambling, the flipping of a coin,  
love n hate on separate sides,  
when it lands on hate,  
then the love just dies,

as embers turn to ash,  
the smell of smoke on the breeze,  
no actions to take,  
for a mind that's blank n' filled with hate,

somehow I have burned love to hate!

the candle reached its end,  
the flame of love has went out,  
no love left in the heart,  
just the hate to let out,

like drowning in a river,  
of fire smoldering hot,  
no actions do I take,  
when I have burned love to hate!

Richard McClellan

# My Kk

My KayKay  
I wuv' you,  
a pretty doll,  
jus' one KayKay,  
so pretty,  
so few,

My KayKay,  
I wuv' you,  
my lil neice,  
like honey,  
so pretty,  
so sweet,

My KayKay,  
I wuv' you,  
Your unk is happy,  
to have a neice,  
as beautiful as you!

Richard McClellan

# My Love

My love, I miss you so,  
fo' in my heart,  
the emotion of you fills me,  
[with you] wrapping up my soul,  
a strong affection I feel,  
that I cannot control,  
your personal attachment is my heart,  
fo' when you must go!

My love, don't leave,  
fo' in my mind,  
your absence chokes me,  
breathless without your embrace,  
secure my heart when leaving,  
cause by your side it will be,

My love, when you have to leave,  
cause when your gone,  
zombieness is in control,  
it controls my mind,  
my body, and my soul,

My love, are you coming back?  
My love, where are you?  
My love, lonely am I,  
and feeling so blue!

Richard McClellan



# My Perdition

My Perdition,  
is in control of me,  
like the air is to fire,  
an water is to ice,

My Perdition,  
the spiritual side of me,  
to control me,  
when I have lost all faith,

My Perdition,  
its one more shot,  
to break free from evil,  
and seek God's grace,

Destruction and loss,  
like a glass window breaks,  
only the pieces re-fired,  
can create a picture window,  
of pretty painted-glass again,

My Perdition,  
while fractured an bruised,  
is not left in tatters,  
do you have a clue?

When God touches my soul,  
my spirit feels his grace,  
it travels through me,  
body, mind, and soul,  
all flowing through and through.

My Perdition is God's Grace!

Richard McClellan

# My Star

My star, so bright to me,  
keep shining, keep shining,  
shine your light on me,  
for I have lost my way,

You are the warmth of the sun,  
the life-giving rain,  
without my shining star,  
I have lost my way,

Just as the sun shines in the day,  
and blinds your starlight to me,  
the night will return in time,  
so that you may shine on me.

You are my star,  
and you always will be!

Richard McClellan

## Nature At Its' Best Via J. Partee

I walked along a country road,  
one sunny autumn day.  
And gazed upon the beauty,  
The woodland did portray.

Red and green, brown and gold,  
Such wondrous beauty to behold,  
I stood in awe in this beautiful land.  
Knowing it was the touch of the masters hand.

Soon this beauty will fade,  
And the chilly winds flow,  
And the hills be covered with a blanket of snow.  
Then once more spring will reappear,  
with flowers in bloom and the robin, so dear;

It's all so amazing and O so grand;  
Because of the touch of the master's hand.

Richard McClellan

# O' Clematis

O' my sweet clematis,  
so pretty hanging near me,  
you look so parched,  
its my water you seek,

O' my sweet clematis,  
beautiful purple petals,  
so fragrant to me,  
in a vine, beauty hanging to peek.

O' my sweet clematis,  
your bloom so short,  
I want your blooms,  
to never stop.

O' my sweet clematis,  
pretty flower so neat,  
don't stop your blooming,  
when i take up your seat,

Flower of the orient,  
you bring joy to my day,  
when autumn whither your flowers away,  
Come back to me in spring.

Richard McClellan

# O' Dandylion

O' Dandylion,  
pretty yellow flowers,  
swaying in the breeze,  
the root pushing you so high,  
jus' ankle length, reach for the sky,

O' Dandylion,  
snubbed are you,  
wishing for a wind,  
to blow off your seedlings,  
n' carry forth a generation new,

O' Dandylion,  
growing green leaves,  
add tart whirlwind to a salad fast,  
blowing across your taste buds,  
why does that fresh salad never last?

O' Dandylion,  
no whine from you,  
your beautiful yellow flowers,  
a brewer wants to grace,  
for a wine so smooth, he do create,

O' Dandylion,  
so many uses for you,  
flowers yellow, an edible innuendo,  
abundant mostly in a spring wind,  
a plant disdained, but never misused!

Richard McClellan

# Ode To Bitter Sweet Goodbye

Stabbed in my heart  
my blood's oozing out,  
drippin n' tricklin,  
it's poolin on the ground,  
beneath my torso,  
as I collapse on thee,  
this was my bitter,  
my bitter sweet goodbye,

fo' i left a letter,  
sent to many, including you,  
to explain my reasons,  
why i died for you,  
that's right! , your secret,  
secret's out in full view,  
fo' all to see,

wish i could have seen,  
seen the look on your face,  
when they took me away,  
now that i am gone,  
an its over for us,  
what's left for you?

Just a bitter, so bitter,  
bitter sweet goodbye!

Richard McClellan

# Painted Alone

Goin alone,  
Why? must I travel so stale,  
no love to quote, no tales,  
on troubled waters, no light house I see,

Home is alone,  
Why O' why? No dough in my soul,  
Idle and blank,  
like an noir stained bowl,

Pale face, lonely state,  
O' blind man I be,  
no cane to partake,  
my house is empty n' a black slate,

alone, no clone to see,  
why am I on an empty isle?  
No paddle, no ship to sail,  
a great thirst, banished, is my house in order?

fore my painting is alone,  
a horsehair brush I must take,  
to paint me a new mirage,  
without loneliness, in my forage place,

because a painting says a 1000 words,  
when you're alone an no words to say,  
language tossed on the breeze,  
but the kite does remain, jus' with no string.

Richard McClellan

# Positive Waters

As your river of life flows,  
never turn and swim upstream,  
while rapids sometimes seem bad,  
current stagnation is not a positive dream.

Seek calmer waters,  
as negative winds hit your sail,  
positive is starboard,  
negative to port just fails.

In a cautious but positive way,  
one should navigate life's rapids,  
because they are caught less so,  
in a quick sand of negative acids.

Stay positive in your direction,  
don't let others bring you down,  
know life's leaches,  
because they are always around!

Richard McClellan



# Punkins

My Punkins is like a flower in bloom,  
So pretty, so true,  
A lil bee passes,  
Then turns around to land,

Upon that petal that's of pretty reds,  
with streaks of a bright yellow hue,  
The flower is so sweet,  
like a honeysuckle in mid spring bloom,

Her hair is golden, so radiant,  
and shimmers in the sunlight,  
as she steps along the causeway,  
or coming down the hallway or byway,

As she flutters and flies,  
like a butterfly on the open wind,  
God's hand shines though,  
for she's sailing calmer waters within.

Richard McClellan

# Rain, Rain

Rain, Rain, wash over me,  
cleanse an purify me,  
your drops, so soothing n' smooth,  
lull me to sleep, content, not blue,

Rain, Rain, drops abound,  
clean my body n' soul,  
make me new,  
with no walls around,

Rain Rain, my roof you seek,  
your floods wash over me,  
the emotions do peek,  
cause rain is life-giving,  
much zeal to thee,

Rain, Rain, clean my body,  
for you always make me,  
feel so fancy n' so free,

Rain, Rain, refreshing to me,  
for during the rain,  
no refrain from sleepin I see,

Rain, Rain, stay with me,  
cause I'm in love with you,  
you leave me unchained,  
feeling worthy, not blue.

Richard McClellan

# River Of Life

What if your life was a leaf on a tree,  
and one day a great wind blows,  
pulls your leaf from its limb,  
you flutter down to the stream below,

once landing on water,  
your leaf floats downstream,  
many obstacles in your way,  
and what do you do?

your leaf floats,  
no control from you,  
the rapids get rough,  
dead limbs blocking you,

you must keep moving, no choice to choose,  
the water is always running,  
or its rotting in the stream,  
is the rivers destination for you,

luckily, life has free will,  
its not controlled by the stream,  
tho' the rapids are still there,  
life flourishes, cause it has dreams,

in our river of life,  
we must choose the path to float,  
n' the rapids to climb,  
but with dreams on the horizon,  
the dream's wind push your leaf along,

because life is a leaf in a stream,  
with your free will in control,  
keep moving your leaf forward,  
with your dreams a bridled so.

Richard McClellan

# Serenity

Awakening in a dream,  
life's lessons in view,  
for what have I become?  
blind in the presence of me,

the dream forever haunts,  
as I live day to day,  
my shoulder I constantly peek(look-over) ,  
still blind at my destructive ways,  
but others can see me crumbling,

my heart in much pain,  
life's in full view,  
but smoke from my own fire,  
shows blindness to me,

eternal peace I seek,  
do worries carry forth?  
heavy weight, all I see,  
in my burden of choice,  
life with no hope,  
blinding serenity from me!

Richard McClellan

# Soldier's Freedom

Standing in the trenches,  
The sweat running down my face,  
I adjust my steel pot  
and increase my marching pace,

The day is hot,  
steamy across the land,  
you can see the heat,  
on the distant sands,

My M-16 rifle is beside me,  
I carry it so,  
because the enemies of freedom,  
are endless across the land,

They want to enslave us all,  
under a blanket of their inept ideology,  
However their army of misfits,  
Will fall one by one.

Until freedom is boundless, prevalent, and wall-to-wall,  
this soldier's job will never be done,  
An endless struggle of epidemic proportions,  
For freedom of the mind, heart, and soul suffers defeat;  
Without the soldier's devotion to protect freedom and liberty for all.

Richard McClellan

# Soulmates

Soul mates, once found,  
bring out the best,  
While they're not perfect,  
They are to you,

Soul mates, one can see,  
to mate up means there are two to be,  
two whose focus is much aligned,  
and direction of travel the same fo' time,

Soul mates, its no mistake,  
two people together, making one out of two,  
their souls blended across faults, peaks, and valleys,  
in moral aspect, flow like a river,  
with white rapids and water so blue,

Soul mates,  
so perfectly sound,  
Together forever,  
happiness abound.

Richard McClellan

## Springtime Gladness Via J. Partee

The songbirds are singing  
The woods with music ringing  
the doggies sleep neath the moon.  
The storm clouds gather, to bring showery weather.  
The lilies burst forth in bloom.  
Put a smile on your face, and help win the race;  
Let your kindness be unfurled.  
God is alive, there is no doubt,  
All could be well with the world.

Richard McClellan

# Sweet Kai Kai

Sweet Kai-Kai,  
A swing you wanted,  
to play in the yard,  
so I rigged one up,  
which you swung n' applauded,

Sweet Kai-Kai,  
Did you sit tall on the seat?  
Did you turn on the gas?  
Did you rev the en'jun?  
Riding a 4 wheeler you must be!

Sweet Kai-Kai,  
my neatest neice,  
cause when I am there,  
my lap is your seat,  
keeping me warm, a good place to be,

Sweet Kai-Kai,  
in my heart there's a small piece,  
Never, never forget,  
your my lovely niece,  
who gets her chocolate all over me!

To my niece Kay Kay,  
All My Love...Uncle Lionheart

Richard McClellan



# The Gears Of Life

There is no reverse,  
in the transmission of life,  
while you can look back,  
an wish you were young again,  
only memories can be recalled,  
to that period of time,  
so don't waste your days,  
looking back there,  
wanting to go back an stay,  
cause life moves forward,  
ruled by the pendulum of time,

life has irreversible gears,  
it turns only one way,  
an never steps back,  
the love of the youth,  
is a chapter you can never repeat,  
however, life doesn't end,  
it moves forward,  
like the waters of a river,  
as the season's change,  
and this, by the way,  
is where the river bank is made,  
life's journey is everlasting,  
till your maker calls on thee!

so enjoy your life,  
move forward and not back,  
no regrets,  
only one life to give,  
cause the gears of life,  
go round n round,  
life's chapters, all combined together,  
make it the book to read!

Richard McClellan

# The House Of Ene

There was a woman named Ene,  
Mr. Ferguson she did follow,  
She lost all her house,  
Much space she's without,  
Let's feel for Mrs. Ene Ferguson!

Now this lady named Ene,  
Mr. Ferguson she did dream,  
Her house hard to clean,  
Yelling a maid she not be!  
Let's feel for Mrs. Ene Ferguson.

So our woman named Ene,  
Ole Mr. Ferguson, a hoarder he be!  
Her house is a mess,  
To fight she confessed and lost I digress,  
Let's all feel sorry for Mrs. Ene Ferguson!

Richard McClellan

# The Moon

Ignore a person,  
I say not,  
for if they love you,  
n' care for you,  
n' miss you,  
to no end,  
because one day,  
for if you do,  
lose the moon in your sleep,  
to the counting of stars!

Richard McClellan

# The Pain

Everyday, you visit me,  
to set fire in my nerves,  
fill me with spasms,  
and assault my viability,  
that is my life you know,

your control over me,  
brings me to despair at times,  
you limit my activity,  
my life, my time,  
every day defined at your clock,  
and its not fine with me,

my life though cracked n' bruised,  
there is some fight, still left in me,  
it's a crusade for you,  
my activity limited,  
time robbed, much taken from thee,  
but my life's still worth living,  
and I still have my faith in me,

Materials, I do digress,  
matter very little,  
when your life's in a physical mess,  
and pain, is all that's seen.

Someday the pain will be over,  
and the maker I will see!

Richard McClellan

# The Predator

Standing fast,  
no recognition you see,  
for hunted you are,  
the blade flutters,  
like a little butterfly at thee,

invisible to sound,  
invisible to sight,  
morphed technology,  
no alien here right?

no, surely not,  
like a chameleon it be,  
spend much of its time,  
hunting with no remorse,  
reflecting a picture,  
invisible on its course,

the predator up in the sky,  
looks like an eagle,  
with wings that fly,  
stealth to all, just secrets to spy.

Richard McClellan

# The Present

As the sun rises,  
awaken to meet the day,  
one's first thought,  
what's gifted my way,

as each hour slips by,  
one by one, to two,  
each one to appreciate,  
waste not to endure,

the past is no gift,  
you know that so,  
the past is a memory,  
that's recalled, so n' so,

minute by minute,  
as each comes forth,  
the gift is no past,  
its the present of course!

Richard McClellan

# The Ride

As I bundle up,  
the keys in my hand,  
I straddle my steel horse,  
No rein's to grab,  
Just bars in my hands,

No saddle to sit,  
Just a seat, leather-ed black,  
I start the engine,  
feel the thunderous roar,  
I put my foot on the brake,  
kick the ole girl into gear,

As I release the clutch,  
and my ride is so near,  
I begin to move forward,  
the wind in my face,

I can't help but think,  
to all the one's, who's so deprived,  
no Air Therapy for them,  
a loss of freedom inside,

So ride as much as you can,  
that is the measure of true freedom,  
hitting the open road,  
riding your steel horse,

Fore if you forsake,  
a loss of freedom you take,  
when you fail to make,  
time for the 'The Ride'!

Richard McClellan

# Two Daffodils

Walking along the path,

I look upon the scene,

two lovely Daffodils,

swaying in the breeze.

How lonely is two?

Just 'Two Daffodils' standing at post,

no genial others are here to boast,

thankfully their appearance didn't bolt!

Pretty yellow, glowing beacon from a far,

like the sun, our distant warming star,

Ye pistol and petals is very chromatic,

an ephemeral flower that's never dramatic.

While your bloom is veritably short,

an late spring is your final tort,

with the generation of thy all covering lawn,

oh how I miss you when your gone!

Richard McClellan



# Un Saint, Un Sinner

Un Ole Saint,

holy thou-est be,

Un Ole Sinner,

caught in wildness, what he sees.

Ye Ole Saint,

while invisible to many, a cross stands out front,

Ye Ole Sinner,

placed solely n' back, visible but is shunt.

Un Ole Saint,

the Bible in hand, in covenant they do stand,

Un Ole Sinner,

book-less, nothing to supplement, life lost an feeling replaced.

One Saint, One Sinner,

the latter no soul to save?

former to zeal, holy water within,

Can be one in the same, let the salvation bell ring!

Richard McClellan

# Why You Wanna Leave

why you wanna leave,  
when all i did was love you?  
why you wanna leave,  
you could have helped me, through the rain,  
but all you did, was leave me in pain,

why you wanna leave,  
with all we worked for,  
why you wanna leave me,  
like you did before,  
no explanation at all,  
just a closed door,

you shut me out,  
in the cold to freeze,  
why you wanna leave,  
i thought you loved me,

was we all a lie?  
why you wanna leave,  
leave me for her,  
n' the bad she did to you.

you had my heart, from the start.  
we both know that,  
do you really want to leave?  
I can say, I hope not,

but tell me this, my love no more,  
why did you leave me,  
abandoned and alone,  
why you wanna leave?

By Sanitra Porter and Richard McClellan

Richard McClellan

# Winds Of Passion

Sitting together in the twilight,  
two hearts connected on the breeze,  
like the petals and the bees,  
the taste of mead from these winds of passion.

Walking together in the moonlight,  
nonchalantly hand in hand and laughing,  
two hands in the water splashing,  
waves are revealed by the winds of passion,

When love encircles two souls,  
and one caresses the other to please,  
the whirlwind of delight buzzes across their knees,  
a momentous palate in the winds of passion.

Lasting love warms like a summer day,  
passing a moment in time eternally,  
connected souls in perfect harmony,  
a chalice containing their winds of passion.

Richard McClellan

# Young Vs. Old

At one time,  
I recall the day,  
when being on the water,  
boating, fishing, or swimming,  
was a life-giving thing,

But as I age,  
on this day,  
what comes to mind,  
is the lack of energy,  
that age brings,

for when one is young,  
the days are filled with loving life,  
living free-willed and care free,  
but slowing down eventually,  
is a senior thing,

As I slow down,  
my body lessens its pace,  
I can only hope,  
my lack of energy,  
is boosted by sum magical ring!

They say wisdom,  
comes with age,  
but this is self learned,  
cause as you slow down,  
the smarter you must be!

Its only fitting,  
while young, one knows little,  
as years go by, experience gained,  
with age, wisdom increases  
but, bones grow brittle!

Richard McClellan